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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 39): April 19, 1849

Ephraim Maxham

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II.....NO 39.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, APR. 19, 1849.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

The Mail is published on Thursday Morning, at No. 3 1-2 BOUTELLE BLOCK, AT \$1.50 A YEAR.

## THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

She may not, in the mazy dance,  
With jeweled maidens vie,  
She may not, on the courtly strain  
With soft, bewitching eye;  
She cannot boast a form and mien,  
That lavish wealth has brought her,  
But, ah, she has much fairer charms—  
The farmer's peerless daughter!

The rose and lily on her cheek  
Together love to dwell;  
Her laughing blue eyes wreath around  
The heart a witching spell;  
Her smile is bright as morning's glow  
Upon the dewy plain,  
And listening to her voice we dream  
That spring has come again.

The timid fawn is not more wild,  
Nor yet more gay and free,  
The lily's cup is not more pure,  
In all its purity—  
Of all the wild flowers in the wood,  
Or by the crystal water,  
There's none more pure or fair than she—  
The farmer's peerless daughter!

The haughty belle, whom all adore,  
On downy pillow lies,  
While forth upon the dewy lawn  
The merry maidens hies,  
And, with the lark's uprising song,  
Her own sweet voice is heard;  
Ye may not tell which sweetest sings,  
The maiden or the bird.

Then tell me not of jeweled fair—  
The brightest jewel yet  
Is the heart where virtue dwells,  
And innocence is set;  
The glow of health upon her cheek,  
The grace no life hath taught her—  
The fairest wealth that beauty twines  
Is for the farmer's daughter!

## THE NERVOUS GENTLEMAN.

A TALE OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

In the fall of 1846, I was traveling eastward in a stage coach from Pittsburgh over the mountains. My fellow passengers were two gentlemen and a lady. The elder gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years, he seemed about thirty; in air and manner, he was calm, dignified and polished; and the contour of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely upon general topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change over his countenance. His eyes, so lately filled with the light of mild intelligence, beamed wild, restless and anxious; the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead was bedewed with a cold perspiration. With a sharp, convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arm tightly with both hands, he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle, with the instinctive goodness of her sex.

I sprinkled a little on his face, and he soon became somewhat more composed; but it was not until we had entirely traversed the mountain and descended to the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity I had first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he, with a bland smile, and gentle inclination of the head, to our fair companion; "and some explanation to my fellow-travelers also; and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary, it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveler thus proceeded:

"At the age of fifteen, I was light of heart, light of foot, and light of head, (here he smiled,) light of head. A fine property on the right bank of the Ohio acknowledged me as sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delight to get free from a college life. The month was October, the air bracing, and the mode of conveyance a stage coach like this, only more cumbersome. The other passengers were few— but three in all—an old grey-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature about seventeen, and his son about ten years of age. They were just returning from France, of which the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent as to attract my whole attention.

The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature; and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other—she as a talker, I as a listener—that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning and a heavy dash of rain against the coach windows elicited an exclamation from my charming companion, that I noticed how night passed on. Presently there was a low rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan by turns through the forest trees.

I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning revealed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice. I could see, at intervals, huge jutting rocks far away down its sides, and the sight made me solicitous for the fate of my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair-breadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach-wheels—a tiny billet of wood, a stray limb of a tempest-torn tree, a restive horse, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

"It is a perfect tempest," said the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I love a sudden storm! there is something so grand among the winds when fairly let loose among the hills. I never encounter a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder-storm in the *Jura* immediately recurs to my mind. But we are on the mountain yet!"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent," I replied, "it is not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it were daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But Jesu Marie! what's that?" and she covered her eyes from a glare of sheet of lightning that illuminated the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity. Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very volume of rain coming down at each thunder-burst; and with the deep moaning of an animal as if in dreadful agony, breaking upon my ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

Louise, my beautiful fellow traveler, became pale as ashes. She fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, hurriedly remarked—

"We are on the mountains!"

"I reckon so," was the unconcerned reply. With instant activity I put my head through the window and called to the driver; but the only answer was the heavy moaning of an agonized animal borne past me by the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door, and strained at it in vain; it would not yield a jot. At that instant, I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louise's voice faintly articulating in my ear the appalling words,

"The coach is being moved backwards!"

