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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 06): August 28, 1851

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper... Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1851.

No. 6.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

No. 3, 1-2, Double Block, Main Street.

Price in Advance, for six months, \$1.50.

if paid within six months, 1.75.

if paid within the year, 2.00.

Most kinds of Country Produce, taken in pay.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S CLOCK.

Ancient, worn, yet still as steady,

Thou art the old clock in the corner,

With a slow and solemn tone,

Every hour it wakes the stillness

Of that lonely, quiet room,

By its deep voice, sadly tolling,

Fleeting moments to their tomb.

It has watched the sports of children,

In the merry summer time,

When the hour of play was measured

By the gleaming of the garden,

Then they went, and wreaths around it,

Thinking not 'till morn'g had dawned,

When, as changing, all its blossoms

Its light footsteps too were gone.

Years like shadows came and faded,

Round that brightly glowing hearth,

And the old clock counted away

Hours of youthful grief and mirth.

Then the leaves began to wither

On the cherished household tree,

First the green, and then the yellow,

From life's weary chains was free.

Then another one whose spirit

Burned with an intense fire,

Wreathing ever sweet her music

With her richly gifted lyre.

One, too, on the organ's keyboard,

One for whom they waited long;

Never more his voice was echoed

His own native hills among.

And after 'mid careless strangers,

Faded like a sweet spring flower,

One the gayest of the garden,

That adorned that household bow,

But the old clock watched and plodded,

With the same unchanging tone.

That the heart of the old man,

As they parted one by one.

It has led, in its own way,

Of that home so deep of yore;

In its halls, all still shadows,

That will melt to light no more;

And within the old man's chamber,

Nothing seems so deeply lone.

As the old clock tolling sadly

For the loved of days long gone.

Ancient, worn, and solemn watcher,

Canst thou like a living thing,

Look upon the agonizing changes

Which the years in silence bring?

Never thinking, never pausing,

Avoid time's remorseless blight,

To call back forgotten visions

In the dreary hours of night?

O, when all around was sleeping,

Thou dost start a clatter through;

All the loved and lost returning

With their former light and song;

Thou dost start the old man's chamber,

Of the melancholy past,

Come the dim, mysterious shadows,

Of the hours too bright to last.

INEZ.

MISCELLANY.

TOM TRIANGLE,

Or Love and Economy.

TOM TRIANGLE was my chum at College.

He was for the most part, a clever, good-humored fellow, though somewhat less addicted to learning than gin and jokes. Often do the merry hours that we have spent together come back to me in the face—not pale and ghost-like, but fresh and breathing, with pleasant smiles—come and dance around me with their quips and cranks, and uproarious laughs, with the odors of fragrant Havanas floating in their yellow locks, and now and then gliding shining through clouds of smoke, the faces of some tutor or professor gleaming with mortal indignation.

But *non sine vitio*—there was one exception to Tom's good humor. He would suffer a joke on his name. Truly it was an unfortunate name; and as Bill Weston said, "nothwithstanding well written, nor sounded well spoken, besides being nearly as dangerous to alter as those nine-corned Dutch oats that came near choking William the Testy." Upon other subjects, even though at his own expense, his laugh was free and hearty; but whenever his name was the text, Tom growled and looked wolfish. It was evidently a sore subject for him, but exactly why, none knew. (He was so well liked that this singular humor was generally respected. But one day, a classmate, more waggy than wise, tapping him on the shoulder, said—)

"Tom, I've a problem for you."

"State it," says my chum.

"If the three angles of a right-angled triangle are equal to two right angles, what are the three angles of a Tom Triangle equal to?"

"Sir," said my chum, "if you must equal your investigation so far beyond the books, I'll demonstrate a Tom Triangle at a distance of ten miles."

He did so, and the curious youth sacrificed finger to the cause of science.

It's a villainous world, said Tom.

"Heaven help you," replied I; "you are certainly losing your senses, and uttering rank treason against beauty."

"Without the smile from partial beauty won, for Oh, what were man's world without a sun?"

"Think of that, Tom, and repent!"

"All nonsense," said my still excited chum.

"Eve, the first woman, put her foot in the fountain of human happiness, and stirred up such a damned quantity of mud that it hasn't run clear to this day; and if every woman since has not done her duty to perpetuate the mischief, then I'm a rotten herring."

"Quoting, eh?—a good sign," by Jove. (It argues a return of sanity.) Come, my Romeo, said I, sit down and cleanse your stuffed bosom by confession."

"A well, be it so," said Tom, quite meekly.

"I confess, Ned, that I was a little excited, but your random shot struck me in a very tender place."

Here Tom slapped his hand upon that portion of his jacket which might be supposed to cover his heart.

"Fool! laugh off your sorrows, Tom, if you have any." Democritus was a greater philosopher than Socrates or Plato. But your story," said I, "lets have cold water on the fire of love, which raised such a smoke in your kitchen."

"Ned, pass those cigars."

"Tom lit a Havana, whiffed a minute in profound silence, looked a little foolish, and commenced."

"My love began, as did this cigar, in fire, and ended, as it will, in smoke."

"Bah! don't get sentimental, Tom—let's have the facts."

"Permit me to remind you of the advice you gave me just a minute since. Ned; calm yourself."

"A hit, Tom—but proceed."

"Before entering college, I officiated as teacher in the academy of a pleasant village in Connecticut, called West Hartford. All these village academies were attended by both boys and girls. Among those favored with my learned instruction was Lizzie Temple—the most bewitching girl I ever saw. She was just seventeen, overflowing with merriment, tall and charmingly developed in everything that makes up maiden beauty. Her fingers looked like ivory tooth-picks for Apollo, her nose and her forehead were Grecian, or as nearly so as anything Saxon ever approaches it; her face was full of expression—a little wicked too, sometimes, and slightly brumete in complexion; her hair fell in thick jetty ringlets upon her shoulders, like a beautiful drapery furnished by the gods, for charms, that, fully seen, might drive me to madness; her eyes were black and voluptuous, and her lips!

Oh!

"In their rosy labyrinth, when she smiled, The soul was lost!"

"Take a glass of ice water, Tom."

"No, be silent."

"Excuse me, Tom—but I thought the suggestion opportune."

"Well, Ned, I loved her madly, and it was deemed hard work to keep the pupils from finding it out. A fellow who can be passionately in love, and never suffer it to appear in motion or in feature, with his charmer always before him, had better take to diplomacy. He has in him the elements of a Dallyrand. But I was not alone in this. One of the boys in the Latin class had the impertinence to be particularly sweet to Lizzie. He was always by her side out of the school, and when, looking over his books, confabulating 'amo' with his eyes. He delighted me one day by violating some rule in school, and the way I pitched into him would have furnished at least a chapter to one investigating the philosophy of punishment. Hang me, Ned, if I ever fogged a fellow with such hearty good will."

"Of course, I felt a great interest in the progress of Lizzie, and was often at her desk mending her pens, or leaning over her shoulder, my face almost in contact with her love-provoking lips, apparently to examine her writing, or in aiming her to demonstrate some problem in Geometry; and then when her sweet breath stole over my cheek, and her young bosom, straining against her bodice, rose and fell before me, like a bark on the silver sea of love, I—"

"Kissed her, Tom!"

"Ned, you're vexatious."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed I.

"The Temples, her parents, were very polite to me, and had been known to say I was a very promising young man, only a little too gay, and fond of worldly vanities—such as dress, girls, &c. Of course, I reciprocated their good feelings, and exclaimed in all sincerity, *Temple quare delecta*; especially, when they invited me to tea, or offered me a seat in their pew, and so gave me a chance of sitting with Lizzie. Her father, Squire Temple, was a clever old soul with a nose *long queue*; the principal business of which seemed to be to support a long pair of iron rimmed spectacles, and kept the place like a school-boy's finger whenever he read the statutes of his litigious neighbors. I went frequently to his home, and spent the evening—drank his cider, praised his pippins, discussed the weather, neighbor's quarrels, and the last sermon, till he fell asleep; and then talked, laughed, pulled candy, and played fox and geese with Lizzie, while—"

"Ah, Tom, you played fox in another matter, while old Temple was snoring—and you knowed it?"

"Ned, you're insufferable. By the immortal Jove! if you interrupt me again, I'm off for the Lyceum, and you may fill up the story at your leisure."

"I saw I was goading him to madness, and exclaimed, 'I beg pardon, Tom—go on.'"

"I was in a sad pickle, Ned. My passion for Lizzie, fed by the daily sight of her beauty, and girlish grace, swelled like a creek after a January thaw; but it had no outlet. It would not do to be teacher and lover, and let the boys know it—particularly the one I fogged. I had nothing to do but to look and love, and long, and long, and keep my mouth shut. O, Tantalus! said I, with a tolerably acute appreciation of his doom. Ned was you ever in love?"

"I was, did you ever experience, not the whining, wheezing, petty, gossiping passion, but the real, high-topped, high-minded, devoted affection?"

"Ahem! yes, Tom—that is, I have had a little conflict with the tyrant Cupid. I have worshipped at the shrine of beauty, and had my heart bent and bewildered like a storm-stricken reed in December! but it is only fifteen minutes to seven, and we must go to the Club. I will tell you my story hereafter—go on."

