



4-20-1854

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 07, No. 40): April 20, 1854

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail](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. 40): April 20, 1854" (1854). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 351.

[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern\\_mail/351](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/351)

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.



"I wonder why Alice does not come home," said Mrs. Morrison to herself, as she raised her eyes from her sewing and glanced at the clock: "it is almost five."

Laying her work aside, the mother went to the door and looked anxiously down the winding road. At a little distance—scarcely more than a quarter of a mile—rose the chimneys and spires of a large New England village. Most of the houses were hidden from the sight by a grove of intervening trees, but a low, musical murmur, the commingling of a thousand sounds, mellowed and softened by the distance, reached her ear. As she listened she could distinguish the humming and whirring of the factories, the quick, sharp stroke of the axe, the hammer of the carpenter, the rolling of wheels, the tramping of hoofs, the merry shout of the schoolboy released from his daily tasks, and now and then the far away tinkle of a cow bell, and the lowing of kine. A faint smile stole over her pensive, yet not unhappy face, and after a moment she returned to her seat again. Alice was not in sight.

The shadows grew longer and denser; they crept up the mountain-side, until only the loftiest peaks afforded a resting-place to the sunbeams, and that but for a little while. Soon the glory faded, the fine gold became dim, and the sober grey of twilight stole softly over the earth. Just then the gate opened, and, with a slow and heavy pace, strangely at variance with her usually bounding step, Alice entered the house.

"Why, my daughter, you are very late," said Mrs. Morrison. "What has kept you so long?" "The girl made no reply, and but for the fast-increasing darkness, her mother would have seen that her face was swollen with weeping.

"Alice, why don't you answer me? Where have you been since school? You ought to have come straight home."

Alice stood motionless in the door-way for a moment, and then tossing her sun-bonnet upon the nearest chair, she threw herself upon the carpet by her mother's side, and hid her face in her lap. Tears streamed through her tightly clasped fingers, and her slender frame shook with suppressed emotion; but not a word or a sob escaped her. Her demonstrations of grief were not at all childish.

Mrs. Morrison was distressed beyond measure. Her daughter had no gift for weeping, and her tears rarely flowed without a cause. Raising her from the floor, she drew her to her bosom and kissed her silently.

"What is the matter my child?" she said at length. "What makes you so unhappy?"

She received no answer save the quick pressure of trembling lips to her cheek.

"Have you had any trouble in school?" Alice shook her head.

"Are you sick, dear?" There was another shake, but no words.

Mrs. Morrison's voice sank to a lower key, as she continued solemnly:

"Have you been doing wrong, Alice? Is there anything that you ought to confess to me, and dare not? Do not fear to trust your mother, my child."

"Oh, no, mother! I have not been doing anything wrong—not that I know of; and I never am afraid to trust you. But—"

Her tears choked her utterance, and, slipping from her mother's arms, she resumed her old position upon the floor.

Mrs. Morrison said no more, but silently smoothed back the hair that had fallen over her daughter's face, with a gentle, caressing touch. She knew that a gentle storm there comes a calm, and concluded to wait patiently for fair weather.

There was a fall, at last, although the waves of grief and passion had been too deeply stirred to become quiet at once. Alice raised her head, and looked earnestly in her mother's face.

"Mother, am I so very, very homely?" There was a fearful pathos in her voice and manner that made Mrs. Morrison's heart throb painfully, and surprise and sorrow combined to keep her silent. The question was simple enough in itself, but it was no easy task for that loving mother to answer it truthfully.

"Am I, mother?" Mrs. Morrison rose from her chair, and, taking both of Alice's hands in hers, drew her to the sofa and twined her arm about her waist.

"What makes you ask me such a question as that, my child?"

"Because I want you to answer it, mother. I didn't know it before."

"What didn't you know, Alice?"

"That I was homelier than the rest of the girls. I didn't even dream of it!"

"Why do you think so now, dear?" asked Mrs. Morrison, as she pressed her lips to her daughter's forehead.

"Why, I overheard them talking about it—Grace Elliot and Esther Lee and Mary Burton. Grace said she never saw such a homely creature as me, and that if she wasn't better-looking she should want to die. And then Esther Lee said she was very sorry for me, for she had heard her mother say that it was a great misfortune, and that she should think you would feel terribly about it. Mary said something, too, but I didn't wait to hear what it was. I thought, I should go crazy, mother, she continued, burying her face in her mother's breast, while her tears flowed afresh, but more quietly than before.

Mrs. Morrison bent over her child, and clasped her to her heart, with, if possible, even increased tenderness. She really did not know what to say, or how to avoid the question that she still shrank from answering.

Alice was indeed remarkably plain—plain almost to positive ugliness. Her eyes were small, of no particular color, and, except at times when she was unusually animated, dull and expressionless. She was tall of her age, and her limbs had none of the pliant roundness peculiar to childhood. Her thin face was pale and yellow, and her hair, though abundant, was harsh and unmanageable. Yes, Alice was very homely, and the truth was never more apparent to her mother than at that moment, when she sat there gazing upon her with such loving eyes, and longing to say to her, "You are so fair to others, as you are dear to your mother, my child."

But this she could not do—the fact was too evident to be concealed or evaded. She had hoped that her daughter would never give a thought to the matter, until she was old enough to feel that a beautiful soul is of far more worth than a beautiful body—that the beauty of a loving heart and a noble mind will endure for aye, while that of face or form perishes beneath the touch of disease or time; and she deeply regretted that the veil had been so rudely torn from her eyes, that she had so early learned the painful truth that she was "homelier than other girls."

Beauty is of but little consequence, my Alice, said Mrs. Morrison, after a pause of some minutes, during which her child still lay within her arms. "You must not feel in this way."

"Oh, but I can't help it, mother—and be- lieve I should think it was of a great deal of consequence. You would think so, too, if you had ever seen Grace Elliot. She is so beau- tiful!"

"I have seen her, Alice, but that does not change my opinion."

"But if beauty isn't of any consequence, mother, said Alice, with a quick glance at the kind face that was bending over her, 'what makes people love her so much better than they do me?'"

"How do you know that they do?" "Oh, I know it well enough. It is a pleasure just to look at her. She is Esther Lee's cousin, you know, and she has been to school with her all this week. You can't think what a fuss the girls make over her; and Miss Mason, too. She never passes her seat without stopping to give her a kiss, and to smooth down her long curls, and say something kind and pleasant to her; and she has never kissed me, since school began."

"But Miss Mason thinks a great deal of you, Alice. She told me, yesterday, that you were the best scholar she had."

"I have seen her, Alice, but that does not change my opinion."

"But if beauty isn't of any consequence, mother, said Alice, with a quick glance at the kind face that was bending over her, 'what makes people love her so much better than they do me?'"

"How do you know that they do?" "Oh, I know it well enough. It is a pleasure just to look at her. She is Esther Lee's cousin, you know, and she has been to school with her all this week. You can't think what a fuss the girls make over her; and Miss Mason, too. She never passes her seat without stopping to give her a kiss, and to smooth down her long curls, and say something kind and pleasant to her; and she has never kissed me, since school began."

"But Miss Mason thinks a great deal of you, Alice. She told me, yesterday, that you were the best scholar she had."

"May be she does think a good deal of me, mother, for I don't believe I make her much trouble. But she don't love me for all that. She never puts her arm round me, nor draws me to her, as she does Grace; and she don't seem to want me to be near her. I never knew why it was, before, but now I do; it is because I am so homely."

