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NO. 31.

abroad; who is not habitually pointing at home.

MISCELLANY.

THE DEAR DEPARTED.

BY QUALON.

The dear departed linger round,
Our memory's mourning dreams;
The churchyard turf is hallow'd ground,
Our tears love's sacred streams.
Who hath not felt the parting hour?
Who hath not seen death near?
The cheerful one, sweet as a flower,
And pure as love's first tear?

The dear departed! each one lives
In memory's golden shrine;
Like meteors, each one gives
Some hope in things divine.
Is there a home—a village cot—
Without a vacant chair?
Ah! is there, can there be a spot,
Which death hath not made dear?

The Poor Man's Music.

BY RANNAH E. BRADLEY.

One writer very broadly asserts that "the poor man's only music is the sound of village bells." He probably thought that poverty destroyed the sense of hearing, so that the rich gush of unwritten music which floats around us could only be enjoyed by those who possess a certain amount of money. He might have failed to recognize the sweet music of birds and bees, of winds and waves, and therefore imagined that music was produced alone by the organ, piano, or harp.

Probably none of us are willing to admit that poverty blunts the sensibilities; and the poor man can enjoy the cricket's song beside his hearth, the tea-kettle's merry whistle, and the prattle of his joyous-hearted children, as truly as the rich man. But Charles Lamb says,—"The children of the very poor never prattle."

I was walking a few days since in one of the most neglected lanes of our city, and while passing a miserable, tumble-down tenement, my attention was attracted by the musical laugh of a child who came bounding into the street close by my side. She was a fair, delicate creature, beautiful as Mrs. Stowe's Evangeline, but clad in the tattered garments of abject poverty.

She wore neither hood nor shawl, and her long curls were rudely blown and tossed by the wind. It seemed cruel to expose such a young, frail creature to our rough northern winter, but she skipped gleefully along, stooping now and then to make snow-balls with her little purple hands, as if the warmth of her own heart was a sufficient protection from the piercing cold.

As we turned a corner, I saw approaching us a very common-place looking laborer, with an axe upon his shoulder, and a wood-saw in his hand.

The little girl instantly bounded forward, exclaiming, "I came to meet you, papa," and, seizing the hand which he held to her, with one bound she was in his arms, her soft cheek resting lovingly against the rough, weather-beaten face of the man.

I stopped to look at the delighted father as he walked triumphantly along with his precious burden, listening to the soft, musical tones which welcomed him from a world of toil, and I could not help wondering whether Charles Lamb, if he had seen the sight, would not have made an exception to his unqualified assertion, that "the children of the very poor never prattle."

Did that poor man sigh for other music than the joyous laugh of his child, or the subdued, tender tones of his gentle wife?

Is not the voice of affection sweeter far than the organ's richest notes?
Has not our merciful Father given his poor a world of music, which money cannot buy?—[N. Y. Recorder.]

Power of the Soil to Retain Manures.

We propose in our present number to show the power of the soil to retain manures, and the means of improving this property when required.

For a long time it was supposed that all materials soluble in water would pass downward in solution, and thus be lost to plants—those who worked clayey soils claimed that, because water could not readily permeate their soils, that hence, they were not leached, and therefore retained manures—while other operators with sandy soils argued that manures passed downward and were soon lost to the surface soil.

All these positions are false. It is true, that a fair proportion of alumina is valuable to soils and in the absence of carbonaceous matter is absolutely necessary for the retention of manures, but it is not true that the tenacious property of clay need exist to such an extent as to prevent the free filtration of pure water before the manures will be retained—for many soils which will pass pure water readily, will still retain, from impure water, all its impurities, permitting only the pure water to descend. Indeed this is true of all arable soils, and if it were not so, the water in all our wells would be unfit to drink from being surcharged with soluble organic matter.

Even the brown fluids of a barn-yard will not leach downward in the soil, without leaving all the solid matter in the surface. Dig in an old barn-yard, but a few inches below where the soil has been before disturbed, and it will be found not to have become dark-colored, and not to contain any undue proportion of the soluble matters resident at the surface, but to be like the subsoil of adjoining fields.

Alumina (clay) has the curious property of receiving and retaining all animal and vegetable substances, and their gaseous products, until abstracted again by growing plants, and for this reason a free clayey loam will purify water during its passage through the surface soil, retaining all the fertilizing substances originally held in the solution, and permitting the pure water to pass downward. Nor does this retaining power cease with organic substances alone, for many of the alkalis are also retained, and all of them to a certain extent. Excess of lime, potash or magnesia will pass down and therefore the chemist finds variable proportions of these alkalis in our well water.

