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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 11, No. 14): October 15, 1857

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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A CONVERSATION,  
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Why in the name of all that's curious, May Benton, have you not got married?

This question was asked by a gentleman some thirty-five or six years of age, who had been for nearly twenty minutes closely watching the motions of a lady who sat near him at a work table.

The gentleman was a fine, noble-looking man, with frank, well-formed features and pleasant expression. He was handsomely dressed, and, to judge by the looks of his hair, you might have said that he had a wife, had he looked in other respects like a married man—which he did not.

The room in which the two were sitting betokened wealth and taste. Its occupants were evidently in the upper ranks of life.

The lady addressed was a person of fair, interesting face, and graceful form. She certainly did look remarkably well, as the bent head with its abundant and shining hair, and pined her white hands in the task which employed her sight and apparently her whole thoughts.

Probably a conviction of her attractiveness and worth had caused the question which her companion put in such a hearty, abrupt tone, that May started and dropped the red worsted work upon which she had been intent.

"What a question," she cried, with a light laugh—"just as if I cared about being married!"

"Why should you not care, May? Surely it is the best and happiest state for man or woman."

"Granted, with a proviso," said May; but, Mr. Rosier, if you think so, why have you never married?"

"You are a true Yankee, May, and answer a question by asking another; but tell me, now, why are you, at thirty years of age, still single?"

"How dare you say I am thirty years old? Upon my word, if you were not brother to my sister-in-law, I'd not speak to you again for a week."

May pretended to pout, and the pout was quite becoming to her full arched lips.

"Didn't you yourself tell me your age, and only the day before yesterday? Your memory is very short, Miss Benton."

"Well, I didn't expect you were going to throw it up to me that I was an old maid, to pay me for my confidence in you."

"Oh! May—did I say that?—and if I did, you can break my 'glass house' by flinging back my very truth. But, come now, do answer my question."

"I never could get any one to have me," said May, shortly. "Are you satisfied?"

"No. You need not tell me that a person as interesting and attractive as you are has never yet had ardent lovers. I know better, May—so tell me truly why you are not Mrs. Somebody; now?"

May suddenly sobered down and said, nervously—"It's because no man whose love I could return ever loved me."

And she resumed her work.

How her face had altered! There had come over it a stern, hard expression, as if she were saying, inly:

"It matters not—I can wrestle down those yearnings for something worthy and noble, and true and strong, against which to lean, for something winning and tender, and loving, which to love. If there is no heart on earth whose best love is the love I want, I can do without it. I can walk to the end of life as I have walked thus far."

Rosier regarded her in long silence. He had known her for many years, and had often wondered at her great indifference to the attentions of gentlemen. He had even, on more than one occasion, taken her to task for her manner toward them.

"You won't allow them to become acquainted with you at all," he said. "When you are introduced to a man, that's the last of it. All the young men admire, but they are afraid of you. You chill them to death. I heard one man say that he thought you a beautiful and interesting creature; but then he would as soon undertake to warm into love an iceberg as yourself—even if he had courage enough to make the attempt."

A skeptical smile had been the only answer to such questions.

How could May believe that she was capable of inspiring affection into others, when those who knew her best were so lightly touched by it?

Rosier had been for three or four years absent, and had newly returned when the above conversation took place. He was a comfortable old bachelor, happy in disposition; and happy in his sister's home—not to say happy in the companionship of May, whom he honestly believed to be the best and most lovely girl in the world. He had once dearly loved and suddenly lost a fair, promised bride; and never since had he allowed himself to think of loving. And, besides, he didn't know as he wished to marry. He was well satisfied with his 'state of condition,' when he was at home; to be sure he did feel uneasy and dissatisfied all the while he was abroad. Nobody's company seemed to fill the void in his heart. He missed his sister so—and May—oh! how glad he was to see them when he returned—and how strange he thought it was that May didn't rush at him in the hall and hug and kiss him, just as his sister did; but he took full satisfaction of the contrary creature when she did come to welcome him.