"I think you are mistaken, Alice," said her mother, appearing to take no notice of the last remark. "You must not give way to a jealous, exacting spirit. That is certainly no way to win friends."

"I am not jealous, mother—not a bit. I don't blame any one for loving beautiful people and beautiful things, for I do myself. But oh, I wish I was dead! I don't want to live another day, she continued, with a burst of yet more passionate tears. I have never done anything very wicked, and am no worse than the other girls, and yet I am so ugly that nobody loves me. It isn't right! It isn't just!"

"Alice, Alice, what are you saying? Are you not afraid to utter such blasphemous words? Look at me, my child," said Mrs. M., as she forcibly removed Alice's hands from before her swollen face. "Who made you as you are?"

"God, I suppose," was the sullen answer; "but it isn't anything to be thankful for. I would a great deal rather never have been born. I wish I never had been, or else that I had died when I was a little baby, as Willie did."

Inexpressibly shocked, Mrs. Morrison dropped the hands she had taken, and, sinking back upon the sofa, covered her face and groaned aloud.

At any other time such manifestations of suffering on the part of her mother would have gone straight to Alice's heart; but now she was so engrossed by her own passionate emotions, that she did not even notice them. It was some minutes before Mrs. Morrison became sufficiently composed to command her voice again.

"Nothing to be thankful for, Alice? If you have a thankless, ungrateful heart, you are indeed to be pitied. Have you not a pleasant home, with everything about you to make you happy? You are fond of study—have you not all your life long had plenty of books and the best teachers? Have you not good health, an eye that can perceive all the beauty and loveliness that surrounds you, an ear attuned to all the harmonies of nature, and a mind capable of deriving the most exquisite pleasure from both?"

Alice hung her head, but said nothing. "And who gave you all these blessings?—Yet you are murmuring because, in his wisdom, He has seen fit to give you a brow less fair and an eye less bright than those of some of your companions! For this slight cause you are rebelling against your heavenly Father, and are ready to pretend that you are, to resign the life that He has given you!"

She paused—but Alice still sat silent and motionless, with her head resting upon her folded arms, and Mrs. M. went on, "You say you are no worse than other girls, and yet you are so ugly that no one loves you. I never thought to see this day, Alice. I did not dream that my child would ever doubt her mother's love."

With a smothered sob, Alice sprang to her mother's arms again, and clasped her own around her neck.

"I do not doubt it, dear mother—I never did. I didn't mean you! But no one else loves me, and you don't know how hard it is."

"You have made a great many discoveries, to-day, Alice—quite too many indeed. You are tired and excited, and do not judge of these things correctly. By to-morrow you will be able to number your friends again, and you will find the list much larger than you expect!"

"But mother—"

"Not another word on this subject to-night, my dear daughter," said Mrs. Morrison, enforcing her words with a kiss. "When you are in a more reasonable mood I will talk with you again. Now go to bed, brush your hair, and we will have tea. It has been waiting for us some time."

To-morrow came, and Alice, had, to all appearance, recovered her equanimity. It is possible that her cheek was a shade paler, and her voice and manner more subdued than usual. But she made no allusion to the conversation of the previous night, and her mother hoped that it had already faded from her memory.

Yet as the weeks passed on it became evident even to the most casual observer that Alice was greatly changed. Her thin face became still more thin, and her spare figure seemed taller than ever. A look of quiet happiness had hitherto lent a charm to her otherwise plain features. But now they were rarely seen, and in their place she wore an expression of settled melancholy, blended with pining discontent. She went to school each day, and attended to her accustomed duties; not, however, with the life and animation that had previously characterized her, but with the mechanical precision of an automaton. Formerly her laugh had rung out as gleefully as that of the gayest of her companions; now it was seldom heard. She shunned their presence, joined not in their sports, came and went alone, and, in short, was in a fair way to lose their love and confidence, however dear she might have been to them before.

At home it was no better. She moved about like one in a dream, seeming to take neither interest nor pleasure in her wonted employments. She shrank from the presence and observation of strangers; if there were guests in the house, no persuasion could induce her to enter the parlor, or appear at the table. Even attendance at church, in which she had always

taken great delight, seemed suddenly to have grown distasteful to her; and when, at her mother's request, she accompanied her hither, she kept her veil drawn closely over her face, and scarcely lifted her eyes during the whole service.

Of course Mrs. Morrison was not insensible to all these changes, but thinking they proceeded as much from physical as mental causes, and that with renewed health her spirits would return, she said nothing directly upon the subject to Alice, and contented herself with quiet but ceaseless efforts to divert her mind from all painful themes, and to reawaken an interest in her old pursuits and amusements.

One evening, nearly three months after the commencement of our story, Alice came in from school, and with a saddened, thoughtful air, seated herself on a low seat by her mother's side. Mrs. Morrison laid aside her work, and taking her daughter's hand, commenced, or attempted to commence a cheerful, lively conversation with her. But the answers she received were not only few and far between, but very brief, and ere long Alice's head dropped on her mother's knee, and they both sat in perfect silence.

"Mother, are there any nunneries in this country?" asked Alice, without raising her head.

"Any nunneries? Yes, dear, there are several," replied Mrs. Morrison, somewhat surprised. "I believe there is one in Boston."

Some minutes passed before Alice spoke again.

"How old must a girl be before she can take the veil?"

"I do not know, my child. I have never paid any attention to these things. Why do you ask?"

"Because I want to go into a nunnery as soon as I am old enough," was the reply.

Smiles and tears were striving with each other, as the mother bent to kiss the flushed cheek that rested on her knee. The former gained the mastery, however, and she said:

"You don't know what you are talking about, my dear Alice. Go into a nunnery! Why, you would die of the blues in less than a month!"

"No I shouldn't, mother. I have thought about it a great deal, and I have made up my mind to go—that is if you are willing."

"I certainly am not willing, dear. Willing to lose my Alice! You would be sorry enough if I were to say—'Go! Why do you wish to go to a nunnery? Can you tell?'"

"Yes, ma'am, but I would rather not," was the low response.

"You must tell me, my dear Alice. I must understand this matter," said Mrs. Morrison, tenderly, yet firmly. "Why do you wish it?"

"Because I don't want to see anybody, and I can't bear to have people look at me," replied Alice, bursting into tears. "You know how homely I am, mother!"

"My dear child!" exclaimed the mother, kissing away the tears. "My dear child, is that the trouble? I am glad you have given me an opportunity of talking with you on this subject, for I have been anxious to do so, and yet disliked to allude to it myself. I almost hoped you had forgotten it."

"I never shall forget it, mother; I think of it night and day, and it makes me so wretched. One of the girls was angry with me this morning, and she said I was growing homelier all the time, and that I was cross and hateful. Oh, how I want to go far away from here, and live where there is no one who knows me, she continued, weeping still more bitterly.

"For a few moments Mrs. Morrison allowed her to weep in silence. Then she said:

"Hush, Alice. I want to talk with you, and I cannot while you are in such distress. Look up, my darling, and tell me if you can bear to hear some very plain truths?"

Alice bowed her head, as an affirmative answer, and made an effort to check her tears, while her mother proceeded:

"You certainly are no beauty, my Alice, and it would be false kindness in me if I were to flatter you into the belief that you were. Now I wish you to tell me why you grieve so deeply on this account!"

