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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 30, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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Local Agents.

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

C. C. WHEELER, CARROLL, I. B. TOZER, W. Waterville; J. D. BENTON, D. H. BELLING, CLINTON, E. FOSTER, N. Waterville; R. AYER, Waterville.

TRAVELING AGENTS.

REV. HOBART RICHARDSON, A. T. BOWMAN.

The Weather and the Season.

The long drought, interrupted only by a brief shower on Friday morning last, has seriously retarded the progress of the hay crop, and there is great apprehension that it will be shorter than known for many years. Seasonable showers may change the prospect to some extent, though many fields will require cutting earlier than usual on account of the great quantity of white-weed. From some unexplained cause, this weed has sprung up in a profusion we never before saw. Some fields are literally white as snow, and the common grasses are hardly perceptible among it.

For most kinds of fruit the prospect is fair, though the abundance of last year indicated a light harvest this. The caterpillar, where permitted to work undisturbed, has made more than usual havoc; and the curculio, that pest of the plum, has already begun his work. He might still be thwarted, to some extent, by banding the body of the tree in two or three places with loose cotton. He ascends the tree by crawling, and becomes entangled in the cotton, where he may be easily destroyed. His season is brief, and a little labor at the proper time may secure the harvest. Such as have already ascended may be removed by rapping or shaking the limbs, and the best time is while the dew is on, in the morning. Then apply the cotton, as above directed, taking care to bring it in close contact with the bark, so that they cannot crawl under.

India Crackers and Torpedoes.

A little son of Mr. Emory Mollen, of this place, was badly burned a few days ago, by some of these nuisances. He had a quantity of them in his pocket, which by some means took fire, setting fire to his clothes, and burning one of his legs so badly that there is danger of permanent lameness. Several horses have been recently frightened by the same means. A loss of life, or the destruction of a few buildings, would probably draw attention to this subject effectually. Till some such accident takes place, of which there is constant danger, the sellers of these articles will continue to filch from the pockets of foolish boys pennies enough to enable them to keep the market supplied. If this is illegal it is certainly the plain duty of somebody to put a stop to it.

[A PRIZE COMPOSITION.]

Beauty and the Beautiful.

"O! I was glad when something in me said—Come, let us worship Beauty, and I bowed—And went about to find a shrine; but found None that my soul when seeing said enough to—Festus."

There are few words that possess such charms as cluster around the oft repeated ones, BEAUTY and BEAUTIFUL. Inseparably connected are they with the associations of earliest youth. The child, whose tiny fingers can scarcely hold his toys, is taught to flap their beauty; and when the little active mind wears of the narrow limits of the nursery, naught can satisfy save the acquisition of new beauties. This yearning for the beautiful is not confined to the susceptible mind of childhood; youth and maturer age yield a willing homage at its shrine. But where is Beauty? that the soul may find, feast and be satisfied.

Cast the eye around—let it rest a moment on the more extended prospect, with its varied scenery—then look to the azure vault above. 'Tis night; and all the innumerable stars and planets are out, and hold their appointed place in heaven. Each lends its twinkling ray or lambent light to give variety to the scene; while the round, bright moon stands forth as if conscious of her superior loveliness, now with her radiant face half obscured by fleecy clouds, and now, shedding long streams of mellow light upon the world below. Those pearly depths studded with worlds upon worlds, all in rapid motion, yet harmonious and regular, ever keeping their prescribed paths in the boundless abyss of space, are ours to contemplate!—surely here is beauty. But like him who draws comparisons and attempts to measure by them the heavenly bodies—the more he labors and seeks to find their magnitudes and distances the more he feels his utter inability to do so—so he who would hope to find in their contemplation anything adequate to meet the soul's demand for the beautiful.

Look on Ocean's vast expanse spread out beneath the canopy of heaven till its mighty waters meet the sky; yet in all its marvellous beauty we find not perfection. Storms may throw its waters into undulations wild, until the maddened waves rush before the winds and pile themselves in foam.

Visit those grand old woods, whose monarch oaks and giant evergreens have stood the blasts of many a winter. They spread far and wide their waving boughs mantled in refreshing verdure, and tower to heaven in all their pride of power; so like things of real life, they seem rejoicing in their might. Whoever looks on their sublime proportions feels that Beauty's favorite haunts is here. Yet mark well—decay is stamped on all.

