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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 11, No. 45): May 20, 1858

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## THE MILLS FARM.

BY ALICE C. BENTON.

It was the first day of July; the hot, dusty city had grown almost intolerable, and yet the inhabitants lingered and suffered, while the far-off breezes were wooing them to their delicious shade. The sultry air was full of particles, and above the city, hung the great, burning July sun, through the long, long day. Gliding along under the shadow of the tall buildings, where the sidewalk was less burning to the feet, went the little feet of Rose Hayward on her way to see her friend Ednah Hamilton. Running up stairs, into Ednah's own room, where she was at all times privileged to enter, she found her friend lying on the couch, looking as if she had been weeping. Rose bent over and kissed her cheek.

"What is it darling?" she said, in a tone, such as one would use to a grieving child, "has anybody been hurting her?"

"Don't Rose!" I cannot hear it this morning. I don't feel at all well, and besides—"

"Besides what?"

"Nothing now, dear—don't tease me. I am not in the humor to bear it."

"Why, Ednah, this is not at all like you. What has happened? Has your pet bird escaped, or has any one trodden on Juno's tail, or pinched her ears? For I cannot imagine any greater calamity happening just now to disturb the rich Mr. Hamilton's daughter."

"Yes, Rosa—Mr. Hamilton's daughter has just waked up to the fact that she has a part to perform in life, above petting canaries or lap-dogs, or even wasting time on those equally insignificant dandies who favored us with their company last evening. I believe it was their weak and frivolous conversation that set me to thinking. This question came up, 'What is Ednah Hamilton doing with her immortal nature?' And you may believe me, Rosa, I was shocked to find I could only answer 'Nothing.' I felt that I was passing away my youth without a single object, except to swell the tide of fashionable beings that float round the ball room, or promenade the streets. I felt that, in common with the rest of our class (you too, Rosa)—I was worshipping gold instead of God; gazing at the flash of diamonds, instead of the glorious stars; admiring the tints of satins and velvets, instead of the beautiful array of colors which nature displays—inhalating the artificial breath of perfumes, when I should be breathing that of the fresh flowers—and, in short, Rosa, I cannot tell you all I felt, but one thing I know, this life of ours is all wrong."

In short, Ednah—don't be offended, but let me finish your catalogue—in short, Stephen Crosby has been gazing on Isabel Harrison, when he should have been looking only at the bright eyes of Ednah Hamilton! Now don't deny it—you know that it is true."

"Well, Rosa, I will not deny it. That first put me to thinking—and then I began to feel how sad a life it was which has no higher pursuit than the admiration—mind I don't say love—that would be worth living for—the admiration of human beings; and then I thought how good it would be for one like me to be transported suddenly to a different sphere, where the chain of fashion, and the restrictions of society (such society as we have), should be taken off, and we should for a while have freedom to act naturally, without asking the world if we might be permitted to travel out of the prescribed limits."

"Have you thought of any plan, whereby this freedom may be attained?"

"No—if I go away, I only carry my block and chain with me as I remember seeing a poor crazy woman do once, in my childhood. For, what are our waterling places but cheap editions of our rapid city life? I would send them as a pest, did not my father insist on my going to one or another, as punctually as August sets in."

"Well, dear, I know of a place a long way off, where primitive manners and customs are not yet absolutely rooted out, and where as yet no attempt has been made to engender fashionable vanities on solid worth. It is not of consequence enough to have a name for three farms comprehend its whole extent, and as it is as yet innocent of a railroad track or a factory, no name is needed to designate it. On one of these farms, lives an old and highly valued friend of my father. He has written often, to have me pass the summer there, but I have not been there since I was a child. If you can get your father's consent, I will engage to have mine, and I will write to Mr. Mills to-day. What say? Shall we go?"

"Go! it will be delightful! but let us go privately—that is, without a soul knowing our destination except our own families, and we must engage them all to secrecy."

"Well, Ednah, don't fall back now. For I have set my heart upon it. And another thing: If you are not very particular about being known as the rich Mr. Hamilton's daughter, I should prefer keeping it a secret, as our good Mr. and Mrs. Mills would feel much more at their ease."

"The very thing I should like best, Rosa. That would be the most delightful part of it; and the moment we get consent, we will go and buy our dresses; for none of these we now wear will answer at all."

"I'm off," said Rose, "and will come back as soon as I know certainly what we can expect. Half an hour later, she was again in Ednah's room, planning their simple dresses. No jewelry, not even a ring, was to be worn. Not a particle of silk or lace; but their gingham dresses were of excellent quality and made beautifully. Busy hands were put in requisition to make them up speedily, and on the morning of the "Glorious Fourth," when patriots and pop-guns, oratory and crackers were loudest, our two city ladies, transformed into very pretty country damsels, were on their way to Mills Farm.

No announcement was needed, Rose said. They would be just as glad to see them, as though they had had a month's notice. The cars carried them within fourteen miles—then a stage to the middle of the nearest town—and lastly, Rosa chartered a great clumsy Albany wagon, with an old man (he was haying time, and no 'able-bodied' man could be spared) for driver, to take them to their destination.

Their way was through thick woods on either side; no dust, no annoyance in the road, no person to be seen, except an occasional foot passenger, and one solitary traveller on horseback. The glimpses of wild rose by the wayside, and the refreshing calm of the deep forest, through which their road wound, were delightful to the senses of the two young travellers. As the sun sank behind the hill, they burst out into a glad song, such as the old man had never before heard, and which he begged and entreated them to repeat. No loud exultations as to a more serene evening. No prima donna singer ever received a bouquet more gracefully than the girls took the branches of sweet brier and wood laurel that the old driver insisted on gathering for them. Soon they came in sight of the farm house. Such hay fields! such orchards! and such a dear old brown, rosy house!

The open windows and doors gave them a sight into the large room where a long table

was set out with the evening meal. No need of putting on more food! there was enough already there, to have satisfied all the passengers on the railroad that day. No need of apologizing for the quality! Was not such food—cream, real, fresh cream, and butter like lumps of shining gold, and those large loaves of brown bread and white bread, and sweet cake, and those delicious strawberries, enough?—And what a cordial welcome from Mr. Mills and his wife! And then they sat down to the tea table.

"Tea or milk, Miss Hayward?"

"O, milk, by all means, but don't call either of us Miss—we left our titles in Boston. We are plain Rose and Ednah."

"Ah, that is a great deal better, and now you are fairly seated, let me introduce 'Rose and Ednah' to my family. Here is little Susy, the youngest. She rules the family—that is she rules her mother, and her mother rules me, and I rule the family. This little fellow is Wally. His true name is William Wallace, but we call him Wally. This larger one is Mark—you met him driving the cows. Here on my left is Alice; and riding home on brown Bess, is Lyman, I hope to see him here before it is quite dark; and let me whisper in your ear, my little Rose, Lyman is worth all the rest." The whisper was quite loud, and was heard all over the table.

"Father!" said Alice, holding up a menacing forefinger. "I shall have to turn you over to Susy, to be corrected." While Mark and Wally bowed to their father's compliment to themselves.

After tea, to which they had insisted upon the company of the "ancient" driver, who brought the ladies, they adjourned to the front yard, where seats were provided under the trees. Alice brought out her flute, and Mark's noble bass voice was put in requisition, and with the clear, beautiful voices of Rose and Ednah, a very tolerable concert was performed, which lasted till the great kitchen clock told nine.

