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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. V.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1852.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY NATIVE STATE.

BY MRS. L. SHEPHERD.

How fond mem'ry lingers round
My own dear native place!
My heart beats with a quicker bound
When'er I hear thy name resound,
Thy destiny to trace.

'Tis scarce two spans of mortal life,
Since first thy glory dawned;
The first was merged in bloody strife,
The last was marked with spirit's rife
To guard thy border ground.

And thou hast stood so boldly on
From 'mid thy sister States,
And led the van in valor stout,
And drove the foe, King Alcohol out,
And closed 'gainst him thy gates.

The lofty pine thy soil hath nursed,
And held its roots so firm,
Can never boast so sure a trust
As Freedom has, and ever must
Where valor nursed the germ.

'Twas there, amid those lofty pines,
I first drew infant breath;
From thence my mem'ry draws at times
The lessons that my heart entwines,
To cheer me on till death.

Though sunny skies since then have cheered,
And pleasures on me wait,
Yet none have more my heart endeared
Than forest groves where sunbeams peered,
In my dear native State.

NANTUCKET, May, 1852.

MISCELLANY.

STORY OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

We copy below a very graphic incident connected with the life of Oliver Cromwell, once the "Lord Protector,"—though no lord, and a despoiler of all lords—of England. It is from the pen of Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, the well-known New England writer, whose pen embellishes and renders interesting everything it touches. There is, we opine, rather more of fancy than of fact in the story; but it is none the less interesting on that account. There is something like the story in the productions of Hollingshead's and, if we do not err, one of the authentic biographers of Cromwell relates some such incident. The probability is, however, that the entire tale was manufactured by some one of the sycophants of Cromwell, whilst the Protector of the Commonwealth of England held the destinies of that nation in his hands.

Cromwell was born in the parish of St. John, Huntingdon, on the 25th of April, 1599, and was educated at Sidney College, Cambridge. He was elected a member of the third Parliament of Charles the First, of England, in the year 1629, and at once arrayed himself in opposition to his sovereign. When the King and Parliament came to an open rupture, he was appointed a captain of the horse, and soon after distinguished himself by carrying the town of Cambridge for Parliament. He was afterwards promoted to the rank of lieutenant general in the Parliamentary army, and greatly distinguished himself at the bloody battle of Marston Moor. He participated subsequently in all the hard battles that were fought, till the deposition of Charles was effected, and the last relic of royalty was effaced from Great Britain. After having established the Commonwealth of England on a firm, and, as he believed, an imperishable basis, he died. This event occurred on the 3d of September, 1658.

Cromwell, during his protectorate, did more to establish that liberty which England now enjoys, than all the other rulers that have held her destiny in their hands. Indeed, but for Cromwell, it is probable that Great Britain would now be the most despotic government on earth. He was, in fact, her benefactor and savior; and yet it must be admitted that he was an iron rule.

It has been the policy and the study of the aristocracy of England to defame and blaspheme his memory. Even at this late date, the press of that nation teems with huge folios, written for the express purpose of libelling his posthumous fame. It is reviled and ridiculed at all lengths without stint or mercy; and those who engage in the labor do not hesitate to falsify the plainest and fairest facts of authentic history to attain their ends.

It is not denied that Cromwell sometimes played the tyrant, but while the fact is admitted, it should be recollected that he had tyrants for his foes. He beleaguered them with their own means and engines, and simply retorted on those who sought to render England a slave to the worst of tyrants. To him is New England indebted for the ten thousand benefits she derived at his hands; indeed, the entire continent may well rejoice in the history of Oliver Cromwell. His revilers have not it expedient and praiseworthy to assail him with every species of libel; and, not content with the vituperation and reproach they cast on his fame as a ruler and a man, they have often held him up to the world in the guise of a boor, a drunkard, and a blackguard. He was neither the one or the other; and it had been fortunate for England, if his successor, Charles the Second, had possessed a character as blameless as that which was the crowning glory of Cromwell's life. But, without detaining the reader another moment, we proceed to Mr. Hawthorne's beautiful story.—[N. Y. Atlas.]

Not long after King James the First took the place of Queen Elizabeth on the throne of England, there lived an English knight at a place called Hinchinbrooke. His name was Sir Oliver Cromwell. He spent his life, I suppose, pretty much like other English knights and squires, in those days, hunting hares and foxes, and drinking large quantities of ale and wine. The old house in which he dwelt had been occupied by his ancestors before him, for a good many years. In it there was a great hall, hung round with coats of arms, and helmets, cuirasses and swords, and his forefathers had used in battle, and with horns of deer and tails of foxes, which they or Sir Oliver himself had killed in the chase.

This Sir Oliver Cromwell had a nephew, who had been called Oliver, after himself, but who was generally known in the family by the name of little Noll. His father was a younger brother of Sir Oliver. The child was often sent to visit his uncle, who probably found him a troublesome little fellow to take care of. He was forever in mischief, and always running into some danger or other, from which he seemed to escape only by a miracle.

Even while he was an infant in the cradle, a strange accident had befallen him. A huge ape, which was kept in the family, snatched up little Noll in his fore paws and clambered with him to the roof of the house. There this ugly beast sat grinning at the affrighted spectators, as if he had done the most praiseworthy

thing imaginable. Fortunately, however, he brought the child safe down again; and the event was afterwards considered an omen that Noll would reach a very elevated station in the world.

One morning, when Noll was five or six years old, a royal messenger arrived at Hinchinbrooke, with tidings that King James was coming to dine with Sir Oliver Cromwell.—This was a high honor to be sure, but a very great trouble; for all the lords and ladies, knights, squires, guards, and yeomen, who waited on the king, were to be feasted as well as himself; and more provisions would be eaten, and more wine drunk in that one day, than generally in a month. However, Sir Oliver expressed much thankfulness for the King's intended visit, and ordered his butler and cook to make the best preparations in their power. So a great fire was kindled in the kitchen, and the neighbors knew by the smoke which poured out of the chimney, that boiling, baking, stewing, roasting, and frying was going on merrily.

By and by the sound of trumpets was heard approaching nearer and nearer; and a heavy, old-fashioned coach, surrounded by guards on horseback, drove up to the house. Sir Oliver, with his hat in his hand, stood at the gate, ready to receive the king. His Majesty was dressed in a suite of green, not very new; he had a feather in his hat, and a triple ruff round his neck; and over his shoulder was slung a hunting horn, instead of a sword. Altogether he had not the most dignified aspect in the world; but the spectators gazed at him, as if there was something superhuman and divine in his person. They even shaded their eyes with their hands, as if they were dazzled by the glory of his countenance.

'How are ye, man?' cried King James, speaking in a Scotch accent: for Scotland was his native country. 'By my crown, Sir Oliver, but I am glad to see ye!'

The good knight thanked the king, at the same time kneeling down, while his Majesty alighted. When King James stood on the ground, he directed Sir Oliver's attention to a little boy who had come with him in the coach. He was six or seven years old, and wore a hat and feather, and was more richly dressed than the king himself. Though by no means an ill-looking child, he seemed shy and sulky; and his cheeks were rather pale, as if he had been kept moping within doors, instead of being sent out to play in the sun and wind.

'I have brought my son Charlie to see ye,' said the king. 'I hope, Sir Oliver, ye have a son of your own, to be his playmate?'

Sir Oliver Cromwell made a reverential bow to the little prince, whom one of the attendants had now taken out of the coach. It was wonderful to see how all the spectators, even the aged men, with their gray beards, humbled themselves before this child. They bent their bodies till their heads almost swept the dust. They looked as if they were ready to kneel down and worship him.

