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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1853.

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POETRY.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

THE SOLDIER'S LAST NIGHT.

BY LILL.

Wary and faint, he has laid him down
On the earth's soft, mossy breast,
And he knew full soon in his kind embrace
He would lie in the long, deep rest;
Yet he seemed alone, in that dying hour,
No friend to list his sigh,
And his ear caught the battle strife
That pierced the evening sky.

Long lay he thus, as in earnest thought,
While his eye grew dim and cold,
And his broad breast heaved with a quicker throbbing
Nestle the strong arm's tightening fold;
Then his brow seemed marked with a sudden pain,
And the pale lips parted now—
And the words came forth on the soothing air
In accents clear and low.

"Ah! yes; how clear the water looks—
The trees, how low they bend—
The flocks, how brisk their playful tread,
As homeward now they wend;
The light—the book—the cheerful fire—
My sister—Oh! this pain!
My mother!—Ah, me, never, now,
You'll see your child again."

"Oh! mother, was it for this your love
Watched o'er my childish years?
Must I reward for all this care
Be grief and bitter tears?
Yes, long before the morning's sun
This blood-bathed field shall see
The din of war—life's deeper strife,
Shall all be hushed—for me."

"And this is life—soon clasped with death;
Life—oh! that thrilling sound!
Yet more shall see the gold bowl broke,
The silver cord unbound.
And one heart less beat for earth,
One hand the less be given
To force the chain by tyrants linked,
The chain that must be riven."

"Oh, Fame and Honor, Glory—ah!
That once I deemed so near,
For others, now, your chaplets wreath,
I ask but one thing—
Earth's treasures fade—her jewels dim—
Oh, mother, clasp my hand;
I go—my crown is weaving there—
I'll meet you in that land."

The dark eyes closed, the lips moved not,
The damp brow wore a smile;
The cold cheek fanned the while;
And thus 'twas over; a noble soul
Had winged its flight from earth,
And in that hour, though blest to him,
New sorrows had their birth.

THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.

A TALE OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

Alice Dempster was what is called a pretty, comely girl. She was not beautiful; but she still could scarcely have passed along the streets—even in England, where beauty is perhaps less rare than in any country—without being noticed. She was the daughter of a poor widow, in a village in Devonshire—that picturesque and charming county. Mrs. Dempster had been the wife of a sailor, who, out of his earnings, had bought a cottage in his native hamlet, in which his widow resided after his death. She had little else save this cottage except her daughter, who was indeed a treasure of affection and love. But then Alice was one of those frail and delicate beings who give pain while they delectation to a parent's heart. From about twelve to eighteen her mother was her devoted nurse. Never was pale face, or hectic cough, or constant languor, watched with more intense anxiety by a parent's eye; it seemed never off the young girl's face. Mrs. Dempster had a lodger, and he came off rather badly; but he never grumbled or complained; he would, on the contrary, sit with the poor widow, and comfort her under her affliction, with a rude kindness of manner which soon won her heart. John Morrison was a railway clerk, with a small salary, at a station about a mile off. He had lived with Mrs. Dempster six years, and had mainly directed the education of little Alice. Of a studious and serious turn of thought, he spent all his leisure hours in reading. Mrs. Dempster had sent Alice to school when a mere child; but a village educational establishment is not usually the place to learn much in, and that of Dame Potter was not an exception. But John Morrison took a fancy to the little Alice; and finding her fond of study and her book, took great pains with her.

About the age of eighteen Alice outgrew her ailments. Her cheeks filled out, her eyes became lustrous and clear; her cheeks were rosy and blooming; but Mrs. Dempster began to feel the effects of her long vigils and constant watching. She moved about with the tread of an old woman; her appetite began to fail her and positions were gradually reversed. Before three months, a cozy arm-chair, in the bright sun, by an open window, was the usual place of the mother, while Alice busied about, did the work of the house, and attended to the invalid. Mrs. Dempster had no particular illness; she was simply worn out with anxiety and fatigue. But if she suffered, she had also her reward, for Alice was now her devoted nurse.

But Alice was eighteen, and pretty, I have said; and the men made the discovery as well as her mother. John Morrison, a sedate and grave young man of eight-and-twenty, himself remarked it to Mrs. Dempster, as did soon many others. In the neighborhood were several extensive farms, among others one belonging to Mr. Clifton, who was very rich, and had two sons—Walter and Edward. Walter was a very handsome, lively, pleasant fellow, full of generous impulses, but somewhat too fond of riotous pleasures, of the bottle, and of cards. With plenty of money at his disposal, he was the centre of a group of frolics who were, on many occasions, the alarm of the whole country, and Walter Clifton was the wildest of the lot. It is true he was generous; if he broke a head or damaged a field, he paid the expense; and if he broke a heart he was sorry for it.

One hot summer's day, Alice was sitting sewing by her mother's side; the window was open, and the warm air poured in upon the face of the invalid. Her eyes were pleasantly fixed on the honey-suckle, jasmine, and Clematis, which twined round the window, and the

roses that filled the strip of garden before the house, but more pleasantly still on the innocent, sweet face of her child. Suddenly two horsemen pulled up before the window; they had often been noticed before, but this was the first time they had ever halted.

"Mrs. Dempster," said a dark, handsome young man, "while the other, a fair youth, held back, and blushed,—"we have pulled up to ask for a drink of milk, or beer, or anything you can give us. It is a long time since we have drunk anything in your house, but it will be with pleasure we shall renew the custom."

"Welcome, welcome, Master Clifton," replied Mrs. Dempster, without rising. It is indeed a long time since you used to come and listen to my poor husband's stories, and drink his goat's milk."

"A long time—when your daughter Alice there was six years old," replied Clifton, "and Ned and I were sprigs of boys. Poor Mr. Dempster, we missed him very much when we came home from school."

"He often talked of you when he came home from his voyages," said Mrs. Dempster, as the young men were shown in by Alice.

"I suppose you have forgotten us," continued Walter, addressing Alice, by whom he had sat down.

"No," exclaimed the young girl, blushing, "I have forgotten neither of my old friends, Wally nor Ned."

Meanwhile Alice was bustling about, preparing a plain but wholesome lunch, of bread and cheese, to which the gentlemen did ample justice. This done they remained an hour in conversation; Walter chiefly addressing himself to Alice, Edward to the mother.

From that day, Walter became a regular, Edward an occasional visitor. Walter soon allowed his admiration of Alice to peep forth; he lost no opportunity of speaking with her eyes, and soon began to whisper words of affection. Alice listened with downcast looks, but made scarcely any reply. After about a month, Mrs. Dempster asked him to take tea and spend the evening. She perceived the dawning passion which was rising on both sides; and as she saw no disproportion, except in fortune, between a rich farmer and a merchant captain's daughter, she was inclined to foster the feeling for her child's sake. John Morrison was to be of the party; Mrs. Dempster had confided to him her secret; and after one or two objections to the character of the young man, he consented to be present. It was about an hour before tea-time when he came to this resolution; and as soon as he had done so, he went into the garden.

John Morrison was a pale, good-looking man of moderate stature. He had no pretensions to be handsome, but no one would have looked at him without noticing his marked and speaking countenance; to admire not its beauty, but its power and intellect. But why is he now so overcast and sad? Let us listen, we may hear.

"And is it for this I have trained her up? Is it for this I have devoted my existence to her for several years—in for in the girl I saw the dawning woman,—to be the victim of this wild and reckless youth who will break her heart? But she will be rich, easy and comfortable. Well, if she could be happy I should be glad; but Walter Clifton loves with the love of a boy—a love of impulse; give him his toy and he will break it."

"What are you talking to yourself about so freely?" cried Alice, tripping from behind some bushes where she had been culling some flowers for the evening. "But how pale and ill you look! Shall I get you anything?"

"No, Alice. I am very well in body, but my mind is ill at ease."

"Are you ill, John?—my friend, my brother—"

"Ah, yes!" cried he, passionately, "there it is. I have been a fool. I have taught you to treat me as a brother, and the idea could never enter your head of thinking of me as aught else."

"Certainly not," said Alice, anxiously. "But it had mine, Alice!" cried John, forgetting all reserve and prudence, "ever since you were twelve years old, I looked on you as one who might be my future wife. Six years have passed away, six long and happy years, nearly seven—during which, each day I have loved you more and more. I waited, and waited, putting off the day of declaration until you were quite a young woman; and it is now too late."