This peculiar property of clay was noted by Mr. Teschemaker, of Boston, in his public addresses many years since, and in our published addresses before the American Institute, as far back as 1840, the same truths are set forth. Within the last two years, Professor Way and other English chemists are claiming this as a new discovery.

Alumina is not the only substance in soils which has this retaining power, for carbon in every form has similar properties, and it is not important whether charcoal dust be artificially added, or exist in the soil by the decay of former vegetation or of manures; for in either case carbon is the result, and as such, has similar retaining powers to those of clay. Thus charcoal dust placed for a time near a fermenting dung heap, will receive and retain the gases arising from decomposition, and if placed in the soil will give out these gases again to the roots of growing plants. Peasies, stubbles, &c., are rendered inodorous by the use of charcoal dust. Decomposed peat, turf, swamp muck, &c., are but varied forms of carbon, with some more partially decomposed vegetable matter. The dark color of soils is due to the presence

of carbon; humus, vegetable mould, &c., are but modifications of carbon.

All know that an old, and black garden soil will retain manure longer than field soils, and that a less quantity of manure will act in them, for the simple reason, that the carbon (charcoal) contained in them, and arising from previous decay, retains the resultant gases from the decomposition of the manure until used up by plants.

Let us further try the following experiment and we will be satisfied of the truth of our statement.

Prepare four barrels by taking out the upper heads and boring small holes in the lower heads, stand the barrels on end and fill them with the following substances.

No. 1. Barren sand with one-tenth the bulk of clay intimately mixed throughout the mass.
No. 2. Barren sand with one-tenth of finely ground charcoal dust.

No. 3. A dark colored loam or garden soil.
No. 4. Barren sand alone.

Pour on all four barrels the brown solution from the barn-yard, and it will be found, that the water running out of the bottoms of Nos. 1, 2, and 3, will be colorless and without smell, while that from No. 4 will be unaltered and as offensive as when placed on the top.

The question may now be asked, "if the soluble results of vegetable decay do not filter downward, what becomes of them?" We answer, that resident in the earth's surface, from the combined influences of sun and air, they decay, and take the gaseous form; if the soil contains either clay or carbon, these gases are absorbed by them, until abstracted by growing plants. But if these substances are not resident in the soil, then the gases rise into the atmosphere, and are absorbed by better prepared soils elsewhere, or are carried to the ocean and are thus lost for a time from the land.

Let our readers reflect that both the vegetable and animal productions of the earth's surface are continually decaying, and that nothing but the facts we have stated can account for continued fertility. For if the results of decay could filter downward in solution with water, long before this time, the whole amount of organic constituents would have passed below the fertile surface, and all our wells would be filled with filth, and both animal and vegetable life would have ceased. The simple facts are, that all organic manures do decay in the earth's surface, and are only lost by rising in the gaseous form, and not by sinking below the roots of plants, and therefore they should be plowed under to such a depth that their resultant gases when rising shall meet with sufficient quantity of alumina or carbon to arrest them.

[Journal of Agriculture.]

Have we a Bourbon among us?

In the last number of Putnam's Monthly Magazine there is an article with the above title, intending to prove that a member of the House of Bourbon is now living in this country. We give the following condensed statement of the points in this curious article from the Tribune:

The evidence goes to show that the Indian missionary, Rev. Elazar Williams, is no other than Louis XVII. of France, the Dauphin of revolutionary history, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The principal points in this curious bit of romance are as follows:

The Dauphin was born March 25th, 1785. After the death of his mother, in 1793, he was put under the care of Simon, the brutal cobbler, by whom he was treated with the most barbarous cruelty. In December, 1794, the Convention passed a decree to send him out of the Republic. On the 9th of June, 1795, his death was announced to the Convention, three surgeons testifying that he died of scrofula. To come now to the history of Rev. Mr. Williams: Prior to the age of thirteen or fourteen, everything is blotted out of his memory. Until that time, his mind is a blank. Bating at Lake George, with a group of Indian boys, he plunged head foremost from a high rock into the water. He was taken up insensible, laid in an Indian hut, and restored to life. This is the first remembrance of which he is conscious. He was the reputed son of Thomas Williams, a half-breed Indian, descended on the mother's side from Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield, Mass., who, with his family, was carried captive to Canada, in 1704, by the Indians and French. He was sent to school at Longmeadow, Mass., and put under the care of Mr. Ely. Subsequently he was under the tuition of Rev. Mr. Hale, of Westhampton. On the breaking out of the war of 1812, being then twenty-seven years of age, he took up arms as an Indian chief on the American side, and was wounded at the battle of Plattsburg. During the war, he became acquainted at Albany, with Lieut. Gov. Taylor, who introduced him to his rector, Rev. Dr. Clowes, and Rev. Dr. Butler. His attention was thus drawn to the Episcopal Church. At the close of the war, he was introduced to Bishop Doane, and soon after, under his sanction, became a missionary among the Oneidas. On the removal of the Oneidas to Green Bay, he accompanied them to that place, where he has remained until within a recent period. He is now an Indian missionary at St. Regis, and Hogsburg, on the St. Lawrence, in this State. His reputed mother lives with him at a very advanced age. We now take another step in this strange history.

