



12-15-1853

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 07, No. 22): December 15, 1853

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 07, No. 22): December 15, 1853" (1853). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 333.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/333

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

SARA'S VENTURE.

One morning, just as I had finished breakfast, I received a note from my friend Sara Hall, begging me, if possible, to go over for a few hours in the course of the day. 'Don't be alarmed,' she added, in a postscript, 'nothing is the matter.'

I was therefore not alarmed, but I was somewhat curious; and as I hurried over my light domestic duties, being housekeeper in my mother's absence, I taxed conjecture as to what could have prompted so urgent a summons. I had seen her but two days before; what could have arisen since then? The character of my friend stimulated my anxiety. I was afraid lest the self-willed, vehement, over-indulgent girl should be meditating some wild, uncoerced scheme, in which she wanted my co-operation.

'I will not give it,' decided I with laudable firmness, 'unless I hear and see her, and I am not at length I have seen my two brothers fairly off on their way to the City of London School; had made every necessary arrangement for their early dinner at one o'clock, and my father's and mine at five; and felt myself at liberty to follow my wishes, and make my way to Mr. Hall's house.'

I walked on to my destination in a somewhat dreamy mood, until my proximity to the house recalled my thoughts to the matter in hand. Mr. Hall was a surgeon in excellent practice, and it was at the door of one of the stately but not aristocratic mansions in Finsbury Square at which I knocked. Sara was an only child, and uncontrolled mistress of her father's household, for Mr. Hall had lost his wife many years ago.

A few moments more found me in my friend's pretty private room. It was as elegantly fitted up as a fashionable lady's boudoir, and deserved to be so called, but Sara set her face resolutely against all unnecessary Gallicisms, and would never suffer the appellation.

'I'm glad you're come,' said Sara emphatically, as I entered, and giving me a chair by the blazing fire; but then came a pause, and she resumed the occupation I had for the moment interrupted—that of walking up and down the room. Knowing her temper, I left her to declare her business in her own time and way, and divesting myself of bonnet and shawl, ensconced myself in the luxurious, easy chair, crossed my feet, which I had effectually cooled on the wild seashore, over the fender, defiant of the impropriety, and prepared to wait in patience and in comfort. While waiting I made a few observations; I saw that Sara's esquire was covered with scattered manuscripts, and that upon them lay a letter sealed and addressed. I knew my friend's avocations too well to be surprised at the sight of manuscripts, but the letter, the direction of which I could not help reading, puzzled me not a little. Amongst other things, I noticed the character and beauty of Sara's face, and that its habitual expression of pride and dissatisfaction was more strongly marked than usual. Her figure was particularly small and girlish, but what an air of resolution it nevertheless possessed!

Presently she drew the esquire close to the fire, sat down before it, and folding her arms over her papers, fixed her glittering black eyes on my face.

'Carry,' said she, pointing to the letter, 'do you see what I mean to do? The letter being addressed to a celebrated west-end publisher, and seen in conjunction with a heap of manuscripts, did not leave much to natural sagacity. I mentioned the conclusion I drew therefrom.'

'But, Sara, I asked, 'what has become of your old opinions?' What is the motive when you do not want money, and have always asserted you did not care about fame, at least such as you were likely to get?

'I have the reputation of being capricious,' was her answer, 'and I am disposed to think, if I get what I deserve, I shall care little about fame. Do you think I shall be likely to find any difficulty in getting my novel published?'

'I was quite ignorant of such matters, but I asked with an air of authority: 'on what terms do you mean to offer it?'

'On condition that I may publish it under an assumed name, and that my secret is jealously kept—that is the first and most important item. Secondly, that all pecuniary risk is borne by the publishers; as for pecuniary profits, I care nothing about them. Messrs. May, easily make with me a most unfair bargain.'

'Perhaps,' said I dryly, 'they won't attempt to take advantage of your indifference to profit; if reputation is all you care about, you ought to be pretty sure of the deserts of your work.'

'I am pretty sure,' said Sara, turning over the leaves. 'I reflected, then, ventured to say: "I am not," Sara looked up quietly. "I went on," "You are aware," said I, playing the critic, "so much is required now-a-days, in a novel. They make a sort of science of this kind of literature, and judge it by such strict rules. As a work of art, begin the reviewers—my dear Sara, as a work of art, what have you to say for your novel?'

'Nothing!' returned she with contempt. 'You think the power it shows, and the promises it has, will cover a multitude of deficiencies?' asked I. 'Well, I hope so too; still!'

'I hesitated, but Sara insisted on my saying all I thought. "I believe you have written it as a sort of safety valve for the emotions, passions, and opinions you do not choose to show and express, and which, perhaps, you ought not to express, in your intercourse with the world. Could you endure, Sara, to have what you have written with such deep conviction and intense earnestness, sneered at and ridiculed by some cold-blooded, sharp-witted reviewer?'

Sara drew flushed. 'That is possible,' she said, drawing a deep breath; 'and it would be hard to bear, still!—Now she paused in her turn, and pushing back her chair, resumed her pacing of the room. I could see how her mind worked; there was something more in that conflict than she suffered to appear. After a while she came back and leaned over the mantel-piece. I waited for her to resume the conversation, which she did presently.

'How do you think my book would appear to a noble, discriminating, unprejudiced mind? There was a vibration in the tone of her voice that made me look steadily at her. She was gazing into the fire with a dreamy, softened expression of countenance.

'Most interesting, most attractive,' said I, with fervor, 'as showing a mind enamored of moral greatness. Such a reader would not carp at the elevation of your ideal, or say yours were impossible principles; but then, Sara, such minds are not those likely to seize upon the last new novel.'

'How long, Carry, have you taken out a judge's patent?' asked Sara, smiling. 'I shall publish my book—if I can.'

In the way of discussion I said no more, and we immediately fell to a discussion of ways and means. I was to take the manuscript up to the street; and Sara had arranged that all communications on the subject should be addressed to me. She had laid her plans so well, that there was little chance, we thought,

VOL. VII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1853.

NO. 22.

The Eastern Mail.

of her identity being ever discovered. When we had exhausted the topic of possibilities connected with the rejection, re-application, acceptance, and public reception of her work, I asked: 'But what has induced this sudden resolution? I heard nothing about the publication on Tuesday?'

'All my resolutions are sudden, the result of mere impulse,' was the answer. 'I have no other explanation to give.'

I said no more, although I was not satisfied. There was that in the repressed energy and excitement of her manner, that convinced me some second, or rather primary motive lurked behind.

The next day I left the manuscript at the publishers. I had rather dreaded this exploit; but I found nothing formidable in it. A grave-looking man met me on the threshold of the office, took the packet I timidly presented, gave it a quick glance, and then set it down in a dusky corner of the room, where I had an uneasy dread it would be forgotten, and moulder away in that obscurity.

'Very good,' he enunciated: 'quite right; and I felt there was not another word to say on the subject, and forthwith took my departure. I must, however, state, that before Sara took me into her confidence, she had written to the firm, asking if they were disposed to examine her manuscript, and had received a civil reply, expressing their good pleasure to do so, and begging her to forward it.'

A period of intense anxiety set in while we waited for the result. When alone, Sara and I had but one topic, but it was an exhaustive one. Then our dire ignorance of these matters pressed heavily; we had no idea what would be considered a reasonable time to give before we could venture to request to be favored with a decision, a step the impatient, haughty young authoress would soon have taken had I not restrained her. My secret anxiety was of course never breathed to Sara—that the manuscript had never found its way to the proper person. Life, however, did not stand still in sympathy with our suspense; Sara, indeed, seemed fuller than ever of that restless vitality which sometimes found almost burdensome. It was evident to me that it was not only the chances of her novel that harassed her; but she was a strange girl, and I did not venture to question her. At length a light fell upon my understanding.