Alice groaned, astounded and pained to the last degree.

"Too late!" said the usually calm young man, in tones of deep and wildly passionate feeling, "and all my dreams are fled. I hoped, if Heaven blessed me with your affection, to be united to you on your nineteenth birthday; we could then have made my two rooms upstairs ours, and have left your mother yours. She would have found no change, save that in place of one child she would have two."

"Oh, John, John! why did you not speak before? I never thought—I never supposed—I—"

"Alice, it was not to be. So no more of it. I must go away—not just yet, it would startle your dear mother, but by-and-by."

"My friend, my brother," exclaimed Alice, as she gazed on his pallid face, flashing eyes and trembling lip.

"Say no more, dear girl. Be happy with the man of your choice. You have the prayers and good wishes of John Morrison."

And the young man, turned away, and went up to his room. An hour later he sat down to the tea-table of Mrs. Dempster, far calmer than poor Alice, who scarcely had courage to look up. The talk was varied, and generally trifling, Walter being one of those who cannot think sufficiently serious to converse any other way. Presently he spoke of a grand subscription ball for the following Thursday, to which he invited Alice, in the name of his mother and sister, who would call for her in their old-fashioned carriage.

"But I cannot go," said Alice quietly, while, despite herself, her eyes flashed with pleasure at the idea; "my mother cannot remain alone; besides, I dance very indifferently."

"My dear Alice," said John, in a kind tone, "I will take care of your mother. I will sit up for you until any hour of the night; go, it will do you good, you who never go out; it will do you good, you who never go out."

that night. Alice had no dress to go in; that had never been thought of. Mrs. Dempster thought more of her daughter than herself, it is true, but a ball-dress is a serious affair with persons of small income.

About eleven o'clock next day, while Alice was turning out all her finery in search of something suitable to wear, a man entered with a parcel for Mrs. Dempster. It contained a beautiful ball-dress, sent by Morrison, who had risen early, and gone into town on purpose to purchase it. Alice turned pale, and sat down; but, recovering herself, bent over the kind, good and proud mother, who was in ecstasies both at the dress and the donor, and immediately sat down to a table to begin cutting out.

When John came home that night his greeting was indeed hearty and warm. "The mother declared that he was more than a son to her, while Alice said scarce a word. Her look, however, was eloquent indeed. It expressed gratitude, pity, sorrow—a thousand mingled shades of feeling which words could not have expressed. John was rather serious in his manner and tone, but by no word or look did he betray his peculiar state of feelings. He sat reading to them all that evening, while they worked at the dress; and even made pleasant and jocular remarks on Alice's taste for finery and dancing, with such success as to remove from the young girl's mind all remains of uneasiness. She was the more easily consoled, that John seemed to her rather old to be her husband. Walter was three-and-twenty; John twenty-eight. Walter was handsome; John was plain. The one was lively and gay, the other serious—Now, all this to a girl of eighteen with little experience, rendered comparison useless."

The evening of the ball soon came round. At seven Alice was all ready, dressed; and John Morrison looked at her with undisguised admiration, while her mother was, naturally enough, in raptures, as mothers always are when they gaze on their fair and charming offspring.

About half past seven the carriage came.—There were Walter and Edward, and the two Misses Clifton, (the mother was indisposed,) who were all in ecstasies with Alice. They did not stop long; for all were eager for the hour when music should invite them to join the dance—an amusement, when it leads not too often to late hours, both healthful and conducive to cheerfulness of mind.

John Morrison remained with Mrs. Dempster despite the efforts of the Cliftons to take him with them. For some time nothing was spoken of but the beauty, grace and elegance of Alice; then the conversation turned toward the subject of her marriage with Walter—she having announced his intention to make a formal demand of her hand on the next Saturday, if he obtained the young girl's consent that night. John bit his lip; and to change the conversation opened a book and read aloud. Mrs. Dempster listened awhile; and then the stillness and quiet of the silent night asserted its influence, and she fell asleep. "John continued reading for about half an hour, and then laid down his book and fell into a deep reverie. He was half asleep and half awake for hours. Suddenly he started up as the clock struck four, and found Mrs. Dempster preparing tea."

"Not home yet?" said John, smiling—the little disappointed girl.

"It is so seldom she goes out," replied Mrs. Dempster, "I do not expect her home yet."

At this moment the sound of carriage wheels was heard. There were two, not one. They threw open the casement. It was daylight; and within a hundred yards they discovered the carriage and a gig side by side. Alice was in the gig driven by Walter, while some friends filled the vacant places in the other vehicle. They came up to the door. Alice leaped out; then with a bow and a "good morning," the party sped away homeward. As she entered the room, both noticed that all Alice's classicism of step, all her spirits, all her liveliness, was gone.

"You are tired," said her mother kindly; "there is a nice cup of tea. You look serious. I suppose Master Walter has been proposing to you. I suppose, too, I shall have him here on Saturday, as he threatened, and I shall lose my child next. Never look so serious. It is quite natural; and I do not say it by way of reproach."

"Mamma," replied Alice, gravely, "I have had two offers this week—one on Monday last, and one this morning. You look surprised, mamma; and you, my dear friend, look vexed. I should be sorry if the conclusion of my words should pain you. On Monday, I accidentally discovered that John Morrison here had loved me as his future wife for six years."

"John!" exclaimed the mother, looking at them both with an air of unmixed astonishment.

"Yes, for six years; and I scorned his love. I thought him too grave for me, and I owned my affection for Walter. This morning Mr. Clifton made me an offer of his hand and heart, and I rejected him."

"Rejected him!" exclaimed John, in great surprise.

"I rejected him," replied Alice, gravely; "and dear mother, and dear John, if you both will consent, I wish from this day to be considered the future wife of John Morrison."

"Alice, why is this?" exclaimed Mrs. Dempster, who was naturally at first in favor of the rich husband.

"My Alice," cried John, "this is too much happiness."

"Why is this?" replied Alice, earnestly, "because John is generous and good, and Walter is selfish; because John loves you, and Walter treats you as an incubation and a bore. I declare to you, mother, dear, that I now love John as much more than I did Walter, as I love you more than a stranger."

"But speak, Alice, dear," cried the enraptured young man, "explain all this."

"It is our mother who shall judge," replied Alice. "I will record two conversations now, clearly fixed on my memory, word by word, but only one of which I shall recollect after this morning."

She then related, word for word, what had passed between her and John, and afterwards the scene between her and Walter in the gig.

"I have begged you to ride, alone with me," said Clifton warmly, "that I may pour out my feelings to you. I love you, dearest, with all my heart and soul. I wish you to share my fortune, to be my wife at once—immediately. My friends have already expressed; your mother has hinted her gladness to acquiesce; we wait your consent."

Walter, replied Alice, with downcast eyes,

"before you go any further, I have something to say to you which may change your sentiments. I have a mother who is alone in the world; she has nobody to love or nurse her; as long as she lives I can never leave her—She has for many years been my devoted nurse; wherever I go there must she be."

"Oh! but this is nonsense, Alice," cried Walter, impatiently. "I have enough of old people at home. I mean to travel for a year or two in France, in Italy, and to return only when I come into my property."

"Then, Walter Clifton," said Alice, raising her head, and speaking firmly, "I can never be your wife; you must seek one differently situated to myself. No! Mr. Clifton I would not leave my mother for one I had loved for years, much more for one I have but known a month."

"But every one parts from their parents when they marry," said Walter, pettishly; "you must be mad; on one hand, a young, and rich husband; all the pleasures of a continental life—of Paris, of Italy; on the other a dull home, along-side an old, ailing woman, with the prospect of being the wife of a sprig of a clerk, perhaps like John Morrison."

"Enough, Mr. Clifton," replied Alice, firmly, and almost angrily; "if now you were to consent a thousand times to all I ask, I would not be your wife."

"You never loved me," said Walter, whose anger was roused almost to frenzy. "I never did. I was dazzled for a while because I knew you not. I saw you handsome and agreeable, and seemingly generous. I find you selfish and ungenerous. But pardon me, such observations come with very ill grace from me. We can still be friends."

"Friends!" laughed Walter, fiercely; "not I—idiot that I was to believe in woman's love—in a girl's I mean, not a woman's—who has not got over her mammy sickness."