On the arrival of the Prince de Joinville in New York, in 1811, one of his first inquiries was whether there was such a person known as Elazar Williams among the Indians in the northern part of the State. Learning his location at Green Bay, the Prince proceeded thither. Williams happened to be at Mackinac when the steamer which Joinville had taken passage touched at that port, and joined the company for Green Bay. Soon after leaving Mackinac, the Prince was introduced to Williams by the captain of the steamer. At the first sight of Williams, he became greatly agitated; he turned pale, his lips quivered; but soon recovering himself, he engaged him in conversation. This continued most of the time until their arrival at Green Bay, the next day. The Prince then told Williams that he had some matters of great importance to speak about; and, after gradually preparing the way, informed him that he was born in Europe, and was the son of Louis XVI. He then wished him to sign a document, which he presented, abdicating all claim to the crown of France in favor of Louis Philippe, on condition that he should receive a princely establishment either in this country or France, with the restoration of the private property belonging to him, which had been confiscated in France during the revolution. After reflection, Williams declined the proposal, and the Prince went about his business without further parley. Such is a bare outline of the story, which our readers will find well and fully told in the Magazine.

We will add only one or two of the collateral points. A gentleman, on returning from Europe, in an interview with Mr. Williams, threw several engravings on the table, at the sight of one of which, and without seeing the name, Williams was greatly excited, and cried out, "Great God! I know that face. It has haunted me through life." It proved to be the portrait of Simon, the jailor of the Dauphin.

The names of all the other children of his reputed mother are inscribed in the Catholic baptismal register at Canajoharie, following so closely, at intervals of two years between each, that Williams, whose name does not occur, could scarcely have been her son.

In 1848, Mr. Belanger, a French gentleman who died at New Orleans, confessed on his death-bed that he was the person who brought the Dauphin to this country, and placed him among the Indians in the northern part of the State of New York.

A French gentleman, hearing the story, read a printed account of the Dauphin to Williams, in which it was stated that the jailor one day, being angry with the child, snatched a towel that was hanging on a nail, and drawing out the nail with it, inflicted two wounds upon his face, one over the left eye, and the other on the right side of the nose. On examining Williams's face, the scars were found on the spots indicated in the memoir.

It is stated that the Dauphin died of scrofula, and that the disease was on his knees. The marks of scrofula are plainly visible on the knees of Mr. Williams. The French Ambassador, Genet, acknowledged in 1817, before Dr. Francis and others, that the Dauphin was alive in this country. Boxes of clothing and medals of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were left with the child, one of which is still in Mr. Williams's possession.

Such are the prominent facts in this singular history, which, to say the least, is equal in interest to the mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask or Caspar Hauser.

Mr. Williams, we understand, is now in this city. His character is endorsed in the highest terms in the article before us. Without calling it in question, we must frankly own that his statement strikes us as intrinsically incredible. The interview between him and the Prince de Joinville is of so extraordinary a nature that it needs the support of collateral evidence. The absence of written documents said to have been received by Williams is an extremely suspicious circumstance. But the whole question pivots on the correctness of the account of the interview with the Prince. Assuming that a good case of identity is made out. But without that, the connected facts, though showing some extraordinary coincidences, prove nothing. If the theory has no bottom, it will not hold water, however strong the sides. True or not, however, the story is a capital one, and will, no doubt, excite as much attention as Mr. Locke's famous moon hoax, which "sold" two hemispheres.—[New York Recorder.]

Courtship and Marriage of the Emperor of France.

Louis Napoleon is a man of destiny, most emphatically. Every step in his eventful career is apparently a necessity. The fates and the fortunes rule his life as certainly as the fortunes of Aladdin were guided by the genius of the wonderful lamp. The true history of Louis Napoleon could make a fitting addition to the thousand and one marvellous stories of the Arabian Nights.

