



6-16-1853

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 48): June 16, 1853

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 48): June 16, 1853" (1853). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 307.
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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 16, 1853.

NO. 48.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
MAXHAM & WING,
At No. 3 1-2 Bontelle Block, Main Street.
EPIH. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. 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.

"DEAR LITTLE LUTIE."

BY LILY.

Thy laughing voice and lip of love,
Thy fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little arms, so often twined
Around a loved one's neck,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little hands, so often clasped
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little feet, so often seen
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little voice, so often heard
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little heart, so often true
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little soul, so often pure
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little life, so often sweet
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little death, so often true
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little heaven, so often bright
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little glory, so often true
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little love, so often pure
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little faith, so often true
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little hope, so often pure
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little charity, so often true
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little peace, so often pure
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
No more our hearts may bless.

The little joy, so often true
In fond and sweet caress,
The smile that nestled on thy cheek,
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The little bliss, so often pure
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Congress is scared by them, it ought to be spanked. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for snaking the alligators out of their creek! I could go there and pick 'em out of the mud with a pitch-fork. If I was President, I would make them swallow their two ton of percussion-caps. They're a queer nation out West.

'Yes,' sighed Aunt Baldwin, 'they are a very peculiar kind of people. I am afraid that the Pope has got his eye on the West, and would like to have the Inquisition going there, if he could. But I trust and pray that he will fail in all his designs, as Dr. Jones said at the annual meeting of the American Board.'

'Ha! good!' the farmer again broke out; 'here is what Mr. Splinters, the editor of the "Bomb-Shell," says about the Secretary of the Treasury: "Beside the miserable incapacity and flagrant corruption of this venal tool of the Administration, there are other crimes laid to his charge, which, in our opinion, render him a fit subject for the action of the High Court of Impeachment of the United States." But no matter what Mr. Splinters said about the poor Secretary; he wrote with a rattlesnake's fang, and it will do none of us any good to rehearse his congressional leaders.'

On the other side of the blazing fire-place sat, first, Mag, a strapping two-fisted wench, chopping mince-meat in a wooden bowl. Not far distant sat John, a hired man, a drawing, pork-fed mortal, with his feet on the rounds of his flag-bottomed chair, smoking a pipe, and addressing his remarks on men and things, cattle, politics, saw-mills, and hog-feed, to every person in the room by turns; thus imparting his valuable experience and the results of his discriminating observation in a manner well calculated to "react on the age." Three boys sat on the broad hearth, with hatchet, hammer, knives, nails, sticks, and leather-straps, making a new-fangled quail-trap, supposed by them to be an invention of incalculable importance, and likely to revolutionize the whole science of catching quails in February. The first of these striplings was Dave Buck, a boy of thirteen, loud-voiced and brown-haired, one of the sort known as "staying fellows." The second was his brother Mat, somewhat younger. Joe Kedge, a neighbor-boy, completed the trio. Joe was a long-faced, mathematical genius, the master-architect of the new trap, which, under his skilful fingers, was gradually rising to pyramidal symmetry, curious to behold. Two children, twins, the one Will, an honest, courageous, open-eyed little fellow, and Nelly, a pretty and timid creature, stood by, watching the progress of Joe Kedge's trap with the intensest interest.

'Now, b-o-y-s,' said John, holding his pipe in his fingers, and scrutinizing the new snare with a skeptical eye, 'you won't catch no quails in any such kind of a darned Y-o-r-k trap as that, I can tell you. I've ketcht quails in my time, and I reckon that I know quails about as well as the next man; and I just tell you one-fo'r all, that if you ketch the first quail in that there trap, then I'm a lawyer.'

'W-a-a-l, J-o-b-n,' replied Joe Kedge, imitating the drawl of the hired man, 'p'raps you couldn't ketch a Connecticut q-u-a-l-l-i-n, but I guess we can coax a Y-o-r-k quail to get into it. York quails haven't been to school so long as Connecticut quails; they haven't had so many advantages, and consequently don't know so much about the steam-engine, and haven't got so much information generally. Guess a fellow might ketch a Y-o-r-k quail, Johnny.'

Dave Buck exploded at this, and so did Mat, and the two rolled over on the floor, shrieking with laughter; but Joe was straightening a crooked shingle-nail on an old flat-iron, and did not move a muscle of his face. 'I would just like to know, Joe Kedge, how you calculate you can induce a quail to go inside of that there coop,' said John a little tartly.

'Oh,' replied Joe, 'I would put some c-o-r-n and things on that there piece of shingle, and if that didn't in-d-u-c-e the quail, I would tell the moral of him.'

Dave and Mat shrieked again at this true specimen of boy's humor, and keeled over on the floor. John stuck his pipe into his mouth, and said, 'You are gettin' entirely too smart for your hide to hold you much longer, Mister Kedge; but I tell you that I know quails, and you can't ketch the first quail in any such kind of a two-story trap as that.'

'Why can't we, John?—now I'd just like to know!' cried Dave Buck.

'Why?' said John; 'why—why, because it ain't read'n-able.'

'Oh, you get out!' cried Dave.

'Why, John, I tell you that you can't keep quails out of it,' said Joe. 'I'll just tell you a little fact that happened down to our house last Saturday night, and then see what you will have to offer on the subject. I made just such a trap as this on Saturday afternoon, and when I got it done, father forked on it, and says he, "Let this alone, young man, till Monday morning. I won't have you settin' traps on Saturday night, and fetc'hin' in a lot of live quails on the Lord's day." So he took it down cellar, and put it under a tub, so that I couldn't find it. Well, sir, all that night we heard something peckin', peckin' down cellar, and no body in the house could guess what it was. But when we went down there in the morning, to see what was the fuss, we found a quail there that had worn his bill off up to his wisdom teeth, trying to make a hole in the tub, so as to get inside of it, and get caught in that there trap. No, sir, you can't keep quails out of it, Mat, hand me that thereawl!'

Dave and Mat went into convulsions once more. John grinned, and said, 'I'm afraid your funeral will be attended before you get off of age, young man. But I say just what I said all along, that you can't ketch anything in that trap, or else I'm a lawyer. Jest remember what I told you beforehand.'

'Oh, you get out, John!' cried Dave.

'No, don't know anything. Here we put the corn, and here comes the quail. Now, how in Sam Hill do you suppose he is going to go by that there crib without stopping to fodder?—and then, you see, he's a gone sucker at once.'

'Wa-l, you'll see—you'll see,' said John, blowing a cloud of smoke into the air, and stretching out his legs.

Little Will, who had been earnestly watching the operations of the trap-builders, heard with consternation the verdict of John on the merits of the new engine, and ran across the room to his mother, with his large, honest eyes staring from his head, and said,

'Mother! mother! John says that Joe Kedge's trap won't ketch no quails!'

'Hush, child! hush!' said the mother.—'Your father is reading to us. Go ask John to tell you and Nelly a story.'