"You forget yourself, Mr. Clifton," said Alice with a smile of pity.

"And now, mamma," asked she, after she had repeated both conversations with scrupulous fidelity, "do you approve the choice I have made between my two suitors?"

"Heartily, my dear girl," replied Mrs. Dempster, taking their two hands, "you are worthy of each other."

Happy John Morrison! Happy Alice!—The bells are ringing, if not human bells, those rung by angels at so bright a union, which truly must have been made in heaven. And then John Morrison got promoted a week after, and the wedding took place amid pleasant and joyous smiles, and all three went to Paris to spend the honeymoon; and there they are now—strange to say—and there I learned their story.

Before the first month of their marriage John came into some property worth about five hundred a year. Paris seemed to suit Mrs. Dempster, and it was agreed to stay there. Here now dwell Mrs. Dempster and her two children. The young couple are very happy; they love each other with earnest affection, and, unlike Clifton—who has married an heiress whom he neglects—have never found their happiness in any way marred by the presence of their mother in their quiet home.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

In publishing my card in your paper of December 31, you append some comments which somewhat surprised me, it is true, but which seemed like a challenge for a further expression of opinions, already, as I had supposed, fully recorded in the columns of The Tribune.

I have read with interest the controversy upon the question of divorce, and have desired to give a woman's view, for it is not possible that entire justice can be done to our sex when all the aspects of our social relations are discussed and adjusted entirely by one half of our humanity, to the exclusion of the opinions of the other half most nearly interested in the question.

Allow me first to give my platform of Woman's Rights, begging pardon for the use of a very manish term, which I use for the sake of brevity.

All I claim for Woman is the removal of the interdiction. Accept her as a citizen. Now she is denied the rights of citizenship, and all the lumbering legislation of centuries will not adjust her relations harmoniously in the world till this injustice be removed. She cannot be protected fully till she is thus recognized. She cannot reach the true dignities of her being till she is invested with the sanctities and privileges of a good citizen. Remove the interdiction. Make our Wives and Mothers and Sisters all full aged citizens, and they may vote or not vote, as our brothers vote or abstain from voting.

I do not say that to carry a vote is the most desirable thing in the world, partly ridden as our country is, but every right-minded man feels himself invested with a new dignity when he carries his first vote to the ballot box; and thus sanctions or denies public measures; and a Woman has the same inalienable right to a like mode of expression, and giving force to popular features. I trust the time will come when we shall have out-lived much of human legislation—when Man shall so approximate to the Divine that nearly all our codes of law will be obsolete; but that day is not quite at hand; and in the meanwhile, by removing the legal disabilities of Woman, we may help on this period.

I do not ask that Woman may fill offices in the Cabinet, or represent either the Army or Navy. I do not urge them to command ships, or build railroads, to harangue in public places, or fill pulpits. These are matters that I leave entirely to human capabilities, when both sexes shall have reached a higher state of culture.

When Woman shall be free to establish her own relations in the world, it is to be hoped and believed that a nobler sense of fitness, a fuller realization of the Beautiful will be the result. We can leave all these things to the future. But I do ask that no civil disabilities be attached to us, any more than to our Brothers, in regard to these positions. If we aspire to them, and prove ourselves incompetent, the world will readily learn the fact, just as it learns eventually to detect any incompetency in the other sex.

I do not strike at the root of any social harmonies. I leave the fireside intact; unless indeed, I can help to purify and ennoble it. But I see there are thousands capable of a sphere beyond the fireside, and being thus qualified they hold a commission from God himself to go out into this broader field, and were the masculine mind fully manly, it would recognize this capability with generous approval. Men already recognize this Womanly genius in the theater, concert room, and opera, which in our

country is a marked advance; but here Woman are doing what Men cannot do themselves, and therefore it is well. The Woman, on the contrary, who adopts a sphere of lecturing, preaching, or philanthropy, has no such reception to foster and electrify her mission.

Men look upon her with distrust and jealousy. They think she encroaches upon their sphere. She is out of her sphere. So it might have been said by the first observers of an eclipse, that a planet was out of its sphere, or a comet was out of its sphere, simply because it did not move in the same place with the other heavenly bodies. The comet corresponds to the prophet; but if the prophet be cast in the feminine world, Men are unwilling to receive her revelations, from the days of Cassandra downward. The Lions have written the books, and Woman must not see beyond them. I remember my very dainty and conservative friends have been in the habit of making apologies for me because of my writing verses, as if it were a thing to be regretted in a Woman, a sort of family stain, to be excused only on the score of pecuniary necessities. Now no poet, of either sex, could write from such a spur—he writes from a great mental necessity, and the return is an after-thought.

But a change has been wrought in this respect within the last few years; and it is considered now honorable for a Woman to write verses, provided she can also mend stockings; she may make poetry if she can make puddings also. Since however I have taken to lecturing, and uphold opinions not yet acknowledged in the world, my friends, who had swallowed the poetry, are in a new dilemma. But none of these things move me. I can afford to wait. The steps that have been already taken by the Woman of Genius will gradually clear the space for the Woman of Toil, who works out her salvation with fear and trembling.

Every shade of character exists among Woman. I leave these to find their true relations. The family Woman—soft, dependent, instinctive—will gather her pretty brood about her and nestle to the fireside; the Woman of cold intellectuality will be loth to make the domestic arena of mere intellectualism. The composite Woman will range the whole sphere of thought, imagination, or passion. I leave these to their career as the world finds them at present. I meet the facts of life as I find them. I see the present social system is tottering to decay. I will not help to bolster up what is false in it, but by casting out aspects that have ceased to be in harmony with our higher progress, I hope to arrest the introduction of what is pernicious.

At least one half of the Women of the country are driven to their own resources for a livelihood. Hundreds are engaged in teaching, at a miserable pittance. The proportion supposed to be adequate remuneration for teaching, compared with other expenses in a family, may be a little intrinsically reached by comparing the items of expense in a letter to Mr. Polson, Minister to the Hague, where a plain Yankee official pays \$400 for wine, and \$200 per year to a governess. Most of the larger schools are projected by Men, and Women fill the various departments at the lowest possible rates.

When a Woman of position and culture becomes impoverished she "takes boarders."—Her friends think that this is more "genteel" than shop-keeping, needle work, &c. Thousands, in this way, are exposed to swindlers, rascals, toil and suffering most pitiful.

We have some hundreds, perhaps five hundred, in the country, engaged in literature, as Editors, Authors, &c.; or about one hundred as Postmasters; two or three hundred engaged in the Arts of Design; about fifty as Daguerreotypists; ten or fifteen in Painting and Sculpture; from six to ten Telegraphing; about fifty Physicians; many thousands in Printing Offices, Book-Binders, and in shops of various kinds to say nothing of servants and dependants of all grades, who labor beyond reason and conscience, without any return.

Now, here is a vast amount of human industry, justly entitled to dignity and emolument. Strike out this mass of labor performed by woman, and we apprehend our Brothers would be driven to their wits to supply the drafts that would necessarily be made upon their own exertions.

There are a multitude of Women to whom it would be folly to say, "The fire-side is the only place for you,"—for these Women must hire or buy the grate or stove first, (alas! does the disappearance of the hearthstone indicate the flight of the Genius loci?) and then buy wood and coal, and bread, and meat, after the money has been earned by their own toil, to supply all these necessities. The Woman of wealth may weakly and selfishly talk of the graces of womanly dependence—had she a large, true heart, she would see that the majority of Women have no dependence, except upon God and themselves, and that justice is all we claim for such. We ask, that as the result of all the toil, Woman be accepted as a citizen. That, since the urgencies of civilization compel her to do mainly duty in the world, she be honored accordingly. I contend that public opinion and human laws should recognize Woman in this necessity for labor, and as she must through this labor, depart from the seclusion and protection of our Brothers, losing also thus much of the sentiment of beauty, she be recognized upon broader grounds, and be invested in our age with new dignities. Her property is taxed, then it should be represented. She must redeem her civil responsibilities as rigorously as her Brother; consequently, she should share in privileges and immunities.