"And so May isn't married yet," he said; "well, it's rather too bad; but I'm glad of it. May came very near saying, but she didn't—at least, not audibly. How many still-born sighs there are in the world."

It is well it is no crime to smother them at their birth.

Well, Rosier sat studying that still, stern face before him; and he thought new thoughts—new as to their present relations.

"May," he said at length, "May, was ever there a man that you could have loved had he asked it?"

Like a crimson dye, up rose the hot blood of that beloved face, and the hard look was burnt out in an instant—she only said, not lifting her head or eyes:

"That you have no right to ask."

"I have no need to ask, dear May. Forgive me, I have mistaken; but I feel as if I had been favored by a revelation of—of that I have been a blind and stupid fellow as ever lived. May, if a man whom you regarded as you do the plain old fellow before you, were to ask for your love, what would you say?"

"Yes," said May, dropping her head till her face was hid among the worsted.

"Will you have me?" cried Rosier, springing up, and oversteering his chair.

"Yes," said a voice from amid the worsted. Rosier was on his knees, and most fervently embracing chair, worsted and woman.

"Marry me! Will you marry me?" said he.

"Yes," said a voice from the worsted depth. "Then hold up your head and let me look upon the face of my wife. St. George, May, I believe I've loved you for years."

"And I know I've loved you almost ever since I knew you," said May, yielding to the

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY OCT. 15, 1857.

NO 14.

## THE IVORY GATE.

"Sunt gemine Somni portæ: quarum altera fer tur  
Cornea: quæ veris faciliâ datur exitus umbris:  
Altera: quæ periculis æquâ clausura: Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia Mænes."

—VIRGIL.

When, loved by the poet and painter,  
The sunrise fills the sky,  
When night's gold urns grow fainter,  
And in depths of amber die—  
When the morn breeze stirs the curtain,  
Bearing an odorous freight—  
Then vision strange, uncertain,  
Pours thick through the Ivory Gate.

Then the ears of Ithaca dip so  
Silently into the sea,  
That they wake not Calypso—  
And the hero wanders free;  
He breaks the ocean furrow,  
At war with the waves of Fate—  
And the blue tide's low susurris  
Comes up to the Ivory Gate.

Or, clad in the hide of leopard,  
Mid Ida's freshest dews,  
Paris, the Teucrian shepherd,  
His sweet Ecce woe;  
On the thought of her coming bridal  
Unuttered joy doth wait—  
While the tune of the false one's idyl  
Rings soft through the Ivory Gate.

Or down from green Helvellyn  
The roar of streams I hear,  
And the lazy sail is swelling  
To the winds of Windermere:  
That girl with the rustic bodice  
Mid the ferry's laughing freight  
Is as fair as any goddess  
Who sweeps through the Ivory Gate.

Or the sky is cloudless wholly—  
The lark soars high in heaven—  
And the trout-streams ripple slowly  
Through meadows of Devon,  
On the lawn my Minna rambles—  
Sweet May in her youth estate,  
Sends the shout of her childish gambols  
Right through the Ivory Gate.

Ah, the vision of dreams is leisure—  
The rest of the day is toil:  
And we pass from dawn to pleasure  
To the world's untamed turmoil.  
Perchance, beyond the river  
Which guards the realm of Fate,  
Our spirits may dwell forever  
'Mong dreams of the Ivory Gate.

—MORTIMER COLLINS.

—Dublin Univ. Magazine.

## Old Hundred.

In a rustic church opposite, while we write,  
A company of worshippers are singing the old  
hymn, 'Be thou, O God, exalted high.' The air is also, the immortal 'Old Hundred.'

If it is true that Luther composed that tune, and if the worship of mortals is carried on the wings of angels to heaven, how often has he heard the declaration "They are singing 'Old Hundred' now."

The solemn strain carries us back to the time of the reformers, Luther and his devoted band. He, doubtless, was the first to strike the grand old chords in the public sanctuary of his own Germany.

From his stentorian lungs they rolled, vibrating not through vaulted cathedral roof, but along a grander arch; the eternal heavens.