It now appears that the love and courtship of the Emperor, which is to end in his marriage with the Countess of Teba, is as full of romance as are all the incidents of his political career. We translate the following from the Paris correspondence of the Courier des Etats Unis. It is written under date of the 21st of January:

"The Countess of Teba is installed to-day in the Palace of the Elysee, where she will remain till the end of next week, when her marriage with the Emperor will be celebrated. She will not attend the ball at the Tuilleries to-morrow. Ordinarily full of gaiety and vivacity, she now appears deeply thoughtful. She avows, naively, that for eight days she has not closed her eyes in sleep, so much has she been agitated by the anticipation of the great event which is to make her Empress of France. She is also incessantly occupied in giving advice and directions to the personal preparations for the nuptial ceremonies.

"I am indebted to a personal friend of Madame Montijo for some details which throw new light upon this royal match—which is generally regarded as an impromptu affair, but which on the contrary has long been contemplated. It was during his residence at the hotel of the Rhine, Place Vendôme, in 1848, that Louis Napoleon first made the acquaintance of the young Countess of Teba. They saw each other at a casual meeting upon the balcony of the hotel. When Louis Napoleon was elected President, Mlle. Montijo was invited to the Elysee, and soon afterwards he began to pay her assiduous attention, and even at that time made her an offer of his hand in marriage. The family of Mlle. Montijo considered themselves honored by such a proposition; but in view of the dark and threatening aspect of the political horizon of France at that time, they advised that the President should give his whole attention to the matter of fortifying and strengthening his power. He consented; but urged the fair lady not to engage herself to another, at least without giving him notice; remarking to her that in the course of events it might be that he would be enabled to make her a better offer. With this request she promised to comply. In bidding her adieu, however, when she and her mother left Paris for Madrid, which they did some time before the coup d'etat of the 21st of December, Louis said to the Countess:

"Grave events are before us; it may be that I shall never see you again; I release you from your promise."

"No," said she, "I will keep it, for if you are ever unfortunate, it is necessary that you should have something to remind you that you have in Spain a woman who will be always open to you, and where you will find the best of your friends."

"Madame Montijo and her daughter returned to Paris in the month of May, 1852, at which time Louis Napoleon was victorious and all-powerful. The Countess of Teba was again heartily welcomed to the Elysee. Napoleon received her with strong emotion, and in extending to her his hand, said, with that grace which is peculiar to him,—"I have remained a long time without seeing you; have I not been unfortunate?"

The rest is known. Madame Montijo and the Countess of Teba have been the observed of all observers at all the fetes at Compiegne, Fontainebleau, and the Tuilleries. And all the court can appreciate the attachment of the Emperor to the lovely Countess."

A Short Romance.

The last number of Mr. Swinburn's paper (The Pittsburgh Visitor) says, that among the freight which passed through that city the previous week, on the "Underground Railroad," was the daughter of a wealthy and influential citizen of Louisiana, a young lady of remarkable beauty, and no mean supply of spirit and intelligence. She had been well brought up and kindly cared for by her father, but a creditor levied on her for debt. She was placed in a calash on New Orleans, for safe keeping, and for the inspection of purchasers. Amongst those who thought of buying the article, was one gentleman who wished to learn if her bust was indebted to padding for its

form; but the girl, resenting this pursuit of knowledge as a personal insult, dashed him from her, whereupon this representative of Southern chivalry drew a heavy whip and dealt her a blow which she caught upon her right arm and shoulder, and which rendered it quite powerless. That night—the night before the sale—some one came into her prison, gave her a suit of boy's clothes, bade her dress quickly and follow. She did so, and was placed by the unknown friend on a steamboat bound for Pittsburgh, her passage paid, and here she arrived safely.

Her arm and shoulder were still disabled, from the effects of the blow by her chivalric would-be purchaser, but she was thankful to have got off so wonderfully; was hopeful for the future, and with a considerable company of emigrants was promptly forwarded to the British dominions.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....FEB. 17, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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Rev. Robert Richardson is our Agent for procuring subscriptions and making collections for the Mail. He is now in the field, especially for collecting; and those who wait for his visit must not find fault that their bills are made at \$2 a year. We have repeatedly given notice that we must do so, when we have to pay an agent for going about to collect. Those who pay at the office, or send by mail, within the year, are charged but \$1.50—which is more to our liking than two dollars through the hands of a collector.

Webster's Dictionary.