I came one afternoon to spend a few days with Sara, leaving strict orders at home that any letters addressed to me should be brought by my brother Charles. My friend was dressing for dinner when I entered her pleasant, warm bed-room, and I had not been in many moments before I discovered that she was taking special pains with her toilet.

'Is any one coming?' I asked.

'Yes,' said Sara, with a sudden glow and a scornful laugh, 'Mr. Godfrey Knight is coming.'

I was completely puzzled. I had never seen but had heard a good deal of this gentleman. By profession he was a barrister, and of rising repute; but in society he was less successful. I had heard some of my young lady friends mercilessly ridicule the plainness and insignificance of his appearance; and even Sara had made some most ungenerous but ironically witty observations thereon. From better authority, I had heard strictures on his displeasing deportment in society, his uncourtous silence, as if he considered himself a spectator of the scene, or his cynical severity, as if he had the right of censorship. On this point, too, Sara had strongly expressed herself.

'What are you going to do?' I asked anxiously, 'not condescend to play the coquette, surely?'

Sara smiled, but without giving me any satisfaction on the point. I had no particular fault to find with Mr. Knight. Plain, indubitably he was, and what was far worse—short; but then he had an expression of intelligence which would have refined coarser features.

True, he spoke but little; but he was attentive to the courtesies of the table, and Mr. Hall's organ of language prompted him at all times to take the burden of conversation chiefly on himself. Sara, too, talked a good deal—that is, whenever Mr. Knight said anything sufficiently near an opinion for her to oppose, or whenever her father's discourse gave her an opportunity of stating some unheard-of or paradoxical sentiment. I had never seen her in such a mood before, or heard her say so many extravagant or absurd things in the course of an evening. Mr. Knight let her have all her own way, listening to her with an irritating smile, and never defending his own words. When we retired to the drawing room I expressed my feelings.

'You must have been trying to appear ridiculous,' said I, 'is Mr. Knight's contempt worth so much pains?'

She gave me an angry, almost fierce look, but softened immediately. 'I am playing no part, Carry; that is, what his presence always makes of me. He despises girls beyond the bottom of his heart; he tempts me beyond my power of resistance to justify his estimate.'

'I saw her lip quiver as she spoke, but it might be with wounded pride; to the same feeling I attributed the glow of her cheeks and the unnatural glitter of her eyes. I did not pursue the subject, and when the two gentlemen came in to tea, they interrupted a debate on the usual topic. After tea, Mr. Hall asked his daughter for some music; she complied with unusual eagerness.

'But Mr. Knight,' said she, passing on her way to the piano, 'detests music.'

The feeling is not quite so strong, said that gentleman, taking up a book. 'I shall scarcely hear you.'

Sara sat down to her instrument, and played for about half an hour certain elaborate, tuneless rhapsodies and diversions she had learned at school. I felt it must be by design, for music, in the true acceptance of the phrase, was her particular talent, and her performance had so merit but excessiveness. Her father fell into a doze at length, and then Sara rose. Mr. Knight had been reading her book very diligently, but he closed it politely enough when the music ceased, and the musician drew near to the fire. Sara leaned over the mantel piece in the graceful, careless attitude which was habitual to her.

'That is an unnecessary courtesy,' said she, addressing Mr. Knight, and stretching out her hand to take from him the book he was on the point of putting down. She turned to the title page, and remarked with rather a doubtful smile, 'I should never have supposed you read poetry?'

'I read it so little, that your supposition is justified.'

Sara stopped here, but I asked 'Do you like poetry?'

Mr. Knight smiled, perhaps at the ignorant way in which I proposed my question, and Sara added: 'I should like to know whether you consider it above or below your attention?'

'I have never given attention to it—lacking time and opportunity; so I can scarcely answer the question. Amongst the talents committed to my keeping, leisure is not one.'

'A strong natural love for poetry,' said Sara, 'would have enabled you to make leisure to indulge in it.'

'Well, then, I can safely say, I have not such a love. Pray,' he added, smiling, 'is this deficiency very great in your eyes?'

'Very. It is a deficiency that involves so many others.'

'Perhaps,' said I, 'you are not a reader of books at all?'

'No; not what you mean by a reader. The few books I do read dispose me for the many.'

'I am happy to say,' remarked Sara, 'my mind is not above my generation.'

Mr. Knight smiled very comfortably under the satire, and took his leave as soon as Mr. Hall roused himself. I made no comment to Sara on her behaviour, but drew quietly my own inferences.

The next morning, the servant brought me a letter, left by my brother on his way from school. I recognized it at once as a missive from Sara. On one point I am convinced; no letter received before or since ever excited such a tumult of feeling. It was not for me, however, to break the seal, and I carried it to Sara. I had a hunch, though nearly all the rooms in the house before I found her, and when I did find her, she was in no responsive mood. She was standing in the cold, cheerless drawing-room—the fire never being lighted till mid-day—with the morning newspaper spread out on the table before her, over which she was bowed in a posture indicative of no ordinary absorption in its contents.

'Sara,' I cried, holding the letter above my head, 'look here!'

'She did not seem to guess what it was, for she made a movement of impatience, and looked down at her paper again.'

I threw the letter playfully on the paper before her eyes. She snatched it up as if it could have conveyed some kind of pollution to the page, and in so doing perceived what it was. Then her indifference changed to excitement.

'Open and read it, Carry,' she said; 'I can't.'

The first glance was enough. I made a little sound of joy. Sara, catching the result from this very expressive gesture, took the letter from me and read it herself.

'MADAM—I am desired by Messrs. to inform you that they are willing to undertake the publication of your novel on their usual terms. Then followed a business-like statement of these terms, which, novice as I was, at that time seemed to me very magnificent.'

'That will do,' said Sara, 'but I must know how soon they will publish it.'

There was an expression of softened exultation in her face, and I observed that her eyes dwelt on her newspaper.

'You see,' said I, reading over the letter to myself, 'we have no means of contradicting their statement. We have only their word for it, that these are their usual terms.'

True, but I care nothing about the money; let them publish my book, and they can't cheat me out of my object.'

In a few days the whole matter was settled; formal agreements were drawn up and signed, and the book was to appear immediately.

Popular authors during the preceding months had been pouring forth their favors on the public, and were now resting on their oars and receipts. The novel reading world just then was unemployed; it was the exact point of time for a new writer to make her appeal.

No objection had been made to her pseudo name, and in order to preserve the poetry, the correction of the proofs was taken off her hands. It was evident to my mind from the complaisance of the publishers, that they considered that they had got a good thing.

'Sara,' I said one day, 'I begin to think this book will make you famous.'

Sara shook her head.

'If it does,' I asked, 'prudence desires of preparing for an event that might never be realized—will you declare yourself?'

'I will wait till I am famous before I decide,' said Sara, who, so far as I could see, was almost as indifferent to the fame as the profit.

During this period Mr. Knight was so frequent a visitor, that we had little chance of forgetting him. Why he came I could not tell, for he was a very different man from Mr. Hall, whose loquacity obviously weighed him, and Sara did not seem to attract him. He watched her a good deal, it was true, but it seemed less from individual interest than from the philosophical tendency to examine carefully every new subject presented to him. Sara, too, always showed under her worst aspect, the same reserve.