He wrought into each note his own sublime faith, and stamped it with that faith's immortality. Hence it cannot die! Neither men nor angels will let it pass into oblivion.

The blue-eyed girls of old 'fader land,' sang those same strains with all the enthusiasm of a new and holier religion. They had been bound down to priest, prayer-book and rosary. They had raised adoring eyes to the spangled image of the Virgin, and bent blushing before the carved semblance of the Saviour of sinners.

They had knelt at the dark confessional, and placing their lips to its cunningly wrought portals, told the choicest and the most sinful emotions of their hearts into the ear of the father confessor, whom sometimes they feared more than they feared God. But Luther, in the face of the fathers, had thrown down his rosary and refused to acknowledge any intercessor save Christ. Luther had, as it were, nailed his anathema upon the openings of the confessional. Luther had laughed to scorn the holy relics, pretended miracles, and saving power of the priesthood, and with daring, burning eloquence denounced their sensuality and their idolatry. First the mothers heard, and then the maids. They went to listen, and remained to pray, and to sing with throbbing hearts and tearful eyes, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

Can you find a tomb in the land where sealed lips lay, that have not sung that tune? We care not how low sinners and their tenants died, or how pure. If they were grey old men, they had heard or sung Old Hundred. If they were babes they smiled as their mothers rocked them to sleep singing 'Old Hundred.' Sinner and saint have joined with the endless congregations where it has, with and without the pealing organ, sounded on sacred air. The dear little children, looking with wondering eyes on this strange world, have lifted it. The sweet young girl whose tombstone told of sixteen summers, whose pure and innocent face haunted you with its mild beauty, loved 'Old Hundred,' and as she sang it, closed her eyes and seemed communing with the angels who were so soon to claim her. Her whose manhood was devoted to the service of his God, and who with faltering steps ascended the pulpit steps with white hand placed over his twelve hours, loved Old Hundred. And those sometimes his lips only moved, away down in his heart, so soon to cease its throbs, the holy melody was sounding. The dear white-headed father with his tremulous voice! how he loved Old Hundred! Do you see him now, sitting in the venerable arm-chair, his hands crossed over the top of his cane, his silvery locks floating off from his hollow temples, and a tear perchance stealing down his furrowed cheeks as the noble strains ring out. Do you hear that thin, quivering, faltering sound, now bursting forth, now listened for almost in vain? If you do not, we do; and from such lips, halloved by four-score years' service in the Master's cause, Old Hundred sounds indeed, a sacred melody.

You may fill your church choirs with Sabbath prim donnas whose daring notes emulate the steeple and cost almost as much, but give us the spirit-stirring tones of the Lutheran hymn sung by young and old together. Martyrs have hallowed it; it has gone up from the dying beds of the saints. The old churches, where generation after generation has worshipped, and where many scores of the dear dead have been carried, and laid before the altar where they gave themselves to God, seem to breathe of Old Hundred from vestibule of tower-top—the very air is haunted with its spirit.

Think for a moment of the assembled company who have, at different times and in different places, joined in the familiar tune? Can you number it? Throng upon throng—throng upon throng—the stern, the timid, the gentle, the brave, the beautiful, their rapt faces all

beaming with the inspiration of the heavenly sounds!

Old Hundred! king of the sacred band of ancient airs. Never shall our ears grow weary of hearing, or our tongues of singing thee! And when we get to heaven, who knows but what the first triumphal strain that welcomes us may be,

Be thou, O God, exalted high.

BE PATIENT.—We have often advised you, reader, to keep cool and take things easy as they come along. We know your hasty turn—everything with you must be done in a minute, and you boil over completely if you are required to wait two seconds for anything, beyond the time you have fixed in your own mind. These days are of haste, everybody is on the rush, and we can hardly expect you to be an exception to the common rule; so don't be frightened at the first word in this article. You may be just as impatient as you like. Will that suit you? Yes. Very well; now to our story.

A few days since, a young man in a perfect wash of perspiration, came rushing into a depot on the line of a railroad, and quite out of breath, inquired—

"Has the train got along?"