And in truth, Will had interrupted his father in the midst of one of Mr. Splinters's pungent commentaries on the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury: 'Another proposition of this profligate and dastardly idiot, is, to saddle the groaning millions of this broad Republic with an additional duty of one-and-a-half per cent. on cut-nails; a proposition which makes our blood boil with indignation; and so on. Mrs. Buck, innocent woman, could not see why Mr. Splinters should suffer so much anguish on account of the duty on cut-nails, but, like a model wife, listened with due attention to whatever her husband was pleased to read for her illumination; while Grandmother Buck and Aunt Baldwin continued to unravel tangled genealogies.'

'John,' said little Will, returning to the tripod of the kitchen-oreole, will you please to tell Nelly and me a story?

'Oh, do tell us a story, good John Robbins,' cried Nelly.

'Well, little folks,' said John, 'I don't care if I do. What shall it be about?'

'Oh, tell us about Grandfather Robbins and the wolf!' cried Will.

'Oh, do, good John!' Nelly said; 'but it makes me so 'frail!'

'Well,' said John, having filled his pipe, 'I don't care if I do tell you the story about Grandfather Robbins and the wolf. Let me get my pipe a goin' first, though. Mat, jest light that pine-aliver in the fire-place, and hand it to me. There, you Ingen, look out! you needn't mind settin' Mag's hair on fire.'

'Get out, you scamp!' bawled Mag, as the urchin passed behind her chair with his little torch.

'Marty,' said Grandmother Buck, 'what are you doing?'

'Nothin'—nothin' at all,' said Mat, 'only helpin' John light his pipe.'

'Only settin' me a-fire!' cried Mag. 'He ought to be licked; and I'll do it, too, if he don't behave himself.'

'Martin,' said the boy's mother, 'go away, and don't bother Margaret.'

'Yes'm,' Mat said, and resumed his seat by the quail-trap.

'Now, little folks,' John said, 'it seems that Margaret ain't going to burn up just now, and so I'll tell you the story. Fifty-three years ago, on the twenty-fourth day of last November, Grandfather Robbins came into Howlin' Holler for to make a settlement. It was a new country then, and there wasn't a neighbor within three miles of him, and he was quite an old man, too. But he got a few taters and a chunk of pork, and reckoned he could make a live on't till Spring, though it was a pretty small chance. There was wolves in the Holler—an unaccountable mess of 'em; and painters—the worst kind of painters. There was one of 'em killed a man in the Holler in the year 1799. There was a pedlar came along a good many years after that 'had larnin' and he made some po'try about it. It went so:

'Now listen, all ye lumber men,
Both ye that have and have not sin,
And I will quickly run inform
How Jonas Brown a painter torn.
He went out to the hemlock woods—
His flock was made of checkerboard goods—
He had his provisions in a pack,
And there occurred this dreadful tale.'

'There's twenty-seven verses of it, I've got it in my chest up-stairs, and some time I'll bring it down and read it to you. Squire Johnson took it down to the Corners, and had it printed on sheets of paper, with edging all around the sides.'

'There was Ingens down to the Holler too—great, big, red Ingens, that skipped folks in the war, and carried on monstrous ugly, when they was drunk.'

'John,' said Will, 'tell us what the Ingens used to say to Grandfather Robbins?'

'Oh, John!' cried Nelly, 'do tell; but it makes me so 'frail!'

'Well,' John said, 'I don't justly remember the expressions Grandfather said they used, though I've heard him tell more'n fifty times; but it was something like this: "Tommy wommy! whoop! whoop! whoop!"'

'Oh-o-o!' it makes me 'frail!' cried poor Nelly, hiding her face in her apron.

'How big—when? John did you ever see an Ingen?' Will said.

'Yes, a good many, and some time I'll tell you about old Captain Wild-Turkey, the Chief of 'em; but now I'll tell you how Grandfather encountered a pesky wolf one day, the first one he ever see. He went out into the woods one morning a-choppin'.' Well, after he had chopped all day, it came on dusk; and while he was a-choppin' all to once-t he spied a wolf comin' towards him, and the wolf he spied Grandfather Robbins a-choppin'. So Grandfather he stopped choppin', and the wolf he stopped comin'. Then the wolf he croaked up his back and howled, and then Grandfather he croaked up his back and howled. Grandfather he was skeert, and he reckoned that the wolf was skeert, and so they stood there quite a spell. The wolf he h-o-o-w-l-e-d at Grandfather Robbins, and Grandfather Robbins he h-o-o-w-l-e-d at the wolf!'

Here poor little Nelly, though she had heard twenty times before the legend of Grandfather Robbins and the wolf, was so terror-stricken at the dreadful peril of the good old man—her apprehensions being aided not a little perhaps by the tragic emphasis with which John uttered the fearful word h-o-o-w-l-e-d—that she ran away crying, and buried her face in her mother's lap; but Will stood his ground bravely, though faltering slightly at first, and stared in the face of John with wide eyes and mouth half open.

'I'd just have liked to been in Grandfather Robbins's place about two minutes,' said Dave, flourishing his hatchet; 'I'd a-made that there wolf sing Mea! I'd a-cracked his snout with a chunk of wood till he would-have thought day was breakin'!'

'No you wouldn't, Dave Buck,' said little Will, kindling with earnestness; 'no you wouldn't. You wouldn't dare to do it. The wolf would have swallowed you.'

'A great many times that wolf would have swallowed me!' cried Mat. 'I'd have fixed him out so that his aunt wouldn't have known him.'

'About how long by the clock did Grandfather Robbins stand there a-howlin', John?' inquired Joe Kedge.

'Well,' said John, 'he never could tell precisely how long. Folk's ideas about time differs. Some folks ha'n't no judgment about it at all, and others agin have. Grandfather used to judge that he might have stood there about five minutes; and then the wolf he turned around and slid one way, and Grandfather Robbins he turned around and slid the other way.'

'Is that the end of the story about Grandfather Robbins and the wolf?' said Joe.

'Yes, that's the end of it,' John said.

'Got any more such?' continued Joe.

'Not that I now recollect of,' said John, innocently.

'Well, then, John,' the youth proceeded, 'I guess you had better go up to bed. There's the schoolmaster beck'nin'.' (This he said lowering his voice, and speaking for the benefit only of the circle around him.) 'Who knows, John, but what he'll put it in the papers one of these days?'

The Management of Boys.
The following article from the pen of Rev. J. S. C. Abbot, we commend to the careful perusal of all parents, who have the good of their sons at heart. It would seem a severe imputation to question a parent's interest in his own children, but how many facts are meeting us every day, which plainly indicate a sad want of judgment, on the part of parents, or, what is still worse, a continued carelessness in the training of their children:

A clergyman of much observation recently remarked, that the experience of sixty years had taught him, that if boys had a faithful and judicious mother, they were pretty sure to turn out well, whatever might be the character of the father. The following hints are intended for the assistance of such mothers.

1. Keep your boys by all means out of the streets.—At the proper times for play, allow them to invite some of their neighbor's children into your yard, or permit them to visit those children of your friends with whom you are willing they should associate. But let it be an immutable law, that they are not to rove the streets in freedom, to play with whatever companions chance may throw in their way. By commencing early and firmly with this principle, you will have no difficulty in enforcing it, and it is a safeguard against innumerable evils. Turn a boy loose into the streets to associate with the vicious and profane, and he will almost certainly be ruined. Therefore, at all hazards, keep him out of the streets.