Then little Susy waited upon the newcomers to the large and handsome chamber, with its cool straw matting, white quilt and curtains, and even its bathing tub, a thing that they had not hoped for. But Lyman had contrived it all, Susy said, and turned a shower of water into it from the wall, to show how nicely he had fixed it. On each side of the dressing table were pretty glass shades, within which burned immense candles made of some kind of perfumed tallow, while large vases of flowers occupied the mantle and bureau, and filled the wide fire-place.

In an old-fashioned open bookcase, Rose found further room for wonder. Not only Milton and Shakespeare were there, but many of the modern poets, as well as novelists, and one or two French and German books. All these had "Lyman Mills" written beautifully on the fly leaf.

They were up bright and early on the following morning, paid grateful tribute to Lyman Mills' ingenious bathing apparatus, and were out on the green, with their clean dresses and shining hair, before the sun rose.

At breakfast they were introduced to Lyman Mills. They had expected to see a different person altogether, from the one now presented to them. Their idea of him was of a country boy, aping city manners, yet falling far short of his aim—a clever youth, perhaps, but clumsy and uncouth; or worse still, an under-bred student, with Byron collar, and talking out of his depth on subjects that he could not be acquainted with.

"But the French and German books, Rosa!"

"Poh! bought of some pedlar at the door, probably."

"The fine and beautiful hand writing?"

"Written by the district school teacher, doubtless."

This was said while dressing—but the breakfast table showed Lyman in his true light—that of a cultivated scholar, a loving son and brother, a gentle, unpretending companion, and yet wearing a look that told strongly, that he need not to stretch forth his hand for the gifts of fortune or fame, and they would be his.

The sudden rain which had driven the girls into the house, prevented the anticipated hawking, and the farmer, therefore, did not mind prolonging the time at the breakfast table. It was a true farmer's table abundant in its quantity, good, relishing, and healthful in its quality. What struck the city damsels particularly, was the delicate cleanliness of everything pertaining to the house and family. The clothes were coarse enough—suitable to the work they were to perform—but they were spotlessly clean, and the linen was white as snow.

Mr. Mills in his strong, homespun suit, and his sons, all dressed alike in linen blouses and straw hat, looked the very picture of health and cleanly habits, while the mother, in her nice morning-gown and cap, looked far more respectable than many ladies in their shabby gaudy finery. It was beautiful to see the sons go up and give her the morning kiss, and shake hands with their father. Lyman set the example, and then turning to the visitors, he greeted them kindly and courteously.

"My son Lyman, Cousin Rosa, and her friend," this was the simple introduction which Mrs. Mills gave them; and they were soon talking jolly together. After breakfast, Rosa talked with her host and his wife alone; and told them that she and her friend Ednah wished to obtain board there for the season, if they could do so, without incommencing them, and if they could be left to run about at their own pleasure, without being waited upon.

Mr. Mills at first refused any payment, but Rosa convinced them both that it would not be pleasant to either party otherwise; and they agreed to receive suitable compensation. Thus they were all established on the best of terms, independence and equality.

How much they lived in those summer days! Out of door exercise they enjoyed to the full. With little Susy, they followed round after Mr. Mills, who did but little now to the actual farm work. He left it mostly to his sons, and a few day laborers who went to their homes at night; while Mrs. Mills entrusted her butter and cheese solely to Mrs. Martin, who had lived with her ever since Rosa was born. Mr. Mills patronized newspapers extensively. He wished to know, and have his children know, what was passing on in the great world, but had no wish that they should enter it as long as they could be contented with their own quiet home. He had expected that Lyman, with his active and enquiring mind, would seek a broader field, but as yet he had shown no such desire.

In addition to the newspapers, Mr. Hay-

ward and Mr. Hamilton, finding that the girls were really carrying out their project, had sent large boxes of new publications directed to Mr. Mills; and the genuine pleasure which the family derived from these, repaid the girls richly for their share in procuring it. Never did summer pass so quickly. Never had the city girls passed one so rationally. If the hue of their cheeks was browner, and their hands had lost some of the lily whiteness, it was amply atoned by the beautiful look and added spirits. Nature had proved a kindly mother, as she ever does to those of her children who seek her.

But the evening came, whose morrow was to separate them from the friends to whom they had become so tenderly attached. Farmer Mills could not speak of their going, without complaining of a cold which had suddenly seized his eyes; and the boys' and little Susy had an unusual hush upon their voices which betrayed some deep emotion.

They lingered long under the old trees, and parted with the children there—for Lyman was to drive out with them to meet the stage, at three the next morning. Despite the excitement of going home, the spirits of Rosa and Ednah were subdued almost to the gravity which appeared on Lyman's face. Contrary to their express injunctions, the farmer and his wife were both up, and waiting breakfast, but no one could taste it. The light which had been shed over the old brown farm house for the last ten weeks was about to be withdrawn, and they could not think of it without emotion. The soft, gray light of morning was appearing, and their best of off: and with tears and prayers and blessings they departed.

"Ednah," said Rosa, after they entered the huge, lumbering stage, in which they were thankful to find themselves alone, "I have been looking for the last three weeks, for a different termination to this visit."

"Indeed—what did your wise head fancy?"

"Nothing less, dear, than some violent demonstration of passion on the part of that highly respectable youth who has just left us with such a wo-begone countenance."

"Ah! you expected an offer, did you?"

"I certainly expected he would make an offer to one of us. But Ednah! dear Ednah! you are weeping! have I said anything wrong? O, do forgive me! I did not know that you felt so."

Rosa's words had stirred her tears. She had sometimes dreamed of a life in that quiet vale, with one who seemed to be infinitely above the gay butterflies she had hitherto known. But her dream was over, and she would think no more of it. A few "natural" tears she shed, but wiped them soon; she inwardly resolved that having tasted of life's rational and heart-worthy pleasures, nothing should tempt her back into the world she had emerged from.

Fortunately, their portion of the "world" were still travelling, and for two or three weeks, the friends could meet quietly, and talk over their summer life, and try to make plans for future happiness and usefulness. They passed whole mornings together for this purpose, and on one of these, a letter was handed to Ednah. Rosa mischievously watched her countenance, while reading it, and her friend, put it into her hand.

Rosa read as follows: it bore the date of their return.

"If I parted from you this morning with less emotion than I could possibly have hoped for, it was not the effect of indifference, but of a feeling I tried to encourage—that the difference between our country life and that which I have always led, would prove a lasting obstacle to your happiness. I fancied that you liked our retired home, when summer increased its attractions, and lessened those of the city; but I have asked myself if such would be your feeling, when winter came, and shut out from you those sources of enjoyment that season gives so abundantly, in town. As I could not resolve that question, I decided to lay it before you boldly and frankly. First, then, let me say, that I know nothing of your birth, station nor family. Rose will tell you that I never inquired of her; and I had no other source to which I could apply. From your gentleness, your simplicity, and the genuine pleasure with which you engaged in our unpretending country life, I have no reason to think you devoted to wealth and fashion; but from your evident superiority of your manners and education, I fear that I shall find you too far above any pretensions of mine. But the second part is, to ask you if there is anything either in the circumstances I have spoken of, or in your own heart, which would prevent you from sharing my home? the home which my own hands must become rough and hard in rearing, but which will be a happy home to me, if I may see it lighted by your smile. I will not say, that it has not cost me some pain to write you this; because it would be vanity in me to think that one like yourself could like to be called a farmer's wife; nor can I tell you that I will resign my occupation if that would induce you to marry me. I have chosen my path, and must abide by it, even if I must abide alone. You could not respect me, your answer, if I did otherwise. I wait your answer, and will have hope and faith, until you bid me give up both."

