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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 40): April 21, 1853

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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 21, 1853.

NO. 40.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### "GOOD NIGHT."

Good night! Good night!  
As day approaches to its close,  
And all thy cares forgotten quite!  
And may thy spirit find repose,  
Till morning dawn in rosy light:  
Good night! Good night!

To rest! to rest!  
No more to list to duty's call:  
O, close thy eyes in slumber blest!  
For now 'tis still and tranquil all,  
And day has gone to peaceful rest—  
To rest! to rest!

Sleep sweet! sleep sweet!  
Come all thy visions from above!  
And all the forms thy dreams may greet  
Be those of Beauty and of Love!  
No others may you ever meet.  
My sweet! sleep sweet!

Good night, good night, good night, good night!  
Sweetly slumber all the night!  
Good angels guard thee from all harm,  
And hush thee with their secret charm.

O, slumber sweet till morning's ray  
Shall usher in the dawn of day!  
Till o'er the darkness springs the light—  
Good night! good night! good night! good night!

## MISCELLANY.

### THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

CONCLUDED.

Fanny's health certainly improved. The invigorating sea breeze restored the tone to her nerves, but it was no place for a troubled heart. She would walk alone by the beach when she could, but she found no sympathy in the murmuring sea. It was too vast, too restless. Its voices would steal up into her heart, but leave no quiet there; its thousand tongued waves surged up too constantly, with murmuring of a name she faintly forgot, and then roll mockingly back again, to show her it had no sympathy for so weak a thing as human love. And the stars, too, troubled her. They looked on her with their quiet gaze, coldly and steadily; they demanded of her her secret thoughts, and gave no comfort or strength to the wearied heart in return.

At last to the happy sea and the stars whisper of emotions too holy, and thoughts too vast for earth; they come upon the heart with magnetic soothing, and make it long for the perfect love which is found only with the Great Father. But oh! weary-hearted, go not to the great sea for rest.

And Fanny's belle-ship brought her no pleasure either. With many her beauty and brilliant manners made her a favorite; a few liked her for her warm heart, and intense sympathy of all that was mean or ignoble; but far the greater portion sought Fanny's society for her golden charms. Ah, yes, the secret of Fanny's belle-ship, after all, was her reputed wealth.

The "season" was now fast drawing to a close, and Mrs. Howard's party were to leave to-morrow. They were discussing the feasibility of a trip to Lake George, &c., about which Fanny remained perfectly silent. A servant entered and handed her a letter, which she retired to her own room to read. It was from Ellen Danvers, and a portion of it ran thus:

"I am so glad that there is a prospect of seeing you soon, I am overflowing with news which I cannot write, and moreover, I have a secret to tell you. But one thing you must know! Mr. Livingston's uncle has destroyed his last will, and reinstated Master Harry in his good graces, insisting upon his going home immediately. But Harry intends remaining here till the last of October, as that is the term, you know, for which he engaged. He went to see his uncle, but only stayed a day or so. Do Marion Gray and her brother return with you? I shall be so glad to see Marion again. Give my best love to her." A little village gossip, and the letter was completed. A few moments of painful thought, then Fanny returned to the parlor.

The Lake George trip was still under discussion, when Fanny's voice decided the matter. "Oh, yes, do let us go, the weather is quite warm yet, and one does not feel like settling down quietly at home, after such terrible dissipation as we have had."

Now came a task which Fanny in her heroism had determined to perform. She suspected her cousin was attached to Ellen Danvers, and had wished to tell him she thought Ellen was engaged to Mr. Livingston, but the consciousness of the pain which the fact caused her, made her shrink from speaking to Dr. Gray about it. Now, however, it must be done; it was her duty, thought she; so in the evening she asked Louis to walk with her.

"Oh, I had a letter from Nelly, to-day," said Fanny.

"Well, what does Ellen say? any quantity of scandal, I suspect."

"Some news. For one thing, Mr. Armstrong has forgiven Mr. Livingston for having an opinion of his own. Ellen says she has a secret to tell me. I get home, but she need not wait for that, for I know it already; that—why, Beauty, pretty fellow, you here?—that is, her engagement to Mr. Livingston." Fanny breathed freer, but her cousin noticed the trembling of her voice in spite of the conversation with Beauty.

"Are you sure of this, Fanny?" asked Dr. Gray; and he thought "more than myself" suffers if it is so.

"As sure as I can be, without Ellen having told me so in words. I saw it before I left home, and what else is her secret?"

The early part of October found Mrs. Howard and Fanny settled in Mapleville again, with Mrs. Gray, her son and daughter as their guests. Fanny waited in vain for Ellen's secret, and she was too proud to ask a confidence not freely given. She seemed gay, but not gathering, and parties, driving parties, not gatherings, and parties, tea parties and dances, kept Mapleville in a whirl of unusual gaiety; for the Grays were universal favorites. The secret which Dr. Gray and Fanny mutually

suspected, produced a wonderful sympathy between them, and in a short time Fanny had walked herself into quite a cousinly flirtation with Louis. The village gossips all declared it an engagement. Harry Livingston visited less at Mrs. Howard's than ever, and Ellen Danvers's duties at home were wonderfully increased.

"What a glorious day for a gallop," said Fanny, one morning. "Suppose we make up a party to go to H—; take supper there and return by moonlight. Marion, you shall have Mazzeppa, if you prefer him, and I will take Black Jim."

"Fanny, I wish you would get a more quiet horse," said Mrs. Howard. "You know, my dear, Jim is used so little. I should not object if you returned before dark, but—"

"Oh, mamma, you know I am the second Die Vernon. I can hold on like a leech; never fear for me."

And so the party was formed. Whatever misgivings Mrs. Howard felt, they were soon quieted as Fanny sprang upon Black Jim and firmly kept her seat in spite of his prancing and pawing. She was a most accomplished equestrienne, and seemed to manage her horse by magnetism. She was prepared as if by instinct for any change of temper or position.

It was a gay party that left Mapleville that sunny afternoon. The weather was glorious, and the trees looked as jeweled as those discovered by Aladdin with his wonderful lamp. Black Jim seemed to enjoy it amazingly. With his beautiful neck arched, and his nostrils distended, he pranced along first on one side of the road, then on the other, snorting as though he snuffed the air of a battle-field.

"Miss Howard, watch for the locomotive. I hear it coming, and Jim will not bear it, I fear," said Harry Livingston, as they approached the railroad track.

"Perhaps we had better stop till the cars have passed," said Fanny; for though she was courageous, she was not fool-hardy. In an instant the huge locomotive was thundering toward them. Fanny seated herself firmly, and grasped the curb-rein with a firm but light hand. "So, Jim, pretty fellow, quiet, sir," said she, patting her horse. Not a motion of Fanny's hand betrayed the slightest alarm, but Jim plunged and reared, and would have turned and run if possible.

The train at length passed, and Fanny walked her horse quietly along, soothing him till his excitement should be over, when a shrill whistle from a small way-train coming up, came on the air like the shriek of a demoniac. Black Jim's beautiful ears were laid close to his small head, and like a flash of lightning he was off.

"Oh, heavens! she will be killed," said Dr. Gray, as he was preparing to follow Fanny. "She dies if you attempt to catch her. I know a short cut and will go across and meet her," said Harry Livingston, putting spurs into his favorite, which he had brought from New York.

A fence was cleared at a leap, and his horse nearly equalled the one he pursued in speed. On and on Black Jim sped, but Fanny's self-possession was beginning to tell upon him, when another shriek, louder than the first, served to start him afresh. Yet Fanny never wavered. She knew she must retain her courage and be able to guide him, or most probably death would be the consequence. Well, on and on Black Jim still sped, and she was beginning to grow weak, when she looked up and saw Mr. Livingston coming toward her.

"Turn him into the next lane, if you can guide him; it is up to his hocks in mud, and he cannot run far," shouted he.

In an instant Fanny's whip hand was on the curb-rein, and Black Jim, solely unprepared for a change in that direction, gave a plunge which nearly unseated his courageous rider, then reared on again. It was hard work, however, and Jim had a kindly regard for his ankles, which were remarkably beautiful, and in a very short time a heavy mud had totally subdued him.

"Thank heaven! you are safe, Fanny," said Mr. Livingston, riding up. "Will you be able to go on to the hotel, you tremble so?"

