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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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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, JUNE 2, 1853.

NO. 46.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

MAXHAM & WING,

At No. 3-1-2, Boutelle Block, Main Street.

PH. MAXHAM. DANYL W. WING.

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50

If paid within six months, 1.75

If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

"LET HIM THAT IS ATHIRST COME."

BY FNEZ.

Voices from the lonely mountain
Unto weary travellers call—
Come to the celestial fountain,
Where the healing waters fall;
Come, O wandering ones and weary!
Peace and gladness shall ye drink;
Earthly paths are wild and dreary,
Rest by this sweet river's brink.

'Mid the gleam of earthly treasure
In the place of festal bands,
Ye have grasped the cup of pleasure—
It was shattered in your hands.
Ye have quaffed the pain and sorrow
From each fair, deceitful rill,
Oh! let not the eternal morrow
Find ye vainly thirsting still.

MISCELLANY.

[From Graham's Magazine for June.]

THE FATHER'S CHOICE.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

Gave and gave, do good and love,
Lighten the load of daily life.

Deacon Stanley has failed.

Bless my heart! You don't say so!

Yes, I did say so, and you heard it plain enough.

Well, don't be cross about it—you know I didn't mean anything. Come, don't look so grim.

I shan't look anything else for the rest of the year, I guess. I've lost 3000 dollars by the crash, and I can't afford to laugh at it, Mrs. Hunter.

Well now! I do tell you, that is too bad; but, for mercy's sake, don't call him a rascal—he's a good, pious man—a deacon, and I reckon it's been more his misfortune than his fault.

Let him pay me my money, and then I'll believe in his piety. Old canting hypocrite!

He thinks he is going to cheat me, he is mistaken. I've got my eye teeth cut, and I'll fix him.

What will you do, John? Now don't be hasty.

Do? I'll send him to jail; that's what I'll do! The swindler! He shall lie there till he rots, if he don't make my losses good!

Oh, father, father! how dreadful to hear you talk so! Interrupted a young girl, who had not before spoken, but who had been listening intently to her parents' conversation.

Shut up your mouth, you vixen! What do you mean by preaching to your father?

Humph! things have come to a pretty pass now-a-days. When I was a child, it would have been as much as my ears were worth to have spoken in that way to either of my parents.

Julia Hunter cast down her eyes upon the floor at this rough reproof, while her cheeks burned, as her father continued—

He knew well what was before him when he came to me, wheeling me into putting my name on to his good-for-nothing notes. Yes, confound him, he shall pay every red cent of it; and look you here, Miss Julie, if you have another word to say to that son of mine, I'll look you up. Let me catch you now, will you?

Julia made no answer, but she mentally resolved that she would take good care not to be caught until her father was in better humor.

And who was Mr. Hunter?

That he was an illiterate and hasty tempered man, and greatly wanting in refinement, you already know; but that he was the rich Mr. Hunter of Hontersville, you have had no reason for imagining.

His father had been a teamster, and by great frugality amassed a snug little sum, which his only child, the present Mr. John Hunter, inherited. The latter, having a taste for business, and being possessed of a good judgment, soon doubled his property by successful speculation, and at length swelled it into an enormous sum by purchasing a tract of land with remarkable water-privileges, which, after the erection of several manufactories, rapidly grew into a large town.

Huntersville, busy and bustling as it was made by the numerous operatives of the factories, and incessant as was the everlasting clatter of machinery, was nevertheless a most lovely town—

Dimpled close with hill and valley,
Dappled every close with shade,
Summer snow of apple blossoms running up and down
To glads.

I spoke of Mr. Hunter doubling his property, forgetting to add, that he doubled himself about the same time. His better half (decidedly a good-natured, easy sort of a eddy better) was a good-natured, easy sort of a eddy better, content to take the world as it came; devoted in her feelings, and always looking up to her husband as her lord and master. And a pretty exacting master he was; but she was such a model of wifely obedience and submission, that the bit was not at all galling to her. To be sure, it was a great change from being the drudge of a large household, as she had been, to the position she now occupied; and good reason had she for gratitude to Mr. John Hunter, who, in justice it must be confessed, really loved his wife, as well as it was possible for a man to love in whom the animal so much preponderated.

A daughter was the only fruit of this union, and Mr. Hunter, although he grumbled considerably at first, because she was a good-for-nothing girl, became in the end vastly fond of her, notwithstanding she was as much unlike either parent as it was possible to imagine.

She always seemed to exert a refining power upon her father when in his presence, and very seldom had she spoken as harshly to her as when she interfered in reference to Mr. Stanley. He looked upon her beautiful face with pride, for very beautiful was Julie. Her abundant hair was of a rich chestnut-brown, her face of oval contour, her eyes a soft and liquid hazel, and her dark lashes were unusually long and silken. Her cheeks were ever as bright as June roses, and the winter-green berries that grew so thickly in the pine woods

around, were not of a deeper crimson than her curving lips.

Basil Stanley thought that the hours of Mahomet's paradise could not have been more lovely—and the young colleague of the old village minister thought so too.

Very little sympathy did Julie find at home in her soul's aspirations, but Basil, with his

Sublime significance of mouth,
Dilated nostril full of youth,
And forehead royal with the truth!

was the very one to understand and share the feelings of her inner life.

Dream on, sweet Julie Hunter—never were maiden's thoughts more pure and innocent than thine. Dream on—imagining the happiness which perchance a sorrow-blighting world may refuse to yield thee. To dream of a sweetness as sweet as to know, but the awakening! then and there is the bitterness!

Deacon Stanley, the father of Basil, and the one of whom Mr. Hunter had spoken with such severity, was not merely a professor, but a possessor of religion; and sensitive and high-minded as he was, had it not been for the consolations that religion afforded him, he would have fallen under the sudden blow that deprived him at once of his hard-earned gains. He was a merchant, and something of a farmer in a small way, but finding his income insufficient to meet the expenses of the collegiate education he was giving his son, he had attempted to extend his business. It was then that he became involved, but sanguine of final success, he represented his affairs to Mr. Hunter in the favorable light in which he saw them, who consented to endorse for him. But the relief was not lasting. Loss followed loss, and when the crash came, Deacon Stanley found himself ruined. Basil was at home during the college vacation at the time, and he resolutely set himself to work to see if there could not be some adjustment of his father's deranged affairs, which would enable him to continue his business in the hope of ultimately paying every obligation.