"I see, Ned, that you can appreciate the finale of my adventure, and will tell you all. Oh, Tantalus! victim of eternal thirst, looking forever with parched mouth and burning eyeball upon water, cool, inviting, bubbling up to the very lips—here's a fellow, to match these. Thou art miserable, unquestionably, but just let the gods take away this water and put Lizzie Temple in its place, with like restrictions, and I reckon you would not make much by the change! Hang me, Ned, if I don't think he would lose by it. Love is an unfortunate thing when once it gets into a fellow and can't get out. If those unucky swine, into whom the devils entered of old, felt half as bad as I did, I don't wonder they cut for the sea. I believe the only thing that saved me from a straight jacket, was the certainty that a few months would close the infant school, and give me a chance to worship freely at the shrine of this beautiful Temple."

"That time came at last," said Tom, with a most exhilarating expression, in which the pathetic, the dismal and the reckless were blended. "The term closed, and I was as happy, Ned, as a French prisoner, breaking from the old Bastille into sunlight and liberty. No sooner had the last scholar disappeared through the door with his green satchel slung over his shoulder, than I leaped to the middle of the floor and broke into a hornpipe that would have beaten the witches in 'Alloway's old haunted kirk.' The sweet hope of winning Lizzie so long repressed, aeted upon me like a draught of ether and faith. I am inclined to think I was about the same thing."

"Two evenings afterwards I took a walk with Lizzie. We sauntered through the village, and into the park; and there, beneath the stars and the moonlight, I told her my earnest passionate love. I forgot exactly what I said, but it was tender, I'm sure; and more than that, it was truthful, for I loved her as tenderly as Abelard did his Eloise. At that time I never expected to smile again if she said 'No.' Well, Ned, and then I ventured the ugly question. Oh, how it stuck in my throat—Never will I forget that moment!"

Here Tom's voice grew husky, and beads of perspiration began to appear on his forehead. There was a convulsive twitching too about his eyes and the corners of his mouth, when, after looking a minute or so in profound silence at his boots, he turned to me and said,

"What do you think her reply was, Ned?"

"Couldn't guess, Tom; probably she intimated that she was too young to marry; or perhaps she wished to examine a few more gods before she made a selection."

"No, you could not guess it, Ned; no man could guess it. 'Twas a piece of unwomanlike cruelty. She—"

Tom was getting much excited—much excited.

"She said, with a heartless laugh that rings in my ears yet, that she never liked geometry, and thought it would be exceedingly dull to be all one's life—*demonstrating Triangles!*"

"The next morning I found myself in bed, but when I went or how I came there I never knew. There was a panel out of the door, a broken chair in the middle of the room, my boots in the middle of my bed, the washbowl turned upside down for a pillow, and my very best broadcloth coat hanging on the candle for an extinguisher. Three months after she married that young scoundrel whom I fogged so soundly for loving her."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, forgive me Tom, for—ha, ha!"

"Ned, said Tom, with a melancholy smile, 'Ned, pass those cigars, and let's go to the Club.'"

The "Lucky" Farmer.

The word "lucky" has many applications and is used in a variety of senses. It is frequently synonymous with "successful," it being impossible with many minds to imagine any other cause for success than what they are pleased to term luck, or chance, or fortune. Does a merchant succeed in his business, and come to wealth and prosperity—though he may have been for long years, silently and unobserved, toiling early and late, managing his affairs with the greatest skill, prudence and integrity—he is a "lucky" man. Fortune has smiled upon him. Providence has prospered him. This is all true; but not in the sense meant.

Does a mechanic succeed in his trade—he has been in his shop constantly; plied his business with unflagging industry; kept his promises to his customers; availed himself of all new discoveries relating to business, and after many years spent unnoticed he is discovered to be wealthy. The fact attracts attention that he is a benevolent giving man. In fact the community look up to him. The wonder is soon started—how came this man so rich? Oh, he has been a lucky man.

A farmer is discovered to have been very successful; and his comforts multiply about him, and the evidences of success appear in the yearly improvements on his farm, in his buildings, and in the education and good behavior of his family, the truth flashes on the minds of his neighbors that he is a very lucky man.

The farmer whose domain is in some degree above delineated is one of these lucky men. He is always prosperous from the beginning; although many are richer than he, and many out a larger swell in the eyes of the public, few live more comfortably, enjoy more real happiness, or are more useful where they live.

Our friend is now about fifty years of age, or perhaps a little less, though his hair is decidedly of the sort known as "silver grey."

He began his life on his own account, "poor." His parents' blessing, a fair common school education, two suits of homespun clothes, three or four books—the best of books inclusive, and two dollars in money, were his capital at twenty-one. He "hired out," a couple of years till he got a little ahead; and then bought his farm, mostly on credit, fitted up a log house, got a few tools, a team, and a few animals, and was ready to begin. He married Miss Jerusha Quill, a farmer's daughter, whose advantages and outfit just about corresponded with his own. She had never studied French, couldn't dance the polka, and as for piano music, she had never heard any but once, when she said a night in town at Mr. Snip's. But she had good health, good judgment, and a full supply of a much unconsidered article—common sense.

These our friends got started. They had a somewhat wild farm to subdue, few roads or other public improvements near them, and lit-

tle to do with common demands of the neighborhood. In such circumstances, the lucky man has made gradual advances. He has managed to finish up the year a little better than he began it; though a hail storm once crossed his farm as his grain was getting ripe and so damaged his crops that it was pretty hard to make "the ends of the year meet" for that time; and once an epidemic sickness destroyed the prosperity of the neighborhood, and that of his family inclusive; that business ran considerably behind once more.

The lucky man has never made any great speculations of any sort. He never seems to have had any plans for sudden or rapid wealth—indeed nobody has once noticed that he thought anything about getting rich at all. But whatever he has undertaken seems some how or other to have succeeded. Many things, however, which his neighbors have tried, he has been noticed to have left alone. When Roben potatoes came around, his neighbor Snyder purchased four bushels at \$15 per bushel. The lucky man bought only one potato, for which he paid twenty-five cents, by way of having the seed if the sort should prove so very fine. The China tree corn never excited him a great deal. He utterly refused to give a dollar an ear for it, an expense easily saved him, since the neighbor Snyder paid at that rate per bushel. Berkshire pigs he thought much better of; and procured a goodly pair of shoats, the stock of which he has yet in considerable purity. Some of this breed in his pen have weighed repeatedly as heavy as 450 pounds at eighteen months. When the California fever broke out and all the world got crazy about it, he merely remarked that he thought he "shouldn't go;" and though he expressed no unwillingness that his sons—two of whom were grown—should try it if they wished, they stay at home.—[Prairie Farmer.

Horace Greely was a Boy.

The Boston Mail thus refers to Horace Greely, when an apprentice in a country printing office in Vermont:

"On a visit connected with political matters, to the Hon. Rollin C. Mallory, then one of the most distinguished members of Congress, and the most able champion of the 'American System,' we went with him into an obscure printing office, at Poutney, Vermont, his place of residence. Among other things, he called our attention to a young compositor, who was rather awkwardly 'sticking types,' and who, though then full grown, was evidently the youngest apprentice in the office. His legs ran a good deal more 'than a feet' through his pantaloons—the sleeves of his coat scarcely reached below his elbows—his hair was very white and flaxen, and he was, on the whole, in the aggregate, taken separately and together, the greenest looking specimen of humanity we ever looked at—and this is saying a good deal for 'we keep a looking glass.' That boy," said Mr. Mallory, "will make a remarkable man; I can't hold an argument with him on Masonry, or anything else connected with politics." As Mr. M. was considered one of the ablest men in Congress, his remark caused us some surprise; and we not only made a note of it, but took another look at the 'devil' (printer, we mean) and could not but trace in the expansive forehead—a mind formed in nature's finest mold, and wrought for immortality." It was years afterwards that we became aware of the fact that that boy was Horace Greely.

"MONET, THE WORST KIND." A book auctioneer, a few evenings since, commenced his sale by offering a small lot of second hand books, part of a private library. Amongst the volumes was a large octavo copy of Johnson's Dictionary. "Now, gentlemen," said the auctioneer, "what bid for this? It's just as good as new, and cost five dollars. What's bid?"

"Three dollars bid?—two fifty—two dollars?"

"Why, gentlemen, this cost two dollars to bind. Will nobody bid the price of binding? One seventy-five—one fifty—no twenty-five—one dollar? Now it's no use for this crowd to stand with their mouths open, and no bids coming out. You must bid, and there's no get off no how. Not one dollar? Well now, I tell you right straight up and down, that you have got to bid! The book must be sold."

"The owner wouldn't sell it for less than four dollars, if he wasn't obliged to; but the fact is he wants money the *worst kind*; so it's no use to come the artful dodge; you must bid."

"This appeal was followed by a bid of one dollar. 'Thank you,' said the auctioneer; 'one dollar, one dollar, one dollar—no advance, gentlemen? One dollar, one dollar—going, going—going—gone!' I shall sell nothing so cheap to-night, I tell you. Who's the bidder?"

"Bill," said one of the crowd, handing up a cash, on which the auctioneer gazed for a moment with evident dissatisfaction. Then transferring his gaze to the bidder, he exclaimed—"What do you call this?" "Call it," said the latter, "a one dollar bill."