"Oh, yes," said Fanny, with quivering lip, for the reaction had already quivered, and her tensely strung nerves were beginning to give way. "I feel better in motion. Let us canter on, sir. I suppose the rest of the party will not be up for some time."

"A private parlor immediately, and a glass of wine," said Mr. Livingston, to the landlord of H—, as he lifted Fanny out of the saddle, and carried rather than supported her to the house.

Fanny threw herself on a sofa and burst into tears. Riding-hat and gauntlets were removed by Mr. Livingston, and some wine forced upon her; but poor Fanny laughed and cried in the most hysterical manner.

"I am a perfect baby now it is over," said she. "It is a pity but that the horse had run. But you have saved my life. Mr. Livingston; how can I ever thank you." And another burst of weeping, harder than the first, ensued.

"You can thank me, Fanny, by loving me, if possible; that is, if your affections are not already engaged, as I sometimes fear."

A look of astonishment passed over Fanny's face.

"Are you not already engaged to Ellen?" said she.

"Ellen! no. Why, I have loved you, Fanny, since the first moment I knew you; but then the want of fortune, and since your return your reserve to me and intimacy with your cousin, made me think the report of your engagement to him might be true. Will you be my wife, Fanny?"

But Fanny's head was turned away; she could not answer, although her hand still remained in that of Mr. Livingston. Tears again filled her eyes, till she felt an arm stretched round her waist.

"I must ask Louis first. Here they all are," said Fanny, endeavoring to escape.

"Do you love me, Fanny?"

"Yes, yes, I suppose I must. Now let me go."

The rest of the party now dismounted, and Fanny's John Gilpin ride easily accounted for her excited manner.

"Had I not better go back and get the carriage for you, Miss Fanny?" said Harry Livingston.

"I fear you will not be able to ride Black Jim home."

"Oh, no, I have no fear now, he is pretty well subdued, and I shall feel quite invigorated after tea."

But Master Harry seemed to think there

was still danger, as he never left Fanny's bride-rein till she dismounted at her own door.

Somehow she could not sleep that night. She got up, looked out of the window; went to bed again, turned and returned her pillow; threw off the spread; looked at her watch by moonlight, and disturbed Marion, who occupied part of her room, till near daylight. Then Fanny fell into such a sweet slumber, with a smile on her beautiful lips, that Marion had not the heart to awaken her when the bell rung.

"Why, where is Fanny this morning?" said Mrs. Howard, for she had retired when the party returned the night before.

"Oh! she had quite an adventure," replied Marion, "and it made her so nervous she could not sleep last night. I left her in bed."

Here Fanny's wild huntman gallop was narrated, and her mother declared she should never get on a horse again; which vow was broken in less than a week.

Fanny now made her appearance, and had nearly finished her breakfast, when she put the damask table-cloth, cup and saucer in considerable jeopardy, by starting at the ring of the front door bell.

"I have not fed my birds yet. It is too bad—it is so late," said she, going up stairs.

The visitor was Mr. Livingston; and in the course of the day Marion began to suspect that Fanny's restlessness, the night before, did not altogether arise from Black Jim running away.

Love-making about that time seemed to be quite epidemic, for Mrs. Danvers was heard to say there was no one in the world she would as soon Ellen should marry as Dr. Gray.

"Lou, that moustache did the business," was Fanny's laughing comment, when he informed her that Ellen had consented to take him "for better for worse."

Fanny now discovered that Ellen's secret was the refusal of a young gentleman, who had offered himself to all the richest girls in the place, beginning with Fanny herself.

Mr. Armstrong made his appearance in Mapleville in the course of a week or so, and declared he had intended offering himself to Miss Howard, if Henry had not had the impertinence to pick her up first.

"It is to you, Miss Chattebox, that he owes his restoration to my favor. Not that I changed my opinion of his ingratitude, you know; but I found you were breaking your heart for him," said the old gentleman. "But God bless you, darling. I love you already as well as if you were my own child."

The cold winter months passed, and June had come round again. The glad summer weather made even the sick-hearted rejoice; for who could feel sad with the yellow sunshine on the fresh young grass, and the birds trying to outlive each other in their songs.

One bright morning all Mapleville was astir betimes. Two weddings were to take place in the old church that day; and then the happy young brides, Mrs. Henry Livingston and Mrs. Dr. Gray, were to be steamed off on a bridal tour.

The church was crowded in every corner. Whispers as to the beauty of the brides and their dresses went around. Many differed as to the superiority of the ladies, but all agreed that the dresses were perfect; and both were alike. Of the two, Fanny's voice was rather the firmer, but both of the gentlemen seemed to think there was no reason why they should not be heard distinctly, as they were certainly proud of what they were doing.

"Fanny has one merit, Henry, she is not long at her toilet," said Mr. Armstrong, as the lady appeared, after having exchanged the white satin and lace for a travelling-dress. "Well, after all, I am rather glad I disinherited you, for you taught school here to some purpose."

"And what did I teach you, Fanny?" whispered her husband.

But Fanny never told any one but the teacher, all that Master Henry Livingston had taught her.

### THE BACHELOR AND THE BABY.

There was no one at home except baby's mother, and baby, and I. Baby had just gone to sleep, when baby's mother remembered a trifling commission which she had promised to execute for me in the village. With an intention to touch the cradle if baby awoke, she departed, leaving me proud of my new employment, and lulled by past immunity into a state of fatal security. History is full of similar examples.

With one eye on my book, and the other on the cradle, like a faithful watch-dog, I listened to the retreating foot-fall that should have warned me, but did not, "to look out for squalls." I had no idea of the awful responsibility which I had taken upon myself, or I should have shrunk from it as a cat does from water, or a mastiff from a churning-machine. In fact, I rather suspect that I felt, in a trifling degree, ambitious that baby should open one eye—only one—that I might have the pleasure of shutting it again. Unwary mortal! How little do we know when we are well off! My ambition was too soon to be gratified; I had yet to learn by bitter experience how weary is the lot of those who—tend on babies.

I wonder whether infants are conscious in their sleep of their mother's absence, and know that an opportunity has arrived for "cutting up their daddies?"

The baby, over whose slumbers I had become the guardian genius—how the flies pitched into its nose!—was as sound asleep as any baby could be, when its mother departed; but no sooner had her shadow faded from the room than symptoms of wakefulness began to appear. First came a sigh, then a chuckle, that said, as plain as a chuckle could say, "Now for some fun," then one eye opened and shut, and then both began peeping about, till the head seemed inclined to bob off the pillow.

I felt a little nervous at these symptoms—only a little. "Poh!" said I to myself "a roll or two of the cradle will soon settle your business, youngster." But it did not. Baby was bound to have a spree. It knew that "its mother was out." That big, bothersome, blue-bottle fly, too, tired of watching for the ship over the clock face, started on a voyage of discovery on its own account, and the first promontory which it reached was the nose of the baby, a tempting spot, upon which it landed for refreshments, buzzing most villainously as it did so. It was a ticklish landing, however, and baby soon drove it off with a sneeze that astonished its nerves, and mine, too, more than the fly's, for the fly was accustomed to ticklish situations, which I was not. Baby was thoroughly roused. Up went its round, chubby arm; but a

rock of the cradle soon sent that back to its place. I did rock that cradle beautifully. The little head rolled to and fro as easily as if it had been fastened on by a toy mandarin's neck. I could not help admiring myself for the way in which I did it, and I am sure that any reasonable baby would have gone to sleep again, if only for compliment's sake; but the baby in the cradle didn't. The moment the rocking ceased, up popped the little head, like Judy's in the show, with a small, peevish cry. "That cry! it was like the 'fizzing of the fuse' of a powder magazine, sure to end in an explosion."

Were you ever roused in the middle of the night by the maid-of-all-work coming in her slippers and night-cap to inform you that the house was on fire? Did you ever stand near a Dutchman who was weighing gunpowder with a lighted cigar in his mouth? Did you ever stand over the boiler of a Mississippi steamboat, and expect every moment to be landed on the tree-tops half a mile inland?—If not, you cannot conceive my horror when I heard that cry. I was in a cold perspiration from head to foot. I have no doubt that hail-stones as big as peas might have been picked off my forehead. I rocked for dear life, and baby bounced about like a ball of India-rubber. But it was all useless. I sang all the songs that I could think of, from the cabalistic "Hushaby!" to "Cease rude Boreas." I tried tenor, and I tried bass; but the baby did not know the difference. It seemed to think it all base. The louder I sang, the louder it cried. It was bawl and squall; and squall and bawl. The cry peevish became the cry indignant, and the cry indignant became the squall imperative. Blue-bottle buzzed with delight, and danced a horn-pipe on the window, while the clock kept up a tantalizing "Go it! go it!"