In her behavior to him, she was rude and satirical; in her behavior to others before him, extravagant and frivolous. I tried to hope that Mr. Knight would detect her real character beneath the disguise she so constantly assumed; then, again, I thought it was requiring too much from his penetration. For my own part, I had a growing admiration and esteem for him. I had learned that of his public and private life, which indicated a character of a lofty political law, in which he had borne a distinguished part, had raised his reputation beyond all dispute, in society far higher than ours, we knew he was courted and flattered.

Morover, more than once at Mr. Hall's I had heard him defend certain principles and opinions, which had been carelessly attacked, in a manner that had aroused a warm response from all the best parts of my nature. He was not by any means a philosopher; his strength lay in the clearness and force of his thoughts, and in the pure relation his words bore to them.

Truth never received any artificial adornment at his hands; it was his naked beauty he worshipped and presented for worship. Then he was thoroughly in earnest; his strong self-convinced conviction to the candid hearer.

My friend Sara had a far more emotional and passionate admiration than I for moral greatness; and at such times as those to which I have referred, it was beyond the power of her art to check the glow of enthusiasm that rose

to her cheek, or to hide the kindling glance of recognition and sympathy. My only regret was, that it was precisely at these moments that Mr. Knight, interested in his subject, did not look at her.

Then, also, I knew that Sarah secretly admired him; she followed the lawsuit through all its windings, and read Mr. Knight's speeches with a diligence I was unable to emulate; for, good as no doubt they were, they were dry.

I had heard her once defend him with an eloquence from which he might have learned a lesson, and with so minute an acquaintance with his individual excellencies, that I discovered that hitherto I had done him very imperfect justice. With all my female ingenuity and knowledge of my friend, I could not quite reconcile her conduct with her sentiments, and her own explanations thereupon only involved the matter more and more.

At length a new interest called me off from Mr. Knight. Sara's novel was announced for publication in a way calculated to whet public curiosity but that strongly displeased the author.

'Such tricks of the trade humiliate me,' she said. 'I almost hope they will defeat their own end.'

There was one singularity in this transaction that I had noticed before; Sara always spoke as if her own interests were quite separate from those of her publishers. The book came out duly; and to sum up its success in a phrase, created a perfect furor. Sagacity was at fault. Sara Hall, together with the rest of the world, read the new novel, but was more sparing of her opinions thereupon than was custom. What she had said about her indifference to fame, her conduct justified. I was far more full of exultation than herself; she would put down the most laudatory review with a dissatisfied sigh; she would hear it praised and wondered about in society, with scarcely a change of color. I had repeatedly expressed my curiosity to know whether Mr. Knight had read it, and one evening, when he happened to call during one of my visits, I abruptly put the question to him.

'I never read novels,' he answered. 'I have not time.'

'But so remarkable a one,' I suggested, studiously avoiding looking at Sara.

'Well,' he said, reluctantly, 'if it comes in my way.'

I longed to ask him if he expected the book would meet him, but I dared say no more. He appeared to be reflecting on the subject, for presently he asked:

'Have you read it, Miss Hall?'

'Yes,' said Sara, with a self-possession no amount of training would ever enable me to attain. The next question was inevitable.

'What do you think of it?' he asked.

'More than I can say at a moment's notice,' replied Sara, turning away with her usual civility.

A few minutes after, Mr. Hall came in with an evening paper in his hand.

'Here's a cut up!' he exclaimed, rubbing his hands, as if it were a personal gratification.

'Here's a cut up of a new novel! Late in the field, but the slaughter's tremendous.' Sara, my girl, you're a capital reader; let us have it aloud—We have all read the book.'

I was never so near committing myself in my life, but Sarah restored me to a sense of the present necessity. She quietly took the paper her father held out to her, and his perceptions were not quick enough to see that her hands trembled. It was the only sign of agitation. She sat down, and carelessly glanced it over before commencing aloud.

'Mr. Knight has not read the book,' she said, glancing up at him; 'it is perhaps hardly fair for the author.'

There was a vibration in her voice that I am sure the person addressed must have felt.

'A disparaging criticism,' he replied, 'has often disposed me favorably towards the book condemned.'

Sara began to read, and read the article through to the end, with no interruption beyond Mr. Hall's keen enjoyment of its coarse wit. Merciless ridicule was the sole weapon employed; it had evidently been dictated by a mind thoroughly antagonistic to the writer's; there was such heavy cordiality in its invective.

A book such as I have before described Sara's, presented strong temptations to such a mode of attack—my wonder was that it had not been had recourse to before.

'It is clever,' said Sara, putting it down; 'and perhaps the writer is honest; but it is unjust to the great teachers of science.'

I marvelled at her self-command; but it was not perfect; there was a deep flush on her cheek, a scintillation in her eyes she could not control. I observed that Mr. Knight sat gazing at her seemingly in a state of abstraction.

When he took his leave, he said to her: 'I shall read that book, and form my own judgment; it is but an act of justice.'

I could see that night that Sara was strongly excited, though she repressed the signs as well she could. I attributed it to the review, but on saying something in the way of sympathetic indignation, I found my rondolettes were quite superfluous.

The next few days Sara was very quiet and self-contained, but I detected an under-current of emotion and anxiety, which always seemed at its flux as the evening drew near. It was evident to me that she was expecting Mr. Knight.

After the lapse of a week, he came late one evening. If anything had been needed to confirm the idea I entertained, Sara's flush of color would have supplied it. To my extreme disappointment and annoyance, Mr. Hall at once engaged him in some political discussion. Sara went to her piano and played some of the exquisite airs in Norma; as no one else, in my opinion, could have done. I watched Mr. Knight with interest.

Laugh at my woman's intuition, dear reader, if you like, but I felt certain he had read Sara's book, and that I felt that it was here. I saw his eyes rest upon her with an expression that told me more than this; but a veil had been lifted from the past; that by the aid of that crude but noble production, he read my friend's character aright. Did he do more than this? Mr. Hall was presently called out on some professional emergency, and then Mr. Knight drew near Sara's piano.

'I have read that book,' he said; 'would you care to have my opinion?'

'Surely interested in the matter as I was, I had a right to his critical observations; nevertheless, an instinct kept me in my seat, which was at the further end of the room. Sara softly touched the keys, while he spoke—at least,

she did at first; after awhile the sound ceased; she lifted up her before bowed face, flushed and radiant. As he bent towards her, I slipped out of the room.

Still, as I walked up and down Sara's room, I could not quite understand it; and waiting perplexed myself in vain, resolved to wait for the explanation I was determined to extract from my friend. Wait in truth I did. More than one hour passed, and the second was far spent, when I heard Mr. Hall's impatient knock at the house-door, and a few moments after I heard Sara's coming footsteps.

'Sara,' I exclaimed, trying to seize her floating skirts, as she ran past the door—'Sara, I must say one word!'

She evaded me, however, shaking herself free with a mocking laugh, and locking herself securely in the stronghold of her bedroom. It was too bad; but there was nothing for it but submission.

But the next morning I secured her at the confession.

'Am I then, to understand, asked I, in my untiring effort to comprehend the matter fully—am I to understand that your chief motive in publishing this novel, was the chance of Mr. Knight's reading it, and taking the true measure of your character thereby? Have you loved him so long?'

'Even so,' said Sara, with crimsoning cheeks. 'It was a romantic venture—a chance, as you call it; but I could think of no other means of showing him what I really was—how much he was mistaken.'

'But you took such pains to mislead him, Sara.'

'Carry, how ignorant you are! Could I venture to show him how solicitous I was for his good opinion? I cared so much for it, there was no middle course open to me.'