My friends, cherish a love for the beautiful, whether found in nature, in books, or in the lives of men; for it is intimately connected with the lovely and pure attributes of the soul. Its sacred influence will keep you 'unspotted from the world.' In short, beauty is the 'gilt-chain that binds heart to heart,' and man to his God. Whatever be our condition in

life, beauty may be to us a priceless treasure, although earth-born joys can never satisfy the immortal spirit; it will gild our pathway to that world of deathless bloom, where God's chosen ones, after years of separation and toil, will stand before the Eternal Throne, 'clothed with white robes and palms in their hands,' ascribing praise to Him who has opened to them the fount of beauty where the soul may drink and thirst no more.

Thus every where, on earth or sea, Wherever wandering man may go, Doth Beauty so mysteriously Around his pathway grow.

And it thrills upon the heart-strings with strange harmonies, felt but not understood.—Yet the soul has thirst that all the waters of Nature's fount cannot assuage. Beauty is not of nature only. How much of this mysterious charm is found in the fine arts and in literature. The best books are the most beautiful. The truth that is most surely and deeply impressed upon the soul is linked with and arrayed in beauty. The mind elsewhere unsated seeks in moral beauty where to rest its weary wing.

There have been men whose characters were full of beauty. There was a man famed in Grecian History, a noble soul, who plead for the cause of truth. When for the love of the right and the defence of it he was incarcerated in prison, the same virtue characterized him—admitted him to imprisonment and death were held sacred by him. When the cup of fatal poison was placed to his lips he calmly drank its contents, exhorting his followers to be steadfast in their adherence to the truth, then laid him down in sleep that knows no waking. No other man ever possessed such moral purity as did the loved disciple; all along through his whole life how lovely were his virtues, either in youth leaning on his Master's bosom, or in advanced age, exhorting with the language, 'little children, love one another.' But even rare instances like these fall infinitely short of perfection. Who looks on Nature's handiwork feels stirred within emotions of the beautiful; yet all its grandeur and sublimity are but emblems faint of the beauties of Paradise. Imagine the 'sea of glass' which surrounds the Eternal Throne in which is reflected the ever verdant foliage. Methinks angels and saints, the spirits of just men made perfect, would see themselves reflected far down its transparent waters, their snowy robes there portrayed; the tears of gratitude bedewing the countenance of the one, and the radiant glory of the other mirrored on its crystal surface. But infinitely more glorious the 'great white throne' of light—consolidated light—and Him who sitteth upon it, 'the chiefest among ten thousands, and the one altogether lovely.'

Imagination might take a wider range in the flowery fields of light, but we dare not follow its airy flights. All that the soul may drink in of earth's beauties may not be compared with those of the celestial world, for eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive the glories that await the freed spirit.—A Socrates, and even a John, who, notwithstanding his human frailties, 'must shine forever a stone of the purest water' in the crown of the King of Kings, sink to nothing when compared to the Eternal. There must we look for perfection; till then, 'the soul will never feast on beauty to satiety.'

Thanks to thee, our teacher, friend and guide, for thy labors of love as well as labors of science.—Thou hast taught us that among the admirable endowments of our nature there is the sense, or rather perception, of beauty, and that no mind receives its true culture in which the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished. Above all, we have to thank thee that this truth and innumerable others, taught by precept, have not been mere abstract rules, convincing the judgment only, but such as win their way to the heart, converting it from error—instructions ever arrayed in beauty, their own natural and appropriate attire. Thus, ever hast thou pointed us to God's own truth, and thyself hast led the way. For thy labors, thy unvarying kindness and patience, we have no compensation to offer thee to-day, save the gratitude of overflowing hearts. Kind teacher, we leave thee; the beautiful sentiment, the gentle reproof or words of kindly encouragement that may fall from thy lips will be unheard by us. Yet thou wilt not be unmindful of us? We go forth encouraged by the thought that the blessing of the kindest and best of teachers goes with us where'er we go. We go, too, conscious that 'Heaven's choicest blessings must rest on one as good as thou.' Beloved teachers, one and all, we offer you our heartfelt thanks for the instructions we have received from you.