I contend that the law must loosen its hold upon us. Our Women, Artisans, Farmers, Merchants, Lecturers, Authors, must not rank with idiots, lunatics, nor children, as they now do in nearly all the States. This is all I ask; and yet the country is in alarm; simple, pious souls aggrieved, as if I was a blasphemer: Editors sharpen their keenest pens to annihilate me on the point of a paragraph; husbands forbid their wives to hear me; little children are told of "a Woman out of her sphere," who must be a warning to them; and a sort of spasmodic, Porcupine state seems to have seized upon all classes, who verily believe I wish to put Men to rocking cradles, and Women to ruling States. Encourage them to the usurpations of the pantaloon—to jostling our Brothers in the highways, ejecting them from offices, and indeed bringing about a thorough system of "snubbing," the masculine sex, by which the world will be turned upside down, and Women set loose from good order and womanly propriety. But the Eternal Harmonies move on, and at length, Truth will be uppermost.

It seems to me that Men will, upon the whole,

be gainers by what I claim. Woman, made free by law and by public opinion, would be more effective in the use of her faculties—her labor would command a better remuneration, and thus a more hopeful, cheerful spirit be evolved among us; from all of which sources, men would be relieved from much of beggary, disorder and spleen. They would love something, (those of them who are domestic tyrants) because a Woman would find herself protected by law and public opinion, both of which would put the unmanly man upon his good behavior. The man who has been proved to have beaten his wife to death, might not find himself out on bail, as in a recent case of the kind in N. York; for Woman would look to it that he did not err, (to use gentle terms, according with the amenities of our Courts of Law, in such cases made and provided,) in this way a second time. He might find some avenue to wealth or distinction, now closed to Woman, filled with new and powerful competitors. But the weak Woman will still be weak—the inefficient Man will be still inefficient, let us preach as we will.

You will find the beautiful old illustration of Prejudice very apt in regard to the doctrines of Woman's Rights. Prejudice, it has been said, is like one who in a fog beholds an object in the distance; it is gigantic in size, deformed in aspect. He is alarmed and shocked, and calls for help, or retreats before it. Onward comes the strange object; nearer and nearer; and gradually what had been a hideous monster, assumes shape and proportion; the distance disappears, and now what had been looming through the fog as some creature of dread, proves to be his own brother.

So it is with these doctrines. They need only light and proximity to assume grace and beauty, and recommend themselves as but an expression of human need, growing out of human progress. I do not aim at the overthrow of womanly quality; on the contrary, I contend that we are not womanly, because we are not recognized in our full natures by our Brothers. I do not ask to be freed from the law, but only protection and representation therein.—Give us social and civil equality. If it is safe for the husband to fill the office of a private citizen, or a public one, according to the wishes of his friends and neighbors, or the people at large, it is safe for woman. If man looks to the construction of his own being as the foundation of the laws by which he is to be bound, Woman should be allowed to do the same.—Those who seek the highest human freedom, are the most bound by the laws of the great God Himself.

"Till this subject assumed shape in the public mind, I doubt if Women were at all conscious of the true light in which we are regarded by our Brothers. There is a touch of insult in the tone of sentiment and language applied to us. This tone is not confined to the ignorant and degraded, but prevails also with the cultivated and apparently refined. Weak Women, vain Women, also, who cannot live without the flatteries of Men, uphold the spirit and admit of incompetencies—and they will magnify their own helplessness, which ought to be a shame to them, in order to win the admiration of Men, shallow like themselves. Idle girls deprecate the doctrines which I inculcate, simple because they have no opinions, and nobody would regard them if they had. Yet these, and all classes of Women, seek the benefits derived from the spread of these doctrines, as I have daily test many through innumerable letters, in which Women detail their griefs to me, and cheer me with the conviction that I am aiding to lift the burden from many hearts."

Remove the Interdict, I repeat, and harmonious relations must ensue. Woman either is or is not a responsible agent. If she is not, man should fast and pray, and implore that another sleep may fall upon him, and another rib be taken out of his side, out of which another creature may be compounded, better adapted to his companionship; for if man be responsible, he should be mated to responsibility. If she is responsible, then it was the design of God that she should have a free play of the faculties, be allowed the same opportunity for development that man has. She no more needs checks and interdiction, than man needs them.—The laws of her being are as reliable as his. Her charter of rights does not come second-hand from the suffrage of Man, any more than his is borrowed from his neighbor; she bears like him the stamp of individuality, and has the "sacred and inalienable right to life and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

E. OAKES SMITH.

JUST ANTIPATHY TO CAPS.—The American ladies seem to have an aversion (and a very just one, too) of wearing caps. When one considers for a moment that women wear the hair long, which nature has given them both for an ornament and to keep the head warm, one is apt to wonder by what perversion of taste they can be induced to enclose it in a cap; a mob cap, a lace cap, a high cap, a low cap, a flat cap, a cap with ribbons hanging loose, a cap with ribbons tied under the chin, a peak cap, an angular cap, a round cap, and a Perambulator cap. How would Canova's Venus look in a mob cap? If there be any ornament to the head in wearing a cap, it must surely be a false ornament. The American ladies are persuaded that the head can be ornamented without a cap. A rose bud or two, a woodbine, or a sprig of eglantine, look well in the braided hair; and if there be raven locks, a lily or a snow drop may be interwoven with effect.—[Waterloo's Wanderings in South America.]

Some of our readers may be puzzled in relation to the political condition of Honduras. We may mention, therefore, that there are two countries of that name in the same region or territory. 1. The Republic of Honduras, which contains 72,000 square miles, and 310,000 inhabitants. The Capital of this Republic is Chigumula, and the Governor, Juan Real. 2. The colony of "British Honduras"—so called—containing 62,740 square miles, and 10,000 inhabitants. The Capital of this colony is Belize, and the Governor, Philip S. Woodhouse.—[Gospel Banner.]

BAKED HAM.—Most persons boil ham. It is much better baked, if baked right. Soak it for an hour in clean water and wipe it dry, and then spread it all over with thin butter, and then put it into a deep dish, with sticks under it, to keep it out of the gravy. When it is fully done, take off the skin and batter crust upon the flesh side, and set it away to

MISCELLANY.

It is Unconstitutional.

Rummy. That Maine law is unconstitutional.

Temperance man. Why so?

Rummy. Because no law has a right to dictate what we shall eat, drink or wear.

T. M. The Maine Law does not dictate what you shall or shall not drink, but it simply tells what you shall not do. Besides, are you sure you are right in your declaration? Why our laws even tell which way you shall turn when you meet another in the street with your wagon, carriage, or cart. You shall turn to the right, and if you attempt to turn to the left and injury ensue, you are liable to pay all the damage. Such laws are made for the public good, and our laws frequently require us to give up some private right for the benefit of the whole.

Rummy. O, that "turning to the right" is all well enough, but when the law attempts to dictate what I shall eat, drink or wear, I say it is unconstitutional.

T. M. Well, my friend, go home and dress up in your wife's frock and other fixings, wear them to church, and in the public streets, and you will soon see whether constitutional law can dictate what we shall wear.

Rummy. [Looking surprised, and in a grumbling tone.] Oh that's a very different thing—but I don't wish to talk with a fool no how.

[Hartford Fountain.]

THERE was, some years since, in one of the New England States, a religious sect which made it a practice to violate many of the laws, and, when they were dealt with for so doing, of rejoicing in the persecution to which, as they said, they were subjected. The marriage law then existing was one of the enactments to which some of them refused obedience. One of the leaders of this sect, who had passed middle age, took to himself a young woman to wife without complying with the requisitions of the statute regulating such transactions. Not content with simply doing this, he placed his young wife on a pillow behind him, and travelled many a weary mile to the residence of the Governor of the State.

Introducing himself and companion to his Excellency, he told him that he despised human legislation, and therefore that he had violated the marriage law by taking the female with him to wife without any publication or the intervention of any Minister or Magistrate. "Is it so," said the Governor, "leaving to me the very angry, and do you indeed take this woman to be your lawful wife?"

"Surely I do," said the male visitor.

"And you, Madam," said the Governor, "do you take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"Yes sir," said the lady, blushing.

"Then," said his Excellency, "inasmuch as you, A. B. have voluntarily appeared before me and acknowledged that you take this woman to be your wife, and you, C. D. have also in like manner appeared before me and acknowledged that you take this man to be your husband, I do therefore in accordance with the laws of the State—declare that you are lawfully man and wife!"