2. Do not allow your son to play out of doors in the evening.—There is something in the practice of night exposure and night play which seems to harden the heart. You never see such a boy possessed of gentle deportment. He is always forward, self-willed and unmanageable. There is always temptation, in the darkness of the evening, to say and do things which he would not be willing to say and do in the open blaze of day. The most judicious parents will never allow their children to be out at such hours, consequently, the only companions he can be with are unmanaged and unmanageable. There is something almost fiend-like in the shouts which are occasionally heard from such troops of boys congregated in the corners of the streets. If you would save your son from certain ruin, let him not be with them. Keep him at home in the evening, unless by special permission he be at the house of some judicious friend, where you know he will engage only in frivole sports.

3. Do what you can to keep your sons employed.—Let play be but their occasional privilege, and they will enjoy it far more highly. Employ them in the garden, if you have one, at work, not play. Give them daily and regular duties about the house. It will do them no harm to perform humble services. It will help you, and help them still more, to have them bring in the wood or coal, to scour the knives, to make their own beds, to keep their own rooms in order. You may thus render them highly useful, and greatly contribute to their happiness and to their future welfare.

If you are sick, it is still more important that you should train up your sons to these habits of industry, for they stand peculiarly in need of this moral and physical discipline. Louis Philippe, the late king of the French, though the son of the proudest and the richest noble of France, was in childhood and early youth required to wait upon himself in the performance of the humblest offices. It was through this culture that he was trained to be one of the most remarkable men of the present age.

4. Take an interest in your children's enjoyments.—A pleasant word, an encouraging smile from a sympathizing mother, rewards an affectionate boy for many an hour of weary work. And the word and the smile reach his heart, and make him a more pliable, gentle, mother-loving boy. How often will a boy, with such a mother, work all the afternoon to build a play house or a dove-coot, cheered with the anticipated joy of showing it to his mother when it is done. And when he takes her hand to lead her out and show her the evidence of his mechanical skill, how greatly can his young spirit be gratified by a few words of encouragement and approbation. By sympathizing in the enjoyments of your children, by manifesting the interest you feel in the innocent pleasures they can find at home, you may inspire them with a love of home, and thus shield them from countless temptations.

5. Encourage as much as possible a fondness for reading.—Children's books have been, of late years, so greatly multiplied, that there is but little difficulty in forming in the mind of a child a taste for reading. When the taste is once formed, you will be saved all further trouble. Your son will soon explore the libraries of all his associates, and he will find calm and silent, and improving amusement for many rainy days and long evenings. And you may have many an hour of your own evening solitude enlivened by his reading. The cultivation of this habit is of such immense importance—it is so beneficial in its results, and not only upon the child, but upon the quietude of the whole family, that it is well worth while to make special efforts to awaken a fondness for books. Select some books of a decidedly entertaining character, and encourage him for a time to read aloud to you, and you will very soon find his interest riveted; and, by a little attention, avoiding as much as possible irksome constraint, you may soon fix the habit permanently.

The great difficulty with most parents is, that they are unwilling to devote time to their children. But there are no duties in life more imperative than the careful culture of the minds and hearts of the immortals entrusted to our care. A good son is an inestimable treasure. Language cannot speak his worth. A bad son is about the heaviest calamity which can be

endured on earth. Let the parent, then, find time to train up the child in the way he should go.

A Beautiful Letter from a Mother to Her Son.

On the person of Charles C. Wellington, formerly of Hamilton, Madison county, New York, the young man who committed suicide at Chatham Four Corners, near Hudson, New York, recently, the following affectionate and maternal letter was found:

MY DEAR BOY:—Feeling sensible that I must soon leave you, I wish to say a few words to which I entreat your attention as the last words, the last wishes of your dying mother—a mother who would be glad to live and suffer for your sake, if it was the will of God that she should. In the first place, my dear Charles, love and serve God; make a friend of Him, and He will be better to you than all earthly friends. Never forget to pray to Him; remember that from the time that you was a little one, and could scarcely speak, you have knelt beside your mother, and offered up your prayers to Him. You have also read His holy word with her; do not forsake this practice now she is gone; never omit it for a single night or morning; think that your poor dead mother is looking pleased at you if you do this and looking grieved if you neglect it; above all think how displeasing it is to our Heavenly Father to be neglected by us, His creatures. He has made and protects us every hour and moment of our lives. But remember, my dear child, that to kneel before God and say your prayers is not praying. You must feel what you say; you must remember that God is looking into your heart—remember that He loves children that try to do good, and that He will help them to be so if they ask Him. Therefore, every night endeavor to think what you have done, or said or thought wrong, and beg Him for the sake of your dear Saviour, to forgive you and help you to do better for the future. Every morning thank Him for taking care of you during the night; thank Him for all your blessings; beg Him to keep you from sinning against Him through the day, and then all day long endeavor to remember that His eye is upon you, and that He will be grieved if you do wrong—that He wants to save you and make you happy. If bad boys tempt you to do wrong, remember His holy word has said "My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not." Next to God, love and obey your father, my dear boy; he has been a good father to you, and he has always been good to your mother. Strive to be a comfort to him, do everything to oblige him that you can, and if you live till he needs your help, do all for him that you can. Remember that it is well pleasing to your Father in Heaven for you to love and honor your earthly parents. Be obliging and kind to all, endeavor to make every one love you, obey your teacher, try to improve in your studies, that you may grow up an intelligent, useful man; be good to dumb animals; do not tyrannize over any living thing; try to deny yourself—that is, my dear Charles, try to oblige others even if it puts you to inconvenience on your own account. When you think of the poor heathen children that know not God, and think how much better you are off, strive to save something for them. When you are tempted to spend money for what you do not need, determine not to spend it, but save it to do good with. This is self-denial. When you see a poor creature hungry, and you go without a part of your food to give it to him, that is self-denial. When you are tempted to do a wrong action and do not do it, this is resisting temptation—this is well pleasing to God, who will always help you to resist it if you ask Him. I hope you will be useful. I hope you will live for a good purpose. I shall write much more if I am able. I want to write what might profit you as you grow older; but if I can write no more, endeavor to profit by what I have written, for in childhood, youth, or old age, it cannot hurt, and with the blessing of God it may do you good. Therefore, my dear child, if my life is not spared to finish this, receive it as it is—receive it as the last farewell, the blessing of your dying mother.

C. WELLINGTON.

May God bless and protect my motherless boy, and enable him to become a true Christian.

The way to make a good King.