Before going on with my story I must beg you to go back with me to the day of Basil's return from college. He had not heard a whisper of his father's misfortunes, and his first visit, after his arrival home, was to Julie. It was a lovely afternoon, and Basil had no difficulty in persuading her to take a ramble through the woods with him to Tower Rock. A charming path was that, for the feathery ash, the spreading beech, and the graceful elm, interlarded their boughs together, casting a deep shadow over it even at noon; and at intervals there were fallen logs overgrown with moss, and close beside them nestled clumps of wild-violets, forget-me-nots and anemones, and ever came up the cool sound of the mountain stream that gurgled down through the woods to mingle its waters with the river. This path at length led them across the little brook, and through the pine thickets, carpeted with moss, and the running evergreens, until it terminated at the base of a huge pile of rocks, that formed a cliff overhanging the river, and to which had been given the name of Tower Rock. It was not easy of ascent, but when once its summit was gained, no lover of nature but would feel fully repaid for the labor. At its foot, the dark waters of the river swept sullenly past, receiving its sombre hue from the gloomy trees that here upon either side bordered the banks. With few exceptions, there was nothing to be seen but the cedar, the hemlock and the pine. Beyond, swell upon swell, and billow upon billow, rose the mountains, till in the distance they were lost in the dark blue waves that blended with the sky. Behind the rock, separated only by the forest, through which Basil and Julie passed, lay the village, with its white houses scattered amidst the trees, extending about half a mile below Tower Rock, where the river makes a sudden bend and then sweeps in a westerly direction. It is below this bend that the manufactories are situated. A spur of mountains torped the valley upon the eastern side, gradually approaching the western range, until about a mile below the village it suddenly terminates, the river alone separating the mountain walls. This opening is called 'The Gorge,' and here the scenery in every direction is wildly picturesque.

To return to Basil and Julie—they seated themselves side by side upon the rock, and silently drank in the beauty of the scene around them. Basil was the first to speak.

You had something to tell me, Julie—I hope your father is not averse to our speedy union?

Julie blushed vividly, and Basil continued, his eyes fixed tenderly upon her drooping face.

You know I mean at the end of another year. In August I shall graduate—the future looks bright before me. My father's business must be greatly improved. I shall go on with my law studies under Squire Barker, who has promised me, since I was a child, that I shall practice with him as soon as I am admitted to the bar.

Julie raised her fine eyes appealingly to her lover's as she answered—

You will blame me, Basil, but I have not had courage to tell father yet, and he does not even know that we are engaged.

Basil's strong sense of rectitude caused the flush of displeasure which now swept over his face, and intense as was his love for the beautiful being beside him, he could not restrain the chiding words that rose to his lips.

This is not right, Julie—it is all wrong. Before I left, promising that you would obtain his sanction to our engagement. I wondered that you never spoke of it in your letters—How could you let it be so long?

Ah, Basil, don't look at me so reproachfully! and she rested one hand upon his shoulder and looked up in his face as she spoke; and do not require me to tell him even now. Our love seems like such a sacred thing to me, so sacred that I would shut it out from every eye but yours. I have thought many times that I would do as you wished me to do—times that the bit was not at all galling to her. To be sure, it was a great change from being the drudge of a large household, as she had been, to the position she now occupied; and good reason had she for gratitude to Mr. John Hunter, who, in justice it must be confessed, really loved his wife, as well as it was possible for a man to love in whom the animal so much preponderated.

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system of deceit which would necessarily follow.

I don't see why there must be deceit, Basil, and now Julie's eyes were fast filling with tears.

Don't feel badly, darling, but listen to me, and Basil, clasping her hand between his own, went on to explain the restraint which he should be under when at her father's dwelling, and the numerous unpleasant positions in which he should be thrown; but Julie was so evidently distressed that he finally agreed to delay the interview with her father for a couple of weeks, hoping that she would see the necessity of it in the meantime.

Then they talked of other things. Basil told of his advancement in his studies, of the books he had read since they parted, of the hopes he had for the future; and Julie's eyes beamed with admiration upon her lover as he listened to the fascinating flow of his language. Finally, he questioned her of the fair-haired, blue-eyed stranger, of whom she had made such mystic mention in her last letters; and blushing and laughing, Julie confessed that Mr. White, their minister, had a new assistant who glanced at her from his desk not infrequently, and walked with her from church after service, and made long morning calls, and often accepted of her mother's general invitation to sup with them, whenever it should be convenient—at which time his stay was prolonged until late in the evening. In short, Julie acknowledged the fact that she had a new lover in the person of a tall, slender youth of unimpeachable countenance, who bore the romantic name of Mortimer Rivers.

Thus they sat until the gorgeous sunset flooded the whole landscape around them with a rosy light. Through the golden haze of the atmosphere the distant mountains glowed with a purple radiance, and Basil and Julie watched the sun as it sank behind them, while slowly the rich crimson and amber clouds faded from their beauty, and the cold, gray hue of a spring twilight settled over all, save their hearts, which in their tranquil love were unshadowed by any forebodings of evil.

Then they retraced their steps through the pine glade and the forest to Julie's home.

In less than a week from that night, Basil, to his great astonishment, discovered his father's embarrassments, for the simple reason that it could be kept from him no longer. Ambitious as he had been to share the honors of the graduating class, he renounced all, and diligently set himself to work, as we have seen, to arrange his father's accounts to the best of his ability.

Mortimer Rivers had been three months at Huntersville when his sister arrived. She had been invited by Mrs. Hunter, with whom Mortimer boarded, to pass a few weeks with them.

Angeline Rivers was older than her brother. She was a girl of no ordinary qualities—no common character, but endowed at birth with the perilous gift of genius; at the same time inheriting the strong passions of her father, which had been developed and strengthened by the defects of her early education. Her mother, a woman of superior talent, died while Mortimer was an infant. Mr. Rivers, who lived in considerable style, after the lapse of ten or twelve years became insolvent. He was detected in a forgery, and sentenced to an imprisonment of a number of years; but the first morning after his confinement, he was found dead in his cell—he had committed suicide. Their uncle, a brother of their mother, had taken them to his home; but Angeline rebelled against the wholesome discipline of his household, and wilful and headstrong, she separated herself from them.

By making use of her uncle's name, she obtained a situation as assistant-teacher in a flourishing institution, where she had sufficient time to pursue her own studies. Her insatiable thirst for knowledge, and her wild, eager ambition, caused all difficulties to succumb before her. As linguist, her powers were remarkable; and in everything she undertook she succeeded beyond her wildest hopes.

Their uncle endeavored to impress upon Mortimer the necessity of applying himself to some trade; but Angeline would not listen to it. Her salary was high for one of her age, and by practicing the strictest economy, and giving music lessons out of school hours, she saved enough to pay her brother's expenses while preparing for the ministry.

A few days after her arrival at the parsonage, the brother and sister were sitting in the little parlor which adjoined Mortimer's sleeping apartment, and which he occupied as a study. Angeline could be all things to all men; but now as she sat alone with her brother she was herself—a cold, calculating, worldly woman.