"Well, I call it," said the auctioneer, "a worthless scrap of paper, issued by the Bangor Globe Bank, that busted all to pieces years ago, and you know it."

"To be sure I do," said the bidder, coolly, "but as you said the owner of the book wanted money the *worst kind*, I thought that would suit him to a charm."

NO MAN'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN. No man's enemy but his own happens generally to be the enemy of everybody with whom he is in relation. The leading quality which goes to make this character, is a reckless improvidence and a selfish pursuit of selfish enjoyments, independent of all consequences. No man's enemy but his own runs rapidly through his means, calls in a friendly way on his friends for bonds, bail, and securities, involves his nearest kin, leaves his wife a beggar, and quarters his orphans upon the public; and after having enjoyed himself to the last guinea, entails a life of dependence upon his progeny, and dies in the odor of that ill-merited reputation of harmless folly, which is more injurious to society than many positive crimes.

Lady Morgan.

THE ARGUMENTS OF THE SWORD. Mr. Greely writes from Italy:

"I really cannot see how the despotic government, shackled, uneducated nations are ever to be liberated under the guidance of peace societies and their world's convention; and horrible as all war is and ever must be, I deem a few battles a lesser evil than the perpetuity of such mental and physical bondage as is now endured by twenty millions of Italians. When the peace society shall have per-

suaded the Emperor Nicholas or Francis Joseph to disband his armies and rely for the support of his government on its intrinsic justice and inherent moral force, I shall be ready to enter its ranks; but while despotism, fraud and wrong are triumphantly upheld by force, I do not see how freedom, justice and progress can safely disclaim and repudiate the only weapons that tyrants fear—the only arguments they regard."

Influence of the Sabbath on Productive Labor.

1. By affording a needed weekly rest injurious exhaustion is prevented, and the refreshed and invigorated laborer can renew his work to accomplish more than he could have done without such a day of rest.

2. The honored Sabbath's influences are hostile to all those vicious indulgences which waste the strength of laboring men and diminish their power of endurance in their work.

3. The Sabbath most powerfully enforces all the principles of temperance and sobriety, and encourages all those virtues which animate the mind; and which, through the mind's cheerfulness and elasticity, invigorate and strengthen the body.

4. The well-kept Sabbath produces that illumination of conscience and strength of moral principle which ensures faithfulness in laboring men, and therefore gives greater value to their labor.

5. Sabbath influences produce a public sentiment which makes idleness, shameful and odious, and by diminishing its amount, augments the quantity of productive labor.

6. One of the ablest medical gentlemen thus writes: "I have a firm belief that Sabbath-keeping people are able to do more work, and do it in a better manner, in six days, than if they worked the whole seven. The breathing of the pure and sublime atmosphere of a religious Sabbath refreshes and invigorates the spirit. It forms an epoch in our existence, from which we receive a new impulse, and thus constitutes the best preparation for the labors of the following week."

7. Nothing can be clearer, therefore, than that it is for the interest of all who employ the labor of others, to use their best influence to cause all employed by them to "Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy."

German Agricultural Economy.

The habits of the German peasant are a most worthy example to almost every other nation. True economy and industry are proverbial. A most graphic and interesting sketch of German life is given by William Howitt, which we transcribe, both for the amusement and instruction of our readers.

Each German has his house, his orchard, his roadside trees, so laden with fruit that if he did not carefully prop up, and tie together, and in many places hold the boughs together with wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight. He has his corn plot, his plot of mangel-wurzel or hay, for potatoes, for hemp, &c. He is his own master, and he, therefore, and every branch of his family, have the strongest motives for constant exertion. You see the effect of this industry and instruction of our readers.

In Germany nothing is lost. The produce of the trees and the cows is carried to market. Much fruit is dried for winter use. You see wooden trays for plums, cherries, and sliced apples, lying in the sun-dry.

You see the strings of them hanging from their chamber windows in the sun. The cows are kept up for the greater part of the year, and every green thing is collected for them. Every little river, the brook, is carefully cut with the sickle, and carried home, on the heads on women and children, in baskets, or tied in large cloths. Nothing of any kind, that can possibly be of any use, is lost. Weeds, nettles, &c., the very coarse grass which covers waste places is cut up and taken for the cows. You see the children standing in the streets of the villages, in the streams, which generally run down them, busy washing these weeds before they are given to the cattle. They carefully collect the leaves of the marsh-grass—carefully cut their potato tops for them, and even, if other things fail, gather green leaves from the woodland. One cannot help thinking of the enormous wastes of such things in England—of the vast quantities of grass on banks, by roadsides, in the openings of plantations, in lanes, in church-yards, where grass from year to year, springs and dies, but which if carefully cut, would maintain many thousand cows of the poor.

To pursue still further this subject of German economy—the very cuttings of the vines are dried and preserved for winter fodder. The tops and refuse of the hemp serve as bedding for the cows; nay, even the rough stalks of the poppies, after the heads have been gathered for oil, are saved, and all these are converted into manure for the lands. When these are not sufficient, the children are sent into the woods to gather moss, and all readers familiar with Germany, will remember to have read of them coming homeward with large bundles of this on their heads. In autumn the falling leaves are gathered and stacked for the same purpose. The fringes, which with us lie and rot in the forest, are carefully collected and sold for lighting fires.

In short, the economy and care of the German peasant are an example to all Europe. He has for years—nay ages, been doing that, as regards agricultural management, to which the British public is just beginning to open its eyes.

Time also, is as carefully economized as everything else. They are early risers, as may well be conceived, when the children, many of whom come from considerable distances, are in school at six in the morning. As they tend their cattle or their swine, the knitting never ceases, and hence the quantity of stockings and household things which they accumulate, is astonishing.

MADAME BOGARET (says the Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas) has quitted Paris, and gone to visit the exhibition at the Crystal Palace. She has been a great favorite during her stay here. She stayed at the Hotel de Ventador, where numberless calls were made upon her, all of which she declined receiving, except those of two or three of her fellow country people, much to the annoyance of a great many Parisians, who pressed to

and a pair of voluminous corduroy trousers, of the color of brown soap, over which were drawn a pair of fisherman's boots, that reached nearly to his knees. His waistcoat and his trousers were apparently not upon very intimate terms, for though they travelled together, the latter were taught to feel their subjection, but when they lagged too far behind, they were brought to their place by a jerk of impatience that threatened their very existence. He had a thick, matted head of black hair, and a pair of whiskers that disdained the effeminacy of either scissor or razor, and revelled in all the exuberant and wild profusion of nature. His countenance was much weather-beaten from constant exposure to the vicissitudes of heat and cold, but it was open, good-natured and manly. Such was my client. He advanced and shook me cordially by the hand. "Glad to see you, sir," he said; "you are welcome to Plymouth. My name is John Barkins; I dare say you have often heard of me, for every body knows me in these parts. And any one will tell you what sort of a man John Barkins is. That's me—that's my name, do you see. I am a persecuted man, lawyer; but I ain't altogether quite run down yet, neither. I have a case in court; I dare say Mr. Robins has told you of it. He is a very clever man, old Billy, and as smart a chap of his age as you will see anywhere a most. I suppose you have heard of him before, for everybody knows William Robins in these parts. It's the most important case, sir, ever tried in this county. If I lose it, Plymouth is done. There's an end to the fisheries, and a great many of us are going to sell off and quit the country."

I will not detail his cause to you in his own words, because it will fatigue you as it wearied me in hearing it. It possessed no public interest whatever, though it was of some importance to himself as regarded the result. It appeared that he had fitted out a large vessel for the Labrador fishery, and taken with him a very full crew, who were to share in the profits or loss of the adventure. The agreement, which was a verbal one, was, that on the completion of the voyage the cargo should be sold, and the net proceeds be distributed in equal portions, one half to appertain to the captain and vessel, and the other half to the crew, and to be equally divided among them. The undertaking was a disastrous one, and on their return the seamen repudiated the bargain and sued him for wages. It was, therefore, a very simple affair, being a mere question of fact as to the partnership, and that depending on the evidence. Having ascertained these particulars, and inquired into the nature of the proof by which his defence was to be supported, and given him his instructions, I bowed to him in a manner too significant to be misunderstood. He, however, still lingered in the room, and turning his hat round and round several times, examining the rim very carefully, as if at a loss to discover the front from the back part of it, he looked up at last, and said—

"Lawyer, I have a favor to ask of you."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"There is a man," he replied, "coming agin me to-morrow as a witness, and he does know a considerable some I must say; but, do you know him? I caught fish afore he was born, and knew more about fishing than all the Lillums of Plymouth put together. Will you just ask him one question?"

"Yes, fifty if you like."

"Well, I only want you to try him with one, and that will choke him. Ask him if he knows 'how many fins a cod has, at a word?'"

"What has that got to do with the cause?" I said with unfeigned astonishment.

"Every thing, sir," he answered, "every thing in the world. If he is come to give his opinion on other men's business, the best way is to see if he knows his own. Tarnation, man! he don't know a cod-fish when he sees it; if he does he can tell you 'how many fins it has, at a word.' It is a great catch that. I have won a great many half-pints of brandy on it. I never knew a feller that could answer that question yet, right off the reel."