The wisdom and philanthropy of the present age—we mean that wisdom and philanthropy in which the present age surpasses all that has gone before it—have been shown in the tender regard for the cuticles of the young which they have sought to inculcate. Delinquent juveniles, have shared with criminal adults, the commiseration of those in the nineteenth century whose wisdom eclipses that of Solomon, and moral sanction has become a shield-belt whose potency has thrown into desuetude the birch and the stocks. While philanthropic mothers on this side of the water are so solicitous lest the skins of their dear offspring may bear the marks of wholesome discipline, it is refreshing to turn to England, whence we have received so many good institutions, and to behold there how the young are ruled. The anecdote which we relate is from the London correspondent of a North German Tribune for a translation. It seems that the young Prince, the eldest son of Victoria and Albert, stood one day in his room in the royal palace at Windsor, at the window, whose panes reached to the floor. He had a lesson to learn by heart, but instead, was amusing himself by looking out into the garden and playing with his fingers on the window. His governess, Miss Hillyard, an earnest and pious person, observed this, and kindly asked him to think of getting his lesson. The young prince said: 'I don't want to.' Then, said Miss Hillyard, 'I must put you in the corner.' 'I won't learn,' answered the little fellow, resolutely, 'and won't stand in the corner, for I am the Prince of Wales.' And as he said this, he knocked out one of the window panes with his foot. At this, Miss Hillyard rose from her seat, and said: 'sir, you must learn, or I must put you in the corner.' 'I won't,' said he, knocking out a second pane.

The governess at this point wisely concluded that this was a case of higher authority than hers, the boy being about eleven years old, and she accordingly rang, and told the servant who entered, to say to Prince Albert that she requested the presence of his Royal Highness immediately, on a pressing matter connected with his son. The devoted father came at once and heard the statement of the whole matter,

after which he turned to his little son and said pointing to an ottoman: 'sit down there, and wait till I return.' Then Prince Albert went to his room and brought a Bible. 'Listen now,' he said to the Prince of Wales, 'to what the holy Apostle Paul says to you and other children in your position.' Hereupon he read Galat. iv. and 12: "Now I say that the heir so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be loved of all; but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the Father." 'It is true,' continued Prince Albert 'that you are the Prince of Wales, and if you conduct properly you may become a man of high station, and even after the death of your mother may become King of England. But now you are a little boy, who must obey his tutors and governors. Besides I must impress upon you another saying of the wise Solomon, in Proverbs xiii. 24: "He that spareth his rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."'

It will be seen that the Ring-consort did nothing in haste, but having shown the heir to the throne of the British Empire that he had the highest warrant for that which he was about to do, the father took the rod and gave the young prince a very palpable switching, and then stood him up in the corner, saying, 'you will stand here and study your lesson till Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out. And never forget again that you are now under tutors and governors, and that hereafter you will be under a law given by God.' This adds the correspondent, is an excellent Christian mode of education, which every citizen and peasant who has a child may well take to his heart as a model. We doubt not that, if this stern and honest discipline is carried out, and honest sentiments duly inculcated, that Albert Edward, such is the young Prince's name, will make one of the best sovereigns England ever had. If a like course should be followed with some American sovereigns, now in pupillage, it would be quite as well for their future and for the community, in which they may hereafter circulate.—[Bangor Mercury.]

Husbands and Wives.

Mrs. Denison, in one of her capital editorials for the Boston Olive Branch, presents the following striking contrast between two homes and two husbands:

"I wish I could see a pleasant face when I come home. Tired! Yes! that's always the cry. I never get tired—oh no! Customers to please—clerks to overhaul—accounts to cast up! Hush! I shall hate that child. Now walk the floor and spoil him. Bill, hunt up my slippers. Mary, draw up the rocking-chair. Other men have these things ready for them. There's Saunders, he takes comfort. His wife is as handsome as she was the day she married. If there's anything I hate, it's a faded woman. Light the lamps and give me my newspaper. If I can't read here in peace I'll go out to Saunders's."

"Mary, dear, how tired you look. Give me that great strapping boy. No wonder your arms ache. Oh! never mind me. I'm always O. K. at home, you know. Take the rocking-chair yourself, and just be comfortable. Ain't I tired? Why yes, I am—a little, but then I've feasted on fresh air and sunshine to-day, which you haven't. Besides, I don't have such a lump of perpetual motion as this to manage."

"Bless my soul—how do you live these hot days! Never mind the room! everything looks well enough—you included—except that you are looking a trifle better than well. How do you manage to keep so young and pretty, bonny wife?"

"Well might the smiling answer be: "the freshness and fullness of my husband's love keeps my heart green!"

Fashionable Names.

It is a noteworthy circumstance that hardly any young ladies named Sarah or Elizabeth have been married in Philadelphia for several years past. To make up for this however, a number named Sallie, Bessie, and Lizzie, have been led to the hymeneal altar. This new nomenclature must please every judicious mind. It ought not to stop here. Other names should be treated in the same fashion. Thus the name of Mary, the favorite of the poets, should be dropped at once, and *Polite* or *Mollie* substituted for it; Jane should become *Jinnie*; Susan *Sookie*; Ellen *Nellie*; Margaret *Peggy*; Catherine *Kitten*; and Emily *Emmie*. Nor is there any reason why this brilliant innovation should be confined to the female sex. How pleasant it would be to read the marriage of Mr. Josie Jones to Miss Tabby Taylor, or Mr. Dickie Diggs to Miss Abbie Brown; and Mr. Tommie Smith to Miss Annie Tompkins! Let this delightful system spread. Is not this the age of progress?—[Bizarre.]

IMPROVEMENT.—It is recorded of Cicero, that writing to his friend Atticus on the qualities of slaves, he said:

"Don't get your slaves from Britain—they are so stupid you cannot teach them anything." This is not very complimentary to the ancestors of the two chief nations of the present time, but it shows how vast races of men may be improved by time and culture. May it not also be used as a reply to those who defend the slavery of the negro, on

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 16, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

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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. HOBART RICHARDSON. A. T. BOWMAN.

Christian Theology.

The theology of the schools has too little acquaintance with practical Christianity to be of much consequence to a hungry man. It pertains to the world to come, sadly to the detriment of the world we live in. 'Peace in heaven, and good will to the elect,' has too far taken the place of 'Peace on earth, and good will to man.' Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in his remarks at a late anniversary of the Five Points Mission, said—

'When Christ went where there were sick he healed them; where there was actual want he created bread, and came down to their physical condition. Take the Gospel to the miserable outcasts of our city, and no man can preach it unless he does more. It is as though he made a mark in the sand, and the first tide washes it away. Preach the Gospel and the hunger of the man makes him forget it. There is a great deal more Gospel in a loaf of bread sometimes, than in an old dry sermon. If I go to a man and bring to him in his want even so much philosophy, he will not hear it; if I come down to him and bring him bread, and clothes, and medicine, this will give him a correct idea of the Gospel—one which he can appreciate and understand.'

Our Village Map.

Messrs. Presdee & Edwards, of New York, have completed their map of our village, and are now delivering it to subscribers. It gives good satisfaction, and those who did not subscribe will do well to secure a copy now.—It will prove a very useful reference, and of peculiar interest in future years.

Highway Repairs.

The contract for repairing highways, in this town, has been taken by Mr. G. W. Pressey, Jr., for five years, at \$2200 a year. We understand the contract to embrace all roads accepted by the town, when such roads shall have been built, and the repair of bridges except the frame work and foundation.

The River Navigation.

