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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 41): April 28, 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 28, 1853.

NO. 41.

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## MISCELLANY.

### MABEL'S NEW YEAR.

BY MARY E.

"Little Mabel, little Mabel,  
Wanders forth upon the street,  
The frost upon her yellow hair,  
The snow beneath her feet."

It was a very cold, miserable garret room where Mabel Browne, a poor little bound girl, lay asleep one New Year's eve. The windows were broken in a great many places and stuffed with old rags, that did not keep out the cold at all; even the snow drifted in, and lay in little heaps upon the floor, close to the foot of Mabel's straw pallet, where she lay covered up with only a piece of old carpet. You wonder how she could sleep at all in such a place—where you are sure you could not. Poor little Mabel! she knew of no better things. Her parents had been poor, and had to work hard even to get something to eat; and when they died, Mabel was bound out to a huckster-woman, who gave her hard work and worse treatment all the day long. She had to do everything—wait in the shop, run errands, carry things home to customers, work about the house, wash and dress the children, and wait on them, and twenty other things besides; so that the poor child was tired enough to sleep soundly when she was allowed to go to bed, even on that miserable pallet.

By and by, while she lay there asleep, a boy came clattering at the door, and flung it open; when he saw Mabel asleep, he shouted down stairs:

"Mother! mother! what do you think? Mabel ain't up yet, and it's eight o'clock, and I had to dress myself all alone, and Jane ain't gettin' dressed neither. I say, mother!"

The little girl sprung up hastily, awakened by the rude noise, and hurried on her poor clothes, that she might go down to dress the children before their mistress came up. But she was not in time to escape a scolding for her laziness, accompanied with a slap, and an order to "go get Hub and Jane ready for breakfast that minute." Mabel was used to such treatment, she had to bear it daily and hourly. She did not cry or say a word, but dressed the children patiently, bearing with all their rudeness and fretfulness, though they imitated their mother and scolded her, and struck her because she had to wash them in cold water, and pinched her because their hair was tangled, and she could not comb it without hurting them, and gave her trouble in a great many ways. God had given the little girl a patient, gentle, forgiving spirit, and so she had strength to receive meekly all that she had to endure.

After she had given the children their breakfast and swallowed hers, she went into the back shop and sat down amongst a heap of evergreens, cedar and holly, and box, that she had been tying up into wreaths for sale. A lady had been there the day before and ordered a quantity of wreaths to decorate her parlors for New Year's day, and Mabel had been obliged to sit up very late the night before to finish them. Now she was laying them carefully into a large basket, in which they were to be sent home. She knew she would have to carry them, there was no one else to do it; and no matter if it was storming—if the snow did lie deep upon the ground, and Mabel had no shoes—if the sharp, sleety rain was pouring down, and Mabel had no cloak or warm covering. The huckster-woman never seemed to think that Mabel could feel cold or pain or weariness; and when she came into the back room, and found the girl and the basket of evergreens still there, she scolded her sharply for waiting, and bade her begone at once to carry them home. So Mabel, all barefoot as she was, and with only a ragged hood and an old scanty cape to protect her from the driving sleet, started out upon her errand. Poor child, it seemed a hard thing to have to contribute to other people's enjoyment, and she so miserable herself! She thought how beautiful the lady's parlors would be, adorned with the wreaths to make which her poor fingers had been torn and wounded; how richly the crimson holly berries would shine out from the dark leaves in the brilliant light, and how happy children would romp about the rooms, never thinking of the poor child who had come barefoot through the snow to bring those wreaths. It was no wonder that bitter tears started to her eyes, and wild, rebellious murmurings against God's providence rose in her heart.

It was a long way that Mabel had to go, away from the little, narrow, crowded streets with which she was familiar, up into a fashionable quarter of the city. She did not know her way very well, and had to look up often to notice the numbers of the houses; and once, looking up, her eyes met those of a child not older than herself, standing by a window, inside the curtains. What a contrast between the two children! Mabel starved and frozen, and miserable, barefoot in the snow; and the child at the window, beautiful as a dream, warm and rosy and richly dressed, standing amidst folds of lace and velvet drapery of almost royal splendor. Yet the beautiful child looked down kindly upon poor Mabel and smiled, and Mabel smiled back again, for the child's look had been like a sunbeam shining down into her eyes. Then the child beckoned with a little white hand, as if for Mabel to come to her, but Mabel did not dare to mount the marble steps of that splendid mansion. The child raised the window a little and called out to Mabel, "Stay till I come, and so ran away. Presently she was at the hall door, calling Mabel to come to her, so kindly, that Mabel, quite encouraged, came up the steps to the little lady.

"How cold you must be!" exclaimed the child, compassionately, taking Mabel's frozen fingers in her soft, rosy hands—"with no cloak on, and no shoes either! Why, how could your mother let you go out so?"

Mabel put her hands over her eyes and burst into tears. "I haven't any mother," she sobbed; "but it was not that thought, so much as the unaccustomed words of kindness, that made her cry."

"I'm so sorry!" said the child, pityingly; "but don't cry, I haven't any mother either; I've only a grandpa, but he loves me dearly, and gives me everything I want. So if I want some nice warm clothes for you, he'll give them to me I know. But you must come in first and get warm, and put your basket down here. I wouldn't carry that heavy basket any more."

The child took the basket and set it down upon the steps, and then drew Mabel into the house, across the hall, and up the broad, carpeted stair-case into the drawing room where she had been before. Poor Mabel, she stood bewildered with astonishment and admiration, in the center of that beautiful room. It seemed to her a dream of fairy land; she had never imagined the existence of such splendid things. The velvet carpet, so rich and glowing, into which her bare feet sank at every step, the luxurious couches and divans, and the mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling, the gorgeous curtains, and the pictures and statues, and the beautiful trifles scattered around upon the marble tables—everything was new and wonderful to Mabel. She looked down at herself, in all her tatters and misery, and then with a bitter sense of the contrast between herself and her surroundings, she would have run wildly from the room, from the house, out into the snow again. What business had she there? But the little lady held her hands, and drew her up to the grate, through the silver bars of which the glowing coals shed such a warm, crimson light. A large cushioned chair stood before the grate, and in this the child seated Mabel; then she sat down upon an ottoman by her and commenced talking to her, and asking her questions.

"Tell me what your name is, little girl," she said; "Mabel is it? what a pretty name Mabel is! My name is Adelaide, but nobody would ever know it, because grandpa always calls me lady-bird. I wish my grandpa was yours too, he is so good, and he would never let you go out into the cold so. Tell me all about it Mabel, where you live, and what makes you so poor. Maybe I can do something for you."

