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Original Poetry.

LINES

COMPOSED ON THE DEATH OF
LIEUT. HENRY MOOR, DANIEL WEBSTER MOOR, AND
GILMAN TUCKER,
All native residents of Waterville, who were killed in California
by the explosion of the steamer "R. K. Page."

BY HANNAH A. MOORE.

A groan of anguish rolled across the sea,
A voice of wailing swelled upon the breeze,
A cry of terror, faint, yet echoing clear,
Till hearts that caught it thrilled with mortal fear.

Again, again the fearful murmur rolled,
And awful news from other shores it told,
Pregnant with grief and fear, the tidings came,
To tell in shadows many a peaceful home.

All hearts were throbbing with emotions deep,
Tears gushed from eyes that were unused to weep,
And manhood's brow of strength was humbly bowed,
While woman's tears fell fast, and children wept aloud.

What ye the burden of that bitter cry
As borne upon the wind it hurried by,
Oh, well might manhood's cheek and lip grow pale,
And woman weep, and little children wail!

"Husband and Father, Brother, Son and Friend,
All—have perished"—sudden, woful end
To the high hopes, and brighter dreams of gold,
Late chattering round that far-off Land of Old.

In life's high noon, one bowed him to the blast
That swept him from the world as it was past,
Oh, loved of all! brave, generous, noble heart!
How could it be, that thou shouldst thus depart?

The partner of thy life—words may not tell
The dark and desolating thoughts that dwell
Within her bosom, as around her press
The stars, a father's love no more may bless.

Alas, my brothers, this is holy grief,
Sifts it not, and let it not be brief,
For him whose strong deep heart of fervent truth
Still loved you as in days of early youth.

A youthful pair, in life's fresh opening spring,
When earth looks fairest, when hearts closest cling
To life's sweet hopes—thine race too quickly run—
Both far from home, and one a widow's son!

Their brave young hearts Death's icy fingers chilled,
And every bounding pulse forever stilled!
The morning sun, when full of joy and hope,
Eager, ambitious, fearing not to cope

With all the dangers of their daring way,
While fancy pictured forth the happy day,
When, fortune won and toil and peril o'er,
They should return to their loved home once more.

Thoughtless and gay, they trod the steamer's deck,
With no forebodings of the sudden wreck!
The sun rose high, the burning noon came on,
But those gay dreamers like the morn had gone.

Well might it blanch the cheek and dim the eye,
Hashed was each sound of mirth, the evening air
Seemed to oppress all hearts with grief and care,
For each was trembling lest the coming hour
Was big with tempest round his path to lower.

Oh, stricken mourners, 'twas not yours to be
All unattended in your agony.
The yearning heart of him who held the helm,
Forth faithful sail, as wilder beat the storm.

'Twas vain to speak of comfort in the hour
When hearts are bleeding 'neath the Chastner's power,
Earth hath no balm for sorrow such as this,
Lamenting we turn, as to his holiness.

And peace, and hope, and strength to bear our doom,
Only from Him who holds the red, can come.
And only who kiss his hand can know
The healing balm that Chastner can bestow.

Miscellany.

[From the North British Review.]

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

Few things are more difficult than to obtain any trustworthy and certain view as to the real power and resources of Russia. It is a country, the interior of which is little known, and rarely visited by European travellers; residence there by such is not encouraged either by the climate or the government; and we are therefore apt unconsciously to take our impressions from the statements which Russian writers and emissaries have been so diligent in disseminating through the rest of Europe, and which, as might be anticipated, are especially unreliable. It is of course the interest, and has long been the practice of the Russian government, to spare no pains to represent itself as eminently enlightened and overwhelmingly powerful, to make the semblance do the work of the reality, to substitute diplomacy and intrigue for armies and campaigns, and to use the pen and tongue as cheaper and more effective weapons than the sword; so that it is most difficult at the present day to decide whether Russia is a giant or only a bully, whether she is really enlightened, or only astutely barbarous. We incline strongly to the latter opinion; probably only a protracted war can show whether we are right or no. There can be no question as to her being a colossal power; her territory is enormous, and a great proportion of it singularly fertile; her rivers are about the longest and most navigable in Europe, and give, (or would give, at a slight expense for canals,) access from nearly every part of her dominions to the Baltic, the Euxine, and the Caspian. She might if she pleased, be a highway for much of the produce of Europe. She has fine ports; she has valuable mines; she has every variety of climate. Her natural resources, therefore, are immense—but they are deplorably undeveloped. Her despotic government, her narrow and jealous policy, her feudal organization, sap her energies and are fatal to her progress. The climate is genial throughout most of the south, and the soil eminently rich and productive; and it might be said to yield nearly every agricultural product in the greatest abundance and of the finest quality; yet the wool is coarse, the wine is poor, and the corn even is now surpassed by that of Turkey. Russian agriculture is of the very worst description—a mere scratching of the surface; the implements of tillage are rude and scanty, and the means of transport wretchedly tedious and inadequate. And no wonder: the curse of feudalism broods over every estate. The peasant is not only brutally ignorant, but is a hopeless serf; he cultivates his lord's land, and, because he cultivates it without knowledge, without zeal, and without remuneration; he cultivates his own land, because he can only cultivate it when his lord does not demand his services; he cannot carry his labor from districts where it is a drug to districts where it is paid in gold, because he is not free, and because government formalities throw every conceivable obstacle in the way of his locomotion. The roads are few and bad, canals are scarcely heard of; one railroad only is in existence; the traffic on the great rivers is carried on by tow-boats instead of steam-tugs, and the mouths of these great highways are allowed to become blocked up by mud and ballast; while the custom-house and all other officials act as if their orders were (there is a reason to believe they are) to put every possible impediment in the way of European commerce and free intercourse with foreigners.