The pretty steamer CLIPPER, Capt. Faunce, has taken her place in the river, between Waterville and Hallowell, to run in communication with the Clinton, Capt. Jewell—as will be seen by our advertisement. The Clipper was built at this place, and is a very neat and apparently safe boat. The Clinton and the Clipper constitute a line creditable to the Kennebec, and promise to meet the wants of the travelling public in the most acceptable manner.

"Refused."

A copy of our paper has just been received, marked "Refused," with the name carefully torn off, and no post office mark. Whether the fault of some half-fledged postmaster, or the compliment of a California-bound subscriber, we are at a loss to decide. Still, it may prove better than permitting the paper to lay in the post office a year or two, as some postmasters have done, without giving us notice. This is a gross violation of the rules of the department, and but a step removed from downright theft.

Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, of Syracuse, N. Y., has, by unanimous invitation, taken charge of the Universalist society in this place.

FIRE WORKS FOR THE 4TH OF JULY.—Committees and others wanting Fire Works for the glorious 4th, are referred to the advertisement of J. G. Hovey, Pyrotechnist for Boston. Mr. H. is celebrated for these articles.

Crying children in church are usually considered as nuisances, and taken out, but this is not always the case, as the following anecdote from the Ladies' Repository for April will show:

"A brother just returned from California says he was present in the congregation of brother Owen, when a babe in the arms of its mother began to cry. A thing so unusual, in California attracted not a little attention, and the mother rose to retire. 'Don't leave,' said the preacher; 'the sound of that baby's voice is more interesting to many in this congregation than my own. It is, perhaps, the sweetest music many a man has heard since a long time ago, he took leave of his distant home.' The effect was instantaneous and powerful, and a large portion of the congregation melted into tears."

THE FIRING ON THE MONTREAL MOB.—The question is agitated with considerable interest in Montreal—Who ordered the troops to fire on the mob at Montreal? It has been presumed that regular English troops would not fire without orders. But, according to a statement made by Alderman Atwater, in the City Council of Montreal, the soldiers must have fired without orders. Alderman Atwater stated that the officer in command of the troops had declared in his presence that he gave no orders to fire. So far from that, he actually ran in before the men, and at the risk of his life knocked up some of their muskets to prevent their firing. The officer further stated, that he heard no order to fire proceed from the Mayor.

A despatch from Montreal, dated Monday, 13th, says,

'Gavazzi returns here, on Wednesday, to conclude his lecture. Last night, an Irish Catholic mob broke all the windows in St. Stephen's Chapel, in Griffintown. At a meeting to-day, the Roman Catholics resolved to pay

for the repair of damages, and also resolved to use every means to ferret out the villains who participated in the riots recently.'

GAVAZZI has written a letter to a friend in New York, describing the terrible riot which he encountered at Quebec. He says that it was evidently a preconcerted and organized movement, having for its end the assassination of the lecturer. It was the first plan of the assailants to get him alive and kill him outside the church; but failing in this they finally strove to kill him at the very altar. Paoli, his secretary, was mistaken for Gavazzi, by many and was therefore very severely cut and beaten. He received eight wounds, one of which was six inches long. Gavazzi received three on his head and face, one from a stone, another from a club, and another from a kick when he was down. The men engaged in this assault Gavazzi says, "were dirty, torn, and in their shirt sleeves," and in "their appearance most despicable." Of the police he speaks quite unfavorably; he says they stood by as idle spectators while the mob were trying to get him down from the platform.

TEMPERANCE CELEBRATION IN CHINA.—The several Temperance Watchman Clubs in the vicinity, with the friends of temperance generally, will celebrate at the Branch Mills, in China, on the fourth of July; there will be an address, with other appropriate exercises. [Maine Farmer.]

STORE BREAKING.—The store of Mr. Merrill, in Sidney, was broken into on Wednesday night, and about \$800 worth of property stolen. The robbers cleared the building out of all the cloths, dry goods, &c. The tracks show two wagons and three horses; and they may have been the property stolen from Haverhill the week before. There are some desperate thieves in the State, and the popular force through our interior towns must be on the look-out.

EDITOR'S CONVENTION.—A Convention of the newspaper editors of Connecticut, was held at New Haven, on Wednesday last. The object was to devise ways and measures for protecting each other from impositions, and promoting the general good. The meeting was quite numerous and attended with very pleasant results. The New Haven Palladium, among the resolutions adopted by the fraternity, we notice the following:

Resolved, As the sense of this meeting, that publishers of newspapers in this State owe it to themselves, to charge for notices, notices, resolutions, &c., exceeding five lines in length, whether in prose or verse, at not less than their regular advertising rates.

Resolved, As the sense of this Convention, that editorial societies to promote private interests, resolutions of notices, &c., should invariably be paid for.

A NICK YOUNG MAN.—A New Haven (Conn.) paper says:

Taylor, who has just been sentenced to the Connecticut State Prison, for forging pension papers, is an intelligent-looking young man, and of fine personal appearance. He is six feet and one inch in height, and as he was stripped at the prison and provided with a zebra suit, he remarked, 'I have never done a day's work in my life.'

The way of the transgressor is hard.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—A lady by the name of Shapleigh, belonging in Elliot, Me., while walking from Great Falls to the Rollingsford station, on Tuesday last, was met by a highway robber, who with a large knife threatened her life if she did not give up her money. She told him that she had none, and after a hasty search the robber became alarmed by the approach of a carriage and fled.

CURE AND PREVENTIVE OF THE POTATO ROT.—Mr. H. Penoyr, of Union county, Illinois, publishes in the St. Louis Republican his experience and success in preventing the potato rot. He has tested his preventive for four years, with perfect success, while others in the same field who neglected it lost their entire crop. It is asserted, also, that the root is nearly double the size. The remedy is as follows:

'Take one peck of fine salt and mix it thoroughly with half a bushel of Nova Scotia plaster or gypsum. (The plaster is the best,) and immediately after hoeing the potatoes the second time, or just as the young potato begins to set, sprinkle on the main vines, next to the ground, a table spoonful of the above mixture to each hill, and be sure to get it on the main vines, as it is found that the rot proceeds from the sting of an insect in the vine, and the mixture, coming in contact with the vine, kills the effect of it before it reaches the potato.'

Mr. P. asks nothing for his discovery, beyond what those who are benefitted are willing to give, and he desires a test to be made before an opinion is formed. This is reasonable, and the experiment costs so little that it is worth testing.

LIQUOR LICENSES.—Washington June 7.—The complete official returns of the election, show 991 votes for license, and 1963 against. Every ward was against granting licenses, except the 7th, which gave but two majority in favor. There is great rejoicing among the friends of temperance.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN CALIFORNIA.—The Superintendent of Public Instruction has published his report. The State has recognized the New England principle of Common Schools, supported by the State. There are now in California about 18,000 white youth under eighteen years of age, fit candidates for schools. The money in the Treasury credited to the school fund, amounted in January to over \$18,000, and \$9000 was still due from the several counties. Of the 500,000 acres devoted to the production of a school fund, 150,000 had been sold and a fund of about \$300,000 secured therefrom. The interest on this, with some other sums to be received, would make not far from \$50,000 to form a basis of a free school system, which it is hoped and expected will soon be put into operation throughout the State.