And so Mabel told her all her story, and all that she had to bear; how she was cold and hungry always, and badly treated and scolded and beaten at home. And the little Adelaide cried with pity and grief for the poor little bound girl, and Mabel cried too—it was so unusual a thing, this sympathy and kindness, that it affected her to tears much more readily than harsh words or ill-usage would have done. And there the two little children sat, all alone, for no one had been in the room all this time; and Mabel, in talking with Adelaide, had forgotten all about her errand and her basket of evergreens that she had left upon the door-step, and that she had staid away long past the time when she should have been at home again. But all at once, she remembered it, and sprung up in affright to go home.

"What will Mrs. James say because I have staid away so long? and oh! my basket—if anything should have happened to it!" she exclaimed in terror.

"We'll go and see," Adelaide said, and they went down to the hall door again and opened it to get the basket, but the basket was gone. Some one had passed by and taken possession of it, and it was of no use to look any farther for it. Poor Mabel burst into an agony of grief. She knew only too well what would be her fate if she had to go back without the basket, and without having done her errand. Adelaide tried to comfort her:

"Never mind about the basket, Mabel," she said; "I wouldn't care for the basket or the people; I wouldn't go back to live with people that treated me so! and you shan't go, Mabel; you shall stay and live with me always; I'll ask grandpa if you mayn't!"

Full of a new idea, the child ran across the passage, dragging Mabel after her up the staircase again. Running along the upper hall past the drawing-rooms, she mounted two steps at the extreme end of the hall, and knocked lightly at a door. A kind voice said, cheerily, "Come in, Lady-bird?" and then an old man in a crimson dressing-gown and a black velvet smoking-cap, with long silvery hair beneath it, came and opened the door.

"I had a fancy it was my Lady-bird's knock," he said, stooping down to kiss the child. "What is your pleasure, Queen Adelaide? Come forward and proclaim it!"

"And may Adelaide have her pleasure, grandpa, whatever it may be?"

"If she exacts nothing more than usually unreasonable—well, who's this?" he exclaimed in surprise, breaking off suddenly, as he saw Mabel for the first time. Poor Mabel! she had hidden behind Adelaide, trembling with a vague fear at the strangeness of her position, and half hoping to escape notice. Now she had to stand forth and bear the kind but inquisitive gaze of the old man's eyes. Poor Mabel, she hung her head down, in her shame and shyness, but for all that the old man could see that the face she was trying to hide was a very lovely one, with its large, sad eyes, and the delicate mouth and chin; even though the stain of tears was on the cheek, thin and pale from want and suffering, and roughened by constant exposure to wind and weather.

"Where did the poor child come from, Adelaide?" he asked wonderingly.

"Why, out of the street, grandpa, where she was walking in the snow with her naked feet. Only think of it, grandpa," exclaimed Adelaide indignantly—"the people she lived with sent her out to sell evergreens, and I saw her from the window and brought her in. And oh, grandpa, I want you to promise that she shan't go back to them any more—won't you? Mabel is too good to go back there, and I want her to stay with me always, and get dressed in some warm frocks, and be happy and comfortable. Mayn't I keep her, grandpa, say?"

How could he refuse the eloquent little pleader?—how turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of those childish lips, and the voiceless, but most earnest pleading of those sweet eyes uplifted to his, all wet with their recent weeping? Oh! grandpa loved Adelaide too well, and he was too good and kind-hearted himself, to deny her prayer long. I need not tell you of all the questions that he asked Mabel, and of all the answers that she gave him, but only that from Adelaide's pleading and his own conviction of the child's innocence and truth, written so plainly on both were on her sweet face, the old man consented at last to keep Mabel in the house, and take care of her always. She was to be Adelaide's little maid, and help her to dress and wait on her, and Mabel thought it would be a very different thing from being the maid to Mrs. James' rude children.

She could scarcely believe that she was not in a dream, when a few hours after she stood by Adelaide's side, before her grandfather. She was such a different person from the poor ragged child who had stood trembling there before. Now, she had a nice bath, and was so prettily dressed from head to foot, in garments richer and handsomer than she had ever dreamed of possessing. Her face was clean and pure and her pretty yellow hair, parted evenly from her forehead, clustered wavy around her neck; her neat dark merino dress fitted nicely to her figure, and her poor little feet had soft, warm stockings and shoes on. Altogether she looked so pretty and neat that Adelaide was perfectly charmed with her new little maid, and could not refrain from throwing her arms round her and kissing her; and the kind grandpa himself patted her head and told her to be a good girl.

So this was the commencement of Mabel's New Year, and of her new life, for after this, she never left Adelaide. She was so good, and faithful and affectionate, that all about the house soon grew to love the quiet little Mabel; and grandpa often told his Lady-bird that she never did a more fortunate thing than when in her childish compassion and pity for suffering, she brought the poor little bound girl into the house on that New Year's Eve.

### GRANDFATHER'S OLD FARM.

I was on my way in the cars from Maine to Boston, last week, and found myself upon a seat with a gentlemanly man, advanced in years to whom (as I honor old age) I endeavored to make myself agreeable, *en route*.

After the interchange of a few commonplace remarks, our conversation turned upon the subject of agriculture—the old and new modes of farming, &c., and I subsequently ascertained that my venerable acquaintance was a most intelligent farmer, who had retired, in his old age, upon a competency. As we dashed along in the cars, he entertained me with the substance of the following narrative; the details of which he assured me had transpired within his own knowledge.

"Speaking of the existing progress and improvements in agriculture," he said, "reminds me of an instance that occurred within my remembrance, which I will relate to you, if you are disposed to hear it. I thanked him, and he proceeded, nearly as follows:

"Some forty years or more ago, a neighbor of mine, C—, a Mr. Smith, occupied an immense tract of land, which he called 'a farm.' It was about thirty rods in width, and upwards of two miles in length—an old 'Indian grant,' as it was termed—upon which he had been brought up a 'farmer,' and where his father and grandfather and great-grandfather had lived before him.

"Each generation of the Smiths that had dwelt upon this strip of land had contrived to 'farm it' in the same old way, year in and year out, from father to son. The place had never known a dollar's incommence, scores of Smiths had been reared upon it, generation after generation came and passed away there, and the same cart paths, the same dilapidated old walls and fences, the identical sheds and shanties and decayed trees were still visible—almost the same furrow had been turned a hundred years, and more; when—as had been the custom of the Smith families on previous occasions, it finally came the turn of the then occupant to resign Grandfather's old place to his only son, Ben, now come of thirty.

"For five and forty years, at least, Ben's father had carried on this old farm. In all that long period, as regularly as the year rolled round, so regularly had Mr. Smith plowed up his eight acres, mowed all the grass that Providence would grow for him, pastured his ten sheep, reared his four head of cattle, fattened his three hogs, and wintered as many cows. But this was all.