But it will be observed, Russia has always directed her attention to political rather than commercial supremacy, and has sought rather extension and aggrandisement without than the development of internal prosperity, and the question, therefore, which it is important to solve at present, regards rather her military power than her progress or her wealth. We might reply that the former can scarcely be either great or durable without the latter; but let us look the matter in the face. There can be no doubt that the armies of Russia are unparalleled in numerical force, and might, if occasion required, be still further increased. It is true that the Imperial guards and the troops which come directly under the Emperor's eye in the north of Russia are fine men, admirably disciplined, well found, and well manoeuvred. It is certain that in the Napoleonic wars, the Russians fought with great obstinacy and valor, and all the English appeared upon the scene, were the most formidable antagonists France had to encounter. But troops on pa-

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per are not always troops in the field; it is not the Household Brigade that fight upon the frontiers, and the soldiers of the outlying provinces, which the Emperor never sees are a very different class, and in a very different condition from those which he personally reviews and examines; and the armies that fought in Hungary and in the Caucasus are very unlike those which after long training, and under the leading of Alexander himself, traversed Germany, and pitched their tents round Paris. What the real character of the fighting portion of the Russian troops—those at a distance from St. Petersburg and Moscow—is now, we may learn from the fact that army after army has been swallowed up in the Cossacian war, and yet made scarcely any impression on those hardy mountaineers; that in every war, thousands upon thousands of them are always in the hospital before a single shot has been fired; that in the last Turkish war those who fell by disease outnumbered five to one those who fell by the sword; that even now in the Principalities, 20,000 are prostrated by want and fever; that the Russian Commissariat is, and has long been, a by-word of infamy; that Russian magazines are generally empty and Russian hospitals always full; and, in fine, that, by universal admission, (about this there is no dispute) the Russian soldier, brave and hardy as he is, is the worst fed, the worst clothed, the worst lodged, and, in all respects, the worst cared for in Europe. Putting aside the regiments immediately in contact with the Emperor and raised from his own serfs—who are enthusiastically attached to him—the Russian soldier has no zeal for the glory, no interest in the object, no taste for the hardships, no pleasure in the enterprise of war; he is forced into the service, torn from his family for life, drilled by the knout, neglected by his officers, fed on black bread, always without comforts, often without shoes. How could such troops be expected to make head-against Schamyl and his gallant warriors? And need we wonder while we read that at Oltenitz their officers had to drive them on to the attack with menaces and blows, and that the prisoners who were taken entreated (as is said) to be permitted as a mercy to enlist in the army which had captured them?

The real weakness of the Russian army consists in the wretched state of the Commissariat department; and this arises from the same prevailing vice which is the canker, the characteristic, and the ruin of the civil as well as the military service of that ill-governed country—the universal dishonesty of the employees. It is one system of jobbing, bribery, corruption, and peculation from the highest to the lowest in every quarter and in every branch. Every public servant is so ill-paid that he must rob if he is to live—so that each man lives upon the one above him, and all live upon the Emperor. The custom-house officer maintains himself by connivance at infractions of the law; the Judge is paid for his decisions; the Governor grows rich by plunder; the army contractor embezzles the stores, and generals and colonels wink—for a consideration—at the scandalous and fatal drain. The Emperor pays for all: the soldier obtains nothing. We believe this is no exaggeration: all travellers and all residents agree as to the universal and heinous corruption. Indeed, how should it be otherwise? There is no middle class who pay the taxes and insist on knowing how they are expended. There is no free Press with its penetrating and omniscient vigilance, to compel honesty and drag offenders to light and retribution. *There is only one eye over all*; and that eye can of course see only a small corner of this vast empire. What the Emperor sees to, or can visit, is well done: everything else is neglected and abused. It is the common and inevitable story, wherever you have centralisation and barbarism combined.