The poor little prince! From his earliest infancy, not a soul had dared to contradict him; everybody around him had acted as if he were a superior being; so that, of course, he had imbibed the same opinion of himself. He naturally supposed that the whole kingdom of Great Britain, and all its inhabitants, had been created solely for his benefit and amusement. This was a sad mistake; and it cost him dear enough after he had ascended his father's throne.

'What a noble little prince he is!' exclaimed Sir Oliver, lifting his hands in admiration. 'No, please your Majesty, I have no son to be the playmate of his Royal Highness, but there is a nephew of mine somewhere about the house. He is near the prince's age, and will be too happy to wait upon his Royal Highness.'

'Send for him, man! send for him!' said the king.

But, as it happened, there was no need of sending for master Noll. While King James was speaking, a rugged, bold faced, sturdy little urchin thrust himself through the throng of courtiers and attendants, and greeted the prince with a broad stare. His doublet and hose (which had been put on new and clean, in honor of the king's visit,) were already soiled and torn with the rough play in which he had spent the morning. He looked no more abashed than if King James were his uncle, and the prince one of his customary playfellows.

This was little Noll himself.

'Here, please your Majesty, is my nephew,' said Sir Oliver, somewhat ashamed of Noll's appearance and demeanor. 'Oliver, make your obeisance to the king's Majesty!'

The boy made a pretty respectful obeisance to the king; for, in those days, children were taught to pay reverence to their elders. King James, who prided himself greatly on his scholarship, asked Noll a few questions in the Latin grammar, and then introduced him to his son. The little prince in a very grave and dignified manner extended his hand, not for Noll to shake, but that he might kneel down and kiss it.

'Noll,' said Sir Oliver, 'pay your duty to the prince.'

'I owe him no duty,' cried Noll, thrusting aside the prince's hand, with a rude laugh. 'Why should I kiss that boy's hand?'

All the courtiers were amazed and confounded, and Sir Oliver the most of all. But the king laughed heartily, saying that little Noll had a stubborn English spirit, and that it was well for his son to learn sometimes what sort of a people he was to rule over.

So King James and his train entered the house; and the prince, with Noll and some other children, was sent to play in a separate room, while his Majesty was at dinner. The young people soon became acquainted; for boys, whether the sons of monarchs or of peasants, all like play, and are pleased with one another's society. What games they diverted themselves with, I cannot tell. Perhaps they played at ball, perhaps at blindman's buff, perhaps at leap frog, perhaps at prison bars. Such games have been in use for hundreds of years; and princes, as well as poor children, have spent some of their happiest hours in playing at them.

Meanwhile, King James and his nobles were feasting with Sir Oliver, in the great hall. The king sat in a gilded chair, under a canopy, at the head of a long table. Whenever any of the company addressed him, it was with the deepest reverence. If the attendants offered him wine or the various delicacies of the festival, it was upon their bended knees. You would have thought, by these tokens of worship, that the monarch was a supernatural being, only he seemed to have quite as much need of

those vulgar matters, food and drink, as any other persons at the table. But fate had ordained that good King James should not finish his dinner in peace.

All of a sudden there arose a terrible uproar in the room where the children were at play. Angry shouts and shrill cries of alarm were mixed up together; while the voices of elder persons were likewise heard, trying to restore order among the children. The king, and everybody else at the table, looked aghast; for perhaps the tumult made them think that a general rebellion had broken out.

'Mersey on me!' muttered Sir Oliver, 'that graceless nephew of mine is in some mischief or other. The naughty little whelp!'

Getting up from the table, he ran to see what was the matter, followed by many of the guests, and the king among them. They all crowded to the door of the play-room.

On looking in, they beheld the little prince Charles, with his rich dress all torn, and covered with the dust of the floor. His Royal blood was streaming from his nose in great abundance. He gazed at Noll with a mixture of rage and affright, and at the same time a puzzled expression, as if he could not understand how any mortal boy should dare to give him a beating. As for Noll, there stood his sturdy little figure, bold as a lion, looking as if he were ready to fight not only the prince, but the king and kingdom too.

'You little villain!' cried his uncle, 'what have you been about? Down on your knees, and ask the prince's pardon. How dare you lay your hands on the king's Majesty's royal son?'

'He struck me first,' grumbled the valiant little Noll, 'and I've only given him due.'

Sir Oliver and the guests lifted up their hands in astonishment and horror. No punishment seemed severe enough for this wicked little varlet, who had dared to resent a blow from the king's own son. Some of the courtiers were of opinion that Noll should be sent prisoner to the Tower of London, and brought to trial for high treason. Others, in their great zeal for the king's service, were about to lay hands on the boy, and chastise him in the royal presence.

But King James, who sometimes showed a good deal of sagacity, ordered them to desist. 'Thou art a bold boy,' said he, looking fixedly at little Noll, 'and if thou live to be a man, my son Charlie would do wisely to be friends with thee.'

'I never will!' cried the little prince, stamping his foot.

'Peace, Charlie, peace!' said the king; then addressing Sir Oliver and the attendants, 'Harm not the urchin, for he has taught my son a good lesson, if Heaven do but give him grace to profit by it. Hereafter, should he be tempted to tyrannize over the stubborn race of Englishmen, let him remember little Noll Cromwell and his own bloody nose.'

So the king finished his dinner and departed; and for many a long year, the childish quarrel between Prince Charles and Noll Cromwell was forgotten. The prince, indeed, might have lived a happier life, and have met a more peaceful death, had he remembered this quarrel, and the moral which his father drew from it. But, when old King James was dead and Charles sat upon his throne, he seemed to forget that he was but a man, and that his meanest subjects were his equals.

He wished to have the property and lives of the people of England entirely at his own disposal. But the Puritans, and all who loved liberty, rose against him, and beat him in many battles, and pulled him down from his throne.

Throughout this war between the king and nobles on one side, and the people of England on the other, there was a famous leader, who did more towards the ruin of royal authority than all the rest. The contest seemed like a wrestling match between King Charles and this strong man. And the king was overthrown.

When the disrowned monarch was brought to trial, that warlike leader sat in the judgment hall. Many judges were present, besides himself; but he alone had the power to save King Charles, or to doom him to the scaffold. After sentence was pronounced, this victorious general was entreated by his own children, on their knees, to rescue his Majesty from death.

'No!' said he sternly. 'Better that one man should perish, than that the whole country should be ruined for his sake. It is resolved that he shall die!'

When Charles, no longer a king, was led to the scaffold, his great enemy stood at a window of the royal palace of Whitehall. He beheld the poor victim of pride, and an evil education, and misused power, as he laid his head upon the block. He looked on, with a steadfast gaze, while a black-veiled executioner lifted the fatal axe, and smote off that anointed head at a single blow.

'It is a righteous deed,' perhaps he said to himself. 'Now Englishmen may enjoy their rights.'

At night when the body of Charles was laid in the coffin, in a gloomy chamber, the general entered, lighting himself with a torch. His gleam showed that he was now growing old; his visage was scarred with the many battles in which he had led the van; his brow was wrinkled with care, and with the continual exercise of stern authority. Probably there was not a single trait, either of aspect or manner, that belonged to the little Noll, who had battled so stoutly with Prince Charles. Yet this was he!

He lifted the coffin-lid, and caused the light of his torch to fall upon the dead monarch's face. Then, probably, his mind went back over all the marvellous events that had brought the hereditary king of England to this dishonored coffin, and had, raised himself, an humble individual, to the possession of kingly power. He was a king, though without the empty title or the glittering crown.

'Why was it,' said Cromwell to himself—'or might have said—as he gazed at the pale features in the coffin—Why was it, that this great king fell, and that poor Noll Cromwell has gained all the power of the realm?'

And, indeed, why was it?

King Charles had fallen, because, in his manhood, the same as when a child, he disdained to feel that every human creature was his brother. He deemed himself a superior being, and fancied that his subjects were created only for a king to rule over. And Cromwell rose, because, in spite of his many faults, he mainly fought for the rights and freedom of his fellow men; and, therefore, the poor and the oppressed all lent their strength to him.