'Sensible men,' said I, sententiously, 'should be careful how they gauge the character of a high-spirited, frivolous-seeming girl.'

'He had exercised more penetration than most sensible men. He formed a pretty fair estimate of me before he guessed who wrote that book, or had read it. What generous things he said last night! added Sara, with a flush of ardor. 'Under his guidance, I may do better things than that.'

'They say,' said I, laughing, 'that pure fame is never enough for a woman.'

'That heart,' returned Sara, with a well-pleased smile, 'whether belonging to man or woman, must be narrow indeed, which pure fame would satisfy. Carry, I long to see you as happy as I am now!—[Chambers' Journal.]'

Barn-Yard Manure.

I have seen it stated, time and again, in agricultural papers, as well as in 'Liebig's Agricultural Chemistry,' in 'Stockhardt's Chemical Field Lectures' in 'The Progressive Farmer,' and in every other work I have read on this subject, that plaster scattered in stables and on manure heaps, would arrest all the escaping barshorn and convert it into a fixed salt. Gypsum is cheap and the application so easy that we cannot desire anything better for the purpose. That is all true, except in one particular; plaster will not convert the carbonate of ammonia into a sulphate of ammonia. Liebig, Stockhardt and Nash, and the agricultural papers, to the contrary notwithstanding. We are exceedingly sorry that it will not. It would be such a great advantage to the farmer. By its aid, he could reduce his whole manure heap, by fermentation, to a few wagon loads, and it would be so strong that a few bushels would be sufficient for an acre, saving an immense amount of labor and expense in hauling it to the field &c. But can it be possible that such able chemists have made so great a blunder? It is easy to account for this fact. Chemists always work with their reagents in solution, and sulphate of lime in solution, will convert carbonate of ammonia into carbonate of lime and sulphate of ammonia. Such being the case, the chemist, along with the taut 'Chemistry has done nothing for Agriculture,' asserts that he has discovered something that will be of great benefit to every practical farmer, and states that by scattering gypsum on fermenting manure, the escaping ammonia will be arrested. Learned authors embodied it in new works. The newspapers take up the assertion and scatter it broadcast over the land; so that at the present time, it is as familiar as household words, and if you attempt to undeceive a person on the subject, he will take you for a young upstart, and advise you to speak a little more respectfully of the great teachers of science.

A short time since we were at the house of such a person, and were discussing this subject with him. He is quite a scientific farmer and writer, and had been using guano and plaster. There was some of both left in the barn.

'Your arguments in favor of the theory,' said we, 'are good, but let us apply a practical test. Here is some guano and plaster. There is probably carbonate of ammonia flying off from the guano; let us see what effect mixing plaster with it will have. If your theory is correct it will of course stop the exhalation. We put the two together, rubbed them briskly between the hands, moistened with a little water, and then applied the mixture to the nostrils of our friend. He quickly jerked his head away. Instead of fixing the ammonia, the plaster aided the decomposition of the guano, and the ammonia was driven off with considerable rapidity. This simple test satisfied our friend; and we would recommend all who are skeptical on the point to make the experiment for themselves.

Scattering dry or moist plaster on the manure heap, then, is of no use. But if we could only dissolve it, it would be just the very thing we want. Cannot this be done? It is true that something like 400 lbs. of water are required to dissolve one pound of plaster; but the water could be used over and over again, the manure taking the sulphate of lime from the water as it filtered through it. The water in the tank should always be kept saturated with plaster, and no water should ever be allowed to get on the heap that did not contain plaster in solution. In this way, plaster sufficient to form a considerable quantity of sulphate of ammonia might be placed in the heap without rendering the manure too wet for fermentation, inasmuch as the carbonate of lime resulting from the transformed sulphate of lime would materially assist decomposition.

We are but one practical difficulty to this plan, and that is, the water would dissolve the sulphate of ammonia and carry it with it into the tank, rendering fresh water necessary. This may be avoided by placing at the bottom

of the barn-yard, a quantity of clay soil, mixed with peat, &c., and making the water pass through this filter before it could get into the tank. In this way the plan of saturating the drainage of the barn-yard with plaster, and pumping them on the heap, and then re-saturating, and re-pumping them back again, as soon as they drain back into the tank, will be found highly profitable. Not only will it preserve all the most valuable substances of the manure, but it will enable the wheat-growing farmer, to drive off a great part of the valueless portion of the manure—carbon and water—and so reduce the weight and bulk of the heap, and the labor and expense of applying it to the soil. Manures managed in this way, and fermented to the extent proposed, may be used as top-dressing, with little if any loss. On loamy soil, it may be drawn out in the fall—the comparatively leisure season of the farmer—and spread on the land, ready for plowing in for corn, potatoes, &c., the next spring. [Rural New Yorker.]

The Mosquito and the Rumrunner.

Where a little brook flows through a piece of thick, shady woods, between high rocks, a man was sitting alone. He was a rumrunner; but as business happened to be rather dull with him, and, besides, the people had got up an excellent about the Maine Law, and were saying some hard things about gentlemen of his trade, he thought he would shut up his grog-shop, and refresh himself with a nap under the shade of a tree. He soon found a smooth, flat stone, where he set down to watch a little patch of foam, about as broad as a dollar, that was turning round in a pretty basin of clear water, where the run was beamed by rocks. It was a nice place, for a hot day, in August, and it was not long till the rumrunner was sitting as still as a fish, thinking—

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE... DEC. 15, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. Patten, 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 office are at No. 10 State St., Boston. J. W. Corry, Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. Corry, North and Fayette sts., Baltimore; S. M. Pomeroy, 25 No. Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Run and its Doings.

About two hundred gallons of liquors of various kinds were destroyed on Saturday last, in the usual fashion of our state law. This was the result of various seizures, and had been in store the legal time. No very recent seizures have been made.

On Monday evening there was a Kick-up at Edwin Tibbets' saloon, produced by the swallowing, on the part of one John Butterfield, of Kendall's Mills, of something that induced him to kick against the Maine Law. In a very few minutes John found himself before Justice Nye, and liable to imprisonment in the county jail for thirty days, with a pretty bill of cost at the end of that. John pleaded guilty, but was not recommended to be a victim without an effort for company; and with the impression that Mr. Tibbets had instigated his arrest, wheeled about and complained on the spot, before the same Justice, that Mr. Tibbets sold him the liquor that instigated the kicking. The case was called, and Mr. T. was convicted and doomed to fine and imprisonment.

Butterfield pleaded hard for mercy, and promised good behavior; and having contracted to depart forthwith for the lumber regions, he was permitted to fulfil his engagement on paying costs. John has probably taken a profitable lesson. Mr. Tibbets has merely taken a review of an old one.

A Good Business.

The freight train from this place on Monday, over the A. & K. Railroad, embraced over 250 head of cattle, filling twelve cars. The freight on these amounted to about \$200.—These cattle belonged to Messrs. Wells, and others, were mostly fat, and destined to Brighton. Though one of the largest, this is but one of the many large lots constantly passing over the road. The business of the road is unusually good this season. The quantity of poultry and eggs is immense, and there is an increase of almost all articles of transportation except liquors, in which there is admitted to be a falling off that tells strongly upon the industry of the State. Which way?

Great Loss by Fire.

The printing establishment of Harper & Brothers, of N. York, was burnt on Saturday last, with nearly all its contents. It occupied ten buildings, each five stories high. Their loss is estimated at one million two hundred thousand dollars, on which there was insurance of only two hundred and fifty thousand. Several other buildings were burnt, though of inconsiderable value compared with Harper's. The fire occurred at 2 o'clock P. M.; and was caused by the ignition of a quantity of camphene.