There is yet another source of weakness inherent in the Russian Empire. That vast State is surrounded, on every side by nations whom she has exasperated, impoverished, and robbed, and is in a great measure composed of the spoils which she has torn from them. She is a patchwork of fiefdoms and unanalogous materials. Her frontier provinces are filled with injured, discontented, hostile populations, whom, being unable to reconcile to her rule, she has endeavored to enfeeble and to crush, and many of whom await with more or less of patience and desire, the blessed day of emancipation and revenge. Sweden has never forgiven her the loss of Finland, nor do we hear that the Finlanders are enamored of their new connection. The Germans of Livonia are not yet thoroughly amalgamated; and what Poland is and yearns to be we need not say. The ruined Boyars of Bessarabia curse the day which transferred them to the Russian sceptre, and the Danubian Principalities tremble at the prospect of a similar fate. The Tartars of the Crimea, (who still in spite of every effort, constitute half the population of that province,) though languid and inactive, are quite unconquered, and would gladly shake off the yoke of their infidel conquerors, and resume their ancestral grandeur. The Don Cossacks hate Russia with a perfect hatred, for she has done nothing for their country, and yearly drains off their youth to be sacrificed in a war which they detest. The Circassian tribes have never acknowledged her dominion, or submitted to her forces, and the once Persian and Turkish provinces which lie beyond the Caucasus are still Turkish or Persian at heart and in religion. Since the great Roman Empire, probably no State ever enfolded so many bitter enemies within its embrace, or was girt with such a circle of domestic foes. This, combined with the other causes we have mentioned, must render the position of Russia a most critical one at all times, and one of incalculable peril in case of a disastrous war with any of her neighbors. Three unfavorable campaigns would probably arouse against her all the provinces which she has conquered, and show of what loose, confused, and mutually repellent materials her colossal monarchy is composed. All these things considered, it is by no means unlikely that if the present war continues, she may turn out to have been a gigantic imposture. Vast means and materials of strength she undoubtedly possesses; if she had the wisdom to develop her resources by an enlightened policy, or to attach her subjects by a just and generous treatment; but both these things have been as far as possible from her ideas. Therefore, we think it not unlikely that when tried by the severities of a real struggle, she will prove weak to a degree which will astonish those whom she has so long duped and dazzled; weak from her unwieldy magnitude; weak from her barbarous tariffs and restrictive system—weak from the inherent inadequacy of

her one-eyed despotism—weak from the rottenness of her internal administration—weak from the suppressed hatreds she has accumulated round her—weak in everything save her consummate skill in simulating strength, and persuading her enemies that she is irresistible. If she succeed now, we believe it will not be because Turkey is conquered in fair fight, but because allies and antagonists combine to alarm her into a conviction that she must be conquered if she perseveres.

It must not be supposed that by these remarks we think lightly of the real power of Russia if once fairly put forth in a struggle for empire or for national existence. On the contrary, we deem her invincible on her own ground, and in her interior. A European war might tear away many of her recent undigested acquisitions, but could not harm her life. Men she has without limit; and she would speed them all in a contest of life and death. Money she could probably secure from some quarter or other; and whenever practicable, she would make war support war. She will probably be always worsted in a first campaign owing to her scandalous commissariat and the universal corruption and peculation which eat away her resources; but as soon as the struggle became serious and vital, and the Emperor girded on his armor for the strife, we should probably see the scale turned against any single antagonist by the mere brute force of numbers, and the hardihood and insensibility which distinguishes the Muscovite population. We have no doubt that united Europe—if Europe be united—will be able to beat Russia back if her aggressions become intolerable enough to induce a general appeal to arms; but we greatly doubt whether her diplomacy may not succeed in preventing this union; and whether we may not awake to our danger when it is too late, and find both that Russia is overwhelmingly strong, and that it is we—our neglect, our timidity, our clumsiness, our tardiness and languor—that have made her so.