I tell you, Mortimer, just what you are—you are a fool, and no better. If you had managed rightly, you might have been engaged to her by this time; but no—you were content to worship at a distance, and now that young Anthonius will carry her away before your eyes, and you will have no more spirit than to sit and cry after her!

I am afraid it will be as you say, Angeline.

Affraid! how I hate that word. If I was a man, I would never use it; and, if I was in your place, she should be mine despite a hundred such as Basil Stanley!

What! if she even loved him—as I fear she does?

Yes; let her love him, but teach her to love you better. You don't know women, Mortimer, as well as I do. Trust yourself to me, and promise to do what I require of you, and you shall yet be master of her splendid fortune.

Hush, Angeline—it is not for her fortune that I worship her so madly. She is the purest and loveliest creature that I ever saw; and if she had not a cent in the world, she would be as dear to me as she is at this moment.

But she should never be your wife, as she should be now! Look at me, Mortimer—you think you know me well; but you do not dream the one half that I would do, before you should marry a poor girl. I would see you die, inch by inch before my eyes, first. There don't shudder with your woman's heart! do you think I have nothing to revenge? What has caused all the privations, the struggles and mortifications of our lot?—poverty! Why have I, for years, lived a life of self-denial, heedless of the thorns over which my daily path lay, but to reach the goal which is now within sight? For this, I toiled while you studied; for this, I forced you into the path which you would have avoided—for I knew that a minister could

choose from the wealthiest of his congregation, and be certain of success. Now, affluence is within your grasp; and if you will not stretch forth your hand, I will stretch it for you. Up on those who have looked down upon us, we will look down in turn.

Angeline's gray eyes glowed as she spoke, and a bright flush lit up her hollow cheeks; but she was answered only by a deep-drawn sigh from her brother. He was thinking of the lessons which the meek and lowly Saviour taught; and which none can study, even be it with unworthy motives, without receiving their blessed influences into their hearts.

That night, at supper, the calm face of the good old minister seemed unusually sad, and his wife's mild eyes were frequently filled with tears. Angeline's face grew sympathetically long as she questioned if they had met with any sorrow.

Mr. White's lips quivered as he answered, I have witnessed a very sad sight, Miss Rivers; one that I shall carry to the grave with me in memory, for I can never forget it. The cruelty of man to his fellow men is beyond belief. Our good Deacon Stanley was the afternoon arrested in my presence, while I was visiting him to confer with him upon the subject of his misfortunes, and despite the entreaties of his wife and the sobs of his young children, who clung about him to the last moment, he was conveyed to the county jail, about ten miles distant.

Where was their son? where was Basil?

Angeline, eagerly, forgetting in her excitement the quietude she usually affected before them. Why did he not go in his father's place?

He begged that it might be so; but Mr. Hunter would have consented to no substitute, even had the law allowed one. Basil was not the only one who interfered; but he grew more obstinate with every fresh entreaty, and when the young man found there was no mercy in his father's stern creditor, he imprudently braved him—speaking such withering words that Mr. Hunter writhed beneath them. His face first darkened with passion, then paled to an ashen whiteness, while out, such as my ears never listened to, broke from his lips. I never saw such fearful anger before; and God grant I never may again!

The wild gleam that darted from Angeline's eyes, when she found Mr. Hunter had been the cause of Deacon Stanley's arrest, was unobscured; or, if noticed, thought to be the natural indignation which one would feel at such a circumstance. But very different was the true cause. The sympathy which she was still capable of feeling for the victim of such an outrage, was swallowed up in the exultation of the thought that her labors would now be lightened. The way seemed clear before her; and, in the sufferings of the Stanley family, she saw only another step gained in her brother's advancement to fortune.

Two letters were interchanged between Basil Stanley and Julie Hunter, and then all intercourse ceased between them.

Basil's read thus:

DEAREST JULIE: With a breaking heart I release you from your vows; there is nothing left for me to do but this. All happiness is denied me for ever on the earth. Happiness! how like a mockery the word sounds! Oh, Julie! my heart is frozen within me, and I so happy a few short days ago! Do you know, do you realize, Julie, that we can never meet again? Yes, I know you do. Even now you are suffering for my rash words! They have told you what I said; how I boasted to your father's face that he could not rob me of my love; but did they tell you that I was made insane with agony by my poor father's aggravated sufferings? that, raving, I knew not what I said? Julie, darling, forgive me—send me your blessing; and it shall give me strength to toil night and day until my father is free—Years, long years must his gray hairs bleach in those prison walls before that can be. Would that I could sell myself willingly would I do it, if he might only breathe the air of freedom. These are my last words to you, Julie—I have given my solemn promise that they shall be! On this condition has your mother promised to give them to you. Bless you, God bless you, darling! and may another love you as fondly as I have done, and cherish you as tenderly as I had hoped to do.

Mr. Hunter, enraged at finding that Julie loved Basil, carried out his threat of locking her in her room. Six days had she been confined there, when her father was obliged to leave the village on business. It was during his absence that Mrs. Hunter, whose sympathies were all enlisted upon the side of the lovers, consented to deliver Basil's letter. In so doing, she had disobeyed for the first time, her husband's commands.

Julie wrote in answer:

MY OWN BASIL: I will accept of no release from you. If I cannot be yours on earth I will be in heaven. Let us be true to each other, true to God, and we need not fear the separation here, when we have an eternity before us. Basil, do not curse my father; his sin will yet be expiated, whether through my sufferings or his, I know not; but if he be brought to repentance, it is all I ask. Praying God to keep us both in the path of duty, and to sustain you, dear Basil, through your great affliction, I am,

Yours for ever,

JULIE.

Oh! how Basil blessed her faithful heart, as he read this! how quickly rained the tears upon the dear words, which he dwelt upon with his own heart gathered the strength it so much needed.

That night he saw his treasured mother, his young brothers and sisters go forth from the dwelling which had so long been their own. He supported his mother's steps, he tried to speak hopeful words to her as she looked back for the last time upon their home—now theirs no longer. A carriage, sent by a kind neighbor, conveyed them to the cottage they were for the future to occupy.

Heavy was Mrs. Stanley's heart, as she left the dwelling endeared to her by so many memories of the past. There had she been brought when a bride, by the husband of her youth—under its roof had her children been born, and by its hearth had they all knelt in morning and evening prayer for many a day. There was not a room in the house but which, from some association, she clung to with peculiar tenderness. There was not a shrub in the yard but she had planted and watched over, and now they were hers no longer. Yet she would have relinquished all without a murmur, could her husband have been restored to her—her inno-

cent husband, who had passed so many days of toil, so many nights of sleepless anxiety, to rest at last upon a dungeon's floor of stones.