From the first introduction of Webster's Dictionary to the public—we might say to the world—it has seemed to be accepted as the standard English Dictionary for at least the present century. In addition to the highest commendation at home, it has met the sanction of the most eminent literary authorities in Europe. From a large number of the State Superintendents of Schools it has received testimonials of unqualified preference; while from the highest officials, civil and literary, the list of names is sufficient to settle its claims to preference in this country, over any competition. True, shrewd management and untiring industry, in certain literary quarters, have resulted in a limited, and we think temporary, introduction of Worcester as a rival; but the ultimate triumph of Webster has never appeared doubtful.

J. F. Huntington, 28 Park Row, N. York, is publishing a very neat abridgement, designed for High Schools. They are for sale at the bookstores generally, at prices designed to give them easy admission to common schools.

Misses Macomber's Concert.

at Appleton Hall, on Friday evening, drew a full house and was well received. Their second concert, advertised for the following evening, was deferred to Wednesday the 23d inst. They sing at Skowhegan on the 25th.

WINTHROP, Feb. 13th, '53.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Thinking it may be of importance to some of your readers I will attempt to give you some account of a distressing fire at Winthrop Village. About one o'clock this morning, Feb. 13th, a most destructive fire broke out in the saw-mill of Mr. Luther Whitman, which resulted in the entire destruction of his mill, wood-shop, machine-shop, and dwelling-house, together with Capt. Benjamin & Co.'s extensive Threshing Machine Factory. The engines were promptly on the ground, and were worked with energy; but the flames spread so rapidly through the wood-shops, filled with a large amount of lumber and combustibles, the firemen were compelled to retreat, some with coats burnt from their backs, others minus hats and caps, to say nothing of the singed eyebrows and scorched heads. The loss cannot be fully ascertained. Mr. Whitman's, he thinks, cannot be less than five or seven thousand dollars, of which three thousand dollars are insured. Mr. Benjamin's will not probably be less than four or five thousand dollars, of which two thousand dollars are insured.—About forty men are thus at once thrown out of employment; most of them losing nearly or quite all their tools. One of the workmen remarked to me that all he had left in the world, was a rule which he carried in his pocket. Mr. Whitman had a large amount of lumber and machines of various kinds destroyed. Mr. B. had thirty horse powers, and as many separators nearly finished, all destroyed. But the most distressing part was the turning out of six families into the wintry storm, three of them with babes from four to ten months old. Though only one dwelling-house was destroyed yet the furniture was entirely removed from the adjoining ones, which, by the praiseworthy efforts of the firemen and citizens, were preserved. The Ladies, though they did not help work the engines, yet by their sympathies and liberal supplies of exhilarating hot coffee kept up the spirits of all. The citizens have done all in their power to aid the sufferers, but those who have their tenements left are in sad confusion; imagine the furniture from six families thrown out, in the excitement, into a promiscuous pile, and then moved again, and before returned overtaken by the most severe snow storm of the season, and you may have some idea of the confused state of things. While the devouring element was swallowing up with greedy haste the works of industrious labor, one could but feel impressed with the weakness and insignificance of man when contending with the raging element; while thus the accumulation of years by one stroke of misfortune is suddenly

swept away, the command comes home to us with force, "Lay up for yourselves treasure in Heaven." Yes, a treasure the fire cannot burn up, or any earthly misfortune deprive us of.

J. P.

Amusements.

We take the following genial and just remarks upon the subject of amusements, from the "Knickerbocker Magazine," for February. They occur in one of those admirable "Letters from up the River," which appear monthly in that excellent Magazine.

It is the opinion of some authors, whose name and exact words I am unable to recall, that fixed holidays and festivals are not salutary. "Let the young," says he, "be taught to draw their happiness from the present. Let them make the most of that which now is. To be looking forward or backward to some day christened 'happy' or 'merry,' is enough to breed dissatisfaction to vulgar time, and bring a portion of the calendar into disrepute. A worse argument, or rather a trite philosophy, was never set forth. On what pinnacle of Reason does this Plato dote, feeding on ether, and overlooking the wants of common men? Is he wiser than Solomon? Imagine all the little boys in round hats throughout the world trained up by arbitrary injunction to be happy the whole time! Christmas is coming—What of that, my dear little fellows? Every day is a holiday, and the day being as Santa Claus, and never has been since chimneys were built. As to his clattering on the tiles with prayers, it is untrue. He is no where seen but in pictures, not extended except in the world-renowned poem of Clement C. Moore, who has thus tarried his imagination to bad account. Attend to your books! Stop drawing the devil on your slates! Imagine all the solemn little boys in round hats, hemmed in by the dead walls of the school-room, and with nothing before them but an opaque black-board—Would they not become sad and cadaverous as the money-making men whose year is not even brightened by Sundays, and is like a monotonous dream of dollars broken in two by the explosion of Fourth-of-July cannon and snapping cracker? What if another year were abolished, and the memory of past joys no longer sweet? I hate such heresies as much as I can hate anything when the year is span new. Blessed be the illustrious peaks of our calendar, which, like the crowning Nebuchadnezzar, plodding through the dull hours, over the dead flats of a weary life, over the sharp rocks of arduous duty and responsibility, from the deep gulfs of dejection, I see the bright hills ahead!—Does the drooping wing become like the golden feathers of a dove. Sweet be the vales which lie beyond, from which we look back upon the long hours of the eve, the stuporous light of the setting sun.