He then explained to me, that in the examination one small fin was always omitted by those who had not previously made a minute examination.

"Now, sir," said he, "if he can't cipher out that question (and I'll go a hoghead of rum on it he can't), turn him right out of the box, and tell him to go a voyage with old John Barkins—that's me, my name is John Barkins—and he will learn him his trade. Will you ask him that question, lawyer?"

"Certainly," I said, "if you wish it."

"You will gain the day then, sir," he continued, much elated; "you will gain the day then as sure as fate. Good-by, lawyer."

When he had nearly reached the foot of the staircase, I heard him returning, and opening the door he looked in and said—

"You won't forget, will you? My name is John Barkins; ask anybody about here, and they will tell you who I am, for everybody knows John Barkins in these parts. The other man's name is Lillum, a very decent, responsible-looking man, too; but he don't know every thing. Take him up all short. 'How many fins has a cod, at a word?' says you. If you can lay him on the broad of his back with that question, I don't care a farthing if I lose the case. It's a great satisfaction to nonplush a knowin' one in that way. You know the question?"

"Yes, yes," I replied, impatiently. "I know all about it."

"You do, do you, sir?" said he, shutting the door behind him, and advancing towards me, and looking me steadily in the face; "you do, do you?" "Then how many fins has a cod, at a word?"

I answered as he had instructed me.

"Gad, sir," he said, "it's a pity your father hadn't made a fisherman of you, for you know more about a cod now than any man in Plymouth but one, old John Barkins—that's me, my name is John Barkins. Everybody knows me in these parts. Bait your hook with that question, and you'll catch old Lillum, I know. As soon as he is in his gills, drag him right out of the water. Give him no time to play in with him, and whap him on the deck; hit him hard over the head, it will make him open his mouth, and your hook is ready for another catch."

"Good night, Mr. Barkins," I replied; "call on me in the morning. I am fatigued now."

"Good night, sir," he answered; "you won't forget?"

Dinner was now announced, and my friend Mr. Robins and myself sat down to it with an excellent appetite. Having done ample justice to the good cheer of Mrs. Brown, and finished our wine, we drew up to the fire, which at that season of the year was most acceptable in the morning and evening, and smoked our cigars. Robins had so many good stories, and told them so uncommonly well, that it was late before we retired to rest. Instead of being shown into the bed-room I had temporarily occupied in changing my dress before dinner, I was ushered into a long, low room, fitted up on either side with berths, with a locker running round the base, and in all respects, except the skylight, resembling a cabin. Strange as it appeared, it was in keeping with the place (a fishing port),

its population, and the habits of the people. Mrs. Brown, the landlady, was the widow of a sea-faring man, who had, no doubt, fitted up the chamber in this manner to economize room, and thus accommodate as many passengers (as he would designate his guests) as possible in this sailor's home. A lamp hung suspended from the ceiling, and appeared to be supplied and trimmed for the night, so as to afford easy access and egress at all hours. It was almost impossible not to imagine one's self at sea, on board of a crowded coasting packet. Retreat was impossible, and therefore I made up my mind at once to submit to this whimsical arrangement for the night, and having undressed myself, was about to climb into the vacant berth near the door, when some one opposite called out—

"Lawyer, is that you?"

"It was my old tormentor the skipper. Upon ascertaining who it was, he immediately got out of bed, and crossed over to where I was standing. He had nothing on but a red night-cap, and a short, loose, check shirt, wide open at the neck and breast. He looked like a huge bear walking upon his hind legs, he was so hairy and shaggy. Seizing me by the shoulders, he clasped me tightly round the neck, and whispered—

"How many fins has a cod, at a word?" That's the question. You won't forget it, will you?"

"No," I said, "I not only will not forget it to-morrow, but I shall recollect you and your advice as long as I live. Now let me get some rest, or I shall be unable to plead your cause for you, as I am exceedingly fatigued and drowsy."

"Certainly, certainly," he said, "turn in, but don't forget the catch."

It was some time before the hard bed, the fatigues of the journey, and the novelty of the scene permitted me to compose myself for sleep; and just as I was dropping off into a slumber, I heard the same unwelcome sounds,

"Lawyer, lawyer, are you asleep?"

I affected not to hear him, and after another ineffectual attempt on his part to rouse me, he desisted; but I heard him mutter to himself—

"Plague take the serpent! he'll forget it and lose all; a fellow that falls asleep at the helm ain't fit to be trusted no how."

In the morn when I awoke, the first objects that met my eye were the Bandanna handkerchief, the red waistcoat and blue coat, while a good-natured face watched over me with all the solicitude of a parent for the first moments of wakefulness.

"Lawyer, are you awake?" said Barkins.—"This is the great day—the greatest day Plymouth ever saw! We shall know now whether we are to carry on the fisheries, or to give them up to the Yankees. Everything depends upon that question; for Heaven's sake don't forget it!—'How many fins has a cod, at a word?'"

It is very late now. It is eight o'clock, and the court meets at ten, and the town is full.—All the folks from Chebogue, and Jeggogin, and Salmon River, and Beaver River, and Eel Brook, and Polly Crosby's Hole, and the Gut, and the Devil's Island, and Ragged Island, and far and near, are come. It's a great day and a great catch. I never lost a bet on it yet. You may win many a half-pint of brandy on it, if you won't forget it!

"Do go away and let me dress myself!" I said, petulently. "I won't forget you."

"Well, I'll go below," he replied, "if you wish it, but call for me when you want me. My name is John Barkins; ask any one for me for every man knows John Barkins in these parts. But, dear me," he continued, "I forgot! and, taking an enormous key out of his pocket, he opened a large wooden sea chest, from which he drew a large glass decanter, highly gilt, and a rummer of corresponding dimensions, with a golden edge. Taking the bottle in one hand and the glass in the other, he drew the small round gilt stopper with his mouth, and pouring out about half a pint of the liquid, he said, "Here, lawyer, take a drop of bitters this morning, just to warm the stomach and clear your throat. It's excellent! It is old Jamaica and rarsa-parilly, and will do your heart good. It's an antipogmatic, and will make as you as hungry as a shark and as lively as a thrasher."

I shook my head in silence and despair, for I saw he was a man there was no escaping from.

"You won't, eh?"

"No, thank you, I never take anything of the kind in the morning."

"Where the deuce was you brought up," he asked, with distended eyes, "that you have not lost the taste of your mother's milk yet? You are worse than an Isle of Sable cod, and them wild, oatmeal devils, suckle for two years! Well, if you won't, I will; then, so here goes, and, holding back his head, he poured the bottle and the glass to their respective places. As he went, slowly and sulkingly down stairs, he muttered, "Hang him! he's only a fresh-water fish that, after all; and they ain't even fit for bait, for they have neither substance nor flavor."

After breakfast Mr. Robins conducted me to the court-house, which was filled almost to suffocation. The panel was immediately called, and the jury placed in the box. Previous to their being sworn, I inquired of Barkins whether any of them were related to the plaintiffs, or had been known to express any opinion adverse to his interests; for if such was the case, it was time to challenge them. To my astonishment he immediately rose and told the judges that he challenged the whole jury, the bench of magistrates, and every man in the house,—a defiance that was accompanied by a menacing outstretched arm and clenched fist. A shout of laughter that nearly shook the walls of the building followed this violent outbreak. Nothing daunted, however, by their ridicule, he returned to the charge, and said,

"I repeat it; I challenge the whole of you, if you dare."

Here the court interposed, and asked him what he meant by such indecent behavior.

"Mean!" he said, "I mean what I say. The strange lawyer here tells me now is my time to challenge, and I claim my rights; I do challenge any or all of you. Pick out any man present you please, take the smartest chap you have got, put us on board the same vessel, and I challenge him to catch, split, clean, salt, and stow away, as many fish in a day as I can,—cod, pollack, shad or mackerel; I don't care which, for it's all the same to me; and I'll go a hoghead of rum on it I beat him! Will any man take up the challenge? and he turned slowly round and examined the whole crowd."

"You won't, won't you? I guess now you know a trick worth two of that, I reckon! There, lawyer, there is my challenge, now go on with the case."

As soon as order was restored the jury were sworn, and the plaintiff's counsel opened his case and called his witnesses, the last of whom was Mr. Lillum.

"That's him," said Barkins, putting both arms round my neck and nearly choking me, as he whispered, "Ask him 'how many fins has a cod, at a word?'" I now stood up to cross-examine him, when I was again in the

skipper's clutches. "Don't forget! the question is—"

"If you do not sit down immediately, sir," I said, in a loud and authoritative voice (for the scene was becoming ludicrous), "and leave me to conduct the case my own way, I shall leave the court."

He sat down, and, groaning audibly, put both hands before his face and muttered,

"There is no dependence on a man that sleeps at the helm!"

I commenced, however, in the way my poor client desired; for I saw plainly he was more anxious of what he called stamping old Lillum and nonplusing him, than about the result of his trial, although he was firmly convinced that the one depended on the other.

"How many years have you been engaged in the Labrador fishery, sir?"

"Twenty-five."

"You are, of course, perfectly conversant with the cod-fishery?"

"Perfectly. I know as much, if not more, about it than any man in Plymouth."