"That is too bad," said he, jumping up and down, "I must have a fast horse, then, for I must reach B—ton to-night."

"Take a seat," said the ticket master, "and cool yourself."

"No, I've not a minute to lose."

"But you had better be patient; there is time enough yet."

"Patient! I have run a mile to get here in time, and yet the train has passed; and you talk of patience!" said the young man; and off he ran to find a fast horse for his purpose.

In about half an hour back he came in a high fever, exclaiming, "you told me the train had passed!"

"And so it has," coolly replied the ticket master.

"It is no such thing, sir; it has not arrived. After I had hired a horse, I learned that the train will be along in about five minutes," retorted the young man, in rather a loud tone.

"Well, my young friend," said the man of the office, "let me put you right, and give you a word of advice. When you asked if the train had got along, I supposed you meant the down train, which had just passed. But when I knew what train you wanted, I asked you to sit down and be patient, as there was time enough. But you were determined to make a fool of yourself, and you have done so. Now, I advise you to be patient hereafter, and the train will get along in good time without the aid of a fast horse. There is the train now, so you can get on board, and by the time you reach B—ton I trust you will be cool and comfortable."

PLEASURES OF CONTENTMENT.—I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh: the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money. He is still drugging on, saying that Solomon says, 'The diligent hand maketh rich.' And it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, that 'there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels and consuming herself. And this many rich men do—loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have already got.

Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.—[Isaac Walton.]

SWALLOWING A WOOLEN STOCKING.—In reading your report of the Boston Society of Natural History's last session in August, I observed that Dr. Head exhibited a large, smooth and hard hair ball, six inches in diameter, taken from the stomach of a healthy ox in Texas. This reminds me of an incident which occurred some time ago in the neighboring town of Sherborn. A fine, large ox was taken sick, refused to eat, and in spite of all remedies resorted to, soon died. At a post mortem examination, a hard, smooth ball, of the size of a large apple, and resembling in consistence, as well as in color, a piece of granite rock, was taken from his stomach, and on breaking it proved to be a woollen stocking, which the animal had swallowed, and in its desperate efforts to digest, had rolled over and over, and finally compressed into that rock-like ball.

Nothing could give a better idea of the tremendous power of muscular action in an animal of that size.—[Boston Traveller, Oct. 6.]

FAITH IN MARKING.—When unobscuring immoralities are abroad, we need to reassure ourselves that virtue is not a phantom, nor religion a pretence. None but bad men think that; and if we credit it, it only shows how low our spiritual life has gone. We may have thrust upon us even to loathing, the recitals of iniquity; things hitherto deemed most sacred may be defiled out of some impure heart; Satan may seem to be going up and down the earth unbound; every offence known to the code may be left to the dismal alternative between the prisoner's criminality and the perjury of the witness;—still, and nevertheless, look about you, and, close at your side, and all over the land; for every one such revolting apostasy, you shall find hundreds of unwavering men, unblemished homes, blameless youths—women pure in heart—great hosts of God's elect, unrepented and unpraised, moving as before, on their quiet ministries of beneficent and chaste integrity. Let us never part with a generous confidence in mankind. Faith in goodness here, has close kindred with faith in the goodness of heaven. When a man loses his trust in human principle, and talks of the universal corruptibility of his kind, he only notifies us that earnest and noble sentiments are fast perishing in his own breast.

To part with holy affections, is the natural way to disabuse in their existence. Charity believeth all things, suffereth long, thinketh no

evil, covereth a multitude of sins. Men may stumble and fall, but Humanity is not lost.—For God made it in the image of himself; his Providence upholds and guides it; his Christ redeemed it; and his Holy Spirit quickens, renews, and sanctifies it, whenever faith and love consent that it shall be so blessed. [Religious Magazine.]

## Making Molasses.

We suppose the amount of Sugar Cane raised in this county to be very small, and yet there seems considerable anxiety to know how molasses may be made from the cane.

The following directions are gathered from authentic sources, and stated in as few words as we can state them clearly.