In an unlucky moment, I lifted the little tempest out of the cradle. Never, never, never will I commit such an act of thoughtless impudence again! Before I did so, I could have truly sung with the poet: "The white squall raves"; but afterwards the fiercest blasts of Boreas seemed belching from that little throat.

In the hope of quieting the tornado, I took it in my arms, wadded it to and fro the room; tossed it up and down till my shoulders ached; dangled it on my knees, now the right one now the left, but nothing would do. Like an easterly gale, that multiplied squall seemed to be endless. I felt really alarmed. I was completely terrified. I saw visions of convulsions and such-like ills that infant "flesh is heir to." If I had been in a city, I am sure that a crowd would have collected. I might have been taken up and accused of an attempt to commit infanticide—perhaps been published in the papers as a wretch guilty of cruelty to dumb animals. Dumb! How I wished that the dear family organ had been dumb! I even envied the deaf men that pick up cinders.

I looked at the clock and exclaimed in despair, "when will the mother return?" and the clock answered, with its mocking monotony, "not yet, not yet!" Blue-bottle had ceased its buzzing, and returned to its old quarters over the dial-plate, to watch for the reappearance of the ship; perhaps asking, as impatiently as I did, the question "when will she return?" while the clock continued to repeat unceasingly, "not yet! not yet!"

I knew not what to do, and rushed a dozen times to the door, hoping to see the coming relief. But the walls of the distant country and the houses beyond were thick, and I could not look through them. The brook was laughing in the sunshine, and murmuring joyously as it glided over the stones, and I felt a strong temptation to pop the piping part of baby into it. I am sure the clock cried, mockingly, "do it! do it!" But the thought of a coroner's jury restrained me; a country jury of Dutch bores, with short pipes in their mouths, and skulls two layers of brick thick.

There was a rooster upon the fence flapping his wings and crowing like a Trojan—I do believe it was over my perplexity; the pigs were grunting in their sty, pulling each other's ears for amusement; and a cow was giving nourishment to her calf in a distant field. Suddenly a bright idea struck me. I seized an old tobacco pipe that had been stowed away upon the mantel-piece, and immersing the bulb in the tumbler of water, thrust the stem into baby's mouth. Baby was no genius. I became astonished that in a minute. It is an attribute of genius to accomplish its desires with imperfect instruments. There was no stoppage in the pipe. I tried it myself.

I was at my wit's ends, and laid the baby on the floor, crumpling my fingers into my ears. It was no good. I could not shut out the "sound." It was like a thousand ear-piercing pipes drilling me through and through.

Baby was fiddled with screams that touched like galvanic wires on every nerve. The clatter of a three story cotton mill, with a hundred girls talking of new bonnets through the din was nothing to it. All the locomotives in the Union, tortured into a state of agony, would alone compare with it. But still and "locomotive might be stopped, and baby could not be quieted, even for a moment. Anything but a baby's lungs would have been worn out by such an abuse of power. But their strength only increased, seeming to acquire new pipes at every blast. What would I not have given for the sight of a petticoat bearing down on my relief? Never did Robinson Crusoe on his desert island gaze more longingly over the ocean in search of a sail, than I did down the road for a bonnet and curls. I could have smiled lovingly on the fattest dowager that ever sweltered in the West Indies, or the thinnest scrub that pays her devotions to the door steps. But the feminine, like other useful commodities had all vanished when most wanted. Even the cat, accustomed to nursing as she was—even the cat, sensible creature, had disappeared.

Like the distressed hero of a novel, I was left to my own resources, and had no resources left. There was a baby flopping about on the floor like a porpoise on a ship's deck, as if lying on its beam ends was its natural position. I righted it a dozen times, but over it went again, as if all its ballast had shifted to the head. I brought the shovel and tongs and the bellows from the fire-place, but baby wouldn't look at them, not a bit of it; although I took the trouble to blow the bellows in the blue-bottle's face, and sent the threads on the carpet flying about the room. Even the clothes-brush and nutmeg-grater proved no attraction, and I broke a suspender-button hopping about like a frog on all-fours. If I had stood on my head, and shook the pennies out of my pockets, it would have had no effect. Even a lump of sugar would not bribe it to be quiet. It made wry

faces at the mirror, and pitched savagely into the pillow, turned indignantly from the tea-kettle and squared off at the rolling pin. If I had given it the carving-knife, I do verily believe that it would have cut off its own head, and made two squalls instead of one; but I forbore. Give me credit for my magnanimity! I forbore.

For nearly a mortal hour—an age—was I thus kept in a state of frenzy. My hairs stood up like quills upon the fretful porcupine. They have always stubbornly refused to lie down smoothly since. If my trials had lasted much longer, I should certainly have had a gray head upon young shoulders. Perhaps I should have sunk into the grave with a nervous fever, and had "Died of baby-nursing" for an epitaph upon my tombstone. Fortunately for the public in general, and me in particular, I was spared such a catastrophe by the return of the mother, who burst panting into the room at the critical moment when my Job-like patience had miserably perished—by degrees, as the water leaks from a broken hoop bucket. With what a feeling of relief did I look up at the old clock as it announced to me its most cheerful tones, "She's come! she's come!"

Would you believe it?—but I'm sure you can't, the fact seems too great an enormity—that little piece of perversity was as quiet as a lamb in a minute! Why, the mother was so deceived that she actually called it her "precious lamb"! I heard her, and was astounded. I wonder she didn't feel sheepish; I know I did. Lamb, indeed! If that was being a lamb, what would it be when it became a mutton? Why, it was fast asleep again in no time, and laughing in its dreams over the fun it had enjoyed. Didn't I vow never to be caught alone with a baby again? If ever I am, may I be served in the same manner again.

[Lady's Book.]

### WHAT LOVE WILL ACCOMPLISH.

"This will never do," said little Mrs. Kitty; "how I came to be such a simpleton as to get married before I knew how to keep house, is more and more of an astonisher to me. I can learn, and I will! There's Bridget told me yesterday there wasn't time to make a pudding before dinner. I had my private suspicions, but she was imposing upon me, though I did not know enough about it to contradict her. The truth is, I'm no more mistress of this house than I am of the Grand Seraglio. Bridget knows it, too; and there's Harry (how hot it makes my cheeks to think of it!) couldn't find an eatable thing on the dinner table yesterday. He loves me too well to say anything, but he looks such an ugly frown on his face when he sits his cigar, and went off to his office. Oh, I see how it is."

"One must eat in matrimony, and love is neither bread nor honey, and so, you understand."

"What on earth sent you over here in this dismal rain?" said Kitty's neighbor, Mrs. G. "Just look at your gaiters." "Oh, never mind gaiters," said Kitty, anything her "riquete," and throwing herself on the sofa. "I don't know any more about cooking than a six weeks' kitten; Bridget walks over my head with the most perfect Irish nonchalance; Harry looks as solemn as an ordained bishop; the days grow short, the bills grow long; and I'm the most miserable Kitty that ever mewed. Do have pity on me, and initiate me into the mysteries of broiling, baking, and roasting; take me into your kitchen now, and let me go into it while the fit is on me. I feel as though I could roast Chanticleer and all his hen-harems."

"You don't expect to take your degree in one forenoon?" said Mrs. G., laughing immoderately.

"Not a bit of it! I intend to come every morning, if the earth don't whirl off its axle. I've locked up my guitar, and my French and Italian books, and that irresistible 'Festus,' and nerved myself like a female martyr to look a griffin in the face without flinching. Come, put down that embroidery, there's a good Samaritan, and descend with me into the lower regions, before my enthusiasm gets a shower bath; and she rolled up her sleeves from her round white arms, took off her rings, and tucked her curls behind her ears.

Very patiently did Mrs. Kitty keep her resolution; each day added a little to her store of culinary wisdom. What if she did flavor her first custards with peppermint instead of lemon? what if she did "baste" a turkey with saleratus instead of salt? what if she did season the stuffing with ground cinnamon instead of pepper? Rome wasn't built in a day—cooks can't be manufactured in a minute.