"Because I do want people to love me, mother, and they don't. I would be willing to suffer anything, everything, if I could only be as beautiful as Grace Elliot."

"But suffering seldom increases one's good looks, Alice, and if you despair of winning the love of your associates by your beauty, what is the next best thing for you to do?"

Alice was silent. She had not thought of any next best thing to do, except taking the veil.

"Should you not try to win it by something more enduring than beauty? You have a mind and a heart, my daughter; do you count them as nothing? If you nurture and cultivate them well they will gain friends for you? These are far more important and valuable than a beautiful face and form, Alice."

"But what made Mrs. Lee say it was 'such a misfortune' that I was homely then? And why did she think you must feel terribly about it?" These are the very words she used.

Mrs. Lee and I sometimes view things quite differently, my dear child. Beauty is to be despised, and it is natural for us to love the beautiful wherever we find it. But I shall never regard your want of it as a misfortune, if it leads you to seek for that spiritual loveliness, without which personal beauty is a curse rather than a blessing. Do you understand me, Alice?"

"Yes, mother—but I should think beauty was a blessing any way. I don't understand how it can be a curse."

"It is not necessary that you should, at present, dear, and we will not stop to discuss the question now. But are you satisfied that you cannot make your face any fairer than it is?"

"I know that I can't, mother," said Alice, shaking her head mournfully. "It is of no use to think of such a thing. It will be as homely as can be, always!"

"Not quite as bad as that, Alice. It might be far worse. But you can make your soul beautiful if you choose. Your mind and heart are in a great measure under your own control. Now which will you do—spend your time in idle grief and discontent over an ill that you cannot avoid—or in striving to become wise and good, gentle and loving?"

Alice did not reply to words to this appeal, but the smiles that shone through tears, and the warm clasping of her arms about her mother's neck, spoke far more eloquently.

"You have not been happy during these last few weeks, my Alice," continued Mrs. Morrison, fondly returning her embrace. "You have

not been yourself. Perhaps your school-mate was not so far out of the way in thinking that you 'grew homelier all the time,' for discontent and sullenness can disfigure the most beautiful face, and they certainly do not improve yours. You have lost more love than you have won, I am afraid."

"I know it, mother. I know I have acted as if I did not care whether the girls loved me or not, and I have been cross and sullen. You don't know how I have felt! Just as if there was no one who cared for me, and as if it was all make believe if they appeared to. And I couldn't bear to go to church, because it seemed as if everybody stared at me, to see how homely I was."

"That was mere fancy, my dear child. You have been making yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble. But I hope that has all passed, and that from this time forward you are going to lead a new life—a life of such cheerful industry that you will have no time to hunt up bug-bears, or to manufacture them either."

"I will try—I will try, dear mother," was the response, as Alice hid her now crimsoned cheek upon Mrs. Morrison's shoulder. "But I am afraid those bad feelings will come back again!"

"Very likely they will, my love. There is one, however, who will give you strength to resist them, if you seek for it aright. One who will help you to make your life so beautiful that those who know you will remember only that. May God bless you, my Alice, and be your shield and your support in every hour of need. Now, have you no lessons to prepare for to-morrow?"

The conversation of that evening never passed from the mind of Alice Morrison, nor were the resolutions then formed ever forgotten.

"Make thy life beautiful, my child," her mother had said, and the words made a deep and abiding impression upon her young heart. Never did she cease striving after that spiritual beauty which gleamed with a radiance so undimmed and pure before her mental vision.

Often, it is true, her strength and courage drooped; often she was tempted to halt by the wayside, to tarry by the fountain, to linger in the valley. Often the mountain path looked cold and bleak and desolate, and she was fain to throw aside her pilgrim-staff, and rest in some sheltered spot where ease and indulgence had built them a bower. But she yielded not to the tempter—she gave no heed to the song of the syren. Steadily and serenely, though oftentimes with an aching heart and a weary foot, she walked on in the path she had marked out for herself; ever striving so mould her daily life and actions after the fair ideal that haunted her very dreams; neglecting her duty neither to herself nor to others; cultivating alike her intellect and her heart, yearning after the good and the beautiful, and shrinking instinctively from the false and corrupt.

Mrs. Morrison had early discovered, or tho't she had discovered, the germs of unusual talent in Alice, and having abundant means at her command, had spared neither pains nor expense upon her education. Realizing as she did her daughter's extreme plainness, and feeling that that plainness might possibly hinder her from forming those ties that we are wont to consider the strongest and dearest, she was the more anxious to provide her with such resources of mind and heart as would prevent life from becoming stale and wearisome when the heyday of youth should be over. And she was not disappointed in the result. When Alice reached the verge of womanhood, it was with a richly stored and highly cultivated mind, a clear intellect, and a heart that was the abiding place of all generous and noble feelings, and all sweet, womanly sympathies.

And did the sorrow of her childhood never revisit her? Did his shadow never darken her pathway?

It did—but at rare intervals. An earnest and enthusiastic love for the beautiful was deeply interwoven with her whole character, and it was but natural that she should regret, even with tears at times, that she was not capable of inspiring the admiration she was so willing to lavish upon her companions—that she should grieve that her body was not a meet temple for the indwelling of the spirit she had so striven to render fair.

But it was not often that these feelings were awakened; and they were untainted by the slightest tinge of bitterness or envy toward those who were more favored than herself, or by any wish to depreciate charms she could never hope to possess.

Alice wielded both the brush and the pencil with unusual skill, and had embraced every opportunity for perfecting herself in her favorite art. Good opportunities for so doing were not, however, of very frequent occurrence in her quiet New England home, and she was already meditating a few months' residence in one of our larger cities, where she would be able to study the works of master spirits, when one bright morning her mother entered her room with an open letter in her hand.

"Here is another letter from Mrs. Guernsey, Alice," she said, "renewing her request that you will spend the winter with her. She writes, 'Alice must come to me; I can take no denial this time. Since Ellen's marriage, my large house has seemed so silent and lonely that I positively long for the sound of a young voice again. And I have a temptation to place before her that I am sure she will not attempt to resist. My brother has just returned from Italy, and will remain with me for a few months, devoting himself to his artistic studies, and giving the finishing touches to the works commenced in that land of beauty and of song. He will, I am sure, be most happy to give Alice any assistance in his power, and she will find much that will be both interesting and instructive in the sketches with which his portfolio is literally crammed. Do, my dear Alice, accept my entreaties to mine, and let me have the great pleasure of meeting Alice at the depot on Thursday of next week.' I think you had better go, dear," continued Mrs. Morrison. "What objection can you raise to this?"

"None that I know of, save that I do not like to leave you alone," replied Alice. "Mrs. G. forgets that you are far more dependent upon me for society than she was upon Ellen."

"I shall miss you, of course, my daughter, but I am really anxious to have you accept this invitation; partly because Mrs. Guernsey has for many years been one of my dearest friends, partly because I know you would enjoy the visit very much, and, lastly, because you can hardly fail to derive lasting benefit from a few months' residence under her roof. You will meet the very best society that the

country affords there, and unless Mr. Meredith has altered more than I think is possible, his most casual suggestion upon any artistic theme will be of more service to you than a month's teaching from ordinary instructors."

"I don't remember anything about him, but I have so often heard Mrs. Guernsey speak of his stately bearing, and the stern gravity of his deportment, that I am more than half afraid of him already. Do you know him?"