Here Barkins pulled my coat, and most beseechingly said—

"Ask him—"

"Silence, do not interrupt me," was the consolatory reply he received.

"Of course, then, after so long experience, sir, you know a cod-fish when you see it?"

"I should think so."

"That will not do, sir. Will you swear that you do?"

"I do not come here to be made a fool of."

"Nor I either, sir; I require you to answer yes or no. Will you undertake to swear that you know a cod-fish when you see it?"

"I will, sir."

Here Barkins rose and struck the table with his fist a blow that nearly split it, and, turning to me, said,

"Ask him—"

"Silence, sir!" I again vociferated. "Let there be no mistake," I continued, "I will repeat the question. Do you undertake to swear that you know a cod-fish when you see it?"

"I do, sir, as well as I know my own name when I see it."

"Then, sir, how many fins has a cod, at a word?"

Here the blow was given, not on the deal slab of the table, but on my back, with such force as to throw me forward on my two hands.

"Ay, floor him," said Barkins, "let him answer that question! The Lawyer has you there! How many fins has a cod, at a word, you old sculpin!"

"I can answer you that without hesitation."

"How many, then?"

"Let me see,—three on the back and two on the belly, that's five; two on the nape, that's seven; and two on the shoulder, that's nine. Nine, sir."

"Missed it, by Gosh!" said Barkins. "Didn't I tell you so? I knew he couldn't answer it. And yet that fellow has the impudence to call himself a fisherman!"

Here I requested the court to interfere and compel my unfortunate and excited client to be silent.

"Is there not a small fin beside," I said, "between the under jaw and the throat?"

"I believe there is."

"You believe! Then, sir, it seems you are in doubt, and that you do not know a cod-fish when you see it. You may go; I will not ask you another question. Go, sir! but let me advise you to be more careful in your answers for the future."

There was a universal shout of laughter in the court, and Barkins availed himself of the momentary noise to slip his hand under the table and grip me by the thigh, so as nearly to sever the flesh from the bone.

"Bless your soul, my stout fresh-water fish," he said; "you have gained the case after all! Didn't I tell you he couldn't answer that question? It's a great catch, isn't it?"

The plaintiffs had wholly failed in their proof. Instead of contenting themselves, with showing the voyage and their services, from which the law would have presumed an assumption to pay wages according to the ordinary course of business, and leaving the defendant to prove that the agreement was a special one, they attempted to prove too much, by establishing a negative; and, in doing so, made out a sufficient defence for Barkins. Knowing how much depended upon the last address to the jury when the judge was incompetent to direct or control their decision, I closed on the plaintiff's case and called no witnesses.

The jury were informed by the judge that, having now heard the case on the part of the plaintiffs and also on the part of the defendants, it was their duty to make up their minds and find a verdict for one or the other. After this very able, intelligible, and impartial charge, the jury were conducted to their room, and a greater part of the audience adjourned to the neighboring tavern for refreshment. The judges then put on their hats, for the air of the hall felt cold after the withdrawal of so many persons, and the president asked me to go and take a seat on the bench with them.

"That was a very happy thought of yours, sir," he remarked, "about the fin. I don't think another lawyer in the province but yourself knows how many fins a cod has. A man that has travelled as much as you have, has a great advantage. If you had never been in England, you never would have learned that for you never would have crossed the banks of Newfoundland, and seen the great fishery there. But this is dull work; let us retreat into the adjoining room, and have a smoke and the jury returns. They will soon be back, and I think I may venture to say you are sure of a verdict. You displayed great skill in that matter of fins."

Just as we were about retiring, our attention was arrested by a great noise, occasioned by a constable endeavoring to remove a turbulent and drunken fellow from the court. The judge properly interfered, fined him five shillings for his contemptuous conduct, and directed the prothonotary to lay it out in a bottle of wine wherewith to drink the health of the Stranger Lawyer. Having settled this little matter, his satisfaction he led the way to the anteroom, where pipes were provided, and the officer soon appeared with the wine and some glasses.

Filling a tumbler, the prothonotary apologized for not being able to remain with us, and drank respectfully to the health of the court.

"Stop, sir!" said the judge; "stop, sir! Your conduct is unpardonable! I consider your behaviour a great contempt in helping yourself first, I fine you five shillings for your indecent haste, and request you to pay it immediately in the shape of a bottle of brandy; for that wine, of which he took a tumbler full by way of tasting, 'is not fit for a gentleman to drink.'"

"A very forward fellow that prothonotary!" said the legal dignitary, as the officer withdrew.

"Instead of being content with being the clerk of the court, he wants to be the master of it, and I find it necessary to keep him in his place. Only think of his confounded impudence in presuming to help himself first! He would drink the mill-pond dry if it was wine, and then complain it didn't hold enough! For my own part I am obliged to be very abstemious now, as I am subject to the gout. I never

exceed two bottles of late years, and I rectify the acidity of the wine by taking a glass of clear brandy (which I call the naked truth) between every two of Maderia. Ah, here is the brandy, lawyer! Your very good health, sir—pray help yourself; and, Mr. Prothonotary, here's better manners to you in future.—Seniors priores, sir; that's the rule."

Here the constable knocked at the door, and announced that the jury were in attendance.

"Don't rise, Mr. Sanford," said the judge; "let them wait: haste is not dignified. Help yourself, sir; this is very good brandy. I always like to let them appear to wait upon me, instead of their thinking I wait upon them."

With their prothonotary treading on my toes and the jury on my heels, I have enough to do to preserve the dignity of the court, I assure you. But *Tempus præterlabatur est*, as we used to say at Cambridge, Massachusetts; that is, John Adams, sen., and our class, for I was contemporary with that talented and distinguished—ahem—stingy rebel! Help yourself, sir. Come, I won't leave any of this *acqua vita* for that thirsty prothonotary. There, sir," he said, smacking his lips with evident delight, "there is the *finis* and his *finis*. Now let us go into court. But give me your arm, for I think I feel a slight twinge of that abominable gout. A dreadful penalty that, Nature assesses on gentility. But not so fast, if you please, sir! true dignity delights in *otium* or leisure, but abhors *negotium* or hurry. Haste is the attribute of the prothonotary who writes, talks, and drinks as fast as he can, but is very unbecoming the gravity and majesty of the law.—The gait of a judge should be slow, stately, and solemn. But here we are, let us take our respective seats."

As soon as we made our appearance the tumultuous wave of the crowd rushed into the court-house, and, surging backward and forward, gradually settled down to a level and tranquil surface. The panel was then called over, and the verdict read aloud. It was for the defendant. Barkins was not so much elated as I expected. He appeared to have been prepared for any event. He had his gratification already; "Old Lillum was flogged," the 'knowing one had been nonplused,' and he was satisfied. He had a duty to perform, however, which he did with great pleasure, and I have no doubt with great liberality. The jury were to be 'treated,' for it was the custom of those days for the winning party to testify his gratitude by copious libations of brandy and rum. As soon as the verdict was recorded he placed himself at their head, and led the way to the tavern with as much gravity and order as if he was conducting a guard of honor. As soon as they were all in the street he turned about, and walking backwards so as to face them, and at the same time not interrupt their progress to that mansion of bliss, he said—

"A pretty fellow that Lillum, ain't he? to swear he knew what a cod was, and yet not tell how many fins it had, at a word! Who would have thought that milkop of a lawyer would have done so well? He actually scared me when I first saw him; for a fellow that smokes cigars instead of a pipe, drinks red ink (port wine) instead of old Jamaica, and has a pair of hands as white as the belly of a flat-fish, ain't worth his paps in a general way. How, however, it don't do to hang a feller for his looks after all, that's a fact; for that critter is like a singed cat, better nor he seems. But, come, let's liquor!"

I did not see him again till the evening, when he came to congratulate me upon having done the handsomest thing he said, as every body allowed,—shown the greatest fisherman (in his own conceit) that he didn't know a cod-fish when he saw it.

"It was a great catch that, lawyer," he continued, and he raised me up in his arms and walked round the room with me as if he were carrying a baby. "Don't forget it, 'How many fins has a cod, at a word?' Yaw never need to want a half-pint of brandy while you have that fact to be upon!"

The next day I left Plymouth very early in the morning.

The Eastern Mail

WATERVILLE.... AUG. 28, 1851.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

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The Invasion of Cuba.

The past week has been one of much excitement, especially at the South, caused by various conflicting and uncertain reports from the Island of Cuba. There was little doubt that Lopez had succeeded in landing about a thousand men some twenty-five leagues to the leeward of Havana. It seems to have been the policy of the invaders to send back, by correspondence and otherwise, such reports to New Orleans, Charleston, and other places, as would excite hopes of their success, and induce extensive aid from individual contributions and volunteers here. The fact that some sixty or seventy of their number had been captured and shot, accompanied by representations—which turn out to be untrue—of the flattering prospects of the remainder in the work of revolutionizing the island, resulted in public meetings in the seaboard cities, and the departure of no inconsiderable reinforcements of men and munitions, destined for the seat of war.

Later reports, and doubtless more correct, have changed the aspect of things. It seems that the invaders were promptly met by the Spanish General Enna, and compelled to betake themselves to such boats as they could find, in which they put out to sea, and were at length taken on board the Habanero steamer.