The ancient "higher law" advocate was thunderstruck. Recovering himself, however, after a time, he left the house with the spouse whom he had now so legally married, saying:

"Ah, Thomas, thou art a cunning man!"

JEWISH PRINCIPLE.—The Jews sometimes display lofty principles which show that the divine light exists among them, although frequently concealed by the old institutions of Rabbinical institutions. In any one family, an interesting and characteristic incident occurred. My worthy grandfather was a man of great sensibility and of a warm heart, but easily excited to wrath. He had a brother whom he dearly loved. One day they fell into a dispute, and each returned to his home in anger. This happened on Friday. As the evening drew near, my good grandmother, who was another Martha, full of activity, began to make preparation for the Sabbath day. "Come, dear Joseph," she exclaimed, "the night is approaching; come and light the Sabbath lamp!"

But, he full of sadness and anguish, continued walking up and down the room. His good wife spoke again in anxiety: "See the stars are already shining in the firmament of the Lord and our Sabbath lamp is not yet lighted!"

Then my grandfather took his hat and cane, and, evidently much troubled, hastened out of the house. But in a few moments he returned with tears of joy in his eyes.

"Now, dear Rebecca," he exclaimed, "now I am ready!"

He repeated his prayer, and with gladness lighted the Sabbath lamp. Then he related the dispute which had occurred in the morning, adding: "I could not pray and light my lamp before becoming reconciled with my brother Isaac."

"But how did you manage to do it so soon?"

"O, he replied, 'Isaac had been as much troubled as I was; he could not begin the Sabbath either without becoming reconciled with me. So we met in the street, he was coming to me, and I was going to him, and we ran into each other's arms and wept.'

Might not we end this anecdote with these simple words of Jesus, 'Go and do likewise.'

EPAUULETTES.—There is nothing like digging into the past, if you would dissipate romances. Who would have supposed that epaulettes were originally padded protection against sabre cuts?

It has been asked, "What is the use of epaulettes?" and also asserted that they are intended to recognize rank. Epaulettes originated with the English knights and their retainers during the crusades to the Holy Land. At that period, the French and Italian knights wore costly armor, and eastern chiefs were arrayed in a style of magnificence not then known to the English; most of the latter, dressed in uncouth woolen or cotton armor, made a very sorry appearance among their more gaudy and light-hearted neighbors. In a short time the English knights, in order to protect their shoulders from the keen edge of the Saracen scimitars, placed thereon pads stuffed with hair or wool. In a short time, these pads having been improved by association, these pads were ornamented with fringes, taken as trophies from their eastern enemies; and finally, when the unwieldy armor was totally dispensed with, in consequence of the general use of gunpowder, the pads with fringes became the modern epaulettes.

A POINT OF SPACE.—The diameter of the earth's orbit is, as it were, the pocket rule of the astronomer, with which he measures distances which the mind can no more grasp than infinity. This star-measurer is 190,000,000 of miles in length. This the astronomer lays down on the floor of heaven, and drawing lines from its extremities to the nearest fixed star, Alpha Centauri, he finds the angle thus subtended by this base line to be not quite one second. By the simple rule of three he then arrives at the fact that the distance of the nearest fixed star is 21,000,000,000.

From another simple calculation it follows,

that in the space around our solar system devoid of stars, there is room enough in one dimension, or in straight line, for 12,000 solar systems; in two dimensions, or in one plane, there is room enough for 130,000,000 of solar systems; and in actual sidereal space of dimensions there is room for 1,500,000,000,000 of solar systems the size of our own.

Nay, good farmer, do not look so unbelievingly. Your boy need not graduate from the district school to prove all this. One and a half million of solar systems, as large as ours, might be set in the space which divides between it and its nearest neighbor. And if we might assume the aggregate population of our solar system to be 20,000,000,000, there would be room enough for thirty thousand trillions of human beings to live, love and labor in the worlds that might be planted in this starless void.

Nay, good man of the tow flock, hold on a moment longer. Our sun is but a dull, hazy speck of light in the great Milky way; and Dr. Herschel says he discovered fifty thousand just such ones in that Highway of worlds, in a space apparently a yard in breadth, and six in length. Think of that a moment! and then that no two of them are, in all probability, nearer each other than twenty millions of miles! and then that the starless space might contain 1,500,000,000,000 similar systems! Multiply these spaces and these systems by a hundred millions, and you will have numbered the worlds that a powerful glass open to your view from one point of space.

Again, multiply these systems by twenty billion millions, and you will have three billion trillions of human beings, who might dwell in peace and unity in that point of space which Herschel's glass would disclose to your vision.

And you ask despairingly what is man? We will tell you what he is in one aspect; the creator of all these worlds is his God.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... APRIL 7, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. PATTEN, 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 Seely'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.

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Local Agents.

Persons wishing to subscribe or pay for the MAIL, can do so by calling on the following persons: C. C. WHEELER, Canaan. F. B. TOWN, Waterville. J. D. BROWN, Bangor. E. S. PAGE, Kennebunk. D. H. BELLING, Clinton. E. FOSTER, N. Vassalboro'. R. AYER, Winslow.

REV. HOBART RICHARDSON, Traveling Agent.

The Weather.

Be it known to our friends in California, and all other "utmost" places, that Spring has already made her debut, with most flattering smiles. Snow has left the fields, and frost is pretty much out of the ground. True, we have some mud—and who wouldn't, the first of April? The lilac buds are swelling, the robins singing, and the grass turning green in favored spots; and the thousand pretty indications of coming Spring are scattered everywhere. Of course everybody rejoicing—and everybody ought to be happy.

We saw yesterday a piece of surgery from the hand of Dr. Babb, of this village, that indicates at least a good degree of skill in this department of his profession. The operation was upon a case of hare-lip, and the subject a Frenchman named Joseph Lubbee. The cleft in the lip extended completely into the nostril and through the upper jaw, or roof of the mouth—entirely exposing three teeth, and preventing articulation. By fitting and bringing together the separated edges of the lip, and cutting their adhesion to the jaw at both sides of the cleft, Dr. B. has so far obliterated the external deformity as to produce a full and almost perfect lip. The wound was not perfectly healed, but nearly so, and beyond fear of inflammation. The case is one that may well give to those similarly afflicted, courage to endure an operation at the hands of one who shows so good proof of skill.

Portland Cards.

We call particular attention to our list of Portland business cards. Country dealers who have heretofore bought in Boston, will find the present railroad arrangements such that they can without inconvenience stop and try the market in Portland. The rapid increase of wholesale houses there, opens additional inducements to call and see what can be done.—Our list embraces the leading and best houses, and will be found convenient in directing buyers to good bargains.

INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.—The Hon. Robert Winthrop, in a late eloquent address to the Alumni of Amherst College, spoke as follows of the Press:

"Who can calculate the pernicious effect on the community of a single corrupt, licentious newspaper, coining slanders like a mint, changing phrases like the moon 'with three hundred and sixty-five opinions in a year,' upon every subject which it treats, spicing its nightly poison with every variety of obscene and sensual stimulant, controlled by no sense of responsibility, finding its easy way to the knowledge and perusal of the young, the ignorant and inexperienced, ministering and pandering to their diseased taste and depraved appetites?"

"And who can calculate, on the other hand, the influence which might be produced—nay, let me say, which is produced—for I have in my mind, I thank heaven, more than one example—by such an engine in the hands of upright, intelligent, independent and conscientious men espousing and advocating neither ultraisms, nor criticisms, neither a wild fanaticism, nor a bigoted conservatism, with the fear of God before their eyes, with the love of truth in their hearts, and by whom the advancement of knowledge, of morality, of virtue, of righteousness, is not held subservient to the popularity of the hour, or to the state of the subscription list?"

FINE TIMES FOR DOCTORS.—The following is presumed to be the sobriety of a young physician, who hopes by the multiplication of diseases to get into practice:

"Considering the damp, muddy state of the streets at this time of the year, I am equally

amazed and delighted to see the ladies, almost universally, going about in thin shoes. This elegant fashion beautifully displays the conformation of the ankle joint; but to the surgeon it has another recommendation. I behold the delicate foot, separated scarcely by the thickness of thin paper from the mire. I see the exquisite instep, undefended but by a mere web. I meditate on the influence of cold and wet upon the frame; I think of the catarrhs, coughs, pleuritis, consumptions and other interesting affections, that necessarily must result from their application to the feet; and then I reckon up the number of pills, boluses, powders, draughts, mixtures, leeches and blisters which will consequently be sent in to the fair sufferers, calculate what they must come to, and wish I had the amount in my pocket."