1. Cut the cane close to the ground, when nearly ripe, which may be known by the seeds being black and hard.

2. Trim off the leaves and seeds.

3. Run the stalks through a crushing mill.—A cider mill will do. Or a mill may be made of two smooth upright hardwood rollers, to one of which is attached a lever for turning.

4. Slack a teacup full of lime and mix it to the consistence of cream.

5. Put some five or six gallons of juice over the fire, being careful not to smoke it. When milk warm, stir in a table-spoonful of the lime. Beat the whites of two eggs in a cupful of the juice from the boiler; pour it into the boiler and stir it in well. When the juices come to a boil, take it from the fire and let it remain quiet.

6. After standing twenty minutes remove all the scum from the surface.

7. Clarify a second lot in the same manner, and boil down as rapidly as possible. Add juice from the first lot often enough to prevent burning.

8. When, on dipping a skimmer into it, the drops fall with a long string between them, and the syrup taken between the fingers feels like molasses, the presumption is that you have molasses and need boil it no longer.

9. To make sugar of this molasses, boil till the steam escapes in small puffs and the drops from the skimmer break short and fall solid. It must then be poured into wooden vessels, to the depth of 1 1/2 inches or less to stand until crystallization takes place, which may require from two to ten days. A little raw sugar stirred in the second day will hasten the 'strike.'

## What We are Coming to.

Under this head the Watchman & Reflector of last week has a very good article upon the position to which we are arriving in reference to the question of slavery. After referring to the secession of the southern portion of the N. S. Presbyterian Assembly, the opposition lately manifested by religious bodies of the South to the publication by the Tract Society of any works relating to the evil confessedly incident to slavery, and other indications on the part of southern churches of a determination to uphold slavery as right, and to resist all interference with, or rebuke of the system or its adjuncts, the article concludes as follows:

It seems to us quite idle to talk longer of the existence of sound views among the great body of southern Christians. Conservative men at the North are deceiving themselves, and inflicting fatal injury on the cause of righteousness, by such pretence. The southern churches are determined to cling to slavery at all hazards. They will permit no interference on the part of their northern brethren. They are determined to force the Bible and the church to become the chief bulwarks of the institution. If any ministers teach a different doctrine, they must be exiled or silenced. If any societies venture to utter a kind admonition, they are at once disestablished. If the North seeks to secure the virgin territories of the West from the curse of slavery, southern Christians are ready to talk of a dissolution of the Union. National organizations, church fellowship, even the Union itself, are of small account when weighed in the balance against the perpetuation of slavery.

Is it not time for the Christian sentiment of the North to speak with united voice? Is American Christianity of any practical value, if it must keep silence on the wrongs of slavery? Has it been reserved for the most enlightened nation of the nineteenth century to teach the world that God has ordained that immortal beings should be held as chattels, serving another's pleasure and lust? The crisis is rapidly approaching, when it will be impossible for any Christian to occupy neutral ground. In the political world southern leaders have forced their northern allies from step to step, until now it is announced by the Chief Executive, that there is no free territory in the Union, but slaves may be held in every part of the national domain; and the supreme judiciary intimates plainly that they may be held as property in every State. It is probable that similar progress will be exacted by southern Christians of their northern brethren. They will not be content with non-interference, but will demand distinct approval. Slavery must be conceded to be no sin, nor an evil, but a blessing to both races. It must be confessed to be consonant with Christianity, and a providential institution for the conversion of Pagan Africa. Only on such terms will southern Christians consent to fraternize with their northern brethren. We have little doubt that many will make the needed concession. Conscience will yield to the demands of expediency. But the great body of northern Christians will be led to take higher ground; to declare that slavery tramples on the great law, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself'; that it is inconsistent with the spirit of the gospel of Christ; and that those who support it and seek to perpetuate a system of oppression, forfeit their title to the name of Christian. To this issue we are manifestly tending.