Notice is given that Harper's Magazine will make its regular appearance in January, tho' all the plates and fixtures were destroyed.

Congress.

We give this week an abstract of the message, and of several of the reports of the departments. These documents are too long to be given in full, and our readers will doubtless be glad to get the substance of them in more brief form.

In the Senate, Tuesday, Mr. Adams introduced a bill to reduce and graduate the price of public lands; also a bill to suppress the circulation of bank bills less than five dollars.

In the House some preliminary questions bearing upon the subject of a railroad to the Pacific, were exciting considerable debate.

From Australia.

News is to Sept. 21. Business was improving. Flour 95. There was great excitement on account of the high price of license to diggers. The amount of gold shipped to Sept. 19 was over thirty millions of dollars.

BOSTON MUNICIPAL ELECTION.—There was no election of Mayor in Boston, on Monday last. The vote stood for Seaver, the present incumbent, (regular ram whip) 5676; for Jacob Sleeper, (Young Men's League candidate) 2078. Dr. Smith, 4570. Temperance men are well pleased at the result.

THE WEATHER continues as mild as April, with no sleighing, though the fields are white with snow. Wonder if the California boys don't wish themselves at home, in the fine, heavy climate of Maine?

The Boston Traveller, in telling how nicely one Samuel West, of Belfast, Me., was "taken in" and done for, to the tune of \$35, in Ann's, the other day, heads the item with "Another Countryman Robbed." Countryman, forsooth! Why, the city of Belfast might as well go back to its village organization again, if its "solid men" (or liquid, even, for the matter of that) are to be rated as countrymen. We trust the poorly citizens of Belfast, and brother Moore of the Journal, in particular, will manifest a proper indignation at this unparalleled outrage upon their cherished rights and privileges.

Portland papers state that John B. Brown, of that city, has sustained serious losses by the failure of his agents in New York city. He is the proprietor of the extensive sugar refinery in Portland; but his losses are not so great as to interrupt this branch of his business.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC DIFFICULTY AT BOSTON.—It has already been announced that the Roman Catholic Bishop of Halifax had addressed a letter to the congregation of the Church of St. Louis, in that city, commanding them to surrender the church property into his hands.

and threatening them with excommunication if they refused to comply. The Buffalo Courier says:

Two weeks last Sabbath, the church and congregation were called together and the letter read in their hearing, that they might take such action as they saw fit upon it. It was unanimously resolved that no answer should be made to the letter, but the Bishop be left to take such course as he thought wise and proper, and thus matters at present remain. The members of the church say that they could be no worse off than they now are, as by an interdict they are deprived of the services of a priest whom the Bishop furnishes, and they refuse to accept the aid of any but those regularly appointed, even could they be obtained.

The President's Message.

Satisfied that at this late day our subscribers had much rather see a brief synopsis of the President's Message than the whole document, we insert the following, prepared for the Cambridge Chronicle:

After referring to the responsibility resting upon the nation, from her peculiar form of government, and an acknowledgement of the mercies showered upon us as a nation, he speaks of our diplomatic relations with foreign powers. It appears that they have undergone no essential change since the adjournment of the last Congress, though questions of a disturbing character are still pending with some foreign powers. In the matter of controversy with Great Britain, on the question of the rights of our fishermen, a negotiation has been opened with a fair prospect of a favorable result. He recommends that the boundary line which separates the territory of Washington from the British possessions on the north, should be traced and marked. The course of Spain, in the matter of delay in the reparation of injury to our citizens in Cuba, from no diplomatic intercourse being allowed between our Consul at Havana and the Captain-general, is complained of. He expresses an intention to use all the means at his command to repress any expeditions aimed at the colonial possessions of that power. The controversy with Austria, growing out of her illegal seizure of Martin Koszta, at Smyrna, and his subsequent rescue by Commander Ingraham, are dwelt upon, and in reference to the correspondence, growing out of that affair, between the two governments, he asserts that the principles and policy therein maintained by the United States will be applied and enforced wherever a proper occasion occurs. Our relations and controversies with Mexico, Brazil and Peru, are also treated of at some length.

In speaking of the expansion of the country through acquisitions of territory, he asserts that, how much sooner some of them may have been questioned, they are now universally seen and admitted to have been wise in policy, just in character, and a great element in the advancement of our country, and with it, of the human race, in freedom, in prosperity, and in happiness. The exhibit of the financial affairs of the country exhibits a wonderful degree of prosperity, there remaining a balance in the treasury, over and above all expenditures, of thirty-two million four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. In view of this state of affairs, a reduction of the tariff is recommended by adding to the free list many articles now taxed, and reducing the rate of duty on others, especially such as enter into manufactures, and are not largely, or at all, produced in the country.

The current revenue of the Post Office department failed to meet its current expenses by the sum of two million forty-two thousand dollars, which the Postmaster General ascribes to the enormous rates the department has been compelled to pay for mail service rendered by railroad companies. The sales of public lands have, as usual, been large the past year. Reference is made to the numerous applications that have been, and no doubt will continue to be made for grants of land, in aid of the construction of railroads. He does not believe it to be within the intent and meaning of the constitution that the power to dispose of the public domain should be used otherwise than might be expected from a prudent proprietor, and, therefore, that grants of land to aid in the construction of roads should be restricted to cases where it would be for the interest of a proprietor, under like circumstances, thus to contribute to the construction of these works.

He thinks the present judicial system of the United States should be extended over those parts of the country that have not as yet enjoyed its benefits, and says, that, if deemed desirable, he has a plan to recommend for its enlargement and modification.

His opinion on the matter of internal improvements appear to be very similar to those entertained by General Jackson. He hopes that the wisdom of Congress may be equal to the task of devising and maturing a plan, which, applied to this subject, may promise something better than constant strife, the suspension of the powers of local enterprise, the exciting of vain hopes, and the disappointment of cherished expectations.

He affirms his intention to preserve inviolate the compromise measures of 1850. In the matter of the Pacific Railway, he says, that, fully appreciating the magnitude of the subject and solicitude that the Atlantic and Pacific shores of the Republic may be bound together by inseparable ties of common interest, as well as common fealty and attachment to the Union, he will be disposed, so far as his own action is concerned, to follow the lights of the Constitution, as expounded and illustrated by those whose opinions and expositions constitute the standard of his political faith in regard to the powers of the federal government.

Postmaster General's Report.

It appears from the report of Mr. Campbell, Postmaster General, that the whole number of Post Offices in the United States at the close of the last fiscal year, ending June 30, 1853, was 23,320. Of this number, 255 are of the highest class, the Postmasters of which are appointed by the President.

At the present date, the total number of Post Offices is 22,685. During the past year, commencing July 1, 1852, 1898 Post Offices were established; 470 discontinued; and there were appointed to office during said year, besides the 1898 Postmasters to the newly established offices aforesaid, 3850 upon resignation, 225 on death, 182 by change of site, 91 where the Postmasters had moved away, and 2321 on the removal of prior incumbents; being 5867 Postmasters appointed during the year ending June 30, 1853.

At the close of the fiscal year, ending on the 30th of June last, there were in operation within the United States 6992 mail routes. Their aggregate length was 217,743 miles, and 5583 contractors were employed thereon.