"I did know him once, but he has been in Europe for the last ten years, and I should hardly dare call myself an acquaintance now. I never thought him stern, although when I last saw him he was crushed in the very dust beneath the weight of a heavy sorrow. His betrothed wife died upon the day appointed for their nuptials, and the wreath of orange blossoms that was to have confined her rich curls when they stood before the altar, he himself placed upon her cold brow, ere the coffin-lid was closed, and she was 'buried out of his sight.' He worshipped her, and the shadow of this terrible trial has darkened his pathway ever since."

"It is melancholy indeed," said Alice, with a deep sigh. "Was she beautiful? An artist's love should be."

"Very, it is said. I never saw her, but his sister told me that she was exquisitely lovely, and that her intellectual endowments were of the rarest order. But come, we must decide this question, for if you go next Thursday, there is much to be done. Your wardrobe is hardly suitable for Mrs. Guernsey's drawing-room, although ample and rich enough for our quiet village. Will you go?"

"Yes, mother, if you think it best, and if you will promise not to be too lonely without me," replied Alice. "But, after all, you will not miss me more than I shall you."

One week from that day Mrs. Guernsey and Alice were in Mr. Meredith's studio, and while the former was examining some engravings that lay upon the table, the latter stood with rapt gaze and an earnest eye before an exquisite Madonna that gentleman had brought from Italy.

The days and weeks flew like a dream. Alice's mornings were devoted to painting, and to the study of the gems of art with which Mr. Meredith's studio was filled. At first she had stood greatly in awe of her owner. He was very quiet—and reserved, almost cold, in his demeanor. Many years had passed since the blight had fallen upon his early love, but the shadow had been lifted neither from his heart nor his brow. Absorbed in his art, he had apparently few thoughts for anything unconnected with it; and Alice, shunning his presence as much as possible, made her visits to his studio at hours when she knew he was engaged elsewhere.

"You have not visited my sanctum for several days, Miss Alice," he said one morning, as his sister gave the second cup of coffee. "Have the Madonna and that beautiful Raphael ceased to charm you?"

"Not by any means, sir," replied Alice. "Their charms are quite too enduring for that."

"Why, were you from nine to eleven yesterday, Alice?" asked Mrs. Guernsey. "I thought you were in the studio."

"So I was, but Mr. Meredith was not—and as I did not leave my card and did no mischief, he was not aware of my visit," said Alice, laughing.

"Shall I leave some token behind me, hereafter?" she added, turning with a half-embarrassed air toward Mr. Meredith.

"Yes, if you persist in repairing thither only during my absence. But why is that necessary?"

"I was afraid of interrupting you, sir," was the frank response. "I thought my presence might possibly disturb you, and hinder you in the pursuit of your own work and studies."

"Not by any means, Miss Alice," said Mr. Meredith, as he rose to leave the room. "It will not disturb me in the least. Indeed, you are so quiet and noiseless that the veriest bookworm who ever existed would hardly be aware of your presence. Besides, I want to see your copy of that Venetian picture. Will you bring it to me this afternoon?"

"Certainly I will," she replied, and flew to her room to make some alterations in her work before it should meet the critical eyes of the artist.

The picture, according to Mr. Meredith's judgment, needed so many changes and corrections, that it was finally decided that it was best for Alice to have her easel brought into his studio, in order that she might retouch it under his immediate supervision.

The easel was placed there, and was not again removed. Alice ceased to feel like an intruder when she saw how little her friend noticed, or at least was disturbed by, her presence; and how steadily his own work grew beneath his hand. As frankly and as kindly as it should have been a younger sister, he counseled and instructed her, pointing out her errors whether of execution or design, and encouraging her to still greater efforts.

Yet there was nothing in the slightest degree, lower-like in his demeanor toward her, and if there had been Alice would hardly have detected it. He was so closely connected in her mind with the image of his lost love, that she seldom thought of him without seeing a shadowy figure, pallid but beautiful, with golden locks and starry eyes, steal softly to his side.

But Mr. Meredith was by no means her only acquaintance in the great city. And among those who frequented the elegant drawing-rooms of Mrs. Guernsey, there were a few who could appreciate the gem in spite of its plain, homely setting—a few who learned to regard her fine intellect and richly cultivated mind, her pure heart and generous impulses, as ample compensation for her want of personal beauty.

Sherman Leslie was one of these. A distant relative of Mrs. Guernsey's, he visited her house upon a more familiar footing than any other guest, and had every opportunity for prosecuting his acquaintance with our gentle Alice. It soon became evident, even to the most unobscuring eyes, that if she did not soon learn to regard him as more than a friend, it would not be because there were no efforts on his part to teach her the lesson.

And the lesson was not taught in vain. Alice had seldom allowed herself to think of love or marriage, save as phases of life and of experience in which she had no personal interest. With a perhaps exaggerated sense of her own defects, she had accustomed herself to believe that these ties were not for her, and that if she should survive her mother, her pathway would be one of loneliness. Yet it

was in no repining spirit that she cherished these thoughts. They had become habitual to her, and had been strengthened by education, and by her mother's gentle teachings, until she almost fancied herself a second Belphebe, "to



to prune old trees standing on worn out soils (as is the case with most of our old orchards) without first cultivating, manuring and supplying alkalies, of which the soil has become exhausted; but as this article is already quite too long, I shall say nothing of cultivation.

When a tree throws out sprouts on its branches it is a sure indication of disease, and the natural remedy is to leave the best to form new limbs and gradually remove the old branches. If this is done with the first sprouts it will be necessary to leave very few, and cut out old branches accordingly. Old decayed trees which have been entirely neglected, when filled with vigorous shoots, can in a few years have entire new tops by reserving the strongest in proper places and cutting out all the old limbs. These, every man understands, should be cut close to the growing limbs, and so as to heal well, and covered with some composition. The best I have ever tried is composed of tar thickened with brick dust, and applied when warm with a brush. Grafting wax or Gum Shellac dissolved in Alcohol is liable to peel off on large limbs.

The time for general pruning in New England is in June or early in July, after the first growth. The sap is then rapidly formed, and descends from the leaves so that all fresh cuts commence closing immediately. Large dead and dying limbs may be cut through the summer, September and October, if covered with composition. All winter pruning is bad. February, March and April are the worst three months in the year for pruning any trees. Sap soon after ascends, flows from the fresh wounds made by cutting large limbs, poisoning and killing the bark, and, if a general pruning is then done, it is very destructive.

I am aware that winter or early spring pruning is advocated by many very intelligent men, but in a country where every winter the thermometer falls from 10 degrees to 20 degrees below zero it is far better to let trees alone. If any one will notice an orchard so treated (and it is often done)—see it again in August with the black and dead bark on limbs and bodies caused by flow of sap, and mark its progress a few years, he must be satisfied it may be as well to cut a tree at the root and remove entire, as to cut off one-fourth of its top in the winter or early spring.—[Correspondent of the N. E. Farmer.]

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, APRIL 20, 1854.

### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office is at No. 10 W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia. S. M. VERRILL, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is 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.