The real strength and resources of the Ottoman Empire are peculiarly difficult to ascertain. We have much conflicting assertion, but little reliable evidence. Till very recently everything has tended to confirm the popular impression, that the Turkish power was decrepit and moribund, without vitality or vigor, and doomed to speedy extinction or, at least, to an early expulsion from Europe. It has suited the policy of writers and talkers in the interest of Russia so to represent it; Greek merchants settled in England have held the same language, partly from the influence of old antipathies and partly prompted by ambitious hopes of one day supplanting the Ottomans at Constantinople; and most travellers seeing only the surface, and hearing only what came to them from Franks, have fallen into the same depreciatory and contemptuous tone. The diplomatic and warlike proceedings of the last thirty years have contributed to the same impression. The Porte has been alternately bullied and protected by all European powers. It has been assumed that she could not defend herself, and subsisted only upon sufferance and by the mutual jealousy of her neighbors. The fortunes of war, too, have gone against her. A quarter of a century ago, her navy was destroyed by England, Russia, and France, at Navarino, and Greece was torn from her after a long and sanguinary conflict. Then Egypt rebelled and became nearly or virtually independent—the Sultan only being rescued from the most imminent peril by the assistance of his most insidious foe. The war of 1829 with Russia was terminated by the submission of the Turks to the disastrous and humiliating treaty of Adrianople; and the whole of the recent history of their unfortunate country alternates between the humiliation of defeat and the humiliation of protection. It has always been suffering either from encroachment or from patronage. The idea of the Ottoman Porte being able to defend herself, or judge for herself, or show a will of her own, has, till a year or two ago, and except by a few who are looked upon as visionaries, been scouted as absurd—and is still by many. Others, however, who have watched her more closely, have been aware of a most momentous change which has come over her of late years—of a fresh spirit pervading her internal administration—of a new-born vigor presiding over both her military and financial policy, which has arrested the progress of her decline, and gives hope of a future very different from the past. *No one knows this better than Russia.* She has long been aware of the growing strength which Turkey has gathered from her manifold reforms; this knowledge has stimulated her intrigues, redoubled her hostile energies, and made her precipitate the measures which have brought her into her present false position. She saw that if she did not strike soon, the great prize for which she had been playing for centuries might escape forever from her grasp. Pozzo di Borgo, in a confidential despatch, asserted: 'the improvements and reinvigoration of Turkey as a ground for hurrying on the war; and we prefer the testimony of Russia in favor of her enemy—thus secretly and therefore honestly given—to any other.' It is useless, and would be both tedious and deceptive, to attempt to prove dogmatically the means and energies of the Ottoman Empire by a formidable array of figures, notwithstanding the opportunity of giving such, which Dr. Michelsen's book and Mr. Skene's pamphlet have furnished to us. Accurate statistics are unknown in Turkey. We can only state generally, that a great change has of late been wrought in nearly every department. The war with Egypt, and that with Russia in 1829 took place at a time when the destruction of her old military forces, the Janissaries, and the utter unpreparedness of her new recruits, left her really without any available army. She has now a force, including a well trained reserve, of 400,000 men. The Turks were always brave, and they are now well disciplined and for the most part well armed and well commanded. Her artillery is known to be in excellent order, and to be managed by European officers of first-rate skill. Her regular soldiers are well fed and well cared for; and to crown the whole, the utmost zeal for national independence has been aroused in the remotest corners of her dominion, and every province is pouring in its contingent with promptitude and ardor. Then the Tanzimat, or great constitutional reform of 1829, which conferred equal civil rights on all the subjects of the Porte, and substituted law for mere despotism, laid the foundation for a new order of things, which, when completed, will place Turkey far ahead of Russia in all essential civilization. It is not yet universally established, but it is gradually making its way from