"God in heaven! Never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at that coach door and called on the driver in tones that rivalled the force of the blast, while the dreadful conviction was burning in my brain that the coach was being moved slowly backwards!"

What followed was of such swift occurrence that it seems to me like a frightful dream.

I rushed against the door with all my force, but it mocked my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down—the moaning of the agonized animal became deeper and deeper, and I knew from the desperate plunges against its traces that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of hoarse thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid sheets of lightning played around our devoted carriage, as if in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the old planter, standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving like those of one in prayer. I could see Louise turn her ashy cheeks and superb eyes towards me as if imploring my protection, and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing indignant defiance at the descending carriage, the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll—a desperate plunge, as if of an animal in the last throes of dissolution—a harsh, grating jar—a sharp, and piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand around the waist, and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but of that tremendous descent I soon lost all further individual knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion."

The traveler paused. His features worked for a minute or two as they did while we were on the mountain. He pressed his hand across his forehead as if in pain, and then resumed his interesting story.

"On an humble couch, in a humble room of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, of mirth and madness. Gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed for a while all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fair young girl about fifteen, who refused for several days to hold any discourse with me. At length, one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the accident.

"You were discovered," said she, 'sitting on a ledge of a rock, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to a part of the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and to the insensible form of a lady with the other.'

"And the lady? I gasped, scanning the girl's face with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the same means that saved you—the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother? I impatiently demanded.

"Were both found crushed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below the place where my father and uncle Joe got you and the lady. We buried their bodies in one grave, close by the clover patch down in our meadow ground."

"Poor Louise! poor orphan! God pity you!" I muttered, in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her, indeed, sir," said the young girl, with a sudden gush of heart-felt sympathy. "Would you like to see her?" she added.

"Take me to her," I replied.

I found the orphan bathed in tears, by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I will not detain your attention by detailing the efforts I made to win her from her great grief; but briefly acquaint you that I at last succeeded in inducing her to leave her forlorn home in the sunny south; and that twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related, we stood at the altar together as man and wife. She still lives to bless my love with her smiles, and my children with her good precepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible night, she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hours of darkness to solitary prayer. As for me," added the traveler, while a faint flush tinged his noble brow at the avowal, "as for me, that accident has reduced me to the condition of a physical coward at the sight of a mountain precipice."

"But the driver," urged our lady passenger, who had attended to the recital of the story with much attention—"what became of the driver? or did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, within a few steps of the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horse."

The traveler here fell into a musing attitude, as if all further allusion to the subject would be unpleasant to him. Shortly after this we reached the railroad station, where I parted with the nervous gentleman with feelings of profound esteem.

PREFACE VS. PRACTICE. Dr. Channing had a brother, a physician, and at one time they both lived in Boston. A countryman, in search of the divine, knocked at the doctor's door. The following dialogue ensued:

"Does Dr. Channing live here?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Can I see him?"  
"I am he."  
"Who? you?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"You must have altered considerably since I heard you preach?"  
"Heard me preach?"  
"Certainly. You are the Dr. Channing that preaches, ain't you?"  
"Oh! I see you are mistaken now. It's my brother who preaches—I'm the doctor who practices!"

## HEALTHY & EASY TO TAKE.

INTERESTING FACTS. The population of the earth is estimated at one thousand millions. Thirty millions die annually eighty two thousand daily; three thousand four hundred and twenty-one every hour, and fifty-seven, every minute.

A bushel of wheat weighing 62 pounds contains 550,000 kernels.

In Greece, it was the custom at meals for the two sexes always to eat separately.

The Romans lay on couches at their dining tables on their left arms, eating with their right.

Noah's Ark was 546 English feet long, 91 broad 54 high.

The walls of Nineveh were 100 feet high and thick enough for three chariots abreast.

Babylon was sixty miles within the walls, which were 67 feet thick and 300 feet high.

Vinegar boiled with myrrh, or camphor sprinkled in a room, corrects putridity.

Hopsentine to the left, and beans to the right.

Gold may be beaten into leaves so thin that 280,000 would be only an inch thick.

The earth is 7,616 miles in diameter, and 24,880 miles round.

Forests of standing trees have been discovered in Yorkshire, England, and in Ireland imbedded in stone.