Kitty's husband had been gone just a month. He was expected home that very day. All the morning the little wife had been getting up a congratulatory dinner, in honor of the occasion. What with satisfaction and the kitchen fire, her cheeks glowed like a milkmaid's. How her eyes sparkled, and what a pretty little triumphant toss she gave her head, when that big trunk was dumped down in the entry. It wasn't a bad thing, sometimes, to have a secret enemy from one's own husband.

"On my word, Kitty," said Harry, holding her off at arm's length, "you look most provokingly well! do for a widow 'pro tem.' I don't believe you have mourned for me the breath of a sigh. What have you been about? who has been here? and what mine of fun is to be prophesied from that merry twinkle in the corner of your eye? Anybody hid in the closet or cupboard? Have you drawn a prize in the lottery?"

"Not since I married you," said Mrs. Kitty; and you are quite welcome to that sugar-plum to sweeten your dinner."

"How Bridget has improved," said Harry, as he plied his knife and fork industriously. "I never saw these woodcock outdone, even at our bachelor club rooms at—House. She shall have a present of a pewter cross, as sure as she has the detestable messes she used to concoct with her Catholic fingers."

"Let me out! let me out!" said a stifled voice from the closet—"you can't expect a woman to keep a secret forever."

"What on earth do you mean, Mrs. G.?" said Harry, glancing shaking hand.

"Why, you see," Bridget has received, I mean, little Mrs. Kitty there, improved, my hands yesterday a diploma, certifying her Mistress of Arts, Hearts, and Drumsticks, having spent every morning of your absence in perfecting herself as a housekeeper. There now, don't drop on your knees to her till I have

gone. I know very well when there is a crowd, or to speak more fashionably, when I am "de trop," and I'm only going to stop long enough to remind you there are some wives left in the world, and that Kitty is one of 'em."

And now, dear reader, if you doubt whether Mrs. Kitty was rewarded for all her trouble you'd better take a peep into that parlor, and while you are looking, let me whisper a secret in your ear confidentially. You may be as beautiful as Venus, and as talented as Madame de Staël, but you'll never reign supreme in your leige lord's affections, till you can roast a turkey.

FANNY FERN.

### Housing and Painting Farm Vehicles.

It is strange what a difference there is among farmers with regard to the importance of housing their wagons and carts. Prudent, economical men, in most things, are wholly insensible to the great loss they experience by allowing their expensive vehicles to be beaten upon and soaked by the storms, and checked and shrunk by the blazing sun.

Wagons and carts from the maker's shop are seldom well painted. The owner gets as anxious to be using his new cart, and the old one seems so unbearable, that the cart is taken from the shop before the little openings in the wood and the joints are half filled with paint—the farmer guesses it will do, and away it goes to commence a straight-forward course to decay. A few days after, it rains. The cart body is soaked through. The joints absorb water and swell. By and by, when the water has dried out, after having been dragged about the farm for several days, the joints become loose. This process repeats itself, and is repeated a sufficient number of times to give you a heavy, rickety body, which, in a few years, breaks up and sends you to the mechanic again.

But the wheels are the most important part. Upon them has the most labor been expended in proportion to their weight, and of them should the most care be taken. The hubs, generally, are made of elm. Elm, exposed to the weather, is of short duration. It is used because it is difficult to split it in driving the spokes. White-oak hubs invariably check and open, when uncovered by paint, and exposed to the weather. White-oak timber, indeed all timber, loses its strength and tenacity after being again and again exposed to rain and air. The hubs then grow soft, the spokes settle into a very little, and the consequence is that the tire is loose, and the blacksmith's aid is needed.

A wagon left out of doors will in a few years become a spongy, heavy mass, unprofitable to use. As proof of the correctness of these remarks, we know of a farmer who has run down three sets of wheels by exposure, and not by work, while another has a pair of wheels perfectly sound, built a year or two before his neighbor's first pair. In the first case the wheels have never been housed, winter nor summer; but have been left by the roadside, as if impracticable as the stone wall to injury from the weather. In the other case the cart has been uniformly housed, and always well painted. It must be very intelligible to the reader which is the wiser course.

### PAINTING FARM VEHICLES.

The reason for painting farm vehicles as well as housing them are many and obvious. Paint affords a present shelter. You are sometimes necessarily out in the rain. Your well painted wheel will be injured but a little. Paint closes up the pores and keeps in that life of the wood, which is its whole strength. Besides, a man will work more cheerfully and accomplish more when things are a "little decent" about him. The appearance of good, convenient, respectable vehicles about a farm is always agreeable to the stranger. Their influence too, upon the laborer's spirit and temper, is worthy of consideration.

A word as to the colors most suitable to use in painting. As your vehicles will have to be out in the hot sun, while in service, the lighter the color the less will the wood shrink. A wheel painted black will become as hot in the sun as the hand can bear; while another painted a light lead color, which is the cheapest, will be cold to the touch. Of course in the former case the wood will shrink, loosening the tire, while in the latter all will remain firm.

[N. E. Farmer.]

The following is a letter from a Turkish Cadi, to Mr. Layard:



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... APRIL 21, 1853.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

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

## Local Agents.

Persons wishing to subscribe or pay for the Mail, can do so by calling on the following persons:

C. C. WHEELER, Canaan; J. B. TOZER, W. Waterville; J. D. H. BULLOCK, Clinton; E. S. PAGE, Kendall's Mills; R. AYER, Windsor.

Rev. HOBART RICHARDSON, Travelling Agent.

## The Mormons.

A writer in Harper's Magazine sounds the alarm in view of the rapid increase of this wonderful people. In giving a somewhat extended history of the sect, he fails not to commend, even in strong terms, some of the prominent instances in which they have exhibited to the world examples of christian submission that would put our Pilgrim fathers to the blush. When their prophets were dragged away to prison, and afterwards brutally murdered in violation of the solemn pledge of the Governor of a christian State, they meekly submitted to the wrong without an attempt at revenge. When their beautiful city was threatened with fire and sword, in violation of all acknowledged civil or religious rights, and by a people who profess a deep reverence for both, they meekly asked time to finish their sacred temple and dedicate it to the christian's God; and the same day it was done, in fulfillment of their pledge, they started for a land of promise in the far-off wilderness. In their dreary march, with their suffering wives and children to deepen their trial, they were pursued by a demand from the Governor of the State from which they had been thus cruelly driven out, for five hundred soldiers for the Mexican war! Five hundred fathers and sons were quietly yielded to the demand, who submissively marched back, to fight battles they had never countenanced, and from all interest in which they had been thus cruelly driven. Committing their wives and children to the God they worshipped, and under him, to their fellow-worshippers, they humbly embraced a martyrdom that would have broken the boasted faith of their christian persecutors. Even the burning of their temple, and the driving from their deserted city in mid-winter of the women and children who from necessity were left behind, provoked not the slightest act of vengeance. That God did not make them the instruments of vengeance, might indeed excite the wonder of those who acknowledge a better creed than theirs.

In their new homes, away in the heart of the great American wilderness, the Mormons have adopted a constitution upon the principle of that of the United States, and by their own request have been admitted to a territorial government.

This is the people against whom the writer alluded to sounds the alarm. Had he lived at that period, would he not have sounded the alarm that resulted in hanging the Quakers? Which are more truly the children of the christian's God, the people who permitted and even countenanced the outrages above detailed, or the Mormons who so meekly endured them? So long as men are judged by their fruits instead of their creeds, we would sooner trust ourselves to the tender mercies of the disciples of Jo Smith, than to those who bear such fruit as the poor Mormons eat at the hands of the christian citizens of Illinois. This, we say, is not christian fruit; though the christian who would 'sound an alarm' in such a case would doubtless contend otherwise.

## The Senior Exhibition.

The annual exhibition of the Senior Class in Waterville College has been resumed, after a suspension of two years. It came off on Wednesday evening of last week, and the large audience present testified conclusively to the estimation in which the entertainment is held by our citizens. Large numbers went away, unable to get within the doors of the Chapel. The exercises were highly creditable to the class; and were we to particularize, we could designate several pieces as much above mediocrity. We are glad to see this pleasant festival resumed, and hope the 'reverend seniors' of coming years will see it sustained. A detachment of the Portland band were quite successful in discoursing acceptable music. In all respects, we may safely say the annual Senior exhibition has taken a good step onward.