The Farmer's Wife.

So much has been said and sung in praise of a "farmer's life," that, apparently, no time or space has been spared to speak of the life led by "his better half." Our country is blessed by an abundant monthly harvest of leaves, containing valuable information in regard to the culture of almost all kinds of fruits and plants, and the appliances and means best adapted to the improvement and growth of the domestic animals—but these "lords of the soil," seem studiously to have forgotten that their houses, as well as their barns and pastures, contain live stock, to which part of their attention should be given.

The farmer's wife should be an independent, healthy, happy, and cultivated woman—one on whose culture, both physical and mental, the agriculturist has bestowed at least as much thought as he has upon that of his swine or his turkeys—but is it so?

When a young farmer arrives at the age that he wishes to choose for himself a fitting wife, he naturally desires one whose intellect and taste have been enlarged and educated to an equal degree with his own, and generally he prefers one who has either been reared upon a farm, or has become acquainted with rural pursuits; and his wishes are readily gratified, for girls who have been carefully trained and well educated, are happily, at this day, far from being rare, or difficult to find. A genuine love of good books, skill and taste in music, and the arts, combined with depth and strength of intellect, are possessed by many of the young girls who have enjoyed the privilege of a country birth and residence.

Such a person, not unfrequently unites her fate with that of a farmer, thinking no doubt, from what she has read in agricultural periodicals, that thus she can more certainly gratify her taste for horticulture and the embellishment of her home, and at the same time fulfill a more exalted destiny than she could expect to, if she was to become a part of the fashionable circle of the city or village. Yet she is ambitious to perform as much as her neighbor, who has for years been engaged in household labor, and therefore assumes the duties of housewife, and maid-of-all-work, and her husband, who has been accustomed to see his neighbors' wives telling from morning until night, in the cook and dairy-room, thinks it all right, with as little reflection as the peasant of Europe bestows upon the coupling his wife and mule together at the plow or the cart; and thus from mere custom, and want of thought, he allows the woman of his love to become his most devoted slave.

From this time forth, the life of the farmer's wife is one of confinement and unremitting toil. From early dawn until late at night, it is nothing but mend and blotch, cook and bake, wash and sweep, churn and make cheese, wait upon her husband and his band of laborers, bear children and nurse them. No time for relaxation or enjoyment, or the improvement of her mental or social faculties is found. As the means of the farmer and his family increase, the husband becomes more noticed, and his circle of acquaintances and friends enlarges; he daily meets his associates and mingles with the world, but his wife toils on in the old dull routine, with nothing to break in upon the monotony of her existence, except perhaps the advent of another child, or the death of one to whom her heart is bound by the strongest ties.

The husband, it may be, is engaged in some public business, or drives to town for a market or for his pleasure, but he never thinks of his martyr wife, and the necessity there is in her nature, that she should share with him his pleasures and relaxations. Her labors are never ended, her cares never cease, until premature old age has come upon her, and with blanching and bowed form, she sinks into an early grave, leaving the children of her love, and the property she has saved and earned, to the care of a more youthful successor, who not seldom avenges these wrongs by tyrannizing over the husband and abusing the children.

This is no fancy picture, or a delineation of what was in by-gone days, but unfortunately the original can be found in almost every neighborhood, and even among those who are called model farmers. Neither is it confined to the cultivators of the soil. All classes and occupations of men include too many in their ranks, who practically scout the idea that their wives and daughters are human beings, with souls in some way connected with their bodies, and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain rights and privileges, among which are life and the right to enjoy the pure air of heaven, uncontaminated with the odors of the kitchen or the steam of the wash tub—that their social and intellectual nature is an essential part of them,—and that to live, in the full sense of the word, is to enjoy and increase the ability of enjoying these higher attributes, by a free and varied intercourse with the pure and the gifted of their own and the opposite sex.

We hope to see the day when men, even those who consider it a privilege as well as a duty to gain a livelihood from honest toil, will take as much pains to secure these social pleasures and innocent amusements for their wives and their daughters, as they do to give proper exercise and recreation to their horses and their cattle.

When farmers will consider it proper for the females of their families, to join with them in forming and executing their plans for the improvement of their soil and of society—when they become aware of the fact that their wisest advisers and truest friends are to be found within the limits of their own households; and will invite their friends to their homes, and there form their farmer's clubs, and arrange their plans and examine their prospects, they will discover that the female part of the community have a genius about being simply their maids-of-all-work, mere labor-saving machines, designed to cook potatoes, or mend stockings; or to make fashionable calls, and repeat the silly things and nonsense of polite society. Let farmers take as much pains to increase the happiness and cultivate the minds of the females of their households, as they do to enlarge their fields and fertilize the soil, and they will secure a harvest of more value than any or all to which a premium has ever been awarded by any agricultural committee ever chosen.—[Carr. Albany Cultivator.]

ENERGY IS THE TRUE MARK OF GENIUS.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, in one of his recent lectures, describes with the clear sweep of a painter the vital necessity of energy and labor to even the most gifted. In the present day of steam and punctuality, the lazy man, no matter

how extraordinary his acquirements, must always fall behind in the race of human life. He says:

"Genius unexercised is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks. There may be epics in men's brains, just as there are oaks in acorns, but the tree and the book must come out before we can measure them. We very naturally recall here that large class of grumblers and wishers who spend their time in longing to be higher than they are while they should have been employed in advancing themselves. These bitterly moralize on the injustice of society. Do they want a change? Let them change—who prevents them? If you are as high as your faculties will permit you to rise in the scale of society, why should you complain of men? It is God that arranged the law of precedence. Implead Him or be silent! If you have capacity for a higher station, take it—what binds you? How many men would love to go to sleep and wake up Rothschilds or Astors!"

How many men would fain go to bed dunces to be waked up Solomons! You reap what you have sown. Those who sow dunces seed, vice seed, laziness seed, usually get a crop. They that sow a wind, reap a whirlwind. A man of mere 'capacity undeveloped' is only an organized day dream with a skin on it. A flint and a genius that will not strike fire are no better than wet junk wood. We have scripture for it that a living dog is better than a dead lion. If you would go up, go—if you would be seen, shine.

At the present day, eminent position in any profession is the result of hard, unwarmed labor. Men can no longer fly at one dash into eminent position. They have got to hammer it out by steady and rugged blows. The world is no longer clay, but rather iron, in the hands of workers."

Farm Work for June.

Planting being over, there will be a little respite, a brief breathing place to look into all the affairs of the farm more leisurely, and to attend to the smaller, but not minor, matters which the haste to get in the seeds has prevented. And first, let him who has had the forecast to plant a tree either this season or before, extend his care to it and extirpate its enemies.

THE BORERS.—They will make havoc with your fair orchard, unless your own eye and knife, and wire and hand are active. Now is the time to dislodge them; by scraping the earth carefully away from the base of the tree and closely examining it, the spoiler may be discovered, either by his hole, his castings, which resemble saw-dust, or by some peculiar appearance of the tree. By inserting a small wire with the smallest possible hook upon its end, they may generally be drawn out; but if not brought to light the wire will kill them.

THRISTLES, mullins, dockrocks, burdocks and all such rank herbage, will constantly spring up, especially about the buildings, unless the farmer is in the habit of destroying them. By neglect they sometimes cover large patches of excellent ground, and render it worthless, beside disfiguring the premises and scattering their seeds over the farm. An hour or two at the right season, will arrest them and save crops and character. The cure is to cut them off just below the surface, and drop a handful of spade and start their roots and pull them up bodily. These, and the ox-eye daisy, or white weed, which is becoming so prevalent all over New England, should be prevalent out of the grain and grass fields, upon their first appearance.