A letter to the Newark Daily Advertiser, dated the 16th, says,

"Yesterday the Spanish troops had a very severe fight with the invaders, which finally made the latter give way. Some went to the mountains and some to the sea shore, where they found some boats, which they took and put out to sea."

The Spanish account of the affair is widely at variance from the first reports through other sources, and more in accordance with the assertions of numerous creditable letter writers. Here it is:

The pirates were yesterday encountered by a part of the column under the command of Gen. Enna. They were in the village of Posas, and sheltered by some works which had been thrown up; but our brave soldiers were not for a moment daunted by such obstacles, but attacked the banditti with extraordinary valor, causing them considerable loss. On the 18th the captain-general received a communication from Gen. Enna, dated 11 o'clock of the previous day, in which he states that the pirates, who were at the Union Sugar Mill, were intending to retire to Cabanas or Mariel, perhaps for the purpose of re-embarking, on account of the discouragement and dispersion occasioned by the action of the 18th, and by the assembling of the troops of this district. He also states that he had instructed the commandant-general of marine to dispose of the naval forces so as to prevent the escape of the banditti, believing that every day they remained on the island the prospect of their total extermination increased.

The captain-general had also received a communication from the IA. Governor of Bahia Honda, stating that at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 15th a peasant arrived, who represented that the pirates, harassed and pressed by our columns, had abandoned their positions and were skirting along the verge of the mountains, in the direction of Bahia Honda and San Diego de Nunez, where the inhabitants were prepared to repel them, being animated with the greatest enthusiasm.

The Journal of Commerce of Saturday evening has the following paragraph:

"A well informed Spanish gentleman, in intimate intercourse with the minister of Spain in this country, states that a despatch addressed to the minister was put on board the Cherokee at the moment of her departure from Havana, announcing the capture of Lopez by the government troops. The minister, now in this city, sent the Secretary of Legation to Spain with the news, in the steamer Humboldt, which sailed today."

The Boston Traveller says the intelligence of the capture of Lopez is generally credited by merchants and intelligent men of that city, engaged in the Cuba trade; and that the intelligence is confirmed by letters received there. If it be true, the work of the invaders must be effectually defeated, although at least two steamers with men and munitions of war are on the way to aid them; for there is the fullest evidence that they receive no aid or sympathy from the people of Cuba, and a petty foreign force, without such assistance, can effect nothing. If there is a general desire on the part of the Spanish subjects of the island to free themselves from the domination of a monarchical government, through the natural medium of revolution, then we heartily bid God-speed to their efforts; but with the efforts of a few reckless and thread-bare foreign adventurers, who wave the banner of liberty in a contest for slavery, and who have nothing to gain but pillage and nothing to lose but lives worthless to all the world but themselves, we have not a shadow of sympathy. The work of pirates should be done in the name of piracy, and if it result in the punishment due to piracy, then law is law, as it should be.

The arrival of the steamer Empire City at New Orleans confirms the reported capture of Lopez, together with his entire force, at one battle, immediately after he landed.

Two more steamers, filled with men, have sailed from N. Orleans, to participate in the invasion. A mob at N. Orleans had destroyed the office of the Spanish newspaper 'La Patria,' pillaged the cigar shops kept by Spaniards, broken into and destroyed the furniture of the office of the Spanish consul, and compelled the consul to take refuge in the jail.

All this was done without the interference of the police, though a few were on the ground, and in the end a small military force was called out.

Great numbers are said to be on their way to Cuba from our Southern cities, though our government at Washington has given orders for the strict enforcement of the neutrality laws in all cases touching the Cuban invasion. The Spanish government has taken the most energetic measures to prepare for the reception of the invaders.

The "Scan. Mag. and Tat. Society" Again.

MR. EDITOR.—Who would have thought of such a rumpus? It seems there are some bodies who are nobodies, and perfectly willing to acknowledge 'the corn' at that. In my last communication, I promised to give you the proceedings of the next meeting of the Scan. Mag. and Tatting Society, but I assure you I found it almost impossible to fulfil that promise. The Society were terribly indignant at the publicity given to their former proceedings, and by the following resolve you will perceive that Sabina is a martyr.

Resolved, That we feel our rights wronged, and the inviolable secrets of our Society violated, by the wanton and meretricious publication of a part of the proceedings of this immaculate Society.

Resolved, That in our opinion Sabina Scratch has been guilty of gross carelessness by exposing the records, and is undeserving of the high confidence that has been placed in her; therefore Sabina Scratch will consider herself very severely reprimanded by this society generally.

After this explosion, it was no easy matter to coax Miss Scratch to "come up to the scratch." She finally said she "always meant to lock her desk, but sometimes when hurried she didn't." The impudence of the thing—of course she didn't suppose that I should take the records; but I did, and you have the result. It seems that the thirty-seven cases were not reported upon at this meeting; the whole attention of the members present was directed to the address of the venerable and eloquent president of the Society, Miss Bag O' Razors. (Miss Bag O' Razors, by the way, is a spinster of thirty-five; cabbage head, carrot hair, turnup nose, green complexion, and of the string-bend species.) I give you the address as near as I can make it out; many words are blotted (undoubtedly by the tears of the lovely Sabina); and it is almost impossible to make them out, who sit at the feet of the Sisters of the Scan. Mag. and Tatting So-

ety.—Permit me to address you a few moments at this critical period of our existence as a Society. My duty imperatively demands that some explanations should be made, some instructions imparted, to induce you to become more active in the great work of regulating society. It is evident that there has been a great falling off of late in interest among our members, and I wish to suggest a few ideas for the consideration of the lukewarm in the cause. The obligation of each member of this Society binds the sister to "Attend to every one's business and affairs but her own." This obligation must be strictly adhered to, or we lose our distinction among the sex. No married member of this Society should permit her husband, under any circumstances, to change his shirt more than once a week. Now sister Scrub, I regret to say, allowed her husband to wear three "dickies" last week; this is extravagant. I would direct the attention of members to the example of good old sister Gaddy. She washes but once a month; he husband never wore but one collar, and she she put on him when they were first married, and that chafed him. Dirty or not dirty, but tons or buttonless, no member of this Society should waste her precious time in such minute considerations, when there is so much to be done for our advantage. Much valuable scandal may be picked

FACTS, FUN AND FANCY

The law of primogeniture has at length been swept out of existence in the Upper Canada. In the list of messengers to which the Governor-General gave the royal assent...

Why may Prince Albert be considered a seeing and frugal personage? Because he says by a sovereign every night.

Valancourt said, when his library was destroyed by fire, 'A man must have profited very little by his books who has not learned how to part with them.'

A young girl dining at a fashionable hotel, was requested by a gentleman to pass some article of food that was near him.

'Do you mistake me for a waiter?' said the exquisite. 'No, sir, I mistook you for a gentleman,' was the reply.

Doesn't LIKE YERBELL—'Beggars,' says the old saw, 'should be clothed.' It has been based on a reasonable time of leading his short articles with small caps.

'Why, confound it, the coffee is well enough, and only the flavor is spoiled, my wife put it up in the dark, and accidentally got it into the oil jug.' The explanation was satisfactory, and the mate took another swig.

DAME NATURE AND MR. BLOOMER.—'We bless the former for dressing our crops, and thank the latter for cropping her dress.'

A contemporary, speaking of the dangerous condition of an injured man, says, 'every moment was expected to be his last.'

An editor noting the marriage of a brother chimp, says, 'we hope he will have an opportunity in a seasonable time of leading his short articles with small caps.'

The St. John papers state, that an American intends running a line between Bangor and St. John direct. The distance is to be accomplished in forty-eight hours.

A small boy said to a man who expressed his surprise that a baker's horse did not start at the explosion of crackers around him on the 4th—'Why, sir, that horse has carried crackers these forty years.'

The Kennebec Journal says that there is a family lately started in the path of fashionable life in Portland, whose parlor is so brilliantly furnished, that they only look at it once in two years, and then, it is through smoked glass.

A Yankee, who went over to the mother country some time ago, and who was asked, on coming back, how he liked Great Britain—'Well, he said, England was a very nice country, exceedingly fertile, well cultivated, very populous and very wealthy.' But, said the Yankee, 'I never liked to take a morning walk, after breakfast, because the country is so small that I was always afraid of walking off the edge.'

The Liqueur Law.—We publish below a letter from Hon. Lucius M. Sargent, of Boston, to a gentleman of Portland. Mr. S. is a lawyer of high reputation.

BOSTON, Aug. 14, 1851. My Dear Sir:—I have this day received your letter of the 12th, with a printed copy of the late liquor law of Maine, entitled, 'An act for the suppression of drinking houses and tipping shops.'

The provisions of this act (and, agreeably to your request, I have read its several sections with close and careful attention) are altogether severe and extraordinary beyond any example of legislation upon the same topic, in this country.