BLACKING HORSE HARNESSES.—Melt 4 ounces of mutton suet with 12 ounces of beeswax, and 12 ounces of sugar candy, 4 ounces of soft soap dissolved in water, and 2 ounces of indigo, finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add half a pint of turpentine. Lay it on the harness with a sponge, and polish it off with a brush. This blacking is for working harness, which should be cleaned and polished up at least once a week in constant use.

The following is a receipt for carriage harness blacking.—Take three sticks of black sealing wax, dissolve them in half a pint of alcohol, and then apply with a sponge. Lac dissolved

in alcohol, and colored with lampblack, will answer the same purpose. This is a quick drying, hard varnish, liable to crack the leather, and should, therefore, be put on as seldom as possible.—[Prairie Farmer.]

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—J. G. Holland editor of the Springfield Republican, has been rusticated in Vermont, looking around among the farmers, and writes to that sheet as follows:

"Imagine your correspondent imagining the life he might have led (and came very near leading, for that matter) among the hills as a farmer. He would have grown up stalwart and strong, with horny hands and a face as black as the ace of spades. He would have taught school winters (as he did,) worked on the farm summers, and gone out haying for fifteen days in July, at a dollar a day, and taken for pay the iron work and running gear of a wagon. At two and twenty, or thereabouts, he would have begun to pay attentions to a girl with a father worth two thousand dollars, and a spit curl on her forehead—a girl who always went to singing school, and 'sat in the seats,' and sung without opening her mouth—a darnation pretty girl any way. It would have been a strife between him and Tom Butte to see which should have her. Well, after seeing her home from singing school one or two seasons, Tom Butte being triumphantly 'cut out,' and taking her to the Fourth of July, and getting about a hundred dollars together, he would have married her and settled down. Years would pass away, and that girl with the spit curl would have had eleven children, just as sure as you live—seven boys and four girls. We should have had a hard time in bringing them up, but they would soon be able enough to do the milking, and help their mother washing days, and I, getting independent at last, and feeling a little stiff in the joints, should be elected a member of the legislature, having been assessor and school committee for years. In the evening of my days, with my pipe in my mouth, thirteen barrels of cider in the cellar, and the Springfield Republican in my hands, (weekly) I should sit and look through a pair of gold mounted spectacles, and wonder what you put such a strange, silly letter as this in the paper for. Ah, well! There are worse lives than that led by those who despise them."

The Albany Evening Journal, having given a list of the manufacturing establishments in that vicinity that have stopped altogether, or are working half time, adds this comment:

"The stoppage of these works is the stoppage of food and clothing and fuel to thousands and thousands of people, through the channel of the only industry in which they are skilled. The stoppage, too, is upon the edge of a long and cruel winter. What suffering there is in store for American labor, all can divine. No policy could have averted so much of the existing necessary pressure as is due to bad investments in unprofitable and unfinished railroads and speculative purchases of land in the extreme west. But good government could have made it unnecessary to close the manufacturing establishments of our country at this unpropitious moment. If our revenue system had been framed to protect and foster American labor, instead of that of Europe, our working men and women would not now be standing idle, meditating upon a coming winter of unemployed time and untalented by seeing foreign cloth and iron passing by them, imported under low duties, dictated by slaveholders and British free traders."

REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.—The People's Organ says:

"Certain modern political economists propose as a remedy for hard times that people should wear their old clothes six months, others that they should eat but two meals a day.—The former remedy would still more embarrass the manufacturing interests, the latter would exert no good effect upon the agricultural interests. A far better way than either would be for loafers to go to work, to smoke fewer cigars, to drink less poor liquor, to encourage home industry, and for every business man to reduce his operations to such limits that he cannot involuntarily take care of it, but that his capital invested will be sufficient to guard him against future embarrassments."

POOR PEOPLE.—People's ideas of comfort differ. One man starves (in his own imagination) upon an income which would enable another to roll in luxury. De Quincy says he has known several persons with incomes of \$100,000 a year, who seriously thought themselves unhappy 'paupers.' Lady Hester Stanhope, with an income of \$18,500 per annum, deemed herself an absolute pauper for London; for how, you know, as she would say, patetically, 'could the humblest of spirits live decently upon that pittance?'