HOEING.—No implement on the farm is in more demand than the hoe in the month of June. Get a good one and keep it smooth and bright. Let it be of the right weight, remembering that he who makes with a common hoe, two thousand strokes an hour, should not wield a needless ounce. If any part is heavier than necessary, even to the amount of half an ounce only, he must repeatedly and continually lift the half ounce, so that the whole strength thus spent would be equal, in a day, to twelve hundred and fifty pounds, which ought to be exerted in stirring the soil and destroying the weeds. It is important, also, to see that the hoe stands just right, neither too nor in too much, but in that position which will enable the person to stand in an easy attitude while using it. Hoeing is of the utmost importance in farm husbandry. It keeps the ground in fine tilth, which is its proper condition to receive light and heat, and the important atmospheric influences.

WEEDS.—These are merely grasses out of place. They get a great many kicks, cuts, and perhaps curses, from the indolent and thoughtless, but they are really blessings in disguise. How many fields and gardens would feel the plow and hoe, if no weeds appeared? and would present a hard, impervious crust, resisting all efforts of the genial sun or cooling dews to enter and feed the starving roots. But the weeds spring up as faithful monitors to prompt us to duty, calling us from field to garden, as each demands attention. Look no longer then, upon the weeds as pests and plagues, but by careful industry exclude them from the crops which you prefer to them.

WATERING.—Water copiously and rarely; a constant drizzling cakes the ground, and is of little service to the roots.

THE GARDEN.—Pass through the garden once a day, at least; give it an hour in the morning and another in the evening, if possible; no part of the farm will pay you better than the garden crops. Coop some of the hens near, and allow the chickens to go over the garden at will; and they will be able to obtain what meat they require with their vegetable diet.

Sow melons and cucumbers towards the last of the month, for pickling.

Thinning out Vegetables.

There is a greater loss in suffering vegetables to stand too thick, than most cultivators are aware of. It does require considerable nerve to commit indiscriminate slaughter upon fine, growing plants. For instance, here are ten beautiful melon vines, just beginning to run, with fruit blossoms forming. Now, who has the bold hardihood to draw them all out but three or four, and throw them willing away? Who can take the bees just as their tops give evidence of roots below, and separate them to ten inches? It is a hard matter, we confess, and is not properly done one time in twenty; but to have bulbs, top-roots, melons, cucumbers or squashes, it must now be done, and the increased vigor of the remaining plants will repay the

trouble. Then fall to and spare not; no top-rooted plant or bulb should stand so thick that the hoe will not pass freely between them. No vine should have more than four or five plants left to a hill.

Snap beans look so pretty growing thick that we hate to disturb them; but if you would have the bushes yield their pendant treasures, thin out to ten inches. We know of nothing that will bear as thick planting as English peas; in place of thinning them, shade the ground around them; now that they are in bloom and in pod, they will continue in fruit much longer; the shade enriches the land and saves culture. It is not always those that make the earliest and best; but those who thin judiciously and cultivate understandingly. Most gardeners plant seeds too thick, trusting to thinning out in their growing state, but alas! they look so uninviting, and plead so eloquently for life, that degenerate, inferior plants are the rewards of our false philosophy.

Gardening for Girls.

Some of the best writers on education, in the country, have advocated the importance of this subject, and the peculiarly healthful and strengthening influences that attend it.

Miss Beecher, in her work on Domestic Economy, recommends every father to 'set apart a portion of his yard and garden, for fruits and flowers, and see that the soil is well prepared and dug over, and the rest may be committed to the children. These would need to be provided with a light hoe and rake, a dibble or garden trowel, a watering pot, and means and opportunities for securing seeds, roots, buds and grafts, all which might be done at trifling expense. Then, with proper encouragement, and by the aid of such directions as are contained in this work, every man who has even half an acre, could secure a small Eden around his premises.'

The writer of a very popular treatise on gardening, says:—'A love of flowers is one of the earliest of our tastes, and certainly one of the most innocent. The cultivation of flowers, while it forms an elegant amusement, is a most healthful and invigorating pursuit. The flower-garden, while it agreeably occupies the time, does not impose a heavy tax on the pocket; and there are very few flowers but what may be cultivated to as great perfection in the garden of the peasant as of the peer. It is a taste, too, which is well adapted to the female character, and affords much rational amusement to the recluse. The cultivator of flowers is not confined to the gratification of beholding the expanded flower, when it spreads forth its glories to the meridian sun; every stage of its growth has been a source of delight, to the period of its perfect development; and a flower which has been reared by one's own hand is viewed with tenfold delight, compared to one, the growth of which has not been witnessed or provided for.'

ANECDOTE OF FINN.—Finn was once a witness for the prosecution in a case before the Common Pleas in Boston, and his testimony was so direct and conclusive, that the counsel for the defence thought it necessary to discredit him. The following dialogue then ensued: 'Mr. Finn, you live in—street; do you not?'

'Yes, I do.'
'You have lived there a great while?'

'Several years.'

'Does not a female live there under your protection?'

'There does.'

'Does she bear your name?'

'She is certainly known in the neighborhood by the name of Mrs. Finn.'

'Is she your wife?'

'No, we were never legally married.'

'That will do, sir; I have no more to ask.'

'But I have something more to answer, sir,' replied Finn, with spirit. 'The Mrs. Finn, of whom you have been pleased to speak with such levity, is my mother; and I have known but one man base enough to breathe agnost against her. You, sir, can guess who he is.—True, she is under my protection. She protected me through my infancy and childhood, and it is but paying a small part of the debt I owe her, to do as much for her in her old age.'

The baffled counsellor had not another word to say.

ALARMING RUMOR.—It is currently reported that Ensign Stebbings, the 'Carpet-Bag' candidate for the presidency, bribed a hostler to remove or unscrew a bolt in the carriage that was conveying Mr. Webster to Marshfield, in consequence of which, the life of the Hon. Secretary of State was much endangered. This Stebbings appears to be the most unscrupulous politician that has yet entered the field.—[Times.]

We have traced the above base rumor to its source, and find that it originated in the fact that Stebbings was near Marshfield that day, for the purpose paying a hostler a balance of \$1.87 for the keeping of a disabled horse that once belonged to a companion in arms. The transaction occurred in the stable yard, and a remark being made by the Ensign, that he would be the last one to SCREW a laboring man down, it is probable that the screw penetrated the tympanum of some itinerant eaves-dropper, who hastened and gave it to the Times. We are satisfied that but little credence will be given to the statement of a paper that devotes pages to the vilification of other great men, and that will publish so villainous a pun without qualification or excuse.

We look upon the accident above alluded to, as a timely caution against injudicious blotting, and nothing more.—[Carpet Bag.]

CARE FOR OTHERS.—A poor old man, busy planting an apple-tree, was rudely asked, 'What do you plant trees for? you cannot expect to eat the fruit of them?' He raised himself up, and leaning upon his spade, answered, 'Some one planted trees for me before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit. I now plant for others, to show my gratitude, when I am dead and gone.' Thus should we think and act for the welfare of others.

ROTARY BOOT HEELS.—One of the editors of the Springfield Republican, commenced the wear of a pair of boots, with rotary heels, some weeks since, and he is 'much pleased with their operation.' He describes this invention, 'as a heel, to all appearance solid, but having its last layer detached at the edges and united at the centre, by a mechanical fixture, which allows this layer to rotate in either direction.' By this contrivance, the running down of heels on one side more than another is obviated.

MISCELLANY.

SONG FOR BOYS.

When life is full of health and glee,
Work thou as busy as a bee!
And take this gentle hint from me—
Be careful of your money!

Be careful of your money, boys—
Be careful of your money!
You'll find it true, that friends are few,
When you are short of money!

But do not shut sweet mercy's doors,
When sorrow pleads, or want implores;
To help the needy, and to ease the poor,
Be careful of your money!