**NATIONAL LAW SCHOOL.**—At a meeting of the Students of the State and National Law School, (recently removed from Ballston Spa to Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) held at the close of the winter term, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we regard the method of instruction which has been introduced into this Institution by its President as eminently calculated to effect the object at which it aims, viz: a thorough and systematic training of the student in every branch of the legal profession, thus rendering him familiar not only with the principles of legal science, but also with the details of its practice, and the great art of extemporaneous speaking.

Resolved, That the Faculty of this Institution are entitled to our gratitude for their unwearied exertions for our advancement; and while their legal knowledge commands our highest respect, their uniform kindness merits our highest regard.

**'UNCLE TOM' AT LAW.**—The New York Tribune says—

Mrs. Stowe's famous novel, after a career without precedent in literature, has at last arrived where literature can show plenty of precedents—it has got before the Courts. Mr. F. W. Thomas, a bookseller of Philadelphia, has caused Uncle Tom's Cabin to be translated into German, and has issued it in that language.

guage. This Mrs. Stowe regards as a violation of her copyright, and she has accordingly commenced a suit in the U. S. Circuit Court of that city against the publisher. In her complaint she not only alleges that she is the author of the original work, but that she has caused a German translation of it to be prepared and published, with the sale of which, as well as with her essential property in the book, the translation of Mr. Thomas is in conflict. She accordingly asks for a perpetual injunction upon his publication; and she has declined a proposal to compromise with Mr. Thomas, and insists on letting the law take its course.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

## Waterville Tree Association.

MR. EDITOR: I was very glad to notice your article in the Mail of last week, upon the subject of trees. A little less than one year since, I wrote a few lines for your paper upon the importance of planting shade trees in our village, and endeavored to show some of the advantages to be gained by a little liberality in this matter, both by landlord or land-owner, and tenant. But I had the misfortune to be a little too late, and therefore failed to awaken an interest in the subject.

Probably some of our citizens will this year also take the same view of this matter as did another man, in the story told by Rev. Mr. Thurston in his lecture before the Lyceum. 'An old man lived in a large, old-fashioned, square house, which stood out prominently in an angle of the road, without tree or shrub near it to afford shelter from the fury of winter wind or heat of summer sun.' Being asked one day why he did not plant trees around his dwelling, he replied that he was so old he could not expect to live to enjoy their shade. 'Plant for posterity then,' said his neighbor. 'For posterity!' the old man replied, 'what has posterity done for me?' Let us hope, however, that we have but few if any such men (?) in our village.

Some may urge as an excuse for doing nothing that we are already ahead of other villages. Well, let such visit Brunswick and some other places in our own State, and Worcester, Northampton, &c., in Massachusetts, and see the contrast between those places and our own; and then in some hot, glaring mid-day next July travel through our streets, say Water Street, and portions of others, and I think that idea will get scorched and sweated out of them.

I will not now attempt to set forth any of the almost innumerable advantages of having all our streets liberally lined with shade trees, as such a thing cannot be necessary, nor was it my intention to do so when I commenced this paragraph. But I have reason to believe that there is a good feeling upon this subject, by many of our citizens, and that all we lack at this moment is some one to lead off to give the thing a start. Mr. Editor, will you please set the ball in motion? I will agree to drum recruits if you will just back me up with an appeal, and appoint a time and place for a meeting. Individual effort will accomplish much in any good work, but when that effort is concentrated, good results are sure to follow, and this we can have if we will.

Well, then—we propose a meeting at the Town Hall, on Saturday evening, this week. Now let 'M,'—who is a tolerable host in himself—and all others who feel a spark of village pride, of any kind or pertaining to any department, come together and do something to beautify and improve our village.

## Pruning Fruit Trees.

At a late Legislative Agricultural Meeting, at the State House, in Boston, Mr. Brown, editor of the N. E. Farmer, made some remarks on the subject of pruning trees, which we think worthy of attention—especially as those who know Mr. Brown will regard him as good authority. There is much difference of opinion in regard to the time of pruning. We have had some little experience which goes most conclusively to sustain Mr. Brown's theory; which is, to trim while the sap is not in full flow. He would trim after the tree is full of young foliage, or in the autumn when the sap is in repose. He is confident trees may be trimmed in mid-summer without injury. He says, if trimmed when the sap is not in flow, a smooth green bark forms about the edges of the wound, and the healing process is more rapid and complete. 'It is the running sap that prevents the healing process.' He considered the New England practice of trimming in March and April, destructive to fruit trees. Those who think otherwise should experiment carefully, unless they have already done so.

## PORTLAND &amp; KENNEBEC RAILROAD.

The construction of this road from Augusta to Skowhegan has been put under contract; to be completed to Waterville by the first of August, 1854, and to Skowhegan by the first of November following—provided the sum of \$350,000 is procured in bona fide subscriptions. The cost of construction averages about \$11,000 per mile. The route is to be that of Chase's survey, East side of the Kennebec, and crossing into Waterville at Rock Island, just above Ticonic Bridge. The friends of the road express great confidence that ground will be broken as early as June next. This, however, must depend upon the success met in procuring subscriptions.

## Increasing the Flock.

Mr. John Earl, of this town, who has wintered a small flock of nine ewe sheep, finds them increased to twenty-five this Spring.—Seven of the nine brought twins. Though this may be counted rare luck, it indicates, at the same time, good care and good feed.

## Seedling Apple Trees.

Those in want of seedling apple trees, for transplanting, will find them by applying to our friend Crowell Taylor, of North Belgrade.

THE PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT last week commenced its 17th volume, with new type and increased dimensions. It is an excellent paper and deserves the large patronage it receives.

To BUILDERS.—We call attention to the notice of the schoolhouse Building Committee, in another column. Two houses, to cost some two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars each, are offered to the best bid. The old brick school-house, on College-st., is also in the market, on the same terms. Who bids?

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for May, contains an unusual amount of reading matter, and is embellished with forty engravings. Hereafter colored Fashions will be given in each number. This is emphatically a magazine for the ladies. Only three dollars a year.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE for May, with its 144 pages of reading, is before us, beautifully illustrated, and every way attractive. Graham promises one of the finest steel engravings that has ever appeared in his magazine, in his next number.

## ANTI-VASSAL MEETING.

Agreeably to a call signed by Peter Cooper, Gilmore Bliss and Moses Harris, the settlers on the several tracts of land in Kennebec, Lincoln and Somerset counties, which have been claimed by one Henry Webster, as devise under the will of Florentius Vassal, assembled at the Court House, in Augusta, on Tuesday, April 12th, 1853.

The meeting was called to order by Moses B. Bliss, Esq., of Pittston, on whose motion, Nathaniel Dennet, Esq., of Bowdoin, was elected chairman, and James L. Carpenter, of Pittston, chosen secretary.

The chairman stated the object of the meeting at length, substantially as follows:

The object of this meeting is quite explicitly set forth in the call. It need not be repeated, that the action against Mr. Cooper, which had been so long pending in the United States Court, has taken a very unexpected turn, by the reversing of the ruling of Judge Woodbury and Judge Ware, by the Superior Judges at Washington; it now behoves those interested in the termination of that suit, to look about them, and learn what further action should be had to meet their opponents, and best defend this suit in the future. It must be apparent to us all, that a crisis will soon arrive, which will tell mightily upon our interests, and our future prospects. To meet that crisis in a proper manner, it is all important that we should be well prepared, and that preparation it was thought could not be effected in the most judicious manner, without a union of sentiment, as well as a union of interest; and that oneness could not be produced, while we remained apart. Therefore, it was thought, the safest way to ensure the great object, to meet and interchange views and reciprocate our feelings as well as to express our opinions to each other, on this momentous subject. It is all important too, that we should adopt such measures in the future, as will best subserve our interest, and that in those measures, when adopted, all should have a voice, and all should assist in proportion to their interest in the consummation of our great object. The particular subjects that shall be here introduced for discussion, and the course of your deliberations, are for you to dictate, but however intensely we may feel on this all important subject, let our deliberations and conduct be such at this meeting, as will commend our cause to the approbation of our fellow citizens throughout this State and the world.

The first step that naturally calls for your attention, is further defending the present action. If there has been anything done wrong, or omitted to be done, that should have been done, which I do not know as to be the case, let us now take counsel together, and pursue that course in heart and hand, that shall best subserve the future.