"A truly noble letter!" said Rosa, "I am afraid I shall never have a letter like that, Ednah! Some day who has more money than brains, will come up, be fluttering around me, because he knows papa is rich, and he will woo me after the approved style, and I shall have fine clothes and diamonds, and a grand house; and I tell you, Ednah, that one word from that noble hearted man who writes you this, would be worth a thousand times more than all the happiness I could extract from such a marriage as that. Why didn't he like me, I wonder?" she asked, as tears and laughter struggled together. "It was too bad of Ednah, when it was really poor dear I, that planned all this. See how ungratefully you have used me!"

Rosa's apprehensions of her own misery were not realized, for she married, within a very few months, a really noble, high-hearted man, whose greatest pleasure was to make his wife happy. And every summer she goes down to Mills Farm, spending a season alternately with the old people, and with Lyman and Ednah at their beautiful new farm house.

A PUZZLE.—A man looking at a portrait, exclaimed, "Brothers or sisters I have none; yet that man's father was my father's son." What relation was the speaker to the original of the portrait?

Ans. He was the father, was he not?

## THE REVIVAL.

They come from different quarters,  
From North, South, East and West;  
Our precious sons and daughters,  
Our jewels and our best;  
See Zion's courts are filling  
With happy converts made;  
See Hermon's dew distilling  
Upon the aged head.  
See men and women bending,  
Their cares all laid aside;  
Their hearts no longer rinding,  
For healing is applied;  
Then Oh, the joyful feeling  
Tongue never can express,  
The Son of Man revealing  
His mighty power to bless.  
See, lovely youth can listen,  
Till cheek and lip are pale;  
Their dewy eyes now glisten—  
A new life they inhale.  
The Man of Sorrows knocketh  
At each unbelieved breast;  
If one is found that knocketh,  
He'll surely find no rest.  
And see the children gather  
Around the sacred seat;  
They love their Heavenly Father,  
The Savior's name is sweet;  
And Oh, the lovely legion,  
In cohorts seen come—  
The reign of heaven is with us,  
Millennium begun!

J. A. M.

Waterville, May, 1858.

## Ruined.

"The man is ruined; hopelessly ruined!"  
The words startled me.  
"So bad as that?" said the individual to whom the remark was made.  
"Even so bad."

"Of whom were you speaking?" I asked.  
"Of Jacob Atwood."

"I started to my feet. He was one of my old intimate friends."

"Ruined, did you say? That man ruined? Impossible!"

"There is no doubt of it. I received my information from those who have the best right to know."

"What has he done?" I asked eagerly.

"My question was received in silence, as if the meaning were not clearly apprehended."

"Is he a defaulter?"

"No." The answer showed surprise at my question.

"Has he betrayed an honorable trust reposed in him by his fellow men?"

"No, sir; his integrity is without question. In all his public relations he was true as steel to principle."

"What then? Has he placed any portion of his property beyond the reach of creditors who have just claims upon him?"

"He has given up everything, even to the furniture of his house. Not a shilling has been retained, and he goes forth into the world a ruined man."

"O no," said I speaking out warmly; "not in any sense a ruined man. The merchant may be ruined, but, thank God! the man is whole."

The little company looked at me for a minute or two, half in surprise.

"The man is all right," I went on. Only the scaffolding on which the workmen stood who were building up his character, has fallen. Erect, calm, noble, half divine, he stands now, in the sunshine and in the storm. Around his majestic brow the clouds may gather; upon his temples may beat; but he is immovable in his grand integrity."

Some smiled at my enthusiasm. To them there was nothing of the morally sublime in the ruined merchant. Others looked a little more thoughtful than before; and one said feebly:

"There is something in that."

"Something in that? I should think there was."

It was the first intelligence I had received of my friend's worldly misfortune, and it grieved me. In the evening I went to see Jacob Atwood. The windows of the elegant residence where he had lived for years were closed. I looked up at the house—it had a deserted aspect. I rung the bell; no one answered my summons.

I could not repress the feeling of sadness that came over me. The trial must have been severe even for a brave heart like his.

"I must find him," said I. And I did find him; but far away from the neighborhood where merchant princes had their palace houses. The house into which he had retired with his family looked small, and mean, and comfortless, in comparison with the elegant abode from which he had removed. I rung and was admitted. The parlor into which I was shown was a small room, and the furniture was not much better than we often see in the houses of well-to-do mechanics, or clerks on moderate salaries. But everything was in order, and scrupulously neat.

I had made only a hurried observation when Mr. Atwood entered. He looked something careworn, his face was paler than when last I saw him, his smile less cheerful. The marks of trial and suffering were plainly visible. It would have been almost a miracle had it been otherwise. But he did not exhibit the aspect of a ruined man. He grasped my hand warmly, and said it was pleasant to look into the face of an old friend. I offered him words of sympathy.

"The worst is over," he answered with manly cheerfulness, "and nothing is lost which may not be regained. I have found the bottom, know where I am, and there is strength enough left in me to stand up squarely amid the rushing waters. The best of all is, my property, which has been apporportioned to my creditors, will pay every debt. That gives my heart its highest pulsations."

"I heard that you were ruined," said I, as we sat talking together; "but I find that the man is whole. Not a principle invaded by the enemy—none a jewel in the crown of honor missing."

He took my hand, and grasping it hard, looked into my face steadily for some moments. Then, in a subdued voice, he made answer:—

"I trust that it is even so, my friend. But there were seasons in the worse than Egyptian night through which I have passed, when the tempter's power seemed about to crush me. For myself I cared little; for my wife and children everything. The thought of seeing them go out from the pleasant home I had provided for them, and step down, far down, to a lower level in the social grade, had distracted me for a time. For half I would have braved everything but dishonor. I could not stoop to that. And so I passed the fiery ordeal, and have come out, I verily believe, a better man. I have lost my fortune, but not my integrity."

And so the man stood firm. It was not in the power of any commercial disaster to ruin

him. The storm raged furiously; the waves beat madly against him; but he stood immovable, for his feet were upon the solid rock of honor.

## Outside View of Maine.

In my rambles for the last few years through the various States of the Union, I have often been struck with the fact, that the advantages of Maine, natural and acquired, are more fully appreciated by the well informed inhabitants of distant States, than by the people of Maine, themselves. Often have I been catechised by some shrewd business man of the west, or south, such as follows: "Why, has not Maine a vast extent of fine grazing country?" Yes. "Has she not an abundance of fertile tillage yet uncultivated, and another abundance but half cultivated?" Yes. "Is she not one of the best fruit growing States in the Union?" Yes. "Has she not scattered all over the State an abundance of water power, available for manufacturing purposes, which, if improved, would open new markets at the very doors of the farmers?" Yes. "Has she not vast tracts of lumber producing country?" Yes. "Has she not immense mineral treasures cropping out all over her surface, inviting capital and enterprise to reap a rich harvest?" Yes.

"Has she not churches, schools, society, roads, bridges, railroads, steamboats, and all the apparatus of civilization and progress?" Yes. "Has she not a population, worthy for morality, intelligence, enterprise, and everything that goes to constitute 'Young America,' cannot be 'surpassed'?" Yes. "Then, why in the name of all common sense does not that population stay at home and improve these many advantages?" What could I say to this?

Was there any good reason? If there was, or is, I was ignorant of it, and am so still.