"True, Mr. Smith had a great farm. He toiled like a trooper, from daylight till dark. He raised his own pork and corn, (such as it was,) his cattle and fodder, cut from his own forest the wood he burned—and never owed any man a farthing. He contrived, even, to pay his town and county tax, too, without borrowing money! But, he was literally 'even with the world!' for, while he owed no one, no one owed him a dollar. And so he lived, up to seventy.

"Ben," said the old man to his son, one evening, as they sat before the winter's fire, "I'm getting old. I've worked poorly hard here, for a good many years, and I've concluded to give up. It's your turn now."

"My turn for what?" asked Ben.

"To take charge of the old farm, Ben. You're young, and stout and healthy. I'm going to give up the homestead to you; and if you continue to labor constantly as I've done, and as your grandfather did afore you can get a good living off on't, as we have done. We can't take nothing out of this world, with us, Ben. Naked as we came into it, and so we must go out on't! But the old place is free from incumbrance, there never was a dollar mortgage on it, and I hope there never will be. I shall give you the farm—free and clear—to-morrow."

"Ben slept on this; and next day he was master of a farm thirty rods wide and two and a half miles long!

"I shall take the place, father," he said, "and carry it on; but not as you and grandfather did."

"And though the old gentleman shook his head, and looked earnestly over the bridge of his specs at his son, Ben was as good as his word; and forthwith he went to work in earnest.

"Spring came. Ben went into the old eight acre field and plowed up one-half of it. Up on this he had previously deposited the whole of the season's manure, that hitherto for years had been sparsely spread upon double the surface. He harrowed these four acres and planted them carefully. Hoeing-time came, and he had only one half the space to go over. The corn and potatoes looked finely, and the beets, the cabbages and the carrots grew marvelously, the good old man was crusty, and declared 'it wouldn't do'—that 'there wouldn't be roots enough.' But Ben went right along in his own way.

"At the second hoeing, Ben went into his four acres, but not with the hand hoe! He had 'got some kind of a jimecrack' (as the old man termed it) hitched to the old mare's heels and instead of hoeing his potatoes 'man fashion,' he'd begun with his improvements; but that cultivator, as Ben called it, wouldn't work no how!"

"Ben continued the use of the cultivator,

however, the old gentleman continued to grumble, and the corn and potatoes continued to flourish.

"Ben had gone over to a neighboring town early in the spring, and run in debt—(Ben was the first Smith that ever did this thing!) for two hundred bushels of nasty ashes, which he had urged the cattle to draw to the farm, and with which he top-dressed the old meadow. Here was an innovation, to be sure! And subscribed for an agricultural weekly, too; what with his jimecrack of a cultivator, his ashes and his book farming, the old man was nearly crazed. 'It would never do to go at this rate,' said the old gentleman.

"But the four acres of corn and potatoes and vegetables still grew finely. Never had the Smiths seen such corn, such potatoes, and carrots. The grass came up thick and strong and thrifty, and harvest time came round at last.

"The cattle had plenty of good feed, and they were fat and sleek; the pigs were fat; the poultry was fat, and Ben grew fat and jolly, as he garnered his high-corn, his big potatoes, his generous sized beets, and his great bright yellow carrots. Ben had found time, during his evenings, to read his agricultural paper, and now he finally took his second crop—his bounding turnips and his blushing buck-wheat. Who ever heard (before this) of a second crop on the old Smith farm. Nobody to be sure! But the old gentleman shook his head and was sorry, in his old age, to see his son thus 'run to riot' in his book larnin'.

"Winter came. The good old father entered the barn. It was crammed with hay; and corn stalks, and wheat and rye. The granary was loaded with corn, and Ben, who had been carefully taught to shell the cobs across the edge of a shovel—now stood beside another stupid 'merschen,' throwing in a bushel of ears at the top, while the big golden kernels rained in a constant shower from the bottom! Ben Smith had squandered six dollars (in cash) upon a corn sheller! 'Ah, what was the silly boy coming to,' exclaimed his venerable progenitor, as he sighed and turned to the barn again.

"The old man examined the harvesting. There was more hay in the mows than ever before! The corn had turned out grandly!—There was everything in profusion—and only half the eight acres had been tilled! Ben pointed to this gratifying result—and his father only shook his head, and said, 'Ben, you have been lucky; we've had a remarkable season! Things have grown finely. A very good season, Ben, very!'

"Ben Smith, Jr., only smiled at this. He continued to read his paper, subscribed for another, paid for them both, (ah! what extravagance!) and winter passed glibly away.

"He killed off the old razor-backed grunts that had been bred in-and-in upon the ancient farm, from time immemorial, and bought six improved Suffolks, instead of the three aligators, that had previously been annually tolerated on the Smith place.

"The superannuated cows 'with the crumpled horns' were turned into beef, and a brace of shining North Devons supplied their places. A sub-soil plow found its way into the yard, one morning early in the spring, and a new fangled harrow followed this. Then came a patent churn, then a capital straw cutter, then more 'nasty ashes,' then a seed drill—and 'there was no end' (said Ben senior) 'to the infernal machines that Ben junior cluttered up the place with!'

"Ben had been no idler, meantime. He had drawn into his cow yard two hundred loads of peat and pond mud, in the previous fall. He got plaster and crushed bones and mixed with it, and when February came it was heaped out generously upon the four acres again. Every thing went on swimmingly, and at haying time the cap-sheaf of machinery arrived.

"What on airth is that!" asked the old gentleman, as Ben put his team before his new horse rake. Ben laughed outright, and asked his respected father why he didn't read the papers! But his father said he had no occasion—he knew enough!

"Again the old barns creaked under their generous hay, and grain and vegetables, and again the old man looked on and sighed, and declared that 'the season had been remarkable, very!'

"Ben hadn't room to stow away two-thirds of his year's produce! But his hay was excellent, his potatoes were noble ones, his carrots, and beets, and onions, were splendid; he had surplus ruta bagas, by the cord, and turnips, and squashes, and cabbages by the ton, for which he readily found a good market, seven miles distant. Nobody believed it, at first, but all these fine products came from the old Smith farm.

"When the snow and sleet rattled around the ancient mansion, that winter, Ben owed no man a dollar, his barns, and bins, and cellars were well filled, and he had three hundred dollars in clean cash, on hand! Here was a fortune.

"Verily, Ben," said his parent, "you have been lucky, and the seasons have been favorable, very!'