Esteemed associates, together have we looked with joy on Nature's face; lakelet and woodland, the flowering hill-side and the murmuring stream have been as strong cords to bind our hearts in friendship. But now 'tis past—the beautiful landscapes on which we severally shall look, will scarce be heeded for a time, because the friends who looked with us on this will not be there. The page that we have conned together beneath our faithful teacher's eye will lose half its beauties when read alone. Still, there remains to us a common bond of sympathy. Truth points alike to all, the path that leads to your bright world of beauty, and

Truth is a heavenly principle—a light Whose beams will always guide the willing right; A fixed star—a spotless, central sun In the mind's heaven—unchangeable and one.

Here have you received lessons of higher wisdom than mere Philosophy or the solution of mathematical problems can impart; yes, deeper, nobler, purer founts of learning have been opened to you than the classics can afford. You have learned that the heart must not be left an unsightly weed growing in the midst of the beautiful, cultivated pasture—the mind.

My friends, cherish a love for the beautiful, whether found in nature, in books, or in the lives of men; for it is intimately connected with the lovely and pure attributes of the soul. Its sacred influence will keep you 'unspotted from the world.' In short, beauty is the 'gilt-chain that binds heart to heart,' and man to his God. Whatever be our condition in

life, beauty may be to us a priceless treasure, although earth-born joys can never satisfy the immortal spirit; it will gild our pathway to that world of deathless bloom, where God's chosen ones, after years of separation and toil, will stand before the Eternal Throne, 'clothed with white robes and palms in their hands,' ascribing praise to Him who has opened to them the fount of beauty where the soul may drink and thirst no more.

The Fourth at North Vassalboro'.

Our neighbors celebrate the national jubilee at N. Vassalboro', under the banners of Liberty and Temperance—the forenoon being devoted to the former and the afternoon to the latter subject. Speakers from abroad are engaged, refreshments provided for, and all things arranged for a good time, to which everybody is invited. Whatever is done at that place is always done well. The Fourth is also to be observed at Lewiston and at Portland.

BIBLE QUESTION.—Our Imp wants to know 'what time o' day Adam took his deep sleep?' He should be told that it was just before ere he was made.

WESTBROOK SEMINARY.—This school, under the care of Rev. J. P. Weston, late of the Institute, in this place, shows by its Catalogue a total of 114 pupils. The school is apparently in a progressive state, approaching 'the prominent and permanent position which it was originally designed to occupy.'

DISCONTENT IN AUSTRALIA.—The accounts from Australia state that great discontent is manifest there among the mining population, in consequence of the imposition by Government of a tax for the right to dig for gold. The miners have in some places held meetings and resolved not to pay the tax, and have formed themselves into a league to resist the enforcement of it. In anticipation of the tumult in consequence of the acts of Government, the Sydney Empire says:

'We want no war—above all, no civil war. We are for peace, but accompanied it must be; by liberty. Already have reports been industriously circulated, that if the storekeepers pay the license, a firebrand will be set to their residences. We want no smoking ruins, nor spilling of Australian blood, shed by Australian arms! We would urge upon the Government not to enforce this iniquitous act, and thus to tranquilize these districts, and restore confidence and loyalty in the minds of the miners.'

The Siamese Twins.

The famous Siamese Twins, known the world over, are to be at this place on Friday. See advertisement. No comment is necessary—everybody will see them, of course. They are one (or two) of the Seven Wonders of the World.

Horse Thieves Taken.

Two horse thieves were arrested in Dexter a few days ago. We do not learn their names, tho' it is probable they will hereafter be known at Thomaston. A third man, who formerly lived in Dexter, was followed to Newport, but whether arrested or not we are not informed.

Liquor Seizures.

Two men were arrested in Clinton on Tuesday, by coroner Kimball, of this place, on charge of selling liquor. One of them was tried at once, before Justice Nye, and was fined 10 dollars and costs.

New Band.

An instrumental Band is in course of training in this place, with a fair prospect—if we may judge from their success thus far—of meeting the wants of the place and vicinity in this department of music.

The grass crop in Rhode Island is said to be unusually good.