From their cottage-home went up that night the earnest tones of prayer from Basil's lips—beside him his mother and the children knelt.

It was the first time that he led their family worship. When his voice, so tremulous with feeling, ceased, and he arose from his knees, his mother fell upon his neck and thanked God that he had given her such a son.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

THE YANKEE IN A PORK HOUSE.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

Conscience sakes! but haint they got a lot of pork here? said a looker-on in Quincy Market, the other day.

Pork? echoes a decidedly Green Mountain biper, at the elbow of the first speaker.

Yes; I vow it's quite astonishing how much pork is sold here and ate up by somebody, continued the old gent.

Et up? says the other, whose physical structure somewhat resembled a fat lath, and whose general contour made it self-evident that he was not given to frivolity, jauntily fitting coats and breeches, or perfumed and 'fixed up' barbarically extravagance. Et up? he thoughtfully and earnestly repeated, as his hands rested in the cavity of his trousers pockets and his eyes rested upon the first speaker.

You never never in Cincinnati, I guess?

No, I never was, says the old gent.

Never was? Well, I cal'lated not. Never been in a pork-house?

Never, unless you call this a pork-house.

That's it? Pork-house? says the Yankee.

Well, reckon not—don't begin—'tain't nothin' like—not a speck in a puddle to a pork-house—a Cincinnati pork-house!

I've hearn that they carry on the pork business pooty stiff, out there, says the old gentleman.

Pooty stiff? Good gravy, but don't they?

Pears to me, I knew you somewhere, says our Yankee.

You might, cautiously answers the old gentleman.

Taint Squire Smith, of Mountpelier?

No, my name's Johnson, sir.

Johnson? Oh, in the tin business?

Oh no, I'm not in business at all, sir, was the reply.

Not? Oh, thoughtfully echoes Yankee.

Well, no matter, I thought p'raps you were from up our way; I'm from near Mountpelier—State of Vermont.

Ya-as, indeed!

Yas, indeed, says the old gentleman.

Yas, indeed, says the old gentleman.

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The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 2, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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TRAVELING AGENTS.

REV. ROBERT RICHARDSON. A. T. BOWMAN.

About Music—and the Concert.

The Macomber Concert, on Monday evening, was all that we predicted. Miss Wilder sings for the people. Much learning in fashionable musical science has not made her mad. She is decidedly the best ballad singer that has visited Waterville, and wins her way to the hearts of her audience through the very soul of music. She is indeed a rare exception to the majority of concert singers, and will always be welcome to the hearty lovers of music.

By the way, we are out of all patience with the musical professors of these days; and they may care little for our opinion, but they will feel what we say more than anybody feels their music. Fashion has plucked the soul out of their best efforts; thwarting them very much as whalebone has thwarted the design of God by marring the human form. Music is killed with corsets; choked to death with the stay-tape and buckram of foreign amateurs in the hands of homespun quacks. There was a time when music indicated a soul, and Shakespeare marked the man devoid of love for it, as "fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." Now it scarcely indicates brains, and has itself become a stratagem. It moves nothing but fingers and fiddlesticks. In church it seems a stranger to worship. It stirs no devotional spirit; and one would as soon swear as pray after it, if ignorant of time and place. In short, it has lost its soul in running after fashion.

Prof. Crouch is among the scientific musical stars; and yet the uncultivated only groan under his strains. He would as soon move the heart of a dog as of a man; and the mistaken tear that started at his bidding might seek a companion from a crocodile. Even some who judge music only as it warms their hearts, have been honest enough to confess that the magic strains of Jenny Lind lacked power to move the soul. Whether Barnum's or Jenny's notes did most to move the great American heart, is a question no fashionable man or woman would dare answer to this generation.

We care not for the Ole Bulls, that can make a visible tune upon one string—any more than for their thousand imitators, who make it invisible upon any number of strings. Their performances are wonderful, and with those who judge music from the activity of the elbow, they may take the palm. But music should never turn its back upon devotion.—True devotion knows no fashion but the old one; and when church music cuts its fandango before God, she shuts her eyes. She wants music as an aid, not as a burden. It may be argued, that where the pulpit goes backward in defence of exploded dogmas, the orchestra should dash forward to incomprehensibilities. This should be our defence, if it were our fault that a congregation were introduced to half a dozen new tunes every Sabbath,—of which fault, however, we would never be guilty till modern composers took lessons in the spirit and objects of religious worship. Till they do this, the good old tunes, that warmed the souls of the fathers and mothers in Israel, should mingle with the devotions of the sanctuary, at least in proportion to the gray heads scattered in the congregation.

Keep a Close Watch.

Bear in mind, we have no village watchmen now. Those who would keep what belongs to them, should also keep fast doors and good watch. A fashionable villain may easily slip in and divest your pocket of what you will want to use to-morrow. It is done daily, or rather nightly—so the papers say—in other places; and if the rogues don't visit the Kennebec soon, it will be because they see this caution.

Look out for Fire! Nothing but powder has been destroyed by fire in Waterville for a long time. The fire department is in most miserable condition, and everybody careless in proportion. The fate of Rockland should be a warning. Look out for fire!

Information Wanted.

Frank Westcott, 21 years of age, disappeared from his father's store, 44 Fulton-st., Boston, on the 23d inst. and has not since been heard from. The family solicit information concerning him, under the apprehension that he became suddenly deranged; and offer a liberal reward for intelligence that may lead to his discovery.

A Bright "Little Shaver."

Those who would shave easily and independently, should buy their razors of such as know how to use them. We got ours of one of the best barbers in Maine—namely, CRECHET of Portland—and shaving has become a pastime. He has but one more left "of the same sort."

RATHER STRANGE.—Gov. Hubbard, whose appointment to the consulship of Trinidad we noticed last week, has signified to the President that he declines the honor. In these days of raging thirst for office, such an act demands explanation. We are positively afraid the Maine Law will suffer through an impeachment of the Governor's sanity. However, as

some thousands of hungry applicants are yet unprovided for, the office will stand a fair chance to be taken. Where is Jack Downing? Perhaps he would accept it.

A Fine Freshet.

The lumbermen are rejoicing in a fine freshet. The Somerset Spectator predicts that "a large quantity of logs that have usually been two years in going to market with the present season have a good run." Drivers are merrily at work; and though now and then a boom has given way, they seem to regard the high water as a special favor. The past winter was unusually favorable for getting lumber; and as the old stock is almost entirely disposed of, and prices are high with good demand, the season must be a lively one in this branch of business.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—"Alek," (who, by the way, has never been himself since he figured in that College Procession,) went over the A. & K. Railroad the other day, and at the conclusion of a long talk about the late railroad accident, as the passengers were complimenting the employees of the road, over which they were passing, for the faithful discharge of their duties, he put on a very wise and solemn look, and shaking his head in an ominous manner, told them that they knew precious little about the matter, and that for his part, so far from feeling safe in the train he was in, he had been expecting a collision of some kind ever since he entered the car, and saw who the conductor was.