The very first question to be answered, is one in regard to the constitutionality of this law. We have lived long enough to know, that in common parlance, all legislation which does not fairly suit the fancy or tickle the palate of the people, is 'unconstitutional.' Thus our liquor friends, upon a former occasion in this neighborhood, were very sure that our prohibitory laws were unconstitutional; and they made up a very handsome fee and sent it, privately, to Chancellor Kent. They doubted not that so handsome a fee would purchase a first proof opinion, in confirmation of their wishes. Upon that occasion, unlike Lord Chancellor Eldon upon some others, according to the memorable plesantry—the Chancellor did not doubt—but speedily sent them a written opinion, which was easy enough for them to mark and learn, but not so easy inwardly to digest. This opinion was too much of a *bonne bouche* to be scattered broadcast, and they kept it to themselves, till a copy was obtained by a gentleman who belonged to another parish, upon a personal application to Chancellor Kent.

The opinion then given by the Chancellor, has since been sustained in every particular, by the decision of the Supreme Judicial Court of the United States, although the most eminent counsel in the land contended for the unconstitutionality of our liquor law.

As I have stated, I have read the late act of Maine with great attention, three or four times—and entertain not the slightest doubt of its entire constitutionality. The provisions of the 11th Section, (providing for the seizure of Liquors on complaint of three voters,) which are the most stringent, and lay the broad axe of the Commonwealth at the very root of the *Bonum Uperum*, are amply sustained by the decision of the Judges of the Supreme Court. I have not the report at hand, but I read it at the time with such deep delight, that I am willing to trust my memory for the impressions it received, at that time. Had that decision been the other way, I should have preferred a lodge in the wilderness, to the proudest palace in a community which could not protect itself against this most colossal curse.

In the case decided by the Supreme Court, it was settled that nothing in the constitution of the United States prevented any State, not only from restraining, but from entirely prohibiting the traffic within its borders. 'It was also distinctly settled, that nothing in the constitution, or in the laws of the United States, give a right to any importer, or to any other person, to sell within the borders of a particular State. Such are my recollections of that decision; and the late liquor law of Maine, in no one of its provisions, conflicts with the principles which that decision establishes.

And now the questions of expediency, and mercy, and righteousness arise. Is such a law politic? Is it fair and merciful to those who are getting a livelihood? Is it righteous, after having tried moral suasion to no very good purpose, and until it has become a by-word and laughing stock to the liquor sellers throughout the land, to try a more effectual remedy, which is not only sanctioned by the law of the land, but by the law of nature?—for I can see nothing in this measure of legislation, but an act of SELF DEFENCE.

Mere moral suasion was ever in too high esteem with the rum-sellers themselves, to secure the unqualified respect of any reflecting friend of the reformation. I scarcely ever knew a rum-seller who did not feel himself flattered and soothed, by the application of this pleasant alternative, and who would not listen with patience to all manner of moral suasion, so long as he was permitted to pursue his traffic in broken constitutions and broken hearts. I never supposed the exclusive rum-sellers would be able to put an end to the traffic. A class of lecturers arose not many years ago, who made themselves particularly interesting by describing, in the very manner in which they kicked their wives into the fire, and threw their babies out of a window. The recitation of these facts was taking, and a temperance lecture was just about as good as a play. These

advocates took the field, and the old guard lost favor with the people. The new apostles were for moral suasion alone.

'This condition of things recalled a little narrative that I remember to have heard, near sixty years ago, of a serpent whose tail, connected to the head, that it had taken the lead long enough—that rotation in office was a republican principle—and that it was high time for the tail to have some share in the government. After suggesting that heady had immemorably gone before, and taily behind, the head consented; and off went the serpent, tail on end, to the admiration of all the smaller serpents. It was not long, however, before the tail had insinuated itself between two alders, so near together that it was impossible for the body to pass; and after writing in vain for some time, the tail became sensible of its folly, and requested the head to take the lead once more, promising to be a most obsequious tail, for the rest of its days.

'The good people of Maine have been persuaded that the temperance reform has gotten between the alders, and they have resorted to the law to relieve themselves, and their wives, and their children, from the embarrassment.

If the legislation of Maine is extraordinary and severe, the widows and orphans, the broken-hearted fathers and mothers of Maine can say the very same thing of their sufferings, produced by this bitter and remorseless course, which, in my humble opinion, nothing, short of stringent legislation, will ever remove.

We are all familiar with the ancient dictum—*Laws should not be more severe than the Athenians will bear.* Some eighteen years ago, when certain stringent legislation was advocated, in this Commonwealth, it seemed to be premature. I never doubted the wisdom of any legislation for the suppression of this tremendous evil, which the people would bear. But we cannot have cold water laws, that will stand, without a cold water legislature, nor a cold water legislature, without cold water electors. It comes to this—the people must be enlightened, indoctrinated, impressed. An old father, who, for many years, has thought there was no harm in a bottle, when he beholds a favorite son, in his brown hair, buried in the drunkard's grave, may change his mind, and lay the bitter curse of a broken-hearted parent upon this infernal traffic, and vote for cold water. Representatives, and pray, from the very pit of his agonized soul, for the laws of the Medes and Persians, to scourge this destructive evil from the land forever.

When the sufferers have sufficiently multiplied, and one after another, as they gather around their hearths, behold a plague-spot in their midst—a drunken father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife or child—then they begin to think of stringent legislation as the only means, under God, for preventing the spread of this terrible calamity.

So far as I may infer the popular will in the State of Maine, from the vote in the Legislature, the friends of the law must form a most respectable majority. The proportion, I believe, was eighty-six to forty in the House, and eighteen to ten in the Senate.

In my humble judgment, Maine and her legislators are entitled to the high and hearty commendation of every friend of the reformation, for the bold and decided step which they have taken, and to the grateful respect of mankind, for making the experiment of absolute prohibition, even should that experiment fail to produce all the good effects that are anticipated.

I am, dear sir, with very friendly and respectful sentiments, sincerely yours, L. M. SARGENT.

Mysterious Affair.—There has recently been a discovery of a dead body, supposed to be that of a murdered man, in the waters of Lake Memphremagog, which excites great interest. The facts relative to this mysterious matter are nearly as follows:—

Some three years since, Burdick Sprague took up his residence in Morrissetown. He seemed to be a very quiet and peaceable man, and seldom made any words with any one, unless spoken to. Many, believing that 'brevity was the soul of wit,' thought him a remarkably shrewd and uncommon man. He had no business in particular. Becoming more acquainted, after his arrival in Morrissetown, he frequented the taverns and other public places, and was, very naturally, accused of gambling and drinking. He continued to live in Morrissetown, leading the life mentioned, without any particular incident, except the breaking of his arm, until about June 1849, when the grand jury found a bill of indictment against him for perjury; he having obtained the possession of a farm in Morrissetown for the accommodation of the parties concerned, and afterward, when all trouble had blown over, or during the pendency of the investigation of the title, he committed the offence for which he was charged.

An immediate arrest of Sprague was made and he was lodged in jail, but his friends soon gave the required bail, and he was permitted to go at large. He soon after left this section of the country, and was not again heard of until some time in November, 1849, in the vicinity of Lake Memphremagog, where he had been stopping for some time. At this time, however, 1849, great excitement prevailed in the vicinity where he was stopping, as he had suddenly and unaccountably disappeared, and no knowledge of him whatever could be obtained. He had been seen just before his disappearance with one Bill Clark, and a companion of his, who were both of rather notorious reputation, having been up for trial for the murder of Parker, of Manchester, N. H., of which they were found not guilty. Diligent search was made for Sprague, the country in the neighborhood was much excited and great interest was felt to know his whereabouts, and large parties were on the look-out; but all to no purpose. The conclusion was that he had been robbed and murdered, and his body secreted. When all hopes of finding him were abandoned, a married sister residing in Craftsburg, opened his trunk, and there found eight or ten, and some say fifteen hundred dollars, in bank bills, but nothing to lead to the discovery of his fate. Everything continued in this mysterious state until Thursday, July 31, when the body, so long missing, was found in Lake Memphremagog.

The history of its discovery is as extraordinary and striking as that of his disappearance. Two gentlemen from Stanstead, who were desirous of fishing set out with that view some day last week. Wishing a small boat, they employed a man well acquainted with all parts of the lake, and who usually attends all fishing excursions, to row while they sought fish. During their excursion they requested the man to row the boat into a certain small cove. To this he objected, saying that there was no fish there; that it was a bad place to go into, &c., the result of which was that they went in some other direction. Relating this incident after their return, their curiosity was excited to learn to know what the boatman's real objections could have been to going into the cove alluded to. Suspensions were aroused; curiosity was excited, and it was resolved to get up a party and make a visit to the mysterious cove. A party was formed on Thursday last, and in due time they reached the suspicious cove, where, most strange to relate, was found the dead body of Burdick Sprague! The throat was cut, his coat drawn over his head, and there fastened with his suspenders.

Notwithstanding he had been missing for a period of twenty-one months, the body was in a wonderful state of preservation; so much so, that it was recognized at once as that of the long lost Sprague! The depth of the water where the body, now upon the surface, had so long lain, had not been learned. It is supposed that it had been sunk by some weight; and to confirm this, it is said that one arm had decayed and dropped off, supposed to be owing to the effects of the cord to which the weight required to sink the body was attached. The recovery of the body under such peculiar circumstances, and after a mysterious absence of nearly two years, created great excitement in the vicinity. Suspensions rested at once upon the boatman, who fled the country before the officers of justice could overtake him.