the center outwards; it secures property, and endeavors to secure a fair administration of justice; new courts of law have been created in several of the great towns, and the evidence of all men is received without distinction of creed; and such great satisfaction has been given by these new tribunals, that petitions have lately been forwarded to Constantinople praying for their extension to other districts. The revenue is also augmenting, and now amounts to £8,000,000 sterling, but this is still Turkey's weakest point. However, the recent abolition of the old detestable system of 'farming the revenue' gives great hopes for the future. All these facts may be gathered from the publications we have placed at the head of our paper; and we think they fairly warrant the statement of Lord Palmerston, that there is no country in Europe which has made such rapid strides in civilization and strength during the last thirty years as that very Turkey which we have been accustomed to regard as in the very last stage of decrepitude and dissolution. Whether her progress is sufficiently consolidated and advanced to enable her to make head single-handed against her colossal rival, if the Emperor should put forth his whole powers, and take the field in person, we cannot affirm, and we will commit ourselves to no predictions. But we entertain the most sanguine hopes that if the present war issues in the discomfiture of Russia, either with or without the intervention of the Western Powers, and is terminated by a treaty whose conditions shall leave Turkey free to pursue her new career of improvement undisturbed by Muscovite intrigues, she will, before another twenty years have elapsed, be in a position to hold her own against any enemy that is likely to attack her. Her conduct throughout this whole affair has raised her character incalculably in the eyes of Europe. She has displayed wonderful forbearance, dignity, wisdom, skill and vigor. She refused with spirit an insolent and inadmissible demand, even when unprepared for an attack; she showed herself willing to avoid a rupture if it could be avoided with honor and with safety; she set about preparing for the worst with an energy and determination which amazed both friends and foes; she refused to be cajoled or bullied into a shallow and fatal compromise; her diplomatists at once detected and exposed the insidious meaning and concealed injustice of terms which, we are ashamed to say, the diplomatists of the Four Powers had been deceived into proposing; when she saw how little she had to hope from either the sagacity or the firmness of her allies she resolved to rely upon herself alone; she insisted upon Russia's retiring from the dominions she had invaded, but allowed her time to do so; when she declared war at last she did so in dignified language and with humane provisions which might read a lesson to many a Christian state; and when she commenced hostilities, she did so with courage, spirit, vigor, and success. Indeed, from the outset, she has acted like a Christian, when her adversary has behaved like an ungodly Pagan; and of all the powers of Europe, she is, we feel bound and proud to say, the only one who has acquitted herself in all points well—the only one who has made no blunder, neglected no duty, committed no injustice.

[From the Portland Transcript.]

Dialogue after a Pitcher of Cider.

'Well, my wife is a smart woman, and no mistake. I guess I've made it out o' pocket. Every thing at home has gone to rack and ruin.'

'What's the trouble now, Mr. Smith? I thought your wife had done remarkably well in your absence, considering she was a feeble woman, and left with so many cares.'

'You did, did you? That's just the way you women club together. If a man scolds a little at his wife, with ever so good a reason, he's sure to get all the women against him. No offence to you, Miss Thompson. Your man and I got along very well, and I shan't quarrel with you. But I want to tell you how things are. When I went away, last December, the twenty-third day, I calculated I had hay enough and wood enough to stand me through the winter. Now I shall have to buy hay before April comes in, and the wood-pile is almost down to nothing.'

'Is your wife to blame, Mr. Smith, that your wood and hay have not lasted as long as you expected? People cannot live without fire, and as to hay, you certainly did not expect your wife to take care of the barn.'

'No, not take care of it, exactly, but then she knew that a boy nine year old wasn't fit to see to everything. She ought to have gone out and seen that the hay wasn't wasted; but it's little she cares, if she can only set down in the chimney corner and humor her young one.'

'How should a woman know, Mr. Smith how much hay you give your cow or your horse? Your wife had not brought up to feed cattle. And besides, what time has she, with five children on her hands, to go out of doors and attend to things? She has more than she can do in the house, and who could see to the baby while she was gone?'

'That's exactly the way you women always talk. I expected you'd uphold her in it. It's no use trying to beat common sense into a woman. I've tried that long enough. But I'll just tell you how folks used to work in old times. There was my mother. She fetched up thirteen children, and always took care of them herself. She wasn't too nice to go to the barn—if she wanted a few sticks of wood, she could split it herself, and no thanks to nobody. She was somebody worth having. But the women now-a-days call themselves weakly or something, and expect the men to do the whole. I shall learn my wife better than that comes to. She's got to do her part, getting a living, for I don't maintain nobody in idleness.'

'I should think she did her part well, with all the work to do for seven in the family, and with that fretful baby, too! You ought to think yourself well off that you are not obliged to hire.'

'Hire! I shan't do no such a thing. Cross baby! I'll tell you what makes a baby cross. 'Tis because you humor it, and take it up and shake it round every time it takes a notion to cry. My mother didn't do so. When her children cried they had the comfort of it. But now, I haven't told you half about my wife's management. I had six cord good dry wood when I went off, and now I could stuff the wood-pile into my trousers-pocket. It's enough to make any man scold. Because I wasn't here she thought I would do to burn up all my property. And there's the boy's boots!

I got a new pair of good, stout boots for both of them before Thanksgiving, and here they are all worn to tappin'. I wonder whol I find leather to use up in this way!'

'Then she is responsible for the boots and shoes, is she? I should think it was making a wife profitable, to compel her to save the shoe-maker's bills.'