**Mortality in Waterville.**  
Mr. Stephen Tozer, who has officiated as Sexton of the East Parish of Waterville for the last twenty years, has kindly furnished the following statistics from his books, showing the number of persons under ten years, the number over ten years, and the oldest, each year, who have been buried in this village during the above period. Non-residents brought here for burial are not included. Time embraced, from March 1, 1834 to March 1, 1854.

| Under 10 Yrs. | Over 10 Yrs. | Oldest each Yr. |
|---------------|--------------|-----------------|
| 1834          | 5            | 76              |
| 1835          | 12           | 77              |
| 1836          | 14           | 75              |
| 1837          | 15           | 79              |
| 1838          | 16           | 86              |
| 1839          | 8            | 69              |
| 1840          | 15           | 82              |
| 1841          | 33           | 88              |
| 1842          | 22           | 60              |
| 1843          | 13           | 94              |
| 1844          | 11           | 92              |
| 1845          | 17           | 71              |
| 1846          | 16           | 89              |
| 1847          | 25           | 81              |
| 1848          | 31           | 76              |
| 1849          | 25           | 86              |
| 1850          | 42           | 75              |
| 1851          | 39           | 95              |
| 1852          | 26           | 83              |
| 1853          | 41           | 92              |
| Total         | 426          | 305             |

Making a total of 791 persons for whose 'cast-off mortality' the Sexton has kindly prepared the narrow house.

### A Good Time for a Good Object.

We call particular attention to the notice of the Ladies, in another column. They propose to arrange a nice social festival for May-Day, and to make it contribute to the adornment of the Cemetery. The liberal donation of Mr. Appleton creates a necessity for further expenditures, and places our citizens under increased obligation to do what they can for an object in which we all feel so lively an interest. The ladies have requested us to urge a full and general attendance, of both ladies and gentlemen, of all ages, at the meeting to-morrow afternoon; and we most heartily comply. The absence of the 'lads' on that occasion can only be attributed to a want of gallantry and respect for the better half of the world; and the ladies of the village cannot, of course, neglect an object which depends almost entirely on them for its success. The meeting has been appointed in the afternoon for their special convenience.

### Pears and Plums.

Mr. Crowell, of the West Waterville Nursery, is disposed to venture considerable this year upon the increased confidence of fruit growers in the safety and profit of more extensive culture of pears and plums. We believe he is safe in doing so. The extravagant prices this fruit has brought for a few years past, and the rapidity with which the trees are now brought to maturity, should give full confidence in an investment of money and time in this department of fruit culture. The climate of Kennebec is favorable for both pears and plums; though in this section both are so rare that they are seldom found in the market, and only in quantities that do not meet a quarter of the demand.

While on this subject, we caution fruit growers to beware of foreign speculators in trees. We predict that many will find themselves sadly cheated in contracts already made. Buy your trees of honest and responsible men, who have too deep an interest at stake to de-

ceive you. Mr. Crowell is one of these; and the reputation of Messrs. Taber's Nursery, in Vassalboro' is too well established to need endorsement.

### Tax on Dogs.

The act authorizing towns to levy a tax of one to three dollars on dogs, has become a law. We count it one of the best acts of the session, and hope every town will make it the means of reducing the taxation of valuable and necessary property. Many poor families whose children are too ragged for school or church, keep one or more hungry dogs, at a cost of five to ten dollars a year; and a law that shall induce them to forego the privilege would be a blessing to them. Those who are able to keep fancy dogs are also able to pay taxes on them. We only regret that it is too late to enforce the law this year. It would serve to allay the cry of 'mad dog!' which is spreading alarm through the country.

The Legislature is to adjourn to-morrow.—The amount of local business transacted since the offices were filled, is commendable to the industry of both houses; while the quiet and business like manner in which the work has been done, should remove, in some degree, the odium associated with the early days of the session. In due time we shall issue the laws and resolves in an extra sheet, as usual.

John Rogers has been arrested in Portland for beating his wife. The old fellow should be led to the stake again, unless his "one small children" has grown stout enough to give him a thrashing. But John's wife says "taint no martyr," and the Court has refused to bind him over again.

We call particular attention to Pettengill's Boston Card List, published this week. Its usefulness to persons visiting Boston on business need not be suggested.

THE WEATHER is tolerably fair for March, though the snow goes off very slowly. Very little of the severe snow storm which visited Baltimore, N. York and Boston on Sunday and Monday last, was seen here.

The following toast was sent to the Festival of the Sons and Daughters of Vermont, held in Lowell, by John G. Saxe:

VERMONT.—Famous for the production of four great staples, namely—Men, Women, Maple Sugar, and Horses. The first are at root—the last are feet! The second and third are exceedingly sweet. And all are as commonly "hard to beat!"

**HYDROPHOBIA—THREE CHILDREN BITTEN.**—The Western New Yorker gives the following account of a sad occurrence in the town of Ripley in Chautauque county:

We learn from a private source that a Mr. Wells, residing in the town of Ripley, had a child 18 months old bitten by a rabid dog one day last week, which caused his death shortly after. Also two other children, the names of whom we have not learned, were immediately taken to Buffalo for medical assistance. The particulars of the affair as near as we can learn are as follows:

It appears that on a day or two previous, a man came along with a dog which Mr. Wells wished to purchase, but the owner then refused to part with him. He proceeded on his journey but a short distance, before the animal was attacked by another dog, evidently rabid, and bitten severely. The owner seeing this, and fearing that he should be compelled to part with his dog without any remuneration whatever, immediately returned to the house of Wells, and said he had concluded to part with the dog. Mr. Wells seemed to take a particular fancy to the animal and without hesitating a moment paid for the dog, and permitted him to run at liberty through the house.

A few days afterwards the dog showed symptoms of hydrophobia, and while in a fit, bit one of the children. In a few days the child began to show symptoms of the disease by biting its own arms in a horrible manner, leaving the bone almost destitute of flesh and died in a short time.

This sad affair led Mr. W. to believe that he had made rather a dear bargain, and instantly proceeded to destroy the dog lest he might do further damage, but did not succeed in killing the animal until he had bitten two other children.

We understand that the former owner of the dog has been arrested, but have not learned the particulars of the trial.

**THE MILITIA BILL.**—The new Militia Bill as reported by the Committee on the Militia, and passed by the Senate, has been amended in the House by striking out the 6th section, providing for musters. The Senate receded and concurred in the House amendment; and the bill will probably become a law in this form.

**FARM SCHOOL.**—This bill has been killed in the House. The farmers in the Legislature seem to think that they need no additional instruction in this branch of industry.

**THE REJECTION OF THE GADSDEN TREATY.**—Washington, April 18.—The Gadsden treaty was rejected in the executive session on yesterday by a decisive vote. 26 to 13 is about the division, but nothing definite as to the details can be known, the injunction of secrecy not having been removed. Much speculation exists as to the effect of the rejection. It was intimated by the President and certain members of the Cabinet, while the treaty was under discussion, that the refusal of the Senate to ratify it would be followed by an immediate war with Mexico, the President thinking himself called upon to seize upon the Mesilla Valley, but matters turn out as they may. This intimation was looked upon as an attempt to intimidate Senators, and by those who are best informed here, it is supposed the President will appoint another Commissioner to negotiate a treaty, rather than have recourse to war under existing circumstances. The developments of the policy of the Cabinet in the affair are anxiously looked for.

The correspondent of the Courier says the vote on the Gadsden treaty stood 27 for, to 13 against. The vote was to a degree sectional. It is probable the Mesilla will be immediately occupied by Gov. Garland, and that a special Minister with full powers will be sent to Mexico.