"The elder Smith has been gathered to his fathers. Benjamin Smith, Jr., is now a man of solid substance, a Justice of the Peace, and a farmer of forty years in good standing. He knows the difference between partial and thorough cultivation; he can tell you about the benefits of sub-soil plowing and a shallow furrow; he can tell you whether and wherefore a piece of Suffolk pork or of Devon beef is preferable to that of the greyhound hog, or the shingle backed ox; he knows how to use the horse rake and the potato dropper; he will now inform you about the advantages to be derived from irrigation, from draining, from the use of phosphate of lime, and the like; he will show you on his farm big hay stacks, generous squashes, huge potatoes, twelve rowed corn, fat hogs, improved poultry, sleek, velvety cattle, and all the 'jimecracks' of modern agricultural progress—and you will now find in a snug corner of Ben's ample 'keeping room' at the old Smith homestead, the choicest agricultural library in the State; while he is a constant reader and paying subscriber to all the leading book farm publications in the country.

"No one who knew the old Smith farm, five and twenty years ago, would recognize it now. Squire Ben is worth a pretty fortune, has a buxom wife and half a dozen children, and is a lively, corpulent, for he will live well, he is as lively, and jolly, and thrifty a book farmer as you or I would wish to meet with.

"I beg your pardon, concluded my traveler

friend, at this point, 'but here we are!'—and the train halted at the Boston Depot.  
[N. E. Farmer.]

### SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.

REV. CHARLES BEECHER, of Newark was some time since designated by the Brooklyn Association of Congregational Ministers, to investigate and report upon the phenomena of our day, currently characterized as 'Spiritualism,' and sometimes as 'Spirit Rappings.' Mr. B. accordingly devoted many weeks to the requisite investigation, and has summed up his observations and reasonings thereon in a Report, (which by reason of the author's recent departure for Europe) was read in his behalf by his brother, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Williamsburgh, at a meeting of the Association yesterday in Rev. J. B. Grinnell's Church, Fourth-st. The report is too long even for columns as ample as ours; but its reasoning is compact and forcible, and its conclusions so striking that we are glad to hear the Report will very soon be issued in a neat pamphlet by Putnam. Its main conclusions, so far as a hasty perusal has enabled us to apprehend them, are as follows:

1. The idea that these 'Rappings,' or whatever they may be called, are the product of mere jugglery, or intentional imposture, is not to be entertained by any one even imperfectly familiar with facts abundantly verified.

2. The hypothesis that these phenomena have their origin in some hitherto latent action of Electricity, Magnetism, or any other natural and physical force, creates many more difficulties than it overcomes, and is also inconsistent with some of the best attested facts.

3. In like manner, the idea that these phenomena are caused by some unconscious, involuntary mental action of some person or persons still in the body, is equally unphilosophical, equally at odds with the attested facts, and equally open to the objection that it magnifies the marvel it professes to explain. To say that a table which sustains itself on two legs, or one, or none, at the request of some person near it, and responds intelligently to a dozen various questions as they are asked, is impious, or to act by Electricity, or Magnetism, or some mental impulse of an individual wholly unconscious of such influence, is to assume as true what is incredible, because contrary to the world's uniform experience and to all the known laws of causation.

4. The assumption that disembodied spirits cannot communicate with persons still in the flesh, is opposed to the whole tenor of the Hebrew and Christian but also of Pagan History. The possibility of such intercourse—may, the fact that it has occurred, has always been believed by the great mass of mankind. The assumption of the moral impossibility of communication between those we call the dead and individuals still in the body, is fatal to the existence of Christianity as a divinely originated faith, and cannot be entertained by any believers, however lax, in the inspiration of the Scriptures.

5. The phenomena known as Spiritual are really caused by the spirits of the departed, but not by the spirits of the blest. It is essentially one with the *demonic* possession wherewith the Gospels often speak—that is, by the control and use of the bodily organs of living human beings by disembodied human spirits, incorrectly termed 'devils' in our English version of the Scriptures.

6. The fact of the evil character of these modern spirits is demonstrated by their general denial of the Inspiration of the Bible, of the great fundamentals of Evangelical Christianity, their disinclination toward virtue, &c., &c. We have in the Bible an infallible test of spiritual pretensions, and whatever contradicts any portion of that Book, or denies it the authority and obedience due to the revealed Word of God, is thereby proved false and diabolic.

Such are the leading ideas of Mr. Beecher's Report, which is replete with curious and interesting illustration of ancient and more recent phenomena akin to the modern Spiritualism, and supposed to cast light upon it, with glances at the lives and writings of necromancers and mystagogues through all ages. We cannot guess how many will acquiesce in Mr. Beecher's conclusions, but we think very many will be anxious to obtain and read his Report.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

### HUNGRY HUSBANDS.

"The hand that can make a pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries its owner."

Well, it is a humiliating reflection, that the straight road to a man's heart is through his palate. He is never so amiable as when he has discussed a roast turkey. Then's your time, 'Esther,' for 'half his kingdom,' in the shape of a new bonnet, cap, shawl, or dress. He's too complacent to dispute the matter. Strike while the iron is hot; petition for a trip to Niagara, Saratoga, the Mammoth Cave, the White Mountains, or to London, Rome, or Paris.—Should he demur about it, the next day, cook him another turkey, and pack your trunk while he is eating it.

There's nothing on earth so savage—except a bear robbed of her cubs—as a hungry husband. It is as much as your life is worth to sneeze till dinner is on the table, and his knife and fork are in vigorous play. Tommy will get his ears boxed, the ottoman will be kicked into the corner, your work-box be turned bottom upwards, and the poker and tongs will beat a tattoo on that grate that will be a caution to dilatory cooks.

After the first six mouthfuls, you may venture to say your soul is your own; his eyes will lose their ferocity, his brow its furrows and he will very likely recollect to help you to a cold potato! Never mind—eat it. You might have to swallow a worse pill, (for instance could he offer to kiss you,) for of course you couldn't love such a carnivorous animal.

Well, learn a lesson from it—keep him well fed and languid—and live yourself on a low diet, and cultivate your thinking powers; and you'll be as spry as a cricket, and hop over all the objections and remonstrances that his dead-and-alive energies can muster. Yes, feed him well, and he will stay contentedly in his cage, like a gorged anaconda. Oh, if he was my husband, wouldn't I make him heaps of *piston* things? Bless me! I've made a mistake in the spelling; it should have been *pies*—and things? FANNY FERN.

With regard to the beard as a natural 'respirator,' a writer in the Boston Post exclaims: "Be it here recorded for the benefit of poor, erring and sinful man; the slave of habit, fashion, and vanity, who shaves his beard, is a

lion's minion; Plato's biped without feathers; all erring mortals who mar what God hath made, those who scrape their faces with villainous steel; those who scoff Dame Nature's garb, and find no substitute; all these, and any others, if such there be, are informed that this wanderer has never once caught cold, not the slightest, since this beard of mine had six weeks' pull. And this with the damp fogs of England, steamboating in the Baltic, coasting by Norway, 'schoonering' in the Arctic Sea, camping out in Iceland, swimming the cold rivers, sleeping on the ground, climbing snow mountains, and various 'moving accidents by flood and field,'—this is saying something toward nearly three years' experience of throwing away the razor."