On Monday the City Police under the City Marshal seized eleven packages of liquor, containing in all about three hundred gallons.—This liquor was seized in dwelling houses along the new law, and shows that there is a vitality in the law worth something.—[Bangor Whig.]

OUTLAWRY OF SEDUCERS.—Said a Russian noble, in vindication of his countrymen from the charge of abject servility to despotism, 'The Dagger is the Constitution of Russia.' When an Emperor becomes an intolerable tyrant, he is killed in his own palace or any where that he may be found. So it is in Turkey, though there the Prime Minister is usually the sacrifice to public sentiment, while the Sultan saves his neck but is forced to change his policy. So China is now undergoing no penalty, or one very inadequate, for the flagrant crime of Seduction; so an unwritten law is making or has made itself. It is virtually settled, by a score of verdicts running through the last twenty years, that a seducer may be killed with impunity by his victim, or even by her brother or husband. He is a wild beast, whom any one whom he has specially injured, may shoot or stab with impunity. We do not here approve or condemn this chapter of Lynch law—we simply state the fact of its existence.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

ANOTHER RAILROAD COLLISION.—We condense from the Boston Journal an account of the terrible collision which occurred on the Western Railroad, Thursday afternoon, at the East Brookfield station, and resulted in the loss of one life—the serious injury of several passengers, and the demolishing of several cars. By reason of the misplacement of a switch, the New York mail train which was approaching the station at its usual rate of speed was let on to a side track on which was a train of freight cars. No effort on the part of the engineer could prevent the dreadful consequences, and the engine crashed into the freight train, demolishing three baggage cars, and destroying four passenger cars filled with human beings.

The broken baggage and passenger cars, with their contents, presented a frightful scene of desolation. The first sensation of the passengers was a heavy, crushing motion, and then followed a crash of wood and glass accompanied by a cloud of dust. The passengers were thrown forward with great violence, and many of them were severely injured—some of them dangerously. There was a momentary silence, which

was succeeded by cries and screams of terror such as are seldom heard, but once heard are never forgotten. Some for the moment seemed to have been struck dumb and almost senseless by terror, while some retained their usual presence of mind. The momentary fright over, the passengers began to extricate themselves from the ruins. A. H. Johnson, from Worcester, a worthy and respectable man, was killed. He leaves four orphan children, but no wife.

A large number of persons in the forward passenger cars were injured—some of them, it is feared, more severely than they supposed. Among those on the train who were uninjured were Dr. Lyman Beecher and Rev. Rufus W. Clarke. It is wonderful that such an accident should occur with so little loss of life, and the passengers have every reason to be thankful that their lives were spared. The accident was the result of culpable carelessness on the part of the switchman.

Which is the Worst?—A liquor seller, in a heated discussion about the Maine Law, exclaimed—

'These temperance men carry matters altogether too far. We never compel men to buy or use liquor, but if they are fools enough to do it, it is their look out, not ours.'

'Sir,' said a bystander, 'do you say a man is a fool who buys and drinks liquor to excess?'

'Yes, any man is a fool to do it, I don't care who he is,' said the liquor dealer.

'Well, sir,' replied the bystander, 'I will not dispute you; but if the man who drinks is fool enough to spend his time and money in a way that is ruining his property, character, health, happiness, family, soul and body, what must be the character of the man who will take advantage of his folly, because he can make money by it? If the one is a fool, is not the other a knave?'

SLAVES EMANCIPATED.—Dr. Maddox, of Louisiana, en route for the East, with his family, passed through this city on Friday last, and while here gave freedom to three of his slaves who were in company, one boy and two girls. He also gave them a liberal supply of money to supply their wants until their return from the East, when he proposes to have their free papers regularly made out. This was a generous act, such as might be expected from a true Southern gentleman, and many more Southerners would do likewise, if they were sure that the condition of the emancipated would be improved.—[Cincinnati Commercial.]

THE CLIMAX OF PENURY.—We remember an old lady who was so remarkably economical that she had a pair of shoes made for her little girl 'without sides,' for fear she would wear them out. This lady, however, was no match for Mr. Watson, uncle to the late Marquis of Rockingham, a man of immense fortune, of whom it is related that finding himself dying, he desired a friend to open for him a drawer, in which was an old shirt, that he might put it on. Being asked why he wished to change his linen and he so ill, he replied: 'because I am told that the shirt that I die in must be the nurse's perquisite, and that is good enough for her!' This is as bad as the woman who, with her last breath, blew out an inch of candle, 'because,' said she, 'I can see to die in the dark.'