There is iron enough in the blood of 42 men to make 50 horse shoes, each weighing half a pound.

A man is taller in the morning by half an inch than he is at night.

Water is the only universal medicine; by it all diseases may be alleviated and cured.

About the age of thirty-six, it is said the fat man becomes fatter; and the lean man leaner.

The atoms composing a man are believed to be changed every forty days, and the bones in a few months.

Fossil remains on the Ohio proves that it was once covered by the sea.

When the sea is of a blue color, it is deep water; when green shallow.

A map of China made one thousand years before Christ is still in existence.

The 14th of January on an average of years is the coldest day in the year.

In water, sound passes at the rate of 8,508 feet per second. In air, 1,142 feet per second.

In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse at more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamestown asserts that he heard every word of a sermon, at a distance of two miles.

A hand used for horses is four inches.

Ezekiel's reed was 18 feet, 11 1-8 inches long.

A Sabbath day's journey was about two-thirds of a mile.

There are 2500 known species of fishes.

Perfectly white cats are deaf.

The bones of birds are hollow, and filled with air, instead of marrow.

A single horse fly produces in one season, 20,080,320!

The flea jumps 200 times its own length equal to a quarter of a mile for man.

ANECDOTE OF OLD BARTHOLOMEW.—In the class of which Daniel Webster was a member, there was an individual noted for his vaggery. One day the Professor of Logic, who by the way was not the most nice and discriminating in his distinctions, was endeavoring to substantiate that a thing remains the same notwithstanding a substitution in some of its parts.

Our wag, who had been exercising the Yankee art of whittling, at length held up his Yankee knife, enquiring: "Supposing I should lose the blade of my knife, and should get another one made and inserted in its place, would it be the same knife it was before?"

"To be sure!" replied the professor.

"Well then," the wag continued, "suppose I should then lose the handle, and get another, would it be the same knife still?"

"Of course!" the Prof. again replied.

"But if somebody should find the old blade and the old handle, and should put them together, what knife would that be?"

We never learned the Professor's reply.

CLINTON RADIATOR.

IMPARTIALITY.—I must tell you a good one which happened this summer on the same day that I went up the North River on board the 'Hendrik Hudson.' After the passengers had retired to their berths, the following dialogue ensued in the ladies' cabin, of which the door was left partly open to promote the circulation of air. A rheumatic lady and an asthmatic old lady could not each be satisfied with reference to the door. They kept singing out in alternate strains from their high-pitched: the rheumatic, 'chambermaid, shut the door!' I shall die; the asthmatic 'chambermaid, open that door—I shall die!' So the contention went on for some time, and the yellow maid, with a bandanna handkerchief on her head, was fairly frustrated. At last an old gentleman, disturbed by the altercation, and not wishing to show any partiality, sang out from his own berth; 'chambermaid, for Heaven's sake open that door, and kill one of those ladies, and then shut the door and kill the other.'

MRS. PARTINGTON AGAIN.—Them musty what do you callums, you may think look well enough said Mrs. Partington to her nephew, who had returned from a voyage to Havana with his mouth covered with a profusion of coarse yellow hair: 'but you better shear them off before you're seen round much'; and she looked mysteriously at him as she continued, 'it may have a bad effect on the children near here, as it did when Mr. Brown built his cat-acorned houses, where, don't you think, 850 little innocents in the neighborhood were born with cross eyes! You had better cut 'em off that there may be no danger—there no knowing what might happen'; and the old lady went on explaining the circumstance of the cross

eyes, and cited Jacob's sheep in evidence of certain causes producing certain effects.—[Bost. Post.

NEWSPAPER BLUNDERS.—Proof-readers sometimes occasion most ludicrous mistakes in the papers. The John Bull, relates a couple of instances in its own experience. 'About two years since, we represented Mr. Peel as having joined a party of 'fends' in Hampshire for the purpose of shooting 'peasants'; and only last week, in a Scotch paper, we saw it gravely stated that a 'surgeon' was taken alive in the river, and sold to the inhabitants at 6d. and 10d. per lb.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—An anecdote we have seen recently of Dr. Styles, moves our spirit, on the subject of Female Education. We are not disposed to deny that a degree of attention has been paid to female education in our country, which has raised the female portion of the community as a whole, to an elevation above what they occupied a century, or half century, or quarter century ago. There is more intellectuality, and less of the puerile, whining, superstitious ignorance, with the commonality of women.