"The conductor! why that's Mr. Barrell, one of the most quiet, careful, prudent men in the employ of the company! What can you possibly have to say against him, of whom everybody speaks well?"

"Oh! I've nothing to say agin Mr. Barrell, of course not," said Alek, but in a tone which intimated that he had a good deal to say against him—"but allow me to remark, gentlemen, and be rose to his feet and struck an attitude, while the company crowded round him with open mouths and ears—that where you have a barrel round, you must have staves."

For one moment they glared in silent astonishment at the author of this cold-blooded atrocity, and then—"Oh! Alek, where was he?" Going neck and heels through the car window at cannon ball speed. He has not been seen or heard of since.

Black Hawk Horses.

This breed of horses is rapidly gaining popularity. In Vermont, where it prevails most extensively, it threatens to cast even the beautiful Morgans into the shade. The Massengers are too "long and lank" for general service, and the pure Morgans a little too "dumpy" for speed and grace. The Black Hawk stands between the two, with great firmness of muscle, and good bottom and speed, and combining the grace and substance of both. Having been bred with great care, the blood unquestionably embraces some of the best horses in the world. Farmers in this vicinity would do well to examine the young Black Hawk, at the stable of the Williams House, in this village. He has the strong characteristics of the Black Hawk family, and is a beautiful horse.

Saved after all!

The ship William and Mary, of Bath, was recently reported lost at sea, with 200 emigrants, the crew and captain escaping in the boats. It turns out that after the captain and crew abandoned their passengers to what was considered sure death, they were taken off by wreckers, and all but two saved. Intelligence of their safety was brought to Savannah by the steamship Conway. How the truth will affect the reputation of the captain, rests with the public.

Striped Bugs on Pumpkins.

Cut a white-birch six inches through, run a sharp knife the whole length of it, girdle off boxes five or six inches wide, box in one or two of the best pumpkins or squashes and keep the barks for the next year—let the girls sew them at the upper and lower edges, and put them away just as you do the haycases.

Perhaps an acre of pumpkins may be saved in a day, and they will be worth more than a dollar besides the vexation of losing your fine looking plants.

Graves sink in, why?

Because the coffin-lid cannot hold up two tons or less of earth.

I have in my mind a grave-yard in which all the coffins but one are buried in pine boxes two inches thick. Those graves have never settled, although they have been made several years. The one grave has caved in just the size of the coffin, although the coffin has been there but a short time. A gentleman from Bangor who had the charge of moving the bodies from the old graveyard there to make way for the railroad, said "the coffin-lids were invariably too weak to sustain the weight of earth upon them."

I saw a coffin taken up from Fort Hill graveyard after a short interment, and the lid had already sprung in three inches—a large coffin. Cheap Remedy.—Those who do not bury in boxes can lay pieces of elms or stout sticks across the coffin. Have the pieces five or six inches longer each side than the coffin is wide, or else have the coffin-lid itself made of short boards running crosswise instead of one board running lengthwise.

Some have leveled off their graves even with the ground, but is this well? A good round, well awarded mound of earth will last quite as long as a common grave stone. Notice the mounds of earth in the western part of our country which were made there long before Columbus's day. Besides, a grave stone may be removed from its place, while a mound will always mark the spot—so will a hollow in the ground if the grave was leveled off and nothing was put over the coffin to hold up the earth; but a neat, high, finely moulded mound,

it seems to me, looks the best, besides being more permanent.

The Boston papers give accounts of a shocking case of death at the M'Lean Asylum for the insane, of an aged and feeble patient, a Mrs. Strong of Vt., apparently by the hand of a Mrs. Jameson, another patient, in whose room the lifeless body of the deceased was found. The Traveller details the circumstances as follows:

Mrs. Jameson was kneeling on the bed in the attitude of prayer, and looking directly down upon the body which was covered by a sheet. There was a slight bruise near the right temple and another on the throat, but no indication of any struggle having occurred between the two, and no discoloration of the face. Much of the natural warmth of the body remained, though the feet felt cold. Immediate and active restorative means were used, but without effect. She was dead.

Mrs. Jameson was asked how Mrs. Strong happened in her room, and what had taken place to occasion her death. Amid many evidences of entire delusion, she yet gave a natural and consistent account, several times repeated, to this effect:

"I heard Mrs. Strong for light [this was her constant habit.] It occurred to me that the Lord had delivered her into my hands, and that if there was any more light in the other world, she should see it. She had been plaguing me for many months with this inquiry, and now, one of the attendants being gone out, and the other preparing our dinner, I determined to be rid of her annoyance. I accordingly slipped out into the gallery and invited Mrs. Strong into my room. She came with me willingly. She had on two caps. I took them off and tied them round her neck. The strings broke. She stood still, close by me, making no resistance. So I knew the Lord had given her to me. I then put my hands round her throat and choked her. I then laid her down on the floor softly, so as to make no noise, and took off one of my stockings and put it round her neck, pulling it as hard as I could; but it was of no use. She was dead already, beyond resuscitation. I felt her pulse and I knew it. While I was doing this I said my prayers, and thanked the Lord that he had permitted me thus to glorify his name."

The Traveller adds, those who have carefully investigated the case, fully exonerate the attendants from any blame in the premises.

SLAVERY IN TEXAS.—A most convincing proof of the atrocity of the Southern Slave Code is given in the Columbia Planter, a Texan paper, which after deprecating all discussion upon the subject publishes the following paragraph in relation to the Slave Code of Texas, which we find copied in the Columbia Democrat of the 5th of April:

"We consider it the duty of the County Court to have these local laws compiled and printed in a cheap form, and a copy placed on each plantation in the country. But we cannot, with what we consider the true policy and interest of the South, open the columns of the Planter for their publication."

There is a prevailing impression that the doers of evil deeds seek darkness rather than light, and the fact that a southern pro-slavery press doubts the policy of publishing its State laws on the subject, is another evidence, were needed, of the iniquity of a system requiring the enactment of statutes to sustain it, which a printer would blush to publish in the face of the civilized world.

So interwoven is one crime with another, that slavery naturally crushes freedom of speech and of the press, and we are not, therefore, surprised to find the following remarks in the Planter, under the ominous heading, "Let the South take care of herself!"