Be careful of your money, boys—
Be careful of your money!
To help the poor who seek your door,
Be careful of your money!

Action and Re-action in Farming.

Never keep animals on short allowance—if you starve them, they will surely starve you. Although in draining land thoroughly, your purse may be drained, yet the full crops that follow, will soon fill it again.

Trying to farm without capital, is like trying to run a locomotive without fuel. Money and wood must both be consumed, if they are to move the machine of the farm or of the rail.

Always give the soil the first meal. If this is well fed with manure, it will feed all else; plants, animals and man.

If you wish to give an energetic movement to all your farm machinery, and keep its hundred wheels in rotation, be sure not to be without a good rotation in crops.

If you allow your animals to shiver, your fortune will be shivered in consequence; that is, the farmer who leaves his cattle to the winds, will find his profits also given to the winds.

Heavy carrot crops for cattle, will soon return carats of gold.

Did you ever hear the musical notes of a starving herd of hogs? Extinguish by food those notes, speedily, if you would avoid even more annoying notes after pay-day has passed.

Learn as much as possible the experience of the skillful; the man who depends on teaching himself, will be likely to receive very poor lessons,—or, as Dr. Franklin has it, he will find 'he has a fool for his master.'

Fences operate in two ways—if good, they are a defence, if poor, an offence.

Many a farmer, by too sparingly seeding his new meadows, has had to cede his whole farm.

Every farmer should see daily, every animal he has, and inspect its condition. Weekly visits, as with some, soon result in weakly animals.

The man who provides well sheltered coles for his sheep in winter, will soon find plenty of coats for his own back.

A good housewife should not be a person of 'one idea,' but should be equally familiar with the flower garden and the flour barrel; and though her lesson should be to lessen expense, yet the scent of a fine rose should not be less valued than the cent in the till. She will doubtless prefer a yard of sherry, to a yard of satin. If her husband is a skillful sower of grain, she is equally skillful as a sewer of garments; he keeps his hoes bright by use, she keeps the hose of the whole family in order.

'Manure is money,' and 'short paper' is like a short plant;—a note at bank matures by falling due,—an oat in the field also matures by falling due; but they will be found in both cases, shorter than wanted, unless the fiscal bank and the bank of the earth, both receive timely deposits.

To abuse animals by starving them, is as base, as the hope of gaining by it is baseless. [Albany Cultivator.]

Warning to Young Men.

Edward A. Hannegan was much beloved by his associates at Washington, although his habits were such that the growth of affection towards him must have been checked. All will recollect the circumstances of his appointment by Col. Polk as Minister to Prussia, sent to the Senate at 3 o'clock on the morning after his Presidential term had expired. Gen. Taylor on coming in would have insisted on recalling an appointment so indecorously made, but so many were the friends who urged Hannegan's kindness of heart, frank bearing, and fine talents, that the old General was induced to forbear from interfering, and to let the Senators confirm their fellow member as the representative of our government at Berlin.

At Berlin his habits did not mend. His evil demon, Intemperance, followed him across the Atlantic. The police of the city often brought him to his residence, the American Embassy, drunk to stupefaction. The stars and stripes, that floated above his foreign home, and told of the land of freedom far away, drooped too often over one who forgot his country and himself in the fumes of rum.

Mr. Hannegan returned to Indiana. A few days since, engaged in drinking with his brother-in-law, Capt. Duncan, both became excited. Duncan struck him in the face. Hannegan returned the blow with a bowie-knife. It was a fatal one. Duncan died in remorse. Hannegan, the once bright and gifted Edward Hannegan, lives to answer the call of justice, the murderer of his best friend, the husband of his sister.

Ponder, young men, on this lesson. Intemperance, like death, is no respecter of persons. It comes to the palace and the cottage with the same dread and blighting step. Disgrace, misery, woe, murder, degradation, beggary, starvation are in its train. Men of Maine, will ye heed this lesson? Young men, will ye put the cup from your lips? Yourself must be your saviors! Pause and ponder!—[Bangor Mercury.]

EFFECTS OF NIGHT AIR.—An error which exerts a most pernicious influence is the belief that the night air is injurious. This opinion hinders the introduction of ventilation more than all other errors together. Now there is not a particle of proof, nor have we any reason whatever to believe that the atmosphere of oxygen and nitrogen undergoes any change during the night. But there are certain causes in operation at night which are known to exercise over us an injurious influence. We will investigate them to see if closed doors and windows will shut them out or stop their operation.

First, it is known that there is a slight increase of carbonic acid from plants during the night, but the poison is generated in a much larger quantity from the lungs of animals, and accumulated immensely more in close rooms than in the open air. It is therefore certain that nothing is gained in this respect by refusing ventilation. The next difference between night and day, to be noticed, is the fact, that sunlight exercises a most important influence on plants and also on animals; but it is evident that shutting out fresh air will not restore his rays.

Another fact is, that all bodies, animate or inanimate, exposed at night to the direct rays of a clear sky, radiate heat with great rapidity, and their temperature is quickly and greatly reduced; and it is well known that it is dangerous to the health of men for the temperature of their bodies to be greatly and rapidly reduced. But persons sleeping in a ventilated room, even if the windows are open, are not exposed to the direct rays of a clear sky (and the law does not apply to any combination of circumstances); therefore this frequent source

of injury to persons exposed does not reach those in a sheltered house. As to the injury to be feared from a cold current of air, I would observe that it is gross carelessness for any one to expose himself to this danger, night or day, whether the house is ventilated or unventilated. I believe there is not known any other cause which can be supposed to produce any special injurious effect at night, and the least reflection will show that not any one of those mentioned can by any possibility injure a person more in a ventilated than in an unventilated house. It therefore follows that the objection of the night air being injurious, is utterly futile.

The pure atmosphere has nothing whatever to do with causing the death of persons exposed at night within the tropics; nor does it produce the cough of the consumptive and asthmatic, nor the languor and misery which the sick so frequently experience.

These and other sufferings, experienced more particularly at night, are caused by carbonic acid, absence of sun light, rapid reduction of temperature, the air being saturated with moisture, &c., and not by that air without which we cannot live three minutes.

It is absurd to suppose that fresh air supports our life and destroys our health at one and the same time. The same thing cannot possess the utterly incompatible character of good and evil, of supporting life and destroying it.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....JUNE 10, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court-st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut-sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette-sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State-st., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A Plain Talk, and a New Plan.

We are about closing the Fifth Volume of the Mail. In looking at our books we find it necessary to have a new understanding with a portion of our subscribers. Some have kindly paid us in advance, and others promptly within the year, while many are in arrears two, three and even five years. This is a bad state of things for them, and still worse for us. Here then is our plan—

To urge a full and complete settlement of all accounts to the close of the present volume; and hereafter to insist STRICTLY upon our published terms, of \$1.50 within the year, and \$2.00 after its close.

We feel confident that our patrons generally will thank us for this rule. We commence, therefore, by forwarding bills to those in arrears. The bills are made out at \$2.00 per year; but all who pay them IMMEDIATELY, either at the office or through the mail, can do so at \$1.50 per year. Odd change can be made in Postoffice stamps. Hereafter all bills will be sent to subscribers promptly once a year.

Now, reader, look at this plan; and if it appears advantageous to you, and positively necessary for us, take hold kindly and liberally, and above all PROMPTLY, and help us to carry it out.

Mr. McCrillis, of Belfast, had the Mail about four years, and then went to Haverhill, Mass., leaving his account unsettled. We have sent him his bill, but get no reply. He must be a 'mean man,' and hereby has notice to quit.

C. W. MORRILL, China, if he has any regard for decency, will call and pay for the Mail.

SILVERSTEIN B. STALLING, Fishon's Ferry, should pay for his newspaper, if he wants to be able to get credit for a fig of tobacco.