Voted, That a committee of five be nominated by the chair, and chosen, to draft an address and resolutions to be presented for the consideration of this meeting, and also some plan for the furtherance and consummation of the objects of this convention, and Moses B. Bliss, of Pittston; Jerome Burrill, of Fairfield; John Raymond, of Bowdoinham; Wm. Wilson, of Bowdoin; Moses Harris, of Pittston, were chosen said committee.

Voted, To adjourn to 1 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

## AFTERNOON.

The Convention assembled agreeably to adjournment.

Frederick Allen, Esq., having been requested to attend the meeting for the purpose of informing those interested, with respect to the nature of the claim of the defendant in the case of Webster vs. Cooper, gave a brief history of the origin of the claim of H. Webster, and what had been done in asserting it. Mr. Allen said it was stated that Webster was the great grandson of Florentius Vassal, formerly of London, who was supposed to have been a native of Mass., and left there prior to the year 1775, and never returned; that he died in the year 1777. Vassal was one of the proprietors of the Kennebec Purchase, and it was supposed that in an early division of a portion of the lands of the company which had been surveyed and located, certain lots were assigned to F. Vassal, and among others lot No. 17 in Pittston, on which Cooper's farm, for which this action is brought, is situated.

It was under the will referred to, that Webster derived his supposed claim.

In the year 1838 three actions were commenced by this same defendant, in the Circuit Court of the United States—one vs. Caleb Gilmore of Mercer; one vs. John Perry, of Bowdoin; and one vs. Peter Cooper, the present defendant. Different counsel were employed by each defendant. It was arranged that but one of these should be tried, the other two abide the result of that, and the several counsel in each of the actions agreed to act in concert in the one to be tried. The case of Gilmore was selected and was tried, and successfully defended before Judge Story and Judge Ware, and the two other actions were discontinued. A decisive objection to the maintenance of them was, that the mother of the plaintiff who, under the will, was supposed to have a life estate, was then living, and although the defendant produced a deed from his mother, and her husband, Lord Holland, to him, still, as the proof was ample that they were deceased at the time the deed was made, that nothing passed by it. Defendant heard nothing more of this claim until April, 1846, when he was again sued to the same Court by the same plaintiff for the same land. A trial was commenced in the Circuit Court before Judges Woodbury and Ware, in which certain facts, which had been proved in the case of Gilman, were argued. The defendant contended for a certain construction of the will, under which plaintiff claimed, and by which, if correct, his claim would be defeated. The plaintiff contended for a different construction. The Judges then determined to certify a division of opinion for the purpose of having the ruling of the Supreme Court of the United States upon all the

questions raised by the respective counsel.—The case was duly entered and fully argued before the Supreme Court of the United States, and an opinion was expected. Some days, or perhaps weeks after the argument, the Supreme Court determined to remand the case to the Circuit Court, on the ground that the division of opinion by the Judges of the Circuit Court was formal only, and not *decisive*, and that although they had formerly taken jurisdiction in such cases, the practice had been lately changed in that respect.

The case was then brought to trial a second time before Judges Woodbury and Ware at which the plaintiff presented the will of Vassal with the facts agreed, and each party by his counsel contended for his own construction.—The Court was no longer divided in opinion but instructed the jury that no legal estate in the premises demanded, ever vested in the defendant by virtue of said will, but that if the legal estate passed to any person, by the will, it was to certain trustees, named therein, and that the action therefore not being in the name of the trustees, could not be maintained. This opinion was excepted to, by the council for the defendant. Defendant's council also made several other requests in relation to the Statute of Maine of the 11th of Aug. 1848, which the Court declined to give, as the ruling already made was decisive of the action; and being certified, a writ of error was sued out to the Supreme Court, and was argued at the last term of the Court, and in which an opinion has been delivered reversing the judgment of the Judges of the Circuit Court, and remanding the case to the same Court for a further trial.

Whatever legal principle has been decided in this case, the defendant must abide by, and submit to. But any defence which he has not presented in the former trial, and which the Supreme Court have never considered, nor in any manner acted upon, is still open to him.—It is supposed that he has such grounds of defence—and those more than one—upon which he, with no small confidence trusts will be considered, and held to be valid, against any claim which the defendant may assert or endeavor to maintain. Considering the peculiar nature and character of this claim—its having lain so long dormant, and unknown, together with its great extent—embracing, it is supposed, the twenty-fourth part of the whole patent—it is not surprising that the defendant, and many of his fellow-citizens should feel no small degree of interest.

The committee appointed in the morning reported the following address and resolutions, also, a plan of operations in the event of another prosecution.

The address and resolutions were adopted unanimously.

[We are unable to find room for the address at the late hour at which we received it.—The resolutions, however, embody the spirit of it, and will be found below.]

Resolved, That in the opinion of this convention neither the King of England, nor any other foreign monarch ever had just and valid title, or claim to lands in the Kennebec Valley, extending from Merry Meeting Bay fifteen miles on each side, to the Kennebec River, and that having no original right or valid claim, he could not grant or legally convey to others what he never possessed. Hence any grant from him to the colony, or of Plymouth, or of that colony, is invalid and without just or true foundation.

Resolved, That it is evident from the conduct of Florentius Vassal and those claiming under him, that if they ever supposed their claim to be based on a valid grant to any part or parcel of the lands in question, by purchase or otherwise, they evidently considered them valid previous to our revolution, therefore allowed them to remain dormant and unimproved, and are astonished during his long life, which terminated in 1778. Resolved, That the fact that the said Florentius Vassal, previous to his death, and that his heirs have not during the 75 years which have elapsed since said Vassal's death, had any agent or person in this country to take the least supervision or care of said claim—nor have they ever entered or recorded their claim in any public registry or document in this country—is abundant and conclusive proof that their claim has been actually abandoned by them for nearly 100 years.

Resolved, That as said lands have been abandoned by said Vassal and his heirs for nearly one hundred years, and been in the actual peaceful occupancy and possession of others for the past century, and no just person can fail to award them to the person who has occupied and cultivated them for this period, by themselves or descendants, rather than to those who have long since abandoned and desisted from a long and now harassing the true proprietors, by repeated, vexatious and expensive lawsuits.

Resolved, That we are grieved to say that our early laws, and many still remaining on our statute books, touching landed estates in this country, were framed mostly for the benefit and to suit the wishes of large landed proprietors, and the decisions and constructions in regard to those laws were made mostly by judges, who were either proprietors themselves, or influenced by proprietors to whom they owed their appointments.

Resolved, That we the members of this convention are a law-abiding people—we plant ourselves on the soil of Maine and are willing that our rights and interests should be adjudged by those laws, and a jury of our peers, and shall abide such decisions as shall be promulgated through such a source.

Resolved, That if foreigners and mercenary men are permitted to prosecute our quiet and stable citizens with impunity, and harass them with expensive and unfounded claims—if our laws are to be rendered null and void that such claims may be substantiated and made valid, we can only say, when that crisis arrives, we shall turn to the sword, and defend our rights to the last drop of our blood, and to the last breath of our life.

The committee also reported a resolution proposing a committee of three to raise by subscription at this meeting, a sum of money to assist Mr. Cooper in the further defense of this action.

Gilmore Bliss, Wm. R. Jones, and Moses Harris, were chosen said committee.

Voted, That a committee of three be chosen to have the supervision in connection with the defendant of the present suit, and also, all future actions that may be brought against any who shall associate with them for the general protection of our rights.—And said committee may select one of their number to act in concert with said Cooper and his attorney or attorneys, in defending the suit.

Nathaniel Dennet, Moses B. Bliss, and Jerome Burrill were elected said committee.

Voted, That the above named committee be hereby authorized to call future meetings of the settlers, whenever they may deem it expedient.

Voted, That James M. Carpenter is hereby elected Treasurer.

Voted, That the Secretary request the several papers in this city to publish the proceedings of this meeting, with a request to other public journals in the State to copy.

NATHANIEL DENNETT, Ch'm.

J. M. CARPENTER, Sec'y.

[Kennebec Journal.]