Instead of having no festivals, we have need of more in a poverty stricken calendar. The days, will not be jealous of each other, and who can expect a fight between Monday and Tuesday? For current time will divide itself into eras—marked by a white stone, anniversaries of joy or sorrow—which we will at least cherish as the days which pass by. There is nothing in its own waste, and the recognition of birth-day's founded in its holiest and best laws; and if a wicked Utilitarianism should erase the Golden Levees, above which and untwining the festive garlands from the happiness of them all, the very act would constitute a bad anniversary. These remembrances are the very sentiment of life, and ennobled upon the threshold of an eventful day. I think that joy is not less sacred than sorrow; the one with its coronals, the other with its subtle weeds, its express and its rosemary; and each has its time and its season, and each is taking its place in the world with its tokens. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. Who likes to be glad in a corner, letting his stomach dimple with its swelling, chuckling, curling sigs? It is perfectly amazing to me, that so-called good people have taken up such a horrid antipathy to all kinds of festive customs and recreations, and have sprung up a religion of gloom and society; and they will snuff the knitted hands of rosy children in an innocent dance to the sound of a viol, while they cannot shake a material lash over the subtle, cold, insidious spirit of the devil, who is lurking in the shadows of their hearts. They will say, "I can go from these things to your benedictions?" I say boldly and without hesitation, "Yes." For even the wildest hilarity, which would convert the world into a laughing-stock, is better than the gloom and the world with its tokens. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. 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MISCELLANY.

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis good to wed,
For so the world has done;
Since myrtle grew and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair—
Be sure ye pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.

For if ye give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the "unwise" part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis good to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff—
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust,
Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffin chest and own
The "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds,
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand;
For those who fail and fall to do,
Must "build upon the sand."

[From the New England Farmer.]

Eating their Bodies up.

BY A. G. CONINGS.

There are many strange things in this world,
and among them it is not a little strange that
a people having so high claim to the rank of
intelligence and wisdom as the people of New
England, should really, in this nineteenth cen-
tury, raise and keep any race or kind of pigs,
poultry, or any other four legged or two legged
animals, which can, being permitted, fall to and
most unparaphrasing eat up their own bodies,
not leaving ought in gratitude or respect to their
reputable owners. But every day reminds us
that "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Being mindful of the fact that the kinds of
animals have been somewhat popular hereto-
fore, and not wishing to incur the censures of
any well disposed person through any misun-
derstanding of the subject matter under con-
sideration, it may be permitted that a repre-
sentation be made, to whomsoever it may con-
cern, to this end and purpose, namely, that cer-
tain inconsiderate and unprosperous persons
who have not the fear of poverty before them,
do keep, and propose hereafter to keep, for the
occupancy and use of their farms, pigs, poultry
and other living things, which creatures have
a most vicious propensity and inclination to eat
up their own bodies. And, moreover, as in
our judgment the interests of all keepers of
stock of every kind common to farms, may,
consistently with the public safety, submit to
the exclusion of all such vicious animals from
the farms of New England, this humble prayer
is most respectfully addressed to the General
Court of Common Sense, now in session, and
from hence to continue in session in New Eng-
land, that the said vicious kinds of animals be
expelled from among us for reasons which may
follow.

Whereas, there has come among us, and to
the no small detriment and dishonor of the old
yellow hen, which was a faithful friend to those
who lived before us, various kinds of ill-look-
ing creatures which claim to be hens, but have
none of the comeliness of the old yellow hen,
and some of which have feathers on wrong end
foremost, and some do make most unusual
howlings which are not fit to be called crows,
and many of these do in a manner un-
worthy of all praise, and without leaving one
praiseworthy egg, eat up their own bodies, it
is desirable that these be forthwith driven out
of the farm yard and out of the market-place.