For several years the mental vision of the 'young men and maidens' of Maine has been very peculiarly affected. Microscopic, when viewing the inconveniences of home, it at once becomes telescopic when viewing the advantages of distant localities. The beauties of a log cabin, (which at home would not be thought fit for a hog pen,) squat in the mud, and with the age so thick around it that one could cut it with a knife, are perfectly enticing; while the inconveniences of a neat, well built, warm farm house, with its carpets, pictures and cozy arrangements, its school within half a mile, and its church within a mile, are utterly unbearable. Or, with the young man to labor out in the health giving air, upon his father's farm, for a part of the hours of daylight, with the whole of his evenings for mental improvement, and at all times the conscious independent feeling of his being his own master; this is entirely insufferable, though insuring him physical, mental and moral vigor, and an honorable competence. But to travel fifteen hours a day behind the counter of some city skiff, the mind constantly on the stretch to invent a new lie to entrap the unwary into a trade, and the conscience perpetually being seared by 'sins within or without,'—this is so inviting a prospect that the giving of a few years of the golden period of youth, weighs as nothing in the balance. 'Tis pity 'tis true."

But a change is beginning to come over the spirits of the dreams of the young people of Maine, and that is an encouraging sign for the future of the State. Many who have left have found that 'all is not gold that glitters,' and will find their way back to their native State, and many more would if they could. Let those at home take warning by the experience of others, and let them stay at home and develop the sources of wealth and progress so profusely poured out all around them, and the future of Maine will be surpassed by the future of no State in the Union. Such, at least, is the opinion gained by both an 'inside' and an 'outside' view.

[Philadelphia Corr. Maine Farmer.

STRATAGEM.—Three ragged, wretched toppers stood shivering upon a street corner. They had not a penny between them, and neither had drank a drop—within half an hour. They debated the deeply interesting question—how to obtain the next glass of grog. After much miserable muttering over the poverty of the times, and many impracticable suggestions, one of them said:

"I have an idea! We'll all go into the next shop and drink."

"Drink!" replied his companions; "that's easily said, but who's to pay?"

"Nobody. Do as I tell you. I'll take the responsibility."

Following the speaker's directions, his two companions entered an adjoining rummery and called for whiskey skins. The place was kept by a Dutchman. After he had waited on his customers, and while they were enjoying their orthodox beverage at the counter, he walked toper No. 1.

"How are ye?"—to the Dutchman.

"How do do?" said the Dutchman.

Toper No. 1 glanced suspiciously at toppers No. 2 and 3, and beckoned the proprietor aside.

"Do you know these men?" he asked, mysteriously.

The Dutchman stared.

"I know no more as dat dey call for de whiskey skins."

"Don't take any money of them," whispered No. 1.

"Sir! I not take money for the whiskey skins?" said the astonished landlord.

"No. They are informers."

"Hey! Informers."

"Yes, they buy liquor of you so as to inform against you."

"Ah! I understand," said the Dutchman. Dey not catch me. Thank you, sir. You take something."

"I don't object," and toper No. 1 took a swig with his companions.

"What's to pay?" quoth toper No. 2, putting his hand in his empty pocket.

"Nothing," said the Dutchman. "Me no sell liquor. Me keeps it for my friends."

And having smiled the supposed informers out of the door, he manifested his gratitude by generously inviting the anti informer to take a second glass. Of course No. 1 did not at all decline the invitation.

TESTIMONY FROM THE BENCH.—The Judges of England are now uniting in the most startling testimony against the liquor traffic. The following impressive passages are from a charge to the Grand Jury by the Recorder of Hull, Samuel Warren, Esq. The same gentleman is more widely known as the author of "Ten Thousand a Year." In all the celebrated fiction there is no passage of such painful interest as the following statement of fact:

"Intemperance and ignorance were urged,

the two mighty evils at the root of all other social evils." He continued as follows: "Would that a holy crusade could be set on foot—a national movement—against these two inveterate foes of mankind! I was never heard to speak a syllable with levity or disrespect of the Temperance movement, as it is called; for to me, the sight of a man, especially in humble life, who voluntarily abstains from a pleasurable and excitement which he has found to lead him astray from virtue, peace and happiness, is very noble and affecting, as an act of self-denial, which must be acceptable to Almighty God. Gentlemen, to the best of my belief, no Temperance man ever stood at the bar to receive judgment from this seat, in my time at least; while I tremble to express my belief, that seven out of every ten individuals who have done so, have been brought there by intoxicating liquor; I have talked with them afterward in prison, and they have owned it with tears of agony."—[Prohibitionist.]

LOSING ALL—FAMILY SCENE.—There is something exceedingly tender, as well as instructive in the following, which we take from the Child's Paper:

"A few years ago, a merchant failed in business. He went home one evening. 'What is the matter?' asked his wife. 'I am beggared—I have lost all!' he exclaimed, pressing his hand upon his forehead, as if his brain was in a whirl."

"All!" said his wife, 'I am left.' 'All, papa!' said his eldest boy, 'here am I.' 'And I too, papa,' said his little girl, running up and putting her arms around his neck. 'I'm not lost, papa,' repeated Eddie. 'And you have your hands left,' said his wife. 'And your two feet to carry you about.' 'And your two eyes to see with, papa,' said little Eddie."

"You have God's promises," said the grandmother. 'And a good God,' said his wife. 'And heaven to go to,' said the little girl. 'And Jesus who came to fetch us there,' said his eldest."

"God forgive me," said the poor merchant, bursting into tears. 'I have not lost all.—What are the few thousands which I called my all, to these precious things which God has left me!' and he clasped his family to his bosom and kissed his wife and children with a thankful heart."

Ah no, there are many things more precious than gold and bank stocks, valuable as these may be in their place. When the Central America was foundered at sea, bags and purses of gold were strewn about the deck as worthless as the mere rubbish. 'Life, life!' was the prayer. To some of the wretched survivors 'Water, water,' was the prayer. 'Bread, bread!' it was worth its weight in gold, if gold could have bought it."

RUSSIAN SERFS.—There are nearly twenty-one millions of serfs in Russia, about twelve millions of whom belong to the nobility and nine millions to the estates of the crown. The emperor proposes to manifest his interest in emancipation by making his own serfs free first. There are but 127,000 land owners in Russia, of whom 2,000 possess from 1,000 to 10,000 serfs each, and the others smaller numbers. The immense numbers awaiting emancipation by the justice of the czar give a grandeur to the event seldom witnessed in any former enterprise. Think of a population about as large as the present white population of the United States, raised from personal degradation and chattelism to the rights and dignity of men and citizens, and that too by the great and absolute government of northern Europe, whose name has been the representation of absolute despotism for centuries. The greatness of the act does not seem to be appreciated.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE... MAY 20, 1858.

**AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.**  
S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Beal's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

J. MURRAY & Co., No. 36 Kibby street, Boston, are authorized to receive advertisements for the Mail, on the same terms as the above named agents.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

**PICTURE GALLERY.**—Are our citizens generally aware that we have a picture gallery here in Waterville—one of no mean pretension too, that will well repay you for a visit? True, no admission fee is required at the door, by the liberal hearted proprietor, and this may render the exhibition of nothing worth with some; but those who have a true relish for the beautiful will drink in deep draughts of delight, even as they do from Nature's own exhibitions, which are also free to all.