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Incidents of the "Good Old Times."

While reading the "Home Made Rhymes" of Mr. Smith, in the "Mail," I was reminded that the doughty champion of Irish Hill, whose defeat is therein so eloquently rehearsed, was not only a hero, famed "for deeds of valor and of high enterprise," but also a poet; the result of at least one attempt of his to "court the muse" having been preserved, for the delight and instruction of the commonality of his day and the emulation of the warrior poets of all future ages.

In those olden times, whereof our village poet sang—long ere the birth of temperance societies, and when good liquor did much abound—there dwelt on the northern borders of Irish Hill (now known by the more euphonious name of Pleasant Hill) one Jeremiah Tozer, known more familiarly as Jerry Tozer, and behind his back, derisively, by a nickname, (not fit to be mentioned to modern polite ears, though passing current then,) formed by joining the word "dipper" to the name of part of his personal corporation of a peculiar shape. It might have been "dipper head," but it didn't happen to be. Well, this same Jerry was a great wag and had no small reputation in his day as a maker of rhymes; but, like most poets, being something of a reformer, and dealing freely in satire and sarcasm, he thereby made some enemies; for while the great public laughed, the victims swore terribly, and watched for revenge. And thus, although Uncle Jerry was about the only "natural poet" that flourished in these parts at that remote age it sometimes happened that a victim smarting under the lash, and his doll brain fired to action, would achieve wonders, and the old joker would find he had "caught a Tartar." Two notable instances of this I will relate, though the first one does not concern our hero; but no matter for that.

One of Uncle Jerry's neighbors, Com. Preble, though a very clever man—Yankee clever—and a good, kind neighbor, was well known to be a little wanting in energy, or "gumption"—a little slack-twisted, as we Down-Easters say; and matters with him were always at loose ends. He never fretted about the future, and as for "a time of need," he always waited till it arrived before he provided for it. The Com. never had a large woodpile, and during a severe and unusually long snow storm, to keep himself and family from freezing, he was compelled to sacrifice the ornamental to the useful, and cut down a very large oak tree, the beauty of which had caused it to be spared amid the general destruction when his land was cleared; and the grateful shade and shelter of which had hitherto preserved it from the whittling, hacking Yankee race amid which it flourished. Our native poet, who conceived he had "a mission" to fulfill in this world, and that the morals and manners of those about him were in a manner under his care, had long had his eye on the Commodore as a proper subject for a lampoon; and no sooner did this act of vandalism come to his knowledge, than he pounced upon him in the following annihilating couplet:

"The royal oak, before the door,
Served the poor old Commodore."

For a long, long time this was a grievous thorn to the poor old Commodore. Go where he would—to huskings, chopping-bees, paring-bees, haulings, raisings, trainings, masters, or any public gathering whatever, he was sure to hear these hated lines chanted by somebody. We have said that our friend Preble was a clever man, and so he was; and he bore all this as patiently as any one could who had a fair share of intellect; but away back in a dark corner of his heart, clever as he was, he had it laid up against Uncle Jerry, and quietly waited his opportunity for revenge.

The smartest of us are sometimes caught napping, and so in the course of time it chanced that the bard of Irish Hill found himself in the same tight place from which his neighbor, the Commodore, had only escaped by sacrificing his noble oak; and he, too, was obliged to cut down—not an oak, as it happened—but what was infinitely worse, a magnificent willow, grown from a riding stick, brought all the way from old Massachusetts by an ancestor of his, one of the earliest settlers in these parts. Now had the Commodore's turn come, and without any compunction he launched the following at the luckless poet:

"The graceful willow, it was the tree
That saved the poor old Dipper—ee."

This was a scorcher, and the verdict of the people was—"Served him right;" but no one appreciated it more highly than did Uncle Jerry, who ever after entertained a profound respect for his neighbor, the kind-hearted Commodore.

But now to the affair of our friend, Ben. Rose, which happened on this wise. Notwithstanding his prowess in fight, and the champion of those among whom he lived that he had obtained the sobriquet of "Old Sabier," (that being the name of a drunken, lying, thieving Indian of those days) for the reason that his neighbors rather questioned his honesty, sobriety and veracity. Any one would suppose that with all his vices and an Indian nickname his case would have been hard enough, and so it was; but under the plea of "hating the sin and not the sinner," Uncle Jerry was wantonly

eruel enough to inflict upon him a stanza, to wit:

"Old Sabier, the Indian Chief,
He is a great liar, and likewise a thief;
When he goes to Martin Street he makes tracks,
And when he comes back he brings home traps."

It being well understood that the traps aforesaid were none of his. But the poet reckoned without his host when he attacked this old hero of a hundred fights. In the first paroxysms of rage, Uncle Ben ripped and swore and threatened to "lick Uncle Jerry within an inch of his life;" but on reflection he remembered that not only was his tormentor pretty good at that game, but he also had two tall boys, with whose bony fists his head had already become disagreeably acquainted, and this mode of revenge was therefore abandoned, and he determined to pay him in his own coin. Having no very exalted idea of his ability to write poetry, however, and remembering the old adage, that "two heads are better than one," he called to his aid a cory of his, one John Hart, who like himself was at the "bottom of the heap" in the Irish Hill community; and these worthies shut themselves up for a whole day with a big bottle of rum for inspiration, with a determination to give Old Jerry particular fits. At the end of this time they came forth, cackling as loud as a hen over her first egg, and with headaches which lasted for some days, but whether produced by the liquor they had soaked up or the severe brain giddling they had undergone, we are unable to say. Tradition is silent on this point though it has carefully preserved the result of their joint labors, which was as follows, to wit:

"Old Jerry Tozer killed a sheep
Thirteen years old; just as old as Sal;
And carried it out to Waterville and sold it for rum,
And didn't give Ben Rose and John Hart any of it."

Is it necessary to say that Uncle Jerry was completely annihilated? We calculate not.—Of him it might have been truly said that he "Died of a Rose," though not, with truth,

"In aromatic pain."

TECONET.

Running a Saw.

A singular succession of accidents recently occurred at the shop of Mr. Whitmore, in this place. In working at a circular saw, Mr. Henry Ellis had the thumb and finger of one hand cut nearly off. Shortly after, Mr. Bates had his arm sawed nearly off; and all this in the course of a few days, by the same saw. Can such a saw be said to run steady?

THE SAN JUAN AFFAIR.—We notice that some of the New York papers, which are generally well informed on such subjects, do not give full credence to the representations which have appeared respecting the trouble at San Juan del Norte. The Journal of Commerce thus speaks of the affair:

"The whole affair, as we view it, is an effort on the part of the Juans to compel the Company to transfer their station from Punta Arenas to the city proper, as, under the present arrangement, their pickings from the passengers of the Company's ships are comparatively small. The Company, on the other hand, having at first been obliged to establish themselves at Punta Arenas, and having there erected buildings and a wharf, and finding deeper water than exists on the town side, and possibly being willing that their passengers and crew should be a little detached from the town, are disposed to remain where they are. Their title of occupancy they obtained in the first instance from the Nicaraguan government, and secondly from the agent of the Mosquito King. This potentate, it seems, has lately been induced to withdraw his permit, which leaves the Company's title resting upon the grant from the Nicaraguan government, and brings up the mooted question whether San Juan is independent, as claimed by the inhabitants of that place, or as the Indian title to the sovereignty of the soil of the United States, or any part of it, is subordinate to that of the United States government. The 'surrender' which the Juan authorities made, or wished to make, to Capt. Hollins, was not at all a matter of necessity, but of choice. He did not molest the town at all, but confined himself rigidly to the protection of the Company's property on the opposite shore. In this he obeyed orders, and we are inclined to think the orders were correct. The nature of the government established at San Juan was not that of a settled, unquestionable character which required a U. S. ship-of-war to look on and see the property of American citizens destroyed by that government. [The title of Punta Arenas is in the government of Nicaragua, then of course the U. S. Government is responsible to Nicaragua for the act of Capt. Hollins in landing men there, and not to the village of San Juan. Nicaragua will be much obliged to him for the service.]