The annual transportation of the mails on these routes was 61,892,542 miles, and the annual cost thereof \$4,495,968, being about seven cents two mills per mile. Of these 61,892,542 miles of annual transportation, 12,968,708 miles are required to be performed on railroads, at a cost of \$1,601,331, being about

twelve cents three mills per mile; 6,885,065 miles in steamboats, at a cost of \$632,368, being about nine cents four mills per mile; 21,380,326 miles in coaches, at a cost of \$1,206,858, being about five cents six mills per mile; and 20,890,447 miles in modes not specified, at a cost of \$1,055,313; being about five cents per mile.

The expenditures of the Department during the last fiscal year were \$7,982,758. The gross revenue from all sources was \$5,940,724.

It appears from the foregoing statement that the gross revenue of the year, ending June 30, 1853, falls short of the expenditures by the sum of 2,042,031.

\$1,571,000 of this deficiency is supplied by the balance on the Auditor's book on July 1, 1852, and by the appropriation to supply deficiencies, amounting to upward of \$1,000,000, leaving \$546,000 to be provided by Congress for the service of the year ending June 30, 1853.—[N. Y. Tribune.

Report of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Has come to hand, in pamphlet form. The actual receipts for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1853, were 61,337,374.40 dollars, over four millions less than the estimates; but the balance in the treasury July 1, 1852, was 14,632,136.37 dollars, making the total sum for the service of 1853, 75,969,701.77 dollars. The expenditures of the year were 54,025,818.21 dollars.

The receipts for the first fiscal quarter of 1854 were 21,042,882.56 dollars, and the expenditures for the same quarter, 15,081,383.70 dollars.

The estimated expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1854, are 57,251,283.16 dollars, and the appropriations liable to be expended in that year, are 63,147,981.03 dollars.

The estimated resources for 1854 are 66,266,804.92; expenditures 51,060,277.12 dollars. Leaving a balance in the treasury July 1, 1855, of 15,206,327.50 dollars.

A table accompanies the report, giving a list of articles of foreign import which it is proposed to add to the free list, for the purpose of reducing the revenue. This table, however, and other tables mentioned in the report, have not been received.

Mr. Guthrie proposes to arrange the articles now paying duty in two classes, one to pay 100 per cent and the other 25 per cent. This, he thinks, will give much less trouble in collecting the revenue. He suggests a specific duty on iron, and that salt be free, and the fishing bounty be repealed, leaving that branch of industry to the fair competition which causes other maritime enterprises to flourish.

A large number of clerks in the Department do not receive sufficient compensation for their support, and the Secretary asks Congress for an increase.

Secret inspectors of the customs, and superintendents of the revenue cutter service have been dismissed.

Light houses and light vessels, the new custom house, the marine hospitals, and greater safety on board steamboats, are some of the topics of the report, which is able and thorough. The people may, we think, congratulate themselves upon having an honest and capable man at the head of the treasury.—(Post

Report of the Secretary of the Navy.

We take the following abstract of the report of the Secretary of the Navy from the correspondent of the New York Herald:

The report of the Secretary of the Navy is an important document, from the fact that he advocates the re-organization of the navy, and recommends the appropriation of \$5,000,000 for building several steam propeller frigates. He says there are not forty vessels which could be brought into service in ninety days, if needed. In advocating the construction of the steam propellers, he continues:

"I recommend, therefore, that the Department be authorized to have constructed at least six first class steam frigates—propellers. The opinion is entertained that that number may be built in our several yards in addition to the work now going on, and the repairs usually needed on the return of vessels from long voyages. It is estimated that they will cost between four and five millions of dollars, and can be built in about twenty months, with the exception of some deficiency in the supply of white oak and yellow pine, which can be without much difficulty procured. We have on hand at the various yards, ample materials to accomplish what is recommended. It will be perceived, on referring to the estimates of the Bureau of Construction, that an estimate is made of the entire cost."

As it is deemed desirable to make the addition to our naval force as early as practicable, in consideration of the number of vessels which will soon be unfit for service, and not worth repairing, and as it is important to retain on hand, for emergencies, a reasonable supply of building materials, I venture to suggest the policy of making the appropriation at an early day, to enable the Department to build them with despatch, and purchase a supply of material so as not to diminish the amount on hand."

He also recommends that the Santee, at Kittery, and the Sabine, at New York, on the stocks since 1819, be altered, modernized and finished, as substitutes for two frigates of the same class withdrawn as worthless. The old ship-of-the-line Franklin is being repaired at Kittery, and her model changed, with a view of converting her into a first class steam frigate. "Should these recommendations be adopted," the report adds, "our naval force will be strengthened by the addition of two first class sailing frigates, and of seven first class steam frigates, capable of mounting fifty guns each, there being no steamer at present of more than ten guns. My opinion is, it would be sound policy to dispose of such vessels as are deemed unfit for service as vessels of war." This branch of the report concludes with a recommendation for the establishment of machine shops, and an increase of enlistment men from the present number—seventy-five hundred—to ten thousand.

Under the head of "re-organization of the navy," the Secretary recommends a reformed list on reduced pay for the faithful who have become infirm; the discharge of the inefficient who have no claim on the bounty of their government for services rendered; proportion regulated by capacity and merit, and not by mere seniority of commission; pay to some extent controlled by sea service. A board of officers of various grades, to be selected by the President, can be convened periodically to report to him the names of those who, in their judgment, should be made subjects of the rules prescribed, but their report to be binding on the President only so far as he deems proper. A system of rewards and punishments to the sailors and honorable discharge is suggested as a means of encouraging more permanent enlistments, &c.

The Secretary is decidedly opposed to the restoration of flogging in the navy. He also calls attention to the Naval Academy, Navy Yards, &c., and with regard to the basin and railway at San Francisco, for which an appropriation was made last Congress, leaving the construction of the work discretionary with the

Secretary of the Navy, he considers, although it would be useful, it is not necessary.

Later News from Europe.

Nothing had occurred along the Danube.—A heavy snow and rain had set in.

There were rumors of an armistice, but doubtful. It was also rumored that the Turks and Servians had an engagement, but this was also considered doubtful.

The allied fleets are at Beycos. The Turkish fleet had gone to the Black Sea to keep open the coast of Circassia.

Two Russian ships had been lost in the Black Sea.

It is reported contrary to the former advice that Dost Mahomed is hostile to the Russians, as are all the Mahomedan tribes of India.

No British news, except the reported treaty between Great Britain and France to guarantee the rights of Turkey, with the option of Austria and Prussia to join it.

Prussia claims to act as she sees best for her own interests.

Details of Chinese news are at hand. The Rebels were everywhere triumphant. There was more talk of a Tartar invasion.

They say, but we are not told on what authority, that the Czar has declared that he will not accept any further advice from the four powers, but may perhaps negotiate with the Sultan direct.

No event of importance had yet taken place along the Moldavia Wallachia line.

Omar Pacha's operations had received the entire sanction of his government, and discretion was left him to act where and how he may have the best chance of success. His retreat across the Danube was in consequence of the concentration of the Russians on a point not defensible, and the step is approved by military men; that movement not having been anticipated by the Russians appears to have baffled Prince Gortschakoff, and to have forced him to adopt new combinations. The Russians do not believe that the retreat of the Turks is ultimate. Complete ignorance prevails as to their movements, and they were expected to make their appearance at any moment and at any point on the left bank of the Danube.—The Russians do not appear to have adopted any definite plan. They remain encamped at Oltenitz, Bonedochy and Niggoesch.

Latest accounts confirm the statement that the Turks had captured and hold the important fortress of San Nicholas, near Bantoum. Five times have the Russians by sea and land attempted to take it, and five times have they been repulsed.

Some Polish officers of distinction have taken service with the Turks, and others have signified their intention to do so.