**ROBBED HIMSELF.**—A Mr. Hise, of Jackson township, who had sold his farm a short time since, received his money, \$1,000, in gold, on Thursday evening, and putting it into a carpet sack which he hung his to bed, went to sleep. In the morning the sack and money were gone—all he had in the world. To add to his misfortune, too, he had contracted for another farm, and was to pay for it the next day.

During the day (Friday) the carpet sack

was found in a hollow poplar stump, near his barn, with the pocket-book in it, but no money there—the thief had recurred what he wanted. On Friday night, Mr. Hise was awakened by her husband getting out of bed. She arose and watched him. He went to the barn, after searching a little while, came out with the money in his hand, and went to the stump where the carpet sack had been put. She now awakened him, when to his great joy he found that all was not lost.

He had, doubtless, while in his sleep, become uneasy about his money on the first night, and got up and hid it; the second night fearing it was not secure where it was, he was removing it to a more secret place. Fortunately for him, his wife detected him in his somnambulistic wandering, and saved their all. [Greensburg (Ind.) Press]

### The News from Europe.

At length the formal declaration of war by England and France has been made. A message from the Queen was presented on the 17th ult. by Lord Aberdeen in the House of Lords, and by Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, announcing the failure of negotiations with Russia and the consequent necessity of resorting to active measures to resist 'the unprovoked aggression of the Emperor of Russia against the Sublime Porte.' This message was listened to in both Houses with breathless silence, and the evening of the 31st ult. was assigned for taking the subject into consideration and making the customary reply to the Queen. On the proceedings on the 31st ult. we have no particulars, other than that the address in answer to the Queen assured her of the nation's firm determination to co-operate in vigorous resistance to the projects of Russia. A similar declaration, substantially, was made simultaneously in the French Legislature. The minister of State having read to the corps legislatif, in the name of the Emperor, a message announcing that the final resolve of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg had placed Russia in a state of war with France, the Emperor also declared that the whole responsibility of the rupture rested with the Russian government. The message was received with energetic expressions of adhesion by the whole body. The President then went on to say, that the Emperor relied on the support of the Legislative body, as well as that of all France under the grave aspect of affairs. This intimation was also received with loud cheers, and the Assembly broke up with shouts of Vive l'Empereur. Another communication to the same effect was also made to the Senate, where it was received with the same enthusiasm.

Preparations were actively going on, both in France and England, to maintain with firmness and the utmost efficiency, the important stand which these powers have thus taken. Meanwhile Russia is by no means idle; and her movements indicate that her purpose is not merely to stand on the defensive. Her forces have crossed the Danube in great numbers, as the report is, at three different points. In one instance, it is said, in attempting to cross at Oltenitz, a bridge which they had built was carried away by the current, and two thousand of the Russian troops perished. The account, however, is not authentic; and another statement is, that the bridge was destroyed by the Turks, and that there was a desperate battle, in which three thousand Russians were killed, and the Turks themselves so badly cut up that they had to retire to their entrenchments.

Admiral Sir Charles Napier's fleet, at last accounts, 29th, was again under way, the supposed destination being the Island of And. Kioorga, bay is named as the rendezvous. Lord Bloomfield, the British Minister at Berlin, telegraphed to Sir Charles Napier, the Declaration of War, with instructions to commence hostilities.

The Russians are making stern preparations for hostilities in the Baltic. It was supposed that the first collision would occur at Orsel Island. All lightships and buoys are removed, and formidable fleets of gunboats are collected in shallow waters at the principal points. Masses of rocks are dragged along the ice to the ice shall melt. All houses in Cronstadt are capable of defence, are pulled down. New batteries are everywhere erecting, and 200 additional gunboats are ordered forthwith.

The Czar and his sons are personally superintending the preparations. The Duke of Parma (an independent ducy of N. Italy) has been assassinated, and his duchess has assumed the regency during the minority of her son, Robert, now only six years of age. The duchy of Parma—which embraces a population of less than half a million, and which lies between the Po on the north, and the Apennines on the south, and is mainly included in the great plain of Lombardy—is an absolute monarchy. The Duke who has now fallen by the hand of an assassin, has reigned since 1849 under the name of Charles III, his accession having taken place on the 14th of March of that year. He was born the 24th of Jan. 1823, and was consequently 31 years of age. His wife is Louisa, the daughter of the late duke of Berry, and he leaves four children, the eldest of whom is Robert, who succeeds him. The predecessor of the late duke, Charles II, was dethroned in the outbreaks of 1848 and 1849, and is still living.

### Still Later from Europe.

The steamer Arctic arrived at New York yesterday (Sunday) morning, bringing advices from England to the 5th instant, three days later.

The intelligence of the passage of the Danube by the Russians, in large force, is fully confirmed. This movement and the object sought to be attained by it, occupied much of the public attention.

It would appear that the Turks still retain the fortress of Kalafat, but that at every other point they have been repulsed. The number of the Russian forces which have crossed the Danube is variously stated at from 30,000 to 50,000. They crossed at three points; viz: at Tulusha, opposite Ismail; at Galatz; and at Braila. They have made themselves masters of the garrisons of Hirsova, Maschin, and Isakitcha, of the stronger position of Babadagh, situated on the lake of Roslem, which is close to the Black Sea. The object of the Russians in making this movement is not very obvious. Some apprehend that the object is to make a desperate push on Constantinople before the allies can reach the theater of war; but it would seem most probable that they were desirous of drawing the Turks into an engagement and striking a blow before the auxiliary troops should arrive. The ground which the Russians now occupy on the right bank of the Danube, is said to be unhealthy and unsafe—the space between the river and the sea being cut up by pools and marshes.

The Constantinople correspondent of the London Times, under date of March 20th, gives sundry war rumors. One is, that a Bremen vessel arrived on the 23d, with the report that 14 Russian ships-of-the-line had been seen between Sevastopol and the neighboring port of Eupatoria; and that the allied fleet got ready for sea immediately, and still remained so; but had not, on the 20th, left their anchorage. It is thought that this movement of the Russians may have been made with reference to strengthening themselves in and around Sevastopol, which is exposed to an attack from the land side, by an enemy landing and seizing the heights which command the great naval arsenal. There are said to be already 30,000 Russian soldiers in the neighborhood, to defend the approaches from the land side.

The state of the Turkish finances is reported to be deplorable in the extreme, threatening a general collapse, unless speedily remedied. The rumor that the Russians were abandoning some of their fortresses on the Circassian coast of the Black Sea, is confirmed. There are said to be twenty-one of these fortresses; and the presumption is, that the Russians wishing to concentrate their forces, are abandoning the weaker fortresses for this purpose.

The Black Sea Allied Fleet, it was stated by Sir J. Graham, in the English Parliament on the 3d of April, on authority of a telegraphic despatch, received that morning, was in the neighborhood of Varna, the place which it is rumored the Russians were about to attack. The London Shipping and Mercantile Gazette says, that the Mission of Prince George Mecklenburg Strelitz to Berlin is for the purpose of carrying a letter from the Emperor of Russia to the King of Prussia, said to contain a proposition of the willingness of the Czar to evacuate the Principalities simultaneously with the evacuation of the Euxine by the combined fleets, provided the Western Powers succeed in securing, by treaty, the emancipation of the Christians in Turkey. This caused a rise of 1-2 per cent. in the English funds on the 4th. A despatch from Constantinople of March 27 says, that diplomatic relations have ceased between the Ottoman and Greek Governments, and that Nessim Bey, the Turkish Charge d'Affaires at Athens had reached Constantinople. General Metaxa, the Greek Minister at Constantinople, has also demanded his passports.