But we are often made heart sick by the sight of realities which come within our knowledge. A young woman works at bead catching, and enters into wedlock. But she is not truly speaking, a wife, a helpmeet unto the man she calls her husband. She has no understanding of the meaning of that companionship in life, which belongs to the relation of husband and wife. She has no thought or interest for the pleasure, prosperity and happiness of her husband, but only in her own capricious whims, and her dress and show for the eyes of other men and women.

Her most animated discourse in company is about jewelry, and dresses, and bonnets; she draws from her husband's earnings for costly apparel, which she casts off and replaces with new as often as milliners choose to change the fashions, or as her own fancy is inclined to something new. Her raving and fretting drives all peace from her husband's hour at home, unless he gratifies her extravagant and sinful demands. He is harassed and perhaps beggared, by the folly and wickedness of her who should have doubled his enjoyments and fostered his interests. He feels, but perhaps is too modest to say, that she is a burden and pest to his life.

And what does she get from the world to repay the loss of her husband's respect and love, and the ruin of his fortune? She wins the scorn and contempt of all the wise and enlightened. When she flounces in her silks, all respectable persons who know her look with greater disgust upon her foolish, unprincipled mindless person, than they would upon her mouldering body in the tomb.

When we look upon such cases, we wonder not that the Quakers and Methodists make a religion of simple dress.

A FILE OF SERPENTS. In the Savannahs of Icacubo, in Guiana, South America, I saw the most wonderful, the most terrible spectacle that can be seen; although it is not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveler has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passages; whilst I preferred to skirt the great forests. One of the blacks who formed the vanguard, returned full gallop, and called to me, 'Here, sir, come and see serpents in a pile.' He pointed out to me something elevated in the middle of the savannah or swamp, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my company then said, 'This is certainly one of the assemblages of serpents, which heap themselves on each other, after a violent tempest; I have heard of these, but have never seen any; let us proceed cautiously, but not go too near.' When we were within twenty paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our nearer approach, to which however, none of us were inclined.

On a sudden, the pyramidal mass became agitated; horrible hissing issued from it, thousands of serpents rolled spirally on each other, shot forth out of the circle their hideous heads, presenting their venomous fangs and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the first to draw back; but when I saw this formidable phalanx remained at its post, and appeared to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode round it, in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy on every side. I then sought to find what could be the design of this numerous assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpents dreaded some enemy, which might be the great serpent, or the cayman, and that they unite themselves after having seen this powerful enemy, in order to attack or resist in a mass.

Hired Girls.—Heads of families may contribute much to the welfare and virtue of society without going beyond their own households. The domestics in their own employ present a claim to kind consideration which too many overlook. An eastern paper says:—Young women compelled to go out to service—to hire in other people's families to do housework, are too generally kept at a distance. They are not permitted to sit with the mistress or her children; and what is too often and too generally the consequence? We are social beings, and must have society; if we cannot find good, we are too apt to take up with bad, and the consequence too often is degradation and ruin. Why not permit your hired girls, when work is over, to sit in the same room with you and your children? There they might learn what is good and useful, and go into the world to make virtuous and useful, wives and mothers, and bless you for your kindness and consideration. A little culture and consideration might and no doubt would, save a world of degradation and misery. None of us know what may be the future situation of our children. They too may at some future day be apprentices and hired domestics, and as we would they should be treated, so should we treat those whom misfortune or necessity has thrown into our employ.

Plato entertained some of his friends at a dinner, and had in the chamber a bed, or couch, neatly and costly furnished. Diogenes came in and got upon the bed and trampled it, saying, 'I trample upon the pride of Plato.' Plato mildly answered, 'but with greater pride.'

LIFE LIKE.—The Philadelphia Galaxy says an artist in that city painted a cow and cabbage so natural that he was obliged to separate them before they were finished, because the cow commenced eating the cabbage!