It is said of Louis Philippe, in his happiest days, that, when told that John Jacob Astor was worth but \$25,000,000, he burst into tears, saying he was not aware before that there was such destitution in the world!

Two neighbors lived side by side in a manufacturing country village, noted for miles around for its profanity. Each had a large family. The children of one as they arrived at manhood were intelligent, industrious and moral men. Those of the other profligate and profane.

The less fortunate father called one day on his neighbor to ascertain how he prevented his boys from swearing. "Why," said he, "I have whipped my Tom within an inch of his life, and yet as soon as my back is turned he'll use oaths that would shock a pirate."

"I never punished one of my boys in my life for using profane language," replied his neighbor.

"Just tell me then, how you stopped it, for they can't get a rod without hearing somebody swear."

"I stop it very easily; they never hear me swear," was the reply as well as the proof.

PRETTY FAIR.—A rough spoken clergyman in an argument before his vestry, said of one of his deacons,—

"I think brother B. is a fool to night."

The deacon calmly replied, "I am not a fool, but if his reverence has a right to call me brother, I admit that I am akin to one!"

Hump! and didn't his 'reverence' look funny at this retort! He slid instantly.

A little boy, about twelve years of age, named Levi S. Howe, son of Mr. George Howe, of Belfast Academy Grant, Aroostook county, went into the woods near his father's house on Monday, the 21st of Sept., and not returning at dark, search was commenced for him, and continued by from 50 to 100 persons, up to Oct. 1st, at which time no trace of him had been discovered. The weather having been cold and rainy a part of the time, the lost boy has undoubtedly before this, perished from exposure.

TO MAKE APPLE PIE FROM PUMPKIN.—Select a good pumpkin and cut and slice it very thin as you would apples. Lay it in the paste, as if fresh apple; then add sugar or molasses to suit, with an equal quantity of vinegar. Spice to the taste, and cover with paste and bake the same as apple.



on Monday and Tuesday at the Recorder's office.

**The Present Distress.**

We find a writer in a christian paper discoursing of the present distress and drawing his moral with as much coolness as an logician would draw an inference. He says:—So a disinterested christian would look

So a disinterested observer, with no bank stock to lose ; with no *fancies* to be depreciated ; with no credit to keep bolstered ; one living in the mild empyrean of contemplation, where no gilded fortunes tempt his eye, and no dreams,

decent, with passionate longings for sudden wealth, disturb his slumbers.—upon all this appear and chaos, while in it, but not of it, I can look only to educe the moral, and point the finger to that dark Acheron, whence this and similar storms financial have arisen.

A man with no stocks to lose, and no credit to keep bolstered, with no ventures out on the great sea of commercial and business life, may watch with calm self-possession the toppling down of many firms, and the general distress; but whether a christian man should do it, is quite a different matter. If one of the duties of philanthropy and christianity that we weep with those who weep. A true man never wishes to be above the sorrows of his fellow-men. He wishes to have his heart down among theirs. He will be glad when business prospers, and his fellows are

glad, and he'll be full of tender sympathy when some terrible tornado like that which is now sweeping over the land brings trembling to many hearts and homes. We have suffered no loss in the present pressure; no stocks of ours have proved *fancy* stocks—we could sit aloft and look quietly upon the distresses of others; but we wish not to do so. We wish to be of and among our fellow-men—to have our pulse respond to every smile and every tear. No true man ever can get into a position where his soul will be unaffected by the losses of his fellow-men. His property, if he have any, may be far beyond the reach of all accident, if that be possible; but he will not