The Boston Herald gives the confessions of a dealer in the art of that city, who has been sending off varieties 'down east' since the renowned Maine law passed. He says he has packed kegs of liquor in molasses casks, headed them in and filled up with molasses; he has packed them in sugar boxes, filled around with sugar; he has packed them in oil casks, filled around with water, placing a piece of sponge saturated with oil over the bung and covered with a piece of tin, so that when the cask is rolled over a little oil will be squeezed out, thus deceiving the most knowing; he has packed them in cheese casks, leaving a hole in the head through which a cheese—white oak—was visible. Such is the ingenuity of trade—thus does necessity stimulate invention.

The musical critic of the New York Tribune thinks that the demands of the foreign singers are exorbitant, and says that a hundred dollars a night is enough for the best of them.—Shameful! Why the President of the United States gets three quarters as much! To be sure we can get music that people understand for a tenth the price; but if we want to hear singing that is entirely above our comprehension, we must pay for it accordingly.—[Providence Jour.]

Riot at Montreal.

The padre Gavazzi is creating much excitement in her Britannic Majesty's province of Canada. On Tuesday night his lecture caused a riot in Quebec; and on Thursday evening, in Montreal, he was the cause of a melancholy collision between the people and the military.

Father Gavazzi was lecturing at Quebec on Tuesday night, and remarked that 'ribbonism had extended the inquiry over Ireland.—Somebody exclaimed, 'That's a lie'.

'This seemed to be a signal for parties outside the church, for instantly a volley of stones was thrown through the windows. A party of men then entered the church, armed with stones and clubs. They advanced to the pulpit, where Gavazzi defended himself desperately, knocking several of his assailants down with a chair. He was finally overpowered, and dragged from the pulpit by his legs. His friends then made a rush, and after desperate fighting got him away from the mob. In the melee Gavazzi's Secretary was badly injured. The mob having cleared the church, were finally dispersed by the military.'

MONTREAL, June 10.—As advertised, Signor Gavazzi met a numerous audience in Zion Church at 6 1-2 o'clock, P. M.—many of our most respectable citizens with their families being present. About 7 1-2 o'clock we went to the door of the church, where we found Capt. Ermatinger with a strong posse of police, some 20 or 30 in number.

At this time, and for about half an hour afterwards, groups of wild, ragged, ruffian-looking men were assembled around the door of the church, and at different points between the church and McGill street.

About a quarter to eight o'clock, a band of ruffians—we learn, for although in sight we were at too great distance to see more than a general melee had taken place—attacked and overpowered the police, Capt. Ermatinger receiving a severe wound on the head, and proceeded to force their way into the church, which a body of 15 to 20 men repulsed them—several shots from guns and pistols being fired from both sides. The assaulting party were effectually routed, and two or three of their number were left dead or wounded on the ground, and shortly after were removed in cabs by their accomplices.

Soon after this occurrence a company of the 26th Camerons marched from Craig-st., and were drawn up between the engine house and that street. All seemed perfectly quiet and remained so until about 8 o'clock. When the lecture was concluded, the audience began to leave the church. The troops were then marched across Craig street and took their position in two lines across Radebonne street, one nearly opposite Zion Church and the other some hundred paces near Craig street. A good deal of hooting and noise prevailed at this time, and on McGill street side of Craig street some difficulty with the lowest line of troops occurred, and two or three shots were fired. In other respects all seemed peaceable.

We were at this time at the corner of St. James and McGill streets, and had a clear and distinct view of the troops, and of the people in their immediate vicinity. There we saw no cause for such a measure—for there was absolutely no rioting, and the people were hurrying from the church—but to our astonishment the troops fired two distinct running volleys among the citizens. It was time to attend to one's own safety. We beat a rapid retreat from this apparent scene of wanton and uncalculated slaughter.

This, we feel, is not the time to express the indignation with which we saw British troops deliberately shoot down our peaceful and unoffending fellow citizens. We were too far off to speak personally of the conduct of the Mayor, or of the officers by whose order the firing was done. But if we are correctly informed by those who were on the spot, there was nothing whatever to justify so rash and cowardly a proceeding. We must not, however, prejudice their conduct on the occasion.'

Here follows a list of the killed and wounded—some 18 or 20.

'Many others, whose names we could not learn, were more or less injured. At the time we write all is quiet in town. A strong guard of the 26th are at the St. Lawrence Hall and at the Mayor's residence, and the streets are being patrolled by mounted artillery men.'

Further Relative to the Riot at Montreal.

MONTREAL, June 11th.

Almost every hour records some victim whose corpse or mangled body has been found by friends. So far as we can learn, after careful inquiry, the number of persons shot is about fifty; and of those killed outright or mortally wounded from ten to twelve. A large meeting of citizens was held in St. George's Hall, at 2 P. M. yesterday, for the purpose of considering the safety of the city. They passed resolutions requesting Gavazzi to complete his course of lectures, and commending the police.

The 6th resolution was as follows:—Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, the Mayor ought on all occasions to take sufficient measures for the protection of life and property in the city, or resign his office in favor of other hands; and having failed in this duty, Charles Wilson is not a fit person to hold the office of Mayor, which he now occupies.

The city was in a state of intense excitement the whole of yesterday. Several instances of attempts at outrage on solitary individuals by Roman Catholics are mentioned.

The lecture was postponed last evening, and Father Gavazzi left this morning, to be gone a day or two, for New York. He is to return and finish his course.

The Mayor, in an informal meeting of city councillors, yesterday, denied that he had ordered the soldiers to fire, nor had any officer applied to him for orders to do so. Who it was who ordered the soldiers to fire he could not say.

The following is a list of killed and wounded, in addition to those reported yesterday:—James Welsh, a Catholic leader, was shot dead by Capt. Ermatinger, while actively engaged in the riot.

It is reported that some seven or eight of the rioters were killed, in addition to the above; all of low character. Their names were not obtained.

Last night the streets were patrolled by the Flying Artillery, and for the most part all is quiet.

The Belfast Signal's story of the murdered girl in the cart of the French pedlar at Unity is merely a Waldo sham. The pedlar himself called on us last night, and says that the story is all true but the girl part. The 'awful stench' arose from the cart indeed, but when the Waldo burghers gathered together and broke open the cart to view the hidden horrors, it was found to contain—cigars! the article in which our pedlar friend deals, which, in the close atmosphere of the barn, gave out a smell sufficiently rank. The correspondent of the Signal should be sent to Barnum, who will undoubtedly employ him as an assistant in the department of manufacturing Feejee mermaids. [Bangor Mercury.]

Later from Europe.

NEW YORK, June 12.—The steamship Pacific, from Liverpool, at 2 30 P. M., 1st inst., arrived at New York at 2 o'clock this P. M.

The British government refused in both houses of Parliament, to state whether or not the Mediterranean fleet had been ordered to assist Turkey.

Switzerland has ordered out all its men to fight Austria, if required.

We do not learn the whereabouts of the French fleet, and the orders to the British fleet are kept a profound secret. Affairs look critical, but may be settled quietly.