'Responsible! Who should be, then? You see I've been gone all winter, myself, and she's let these good-for-nothing boys slide and slide, till they've wore out more shoe-leather than their necks are worth. Precious little sliding they'd done if I'd been here. Little lazy scamps! And my wife here says they ought to play. She don't have to keep them in shoes and clothes, and I suppose she thinks I can do it as well as not. She'll find out whol's master, I guess. I use my folks as well as any other man in this town. My wife never see the time that she hadn't something to eat and drink, and I never struck her a single blow since she was Miss Smith, rising twelve year. But a man must talk a little, sometimes. He can't get along without. He will get riled when he has everything put on to his shoulders, and his wife setting there, holding her baby, as if she tho't she was a lady, and hadn't nothing else to do.'

'Mr. Smith, I advise you to go directly into the cellar, and pull the spile out of that cider barrel. You never will make a decent husband or father till the last drop of cider is out of your reach. Good bye.'

'If I don't wish the deuce had that woman! Meddling with other folk's business. Fine times we shall have when the women get to be masters! They wouldn't let a man drink, or smoke, or have any comfort on the face of the earth! Well, my wife can't be master, and she may as well set her heart at rest.'

ESTHER.

Don't Pull off the Suckers

MESSES. EDITORS:—In the County Gentleman of week before last, I noticed an inquiry with regard to the propriety of pulling off from the Indian corn, the scions commonly called suckers. In my opinion neither do the advocates for pulling off nor those for allowing them to remain, give correct reasons for their practice. Indeed, I have never known a farmer intelligent on this subject, nor have I any confidence that experiments conducted as proposed in the article referred to, will lead to any practical results. A little observation, science will give us more useful information on this subject, than years of experiment without it. That the suckers have an important office to perform in the production of the corn crop, and, therefore, should be allowed to remain, will, I think, appear from the following consideration. The Indian corn, Zea mays, is a monocotyledonous plant, that is, the staminate and pistillate blossoms occupy different positions on the same plant. The tassel, as it is commonly called, is the staminate blossom, and furnishes the pollen by which the silk is impregnated, and the new kernel is produced. The cob which bears the silk or pistillate blossoms, is in process of elongation after the pollen or dust has disappeared from the tassel. Just at the point where more pollen is needed to impregnate the silk at the end of the cob, the suckers and abortion stalks supply it, thus filling out the cob with kernels to the very tip or end. Where the suckers have been pulled off it will be found that one or two inches of the cob is barren, thus causing quite a diminution of the crop. What amount of diminution the crop may suffer, I am not able to say definitely, but give it as my opinion at least, from a twelfth to a fifteenth part. If these suggestions appear of any value, you are at liberty to publish them, hoping they may be remembered until another year comes around.

[W. H. SCHAM, in the Albany Cultivator.]

A Prayer Unanswered.

While attending Court, recently, in the adjoining County of Randolph, a friend who is fond of jokes of all sorts, and who relates them almost as humorously as 'his Honor,' gave us the following, vouching for the substantial lunar existence of the parties, and present residence in the County aforesaid:—

Brethren Crump and Noel were both members of the Primitive Baptist Church, and both clever, honest men, who paid their taxes and debts as the same annually accrued, with a regularity at once Christian and commendable. If, when setting day came round, Brother Noel was 'short,' Brother Crump was sure to be in funds; and on the other hand, it almost seemed providential how, if Brother Crump fell behind, Brother Noel always had a surplus. Thus, borrowing and lending to each other, worshipping at the same church, and living only a mile apart, an intimacy gradually ripened between them; so that at last they did not hesitate to speak in the freest and most familiar manner to each other even in regard to their respective foibles.

Now, it came to pass that Brother Crump, during the liveliest period of the cotton season, drove into Westmumps and disposed of his crop of ten bales, at the very fair price of twelve and a-half cents per pound. It was more than he expected, and as the world was easy with him, he determined to invest, and did actually invest, a portion of the proceeds of the sale of the cotton in a barrel of Western whiskey, paying therefor at the rate of, precisely, two pounds of middling cotton for one gallon of 'ditto' whiskey.

Of course it was narrated in the settlement, that old man Crump had bought a whole barrel, and after a few weeks, people began to observe that his nose grew redder, and his eyes moist. The idea that Brother Crump was 'drinking too much,' diffused itself in the neighborhood, until as one might say, it became epidemic. People talked and talked—more especially 'what few' of other denominations of Christians dwelt thereabout.