'SUNDAYS EXCEPTED.'—Every day, Sundays excepted, says the railroad and steamboat notice. So also reads the handbill of the museum, the panorama, and perhaps the theatre. It is a compliment to Christianity and the Sabbath. And as our eye rested upon the phrase the other day, the thought was started, that a good many people should be as explicit as are the managers of railroads and picture galleries, and qualify their creeds, professions, and pretensions, which are all so many showbills, by saying 'Sundays excepted.' Let us see how some of these bills ought to be made out.

'All important business attended to, with decision, toil and exposure, and no surrendering to cold, rain, mud, a reluctant feeling, or a slight indisposition, on any day of the week, Sundays excepted.'

'No propensity to sleep in the day time, yet great wakefulness, and eyes wide open with intense interest, on all the themes that address themselves to gain, danger, hope and fear, on all days of the week, Sundays excepted.'

'Reading and conversation adapted to the business in hand, and made to subserve the objects and designs of each day, and this rule strictly adhered to, every day in the week, Sundays excepted.'

'Disposed to obey God, and respect his institutions, claims, and rights, every day, Sundays excepted.'

'A physician with a good practice, and yet able to command time for attendance upon a public lecture on any day of the week, Sundays excepted.'

'A professing Christian, fond of an easy, accommodating religion, and no objection to card playing, dancing, or a few hours at the bowling alley or the theatre, on any day of the week, Sundays excepted.'

'A man for speculation and gain, without honor, given to knavery and extortion, and that would not be taken for a decent respecter of religion, on any day of the week, Sundays excepted.'

The foregoing is only a rough draft of some of the notices or bills which sundry persons might with eminent truthfulness stick up about their premises. The public would thus be advertised of facts, and some foolish mistakes of the community might be prevented.—[Boston Reporter.

THE DANDIES OF OLD TIMES.—Old fashions, they say, come new every seven years; some how or other knee breeches don't come around any more. They say when Gov. Bowdoin reviewed the troops of Massachusetts, in 1785, he was dressed in a grey wig, cocked hat, a white broadcloth coat and waistcoat, red small clothes, and black silk stockings.

In 1782, Gov. Hancock received his guests in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen, turned up over the edge of the velvet one, two, or three inches. He wore a blue damask gown, lined with silk, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, as late as 1773, wore robes of scarlet, faced with black velvet; and in summer, black silk gowns. Gentlemen wore coats of every variety of color, generally the cap and collar of velvet, of a different color from the coat.

In 1788, Gen. Washington arrived in New York from Mt. Vernon, to assume the duties of the Presidency. He was dressed in a full suit of Virginia homespun. On his visit to New England, soon after, he wore the old continental uniform, except on Sabbaths, when he appeared in black.

John Adams, when Vice President, wore a sword, and walked the streets with his hat under his arm.

At his levees in Philadelphia, President Washington was clad in black velvet, his hair was powdered, and gathered behind in a silk bag; yellow gloves, knee and shoe buckles; he held in his hand a cocked hat, ornamented with a cockade, fringed about an inch deep with black feathers; a long sword, in a white leather scabbard, with a polished steel hilt hung at his hip.—[Aurora Borealis.

A WOMAN IN A RUM SHOP.—On Saturday last quite a little emuete took place in Exchange street. The very respectable, genteel, quiet, and orderly liquor establishment of Mr. Cole was pursuing the 'even tenor of its way' behind its modest screens and curtains, turning many an honest penny into its till while it very unconsciously assisted in turning a few honest men into maniacs and fools; the accustomed loungers and hangers on were elegantly reclining on barrel heads and benches, and stout Jerry S., who had lately become somewhat elevated in his notions, was on the point of regaling himself with 'another hair of the dog that bit him,' when the door was very unceremoniously 'pushed,' and in walked no less a personage than Mrs. S. herself! Now Mrs. S. is known as a woman of great spirit and determination, especially in the management of her husband. And indeed it is whispered that the proprietor of the above mentioned establishment had before felt the weight of her indignation and her hand! It is therefore not to be wondered at, and is no impeachment of their courage, that the occupants of the 'saloon' should be somewhat startled at this uncalled-for eruption. Before, however, their fear gave way to action, the lady—who, by the way, was dressed in her 'best bib and tucker,' and came in her carriage—advanced to her liege lord and commanded him to set down his glass and leave the premises, which he very meekly did. Then turning her attention to the bar-keeper she made sundry demonstrations towards him, which induced that worthy individual to seek safety in flight. He accordingly shot through the back door, with the 'sharp stick' of the heroine impending over his hatless head, and quickly disappeared down Lime street. We have not since heard from him, but presume he is running yet. Being mistress of the field Mrs. S. proceeded to demolish the weapons of the enemy that steals men's brains away, and the way glass rattled and liquor flowed was a caution to rumblers. Decanters, tumblers and windows were all speedily 'used up.' There being nothing more to demolish and no enemy in sight, Mrs. S. took her departure with flying colors. And thus was one of king Alchy's strong holds stormed and taken by a woman!