The San Juans (or rather the few Americans who have contrived to be its rulers,) seem anxious to make it appear that Great Britain will be displeased with the course of Capt. Hollins. We doubt it very much. On the contrary, having withdrawn her own protection from the Mosquito territory, we are inclined to think she will be happy to see the American Government indirectly discountenancing an incipient Texas game in the same territory.—Give to Yankee adventurers the village of San Juan for a foot-hold, and all the adjacent territory would, under one pretext or another, be in due time annexed, as a matter of course.

Now we understand it to be the policy both of England and the United States to seek no advantage over each other, in any arrangement which may be made for the government of Central America, or the prosecution of the Canal. The arrangement mutually assented to by Great Britain and the United States, on the 30th April, 1852, for the adjustment of Central American difficulties, conceded San Juan to Nicaragua. But Nicaragua did not consent to the arrangement, having objections to some other features of it, and thus it failed. The pretension of San Juan to independence date from the 1st of May, 1852, just one day after the conclusion of the arrangement aforesaid, which arrangement was only defeated by the dissent (not long since ascertained,) of the State of Nicaragua.

THE PURITAN CAPITAL.—Boston had its foundation laid in Puritanism and arose to be a name and a praise over the whole world.—She was called the 'Athens of America,' and the 'Head quarters of good principles.' But she has fallen—fallen before the power of Rome, which has brought myriads to the ditch and gutter before. Read the following from the Boston correspondent of the N. Y. Ambassador:

"There probably has never been a time when the city government has been so thoroughly corrupt as at present. Ex-Marshal Tukey, in a Faneuil Hall speech, recently preferred charges against the city authorities, calling names too, which if false, would send him to the Penitentiary! He is either the vilest slanderer in Boston, or else certain city officers should have a place in the criminal's cell. The fact is too painfully significant that he is not called upon to prove his statements! Let me give you an item, as illustrative of the morality of the present city government. An invitation was extended to President Pierce to share the hospitality of Boston on the occasion of his going to Washington. Eight functionaries are despatched to Concord, at the city expense. They order a dinner to be prepared without regard to expense. The bill of fare is printed on white satin, at two dollars the plate; and everything else on the same scale! The bill is made out at four hundred dollars—fifty dollars for each person—for that dinner, which was to be prepared without regard to expense! The tax payers of Boston will, in due time, have an opportunity to pay 'the damages.' Do you ask, what is the occasion of such a deterioration of Boston officials' morality? The answer is—the city officials were elected by Rum—to protect the interests of the city! The present wide-spread dissipation is terrible. The measure of iniquity is almost full. There is a reckoning ahead."

Boston thinks her business interests are to be promoted by the manufacture and sale of Rum sent all over the New England States, in defiance of the Maine Laws that shall be passed,

came upon a brick arch, fifteen feet in length, and six feet wide. The bricks of this arch were of semi-circular shape, and inside were four small jars of uncouth form, containing pieces of silver and some jewelry, including a dagger, the blade of which upon being touched immediately crumbled to pieces. On the handle of this dagger, it was said, was this inscription: "LO. OF.—L. I.R.P. A." These same articles, it was announced, had been conveyed to the Marshal's office, where they could be seen by the curious. This forenoon the Chief of Police has received numerous calls from all classes of citizens to see the articles, all of whom were promptly referred to the office of the Post.

[Traveller.]

JENNY LIND.—Some of the editors, reporters or gentlemen connected with the press, have been circulating the story that Jenny Lind, soon to come again to America, that she and her husband quarrelled like cats and dogs, and that she was going to leave him. She writes to a gentleman in London that this is not so; she is an admirer of America, and may visit it again, sometime or other, but she does not know when; and that she and her husband live as lovingly together as need be, an unpleasant word never having been exchanged between them.

A NOBLEMAN.—It is stated in the Boston Herald, that Gen. Abner Curtis, a great shoemaker, at East Abington, Mass., has issued proposals to some twenty or thirty young men in his manufacturing warehouse, that if they will, the current year, be prudent, economical, and faithful in their duties—show a balance sheet of savings, individually, of one hundred and fifty dollars, and consummate marriage on or before the first day of January, next ensuing, then he will, in all and every such case being made to appear, and proven unto him, add as a new year's present thereto, a house lot upon his vast domain, and therewith one hundred dollars, for the purpose of assisting in the erection of a cottage house, severally, to his corps of assistants aforesaid.

DEATH OF MRS. FILLMORE.—The death of this estimable lady, the wife of the Ex-President, was announced by Telegraph yesterday. It was known that Mrs. Fillmore was somewhat unwell; and it had been announced that the Southern tour of Mr. Fillmore was delayed by her illness, and subsequently, that the tour had for the present been abandoned in consequence of her continued indisposition; but nevertheless the announcement of her death came quite suddenly and unexpectedly on the public mind. Indeed, it was not until within a few days that any special anxiety was felt even by her friends, or that her disease, an affection of the lungs, assumed an alarming character.

Those who knew Mrs. Fillmore personally speak in terms of commendation and admiration of her many sterling qualities of character. The Ex-President will have the hearty sympathy of the country in this hour of his bereavement; for he succeeded during his difficult administration in winning to himself a very unusual degree of confidence and respect from men of all parties.

Mrs. Fillmore died at Willard's Hotel, where the family have resided since the 4th of March, on Wednesday morning. The Senate immediately adjourned on hearing of the death. Mr. Fillmore and his family were to leave Washington this morning with the remains of the deceased, for Buffalo.

The New York Express states that the appearance in that city of Father Gavazzi as a lecturer upon the practices of the Church of Rome, is to lead to much agitation and excitement. It is pretty certain that the Catholics are determined upon having a contest on the school question, and the appearance of Gavazzi at this crisis is likely to rally around him powerful Protestant elements and to develop never so powerful in New York as at present. Churches are going up in numerous directions, with schools attached, which indicate prosperity and wealth. Many of the very best sites on the island are in their possession, and they seem to be able to purchase many more. Where they obtain the wealth, considering the fact that the immigrant population, who come here poor, make up in the main their congregations, is a puzzle to all observers.

The Boston Mail states that a report is prevalent in Washington that Gen. Pierce will at once countermand the expedition to Japan as useless and inexpedient, for the reason that it is not sufficiently strong to compel the Japanese to open their ports, and that the force of mere moral suasion will be wholly ineffectual. The exploration of Behring's Straits will be postponed. This seems to indicate a prospect that the services of our naval force may in a short time be required nearer home, and that the President is determined to be prepared for any difficulty that may arise, notwithstanding the fact that Congress refused to give him the necessary support by strengthening our maritime power, and placing it on an equal footing with that of three or four of the European nations.

THE PURITAN CAPITAL.—Boston had its foundation laid in Puritanism and arose to be a name and a praise over the whole world.—She was called the 'Athens of America,' and the 'Head quarters of good principles.' But she has fallen—fallen before the power of Rome, which has brought myriads to the ditch and gutter before. Read the following from the Boston correspondent of the N. Y. Ambassador:

"There probably has never been a time when the city government has been so thoroughly corrupt as at present. Ex-Marshal Tukey, in a Faneuil Hall speech, recently preferred charges against the city authorities, calling names too, which if false, would send him to the Penitentiary! He is either the vilest slanderer in Boston, or else certain city officers should have a place in the criminal's cell. The fact is too painfully significant that he is not called upon to prove his statements! Let me give you an item, as illustrative of the morality of the present city government. An invitation was extended to President Pierce to share the hospitality of Boston on the occasion of his going to Washington. Eight functionaries are despatched to Concord, at the city expense. They order a dinner to be prepared without regard to expense. The bill of fare is printed on white satin, at two dollars the plate; and everything else on the same scale! The bill is made out at four hundred dollars—fifty dollars for each person—for that dinner, which was to be prepared without regard to expense! The tax payers of Boston will, in due time, have an opportunity to pay 'the damages.' Do you ask, what is the occasion of such a deterioration of Boston officials' morality? The answer is—the city officials were elected by Rum—to protect the interests of the city! The present wide-spread dissipation is terrible. The measure of iniquity is almost full. There is a reckoning ahead."

ed, and she puts herself in an attitude of defiance against the whole moral sentiment of the land. There is a God which judges in this world, and His terrible judgment will yet visit the metropolitan gogger. It is time our New England States looked to other cities for trade. [Gospel Banner.]