Several others, some in our own village, must bear in mind that our patience does not last forever, and that their last hope depends upon paying for their paper. Law is nothing—we have a worse remedy than that for those who cheat the printer.

Mystery and Disgrace.

'Murder will out!' This has been too often proved to admit of cavil. We have a case in point—and hereby hangs the following tale:

In October, 1850, a nice little fat man introduced himself at our office as the Reverend Mr. Chapman. After talking pleasantly about 'the influence of the press' in exposing error, and informing us that he was fortunate enough to be the son-in-law of a distinguished Boston editor, he proceeded to disclose the fact that he was engaged on the very honorable mission of exposing some of the absurdities of Catholicism—in short, that if he could get together a good audience of men, at 12 1-2 cts per head he could amuse them with such stories as were not fit for any mortal woman to hear. At very moderate expense, considering the great benevolence of his enterprise, we inserted his advertisement in the Mail. To the credit of our village, a few 'lewd fellows of the baser sort' made up his audience, without making up much of a purse to aid him in his mission.

Twice on the following day, namely, during the forenoon and during the afternoon, the Reverend Mr. Chapman was at our elbow; but as he left regularly at the hours of dinner and tea, without making any definite request for an invitation, we are unable to say to whom he paid his board bill. Just at sunset he begged the privilege of leaving in our care a large package, which he desired us to keep in safety, as he was going to enlighten the people of Kendall's Mills, that evening, and would call for it the following day. We received the package kindly—especially as the Reverend Mr. Chapman had not then paid our bill—and guessing at its great value, put it carefully away.

Having always a strong regard for such men, in their great sacrifices for the public morals, we inquired carefully for his success at Kendall's Mills. The report was a sad one; no body knew anything about him, except that he left in the Bangor stage. We watched the Bangor papers. No 'Rev. Mr. Chapman' gave notice of any terrible disclosures there; though somebody with another name was engaged in the same line of business, and the wicked folks there mobbed him!

From that day to this the Rev. Mr. Chapman has never been heard of, to our knowledge. Whether his great heart has burst with the rotundity of his benevolence, or the Church of Rome has interposed the 'bare bodkin' of her malignity to save a development of her peculiar sanctity, who can tell? Some inquiry ought to be made, and all the facts in our possession shall be given to his 'inquiring friends.' The only clue afforded by the bundle, consists of a few musty pamphlets and a dirty shirt!

—which after appraisal and the liquidation of our bill, shall be surrendered to the legal heirs of 'the Reverend Mr. Chapman.'

The Democratic Nominee.

One of the three candidates destined to ask the suffrages of the people in the ensuing campaign, is now tangibly in the field. While the nomination brings to the voters no little surprise, it will no doubt be met with a proper degree of cordiality. Gen. Pierce possesses the elements of popularity with the mass, prominent among which is the military mania. Gen. Scott is the only man who can compete with him in this respect; and we are fully convinced—with becoming humiliation—that no man destitute of this qualification can enter the field without certain defeat. Even the zealous friends of both Fillmore and Webster are beginning to admit this. Houston has it; but his reputation with the political elite is too ragged. In Cass the military item was threadbare. Buchanan and Webster were too equally matched; and 'Young America' has grown so rapidly upon mere talent, that he must be checked. 'The dear people' are getting wilful. Almost an entire session of Congress, at 'eight dollars a day,' of course, has been devoted to a revolution in this respect. Things must be cut and dried before they come to the people. After the great public eye has rested for years upon its favorites, it is pointed to a strange face, and told that the great American heart beats in that direction. What a free people! Not but what Gen. Pierce, who fought in Mexico, is a full match for Gen. Scott, who conquered in the same field. We shall not be surprised to see the Whigs play the same game. The cutting and drying process has been going on in their Kitchen Cabinet, too; and while they stand with hat in hand, ready to shout for Scott, or Webster, or Fillmore, they may be told to swing it for a man they never heard of. If so directed, they can blow a new whistle, to their own astonishment. The truth is, though the American people will be slow to learn it, that their work is henceforth to be done at Washington. Let them watch the coming campaign for proof of this. The man of their selection—the spontaneous choice of a great nation—is hereafter to be pointed out to them. The past session of Congress has been marking out the path for their affections, and they are 'predestinated' to walk therein. The people are busy, but the wire-pullers have nothing else to do. See the coming election for demonstration.

The Boston Traveller has the following sketch of Gen. Pierce's history:—

He is the son of Benjamin Pierce, formerly Governor of New Hampshire. His father was in the battle of Bunker Hill, and served constantly in the army of the Revolution from that date till after the ratification of peace in 1783. He was born in Hillsboro, N. H., in 1804, and is, therefore, about 48 years old. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College in 1824; was admitted to the Bar in 1827; was chosen a Representative to the Legislature of New Hampshire, in 1829, and the three following years; was Speaker of the House of Representatives of that State, in 1831 and 1832; was elected Representative to Congress in 1832; and was, in 1836, elected to the U. S. Senate for six years, but resigned his seat two or three years before the expiration of his term. A vacancy occurring in the U. S. Senate, afterwards, he was appointed thereto by Gov. Steele, but declined.

In 1840 or 1847, President Polk tendered Mr. Pierce the office of Attorney General of the United States, and, consequently, a seat in the Cabinet. This honor he likewise declined.

In February, 1847, or soon after, Mr. Pierce received, most unexpectedly, notice of his appointment as Colonel of the 9th infantry, which he accepted without hesitation; and in the March following, was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. He reached Vera Cruz on the last of June, in the year 1847, and commanded the detachment of 2500 men, who were the last to march from Vera Cruz and join Gen. Scott's command at Puebla, before the final advance upon the city of Mexico. He bore a part in all the battles of the valley, except the assault upon Chapultepec, when he was confined to his bed by sickness. He is a man of acknowledged ability, and by the suavity of his manners seems to have gained a large circle of warm personal friends.

LADIES' JACKETS.—The New York Post says:—It has been a serious question in this city, whether the new fashion of jackets will be generally adopted by our ladies. The impression is that they will, though all confess the novelty is far from being satisfactory as yet. We observe that at a recent fashionable and aristocratic wedding in England, (the Baronet and M. P. Wynn, having married Miss Wynn, his cousin, daughter of the English minister to Denmark,) the bride and all her bridesmaids wore jackets, the latter, pink over white poul de soie. We presume this important fact will relieve the doubts of our Joneses, Smiths, and Thompsons, Whites, Blacks, &c., &c.

O yes. The ladies have 'always wanted the Bloomer costume. While it was a mere home-made affair, however, they were laughed out of it. Now it comes from 'her ladyship' there is no abjection. The jacket and dicky set well. Dresses are growing shorter. The real Bloomer, in short, to all intents and purposes, is on the high road to preferment. The women are always sure to attain their object, directly or indirectly.

A NEW WORK.—Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston, advertise as just published, a work entitled 'Elements of Geology, for the use of Colleges and Schools, by Prof. J. R. Loomis, Waterville College.'

The Whig National Convention meets on the 16th inst. The Delegates from Maine are—At large—George Evans, Wm. P. Fessenden. From the Districts—1. Nathan D. Appleton, of Alfred. 2. John Trask, Jr., of N. Sharon. 3. Wm. Singer, of Thomaston. 4. D. C. Magoun, of Bath. 5. Wm. H. Mills, of Bangor. 6. James S. Pike, of Calais. All for Scott.

The Whig Convention, holden at Portland on Thursday last, nominated Wm. Crosby, of Belfast, for Governor, with great unanimity.

NEW MAP.—Redding & Co., Boston, have published a new map, embracing N. England

and a part of N. York, and showing the route of all the Railroads and Telegraph lines. It also contains a table showing the cost and commencement of the several roads, and the number of miles in operation. The cost of 2914 miles of road is put at \$111,469,338. It is an exceedingly useful map.