Brother Noel was 'more troubled' at the scandal which circulated about his brother and friend, and especially regretted the injury it brought to the city at Sharon. So one morning he stepped over to Brother Crump's, and found the old man in a half doze in the little porch.

'Won't you take a dram?' asked Brother Crump, as soon as he was made aware of the presence of his neighbor.

'Why, yes, I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it,' said Noel, and he took a dram of whiskey.

Brother Crump got his bottle and the friends took a dram apiece.

'Yes,' replied Noel, 'tis a blessing, but, according to my notion, 'tis a blessing' that some of us abuse.'

'Well, now, Brother Noel, who do you think abuses the blessing?'

'Well, it's hard to say—but people talk—don't you think you drink too much, Brother Crump?'

'It's hard to say—it's hard to say,' returned Crump. 'Sometimes I've thought I "was drinkin' in" too much—then again I think I may be not! What is man? A weak worm of the dust! What the Lord saith, shall be done. So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was goin' too far in spirits. I put the whole "possibility on him!" I prayed to him, if I was drinkin' too much, to take away my appetite for spirits!'

Here Brother Noel groaned piously, and asked—

'What then, Brother Crump?'

'And,' replied Crump, 'I've prayed that prayer three times, and he *hasn't* done it. So I'm clear of the "possibility any way."

'The Lord's will be done!'

'The Lord's will be done!'

'And after taking another dram he went home, thinking all the way how cleverly Brother Crump had shifted the responsibility.'

[Chambers (Ala.) Tribune.]

THE NEW SLED.—'Mother, here is my new sled,' said a rosy-cheeked little fellow, tugging his sled into the house in order to show it to his mother; and the first thing it shall do is to go on an errand for you. What do you want me to fetch you home from the store?—And the next thing it shall do, shall be to carry Alice to ride. She's a little girl, and would like a ride on my new sled, I dare say. Would it not please her dear mother? And after that I'll go on the hill and slide with the boys.'

This is one of the best order of exercises for a new sled that I ever heard of, and I wish every boy to mark it. First and foremost was Jamie's sled to be used to help his mother, then to give delight to his little sister, and not until lastly did he mean to use it for his own especial amusement. I venture to say most boys would have begun with themselves first, would they not? Mother and sister would have come last, or come not at all, or had perhaps only a grudging share in the new sled, as for instance, when you came home from sliding down hill, your mother should have asked you to go on an errand for her, and you would have said 'how tired you were,' or asked 'if to-morrow would not do,' and wished 'somebody else would go errands.' Or if your sister had said, 'Oh, take me a little ride on your new sled,' you might have roughly answered, 'It's my sled, I shan't take girls on it,' or some unkind answer like this, which boys are too apt to make.

But do you think this would have been the best way to enjoy your sled? No, I think not. James had learned the true secret of taking the greatest amount of enjoyment with his, and that was not beginning with himself first. There is a great sale of sleds about this time, and I hope every boy who reads this will try James' way of enjoying his.

THE PRINTING OFFICE.—Mr Winthrop, in his recent lecture before the Charitable Mechanic Association, made this remark in regard to the printing office as a good school:—

'There is an atmosphere in a printer's office, which, somehow or other, puts notions into boys' heads, too—an atmosphere which is very apt to make quick blood run quicker, and impulsive hearts beat higher, and active brains work harder, until those who were only intended to set up types for other people's thoughts, are suddenly found insisting on having their own people to set up types for their own thoughts.'

The Salem Gazette remarks of this:—

'Had Mr. Winthrop been a practical printer himself, he could not have more happily conceived the spirit and feeling natural to our fellow craftsmen, which the nature and associations of their calling engender.'

THREE LABELS.—I am of opinion that nothing equals thin sheet lead for this purpose; it is very pliable and durable; the letters should be stamped on it, and the labels soldered to small iron stakes, or nailed to the wall, as the case may be. I have seen labels of this kind which had been in use for sixty years, to all appearance as good as when they were first made. Putty, paper, or wood, are more fit for the boardman than to stand the test of the seasons. They want renewing every five or ten years; but this is not the case with lead, which is very lasting.—[W. Browne, in London Gardiner's Chronicle.]

CABBAGES.—It can not be generally known that Cabbages readily grow and are easily propagated by slips. A stump may be put in the Spring, and the sprouts as they vegetate cut off, the cut allowed to dry, and then planted. When Cabbage or Cauliflower throw off side shoots they may be used in the same way. Cabbages thus raised have short stalks, and are sure of being true to the parent. I have often pursued this method when short of seed.

[C. E.—Sandwich, C. W.]