"We regard the institution of domestic slavery purely a local subject, which should lie at the feet of the southern press, with death-like silence; for it is part of nearly every southern family, part of every law of the South, and interwoven in every institution of the southern States, (and that, too, without any act on their part or their consent,) consequently, the manner in which the institution was saddled upon the South, its great importance, its delicate and peculiar connection, with every ramification of southern institutions, and the whole southern body politic, will not admit of discussion."

FALLEN HUMANITY.—We understand that a young girl came up in the American Eagle, on Wednesday morning, as a patient for the lunatic asylum, whose story is of peculiar sorrow. A woman's heart is formed for love, and when once its young affections are engaged the links are like steel, not to be sundered except when broken. This it appears is the case in the present instance. If the facts as we gather them are correct, it appears that some man in this State wrote to her in Maine, that if she would come to California he would marry her, and following her affections, in her confidence she came, trusting to man's honor to protect and give her a home. After her arrival, by perseverance and blandishments he succeeded in seducing her, and in this condition they lived together until some few days past, when her destroyer fled, leaving no record of his friends or trace of his path. A reason tormented from its throne, and now that loving heart is broken and barren in its desolation, with but one intense feeling of fondness for him, who has stolen its chief treasure. She still refuses to develop his name, and although at times quite rational in her conversation, her eye is vacant, and the deep-seated affliction of a broken heart is depicted in her down-cast countenance.—[Stockton Journal.]

MELANCHOLY DEATH RESULTING FROM SPIRITUAL RAFFININGS.—Miss Nancy Sherman, of Plympton, who died on the 15th inst. is another victim to be added to the long list which this profane delusion has already produced. She had been quite noted as a medium of spiritual communication, and by constant ministrations in that office had become so completely imbued with its hallucinations as to be wholly unfitted for the ordinary duties of life. About a month since, she made an attempt on her own life, but was foiled by the breaking of a nail to which she had attached the fatal cord. Being closely watched, and thus prevented from any repetition of such violence, she did not, as it seems, relinquish her original design, but announced to her friends that the spirits had forbidden her eating any more, and commanded that she should starve herself, remarking also that she must obey this injunction, because it proceeded from Heaven. In accordance with this resolve, she studiously abstained from partaking of any food, living on water alone, although at times so tortured by the pangs of hunger as to writhe in agony. Food was everywhere put in her way, and she purposely left alone, in hopes that the cravings of the body might overcome the stubbornness of the spirit, and tempt her to partake of it, all to no purpose. In this condition she lingered three weeks, the last of which was passed in fearful alternations from convulsions to mo-

mentary consciousness with constant relapses, until death finally put an end to her sufferings. [Taunton Gazette.]

More Records of the Past.

A friend who was somewhat interested in our recent article upon old times, has sent us a copy of "The Toecin," dated January 9, 1796, printed at the Hook, Hallowell, by Wait, Robinson and Baker. We believe this was the first paper printed in Hallowell except the "Eastern Star." Augusta was then known as "the Fort—old Fort Western, (or Fort Weston, as some contend) was true spelling,) being the nucleus of the small settlement then existing here. Hallowell was commonly known as "the Hook," a name which it derived from the singular formation of the river shore near "Sheppard's Wharf," where the first buildings were erected. The advertisements in the paper are dated "Hallowell Hook," so that the name was not, as some suppose, a synonym given in derision.

The advertisements of John Sheppard, Variety Store; Nath'l Kent, Dry and West India Goods; John Olin Page, salt, iron, &c.; Ezra Smith had opened a "New Vendue Office," opposite the meeting-house; Nathaniel Dummer, Sec'y of Hallowell Academy; Samuel Howard, Jr. & Co. sold "tickets in the Fourth Class, Harvard College Lottery," and had also for sale almost all kinds of goods; Clark & Swallow, sugar, rum and logwood; a English and W. L. goods; Amos Stoddard, a legal gentleman, apparently, or a collector; Samuel Norcross, who advertises his farm in Rockfield; Rufus Gay, and Seth Gay, who traded at "Pittston, Cobussee;" Abraham and Alpheus Weston, talloo-chandlers, and dealers in English W. L. & Hard Ware Goods, at the Hook; George Crosby, who advertises Molasses and Rock Salt at Fort Weston; Reuben Kidder, attorney at law, Winslow; Ephraim Bigelow, of Canaan, advertises his wife; the printers of the paper advertise Dr. Robbins' Sermon, preached at the ordination of Rev. Mr. Gillett; Edward Sturges, of Vassalboro', advertises stray cattle.

A meeting of "the petitioners for a bridge over the river Kennebec, at the Hook," is notified, at Norcross's Hall. A contest was then going on between "the Fort" and "the Hook," as to which should have the bridge. The Fort prevailed, and the first bridge was erected on the site of the present Kennebec Bridge. This laid the foundation of a flourishing settlement here, and the controversy was probably the commencement of the jealousy and hostility between the two places, that existed for long time afterwards. The Fort boys and Hook boys used to meet frequently on Hinckley's Plains, and fight for the honor of their respective villages.

Large quantities of land were advertised for sale by the proprietors living in Boston, Portsmouth and other places. 3600 acres in Penabulor (Dresden) 400 in Hallowell, 800 in Monmouth, 9100 in Winslow, on the West side of the river; 1666 in the same, 200 in Vassalboro', 800 in Jones Plantation, Also one half of that excellent island called Mt. Desert, containing 1700 acres. Apply to John Lowell, Jr. Boston.

There were some exhibitions in those days. "The Curious," were informed by advertisement that "the Famous American Balance Master," would exhibit a variety of surprising, though entertaining curiosities at Fort Weston on the 13th inst. The exhibitor pledged his honor that the entertainment should be equal if not superior to their expectations, for (he says)

"Immodest words, admit of no defence And want of decency is want of sense."

[Kennebec Journal.]

A CASE of medical practice somewhat out of the routine of that usually followed by the sons of Esculapius, came off in our city on Thursday night last. A wealthy and well known citizen has a favorite spaniel, on which he doats. Said spaniel, (from what cause our informant was unable to give information) was seized with a violent attack of some disease of the eyes, that utterly destroyed their sight.—When this unwelcome fact became known to his master and owner, he was stricken with grief, and like another individual under certain circumstances, he refused to be comforted. While he was in this unfortunate condition, suddenly a brilliant thought struck him. He recollected the celebrity of Dr. Potter for curing diseases of the eyes, and to him he took his afflicted pet. By Dr. Potter chloroform was administered to the unfortunate member of the canine species; and when his nerves were stilled, an operation was performed, which resulted in his complete restoration to sight.—Since that time he has been doing as well as could be expected, under the circumstances; should any change occur in his health we shall hasten with our usual alacrity to lay it before our readers.—[Cincinnati paper.]