We refer to the Daguerrian Gallery of our friend and neighbor, Mr. S. Wing, one of the best artists—and the term in this instance is not misapplied—in his line to be found in New England, and it is well known that New England beats the world in this department. We were not a little mystified the other morning, by the sight of an unusual number of the best looking of our citizens, arranged along the walk in various positions, but all looking as though with conscious carelessness they had struck an attitude for exhibition. A glance at the point to which the eyes of the most of them were turned, however, explained it all—friend Wing had his monster camera in position on the top of his building, and they were all being transferred to a picture, for a spectacle and show. A pardonable vanity; no wonder they straightened up and put their best foot forward. A little curious as to the result, we called at the artist's rooms, but found, to our sorrow, that this particular attempt had proved a failure, and that our good looking friends had lost their labor. Mr. W. however, showed us some fine views taken at different times, which, together with a sight of his other beautiful pictures, afforded us a rich treat. Among the views on exhibition we were particularly pleased with one of the western half of Temple street, in which the Boule-telle mansion and the Academy figure prominently, but also showing Main street as far up as Marston Block, the tops of the buildings and the spire of the Baptist meeting house in the rear, with a charming background, in which we recognize at a glance the house of Mr. Clifford, on the Neck. Another picture is a view of the lower end of Main street, from the corner of Silver street to the Waterville House, with a most beautiful background, made up to adopt a libermanism—of the waters of Ticonic bay, and the Winslow house and hills beyond. The distinctness and accuracy of the distant points in the pictures are indeed wonderful. Every individual tree, however remote, is distinctly shown, and those familiar with the locality will recognize every object at once, however minute. The only defects discoverable in this picture are those which find their counterpart in the buildings represented. A few patches and dilapidated spots mar the otherwise perfect picture, but these are only proofs of its accuracy.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. W. is about to take some views of our village from the Winslow side, and as these can be multiplied to any extent, we hope soon to see many of them adorning the parlors of our citizens, who while ministering to their own pleasure, may, by the purchase of these, do much to encourage a worthy citizen and enable him to attempt still higher achievements in his favorite art.

**A NEW HOTEL.**—Not in Portland, but in Waterville;—and not a new building or a new name, but a new landlord and a new character. The "Waterville House," at the foot of Main-st., which in times past has been struggling against bad management, seems to have fallen upon a new era, that promises to mark the beginning of its better fortunes. As with men, so with hotels, there is a tide in their affairs, which sometimes leads to fortune, and sometimes to something else. In the case of this house it has been something else; till a vigorous effort, such as one makes to throw off the nightmare, seems to have put it in a condition to go "on to fortune." Some three months ago the Waterville House passed into the charge, as landlord, of Mr. Edwin Rounds, of Portland. In a quiet way, and without any "extra flourishes," he set about the work of adapting it to the wants of the public, as a neat, quiet, orderly and comfortable public house—divesting it entirely of what had proved a "bar" to its prosperity, and adding everything necessary to a good hotel. Now he looks for patronage proportioned to its merits; and we heartily commend him not only to the patronage but to the confidence of the public, as both willing and qualified to make the Waterville House truly a home for travellers or boarders.

**PAINFUL ACCIDENT.**—A telegraphic dispatch announces the death, at Geneseo, Illinois, of Melville H. Wingate, son of Mr. C. J. Wingate, late of this place. He was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of a gun, with which he had been amusing himself. His age was about 17 years. He was an intelligent and promising boy, and a pupil of the public seminary at Geneseo. His afflicted parents have the deep sympathy of their acquaintances in Waterville.

The coroner's verdict says that the late railroad accident near Utica, New York, by which several lives were lost, was owing to the rottenness of the bridge, and that the railroad company are culpable in not having it properly examined. The company have a pleasant prospect of suits for damages.

## OUR TABLE.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE.**—The June number is on our table, from A. Williams & Co., booksellers, publishers, &c., and special agents for the sale of Harper & Brothers' publications, 100 Washington st., Boston. "The City of Elms" figures conspicuously in this number, being the first of the illustrated articles, followed by Tropical Journeys, a continuation of The Virginians, and a great amount of other good reading. "The Ethics of Popularity," the leading article of the Editor's Table, is very much to our liking, the able writer of which handles political, literary and religious charlatans without gloves. Those who love to laugh, will find themselves remembered in a Drawer full of fun, and an amusing chapter of comicallities.

**GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.**—The June number, which closes a volume, is an unusually good one—the articles all being remarkably well chosen. "A historical sketch by Joseph J. Reed, entitled 'Anne of Brittany,' with which the number opens, will interest all readers of healthy taste. Leland's department is of course big with sentiment, and fun, ranging freely from graves to gay." The engravings are mostly designed for the ladies, and will please them, we'll warrant; the Work Table, they will find, contains many attractive novelties. Commence your subscriptions with the next number. Published by Watson & Co., Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

**GODEN'S LADY'S BOOK** for June is a triumph. The expense of publishing each number of this popular monthly is said to be not less than \$10,000; and this large story one can easily believe when he sees all the fine things to be found in the work, and knows how many copies are issued. "The First Step" in this number, is one of those good things seldom found in any magazine but this; the fashion plate is beautifully colored and will charm the ladies; and scores of wood engravings illustrate the latest styles of dresses, &c. &c. With all this wealth of illustration, the literary department is not neglected, but will be found of the usual excellence. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

**ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.**—The "Happy Family," in the June number, is one of those pictures that possess a peculiar charm for the parent, and is of a kind often met with in this chaste and beautiful monthly. In way of illustrations, a colored fashion plate and many wood engravings of patterns and designs, ministering both to the useful and the beautiful, are also given. Among the stories will be found one by this favorite magazine writer—the author of "Sue L."—which, without reading, we know is good. With the next number a new volume will commence, affording a favorable opportunity for commencing subscriptions. Published by T. S. Arthur, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

**PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.**—"The Judge," by the author of "Sue L.—" is the June number, is a beautiful story, told in the charming way peculiar to this graceful writer, but though the best, it is not the only good story. A fine steel engraving adorns the number, with the usual fashion plate; a sweet ballad of Charles Kingsley's is set to music, and scores of nice-kecks are provided for the ladies. This number winds up the first half of the year, and a new volume will commence with the next issue. This magazine is both good and cheap. Published by Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

## From our Traveling Correspondent.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., May 14, 1858.

For a few weeks I have been somewhat negligent, but will now, however, endeavor to make amends by giving you a brief description of my wanderings since my last. The latest communication from me was dated at St. John. From that city I took the steamer to Windsor, Nova Scotia, tarrying a few days at that point. Windsor is a lovely town of some three thousand inhabitants; the great staple product of the place is plaster, large quantities of that article being shipped to the States. At Windsor Judge Halliburton, the author of Sam Slick, resided for many years. His residence, "Clifton," upon the Avon river, is a splendid place. Cornwallis a town some thirty miles below Windsor, is the spot where Longfellow laid the scene of his great poem, Evangeline.

Nova Scotia originally was called Acadia, and the French settlers Acadians, who were expelled by the English. In some parts of the Province are the descendants of the old Acadians who still keep up the name and the primitive habits of their ancestors.

From Windsor to Halifax, 45 miles, there is a railroad almost completed which will be opened in a few weeks for travel. At present the communication is by stage coaches. Halifax is an ancient, dull, gloomy city; its situation and commercial position, ought to make it a place of great business. The people of that city do not seem to have any appreciation of the great advantages they possess. At Halifax there are lines of steamers, the Cunarders, running to Liverpool and Boston. Steamers to St. John's, Newfoundland, to Bermuda in the British West Indies, and also to various parts of the other Provinces. The Hotel accommodations at Halifax are very bad, and a good smart Yankee, opening a first class house there, would be sure of a fortune in a few years. The present population of that city is about 25,000. From Halifax I returned to Windsor and thence to St. John's, embarking on board of one of the St. John's River steamers for Fredericton. The scenery upon the river is very fine and when clothed in green and gold must be charming.