THE LIQUOR LAW TABLED FOR THE SESSION.—Concord, N. H. June 23.—The fate of the Liquor Bill has been sealed for this session. The House refused to take the bill from the table, this afternoon, by a vote of 131 to 114. The question was taken as a test of the strength of parties in the House, and on a mutual understanding that it was to be a test.

OIL CLOTH FACTORY.—We understand a company, consisting of Messrs. A. & P. C. P. C. D. Arnold, H. S. Steward, and others have purchased a lot of land in Bloomfield, upon which they will erect suitable buildings for the manufacture of Oil Cloth.

[Skowhegan Clarion.]

LAMP EXPLOSION.—A terrible accident occurred in this town about a mile north of Kingston Point, on Saturday night. Mrs. Abbott was engaged in filling a lamp with some of the explosive fluids in too common use, when she was alarmed by a fall upon the stairs.

Supposing that some mishap had befallen her mother, Mrs. A. hastily dropped the befallen lamp, which was overturned, and the contents communicated with the flame of a lamp near by. The consequence was the explosion of fire, and death to all within its immediate influence. A daughter of Mrs. Abbott, aged about fourteen years, was so dreadfully burned that flesh fell from her limbs, and though living at the last account, no reasonable hope can be entertained of her recovery.

The clothes of Mrs. Abbott were nearly consumed upon her person before assistance reached her; and a neighbor, Mr. Goldsmith, who hastened at the first alarm, had his hands much injured while assisting to extinguish the flames. Mrs. A. it is thought cannot survive.

[Ullster County Democrat.]

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—The dwelling-house of Mr. J. W. Smith, of North Anson, was struck by lightning on Friday evening last, and considerably damaged. The fluid struck the chimney and passed down the gutters to the lower rooms and then passed down into the cellar.

The lightning entered the room in which there were three persons, tearing off splinters and lodging one of them in the sink where Mrs. Smith was washing dishes; but fortunately none of the inmates were seriously injured, although they all, more or less, felt the effects of the shock the next day. The lightning struck within a foot of Mrs. Smith's mother as she was entering the door.—[Skowhegan Clarion.]

IMPRISONMENT OF COLORED SEAMEN.—We learn that the case of Reuben Roberts against Sheriff Yates, or rather of Great Britain against South Carolina, which started off so grandiosely, has come to a very 'lame and impotent conclusion.' Orders have been received through the British Minister, that further proceedings in the case be discontinued, and that their counsel be paid off and discharged. It is presumed that the British Government became convinced that, whatever might be the decision of the case before the Supreme Court they could only gain a loss by it; and the greater loss in the event of their winning the suit.—[Inasmuch as it would most certainly have been followed, not by the abrogation of the law of South Carolina, but by that of the reciprocity treaty, on which their complaint was founded.]—[Charleston Courier.]

BABY HATERS.—When you find a man that hates babies, you will be quite safe in hating him. No one that does not deserve to be shunned or disliked ever shows an antipathy to babies. What I hate a little creature with a cotton ball head, that can only manifest its joy by smiles, kicks, and an inarticulate gurgle; that in anguish, cannot tell the seat of its pain, but must endure martyrdom while you are gossaming out the sources of its agonies; that has the

holiest of all claims on human sympathies—utter helplessness, utter dependence! What I hate the thing which you yourself were grown to man's estate, if your parents had been like you, a baby hater! Fie on it! Even dogs love babies, and will suffer them to bestirde them, pull their ears, and buffet them by the hour, without responding to their annoyances with even a growl. Mothers, if you happen to know any male biped that dislikes the species in its infancy, don't, if you can help it, suffer him to marry one of your female friends or acquaintances. Be sure he will make a sour, morose, icy hearted husband.

But what shall be said of baby hating women? We have known some of that sort—married ones, that had babies and did hate them, and as we verily believe, would have gladly put them to bed for the last time, where they would require neither rocking nor paragonie—under the sod.—[N. Y. Sunday Times.]