The wonderful preservation of the body; the manner of Sprague's disappearance, and the recovery of his remains; the conduct of the boatman in endeavoring to avoid the cove, and his escape as soon as the body was recovered; together with the general mystery of the whole affair, make this one of the most extraordinary events that has happened in Northern Vermont for some years.—[Burlington (Vt.) Free Press, August 8th.

The greatest firemen on the Kennebec must be the Waterville boys, after all. The Bee, in giving an account of the recent excursion of the Washington Ex-Firemen's Association, says: 'At Waterville, they were received and entertained by the *Titanics*, Captain Keith.' We beg Capt. Keith never to bring those Titans down to play against us. It would not be fair anyhow.—[Ken. Journal.

While several persons were discoursing the other evening upon the oppressive laws of England towards Ireland, a Hibernian declared his brethren were not half so badly used in the old country as in this, for there was no law there which bore on the peasantry so dreadfully as our Liquor Law which cuts off their supply of drunkenness. Only think of an Irishman, or any one else, being oppressed in having the means of ruining himself hedged up. Such are some of the crude notions of liberty floated among the ignorant and degraded.—[Ban. Mercury.

'Talk about your fast horses!' said Jonathan. 'Why, I guess you never heard! Tell your old blind mare got both her eyes knocked into one; did you? Well, you see, we turned her out to pasture, one day, in a ten acre lot, where the horns' nests was as thick as fifteen gals at a quilting party. And what does the eternal contrary old critter do but just go and stick her high fore foot right slap down inter one on 'em, which as a natural consequence fetched the whole eternal swarm of yellow-legged varmints about her ears, in less'n half a shake of a lamb's tail. When she found what an all-fired mud she'd kicked up, she started off in just about the stinked-out kind of a way that you ever see chain lightning' chase a squirrel round a crooked-grained hemlock with the bark off. Jerusalem! how she run. The horns couldn't keep up with her, any more'n the hemlock sparks keep up with yer thunder-'n' locomotive engines. Creation, how that air mare did run—and that jest the way she got her eyes split; for she run so fast, that both her hind shoes cum off in consequence of the centrifugal motion, and before they'd had a chance to get to the ground she'd run round the lot, and they took her right straight in the countenance, and knocked both her eyes into kingdom cum.'—[Ken. Jour.

Great Fire in Concord, N. H.—A most desolating conflagration occurred at Concord on Monday night, destroying the best of the business part of the town. The loss is estimated at 100,000 to 150,000; exclusive of \$150,000 in bills, \$10,000 specie and \$100,000 railroad bonds, contained in the safe of the Merchant's Bank, the fate of which had not been ascertained. The fire was thought to be the work of an incendiary, and a negro called Jack Robinson had been arrested.

TORNADO.—A most frightful tornado passed through Medford, W. Cambridge, and Malden, in the vicinity of Boston, on Friday last, about sunset. Houses were blown down, trees uprooted, and many persons injured, three of whom have since died. The railroad depot at Medford was blown over, and the son of the keeper so much injured that both his legs were amputated. Two men were blown entirely across Medford river, and set down unarmed. A great amount of property was destroyed. The width of territory swept by the whirlwind was only about 200 feet.

CONCERT.—Extra.—We have no hesitation in assuring our readers that Messrs. Kendall's Concert, advertised for this evening, will be one of the richest and rarest they ever heard. The world-wide fame of the Kendalls is a full guarantee of this—in addition to which, we have the evidence of our own ears, and can endorse what nobody with the same evidence ever hesitated to believe. We advise everybody to secure a seat that can.

READ the original poetry on our first page, by our correspondent 'Inez.' There are few better things 'in the books.' Did Inez write 'The Nine-o'clock Bell,' published in the Mail some months ago? That was a rare little gem, as the press has pronounced it. Did she write it?

It is stated that Frederick Church, a young artist of Hartford, has taken sketches of the beautiful scenery of Moose Head Lake.

CAUTION TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We have no authorized collector, except Mr. E. B. Simonton, of Brown's Corner, with the men in his employ, and Mr. Wm. Gray, of Albion. Subscribers are cautioned against paying to any other person—postmasters always excepted—unless such person shows our certificate dated since July, 1851.

NOTICES.—The Revolution in Cuba announced to much—Mr. F. WALKER'S FIVE SEVEN CENTS A GREAT CONCERT in this community, and are sure to gain the victory over all others. He is also selling off the remaining stock of Boots and Shoes at New for cash, to make room for the Fall and Winter Shoes. Now is your time to buy cheap.

To the Farmers.—It will give those in this vicinity opportunity to know that a Threshing Machine is to be put up at the 'GRANDER & Co.'s, and you will find them their grain from the field to the Machine, laid it through, and then haul it home with the straw. August 6, 1851.

LAST RESORT.—Last Spring I was importuned by a friend from Bangor, to make application to DOCTOR POLLARD, who was then a resident of that city, and who had a fine office, which he would certainly cure me of this terrible and distressing complaint, the Piles, with which I had suffered for thirty-five years, proving me a great portion of my time from attending to my ordinary business of life. Having spent the 15th of July last, at Bangor, I called on the Doctor, and let the matter rest, until I was again importuned by the Doctor, who had taken up his residence in the city of Portland, and stated my case to him. He at once offered to cure me for a certain sum named of charge me nothing if a cure was not effected. I readily consented to take the medicine upon my own risk, for which I paid \$10.00. I am now happy to state that I am well man, and have reason to believe that I am permanently cured. I have performed more hard labor, for the last few months, than I have been able to perform for the last four years. I have no more pain, and I am now as well as among my acquaintances. Dr. Pollard does not claim to cure all diseases, but such as he undertakes, he certainly meets with great success. He is a man of high standing, and of the highest integrity, and his skill and strict integrity, and his advice, those troubled with such complaints as have baffled the skill of others, to give him a call before it is too late. Dr. Pollard, Bangor, Me. Monthly, Nov. 15, 1850.

MARKETS.—Waterville Retail Prices: Flour \$4.00 a 600 Beef, fresh 4 a 5 Pork, fresh 3 1/2 a 4 Corn 75 a 90 Pork, fresh 7 a 8 Beans 1.00 a 1.25 Round Hogs 10 a 12 Eggs 12 a 14 Lard 10 a 12 Butter 12 a 14 Hams 10 a 12 Apples, best 7 a 8 Mackerel, best 37 Apples, cooking 50 Salt, rock 46 Apples, dried 60 Molasses 25 Potatoes 50 a 60 Turkey 12 Hay, loose 600 Chickens 10

Brighton Market.—THURSDAY, Aug. 21. At Market, 1100 Beef Cattle, 750 Steers, 2600 Sheep and 820 Swine. PRICES.—Beef Cattle—Extra, 6 a 6.25, 1st quality, \$5.20 a 5.75; 2d, 5 a 5.25; 3d, 4.25 a 5. Working Cows—Sales at 1.75, 1.90, 1.10, 1.12 a 1.22. Cows, calves & pigs at 2.00, 2.25, 2.38, 40 a 43. Sheep—Sales at \$1.71, 1.92, 2.33, 2.22, 3 a 3.30. Swine—Shoats, 16 peddle, 35 and 5 1/4; old hogs, 5 and 5 1/4; salt hogs, 5 1/4 at retail, from 5 to 6 1/2.

Marriages.—In Portsmouth, N. H., at the Franklin House, by Rev. Mr. Root, Mr. J. W. HARRIS, of Waterville, Maine, to Miss Rebecca Gifford, of Portland, Me. In Bangor, Albert B. PARWELL, Esq., of Vassalboro', to Miss Charlotte B. Mayhew, John Bush, Jr. to Harriet M. Noyes. In Augusta, Lewis Ward to Paulina C. Churchill; Franklin E. Osborn, of Charlestown, Mass., to Eliza J. Martin; Frederic Littlefield, of Wells, to Mary A. Martin. In Vassalboro', John W. Russell to Hannah Hamilton.

Deaths.—In this town, on the 22d inst., Edward C. youngest son of Rev. Moses M. and Caroline H. Smart, Whiteside, N. H., aged 9 months. In Fairfield, Matilda, oldest daughter of Butler A. and Mary Emery, aged 16 years and 7 months. In Fairfield, 2d son, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Lemuel and Sarah Emery, aged 12 years and 7 months. In Augusta, 2d son, Mary Ann, child of Charles and Nancy Stekies, aged 21 months. In Augusta, George K. son of Otis Whitney, aged 3 months. In Stars, Anna, wife of Simon Egan, aged 40. In Skowhegan, Lucy, wife of Hon. David Kidder, aged 70. In Cornwall, Betsey, wife of Eld. John Robinson, aged 74.

GRAND CONCERT OF INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL MUSIC.—THE KENDALLS, OF BOSTON, will give on the 29th inst., at the TOWN HALL, in this city, a grand concert, which will give an opportunity to the citizens of Waterville, to see and hear some of the most eminent artists who perform in the city of Boston. The programme will be as follows:—1. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 2. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 3. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 4. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 5. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 6. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 7. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 8. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 9. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 10. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 11. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 12. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 13. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 14. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 15. The 'Maiden's Song,' by Miss M. Kendall. 16. 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