And whereas there are that are called crows,
some of which may appear very beautiful with-
out, that have become intruders in many of the
barn-yards of New England, which do not give milk
enough to pay for their daily bread, and, as a
consequence, do without any restraint eat up
their own bodies, it is desirable that these all
be required, in all their tribes, and generations,
as soon as possible, to offer themselves to the
butcher and be ready to lie down in quiet.

And whereas, also, there are hogs and old
horses, dogs and dandies, which all do fall short
of earning for themselves a living, and most of
which do eat up their own bodies without mod-
esty or shame, it is desirable that these be de-
livered to such officers as will execute upon each,
according to his circumstances, whatever judg-
ment the public good shall require.

ABOUT HENS.

Much has been said about the importance of
large hens. It is fast coming to be understood
and known that the difference between the
large fowls and the common fowls we have
raised heretofore, is about this. The large ones
will grow to double the weight of body three
times the weight of bones. The cost of raising
a hundred weight of the large kind is more
than of a hundred weight of the small kind,
and is less saleable in market and less inviting
upon the table. Before the large hens can be
brought to full size, and well fattened, they will
much more than eat up their own bodies, in the
cost of keeping, under ordinary circumstances.
The more such fowls a man raises for
market, the poorer he will be.

ABOUT COWS.

Among country farmers there are a great
number of cows kept which give milk not more
than about eight months in the year, and dur-
ing this time would not make, on an average,
more than two pounds of butter each week.
Thus a cow would fall short of making 75 lbs
of butter in a year. The average price of but-
ter in the country is not over 18 cents, taking
one year with another. This would give for
the butter \$12. Add to this \$2 for the milk
after the cream has been taken off, and \$1 for
the calf at three days old, and you have fifteen
dollars as the proceeds of the cow for one year.
Now for her cost. Call the cow worth \$15 to
turn into beef. The interest of \$15 is 90 cents.
(Omit the tax on cow.) Her keeping in summer
\$5. In winter \$12. Time and labor in milking
and taking care of milk and butter, \$8. This
would make the sum of \$25.90 for the yearly
expense of the cow, while her yearly income is
only \$15.

Now suppose that the cow would give milk
10 months in the year, and for 20 weeks would
make 8 lbs. of butter per week, and for 17
weeks more would make 4 lbs. per week, mak-
ing in all 268 lbs. (which is far below the
product of many good cows,) it would amount
to \$42.88 cents. Who will find a difficulty in
seeing that one of the cows is a dead loss of
nearly \$11 in a year, and would eat her body
up, under such circumstances, in less than a
year and a half, while the other would give a
clear profit of nearly \$19 a year, allowing the
same expense of keeping, &c. But making
\$5 allowance for extra expense of interest

keeping and tending, and there would still re-
main a clear profit of about \$12 per year, or
the interest of \$200, and a difference in the
profits of the two of about \$25 per year. A
good cow, with good keeping, ought to afford
300 lbs. or more of butter yearly.

ABOUT HORSES.

The old horse that does not earn more than
a half dollar per week, the year round, will
cost for keeping and shoeing not less, certainly,
than \$50 a year. Suppose him to be worth
20 dollars, and see how the loss or gain will
be. Interest on 20 dollars for one year will
be 1 dollar 20 cents; taxes, we will call 10 cents;
cost of keeping and shoeing 50 dollars; making
a total of 51 dollars 30 cents. Service of the
horse at 50 cents per week, 26 dollars. This
subtracted from 51 dollars 30 cents, leaves a bill
against the old horse of 25 dollars 30 cents.
This is 5 dollars 30 cents more than the horse
was worth at the beginning of the year. The
old horse has eaten his body up and is ready to
go about doing it again. Pretty soon he will
swallow down a calf, or a yearling, or perhaps
a small cow besides eating himself up.
Whether farmers will continue to keep such
kinds of creatures is a matter for them to
inquire into.

As to dogs and dandies, they are generally
as much profit to a farm as the itch is to a
family of children. They keep the farmer
scratching all of the time, to make a poor
living. They are not fit to throw to the dogs,
and they eat themselves up for a breakfast
every day they live. All the use we can think
profitably of making of them is to put them in
to the poultry yard to help the Shanghai rooster
crow.

Mason, N. H.

AUSTRALIA-PIONEER LINE.

THE NOBLE A I PACKET SHIP

EUPHRASIA.

1200 TONS burden, registered, fastened, will
line and sail for

MELBOURNE, PORT PHILIP,
ON THE 10th MARCH.

Price of passage.—In Saloon, \$25.
First Cabin, \$12.
Second Cabin, \$8.
In State Room, \$10.