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—During the thunder storm yesterday forenoon, two wild ducks were 'taken on the wing' by a flash of lightning, and dropped near South Boston bridge, in the water. They were seen to fall, and Mr. Joseph Colburn, wood and coal dealer on Turnpike street, South Boston, went out and picked them up. One of them had a head taken completely off. The feathers on the neck were partly singed. The other had a wing taken off, and the feathers on his back plucked as smoothly as if done by hand. They can be seen, one at Colburn's and the other at Amasa May's, 208 Sea-street wharf. This is as sportsman-like shooting as any we have seen for many a day.—[Boston Herald.]

The New York Tribune contradicts a paragraph, which is going the rounds, to the effect that the popular author of 'The Wide World' is dead.

It says, 'she is the daughter of Henry W. Warner Esq., a distinguished member of the New York bar, and we trust

will long live to grace the social circle which is justly proud of her fame. The name of Wetherell was always understood to be a 'nom de plume.'

## A. AND K. RAILROAD.

A Committee, embracing a good share of the financial talent in the Company, was appointed at the recent meeting of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, at Waterville, to take into consideration the various means that have been proposed for liquidating the floating debt, and to report at an adjourned meeting in three weeks. In that committee we have the fullest confidence, and we doubt not their ability to make their way to some feasible plan to secure the object. It will be strange, indeed, if a company embracing so much energy and wealth—a company that has surmounted so many and great difficulties—that has a road completed and in perfect running order—a road that is now paying an interest on over twelve hundred thousand dollars, with a constant and steady increase—it will be strange indeed if such a company shall allow their whole stock to be sunk because they will not come up to the work of raising something over \$250,000 to pay their present indebtedness. We presume that we now have the whole amount of our debt, and that we shall have no lengthening train or bills coming in hereafter to burden the treasury, and surprise and discourage the stockholders. It is best to know the worst, and if possible provide for it, and we trust we do know it now, and that we shall be willing and able to provide for it. We know not and cannot even conjecture what measures the committee may devise and mature for presentation to the stockholders. One thing, however, is certain; this debt be it what it may, must in some way be paid by the owners of the present stock. It must directly or indirectly come out of their pockets. Devise what measures we may, that must be the issue. And each stockholder has got in some way also to pay his fair proportion now or hereafter. Whether the proposition of the Directors is adopted, or new bonds are issued or new stock at par value, the \$800,000 worth of stock now taken, must somehow meet it. It would be well for each stockholder just to look at it in this simple way, and it might lead to a more general unanimity as to the measure which shall be adopted. Go round about it as he may, each has got to pay his share of this debt. If a man owns a single share, he will have to pay some thirty-five or seven dollars more, to meet his part of it. There is no possible escape that we can see. There is so much property to pay so much debt, and there can be no shirking.—Now if this is so, why should we not all come up in manly style, and do the manly thing?—But nearly all take it for granted that this cannot be done. It may be so, and if it is so, why those who will pay the debt must in some way just take so much of the stock of those who will not, as will enable them to do it. It amounts just to that and no more. The shirks will not shirk after all. They are doomed, as they ought to be, to pay their honest debts. Each man that owns stock in that road is just as much bound, in conscience, to pay his proportion of that debt as if it were one of his own contracting, and if he will not do it voluntarily, the law will constrain him to do it. He may elect the way in which he will do it, whether by subscribing for new shares or sinking his old ones, or if worst comes to worst, by his personal liability to the amount of his present stock; but do it he must. There is no discharge here. And if so, why should we not come up and pay it fairly and equally, as we pay any other debts that we are personally liable for. If the present owners cannot or will not pay it, it must be given up to those who will. Every stockholder at the recent meeting was looking round for light—for some man who could speak the word that would relieve the difficulty and behold there was no word spoken. No man can speak the word which will relieve men singly or in a body from the responsibility of paying their debts. It is reduced simply to this, either pay or be compelled to pay. If men had the will, the work would be done speedily.—[Lewiston Journal]

DEATH ON THE RAILROAD.—Charles Morrill, a bright and intelligent lad 8 1-2 years of age, son of the late Otis H. Morrill, Esq., of Lowell, was instantly killed on the track of the Norwich Railroad, near the Junction Depot, in this city, yesterday morning. With several other lads, he was playing with the wheels of an engine truck, alternately pushing them forwards and backwards on the track, and riding on them, and he fell off the frame work while the wheels were in motion, and two wheels passed over his head.—[Worcester Spy, 16th.]

We learn from a Bangor paper, that Hon. JOHN HODGSON, of Houlton, in this State, has been appointed Consul at Rouen in France. Rouen is a city in the north of France, on the Seine, near Havre, and has a population of about 100,000 inhabitants.

DECIDEDLY THE BEST OUT.—Here is a brick-bat, lately thrown by a political editor in Kentucky. It will bear perusal, especially by those who know the party of the last part:

'We are informed that in several parts of this Congressional District, Col. Sam Pike, of the 'Flag,' and formerly of this city, has been favorably spoken of for Congress. Pike's qualifications and patriotism are highly commended in some places. Our personal regard for him is extensive; as to his legislative qualifications we know nothing—but for his patriotism, when we last saw him, he knew 'North, not South, not East, not West! We kindly extended him our arm and led him up an alley.'

A new Hotel is to be built at Albany, in which all lazy folk will 'put up.' There is to be no 'gittin' up stairs' at all in the establishment. When a person wishes to go either up or down, all that is necessary to do is to sit down in a chair and pull a bell rope which indicates the floor to be taken to, when a steam 'dummy' does the job in no time.

The Madiahs have been released from their Tuscan imprisonment and secretly sent off to France.

A Professorship for the benefit of those who intend to become farmers is about to be established at the Literary Institution at Fairfax, Va. There will be an effort made to endow this Professorship with the sum of \$20,000, and to make its benefits available by the practical farmers of the vicinity. To this end instruction will be given in those branches of Natural Science connected with Agriculture, lectures will be delivered, and apparatus will be furnished for experimenting.

## The Forthcoming Grass Crop.

The grass crop next summer, in this State, on old fields must necessarily be a small one. The severe drought of last year, absolutely killed out the grass roots very extensively, so that nothing but weeds and other foul stuff will appear upon them this spring. All such fields must be plowed up and planted to corn, potatoes, turnips, &c., or sowed to wheat and other grains. But this will be impossible, as there is not manure enough to manure the lands.—Would it not be well even without manure, to plow up all such fields as will yield but a small grass crop, and sow them to oats for fodder? Cut when in the milk, they will be worth more than an equal weight of hay. Grass seed does not catch well in the spring with oats, but if sown on the stubble after reaping, the seed will vegetate, obtain a good growth before winter, and yield a good crop, according to the strength of the soil the next year.

Another thing: we recommend that farmers plow dead grass fields, apply ashes, lime, muck, sea-weed, or anything else that will fertilize the soil, at their command, and sow corn in drills or even broadcast, to be cut whilst the stalks and leaves are young and tender. This will afford an excellent fodder, and the cutting will not kill the roots, which will send forth new shoots that may afford a second crop before frost comes in September. Let turnips, carrots, mangel wurtzels &c. be liberally sown the forthcoming spring. Every plan must be contrived honestly to make up for the deficiency in the grass crop of the next summer.

Whether hay is scarce or plenty, no man who keeps horses or neat stock should suffer his creatures to live all winter without a regular supply of esculent roots. They are almost indispensable to the health and thrift of animals which require by nature green and succulent food all the year. To keep cattle on dry hay—which nature never designed—and water is a cruelty. Carrots, beets, &c., afford a moist as well as nutritious food, that keeps the bowels and skin in a healthy state. One acre of carrots is worth more than many acres of dry hay to a stock of cattle. They are worth almost as much bushel for bushel as corn.

[Gospel Banner.]

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.—The demand for this monthly is such that the publisher has been compelled to reprint several of the back numbers. Since the price was reduced from five to three dollars its circulation has been increased nearly four to one. Mr. Samuel Hueston the publisher, now furnishes the Knickerbocker, or the Home Magazine, and will endeavor to penetrate the Polar Sea via Baffin's Bay.

The FAMILY CIRCLE and PARLOR ANNUAL for April, has been received from the publisher, James S. Reed, 140 Fulton street, N. Y. It is prettily embellished, and the articles are most appropriately chosen for the home circle.

A woman in Sutton, N. H., recently became the mother of four live, bouncing boys, at a single birth. At the latest advice, the whole crowd were doing not only 'as well as could be expected,' but rather better.