### POTATOES—INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

The Journal of the New York State Agricultural Society contains a very elaborate and carefully prepared table, showing the result of experiments in the cultivation of potatoes, in every mode, and under all the different circumstances which could well be conceived; the whole forming a mass of information seldom found condensed into so small a compass. It is from the pen of our friend H. H. Eastman, of Marshall, one of the best practical farmers in the State—a careful experimenter and exact observer of results. In this table Mr. E. has presented the result of his experiments with such exactness, and in so concise a form, as to be readily understood by the reader. We only regret that it is so formidable as to prevent its being laid before our readers in detail, especially as the rule and figure work in the table is very inconvenient for our columns. We may, however, as briefly as may be, state some of the results of the experiments, as gathered from a careful perusal of the table, hoping at some future time to present the matter in a more acceptable form.

1. Manures. The experiments embrace Hog manure, Fermented and Unfermented Yard manure, Compost, Manure of Fowls, Lime, Ashes, Gypsum, Sulphur, Saltpetre, &c., &c. The results are decidedly favorable to the use of Hog manure, the manure of Fowls coming next, the Compost next, then the Unfermented manure. The Lime and Gypsum did not increase the yield beyond that part on which no manure was used. The same may be said of the Sulphur and Saltpetre.

2. Time of Planting. The earliest planting proved decidedly best—the difference between the 18th and 28th of May being 19 bushels per acre, and a further reduction on that portion planted as late as the 10th of June of 34 bushels per acre, with a decided advantage as to size and quality in favor of those planted early.

3. Whole and Cut; and Large and Small Seed. Here the result proves precisely as we anticipated. The seed from large potatoes produced decidedly best. We will give the exact statement.

Weight of Potatoes		Weight of Bushels	
Seed	Product	Seed	Product
Large Potatoes One whole	10 lbs.	60z. 71 lbs.	202
Large Potatoes Two halves	10 lbs.	60z. 81 lbs.	197
Large Potatoes One-half in halves	5 lbs. 3oz. 52 lbs.	139	
Large Potatoes Four quarters	5 lbs. 3oz. 52 lbs.	156	

Thus far with reference to cut and uncut; those halved producing most when used in the same quantity, but a little smaller in size than the product from the whole seeds. The produce of the quartered seed was much smaller and inferior. The following is a pretty clear test between large and small seed.

Weight of Potatoes		Weight of Bushels	
Seed	Product	Seed	Product
Large, one whole in hill	12 lbs. 4 oz. 80 lbs.	215	
Medium, " " " "	6 lbs. 3 oz. 50 lbs.	135	
Small, " " " "	3 lbs. 7 oz. 40 lbs.	117	
Small, two whole in hill	6 lbs. 14oz. 51 lbs.	157	
Small, four whole in hill	9 lbs. 63 lbs.	138	

The produce of small seed inferior and unmarketable. A very clear demonstration, so far as our experience goes, in favor of large seed, a result which will, we doubt not, be generally reached in all experiments, with whatever crop, between perfect and imperfect seed. There are many other results to be drawn from this paper, which we should be glad to lay before our readers, could we conveniently do so. The public are under obligations to Mr. Eastman for this elaborate and accurate experiment, and we hope he may repeat it another season.  
[N. Y. Farmer.]

### DUNGING IN THE HILL.

Dunging corn in the hill appears to me an injudicious method of applying manure, even when the quantity is small. It gives to the plant a luxurious start, provides the manure is rotted, but too often proves of little value afterwards. The small fibres of the roots are the mouths of the plants through which the food passes to the stock. If we examine the roots of corn we shall perceive that they extend as far in the ground as the stocks do above. Hence it will be perceived that the dung, if placed in the hill cannot benefit the roots, nor materially the plant, after they have extended beyond the circle where it is deposited. Where, as it is spread and buried in the soil, it benefits them in their whole extent; there probably not being a square foot of ground in the field into which the roots do not penetrate in search of food. And for the next crop, it benefits only parts of the soil where the corn has grown. I have noticed that in the next crop, which is usually wheat in this section, I can see where the rows of corn were last year; therefore I think it would be better to spread this manure and plow it in.

If we wish to give corn a luxuriant start, we



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... APRIL 28, 1853.

**AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.**  
 Y. E. 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.

**Local Agents.**  
 Persons wishing to subscribe or pay for the MAIL, can do so by calling on the following persons:  
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**TRAVELING AGENTS.**  
 REV. ROBERT RICHMOND. A. T. BOWMAN.

**A General Rising.**

It is said that of all the ten thousand things that rise and fall in the market, the wages of the laborer are the last to take an upward course. Bread and butter may go even beyond his reach, while the price of his day's labor stands at the old point. But among the revolutions of the age, there is a prospect that the old established 'order of things' in this respect is to come in for a share. The price of labor is destined to keep pace, to some extent, with that of every thing else; or rather when the price of everything else rises, that of labor is destined to rise too. The laborers of this country are not the serfs or peasants of Europe. They are part of the great moving mass, and when "progress" is the watchword, they have a "finger in the pie." Nowhere are the measures and movements of the times more zealously discussed than in the workshops of New England.

The great influx of gold from California has effected the price of everything bought and sold. If the price of labor remain unmoved, this is so much positive loss to the laborer. If a barrel of flour cost the wages of six days' labor, the flour cost the wages of a dollar to the flour, without a proportionate addition to the price of labor, is a dollar from the pocket of laborer. This rise in price has taken place on the one part. What, then, remains for the laborer but to set a proportionally higher price upon his labor?

This is the work in which the laborers of this country are now combining their strength. Where they think it just and practicable, they strike for higher wages. What it is considered a better course, they demand the ten hour system, which reduces the amount of labor given for a certain price, instead of increasing the price. These strikes are in progress among all classes of mechanics and laborers throughout the country. Even the national government deemed it expedient to meet the demands of the laborers in the navy yard at Charleston.

Some have argued that there is just cause of alarm in these measures. It has even been decided by some of our courts that these combined efforts are illegal. Manufacturers combine to establish uniform prices for labor; which amounts simply to a combination to prevent their rise. Dealers in cloth, flour, and other articles, combine together, in certain cases, to keep up the prices of commodities in which they trade. What intelligent mind, then, will not see, in the bare fact that the laboring classes of our country possess within themselves the power of self protection, a genuine element of republicanism? When the cotton grower, for any cause, demands a higher price for his bales, who complains that the manufacturer demands a proportionate rise? If those employed in the details of boot and shoe manufacture suffer with their employers a depressed market—as is always the case—why should they not demand a share in the advantages promised by the "good time coming?"