The EUPHRASIA is admirably adapted for passengers, and
it is only necessary to add that she will be provided and fitted
out in the most liberal style to the ships that have preceded her
in this line. Four of the ships of the "Pioneer Line" have
arrived in Australia before this date, and it is now well estab-
lished that none of the ships dispatched by the Euphrasia will
be put into any port for supplies, as they are amply provided
for double the length of voyage. The Euphrasia will sail di-
rect for Port Phillip, it is expected she will make the passage in
a less time than any ship now advertised. An early application
for passage is recommended, as the Euphrasia will have a full
complement of freight and passengers. In exactly 25 days after
the departure of her previous voyage, her freight and passage apply
to JOHN OGDEN, of 110 Wall St. N. Y.
R. W. CAMERON, of 110 Wall St. N. Y.
Agent at Waterville, DANIEL MOOR.

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GLIDDEN & WILLIAMS'S LINE

FOR SAN FRANCISCO.

To sail on or before TUESDAY, Feb. 17, the New First Class
Clipper Ship

MYSTERY.

JOHN CHADWICK, Commander,
now in her berth at Lewis wharf, with a large part of her cargo
engaged, will sail as above. Shippers are requested to send for
particulars, and to be ready to load on the day of sailing.

To be succeeded by the new Clipper Ship FLYING EAGLE.

To sail on or before TUESDAY, Jan. 25th, the SLENDER NEW
HALP CLIPPER.

QUEEN OF THE PACIFIC.

WILLIAM REED, Commander,
having one half of her cargo on board, and loading rapidly,
will sail on her day.

Also to sail in February, the beautiful NEW YORK BUTT SHIP
ANNA WAIN.

These ships will be succeeded by others, always of the first
class and sailing promptly as heretofore.

GLIDDEN & WILLIAMS,
California Packet Office, No. 29 Lewis Wharf,
Boston, Jan. 13, 1853.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

NEATLY AND PROMPTLY DONE AT

THE EASTERN MAIL OFFICE,

31-2 BOUTELLE BLOCK, Main St.,
By MANHAM & WING.

ELMWOOD HOTEL.

Corner of Main and College Sts. (near the Depot.)

By JOHN L. SEAVEY.

ELM STREET HOTEL.

No. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.

ABOUT HENS.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the
public that he has taken the above named House, which has
been entirely remodelled and will endeavor to merit their patron-
age. Oct. 1852. J. P. MILLBROOK.

QUINCY HOUSE.

BY

WHEBLOCK & LONG.

Kept on Strictly Temperance Principles,
No. 1 Brattle Square,
Opposite the Boston Street Church,
20, 17th.

THE WILLIAMS HOUSE,

AND GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.

By WILLIAMS & FREEMAN,
WATERVILLE, ME.

E. D. WILLIAMS, late of the Kennebec Hotel, and J. W.
FREEMAN, formerly of the Paxton House, having taken
the Hotel known as the "Williams House," in Waterville, re-
spectfully invite the patronage of their former friends and
of the traveling public.

The Williams House is a GENERAL STAGE HOUSE, and travel-
ers will find it convenient for taking any of the Stages that
leave Waterville.

Travellers will always find a Coach at the Depot and
Steamboat landing, to take them to and from this House, free of
charge.

A good Livery Stable, in connection with the House, will
furnish individuals or parties of pleasure, with horses and car-
riages, to order. WILLIAMS & FREEMAN.

April 21, 1852.

Notice.

WHEREAS Leonard S. Gray, on the 27th day of November,
1847, by his deed of gift, gave to the said J. P. Williams, a
lot of land in Augusta, on the north side of the Kennebec
river, of the homestead of the late Judge Bridges, being lot
numbered 1, and containing 10 acres, more or less, and the said
J. P. Williams, by his deed of gift, gave to the said Leonard S.
Gray, No. 2, for the Kennebec Locks and Canal Company, a bound-
ary of one hundred feet on York Street, and fifty feet on Wash-
ington Street, and said Leonard S. Gray, by his deed of gift, gave
to the said J. P. Williams, a lot of land in Waterville, being
the homestead of the late Judge Bridges, being lot numbered 1,
and containing 10 acres, more or less, and the said J. P. Williams,
by his deed of gift, gave to the said Leonard S. Gray, No. 2, for
the Kennebec Locks and Canal Company, a boundary of one hun-
dred feet on York Street, and fifty feet on Washington Street,
and said Leonard S. Gray, by his deed of gift, gave to the said
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