HALLOWELL GAZETTE.—Mr. Newman has disposed of his interest in this paper to Mr. H. L. Wing—'Hiram' of the Blade, and more recently of the Bath Mirror—and it is now published by ROWELL & WING, in whose hands it will lose none of its well earned reputation. The Gazette was established by Mr. Newman, and has always been a sterling family and agricultural paper, of which its projector might well be proud.

In his *valde dictory*, the retiring editor 'lets out' upon a certain class of bipeds, specimens of which are to be found in every community. Read, ponder, and inwardly digest, ye whom the coat fits; peradventure it may do your little souls good.

'We have enjoyed the support of a large number of paying patrons. They have been prompt and reliable, and we now extend to them our warmest thanks. There are others, who, though abundantly able, never considered themselves under any obligation to lend a helping hand to support a village or local newspaper. Many of them have obtained a personal of our sheet in shops and stores and round corners, where they could steal a glance, by the indulgence of our friends. These have been our hardest critics, and the very persons to blaze away at the paper and editor. Ready to bear with patience the hereditary evils of this fallen state, their criticisms and denunciations have never moved nor harmed us. In every community persons exist, by general benevolent toleration, on the public. They are the very persons we have described, making up a kind of class that may be termed the hangers-on in society, and their predilections make them most inveterate newspaper borrowers.

We suppose they will continue to live in this way until the millennium, and will then be abolished with all sin and evil.

We have found that the most public spirited, liberal, working citizens, are those who can see far enough beyond the haze of selfishness to let others live, and who feel a sort of moral obligation to encourage and patronize their townsmen. There are many such here with big hearts, while truth compels us to say there are others who may be done up in very small packages and labelled 'slightly mean.' With the latter we have had very little to do, while the former have thrown many a gleam of sunshine across our path.

Men of dwarfed intellect and sympathies, men who shut out the blessed light of heaven's love and prevent a harmonious reflection of that light from their little souls, are found everywhere. They manifest themselves in various ways. One has a very pious exterior, but in the game of 'grab' he makes no distinction. Widows and orphans are as likely to feel the grasp of his avarice as others. Another, in the various enterprises that come up for local improvement, surrounds himself with a wall of adamant selfishness as impervious to one ray of sympathy with the public welfare, as his heart is to the promptings of a benevolent act. Another, traitor-like, systematically opposes and traduces all schemes for the public weal, especially when there is a possibility of extracting one cent from his pocket for the good of the whole. Thus goes the world, a vast number of its inhabitants acting as though they were created for themselves instead of for the great brotherhood of man. Their presence in any community, however, only lights up with additional lustre the deeds of the wise and good.

HERE IS A FINE PARAGRAPH to be circulating in the papers of a christian citizen. What do our Methodist friends say to it? A 'Methodist clergyman belonging to an estate,' and worth '\$10 per month!'

'The Tribune says that Rev. Thomas Strother, a Methodist clergyman and a Missouri slave belonging to the estate of the deceased Luke Whitcomb, of St. Louis, is now in New York, attending the General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, having hired his time for \$10 per month of the estate, in whose behalf he is to be sold next year if not previously redeemed.'

RAINING—CHARMINGLY!—After the long and almost fatal drought that has prevailed here six weeks past, we are enjoying a most delightful rain, (Wednesday.) Since Tuesday afternoon it has been falling upon the parched earth as gently as kindness upon a cold heart.

The Edinburgh Review, for April, Scott & Co's republication, has arrived in due season, and contains its usual amount of valuable reading.

One of the associate editors of the N. H. Crusader lately narrowly escaped drowning, by falling into the river and being drawn under a raft of logs. His rescuers, citizens of Maine, are thanked as follows:—

'The names of the men who rescued Rev. Mr. Woodbury from the peril to which we alluded in our last, are John Crawford, of Clinton, Me., and Albert Haines, of Exeter, in the same State. To these, and to the energy and promptitude with which all the men employed at the scene of the accident, hastened to his assistance, Mr. Woodbury feels indebted for what which is the greatest service that can be rendered by one man to another—the salvation of his life.'

'RAIN FROM HEAVEN,'—OR, WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS ALWAYS A WAY TO DO GOOD.—At the anniversary of the Society for the Relief of the Destitute Children of Seamen, on Staten Island, on Thursday, Rev. Dr. Tyng told the following pretty story, as reported in N. Y. Daily Times, of a little English girl:

'She was very anxious to give to the cause of missions; but she had no means. Her heart was in it, however, and she found a way. There were in her neighborhood a great number of washerwomen, but rain water was a scarce commodity among them. The little girl set a large tub out, and all the rain water that she could, and thus raised 19 shillings—a bucket. She carried her money to the missionary treasurer, who wanted the name of the little benefactress. She declined; and the treasurer desired to know how he should mark the donation. She told him to set it down to 'Rain from Heaven.' And he did.'

RAILROAD INJURY.—A deaf and dumb man had his leg broken by the cars on the Fall River Railroad, near Middleborough, last Saturday.

day. He is a stranger in that region, and as he is uneducated, his name and place of abode, cannot be ascertained. A card of N. B. Borden, Esq., in the Boston Journal, says,

He has with him a map of the New England states, on the back of which, is written in pencil, 'This man is bound to Cape Cod, to go a fishing,' or words of that import. When exhibiting the map he points to that portion of the State of Maine, marked as the 'Madawaska Settlement.' From this point, apparently, he traces the route he has travelled, and continues it upon the Cape to the neighborhood of Truro. From signs which he gives, the inference is that he came from the eastern part of Maine to Boston, by steamboat. Upon one of his arms are found imprinted in India ink, the letters E. B. In his wallet was found a small piece of paper, on which is written the name Bela M. Blanchard, Cossackie, also 'Jacob Marchesson.'

CHILD LOST.—A fine little girl about eight years old, daughter of Mr. Henry Jackson, who lives just below Ticonic Bridge, on the Winslow side, disappeared last week, and has not been found. The bank of the river is nearly perpendicular in the rear of the house, and she was seen to go in that direction just at sunset. A bunch of flowers, tied with a string, was found on the rocks by the river; and there is little doubt that she fell in and was drowned. The current is rapid, and would carry the body down some distance. The family are in deep affliction.

HON. EDWARD A. HANNEGAN.—The facts as to the killing of his brother-in-law, Capt. Duncan, by Mr. Hannegan, are already widely known. Mr. Hannegan had been a member of the Legislature, both Houses of Congress, Ambassador to Prussia, and might have been honored and useful in every relation of life but for his fearful devotion to liquor, which has long rendered him a terror and disgrace to his friends; and has at length, probably, led him to a felon's doom. John Wentworth, who served with him in Congress, thus comments on his case in his Chicago Democrat:

Every man who has seen Mr. Hannegan when under the influence of liquor as we have, can believe the above. And every one who has seen him and lived at the same house with him and his family, as we have, when he has been a total abstinence man for months together, will indeed pity him. When sober, he will compare in all the elements of goodness with any man living. But he cannot drink without getting drunk.

Mr. Hannegan entered the lower House of Congress many years ago, a perfectly temperate man; and, in point of talents, integrity and popularity, his prospects were as flattering as those of any young man in the United States. But Washington fashions and habits were too much for him. Dissipation drove him to private life. He reformed, became a temperance lecturer and exemplary member of the Church. His exhortations in times of great revivals are said to have equaled those of the most eloquent divines living. At length his old habits were forgotten and he was sent to the Senate. He took his seat an exemplary son of Temperance and a Christian. But, again, the temptations of himself were gigantic, and the assistance of one of nature's noblest of women, his wife, secured for him the sympathies of everybody. But he would have his spree; and he lost his re-election. Like most politicians, he left office miserably poor. At the close of his term, and of Mr. Polk's administration, to keep so popular and so good a man from despair and rum, although it came out of General Taylor's term, the Senators unanimously, Whigs and Democrats, signed a call for Mr. Polk to send him to Prussia, and he was appointed to that mission. His unfortunate career there is well known. Since his return, we have heard nothing of him until this melancholy affair.