At Fredericton, I spent but one day; had a very pleasant time. Through the kindness of an old Kennebecer, D. V. B. Ormsby Esq., took a drive around the city. Mr. Ormsby keeps an excellent livery stable at Fredericton, and he is always glad to meet a brother Yankee. The Barker House, Fredericton, is as fine a house as a wayfarer need meet with; it is perfect in all of its appointments, and admirably kept. From Fredericton there is water communication to this place. The distance from St. John's to Woodstock is about 125 miles, the boats plying upon the river are very comfortable. At present there is a high stage of water and the current is very rapid; in some places twenty miles an hour.

Woodstock is a thriving little place of 2000 inhabitants; in good lumbering times it is a town of considerable business. There is one thing however in this town which would not be tolerated twenty-four hours in Maine, and that is their side-walks; they are perfectly disgraceful, and in muddy walking it is awful getting round. I was much gratified in getting into a Hotel kept by a Yankee here, Mr. Blanchard, of Houlton. It was a treat to see good old fashioned dough-nuts and brown bread once more. Mr. Blanchard has just moved into a larger house and no pains are spared by himself or family to make the traveller feel perfectly at home. Twelve miles from Woodstock is Houlton, the shire-town of Aroostook county. A good portion of the trade of Aroostook county centres at this place, (Woodstock),

and goes down river to St. John's. This morning a merchant from Houlton left here for St. John's to buy goods. Yesterday there was a large and spirited meeting of the citizens of Woodstock to make arrangements to push through their railroads. The people of New Brunswick are alive to the importance of railroads throughout the Province. They know and feel the importance of not only retaining the present business they receive from the State of Maine, but also of giving facilities to increase that business and absorb all the trade of that section. I have conversed with a great many parties who have been over the Aroostook country, men of good judgment and capable of expressing an opinion correctly, and they are all unanimous regarding its resources, the fertility of its soil, its mineral wealth, facilities for manufacturing, and extreme healthiness of its climate. The people of Maine cannot over estimate the great advantages of the country; it is bound to be settled—that there is no doubt. And the question is, shall Maine retain the large business which is destined to spring up there, or shall a foreign country take it from your grasp? Unless some facilities for an easy and rapid communication is given from Bangor to the Aroostook, the people of that section must in self-defence turn across the line and make friends with the New Brunswickers.

## TRAVELLER.

**BUTTER.**—Now is the time to market your butter, even to the last pound. It brings a most extravagant price in our streets, and is scarce at that. Money is scarce, and grass and cows are plenty, and a week or two will bring the price down to a reasonable point. See that you are not caught with a stock on hand. Rush it in—and don't be afraid of "glutting the market."

The weather continues chilly but pleasant, and the work of the farm goes on in good faith of a harvest. Grass looks well.

During the progress of a trial, recently at Auburn, says a correspondent of the Argus, the following occurred, to vary the monotony of the proceedings:

Among the witnesses was one of the most verdant-looking specimens of humanity one would wish to see. After a severe cross-examination, the counsel for the government paused, and then putting on a look of severity, and with an ominous shake of the head, exclaimed:

Mr. Witness, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?

W.—A different story from what I have told, Sir?

C.—That is what I mean?

W.—Yes, Sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told; but I wouldn't.

C.—Now, sir, on your oath, I wish to know who those persons are?

W.—Waal, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of 'em.

The witness was speedily dismissed; while judge, jury and spectators indulged in a hearty laugh.

The barque Gov. Hubbard, built and owned in Hallowell, has not been heard from since Oct. last, when she sailed from Alexandria, Egypt, for some port on the northern coast of the Mediterranean, and it is thought she must be lost. She was commanded by Capt. Wm. H. Smith, son of Capt. Sam'l Smith, of Hallowell.

**SWINDLING ADVERTISEMENTS.**—The New York Tribune has the following word of caution, which we commend to the attention of everybody:

We cannot too frequently caution our readers against swindling advertisements. We exclude everything that we know to be humbug from our columns, but we can adopt no rule that will apply to advertisements that have roguery concealed beneath the surface. Our readers must exercise a little sagacity, and they will readily distinguish the gold from the brass. Suspect all who hold out unparalleled inducements, and desire money sent for some undefined object, or offer to sell agencies for the manufacture of some article that is a profound secret; who wish to employ you at \$15, \$20, \$30 a week or month, but before you commence service desire money for their wares, or offer to give gold watches and diamonds with their other precious goods. Perhaps not all of these persons are swindlers, but it is a wholesome rule to suspect them all, and in dealing with them to be circumspect accordingly.

**SPANISH SMALL COIN.**—An effort is being made to drive these out of circulation in this vicinity by a refusal on the part of our business men to receive them at their former value. As the quarters, which now only pass for 20 cents, are actually worth about 23 cents as old silver, they must speedily be converted to other uses, and no longer from a part of our circulating medium.

**FISHING BOUNTIES.**—Both of our Senators have recently made able and telling speeches on the Fishing Bounty question, and it is now thought that the fire-eaters will be defeated in their designs against the northern school for seamen.

The French Spoliation Bill, recently reported in the House of Representatives, has been postponed to the next session of Congress.

About one half of a newspaper is occupied in publishing false reports and the other half in correcting them. Henry Giles, the lecturer, has not removed to Chicago, but is still a resident of Bucksport in this State.

**SAD.**—A lad, only 14 years of age was brought before the Police Court of Portland, last week, charged with being a common drunkard, and sent to the house of correction for 30 days.

**FIRE.**—The blacksmith shop of Wm. Burns, on Bald Hill, New Gloucester, was burned on Thursday night last, and during the fire, Mr. Burns dropped dead on the ground, of disease of the heart.

They have begun to enforce the nuisance act in Portland.

"Father Hills" is yet laboring, and very acceptably, too, in Penobscot county.

**JOHNSON'S BOOK MARK.**—A recent invention—one of those ingenious little contrivances that from their convenience soon come to rank among the indispensables. Their office is suggested by the name; and being quite pretty and made of a precious metal they are very appropriate for presents. They are for sale by Mr. Hawes, at his millinery and bonnet rooms, and as he has just returned from the city of notions, it would not be wonderful if he had many other attractive novelties, to show his friends and customers.

**MASONIC.**—At the Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Masons, for the State of Maine, at Portland, Tuesday, May 4th, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year:

Hiram Chase, of Belfast, Grand Master.  
J. H. Drummond, of Waterville, Deputy Grand Master.

Gustavus F. Sargent, of Bangor, Sen. Grand Warden.

S. B. Dockham, of Warren, Jun. Gr. Warden.

Moses Dodge, of Portland, Grand Treasurer.

Tracy Berry, of Portland, Grand Secretary.

Freeman Bradford, Abner B. Thompson, Joseph C. Stevens—Committee of Finance.

**THE LAST LINK IS BROKEN.**—If intoxicating liquors are not good for the bite of the rattlesnake, what on earth are they good for? Here is what the Mobile Tribune says of a whiskey remedy trial:

A private letter of the 15th ult., from the village of Longview, Ark., says: 'A poor man died here to-day from the bite of a rattlesnake. He was bitten yesterday about noon, and died this morning about 8 o'clock. Three pints of whiskey were given him when bitten, and I am of the opinion that it was the whiskey, instead of the snake, that killed him.'