The southern States of Germany propose blockading Switzerland, in case the Federal Assembly fails in giving satisfaction to Austria.

Menshikoff left Constantinople on the 22d and arrived at Odessa on the 23d. The Russian army of 100,000 strong were concentrating on the Turkish frontiers. The Ministers of France, England, Prussia, and Austria made a joint attempt to reconcile the parties, but Menshikoff and the Divan were equally inflexible, so the former left. The Ottoman fleet was then sent for; part being despatched to Egypt for the troops which Abba Pacha has ready.—The Minister of War sent couriers to every province, calling out all the warlike resources of the Ottoman Empire.

A Constantinople letter dated 16th May, published in a second edition of the London Times states that a Turkish steamer had been sent to Egypt to assist in transporting the troops that Abba Pacha has ready at the Sultan's disposal.

The Minister of War has sent couriers to the whole of the provinces of the empire to call the militia to arms, and to prepare them to act, at the shortest notice.

There were rumors at Paris that the Russians had actually advanced, but this is probably surmise. A second edition of the Morning Chronicle publishes the following transcript from its Paris correspondent:

'I have just learned that in the letters received at the Russian embassy, from St. Petersburg, the most threatening language is used towards Turkey, and that the Emperor Nicholas, on hearing of the rejection of his ultimatum, said that he would carry his cannon to Constantinople, to punish the insolence of the Porte.'

The prospects of the British in Burmah were very black; had met with a repulse, and some troops had been cut off in skirmishes. A steamer had been sent to India, express, for more troops.

China news is highly important. Latest reliable accounts from Shanghai are to April 28th.

Nankin had been invested by the rebels. On the 16th, the imperial Commissioner hired a fleet of Portuguese to relieve the city, which was captured by the rebels.

Aid had been requested from the foreign consuls. The French, English and American forces had agreed to help, and the British had sent the Salamander, Lily and steamer Hermes, the French the steam frigate Cassini, and the American Commissioner, Marshall, undertook to place the frigate Susquehanna before Nankin. No accounts of the result yet received.

There were several stories of imperial victories in the interior, but all were disbelieved. A private letter from Manchester reports that one day later accounts from Shanghai had been received; that Nankin had fallen, and the British Commander refused to permit British vessels to go up the river with stores or ammunition for either party. It was expected that the Americans would also back out.

A slip from the office of the Manchester Guardian quotes a private letter from Shanghai, March 29th, which says:

'The Tabute of Shanghai has purchased two vessels, and is sending them up the river with rice and ammunition, and fixed upon the Agres, a Parsee vessel, for the same purpose, but the Governor, Sir George Bonham, has stopped her, and would not allow English ships to go on the service.'

Our Compadro has just come in ad states that there is no doubt about the loss of Nankin for the Taoute has put a placard on the walls acknowledging it, and offers a reward to any one who will take the leader of the rebels.—The document states that the rebels are coming eastward in boats.

June is one of the fervid months; hot suns and drying winds usually prevail, and unless there are frequent showers, plants will begin to fail where careful cultivation is neglected. Much may be done to prevent this, by a frequent stirring of the soil, by mulching the young trees, shrubs, tomatoes and other plants, and an occasional watering of those considered the most valuable. When watering is resorted to, it should be done liberally, wetting the ground thoroughly about the roots of the plant, and then omit for a few days. A frequent dribbling of water only wets a little below the surface, which soon becomes caked, and prevents the admission of air and atmospheric influences.

Those who are cultivating dwarf pears, or any young trees, will find much benefit from mulching; it prevents excessive evaporation, and weeds from springing up; keeps the ground porous, and yet, if properly done, will admit of heat sufficient for the vigorous growth of the plant. Coarse hay, straw, leaves, sawdust, tan, fine chips, such as the tops of white birches, or fine chips from the door-yard, will answer a good purpose. It should be laid loosely, and not so thick as to prevent the rays of the sun from reaching the ground.

PROFITS OF UNCLE TOM.—A word upon the pecuniary offerings to Mrs. Stowe, in England:

It is well known that Mrs. Stowe has desired from the first to turn whatever influence this might give her to the elevation of the African race. The plan which has been most in her thoughts has been a seminary in which persons of African descent may be thoroughly educated, not merely in literary and scientific courses, but in practical arts, by which they might secure and maintain a proper place in society. To the foundation of such an institution she had determined to contribute much of her income; and the hopes of securing greater interest for it was one among the chief reasons for her tour. The generous contributions in money, made to her in Great Britain, are not understood by either party, but certainly not by Mrs. Stowe, to be for her own private and personal use, but to be employed for the education and elevation of the free colored people of the North.—[Rev. H. W. Beecher, in the N. Y. Independent.]

TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE IN NEW YORK.—The recent emphatic vote of the citizens of New York, in favor of law and order, and justice, and honesty, is already showing its good fruits. The officers of justice, a day or two ago, had in their keeping the colored girl (Trainer) who was to be taken before the Court under a writ of habeas corpus, whereupon Capt. Rynders, with a delegation of the Empire Club, just went to the Sheriff's office and took the girl away, by virtue of the imperial power which he exercises in cases of special emergency. The Court issued precepts for the arrest of Capt. Rynders and his confeder-

ates, the result of which was that he made his appearance, and, as is presumed, without compromising his dignity, at all, restored the child to the custody of the Sheriff. We are happy to add, as an illustration of the remark with which this paragraph commences, that the Court exhibited a degree of independence which argues well for justice and law and order in New York. The Judge actually went so far as to reprimand Capt. Rynders.—[Trav.]

Anti-Bible Convention.

The Convention was held in an old Church with the pulpit knocked away, intended to be symbolical we presume, of the fate that awaits the Bible. An old, huge-paw of a fellow, in one of the back pews, at the opening of the Convention suggested doubts, however about this result, as he said he thought the Spiritualists would now find their match, as they had got into a tussle with the Almighty. The Assembly was not numerous. There were not so many present as would ordinarily be found at a morning Methodist Class-meeting in a country village. The concourse was, however, motley,—there being a sprinkling of blacks, persons with unshorn beards, women of a very quarter-of-a-dollarish air, and men of longing and enthusiastic aspects.

The Convention was organized by the choice of a President, Vice President, and Secretary, and without circumlocution or talk from the President, Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis was introduced to the audience, and read an address of an hour. The manner and remarks of Andrew were calculated to produce the impression that it was his Convention. He said the clergy had a superstition that the Bible rested on a stable foundation. He, however, believed that "God writes his religion on the everlasting hills," and gave room by a broad hint, for the inference that he never had any special conference with Moses. He evidently did not believe in any writing on tables of stone alone. He declared that it was his intention "to drive the plow deep into popular theology," that "religion was not to be found between the covers of any book," and that "the more a man knows the less he believes;" and yet he deprecated the judgment that he was either anti-Bible or anti-Christ. Mr. Davis was moderate in manner, and counselled moderation to all. He seemed to be a little afraid that people would lose their tempers as they warmed up in their investigation.