We have seen many a young man enter Congress perfectly temperate and leave it totally ruined; but we never knew one who had so many efforts to save him, so ineffectually, as Mr. Hannegan. We now have in our mind three in our own term who have killed themselves. Mr. Hannegan has tried to do so several times; but he lived to kill his wife's brother, the best friend he had in the world, save his wife. That he wishes he was in poor Duncan's place we have no doubt. What an awful comment this is upon the evil effects of intemperance! It was the first drop that rained Hannegan. He is now about the middle age of man, and may yet live to be a very useful man; but there is greater probability that he will commit suicide.

This tragedy will do much towards enacting the Maine Liquor Law in Indiana; and we can almost predict it will be enacted at the next session of the Legislature.

THE ROTHSCHILD LOTTERY.—SINGULAR BELIEF.—The authorities of Posen, says the London Times' correspondent, have enough to do to answer the strange applications that are sometimes made to them by the Polish and German peasantry. The idea that has got abroad among them of the vast grants of land Kossuth has received from the 'King of America,' does not stand alone; another impression that has taken root in their minds is much more extraordinary. For some time past the officials have received numbers of applications for shares in a 'Rothschild Lottery' of which they of course knew nothing; but on inquiry, it was found the peasants had been persuaded that the 'great Rothschild' had been sentenced to be beheaded! But from his intimate relations with the European monarchs he has been allowed to procure a substitute (if he can) by lottery! For this purpose a sum of many millions is devoted; all the tickets to be prizes of 3000 thalers each, except one; that fatal number is a blank, and whoever draws it is to be decapitated instead of the celebrated banker! Notwithstanding the risk, the applicants for shares have been numerous; and the officials are scarcely believed when they explain to the deluded people that the lottery is a fiction.

The origin of the absurd report cannot be traced; but it has given the authorities a good deal of trouble. The journals lament that any part of the population should be in such a state of ignorance as to render belief in such a story possible.

SEIZURE OF LIQUOR AT HAMPTEN.—Yesterday (Friday) afternoon, seven barrels, with heads painted red and marked 'Oil,' were landed from the steamship Eastern State at Hampden. They were immediately loaded upon a team and carried by the lower village of Hampden, by making a detour through the fields.—Upon arriving at Hampden Upper Corner, however, they were met by Constable S. E. Mudgett with a warrant, and by some hundred of the citizens of the village, who were determined to lay an embargo upon them. Several Irishmen were with the team, which was bound to this city, armed with bludgeons, which they brandished furiously, and swore they would cut their way through. The crowd was too great

for them, however. The horses were seized by the bits and the barrels rolled off and secured. The article in the barrels was not so smooth an article as the oleaginous label would indicate, being principally Rose Gin. A passenger by the Eastern State, belonging in Hampden, gave the information which led to the seizure.—[Bangor Mercury, May 29th.]

A Sad Tale.

Kate Virginia Pool, who was arraigned at Amherst, N. H., a few days since, upon an indictment for the murder of her infant child (by throwing it from the window of the cars), pleaded 'guilty of murder in the second degree,' and as has already been stated to our readers, Jude Sawyer then sentenced her to twenty days solitary imprisonment, and confinement at hard labor in the State prison during her life. The prisoner was much moved during the argument and sentence. In alluding to this sad case, the Lawrence Courier remarks:

What a tale is summed up here! A virtuous and intelligent young lady, of sweet and artless manners, whose only fault was that 'she loved too much,' reposed her whole confidence in the honor of a man whom the world calls a gentleman, and was betrayed and deserted.—With her little infant, as fair and innocent as herself, she went to Manchester to seek employment and the means of support; but her story went with her, and that bitter persecution which the world mistakes for virtuous indignation seemed determined to leave her no resource but a life of infamy.

As she went from place to place, no wonder that her brain grew crazed, and that she 'tho' by death to save her still pure daughter from the life of starvation and crime which seemed to await herself. But the mother triumphed over the stoic as soon as the deed was done; at Nashua the distracted parent gave the alarm and sent people back who found the dead infant. The forlorn mother was arraigned for murder; she scorned to shelter herself under the falsehood of 'not guilty,' which the law encourages in every prisoner, but freely owned her guilt and contrition, and has been, after months of imprisonment, sentenced to hard labor for life in the State Prison.

Thus in her youth and beauty, must she bid adieu to the world, and henceforth see nothing but her cheerless cell and unyielding task-master. Days, months and years will slowly come and go, and the busy, happy and thoughtless world will live on as before, forgetting the very existence of the poor penitent whose heart is slowly breaking. How long shall it be before society will cease to inflict all its vengeance upon the deceived, misled, and abandoned tempted, and reserve some of its frowns for the resolute and artful tempter.

A correspondent of the N. H. Statesman, who has had an interview with the unfortunate young woman above alluded to, since her incarceration in prison, thus speaks of her case:

She is a native of Glasgow, in Scotland—having no relatives in this country save an aunt, who was unable to assist her in her wretched extremity. Finding every avenue to employment closed to her in one city, she fled to another. It was night when she left. Heart-broken—only bound to life by the claims which bound her as a mother—she would, under other circumstances, have sought the welcome refuge of suicide. With these feelings called into a most harrowing exercise by the loneliness and misery of her situation—looking at the babe that slumbered on her breast, is it a wonder that a mind thus tortured was swept beyond the bounds of consciousness? The Hindu mother, who bursts the bond of nature by flinging her infant to the gaping monster of the Ganges, has no such plea as lay in the broken heart and frenzied brain of Virginia Pool. I leave her own lips to tell her story:

'I do not recollect anything, distinctly,' she says, 'after I entered the cars. The lights, the crowd, and the motion of the cars, seemed to confuse me. I do not think I should have remembered anything, if the weight of the child, which slumbered on my lap, had not reminded me of its existence and my own situation. At last a cloud seemed to thicken about me, and everything seemed to look white that met my eyes. The child itself seemed like a feather, and appeared to float away from me unconsciously. It did not seem to fall, but to rise, and I thought I could see it for some moments afterwards!'

Said I, 'Do you think you had for your child the ordinary feelings and natural love of a mother?' She looked me in the face, with eyes gushing with tears at the question, 'Sir, I would gladly have laid down my own life for it! I could have given it away while in the full consciousness of my condition, but I resolved to work myself into the grave before my child should have been separated from me.—Do you think, Sir, I would part with that without which life would have been an intolerable burden?' Then she added, with deeper emotion, 'Thank Heaven, it was asleep the last I remember of it, and I think it never awoke to upbraid me with a single cry!'

PROPHESY FULFILLED.—Twenty odd years ago, we recollect that Gov. Enoch Lincoln, when he laid the foundation of the Maine State House in Augusta,—it was before there were hardly any railroads in the U. S.—stood upon the Corner Stone and made a speech to the people assembled, in the course of which he uttered the prophesy—an astounding one at the time—that there were some standing there who would live to see the time when a person might breakfast in Augusta, dine in Boston, and return home to supper at night. This very week fulfils this prophesy. Our Railroad is completed, and on Tuesday last the arrival and departure of trains was so arranged that a passenger may leave here at 5 1-2 A. M., spend two hours about noon in Boston, and return home before bed time, and all this for \$5 up and back. When Gov. L. uttered this strange prophesy, we depended on stage coaches to run over rough roads,

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May 27, 1862.