**SMOKE FOR THE CURE OF WOUNDS.**—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman recommends smoke as a cure for wounds in men and animals. He says:

I cut my foot with an axe. The lady of the house, seizing the foot while it was yet bleeding freely, held it over a pan containing smoking tag-lacks. In a few minutes the bleeding stopped, and the smoke was removed, and a bandage applied to protect it from accidental blows. The wound never matured, and consequently, never pained me. I have seen this remedy tried in many similar cases, and always with the same results. Let the reader bear in mind that no liniment or salve, drawing or healing, should be applied. You have merely to smoke the wound well, and nature will do the rest.

I suppose the smoke of burning wood would produce the same results, but it would not be so manageable. There is a principle in the smoke of wood, which, when applied to flesh, coagulates the albumen, thus rendering it unsusceptible of putrefaction. The same principle stops bleeding by coagulating the blood. It promotes healing, and may be applied with decided benefit to almost all ulcers, wounds and cutaneous diseases. See Turner's Chemistry, by Leibig and Gregory, p. 1242.

**BRITISH OUTRAGES.**—A good deal of indignation is expressed at the recent visitations and searches of American vessels by British cruisers, in the vicinity of Cuba and its harbors. A meeting of shipmasters was held in New York on Saturday, at which arrangements were made for a mass meeting at the Exchange, and the President has demanded explanations of England and Spain. The Colorado, which left Norfolk on the 12th inst., has positive orders to the home squadron to stop these interferences with American shipping from any quarter whatever; so that, unless somebody backs down, there will be trouble.

Henry William Herbert, the well known author, committed suicide in New York, on Monday. Cause, domestic difficulties.

**A DEAR EXPERIENCE.** Mr. Sam'l Tucker, an elderly gentleman, from Belgrade, Me., on his first visit to Boston, and while taking a walk at the South end, one day last week, fell in with two agreeable men of a social nature. One of these was anxious to pay him \$20, and asked Mr. Tucker to change a \$100 bill for him, but Mr. Tucker said he had only \$16 with him. On reaching Joy's Building the pretended creditor said that if Mr. Tucker would let him take the \$16, he would step in to the building and arrange the matter. Mr. Tucker furnished the money, and waited outside until he was convinced that he was duped, and then laid his grievances before the police.

**THE REPORTED FLIGHT OF THE MORMONS.** The despatch in the New York Herald from Fort Leavenworth, announcing the flight of the Mormons from Salt Lake City, is not generally credited. No such advices have been received at Washington.

P. S. A despatch dated St. Louis, May 17th, confirms the intelligence that a number of leading Mormons had fled from Salt Lake City, of which Gov. Cummings had taken possession. The war therefore was, practically, at an end.

**FROM KANSAS—THE TROUBLES AT FORT SCOTT.**—St. Louis, May 17.—The Kickapoo correspondent of the Republican says that the bandits in the neighborhood of Fort Scott number 250, and are commanded by the notorious Captain Montgomery. They are thoroughly armed and mounted on fleet horses, and defy the U. S. troops, swearing that they will not be taken. Upwards of 150 families have been robbed and driven into Missouri.

**SLAVERY IN KENTUCKY.**—The Louisville Courier says there is now an extraordinary stampede of the slaves in that State. Negroes are daily escaping from their owners in startling numbers. They go off, one, two, three, or a dozen at a time. That paper attributes this unusual movement to the presence of numerous Abolitionists. It says, 'Black Republicans are as thick in those parts as wolves on a prairie. It is almost respectable to be a nigger-stealer.'

A correspondent of the New York Tribune says he feeds his bees with unbolted rye meal. They will tumble over each other in their eagerness to obtain the meal. He says that by using this feed, his swarms come out two months earlier than by any other feed which he can adopt.

No man should allow his newspaper bill to run more than a year. One year is easier to pay than two or more. Newspaper publishers are obliged to pay as they go, and it is unfair to deprive them of their just dues for months and years, as many thoughtless subscribers do, much to the trouble and inconvenience of publishers. A better way is to pay in advance.

[Exchange.]

**AN INDIAN SKELETON.**—A correspondent of the Rockland Democrat states that on Saturday last Augustus Vaughn, of South Union, while ploughing near the shore of Seventeen Pond, ploughed up the skeleton of what was apparently an Indian of some distinction in his time. All of the upper portion of his head, and one tooth in the upper jaw, the under jaw, with some four or five teeth, and several other bones, showed beyond a doubt that it was the remains of a human being. An Indian's axe, four copper rods about twelve inches in length, and the size of a pipe stem, and two arrow point, somewhat resembling the point of a butcher's knife, were also found deposited in the same place; there was also found what appeared to be the band of a cap for the head, ingeniously constructed, having a cord around it on the edge, and being fastened by an innumerable quantity of copper bolts about three-fourths of an inch in length, and about the size of a very small quill. In the early settlement of Union by the whites, it was known that the Indians had inhabited this part of the town, but it is presumed that no one living knows that they buried in that locality.

**SONS OF TEMPERANCE.**—The quarterly session of the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance of Maine, was held at Gorham Village on the 27th ult. The assembly took place in Masonic Hall, John B. Thurndike, G. W. P., presiding. Representatives were present from the various subordinate Divisions in the State. From the reports of the several officers, the Order was represented to be a flourishing condition. From the report of the Grand Scribe, it appeared that fourteen new Divisions had been formed; 371 members admitted during the term ending March 31st; number of lady visitors admitted 156; suspended 48; reinstated 8; whole number of members 1515; whole number of lady visitors 722; receipts, \$645.87. All the officers of the Grand Division were present, and it was voted to hold the next session at Boothbay. In the evening a Levee was given at Robie Hall, which was a happy gathering.

**HORRIBLE DEVELOPMENTS.**—The police of New York and Chicago traced the barrel of human remains which arrived in New York about a month since, by railroad from Chicago, to a Prussian about twenty-four years of age, named Henry Jumperitz. He was arrested, and tells a story full of heartlessness and depravity. The woman, whose remains were sent to New York by this man, was the wife of one Werner, a barber, who ran away from Chicago about two years since, leaving her destitute. Jumperitz became acquainted with her, consorted with her, and finally moved to Milwaukee with her, where she gave birth to a child. He came back to Chicago, and she against his wishes, followed him. The day after her arrival he found her hanging in his room, dead. He burned her clothing, cut her body to pieces and shipped it off in a barrel to New York. These are his statements. They are not credited, however, although it may not be possible to disprove them.

**THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.**—The London Times of the 29th ult. says: 'A preliminary expedition, if we may so term it, will start from this country about the middle of next month, when both the Agamemnon and Niagara will steam away into deep water, and then try a variety of experiments connected with submerging the cable, with a view of ascertaining practically the value of this new apparatus, and also how far some suggestions which have been made with regard to buoying it at intervals can be carried out. During this brief experimental cruise every known test which can be attempted to prove the efficiency of the paying-out machines, and those for under-running, &c., will be resorted to, and the result of the experience thus obtained applied to improving any defects which may exist in the apparatus, before the final starting of the expedition in June next.'