We look with no alarm upon these 'strikes.' They indicate the intelligence and power of the classes who move them, and the excellence of a government under which these qualities may be made available.

## AN OLD LANDMARK REMOVED.

The removal of the old mansion of Mr. Boutelle, on Temple Street, is one of the marks of improvement with which Spring dawns upon our village. This was one of the few old family residences that link the past and present by an unbroken chain. It was built by the present owner, who has lived to see it become a relic of the past, and to plan a substitute of more modern attractions. No Vandal hands have rashly touched it; but with the respect due from youth to age, it has been kindly invited to the retirement of a humbler position, where, imitating its venerable proprietor, it may quietly watch the growth and rejoice in the beauty of its successor. Even the trees that for so many years have been gradually lifting their foliage to its waning roof, are to tender their quiet shades to its declining years. Few of its compeers remain to be admonished of what awaits them. The old Dalton house—the Hasty house—Capt. Getchell's house—the Redington house—are there any others? These among the old mansion houses remain in the families of their original proprietors. May they long continue there.

**FANNY FERN'S BEST THING.**—[We think Fanny Fern never wrote a better pair of paragraphs than the following from the Olive Branch.]

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, AND THEN ON THAT." "Father is coming!" and little round faces grow long, and merry voices are hushed, and eyes are heeled into the door, and mamma glances nervously at the clock, and baby is bribed with a lump of sugar to keep the peace; and father's face relaxes not a muscle; and the little group huddle like timid sheep in a corner, and tea is despatched as silently as if speaking were prohibited by the statute book, and the children creep silently to bed, marveling that baby dare crow so loud, now that 'Father has come.'

"Father is coming!" and bright eyes sparkle for joy, and tiny feet dance with glee, and eager faces press against the window-pane, and a bevy of rosy lips claim kisses at the door, and picture-books lie unrebuked on the table, and tops and balls and dolls and kites are discussed, and little Susy lays her soft cheek against the parental whiskers with the most fearless 'abandon,' and Charley gets a love-pat for his 'medal,' and mamma's face grows radiant, and the evening paper is read, (not silently, but aloud,) and tea, and toast, and time vanish with equal celerity, for jubilee has arrived, and 'Father has come.'

## CATTLE SHOW &amp; FAIR.

The Trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society offer the following premiums, to be awarded at their next annual Show and Fair, to be held at Waterville, on the first Tuesday and Wednesday (4th and 5th) of October, 1853.

## HORSES.

For the best stallion,—premium to be paid when the horse has been kept within the limits of the Society one service season—\$5; 2d best—same conditions—3.

Best breeding mare—one or more of her colts to be shown—3, 2d best—same conditions—2, 3d 1.

Best gelding horse, not over 7 years old, 3, 2d best 2.

Best pair matched horses 4.

Best 3 year old colt, 2, 2d best 1.

Best 2 yr. old colt, 2, 2d 1.

## NEAT CATTLE.

For best bull, not under 2 yrs. nor over 5 yrs. old,—premium to be paid after the bull has been kept within the limits of the Society one service season—5, 2d, same conditions, 3.

Best bull not under 1 yr., nor over 2 yrs. old, conditions as above, 3, 2d best 2.

Best bull calf, 2, 2d 'Maine Farmer' one year or 1.50, 3d 1.

Best cow for all purposes, two or more calves to be shown as evidence of her qualities for breeding, and full statements, in writing, of the dairy qualities to be furnished to the committee, 4, 2d, same conditions, 2.

Best dairy cow, full and satisfactory statements in writing to be submitted, giving the yield, keeping, age, breed, &c., 3, 2d 2, 3d 1.

Best cow for stock, two or more of her progeny to be shown, 3, 2d 2, 3d 1.

Best 3 or more dairy cows owned and kept by one person, written statements of yield, age, breed, &c. to be rendered, 'Maine Farmer' one year and 1.50, or 3.

Best 2 yr. old heifer, or 'Maine Farmer' and 1.50, or 3, 2d 2, 3d 1.

Best 1 yr. old heifer, 2, 2d 1.

Best heifer calf 'Maine Farmer' one year, or 1.50, 2d 1.

## OXEN.

Best pair of oxen 4 yrs. old or more 4, 2d 3, 3d 2.

## STEERS.

Best pair 3 yr. old steers, 3, 2d 2.

Best 2 yr. old steers 'Maine Farmer' and 1, or 2.50, 2d 'Maine Farmer' or 1.50.

Best 1 yr. old steers, 2, 2d 1.

Best yoke steers 'Maine Farmer' or 1.50, 2d 1.

## TEAM.

Best team of oxen from any one town in limits of Society, 4 yrs. old or more, 8 pairs or more, 4, 2d 6, 3d 4.

Best team of 3 yr. old steers from one town, 8 pairs or more, 6, 2d 4.

## DRAWING OXEN.

Best drawing pair of oxen 3, 2d 2.

Best drawing pair of oxen not over 7 feet girth 2, 2d 1.

## PLOWING MATCH.

Best plowing with 4 oxen, regard being had to the skill of the plowman and teamster and the discipline of the team, as well as to the execution of the work, rather than to the time in which it is performed, provided it is done in a reasonable time 3, 2d 2.

Best plowing with 2 oxen 2, 2d 1.

Best plowing with 2 horses, same conditions, 3, 2d, 2.

## SHEEP.

Best French merino buck, to be kept within the limits of the Society two years, 5.

Best buck 2, 2d 1.

Best six ewe sheep 'Maine Farmer' one year and 1, 2d 'Maine Farmer' one year, 3d 1.

Best six lambs 2, 2d 1.

## SWINE.

Best sow, having had 1 litter of pigs, 2 or more pigs to be shown, 'Maine Farmer' 1 yr. and 1, 2d 'Farmer' 1 yr.

Best pigs, 5 or more, from 10 weeks old, 'Maine Farmer' or 2, 2d 1.

## POULTRY.

Best 6 or more hens of any breed or kind, with statements in writing of expense of keeping and profits for the season, and their advantages over other breeds or kinds, if any, Bement's, Bement's or Miner's Poultry Book, and 1.50; 2d either of the above named books and 75c; 3d either of the above named Poultry Books.

Best six or more turkeys, with written statements of expense of raising, 1 vol. 'Maine Farmer'; 2d T. B. Miner's Poultry Book.

Best lot of geese 6 or more, statements of age and keeping, 1 vol. 'Maine Farmer'; 2d Bement's or Miner's Poultry Book.

## CROPS.

Best acre Winter Wheat, not less than 20 bushels, 'Maine Farmer' and 2.50; 2d 'Maine Farmer' and 1.50; 3d 2, 4th 1.