THE PULSE.—As a guide, in disease, nothing can be more fallacious than the human pulse. The contractile power of the arteries being confessedly under the influence of the moral actions, and these being locked up within the breast of every one, the information derived from such a source must be extremely liable to misapprehension. The most skillful physician finds his best guide to treatment in a comprehensive estimate of every fact that can by any reasonable probability be brought to bear upon the condition of the patient. That man who cannot read 'the still rhetoric of the heart' through the countenance, who knows not how to estimate the pulse hurried and irritable from the gnawing cares of poverty, or the brain-maddened with secret crime, may please the majority of imaginary invalids, whose fears and self-esteem require the attendance of a medical pompous, but in the hour when the great need shall come, he will be found wanting in the greatest accomplishment of the physician, viz: the ability to judge correctly of the reciprocal dependence of the mind and body. No person can form a correct idea of the attainments of his physician, unless he has some knowledge of the construction of the body; and we hope to arrest in some degree the insulence of quackery, both professional and otherwise, by inducing people to pursue investigations so vital to the preservation of their happiness and their lives.

[The Scalpel.]

KISSING.—The editor of the Wilmington (Del.) Herald, who appears to know all about the matter, thus discourses about kissing:—

'Of course, you must be fairer than the lady you intend to kiss. Take her right hand in yours, and draw her gently to you. Pass your left arm over her right shoulder, diagonally across her back under her left arm, and press her to your bosom. At the same time she will throw her head back, and you have nothing to do but lean a little forward and press your lips to hers, and the thing is done. Don't make a noise over it, as if you were firing percussion caps, or firing the water cocks of a steam engine, nor pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk upon an innocent dove; but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without deranging the economy of her tippet or ruff, and by a sweet pressure upon her mouth revel in the sweet blissfulness of your situation, without snatching your lips on it as you would over a roast duck.'

HEALTH FOR THE STATES.

HOLLWAY'S PILL

EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF LOSS OF STRENGTH,
DERIVED STOMACH, INDIGESTION AND DEPRIVATION
OF BLOOD TO THE SYSTEM.

*Copy of a Letter from Mr. John Lloyd of Evesham,
Hartlepool, Merionethshire.*

Sir—I have the pleasure to inform you that for a very long time I was afflicted with a diarrhoea and frequent swellings in the head, attended with loss of appetite, disordered stomach, and generally impaired health. Every means had failed to give me any permanent benefit until I became so alarmed that I was really despondent without an attendant. In this melancholy condition I consulted upon Mr. Hughes, Chemist, Hartlepool, who recommended him to take your pills. I tried them without effect after taking them for a short time; I am happy to be truly to thank your wonderful efficacy. I am now restored health, and enabled to resume my usual duties. Yr. liberty to publish this letter in any way you may think fit.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, JOHN
June 6th, 1852. (Signed) _____

MIRACULOUS CURE OF RHEUMATISM.

*Extracted of a Letter from Edward Rossby, Esq.,
Wick, Telwagh, dated April 9th, 1852.*

To Professor HOLLWAY—
DEAR SIR—I deem it a duty I owe to you and the

terrible disease, Dropsy, and much other bad, wretched, and distressing ailment, which, after several months, and skillfully treated by two medical practitioners, could not get cured, until I had recourse to your valuable medicine, commanding all I had to pay for it, and I was cured in the course of six weeks. (Signed) EDWARD ROBERTS.

INFALLIBLE CURE OF A STOMACH CONTAINING INDIGESTED AND ACID FOODS.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. R. G. Jones, of Clifton, near Bristol, dated July 14, 1859.

TO DEAR SIR FOLLOWING,

Professor Sir—I am requested by a lady named Thomas, arrived from the West Indies, to acquaint you that for several years she and her family mainly suffered from the ailment, arising from disorders of the Liver and Stomach, loss of Appetite, violent Head-ache, pains in the stomach and general debility, and that she had the most eminent men in the colony, but without any benefit; at last she had recourse to your invaluable Pills, and in a few days she experienced a great change for the better; that she continued them, and the whole family were to health and strength. Further, she desires to do so, and to thank their friends for the great change for the better, incidental to children, particularly in cases of Measles.

[illegible]

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of passengers in every
particular are affixed to each Bag.

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2.6x6	1 1/4	1.37	1.45
2.6x6	1 1/2	1.50	1.58
3.7	2.25	2.00	2.17
3.7	2.00	2.12	2.29
3.7	1.75	2.25	2.42
3.7	1.50	2.37	2.55
3.7	1.25	2.50	2.67
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F. B. BLANCHARD.

[illegible]

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