France, and probably England also, at length considers that the Porte is justified in using all the means at its disposal, and for this reason the Poles are welcomed to the Ottoman ranks.

AUSTRIA.—Something important is evidently about to transpire in Hungary. A correspondent of the Times, under date of the 22d, mentions that men and artillery were being hurried off from Vienna to the Hungarian provinces. During the previous three days 98 guns had left, and the Directors of the railroad had been ordered to stop sending goods for eight days, as their freight trains will be required in sending military stores to Hungary.

The 9th Army Corps has received orders to hold itself ready to march. By express through France some details of the news by the overland mail were received by the London press.

SPAIN.—At a ball given at Madrid by the French Ambassador, a disturbance occurred between young Soule, son of the American Minister, and the Duke of Alba, the brother-in-law of the French Emperor. The latter made some insulting allusion concerning the dress of Mrs. Soule, which young Soule overheard, the latter immediately approached the Duke and made a slight assault upon him.—Much excitement ensued, and young Soule was taken away by his father. The former afterwards challenged the Duke, who refused to accept.

The people on the Sandy River are waking up to the subject of a railroad, so much needed to develop the resources of the "Garden of the State." The Farmington Chronicle says:

"The citizens of the Sandy River Valley are determined to drive the Iron Horse along the skirts of our unrivaled mountains within a brief space of time as the grading of the track &c. will admit. The most enthusiastic meeting we ever attended in our village was held at Boardman's Hall on Tuesday evening of this week, at which our citizens subscribed with a liberality, which, if proportionally sustained by our farming friends in the vicinity, will place the speedy completion of the road to our place beyond doubt."

The meeting was adjourned to Thursday at the same place.

LOSS OF THE REVENUE CUTTER HAMILTON.—The Gazette has the following despatch, dated at Charleston, on Friday, announcing the loss of the Revenue Cutter Hamilton, with all the officers and crew except one seaman.

The Revenue Cutter Hamilton left the Dry Docks here on Wednesday for a cruise, having on board Thomas E. Rudolph of St. Mary, Ga., the Captain; Camillus Saunders, son of General Romulus Saunders, 1st Lieut.; E. C. Hines, 2d Lieut., and a crew of 12 men. It blew a hurricane last night, during which the Hamilton was lost off Folly Breakers, Charleston bay. The officers and crew took to two life boats, one of which has not been heard of; the other, containing Capt. Rudolph, the Quarter Master and four men were all drowned, with the exception of one seaman, who was lashed to the boat, and was picked up this morning by a Savannah steamer.

Henry Ward Beecher, having been reported as preaching four sermons in favor of the spiritual manifestations, but 'covertly, and as his congregation could bear,' says in his reply to the charge:

"We have heard of a man who said that he 'accidentally' cleared up forty acres of woodland. We think it would be a tougher accident than that for us to preach four sermons on spiritualism so covertly as not to know it ourselves."

He then goes on to say, soberly, that while he has no idea of anything supernatural in the case he considers it due to science and society, that the alleged facts, so well attested as many of them are, should be thoroughly and fairly investigated by competent men, and not left either to the credulous or the contemptuous.

THE FUGITIVE LEWIS.—The slave Lewis, who escaped from the Commissioner's office some weeks since, has, as we have before stated, reached the Canadian termini of the Underground Railroad. It was stated at a small meeting of anti-slavery people that Lewis was hid in the basement of one of our city churches for four days—that he was then dressed in female apparel, and taken 50 miles into the country, by a Presbyterian clergyman, and his wife in a private carriage. After being secreted for some weeks, some chemical preparation was applied to his face, which en-

tirely concealed his true color, and in this way he was safely forwarded over the aforesaid railroad. There is no security for this species of property so long as men of wealth and high social position will aid its escape.

[Cincinnati Com.]

Eye and Ear Dispensary—Doctor Whitman.

The March of science is indeed wonderful in these latter days of the World's Progress. Steam, with its enormous power, and its almost universal adaptation, is ministering miraculously to our comforts and our luxuries. Electricity, a still greater marvel, carries our messages, and ere many years elapse, will drive our machinery—of that we have little doubt. Air, that impalpable and subtle element, or rather fluid, has been made to propel a huge ship at the rate of ten miles an hour, and ere long every sea will have an Ericson ship scorching its billows. No longer do we need huge fires to do our cooking, for gas will bake, boil, roast and stew to our heart's, or rather to our stomach's content. And thus Science has come to be our best and most faithful slave in almost every department of Human Industry.

But it does greater things than these—things which make the great heart of Humanity throb with gratitude for inestimable boons bestowed upon our mortal frames. For instance, what a blessing has Chloroform and Ether proved to hundreds of men, women and children, who have undergone fearful surgical operations without feeling the sharp pang of the surgeon's knife! And now we have another proof that science can greatly aid impaired senses, and even restore them when lost.

It has been the reproach of Surgery, even down to our own age, that the old hum-drum system of treatment which obtained in the days of our great grandfathers, has been continued. The regular members of the medical profession, at least, many of them, have pertinaciously clung to exploded doctrines and notions which are now-a-days found to be utterly incompatible with scientific research and philosophical investigation. Anything new has been apt to be charged with being an innovation, whereas it has been a new light; and too often have truly learned men been denounced, as was Galileo, with being impostors. A better day, however, is dawning, and people begin to find out that much learning not only does not make people mad, but that it wonderfully enlarges their spheres and powers of perception and observation.

We have been led into these remarks by an investigation of the striking and novel mode of treating diseases of those important organs—the Eye and the Ear, which has been introduced by Dr. Whitman, the distinguished Aurist and Oculist. In the cure of this extensive class of diseases, the Doctor has achieved a reputation which is absolutely unparalleled, and well does he deserve the renown that attaches itself to his name. The ailments, whether organic or otherwise, of the Eye and Ear, have too long been either superficially treated, or worse—mal-treated—and blindness and total deafness have frequently been produced by the ignorance of so-called Curers of these complaints. Now, instead of blindly following in the old beaten track of treatment, Dr. Whitman, as all original-minded men will do, struck out a new mode for himself, and has succeeded in forming a plan of operations on the eye and ear, which, without being attended with the least risk, is peculiarly efficacious in the removal of Aural and Optical complaints.

To enable a man to cure maladies of any organ of the human frame, it is of course absolutely necessary that the operator should be intimately acquainted with the minute anatomy of that organ—and not only of its anatomy, but of its physiology and pathology, or, in other words, of its condition in its states of health and of disease. Now, we happen to know that Dr. Whitman is intimately conversant with the coats, humors, lenses, muscles, nerves and vessels of the human eye, and with the membranes—bones—cartilages—channels and glands of the human ear, and we know, too, that upon such minute and accurate knowledge he bases his admirable system of treatment. Only such conditions as these, are certain of securing ultimate success.

There is one very great advantage connected with Dr. Whitman's mode of treatment, and it is this. The Patient need not neglect his usual employment. To persons engaged in business this is a very important consideration. We have heard of one lady who had been troubled with ulcers in both ears since she was a child, and was almost deranged at times from the pain, who was cured in four weeks, and attended to her household affairs the entire time. Cases like this might be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but our readers may see for themselves by visiting Dr. Whitman's rooms at 114 Court Street which are beautifully fitted up, there being elegantly furnished reception rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and Operating Rooms, and each and all of them contain every article of furniture likely to promote the comfort and convenience of patients and visitors.