**THE DEATH OF AARON BURN'S DAUGHTER.**—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Enquirer, referring to the news item about the sailor dying in Texas, who confessed that he had been one of the pirates who had thrown overboard Mrs. Theodosia Alston, says:

'On reading this account I regarded it as a fiction, but, on conversing to-day with an officer of the navy, he assures me of its probable truth, and states that in one of his passages home some years ago, his vessel brought two pirates in irons, who were subsequently executed at Norfolk, for recent offences, and who before their execution, confessed that they had been members of the same crew, and participated in the murder of Mrs. Alston and her companions.'

**WEALTH AND HEALTH FOR THE WOMEN.**—Some one has remarked that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one had sprung up before, is a benefactor to his species. That is true, and on the same principle we may say that the inventor of a machine, which makes thousands of stitches, where by hand-work only a score or so were hitherto completed, deserves well of his country. But, though this invention is a blessing to all, it is to ladies that it is most valuable. What a world of labor and annoyance it saves them from! How many hours of pain are prevented, and how much extra time is afforded them in which they may improve or amuse their minds! Every domestic man must have grieved over the necessity imposed on his wife and daughters, of toiling at the needle; but that evil need exist no longer, for by the aid of GROVER & BAKER'S Sewing Machine, all needle and thread drudgery may be got rid of.

**INTEROCEANIC RAILROAD.**—A party of civil engineers has just returned from a survey of the route of the proposed Honduras Inter-oceanic railway, which they report to be extremely mountainous, though strangely enough, not presenting any engineering difficulties of moment. The summit is about 3000 feet above the level of the sea, yet the approach to it on either side is so gradual as to render the work easy. The survey has been made at the expense of the British joint stock company which proposes to build the road.

The Kennebec Journal says that the contractor for building the new jail in that city, Charles Webb, Esq., is pushing forward the work quite rapidly. The window frames to the main story are all set, and the stone more than half up their sides.

The brick lining to the walls and the brick cells, fully kept pace with the exterior work. The building, when completed, will make a fine appearance.

[Exchange.]

**ADVICE GRATIS.**—It should be the aim of a newspaper to become acquainted with the improvements and discoveries of the day, and to call the attention of its readers to all such as will be interesting and useful to them. In all such cases its conductors should feel as strictly bound in honor to speak in a candid and truthful manner, as if conversing with an intimate friend. We have heretofore recommended Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, and we now take occasion to repeat that we believe it of more importance to mothers and their children than any other discovery made by the profession in the last hundred years. A very large percentage of children annually die during the process of teething, and a very much larger number of those who survive are greatly debilitated or diseased, so that they grow up weak, both physically and mentally, and incapacitated both for study and labor. Now, we appeal with perfect confidence to thousands of mothers who will read this article, to corroborate our statement, when we say that no such fatal consequences as those we have alluded to, ever occur from teething, when Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is used in time.

We are pleased to know that thousands of ladies have acted upon our suggestion, and have thanked us for it. Still there are many thousands of mothers who read our paper, who, from prejudice against the flood of worthless nostrums that deluge the country, or from neglect, have not availed themselves of the benefits of this most invaluable remedy. To such, we wish to say—this syrup is the result of thirty years experience of one of the best female physicians the world ever produced: and is just the remedy needed by every mother who has a child teething. It softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays all pain and spasmodic action, corrects acidity of the stomach, and regulates the bowels. Moreover, we assure every mother it is perfectly safe—no possible harm can come of its use, according to the directions which accompany each bottle. We speak thus confidently, from the fact that very many of our most valued friends have made use of it for years, and we have witnessed the most happy results from its use, in hundreds of cases. If you never before had faith in a female physician, our word for it, you will have, after using the Soothing Syrup. Try it. Twenty-five cents will purchase a bottle. It is, therefore, within reach of the poor as well as the rich.

[New York Ladies' Visitor.]

Henry Ward Beecher is great at taking up collections. At the old John Street church, on one occasion, they wanted to make an extra raise. Mr. Beecher eloquently addressed the new converts, and finally asked those who had experienced religion in that church to hold up their right hand. Nearly all the right hands were raised instantaneously up. 'Now,' says Mr. Beecher, 'put that hand in your pocket when the plate is passed round.'

**Sick Headache or Debility.**—Of the many remedies offered for these complaints, none can be found so reliable as the Oxygenated Bitters. They produce the most agreeable and invigorating effects. They cure Dyspepsia.

**OPEN THE CELLARS.**—Yes, let the cellar have a good airing in every corner—root-bins, and every spot where vegetable matter of any sort may have been. If there is a damp or mouldy spot anywhere, clear it out; keep up a ventilation several days and then whitewash it, sill and post, side walls and ceiling. The cellar is generally the part of the house where the master of the house holds undisputed sway, and here he ought to set an example of neatness, cleanliness and order that will not only be a comfort in itself, but a practical lesson. How often is it otherwise! A heap of leaves that have dropped from decaying cabbages, rotten vegetables of various sorts, rotten boards and rails, old barrels, rusty brine, fish and pork casks, and a thousand and one things are so apt to crowd the corners, and skulking in darkness breed disease in the household, afford nests for vermin, and are no more touched than would be a nest of tumble-beds. Don't let this remain to another day; at any rate the first rainy day, go with barrow and shovels, and brooms, and finally whitewash, and make a renovation. [Homestead.]

**OFFICIAL INTERFERENCE WITH THE U. S. MAILS.**—The progress of Republicanism in Missouri netless Buchanan exceedingly, and he is contriving ways to check it. The Postmaster at St. Louis, against whose appointment Col. Benton so earnestly protested as 'not fit to be made,' declines to deliver the public documents which Mr. Blair sends to his constituents, but throws them aside in the basement of the Post-office, and other nooks and corners. This trick of preventing the people from reading what is sent them by the proper channels and in a proper way, is shameful and contemptible to the last degree, and is entirely characteristic of the officials of modern Plantation Democracy. It is of a piece with the destruction of the printing presses in Kansas, the opposition to the Kansas Investigating Committee in the House. Modern Democracy flourishes only where truth, reason, and good principles are excluded. They seek darkness and ignorance rather than light because their deeds are evil.

**THE PERILS OF PHONOGRAPHY.**—The art of phonographic reporting is the best ever invented, but nevertheless sometimes leads to mistakes. Not long since, a member of Congress made a speech, quoting Latin—'Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato est, sed major veritas,' (Socrates is my friend, Plato is my friend, but truth is much more my friend.) This appeared next day in the report as follows: 'I may cuss Socrates, I may cuss Plato, and I may cuss Veritas!'

On another occasion, Senator Bright had something to say about his constituents and 'actual settlers'; Mr. Bright was astonished next day to see his constituents referred to as 'cattle stealers,' 'actual settlers,' and 'cattle stealers' being represented by the same sign in phonographic writing.

Col. M. W. Delahay, who ought to know the people of Kansas, writes to the Chicago Tribune that they will reject the English bribe, with almost entire unanimity. He says: 'As much as it is desired by the people of Kansas to find the end of the federal misrule and executive opposition in the territory, it seems to me that it would be far better to remain out of the Union twenty years, or never come in, and never obtain an acre of land, than to consent to the terms tendered by the bill.'

The latest definition of popular sovereignty as declared in the passage of the Reconstruction bill, is that a slave State may come in with any amount of population; but that a free State must not come in with less than the representative ratio. This is now the democratic doctrine, promulgated at the White House, and assented to by the democratic majority in both branches of Congress. We shall see how the people will take it. [Providence Journal.]

If political government is not more oppressive now than formerly, it is certainly doubtless as oppressive as it ever was.