After Mr. Davis, there arose a burly fellow in the rear of the Church, who vociferously denounced the discourse of Andrew, as a treason to the government, and treason to the Bible, and treason to all religion, and branding it with varied terms of infamy. The old gentleman, for he was a little advanced, refused to be stopped, but plunged on with great ambition, declaring his intention to meet the conspirators against order and religion and government, toe to toe, and hand to hand, throughout the discussions. He said he might be in the rear of the Church, but he was in the front of the argument. If the vigor of his reasoning should equal that of his manner, the Spiritualists are doomed to utter discomfiture. But we apprehend it will be found that the old gentleman has a zeal a little beyond his knowledge.

After this spurge, a crazy man from Wisconsin mounted the stage and addressed the audience for about fifteen minutes, uttering all manner of nonsense, but now and then dropping a remark not destitute of point. He, like the fathers and more sane members of the Convention, had evidently been damaged in the upper story by spiritual exercises, and had dabbled through the mire of dogmatical theology till he had become lost in utter bewilderment. We rejoiced that the presiding officer of the Convention did not arrest the speaking of this demented creature, for his remarks gave a good opportunity to reflect upon the vagaries of the human intellect, while they afforded a humiliating spectacle of the ends to which all vain and unsubstantial speculations naturally lead great minds. If the words which the insane man spoke could have been rightly interpreted by the Convention it would have adorned sine die at the close of his speech.

After him Henry C. Wright spoke to rebuke the impetuous castigator of Mr. Davis, and to avow that he rejected the Bible, and meant to say just what he thought. Then followed an aged gentleman, by the name of William Stillman, an old wheel horse in the cause of anti-slavery and free discussion, who was so full of his subject that he could not get out what he had to say. He was fervent, and would have been eloquent if the words had not so obstinately refused to come. The sturdy veteran said he had always gone for free discussion, and always would, and wanted to see the convention go on. But that while he sympathized on many points with friends he saw around him he did not agree with them [at all on the Bible question. "I know," said he, "that the Bible is true, that it is the word of God, and I know that you cannot shake that. You may bring on your learned men, and your able men and your ingenious men—I don't care for all of them. I know my Bible is true, and you can't show it to be otherwise. It is all I've got in this world, and I mean to stick to it. I cannot rely upon that, I cannot rely upon any thing. But I don't fear it will fall from your attacks. I just as much expect this house will fall upon my head and bury me beneath its ruins as that the Bible will fall. I don't care for your great men nor your little men. I hope you will excuse me, but I must say that while I agree with you upon the rum question, and upon many other questions—upon this, I pity your delusion! You had better stick to anti-slavery and anti-rum. And this is just the place to begin. I have just been to New York, and the State is going ahead in reform. But as for this city, it is a sink of pollution. Hartford is an awful place. It is not better than Sodom, and I have fears that God will destroy it."

The old man was greeted with feeble applause, and tottered back to his seat. Yet he made a more practical speech than any the Convention is likely to hear.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

A despatch from Hartford dated June 6th, states that the Convention broke up on Saturday night at 11 o'clock: the chairman announcing that they should meet again before a great while in some other part of New England. None of the various resolutions introduced were passed.

IK MARVEL.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Times says,

"Ik Marvel" is about the only man on the Consular list who obtained what he first desired. If I mistake not, he is preparing a work on Venice and its vicinages, and was desirous of the Consulate at the port, that he might have opportunity to prosecute his literary researches. The duties of the place are very light, and we may expect many months have rolled around, some valuable additions to his contributions to American literature.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH.—A man named Henry Holmes, died at the Charlestown Almshouse on Thursday. He came from West Cambridge, on Monday. On his way, according to his own

statement, he stopped at the 'stone depot,' where lemonade was obtained, which he said contained poison. He belonged in Cornville, Me., where he has a father, and eight brothers and sisters. He had been at work for about ten days, in West Cambridge.

The Advertiser of that city says, 'It is a scandalous fact, that although it was known that the man was in a critical state, yet no physician was called in till the day of his death.' [Boston Bee.]

Appointments.

Of the Maine Annual Conference of the M. E. Church for 1853.—(Held at Biddeford during the week ending May 31.)

GARDNER DISTRICT.—H. Nickerson, A. E. Gardner, G. Webber, Richmond, A. P. Eaton, Bowdoinham, A. F. Barnard, Bath, P. Jaques, Bath, Miss., H. M. Blake, Phippsburg, to be supplied. Brunswick, J. Hawkes.—M. Wright, sup. Lisbon, Sabatisville, A. Greene, Durham, C. J. Andrews, Pownal, C. C. Covell, E. Poland, T. Hillman, Lewiston Falls, B. Foster, Otisfield, to be supplied. Bridgton and Naples, to be supplied. Watford, S. Ranks. Lovell, E. K. Colby, Fryburg, P. C. Richmond, S. Paris, to be supplied. Oxford and Mechanic Falls, B. Burnham, Norway, A. Hatch, N. Paris, and Greenwood, to be supplied. Bethel, S. B. Chase, Hanover, D. Dyer, Rumford, J. Hastings, Peru, E. G. Dunn, Stowe, to be supplied. Livermore, C. Mugford, Monmouth, R. H. Stinchfield, S. M. Vail, Professor in Biblical Institute.

READFIELD DISTRICT.—D. B. Randall, P. E.

Hallowell, C. C. Cone. Augusta, H. B. Abbott—J. Young, sup. Augusta, Miss., to be supplied. Sidney, T. J. True, E. Readfield, and Kennebec Center, R. J. Ayer. Waterville and Kendall's Mills, D. Waterhouse.—Fairfield, W. H. Foster, Solon, to be supplied. Skowhegan, J. H. Jenne, New Portland, to be supplied. Strong, to be supplied. Phillips, S. B. Brackeen, Industry, I. Lord, Mercer and Norridgewock, J. Gerry. New Sharon, Farmington Falls, and Vienna, C. Stone and J. Farrington, sup. Farmington, J. McMillan. Wilton, to be supplied. Fayette, D. Copeland, Wayne and Leeds, T. Hill.—Winthrop, C. Munger. Kent's Hill, and North Wayne, J. C. Prince. Mt. Vernon, to be supplied. Maine Wesleyan Seminary, H. P. Torsey, Principal.—F. A. Robinson, Teacher of Languages.—Stephen Allen, Agent of the Board of Education of the Maine Conference. Next Conference will assemble at Skowhegan on the 24th of May, 1854.

DR. KING IN GREECE.—Mr. Bryant, editor of the N. Y. Evening Post, writes that, while at Athens he was curious to inform himself of the controversy which has been going on between the Greeks and Dr. Jonas King, the American Missionary. The following is the result of the inquiry:

"At present the triumph seems to be on the side of Dr. King. The Greeks are in a fair way to learn from him a lesson of religious toleration. He is under an ecclesiastical curse, as nobody can even speak to him without incurring the censure of the church; yet everybody now speaks to him; he is exiled for his religious opinions, yet he remains at Athens, and preaches every Sunday without any reserve in the expression of his religious views. He has behaved throughout the whole affair with the greatest intrepidity, and if we may judge from appearances, has brought his adversaries at last to the conclusion that their best policy is to let him alone. I admire his courage, and rejoice in his success."</