Best crop of Winter Wheat from not less than 2 acres, and not less than 20 bushels per acre, 5.

Best acre Spring Wheat not less than 15 bushels 1 vol. 'Maine Farmer' and 1.50; 2d 2.

Best acre of Winter Rye not less than 20 bushels 2, 2d 1.

Best acre Spring Rye not less than 15 bushels 1 vol. 'Me. Farmer'; 2d 1.

Best acre Indian Corn 4, 2d 3, 3d 2, 4th 1.

Best acre Oats & Peas, 1 third Peas, 2, 2d 1.

Best acre Oats 2, 2d 1 vol. 'Me. Farmer'; 2d 1.

Best half acre Potatoes, not less than 200 bushels per acre, 3, 2d 2.

Best quarter acre Carrots 2, 2d 1 vol. 'Me. Farmer' or 1.

Best quarter acre Ruta Baga Turnips, 2, 2d 1.

For the greatest profit from half an acre of land in any crop or crops, full statements in writing of expense of labor, manure, &c., with true value of crop, furnished to under, 1 vol. 'Me. Farmer' and 1.50, 2d 2.

## FRUIT.

Best lot Winter Apples, not less than four kinds, 1 peck of each kind, and all raised by the person presenting them, Downing's Book upon 'Fruit and Fruit Trees of America,' 2d 'Kenrick's American Orchardist.'

Best variety of Apples, not less than ten kinds, not less than 2 bushels in all, 'Downing's Fruit Book' and 1.

Best specimen Pears 1, 2d 'Cole's Fruit Book'.

Best specimen Plums, 3 kinds or more, 1.

Largest number of seedling apple trees, raised the present season, Downing's Fruit Book, 2d Kenrick's or Cole's Fruit Book.

Best and largest lot of pear or plum trees, or pear or plum trees set the present season, 2.

## MANUFACTURED ARTICLES &amp; IMPLEMENTS.

Best improved sword plow 2, 2d 1.

Best improved scud plow 2, 2d 1.

Best doz. scythes 1.

Best "hay forks 1.

Best 1-2 doz. manure forks 1.

Best "shovels 1.

Best "hoes 1.

Best "narrow axes 1.

Best improved horse-rake 1.

Best single sleigh 2.

Best single wagon 2.

Best sleigh or wagon harness 1.

Best 1-2 doz. calf skins finished 1.

Best lot sole leather 1.

Best lot finished leather of any other kind 1.

Best 1-2 doz. prs. thick boots 1.

Best 2 prs. sewed calf boots 1.

Best 2 prs. ladies' kid shoes 1.

Best specimen cabinet work 2.

For any new and useful improvement in any farm machine or implement, from 1 to 5, according to its value, at the discretion of the Committee.

For any new and useful improvement in any household machine, implement or article of furniture calculated to lighten the labors of females, from 1 to 5, at the discretion of the Committee.

## DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Best butter, 25 pounds or more—butter made in June to have the preference—a silver butter-knife and 1, 2d a silver butter-knife or 2, 3d 1.

Best cheese, 50 pounds or more, 3, 2d 2, 3d 1.

## BREAD.

Best specimen of flour bread 1.

Best rye and Indian bread 1.

Best bread of any other kind 1.

Written statements of the manner of making bread will be required.

## HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

Best filled cloth, 10 yards or more, 2, 2d 1.

Best wool flannel, 10 yards or more, 1, 2d 50 cents.

Best cotton and wool flannel, 10 yards or more, 1.

Best woolen yarn carpeting, 5 yards or more, 2, 2d 1.

Best rag carpeting, 6 yards or more, 1, 2d 50 cents.

Best hearth rug, 12 pairs men's woollen half hose 50 cents.

Best 2 pairs worsted hose 50 cents.

Best woolen shawl 1, 2d '50.

Best worsted knit hood '50.

Best pound woolen yarn '50.

Best bed-spread 1, 2d '50.

Best lamp mat '50.

Best knit tipper '50.

Best wrought hose '50.

Best knit over-shoes '50.

Best 2 pairs mittens '50.

Best specimen raised worsted '50.

Best palm leaf hats, 6 or more, 1.

Best straw hats, 6 or more, 1.

Best specimen needle work 1, 2d '50.

## MANURE.

10 cords compost manure of best quality, prepared at least expense, by any new process, a statement in writing to be given of materials used, mode of preparation, expense, &c., 4, 2d 3.

## FARM ACCOUNTS.

Best account of farm operations for the season, giving the management of stock, crops, any improvement in farming, plowing, seeding, cultivating and harvesting crops, &c., together with expenses and income of the farm, to be presented to the Com. on crops on or before the first Monday in Jan. on premium awarded by them, 3.

Best stock of neat cattle, from and belonging to any one farm, not less than ten head, Yount on Cattle, and Farmer's Dictionary, or their value in other books.

For best managed farm, (persons wishing to compete for this premium to notify the Secretary before the first day of September, and their farms to be examined by the visiting Committee of the Society, and premiums awarded by them at their next annual meeting.) Coleman's European Agriculture, and the American Farm Book, or their value in other books.

The Trustees decided to adopt the following RULE.—The same animal or article shall take the same premium, in the same class, but once, nor be allowed to take a lower premium, in rank, than has previously been taken by the same.

## Loss of the Steamer Independence and 150 Persons.

NEW ORLEANS, April 23.—The steamer United States, from Aspinwall, arrived at New Orleans with dates from California to the 1st of April.

Steamer Georgia, from New York, arrived at Aspinwall on the 17th. Steamer United States (or Uncle Sam) sailed from Aspinwall for New York on the morning of the 8th.

The steamer Independence was lost on the 16th of February, having ran ashore on the shoals off Margaretta Island, where she took fire and burnt. 500 passengers were on board, all of whom leaped into the water and tried to swim ashore, of whom 150 were lost. Margaretta Island is upon the coast of Lower California.

After striking, the Independence backed off, but finding eight feet of water in her hold, Captain Sampson ordered the pilot to run her ashore on the beach, at a spot 300 yards from land. There the ship took fire from the intense heat of the furnace, the flames spreading rapidly and creating the most frightful consternation among the passengers. A heavy surf running at the time, all the boats were swamped in trying to make the first trip ashore.

To add to the horrors of the scene the fire reached the powder magazine which exploded, scattering the fragments in every direction. Many of the passengers were blown into the sea, and others jumped in and were immediately carried off by the strong current that was sweeping from the shore. Many who had previously reached the shore were unable to render any assistance, and were obliged to remain passive spectators of numbers of men, women and children perishing by fire and in the sea. The number lost has been variously estimated at from 150 to 200. The ship finally swung round broadside to the beach, where her coal also took fire and she was totally destroyed. The passengers who were saved found themselves on an uninhabited island, without water, where they remained for 46 hours in a state of intense suffering.