We hear from reliable sources that in no case which Dr. Whitman has taken in hand, has he failed to effect a perfect cure, although in many instances the maladies have been of long standing. One man was cured of a blindness of four years' standing and enabled to read the finest print. A man twenty-three years of age who was born deaf, was soon enabled to hear a watch tick three inches distant from his head. Before us lie numerous certificates from grateful parties who have received relief from Dr. Whitman, and many an editorial notice compliments him highly. We therefore fancy that we are rendering suffering Humanity a service by recommending those who are afflicted in the peculiar manner to which we have referred, to visit Dr. Whitman.

[Waverly Magazine.]

Down East Editors.

Brother Haines, of the Bath Mirror, one of the smartest of self-made, printing-edu-cated, down-east editors, thus graphically describes the way in which this hard-working, unappreciated class in society 'live, move, and have their being.'

It is amusing to read occasionally from some editor, who, on a salary of one to two thousand a year, well and truly paid, furnishes weekly a column or two of matter for the press, the arduous labors of an editor, and the phrenzy felt at the devil's cry of 'more copy!' Snugly encased in their easy chairs, surrounded with luxury and plenty, and blest with quiet and the best principles to assist their meditations [and reflections, they] while about their arduous labors, and unrequited toil. 'Zounds!' we should like to take one of those fellows by the button-hole and lead him in the tracks of a down-east editor. Work why these dandy jacks don't know the first rudiments of labor.—What would they think at commencing their week's work by striking off an edition of a newspaper on a hand press, and following that up by washing the form, and distributing a case from which to set up a leader, and turn from that to printing an Auction hand-bill.—More copy, sir! Wait a moment, only a few more im-

pressions. And then from the press to the scissors and quill.

Next in order is a dun. 'No money to-day, sir—hard up, and subscribers don't pay worth a darn!' 'But I must have it—can't be put off in this way!' 'Well, well, let me see; here's Jones's bill for advertising, and Smith's subscription—wait a moment, until I try them.' 'Copy, sir.' 'Blazes!—ah—here—pick an anecdote out of the Journal to last till I get back!' and off goes the editor to dun, and probably returns with a borrowed ten dollar bill instead of his own dues.

In brief, a down-east editor is a perfect *factotum*. He must write and scizzorize, compose and impose, work off and mail his papers, travel about like a colporteur, for subscribers, solicit advertisements and printing—print cards and show-bills and blanks, and dun his subscribers like blazes. What would some of our fancy editorial friends say to doing all this in the run of a week's business? 'Couldn't do it, anyhow?' No, we presume not. Fancy we wouldn't stand such rubbing—no sir!—They haven't the pluck. It takes a whole man—a regular *genius* for a down east editor.

From what has been said it would appear in conclusion—as a clergyman would say in making an 'application' of his discourse—that a down-east editor is and must of necessity be a smart fellow—the which conclusion is a majority of cases, is a fact.

The Detroit Tribune gives the following account of a recent flagellation of a Kentucky slave hunter, at Windsor, Canada West:

'The man who was old enough to know better, attempted to bribe the runaway to return, and finding 'that the cat wouldn't jump,' he procured a bottle of gin from the tavern, and endeavored to get him drunk, thinking better to accomplish his hellish designs. While engaged in this laudable work, the friends of the young MAN, (for such he is, now he has escaped the cursed blight of slavery,) informed the 'honorable gentleman from Kentucky' that they were about learning him to attend to his own business, and keep his own side of the river. In the scuffle that ensued his watch fell out of his pocket, and was taken care of by a white man, who returned it to him after the 'punishment' had been administered. He lost no money, or any thing else of value, except a few square inches of his skin, which was accidentally cut off by a 'bull whip' brought from his own plantation, and wielded a part of the time by the revengeful hand of his ex-chatel.

Having learned his 'lesson,' and being let loose, he made application to Judge McDonald for advice and assistance, but the Judge told him he had better get over the river as fast as he could, or the 'lesson' might be repeated, with 'variations.' The slave catcher took his advice, and left for Kentucky this morning, complaining of a very severe attack of rheumatism in his back and shoulders!'

DEATH OF MR. CHICKERING.—Mr. Jonas Chickering, the well known piano forte manufacturer, died suddenly last evening, of apoplexy. He was at the house of a friend when first attacked, and was immediately conveyed to his residence, No. 66 Boylston street, where he was attended by Drs. Lewis and Gay. He lived but half an hour after reaching home, and expired about 11 o'clock. This announcement will cause a universal feeling of sorrow in the community, where Mr. Chickering was greatly respected for his public spirit and enterprise, and beloved for his private virtues.

[Boston Atlas.]

THE CALIFORNIA EXPEDITION TO SONORA.—The steamer John L. Stephens, on her way down from San Francisco, to Panama, reports 19th, at 5 P. M., spoke the barque Caroline, belonging to Walter's California Expedition. She reported having taken and declared the independence of Lower California. She had on board as prisoner the Governor of that Province. The barque Caroline also reported that Sonora had declared its independence of Mexico.

THE RAILROAD TROUBLES—Erie, Pa., Dec. 13.—The railroad company have commenced relaying the track, and rebuilding the bridge at Harbor Creek, this

NEVER FAILING REMEDY!!!

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

CRIPPLE SETS ASIDE HIS CRUTCHES AFTER TEN YEARS SUFFERING.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Thompson, Chemist, Liverpool, dated August 20th, 1852.

Professor HOLLOWAY,
Dear Sir—I am enabled to furnish you with a most extraordinary cure effected by your invaluable Ointment and Pills, which has astonished every person acquainted with the sufferer. About a year ago, Mr. W. Lumsden, of Saltery street, in this town, is thrown from his horse, whereby he received very serious injuries; he had the best medical advice at the time, and was afterwards an inmate of different infirmaries, yet he grew worse, at length a malignant running ulcer settled in his hip, which so completely crippled him, that he could not move without crutches for nearly one year; recently he began to use your Ointment and Pills, which have now healed the wound, strengthened the limb, and enabled him to dispense with his crutches, so that he can walk with the greatest ease, and with unassisted health and vigor. (Signed) J. THOMPSON.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF A DREADFUL SKIN DISEASE WHEN ALL MEDICAL AND BAD FAILED.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Hird, Draper, of Leeds, near Gainsborough, dated March 1st, 1853.

Professor HOLLOWAY,
Sir—Some time since, one of my children was afflicted with a dreadful eruption over the body and limbs. I tried the advice of several eminent Surgeons and Physicians, but all of whom a cure was considered hopeless. At length I tried your Ointment and Pills, and in a few days the eruption was cured.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

J. L. Kelley & Co.'s
 quality, Irish Linens and Japan, for sale cheap. "We will
 not warrant N. O. A. more than this place."
 Martville, April 6, 1853. S. G. W. and H. T. PERRY.

Embroideries
 SLENDID lot of Wro't Collars, in great variety of
 style and quality, from 12 1/2 cts. to \$2.50.
 Mrs. BRADBURY'S.

CELEBRATED
 FURNITURE
 POLISH
 For sale by
 R. Housekeeper, Furniture Dealers, &c. for sale by
 DUNN, ELDEN & CO.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. The
 company make rules for the benefit of the insured. All wishing to be in-
 troduced to the company must be recommended by one of the
 directors. NATHL. STEPHAN, Agent.
 No. 115, Ave. 1, 1853.

Notice.
 A subscriber having sent up machinery for the
 purpose, is prepared to manufacture, at the shop in
 enville, Round Wood Match, Machinery, and
 kinds of Boxes. Orders are solicited.
 ay 4, 1853. S. WITTMORE.

UNITED STATES WRITING BOOKS by L. H. Meyer, of
 MoODY & FELLOWS.