INDICTMENT FOR STEALING AN UMBRELLA.—The long mooted question whether stealing an umbrella is larceny, is about to be tested in the Court of General Sessions, the following indictment having been presented by the grand jury yesterday:

"We find that Henry Bell, late of the first ward of the city of New York, in the county of New York aforesaid, on the ninth day of Dec., A. D. 1852, with force and arms, one combination of wood, wire and cotton cloth, commonly called an umbrella, of the value of eighty-seven cents, the personal property of William Wood, then, and there being, did feloniously take, steal, and carry away, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of the people of the State of New York, and their dignity."

When this case is tried, the jury will doubtless inquire whether the said umbrella was taken on a fine or rainy day. If the latter, the prisoner will, probably, be either acquitted or recommended to mercy!—[N. Y. Commercial.]

FREE-THINKERS.—Some socialists have discovered a short path to celebrity. Having heard that it is vastly silly to believe everything, they take it for granted that it must be vastly wise to believe nothing. They therefore set up for free-thinkers, though their only stock in trade is that they are free from thinking. It is not safe to condemn them, nor very easy to convince them, since no persons make so large a demand against the reason of others, as those who have none of their own; just as a highwayman will take greater liberties with our purse, than our banker. —[Colton.]

A BANISHED PARSON.—Father Lacordaire has been ordered to leave Paris by the Archbishop, acting in concert with the government. A few days since, addressing a crowded congregation at the Church of St. Roque, he was enlarging upon the potherness of a simple, truthful character, which daunted to purchase a temporary success by crooked means, when he exclaimed: "However magnificent the design, however grand the execution, even if the object be to effect what is called the saving of a nation, he who, to effect this object, makes use of villainous means is himself nothing but a villain." The sermon contained other political allusions no less obvious and severe.

CONSTITUTIONAL TALENT.—There is nothing that floats a man sooner into the tide of reputation, or often passes current for genius, than what might be called "constitutional talent." A man without this, whatever may be his worth or real powers, will no more get on in this world than a leaden Mercury will fly in the air; as any pretender with it, and with no other quality beside to recommend him, will be sure either to blunder upon success, or will set failure at defiance. By constitutional talent, I mean, in general, the warmth and vigor given to a man's ideas and pursuits by his bodily stamina, by mere physical organization. A weak mind in a sound body is better, or at least more profitable, than a sound mind in a weak and crazy conformation. How many instances might I quote! Let a man have a quick circulation, a good digestion, the bulk, and then, and sinews of a man, and the alacrity, the unthinking confidence inspired by these; and without an atom, a shadow of the "mens divinator," he shall strut and swagger and vapor, and jostle his way through life, and have the upper hand of those who are his betters in everything but health and strength. His jests will be echoed with loud laughter, because his own lungs begin to crow like chanticleer, before he has uttered them; while a little, nervous, hectic humorist shall stammer out an admirable conceit that is dammed in the doubtful delivery—"vox tuacibus hæsist!" The first shall tell a story as long as his arms without interruption, while the latter stops short in his attempt from mere weakness of the chest; the one shall be empty and noisy and successful in argument, putting forth the most comical phrases "with a confident brow and a throng of words, that come with more impudent assurance from him," while the latter shrinks from an observation "too deep for his hearers," in to the delicacy and unnoticed retirement of his own mind.—[Hazlitt.]

HOW TO FILL A CHURCH.—I was once sitting at a public table in the city of Boston, where I supposed myself to be a stranger to the company. A gentleman opposite me, however, appeared to know my face, and entered into conversation with me.

"I understand, sir, you have opened a new place of worship in this city." Assent was nodded. "You have a large place of worship, I suppose it will seat between three and four thousand people." Another assent. "How large is your society?" "About one hundred and fifty." "How many hearers?" "Perhaps a thousand." "Seats then for something like two thousand still empty?" "Yes."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY OLD GREAT COAT.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

My old Great Coat! thou art at length departing,
Warm friend of olden years!
How sad I miss thy sheltering arms when starting
Forth, 'mid the storm of winter cold and drear.

Long is the time that thou and I together
Have journeyed through the calms of life,
Companions always in cold, stormy weather,
Unconscious of the elements strife.

Old Coat, thou wilt not me of days long departed,
Of those whom here I never more may see,
Who loved the lost, the meek and gentle-hearted,
Who lent the chambers dim, of memory.

I cannot see thee in thy faded glory—
And see thee only in thy folds arise—
How sad I miss thee in the story
My heart recalls, when thou dost meet mine eyes.

Farwell, Old Coat, if thou wilt not leave me,
True, faithful servant of full many a year,
Farwell! thy loss most bitterly dost grieve me,
I'd weep for thee, but men are fain to cheer.

WATERVILLE, WASHINGTON.

ANDROSOGGIN & KENNEBEC R. R.

SPRING AND SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, the 4th of April next, Passenger Trains will run between Waterville and Portland, 4:40 A. M., 11:40 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 3:40 P. M., 5:40 P. M., 7:40 P. M., 9:40 P. M., 11:40 P. M., and 1:40 A. M. On the 15th of April, the train will run from Portland to Waterville, 4:40 A. M., 11:40 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 3:40 P. M., 5:40 P. M., 7:40 P. M., 9:40 P. M., 11:40 P. M., and 1:40 A. M. On the 15th of April, the train will run from Waterville to Portland, 4:40 A. M., 11:40 A. M., 1:40 P. M., 3:40 P. M., 5:40 P. M., 7:40 P. M., 9:40 P. M., 11:40 P. M., and 1:40 A. M.

SEASON ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, the 21st inst., the Steamers ATLANTIC, CAPT. GEO. KIMBLE, and ST. LAWRENCE, CAPT. JOHN STANLEY, will run as follows: Leave Waterville, Monday, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., and Central Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

C. WILLIAMS.

At No. 1 Merchants Row, one door below the Williams House, is offering for sale on the most reasonable terms a choice selection of

N. G. H. PULSIFER, M. D.

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

OFFICE OVER C. J. WINGATE'S JEWELRY STORE,

Main St., WATERVILLE.

Dr. P. can be found at his office, day and night, except when absent on professional business.

Jan. 18, 1852.

MOODY & FELLOWS,

BOOKS, STATIONERY, PAPER HANGINGS,

AND FANCY GOODS.

MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,

WATERVILLE.

Agents for Bigelow & Co's Express.

NEW BONNETS & RIBBONS.

MRS. MRS. HADLEY has the pleasure to announce

that they have now on hand a large assortment of

MILINERY GOODS,

including the Spring style of BONNETS, RIBBONS, &c., to

gether with their usual unequalled variety of

SUPERIOR NEEDLES, THREADS, GLOVES AND

HOSIERY, KNITWEARES, MOURNING ARTICLES,

WHITE GOODS, DRESS TRIMMINGS,

COMBS, AND FANCY

GOODS.

Our Stock will be replenished with very frequent additions of

the most fashionable and desirable Goods; and we trust that

our long experience and our determination to

sell the best articles at the lowest possible prices, will present

to purchasers inducements not found elsewhere.

Straw Bonnets Repaired, Bleached & Pressed,

and Dress Making executed to order in the best style

workmanship.

All persons INDEBTED to us are respectfully requested to call

and settle as soon as possible. To avoid the repetition of

this our notice, we hereby give that "Compliment" to

be in session on the 15th day of April, at the Selections

Office, on and until upon proposals to put in, and

upon letting said Roads and Bridges in said town

of Sec. 11, between the east bank of the Kennebec River

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THE GREAT COUGH REMEDY.

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Portland Advertisements.

A. WITHAM & CO.,

Wholesale Dealers in

Groceries, Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Cigars,

Teas, &c.

No. 192 Fore Street, PORTLAND.

100 boxes Tea, 200 boxes Coffee, 200 boxes Sugar,

50 boxes Cocoa, 50 boxes Rice, 50 boxes Corn,

50 boxes Beans, 50 boxes Peas, 50 boxes Lentils,

50 boxes Potatoes, 50 boxes Turnips, 50 boxes Carrots,

50 boxes Onions, 50 boxes Apples, 50 boxes Pears,

50 boxes Plums, 50 boxes Cherries, 50 boxes Strawberries,

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