Finally by firing a cannon they were enabled to attract the attention of some whaling

vessels lying in Magdalen bay, a few miles off, who came to their assistance, with provisions, and finally took them off.

The Independence is supposed to have had on board the passengers of the Northern Light, which sailed from New York, and the Daniel Webster, which sailed from New Orleans.—The list of passengers in those two boats, which we have carefully looked over, presents no names that we recognised as from this section.

## SAD NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

The latest arrival from California brings intelligence of a frightful calamity on board the Steamer R. K. Page, running between Sacramento and San Francisco, by which four persons were killed,—three of whom were from Waterville—Lieut. Henry Moor, Daniel Fellows, Daniel W. Moor, and Gilman Kerby.

Lieut. Moor was brother of Messrs. W. & D. Moor, of this place, where reside his wife and several children. He belonged to the U. S. Navy, but was temporarily attending to the business of his brothers. Daniel W. Moor was son of Mr. William Moor, of the above firm, and was acting as captain of the boat, which belonged to his father. Mr. Fellows was son of Mrs. Abigail Fellows, and was acting as clerk of the boat. It is believed Mr. Kerby's former residence was Skowhegan.

The report of the disaster gives no details, but simply adds that the bodies had not been recovered.

This painful intelligence has brought not only deep distress to a large circle of relatives, but sadness to our whole village.

## Paper your Rooms.

Some of the most beautiful samples of paper hangings we ever saw are displayed at the store of Moody & Fellows. If all were gold that shines like gold, the prices at which they are sold would not pay for a tithe of the pure yellow gold used in their manufacture. The styles are unique and exceedingly tasteful; and they seem destined to make 'tearing war' upon the dingy walls that now bear the old patterns. Ladies of nice taste, and good economy, who contemplate 'slicing up a little,' should call and look at them.

## RAILROAD MEETING.

The adjourned meeting of the Stockholders of the A. & K. Railroad convened at this place yesterday. We have merely to state that the plan finally adopted for liquidating the floating debt of the Company, is to issue half a million of bonds at 6 per cent. convertible into stock in ten years; one share of old stock and one hundred dollars to be received for two hundred in bonds. Buyers of the old stock are already plenty, at \$30 per share.

The emigration of the Mormons through St. Louis to the Salt Lake City, appears to be immense. The St. Louis Intelligencer of the 31st ult., says that by close management, the Company who have taken in hand the removal of English Mormon families to this country, it is said, are enabled to put down the price of passage from Liverpool to St. Louis, at the almost nominal rate of \$10 per head. The temptation to profess Mormonism so as to secure such cheap passage, has caused a temporary abatement of faith in favor of Mormonism in very many cases; and the journey having been accomplished, the new is again laid aside for the old. The Elder in St. Louis is making arrangements, we understand, for the early removal of several hundred Saints to the Salt Lake. There are now in St. Louis from 3000 to 4000 Mormons all told.

## LETTERS SECURED FROM BEING OPENED.

Many thousands of letters sent to the Post Office are returned to the Department, and being opened by the clerks many secrets of families or mercantile interests are lost, or destroyed by the clerks employed for that purpose.

In a new edition of the regulations of the Post Office, about to be published, it is provided that in every case where the writer of a letter chooses to protect it from the chance of being opened at the Department, and destroyed as a dead letter, he can do so by prepaying the postage, and writing legibly on the sealed side the words 'to be preserved,' in which case it will be rescued from the liability of being committed to the flame, and its seal will remain intact.

## TO TAKE SHEEP SKIN WITH THE WOOL.

—Take one spoonful of alum and two of saltpetre; pulverize and mix well together, then sprinkle the powder on the flesh side of the skin, and lay the two flesh sides together, leaving the wool outside. Then fold up the skins as tight as you can, and hang them in a dry place. In two or three days, as soon as they are dry, take them down and scrape them with a knife till clean and supple. This completes the process, and makes a most excellent saddle-cover. Other skins which you desire to cure with the fur on, may be treated in the same way.

We can speak in favor of the above receipt. It does all it promises. Such skins make excellent mats for in-doors.—[Detroit Farmer's Companion.]

## A YEAR'S WORK.—Uncle Tom is now one year old.

On the 20th of March, 1852, Messrs. John P. Jewitt & Co. sold the first copy of the first edition. On the 20th of March, 1853, they had published 305,000 copies, or—as only about 300 business days had transpired—they had sold (at the ordinary book-rate of 1,000 copies to an edition,) AN EDITION A DAY for that entire period. Sufficiently remarkable as this may appear, we learn from them—that what is more remarkable still—that the demand continues without sensible abatement; nearly as many copies having been sold during the past month as in any other month in the year! The work is now selling largely at the South, and constant orders are coming in from all parts of the world, Oregon, California, and Australia not excepted. The last foreign mail brought an order for the illustrated edition from Persia!—[Congregationalist, March 20.]

## BACK AGAIN.—A farmer from the vicinity of this city, drove a very fat ox to market a few days since, expecting that the animal when killed would yield some twelve or thirteen hundred of beef.

He sold the ox; the buyer drove him off, and at night came back representing that the ox had been slaughtered, and offered to settle for it, but was shaming an account of its weight which fell short of the expectation of the farmer, who insisted on seeing the beef, after examining which with the tallow, he was forced to go home, though not more than half satisfied, with the money in his pocket. During the night after his return, the dead ox came back

to his yard alive and well, having broken out of the butcher's enclosure; and the next day the farmer drove the same ox back to town and offered to sell him to the butcher, who having missed the animal, eyed the new-comer rather suspiciously and concluding that it was he who had been sold, bought the ox at a lumping price and paid for him—this time.—[Detroit Advocate.]

## ARTHUR SPRING—ATTEMPT TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

—This wretched criminal has attempted to cheat the gallows of







**DOOR, SASH AND BLIND FACTORY**  
THE subscriber having recently fitted up machinery

Dec-15th: 1902: 224

A LARGE lot of WINDOW SHADES just received and for sale  
by C. K. MATTHEW A.

**FRANKLIN GRATE.**

THIS store has been found, upon trial, to answer the purpose  
for which it was intended better than any other Franklin  
Grate that has been in the market. The manner of opening  
choosing the front is entirely new. It can be raised to a close  
shade, has an end door, and burns wood with or without a gas  
burner.

For sale only by DUNN, ELDON & CO.

**ROOM PAPERS CHEAPER THAN EVER.**  
**C. K. MATTHEWS.**

AS just received the largest assortment of Room Papers of  
any other size and quality, ever offered for  
sale in Waterville. He is agent for one of the largest manufac-  
turing establishments in New York, and will sell to country  
merchants at low as they can buy in Boston or New York.

March 21.