The Black Knot.—A Remedy.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I am glad to have the opportunity of answering your Walpole correspondent, on the subject of "Black knots on Plan trees." He will find it an easy matter to save his trees if he will be thorough in practicing the only remedy; and indeed, he or other individuals, when they understand the sanitary process, are culpable if they allow their trees to perish, and deserve none of the good things promised to "the willing and the obedient."

In the first place, all knots should be cut off in the spring, before the leaves put forth.—When they appear on the large branches cut them out clean, with a knife; the wood should be taken some distance both above and below the knot, or it may again show itself, for the disease commonly extends further than the bare tubercle. These wounds should then be covered with waxed cloth or grafting itself. The trees must be again examined in the month of June, when a new set of knots will be found, and in these are the insects which cause them to grow, and when they are taken from the trees they should be immediately committed to the flames, and thus the whole progeny will be destroyed, and scarcely any knots will show themselves the next season, unless the insects come from neglected and diseased trees in the neighborhood. Let your correspondent practice this thoroughly, and I will warrant him a perfect cure. I would recommend him to spread over the ground as far as the limbs of these trees extend, three inches of well rotted manure and leaves from the forest. The effect will be surprising, and can be seen in the increased size of the foliage and growth during the season.

These knots are caused by the larvae of an insect, the eggs which they hatch from are deposited the summer previous, in the branches, and the warmth of the spring hatches them; they then feed on the new wood as it is deposited, and nature, in making an effort to overcome the difficulty, causes these knots to grow, or deposits an extra quantity of woody substance at this place. When they completely surround the branch, strangulation, as it might be termed, takes place and the limb perishes.

[Rural New Yorker.]

A RUNAWAY SLAVE KILLED.—At East Baton Rouge, La., an escaped negro slave,

whom two citizens of Port Hudson attempted to recapture, so resolutely fought for his freedom that they were obliged to desist. They thereupon obtained a pack of dogs and pursued the fugitive to a drift in the river, where the dogs brought him to bay. When the pursuing party came up he refused to surrender, and was immediately shot, and fell into the water. So determined was the poor fellow not to be captured, that when an effort was made to rescue him from drowning, he made battle with his club, and sunk waving his weapon in angry defiance at his pursuers.

[From the Home Journal.]

The Valley of the Amazon.

We have been reading Lieutenant Maury's pamphlet upon the Valley of the Amazon.—The Lieutenant holds a firm pen, and makes clear marks with it. How to secure for his countrymen, and the rest of mankind, the free navigation of the Amazon, he thinks to be "the question of the day;" and he brings to its discussion the energy of a sailor, and the earnestness of a patriot. We have been so much interested in this pamphlet, that we are tempted to invite our readers to accompany us while we go over it a second time.

The Valley of the Amazon is the largest in the world. It embraces an area of two million and forty-eight thousand square miles, which is more than twice the extent of the Valley of the Mississippi. Its fertility is unparalleled.—"The country which is drained by the Amazon," says our author, "if reclaimed from the savage, the wild beast, and the reptile, and reduced to cultivation now, would be capable of supporting with its produce the population of the whole world." It is a rice country, and yields two harvests of that valuable grain in two months. "Corn, too, may be planted at any time, and in three months is fit for gathering." Thus the husbandman there may gather four crops of corn a year. Its seasons are an everlasting summer, with a perpetual round of harvests. It is peculiarly rich in those productions of the earth which enter into commerce. Besides its mines of gold, silver, and diamonds, its forests abound in the most beautiful woods and most precious herbs, dye stuffs, gums and medicines. Sugar, coffee, cotton, tobacco, indigo, cocoa, are produced with little labor. It is a land of oranges, lemons, pine-apples, citrons, figs, tamarinds, bananas, and pomegranates. "In those great solitudes, replete with riches, millions of the human race might dwell in plenty and happiness, where nature annually wastes more than would support the population of China in comfort, and where the most luscious fruits and fairest flowers grow and bloom unknown and unnoticed." The climate is healthful and agreeable. The Lieutenant—who is our first authority on all that relates to winds and waters—declares that there is "no tropical country in the world which has so windward, and so exactly to windward of it, such an extent of ocean in the trade-wind region. Consequently there is no intertropical country in the world that is so finely watered as is this great Amazon country of South America." The summer is not one drought, and the winter one shower, as in some tropical countries; but the rains fall and the sun shines, just as often and as long as they are needed. In a word, the Valley of the Amazon, as a place of residence for man, as a field of enterprise for merchants, is not equaled by any other region on the globe.

For three centuries the white man has been established in this possible paradise, but it is still a wilderness. "Wagon roads," says the practical Lieutenant, "are few, few, turnpikes unknown, and the last railway has yet to be built; and though the La Plata drains a country nearly as large and many times more fertile than is our own Mississippi Valley, and though that of the Amazon is twice as great, and its tributaries many times longer, more navigable, and numerous, yet the steamboat upon those waters is a problem almost untold. In the Valley of the Amazon, the plow is unknown; and the American rifle and axe, the great implements of settlement and civilization, are curiosities." The commerce of the countries in the remotest regions of the Amazonian Valley is carried on in a most curious and circuitous way. The Brazilian government seals the mouth of the river against all ingress or egress of foreign ships, and hence, for commercial purposes the great Amazon is useless. Lieutenant Maury gives an example to show the inconveniences and loss occasioned by this "Japanese policy"—an example which also proves the enormous value of the South American trade. "The American or English pedler to the Amazon," for trader he is not—buys in New York or Liverpool, as the case may be, four yards of cotton, for which he pays twenty-five cents. He ships it then around Cape Horn to Callao. Here it pays duty at the Peruvian custom-house, and is sent hence to Lima by mule.—By this time, what, with freight, transportation, and commissions, it has cost the purchaser fifty cents. It is then packed on mules, carried across the Andes, and in about twelve months from the time of its leaving Liverpool or New York it arrives at the mouth of the Ucayali, where it is sent up by boat, which occupies three hundred working hours in going up three hundred miles to Sarayacu and the sarsaparilla country. Here this piece of four yards is exchanged in barter, for one hundred pounds of that drug. A shipment of the return cargo is then made in the rude raft of the country, and this hundred pounds of sarsaparilla, bought with four yards of "a penny bit" cotton, when it reaches the Amazon is worth nine dollars in Nauta, ten dollars and fifty cents in Tabatinga, twenty-five dollars at Para, and fifty dollars at New York or Liverpool. The voyage has been a long and a tedious one, and a round-about one, but the profits are enormous." From this passage, the reader perceives that commerce with South America is obliged to climb over the fence of the Andes, and get in at the back door of the Continent, because the grand front entrance is churlishly closed by Don Pedro, the Portuguese Emperor of Brazil. The great point of Lieutenant Maury's pamphlet is, that when a river runs through several countries, the mouth of that river, so far as free ingress and egress are concerned, is the common property of those countries. Brazil, by closing the mouth of the Amazon, robs Ecuador, robs Granada, robs Peru, of all the commercial advantages of a river which flows for hundreds of miles through their own territory, and which is their natural highway to the ocean. The Lieutenant puts the case strongly in the following passage:

"Suppose the five Spanish-American republics should all proclaim one or more of their river towns upon the Amazon free ports to the commerce of the world; and suppose that Brazil, instead of owning two thousand miles or more of this river after it passes the borders of these republics, owned only two miles from the sea up, would any one pretend that Brazil in such a case, would have the right to control the navigation of the whole river and its valley, because its mouth happened to pass through the sea? The doctrine that concedes to any one nation the arbitrary right to shut out other nations from the common highways of the world is monstrous. The arbitrary right even to shut out one of the citizens of this nation

from the public highways is not possessed by any of our governors. And if his neighbors must allow him free passage through their lands to the common market way, with how much more force does this humane principle apply to nations and their right to follow, through neighboring territory, the great thoroughfares which Nature has constructed to lead from the interior of the land out upon the broad ocean—the great highway of the world? Brazil has no more right, in consequence of her two thousand miles of Amazon between these people and the sea, to shut them up and out from the highways of commerce, than she would in the supposed case of two miles. The policy of the United States is the policy of commerce, and we do not wish to be on any terms with Brazil but those of peace and good-will. We buy now half of all her coffee, and coffee is her great staple. She is a good customer of ours, too, and we value highly our present friendly relations with her; but as highly as we value them, we value still more the everlasting principles of right. We want nothing exclusive to the Amazon; but we are nearer to the Amazon, or rather to the mouth of it, than any other nation, not even excepting Brazil herself, if we count the distance in time, and measure from Rio de Janeiro, and from New York or New Orleans as the centers of the two countries. And, therefore, it may well be imagined that the miserable policy by which Brazil has kept shut up, and is continuing to keep shut up, from man—from Christian, civilized, enlightened man's—use the fairest portions of God's earth, will be considered by the American people as a nuisance, not to say an outrage."

All this seems to us quite undeniable. At what time, and in what manner, other nations should interfere with this short-sighted Brazilian exclusiveness, and demand the freedom of the Amazon, Lieutenant Maury does not express an opinion. It seems, that the Brazilians do not particularly fancy the people of the United States. Their journals apply to us the pleasant phrase of "that nation of pirates," and others no less complimentary. They think that this nation is engaged in nothing else but schemes for expelling all the people from America who are not Anglo-Saxons. Of course if we once get into the habit of going up the Amazon, the Brazilian people must prepare for expulsion. The importance of this subject we do not think is overstated by Lieutenant Maury. For the sake of a hint in the closing paragraph of this pamphlet, we conclude our brief notice with extracting it: "The time will come," says the Lieutenant, "when the free navigation of the Amazon will be considered by the people of this country as second in importance, by reason of its conservative effects, to the acquisition of Louisiana, if it be second at all; for I believe it is to prove the safety-valve of this Union! I will not press this view, or its bearings, any further at this time; though I think statesmen will agree with me, that this Amazonian question presents a bright streak to the far-seeing eye of the patriot. But while the free navigation, the settlement, and the cultivation, and the civilization of the Amazon are pregnant with such great things, it is an achievement which is not to be worked out by the hand of violence, nor is it to be accomplished by the strong arm of power. It is for science with its lights, for diplomacy with its skill, for commerce with its influence, and peace with its blessings, to bring about such great results as would be the free navigation of the Amazon—the settlement and cultivation of the great Atlantic slope of South America." Those who wish to pursue the subject further, may obtain the pamphlet at Francis & Co.'s, 252 Broadway.

Wash from the Sink.

There is probably no article that can be applied to growing vegetables, more decidedly valuable than the wash from the sink apout.—And yet this is not generally understood by farmers, and few efforts are made even by the most economical to economize an article in which are to be found all the elements which contribute to the sustenance of vegetables in a state of perfect solution, and consequently in a condition the most readily appropriable by the organs they are designed to nourish, invigorate and sustain.

It has been computed by chemical men that the amount of pabulum, or alimentary matter, contained in the urine of animals, is equal to that of the solid voidings. It has also been asserted that one hoghead of soap suds, if applied in irrigation, would produce effects upon the corn crop as obvious and enduring as those resulting from a cord of the best manure. This assertion is, perhaps, erroneous; but that the effects of the articles applied in the manner specified, would be highly salutary, no one who has witnessed the effects of soap suds upon cucumbers, squashes, house plants, &c., can indulge a doubt. But the most economical method probably of saving and appropriating this liquid to the purposes of vegetable enrichment is to mix it with the materials of the compost heap. Any substance which will absorb it, may be made a vehicle for conveying it to the fields, such as swamp muck, which, in a dry state, readily absorbs three times its weight of water, loam, old tan, rotten leaves, straw, or saw dust, all of which are highly valuable, and act favorably both on the soil and crop.

[N. E. Farmer.]

The romance of youth soon wears out. A few years of experience with butchers, grocers, shoemakers and milliners, takes off the tender edge of youth and beauty. The well trimmed locks, smoothed down by the barber, the fashionable cut of the coat, the peculiar shape of the boot, the indispensable glove, the perfumed handkerchief, all fade into nothing after the progeny and cradle appear. It can't be helped. People will wear the "subdued domestic look," after being kept awake half the night, dealing out five and ten drop doses of Godfrey's Cordial. Well, well, it is good some times to know what is solicitude. It is instructive to wear off the tinsel and superficial and realize solid matter of fact. Draw on your pegged boots, your three dollar pants, and don your twenty shilling hat. It is well enough to be inflated as a minor, but when you become the sovereign of a "respectable tradesman's daughter," be reconciled to the rough and rugged road of life, without embellishment. Wash off your delusive cosmetics!

How to DESTROY BAD SCENTS.—Now that warm weather is fast approaching, and the air likely to become infected with disagreeable odors, it may be worth knowing, to state that common green copperas, dissolved in water and sprinkled about the fish market floor and about slaughter houses, butchers' stalls, tan yards, in pools and privies; and in places where noxious vapors arise, the smell may be effectually remedied by this simple and cheap application. In hospitals and sick rooms, it is of incalculable value. It may be placed in a saucer or plate and dissolved and placed under the bed or in any convenient place, and the worst stench will be destroyed in a short time. Try it a few times, and prove the thing.