More Light on the Bourbon Question.
A friend informs us that he recently visited the farm owned by Rev. Eliezer Williams the reputed son of Louis Seventeenth of France. It is located in the township of Kawkaulan, Wisconsin. The Rev. Eliezer owns a well-cultivated farm there of about fifty acres of very productive land. His dwelling house is a substantial one, and all his out-buildings are snug and in good repair.

When our informant visited the house, Williams de Bourbon was in this city. On entering, he encountered a good-looking, middle-aged woman, who proved to be the wife of the pretended Dauphin. She received him courteously, and having ascertained that his visit was made for the purpose of seeing and conversing with one who had suddenly become quite famous in the world, entertained him with much grace and affability, and generously extended to him the utmost hospitalities of her humble home.

He remained to dinner, and bears testimony to Mrs. Williams's skill and good taste in the preparation of 'creature comforts.' Among the luxuries of the table, was a fine, fat venison, which Mrs. Williams had herself shot the very day before! She is a keen-scented hunter and angler, and amply supplies her table with fish, venison and game, all of which are abundant in that country.

She is ranked, even among the borderers, as a remarkably 'good shot'—a sort of feminine Captain Scott—and seldom fails to bring down her game at the first fire.

Mrs. Williams is a 'half-breed,' a woman of much natural intelligence and shrewdness, and a large share of mental cultivation. She has read a good deal, and is well informed on almost every topic of conversation.

With respect to her husband's pretensions, she entertains not one shadow of faith or confidence in him. She is well assured that his mother is a Caughnawaga Indian, and that his father was a Frenchman. Her only child is a son—a tall, fine looking, intelligent and quick-witted young man, some 21 years of age, who is engaged as a clerk at Green Bay, and is universally respected by all who know him. He laughs at all idea of his father's regal pretensions, and with his mother has no confidence in them whatever.

The Rev. Eliezer, our friend learned, did not stand very well in the estimation of his immediate neighbors. But as a prophet is always without honor in his own country, we do not see why a pseudo Bourbon should fare any better. Williams, it seems, knows and cares very little about business. He is a remarkable book-borrower and book-keeper. About two years ago, he had a library snugly bestowed in a rural, bowler-like study, erected in his garden, and secluded from his dwelling, which was valued at \$1500. Becoming much embarrassed to satisfy the pressing claims of his creditors, he was forced to sell his books at auction.

Books not being a commodity particularly prized by the rough and illiterate husbandmen and hunters of the back settlements of Wisconsin, the contents of the Indian Bourbon's library were bid off at the paltry sum of \$400—not enough to cover the first cost of the binding of the volumes.

His neighbors also dislike him because of his forgetfulness and remissness in liquidating his debts. He borrows money freely, and in other ways incurs pecuniary responsibilities, and yet seldom remembers to refund or repay, unless his memory, which must have escaped full renovation on the occasion of the wonderful restoration of his faculties by a bold plunge into the clear waters of Lake Horicon, is unconsciously jogged by an officer.

Besides, Mrs. Williams remarked that her husband, though he wrote to her frequently, and kept her well advised of all his movements, and of his advance towards the sceptre and throne of his ancestors, yet that he had not visited his home or his family during the past three years! Surely! surely! he must be a veritable Bourbon!

Mrs. Williams is a woman of business, thrift and enterprise. She conducts in person all the affairs of her little domain. Her right hand man and principal aid is an Irishman, who 'works' the farm, and is very industrious and faithful. The Indians cannot be prevailed upon to work. Her female 'help' consists of one squaw permanently engaged, and in hurrying time she employs two. She has a good horse, wagon, cows, poultry, &c., and ekes out a very respectable and comfortable 'living,' while her husband is prosecuting the duties of his mission, and pushing his claims to the throne of France.

The history of the pair is truly a strange and eventful one.—[Albany Express.]

COULDN'T! COS HE SUNG SO!—Leaning idly over a fence, a few days since, we noticed a little four-year-old 'lord of creation' amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length, a beautiful bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple tree which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet and preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an ace of damage, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came Nature's plea:

'A link—a link—a link, bobolink! a no-weet, a no-weet! I know it! I know it! I know it!—a link—a link—I don't throw it—I throw it, throw it!—&c. &c. And he did. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the song-scraper through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him, and inquired—

'Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home.' The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression half shame and half sorrow, he replied—

'Couldn't! cos he sung so!'