In allusion to the intelligence that the allied fleet was in the neighborhood of Varna, the News says:—There are indications that the might of England and France are being put forth in earnest in the Black Sea, and adds that Capt. Broch having been sent with the masters of the fleet to correct the soundings of the Black Sea, has made quick work of it, and ascertained that the existing charts—all based on Russian observations—are full of errors.

**FUN AT THE CAPITOL.**—On Saturday, during the debate upon the militia bill in the House, Mr. Ireland of St. Albans, took occasion to present to the Speaker a powder-bomb which he said might be deposited in the Cabinet. While the messenger was bearing the venerable relic to the desk, Mr. Gilman of Brunswick rose, and gravely objected to the Speaker's taking a horn in presence of the House. [Ken. Jour.]

**PORTLAND, April 12.**—Mr. Marshall Road the master of the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad depot in this city, was killed this P. M., at Biddeford, having been crushed between two cars, whilst in the act of shuffling them. He was a married man and leaves a family to deplore his untimely death.

**REV. DR. KING OF ATHENS.**—A private letter from Dr. King contains the following gratifying intelligence:—I have this very moment received the news that I am no longer under sentence of banishment. Through the order of the king, it is announced that I am no longer to be considered an exile from Greece.

**ARRIVAL OF MR. SEVERANCE.**—After an absence of nearly four years, Mr. and Mrs. S. with their daughter, arrived home on Wednesday last, and were received at the depot by a large number of friends. Mr. Severance returns from an important mission, the duties of which he has discharged with high credit to himself, and honor to his country; but he returns without that benefit to his health which his friends had fondly hoped might result from his sea voyage and change of climate, and for which he was induced to accept so distant a charge. On the contrary, disease has made still farther inroads upon his physical system, and although we hope he may yet be spared to us for a time, it must be a severe sufferer. He was a good deal exhausted upon his arrival and unable to take by the hand his numerous and sympathizing fellow-citizens, who had assembled to greet him. Both himself and his faithful companion were deeply affected, however, at the manifestations of esteem and affection with which they were received and welcomed home. [Ken. Jour.]

**NOVA SCOTIA.**—Both branches of the Nova Scotia Legislature, previous to adjournment passed addresses to her Majesty, expressive of their regret that the peace of Europe is likely to be disturbed by the unwarrantable aggression of Russia; and of their attachment to the British crown. In case the troops should be withdrawn, they pledge the provincial militia to defend the province, and guard and protect her Majesty's forts and arsenals from foreign aggression.

**ACCIDENT TO STEAMER ST. LAWRENCE.**—The steamer St. Lawrence, which left here at one o'clock on Sunday morning, for Portland, when fifteen miles east of Thatcher's Island, in a heavy sea, broke both cranks of her engine. Some Cape Ann fishermen went to her assistance and brought her to anchor off Squam Light, where she lost one anchor and chain. At high water she got into the harbor without further damage. The steamer R. B. Forbes will tow her back to this city. [Boston Trav.]

**MAD DOGS.**—There is a great panic in and about Boston, on account of mad dogs. The Mayor and common Council of that city have ordered the police to kill all the dogs running at large in the city after the 7th of April, without taking into consideration the future pecuniary liability of the city.

We notice that ten cases of death by hydrophobia have recently been reported to the Buffalo Common Council by the physicians of that city. The Board has adopted a resolution to pay a bounty of 25 cents for killing dogs.

**IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.**—FIGHT BETWEEN MEXICANS AND AMERICANS.—Baltimore, April 15.—New Orleans papers of Sunday are received. Dates from El Paso are of March 30. A fight had occurred between parties from El Paso and the troops of Santa Anna. The El Paso party were chiefly Americans, well armed with six pounders. Three Mexicans were killed and the rest fled.

The American Consul had been arraigned before the Alcade at El Paso for having said that Santa Anna had sold a part of Mexico and would pocket twenty millions thereby. The Consul refused to answer the charge, holding himself responsible to his government therefore. [New Orleans Times, March 30.]

**JOHN FREEMAN.**—Our readers will remember the case of this man, a respectable citizen of Indianapolis, who was arrested some months since, on the claim of Pleasant Ellington, as a fugitive slave. The friends of Freeman offered to go bail for his appearance to take his

trial, even to the amount of half a million of dollars, but the U. S. Marshal refused, preferring to imprison him, which he did, charging him, Freeman, three dollars a day for nearly the whole time of his imprisonment, sixty days. Freeman, by witnesses from the South, from Canada, brought to Indiana at his expense, at length proved the fact that he was free born, and then he was released, but came out of jail with a debt of between twelve and thirteen hundred dollars on his shoulders!

For this he pledged his little homestead, the fruits of his own industry, and is now in this city appealing to the benevolent for aid. The lawyers' fees he means to pay off by his own unassisted efforts, if he can get a chance to make successful efforts, by getting relief from the other crushing burden of expense. He will receive anything that may be left for him at this office. [Commonwealth.]

**RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.**—Lord Shaftesbury, in an able speech, has undertaken to show that the cause of the Eastern war was the Czar's fear of the progress of the Protestant gospel in the East. The Turks, he claimed, were much better friends to the gospel than the Czar. The London Record agrees with him in preferring the present state of things, in which British and American missionaries, including the good Bishop of Jerusalem, are shaking the pillars of Satan's empire in those once favored regions. Lord Shaftesbury declares that:—

In Turkey free scope is allowed to every religious movement. Printing presses for printing the Bible are openly permitted by the Government in Constantinople and Bucharest. There are missionaries in every large town and province, freely sanctioned and recognized; the Bible is printed in every Oriental language, even in Turkish, and allowed free circulation among the people. There are no fewer than forty depots for the sale of Bibles. Colporteurs are also allowed to go about preaching and inculcating the Scriptures.

**MORAL AND CIVIL PROGRESS IN CALIFORNIA.**—Recent accounts from this country are of a cheering and redeeming character. The state of society is rapidly emerging from its first discordant, lamentable condition, naturally incident to the settlement in a new country of vast numbers of adventurers from all parts of the world. The heterogeneous mass of population as it becomes amalgamated, exhibits from day to day more unity of character and feeling; the habits of the people are more fixed and regular; the diversity of both country and tongue is less and less observable, a degree of order and respect for government and its laws is fast developing itself among all classes and security to life and property is more certain; churches and schools are becoming numerous, and are having their proper degree of benefit; ingenious workmanship, and even the fine arts are encouraged to a considerable extent; music has its influence—a more powerful influence than the public are aware of; a book-selling house in San Francisco recently ordered from Boston a thousand copies of the New Catechism, a sacred singing book. This banishment to the cause of religion; we are pleased to learn is doing a good missionary service. Let us say success to our younger sister, and may she go on to perfection. [Christian Watchman.]

**THE ASPHYXIATING BULLET.**—It is told that the Russians, in their attack upon Sinope, made use of a destructive kind of cannon-ball, invented in 1839 by a Frenchman, the secret of which was offered to the French government, but refused. It is called the asphyxiating bullet, and is filled with a chemical substance, which upon the explosion of the ball destroys by suffocation the lives of all who may be within certain distance. It is described as a sort of liquid fire, and may be analogous to the celebrated Greek fire, used by the ancient defenders of Constantinople. According to the Boston Journal, one of the engineers who examined the wrecks at Sinope, has declared the appearance of some of the fragments to be the same as that produced by experiments with the old French invention above alluded to.