A gentleman of this city recently married a woman reputed to be rich, who turned out to be poor, and some seven hundred dollars in debt, which debt he had to liquidate; she assured him, however, that the debt was contracted for dry goods which she bought to captivate him. Think of a fish paying for the hook with which it is caught.

We understand that an interesting revival of religion is in progress among the Free Will Baptists in Bath, and that twenty-five converts were baptized on Fast Day.

Dr. Kane is in Washington, and has received his instructions from the navy department for his northern expedition. He expects to sail about the 1st of May, in Mr. Grinnell's brig Adventure, and will endeavor to penetrate the Polar Sea via Baffin's Bay.

Mrs. Sinclair, late Mrs. Forrest, sailed from New Orleans, a few days ago, for California.

Wool.—The farmers are getting good prices for their wool. The Buffalo, Commercial states that about two-thirds of the clip of Knox county, Ohio, has been sold on the sheep's backs at prices ranging from 42 to 62 cents, averaging about 50 cents. One party bought 180,000 pounds at an early period, at an average of 44 a 45 cents. Afterwards, some 70,000 or 80,000 pounds were bought at higher rates, say 55 to 62. The entire crop, it is sup-



S. M. Pettengill's Boston Directory.

**CAN BE FOUND**  
**At the Hanover St. Carpet & Window Shade**  
**WAREHOUSE.**  
A fresh and full assortment of CARPETINGS, of every  
description. Also, a large stock of  
*Oil Cloths, Window Shades,*  
Curtain Fixtures—Muslin—Damasks—Cornices—Band-  
Stuffs, &c. &c.

**BETTER GOODS AND LOWER PRICES  
CANNOT BE FOUND**  
at any store in Boston.  
Window Shades of every description painted and put  
up to order. Particular attention paid to store shades.  
Carpets made and put down at short notice.  
**FRANKLIN CROSSBY,**  
100 N. B. Street.

Corner of Blackstone and Salem streets, BOSTON.  
**HOLMAN & FERNALD,**  
 (Late EDWARDS, HOLMAN & Co.)  
 Manufacturers of  
**Improved Salamander Safes,**  
 Patent Gunpowder Locks, Bank Vaults, Steel Lined

Chesley, &c. &c., Nos. 46 and 48 Congress street, Boston.

**GEORGE WOODS & CO.,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF CARLART'S MELODEONS  
With the Patent SYMPATHETIC ATTACHMENT.  
No. 88 Hanover, and 90 Tremont streets Boston.

**HENRY TOLMAN,**  
153 Washington Street, BOSTON,

(Directly opposite the Old South Church)  
 Importer and ~~Manufacturer~~ of  
*Musical Instruments & Musical Merchandise*  
 of every description.  
 Just published—The Union Glee Book, Price \$4.50  
 per dozen; No. 4 Eaton's Harmony, containing 3 Quick  
 steps, 1 March, 1 Funeral March, 2 Polkas, 1 Schottische  
 1 Waltz, 1 Mazourk, 2 Gallops, all arranged for full

military brass bands—price \$5.  
 N. B.—Second-hand Piano Fortes for sale.  
**ARTISTS' SUPPLY STORE.**  
 M. J. WHIPPLE,  
 35 Cornhill, BOSTON.  
 Importer and Dealer in  
*Oil Colors, Canvas, Brushes, and*

Materials for Artists, of every description.  
 Also DRAWING and CRAYON MATERIALS.  
**EARL W. JOHNSON,**  
 Importer and Wholesale Dealer in  
*Clothing, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, and*  
 FURNISHING GOODS,  
 At Nos. 29 and 30 Dock Square, and 37 and 39 Exchange

street, Boston.  
N. S. DEARBORN,  
Dealer in  
*Fancy Bordered Cards, Note Papers,*  
Plain and Fancy Envelopes, and Wedding Stationery  
Generally. Card Plates Engraved and Printed in beau-  
tiful style, at 22 1/2 School st., Boston.

**CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA.**  
F. S. SAXTON, PASSENGER AGENT,  
31 Washington street, (Joy's Building) Boston.  
 Steamers for California sail 5th and 20th  
of each month. Vessels for Australia  
every week. To secure good berths, application should  
be made early.  
A. N. Johnson, Music Dealer

**A. N. JOHNSON, Music Dealer,**  
No. 90 TREMONT STREET,  
Next to Tienout Temple.  
All sheet Music and Musical publications received as  
soon as published. New Piano-fortes from \$175 to \$300.  
Second hand Piano-fortes from \$25 to \$150 constantly  
on hand. Orders for any Musical Instrument or Musi-  
cal Publications promptly answered.

**STATIONERY AND BLANK BOOKS.**  
S. G. SIMPKINS,  
124 State street, Boston.  
Offers for sale an extensive assortment of BLANK  
BOOKS and STATIONERY, of the best quality, for the  
Counting House and School use.  
**A. D. PUFFER,**

31 and 33 Devonshire Street—manufacturer of  
**Soda Apparatus & Beer Pumps,**  
 Of the best quality. All kinds of Brass Goods used in  
 the line of Plumbing, and all jobs of PLUMBING done  
 in the most thorough manner. Also PUMPS, HORSE  
 LEAD PIPE and SHEET LEAD, WATER CLOSETS  
 &c., &c.  
**REDUCTION IN PRICE OF**

**BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID,**  
*For restoring, Preserving, and adorning the Hair,*  
 To the following low rates, viz.:  
 Bottles formerly sold at 50 cents reduced to 25 cents  
 " " " 75 " " " 30 "  
 " " " 100 " " " 75 "  
 The many worthless imitations of this celebrated Hair  
 Restorative, palmed on the public under the lure of  
 absurd claims, are hereby exposed.

Unpleasant, has determined the inventor to crush them by selling his famous 'FLUON' at even a lower price than they can afford to sell their vile trash. At the same time, he assures the public that the 'HYPERION' will always continue to be as good as heretofore, which has given it celebrity throughout the globe. This, with 'Bogle's Electric Hair Dye,' and other preparation, are sold by his Agents everywhere in the United States and Canada.

W. S. FOLEY, *Anti-Mor and Proprietor*, 277  
Washington Street, **BOSTON.**  
**Pimples, Freckles, Blisters, Morphea, Tan, Sunburn, &**  
Completely removed by the use of the  
**ORANGE FLOWER LOTION.**  
The following letter has been received from Hon. A.  
R. Holladay, Member of Congress from the State of Vir-  
ginia. It forms a specimen of the many voluntary ac-  
knowledgments of the efficacy of the

House of REPRESENTATIVES,  
Washington, Feb. 7, 1853.

Orlando Tompkins, Esq.:

Sir—It gives me pleasure to say that the Orange Flower Lotion which I purchased of you has more than answered my expectations. It is by far the best compound I have ever used after the application of the re-

Very respectfully yours, ALEX. R. HOLLADAY.

that is necessary to entirely eradicate, producing a soft  
smooth, and clear skin. Made and Sold at wholesale  
and retail, by ORLANDO TOMPKINS, Druggist,  
271 Washington street, corner Winter street, Boston  
and by all Druggists in the United States and Canada.

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**Medical Notice to Females.**  
**DR. C. W. CALKINS.**  
 Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.

Office, 145 Pleasant St., BOSTON.

**S**PECIAL attention given to diseases of women and children. Many diseases considered incurable, relieved only by an operation, permanently cured by means at once simple and safe. Married Ladies, cured (from ill health, malformation, or other causes,) are exposed to great risk or uncommon suffering at their confinement, may learn to avoid those dangers, by a timely

ty application to Dr. Calkins, either personally or by letter. Patients from the country, visiting Boston for medical aid, should be sure to call on him.

Accommodations provided for those wishing to stay a few days in the city. All communications, strictly confidential, and promptly replied to.

Medicines safely sent to any part of the country, where desired.

*Clothing for the Million!*  
Wholesale Department.

Gentlemen's, Youth's and Little Children's Clothing, manufactured expressly for the New England Retail Trade.

Dealers will find my Stock unusually large, comprising every grade and variety of Goods from which selections can be

Also, a complete assortment of Gentlemen's and Youth's Furnishing Goods, &c.

Travellers may here procure, at a moment's notice, complete outfits for the Parlor, or the Drawing Room. Also, heavier garments for journeying.

Strangers in the city, Gentlemen and Ladies, are invited to visit this great

Clothing Emporium,  
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 Nos. 32, 34, 36 & 38 North Street,  
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