Another Cure for that Terrible Itch.
MR. EDITOR: Having seen in the Farmer a communication from a person at Belfast, describing a disorder which he says is prevalent there, and a remedy which has since been prescribed, by a Mr. Sylvester, (I think,) I will just inform all whom it may concern, that the same disorder has prevailed to a great extent in this region. The doctors say it is not 'the itch.' They are mistaken, for I know it to be the itch of all itches! The Doctors' yellow anguament will not cure it. A cure has however been found, [praised be the inventor,] and for the benefit of all concerned, I will give the recipe and tax nothing for the information, but the consciousness that I have done something in slaying the monster.

Here is the Recipe. To half a pound of lard add one table spoonful of tar, melt this together, then set it by till partially cool; when it begins to thicken, &c. &c. &c. add one table spoonful of good strong yellow snuff, and two-thirds of a spoonful of spirits of turpentine; stir thoroughly till it is cool. You will here have enough to cure a family of eight persons, and you may accomplish a complete cure in one week. Put the ointment on at night when going to bed, and take one tea-spoonful Epsom salts each morning.

Sandy River, May, 1853. JONATHAN.

[Maine Farmer.]

Many of our citizens, says the Brunswick Telegraph, will recognize a tolerable, but not altogether accurate likeness of their recent highly esteemed neighbors, in the following description of Mrs. and Prof. Stowe, by an English correspondent of the British Banner:

'The ladies say she is plain, but the gentlemen protest she is pretty, if not absolutely beautiful. I think she is in some senses all that. Her own assertion, that she never was 'much to see,' certainly applies to her size; for she scarcely reaches the five foot Greek standard: in fact, I imagine the four feet she assigns to 'Mrs. Bird,' would very nearly apply to herself. Her eyes are a faint blue, full of humor and intelligence; the nose is prominent and the mouth better described as long, than large, for the lips which are delicate, close in a waving line, as if indicating a wide range of apprehension and sympathy. Her chest is small and her voice low, so that she cannot be heard across a large room. But when a circle forms, and draws near, she speaks with great vivacity, and with the same natural dramatic power which appears in her writings—She is timid, but perfectly self-possessed; subsiding into an unconscious and meditative air, as if she had plenty of material for thought within, when the scene without should become uninteresting. I fancy her age to be about forty-three. She has left six children at home.

The Professor is an open, manly fellow, of capacious head, robust frame, ready speech, and free republican manners. He has less of the literary than the rural air, and looks as if he liked to fell a few trees before sitting down to the day's studies.'

During a recent lecture of Rev. Mr. Pease, at the Five Points House of Industry, in New York, on the subject of intemperance, and while speaking of the death of four out of five inmates in the Tombs, who were confined for drunkenness, the following sentence occurred:

'The narrow escape of the survivor, should fill him with gratitude and lead him to a life of total abstinence.'

A man came up the aisle to the stand. 'Do you wish to sign the pledge?' inquired Mr. Pease.

'That I do,' was the stranger's reply.

Mr. P.—What do you want to sign the pledge for?

Stranger.—Because I wish to keep it and be saved.

Mr. P.—What has brought you to desire to keep the temperance pledge?

Stranger.—I will tell you when I have signed.

I am the only survivor of the five men who were locked up in that fatal cell in the Tombs—the only man left, and I have wondered ever since why I was permitted to escape, and might have died instead of them, but I am spared. O! the horrors of that fearful night can never be effaced from my memory; and henceforth, God willing, I will so live that I can die a sober man. Come and follow my example and sign the pledge.

About a dozen came forward and signed their names to the Five Points Temperance Pledge, which numbers nearly four thousand signers.

A WIDOW CHARMED.—Lawrie Todd, the author, was married last Sunday week to a widow, who fell in love with him from reading the productions of his pen. The groom is approaching his eighty-second year, while the happy bride is just turning her twenty-seventh.

The Rev. Miss Brown announced at the Christian Union Convention, in session at Syracuse, last week, that she had just assumed the pastorate of a congregational church at South Butler, Wayne county.

Capt. Stinson