**AN INDIGNANT MEETING OF FRENCH AND GERMAN CATHOLICS** was held in Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening, to condemn the course of Judge Woodward in a recent decision of the suit of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia against the trustees of the Holy Trinity Church to obtain possession of property. Speeches were made, strong resolutions passed, and considerable excitement prevailed. The Judge was accused of favoring the Jesuits, by appointing a majority of arbiters of that party. The trustees had refused to give up the property to the Bishop; for which refusal they were committed to prison for contempt of Court.

**A CONSCIENTIOUS GENTLEMAN.**—An Irish man being recently on trial for some offense, pleaded 'not guilty'; and, the jury being in the box, the State's solicitor proceeded to call Mr. Furkison as witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the court and said: 'Do I understand yer honor that Furkison is to be a witness fornest me agin?' The Judge said, dryly, it seemed so. 'Well, then, yer honor, I plade, not because I am guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer honor's sucking babe at the breast, but just on the account of saving Mither Furkison's soul.'

**A QUESTION FOR LAWYERS.**—A free colored man was tried in the criminal court at Washington, several days since, on the charge of bigamy. It appeared that he had married two wives, and he was found guilty; but his counsel afterwards moved a new trial on the ground that he married the first wife, who was a slave, while her owner was away from the city, and without his consent, and therefore the marriage was illegal. The question thus arises is the marriage of a slave illegal unless sanctioned by his owner? This is said to involve a nice point in law.

**WHAT WILL YOU TAKE.**—In one of the neighboring villages in the Hoosier State, not many miles from the banks of the Ohio, lives Judge Brown, an eccentric character, who is ever ready to accommodate himself, or others as occasion may offer. Being invited by a party of friends, whom he chanced to meet while passing a grocery, (one of those establishments peculiar to small towns, where tar, treacle and testaments, and other creature comforts are sold by the small,) to step in and take a little something for his stomach's sake, he readily consented; and although the variety of liquors was by no means as extensive as may be found in the more fashionable resorts of your great metropolis, yet the freedom of choice was readily granted; and the question was proposed—Judge Brown, what will you take? The Judge, after carefully surveying the stock in trade, for a few minutes replied: 'I believe I will take a mackerel!'

which receiving, he politely wished his friends a pleasant time over their treat, and, retired. He wasn't asked to 'take' anything after that!

**THOUGHTFUL BUT DISAGREEABLE.**—A letter from Constantinople says the steamer

Arabian, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, recently arrived in that city from England, with an assorted cargo of useful things. Among others she brought seven hundred wooden legs—an instance of providence and forethought on the part of the company which it is hoped will prove superfluous.

### The Strength of Russia.

We observe that many of our cotemporaries speak slightly of the strength of Russia. They prophesy that France and England will crush her in a single campaign. Such journals, we fear, allow their sympathies to get the better of their judgments. We yield to no one in detestation of the tyranny of Russia—but it would be criminal, in the last degree to underestimate her strength.

The population of European Russia alone is seventy-five millions or three times that of the United States. The people are military in character and possessed with the idea that their destiny is to conquer Europe, and in the field of battle have great stubbornness. They will stand and perish like sheep, 'till a military critic, 'but never run.' The first real check Napoleon ever had was from the Russians at Eylau. The standing army of a million of men, of which two hundred thousand are cavalry, one hundred thousand of these latter are Cossacks, the best light horsemen in the world. This immense force is maintained, moreover, for a comparatively small sum. A Russian foot soldier costs for example, but twenty-five dollars a year while a French soldier costs seventy, and an English one a hundred.

Moreover, her sparsely settled territory offers continual impediments to an invader; and without an invasion she cannot be forced to terms, since she has little commerce to lose—for few empires live so much within themselves. Once only, in modern times, has the invasion of Russia been seriously attempted—and though it was undertaken by the greatest of Captains, sustained by an enthusiastic army of half a million of men, it signally failed.

The inclemency of a northern winter—the vast distance to which the invaders had to advance from the base of their operations—and the superiority of the Russian light cavalry which prevented from forging, were, as every military student knows, the cause of this discomfiture. It is the fashion, we are aware, to call the march on Moscow a blunder. But what else could Napoleon do? Russia refused to treat, and sullenly retired within her borders; it was necessary to assume the aggressive, or abandon the war. And what course so likely to succeed as to strike a blow at her heart, at that great city which was at once her religious and political metropolis? Had Napoleon declined to invade Russia, his prestige would have suffered in advance, all or nearly all, it did in consequence of his defeat.

Where Napoleon failed it can scarcely be expected that others will succeed. If half a million of men could not force Russia to succumb, can a hundred thousand even if backed by prodigious fleets? Whatever is to be done in the Baltic must be done quickly, for that sea opens late, and closes early. Most, if not all, of the Russian waters there, are considered impregnable by military men. To talk of burning St. Petersburg is sheer folly, when it is nearly impossible, practically, for a hostile fleet even to approach that capital. The Black Sea is tempestuous, in navigation, and nearly all the pilots there, as well as in the Baltic, are in the interest of Russia. Sebastopol is almost a second Gibraltar, and to burn Odessa, would do little towards bringing about a peace—for a nation that sacrificed Moscow rather than treat, will not yield at the loss of a mere provincial town. In fact, Russia can wear out an enemy by the mere inert resistance of her gigantic mass. At the most her assaults can do, even if successful, will be to expel her from the Danubian Principalities. The effort will exhaust their strength, maritime, to a much greater extent than it will impair hers.

The late campaign on the Danube is no test of what Russia can do. Such is the extent of her territories, and the inefficiency of her roads that it requires a full year to bring up her troops from the scattered provinces of the empire. If, as begins now to be believed, she has been for the last eight months intriguing to gain time, she will probably be able to muster four hundred thousand men on the Danube, early this spring. With such a force she will be able, with ordinary generalship, to hold the coalition at bay. England and France will doubtless succeed, in keeping Constantinople, out of her clutches—but we see little prospect of their extorting a peace from her, with indemnities for the past and securities for the future.

It is wise to face this disagreeable truth at once. So long as the war is conducted, as a question of the balance of power, which is the way in which England and France enter into it, we see small hope of bridling Russia. Perhaps, too, it is destiny that this should be so. That Europe can ever become the victim of Slavonian barbarism is inconceivable. But possibly the regeneration, for which our faith in human progress teaches us to look, is to come from the uprising of the people, not from the interference of jealous dynasties—from Poland and Hungary resuscitated, not from an English oligarchy, or a French autocrat.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

**WATERVILLE COLLEGE.**—The Christian Era learns that the Rev. Ezekiel G. Robinson, D. D., Professor of Theology in the Rochester Theological Seminary, has been elected Orator and the Hon. Charles Thurber, of Worcester, Mass., Poet, for the literary societies of this College at the next Commencement.

**SPIRITED.**—The editor of the Jacksonville Republican, in a private note, accompanying an extra, containing an account of the destruction of Jacksonville by fire, on the 6th inst. (already noticed by telegraph,) says:—'Every press in the place was destroyed, and the Extra was printed with a shoe brush and with ink manufactured for the occasion from lamp black and oil. Jacksonville was not a small place; it is no place at all.'

**THE ELLSWORTH DIFFICULTY.**—Suits have been brought against the Superintendent of schools, committees of Ellsworth, by certain