her feel not assume any stoical indifference to the weal or woe of others. We may and should draw the moral of the present distress — we may and should trace effects, if possible, to their causes, and so far as our influence may extend we should seek to prevent the recurrence of similar disasters. But while they are known upon us we should feel and cherish the tenderest regard for all who are affected. But yesterday we heard of the terrible reverse of fortune that happened to one whose generous hospitality we recently shared in a distant State. We had not seen him before, though we had heard often of the nobility of his character. — We had loved him for another's sake, for years, but a very brief sojourn in his home made us love him for his own. He was rich in his world's goods, and was more just and generous than he was rich. He retired to bed at night wealthy, and the mail of the following morning brought the intelligence of an unexpected failure that left him comparatively poor. In his banking-house we had no funds. It will not affect us pecuniarily but he should recover from the effects of his disaster, or whether he should yield to discouragement and spend the remainder of his life in poverty; but we would not if we could look with an unperturbed and unconcerned spirit upon his calamities. We ask no philosophy, we believe in no religion, which would allow us to pass by any man in misfortune, reflecting per adventure in

cool self-complacency, that our wealth was well stored, and our interests well cared for. The Christian minister does not often have much to lose in such a crisis as the country is now passing through. He does not often have many ventures out subject to the possibilities of disaster and ruin; but he will not on that account seat himself aloft and look down indifferently while others topple to their fall. It is mainly, it is Christian to have and to cultivate a sympathy for and a love to save the least.

which affect others. We have all heard of the metropolis of one of the largest houses of the metropolis of England. A man of scrupulous honor and large wealth had invested his all in that establishment. The report has come to us that a sudden shock has proved too great for his reason. We cannot conceive well how it may be, but the fact is so stated firmly on its throne may fall under such a calamity. There is a moral lesson to be drawn from such a personal calamity, and we should draw it, not from the cool heart, simply, but from the tender and affectionate heart. We would heed it, that we may

OUR NATIONAL DISCIPLE.—Is there any country besides our own, where the Almighty is so often called upon to send to perdition the souls of those who offend each other? Everywhere, that horrid imprecation, so familiar, that it is unnecessary to abase you by writing it, meets the pained ear.—I say pained, because I for one, cannot suffer it less on account of its frequency, or consider it less disgusting because it filters through aristocratic lips.—Everywhere it pursues me, in crowded streets, in omnibuses, and I am sorry to say, in retirement, which should afford a refuge from the disgusting habit.

From old men, whose toothless lips mumble it almost imperceptibly, from those who would resent to the death, any question of their claim to the title of gentlemen; from young men, glorious else, in the strength and vigor of youth; and sadder still,—from little children, who have caught the trick, and bandy curses at their sports. An oath from a child's lip! One would as soon expect a thunder bolt from out the heart of a rose. And yet there are

those who deliberately reach little children to swear, and think it sport, when the "ruly" lips, with childish grace, flap the denunciate lesson. "An oath from a woman's lips!" With shuddering horror we shrink away, and ask what bitter cup of wrong, suffering, and despair, man has doomed her to drink to the dregs, or she could so belie her womanhood.

One lovely moonlight night, I was returning late from the opera, with a gentleman friend, the delicious tones I had heard, still floating through my charmed brain. Suddenly from out a dark angle in a building we passed, issued a woman, old not in years, but in misery, for her long brown hair curtained a face, whose

heavy had been its direct curse. To my dying day, I shall never forget the horrid calls of that wretched woman, as she faced the moonlight and me. Perhaps it had evoked some vision of happier days, when she too, had a protecting arm to lean upon, sure faith, could have read my heart, she would not have cursed me. Oh, the dreadful reckoning to be required at the hands of him who defaced this temple of the living God, and left it

**STEAMER EMPIRE STATE SUNK.** The Ball River steamer Empire State, which left New York at 6 o'clock, Monday evening, ran on the rocks at Hurl Gate and sunk. She had a large number of passengers, including one hundred and fifty ladies, all of whom were saved.

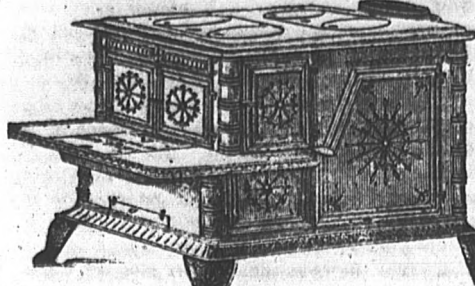






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