A crowd of lookers on was collected, who were very much edified by the proceedings, and discussed the exploit with great gusto. Many applauded, while a few dolefully shook their heads, thereby showing their horror of female rage. One courageous bachelor, however, went so far as to say that could he get

such a wife as Mrs. S. he would be married in 'no time!' The general opinion appeared to be that Mrs. S. should be nominated for Mayor or Mayress at our approaching election, she having done more to shut up the rum shops than all those who have heretofore held that office.

One thing is certain. While such establishments are permitted to exist in our midst, such scenes will inevitably occur.—[Portland Transcript.

HOW TO TELL GOOD CIDER.—There is an old Dutchman living in the north of Vermont, very famous for having a large orchard, and making good cider. The old fellow is fond of the beverage himself, but he was never known to offer any to his neighbors. One evening a friend called upon him, and hoping to 'flatter' the old man out of a glass, began to praise his cider. 'Yass, yass,' said the phlegmatic Dutchman, 'I hesh coot cider—I hesh, pring a mug.' The boy fetched the cider and handed it to his father, who drank it all at a single pull; then turning to his astonished visitor, exclaimed, 'tere ten—if you don't drink dat ish coot cider, chust smell of te mug.'

A lady passing along Henry street, one morning noticed a little boy who was scattering salt upon the sidewalks for the purpose of clearing off the ice, which was very slippery. 'Well, I'm sure,' said the lady, 'this is real benevolence.' 'No it ain't, ma'am,' replied the boy, 'it's salt!'

THE SAILOR BOY.—The Cornelius was a good ship, one of the West India clippers of the American Seamen's Friend society, but at one time we feared she was on her last voyage. We were but a few days out from New York, when a severe storm of five days continuance overtook us. Like a noble charger between two contending armies, made the ship quiver in her joints and struggle to escape from the fury of the winds and the waves. At the height of the storm, I must tell you of a feat of a Connecticut sailor boy.

He was literally a boy, and far better for thumbing Webster's Spelling Book than furling a sail in a storm. But his mother was a widow, and where could the boy earn his living for himself and mother better than at sea? The ship was rolling fearfully, twice I saw the captain lose his centre of gravity—though he kept his temper pretty well—and measure his length on the deck. Some of the rigging got foul at the mainmast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and rectify it. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate and heard him order that boy aloft to do it. He lifted his cap and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling wrathful sea, and at the steady, determined countenance of the mate—He hesitated in silence a moment, then rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the fore-castle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes when he returned, laid his hands on the ratlines, and went up with a will. My eyes followed him up till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending that boy aloft. He could not come down alive! Why did you send him?

'I did it,' replied the mate, 'to save life.—We've sometimes lost men overboard but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel.' He is more careful. He'll come down safe I hope—'

Again I looked till a tear dimmed my eye, and I was compelled to turn away expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes, having finished his job he came down, and straightened himself up with the conscious pride of having performed a manly act, he walked off with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day I took occasion to speak with him, and ask him why he hesitated when ordered aloft? why he went down into the fore-castle?

'I went sir,' said the boy, to pray.'

'Do you pray?'

'Yes sir; I thought I might not come down alive, and I want to commit my soul to God.'

'Where did you learn to pray?'

'At home; my mother wanted me to go to the Sabbath School, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me and I do.'

'What was that you had in your jacket pocket?'

'My Testament, which my teacher gave me. I thought if I did perish I would have the Word of God close to my heart.'—[Seamans Magazine.

SHAKESPEARE AND BACON.—There is as great a difference between Shakespeare and Bacon, as between an American forest and an London timber yard. In the timber yard, the materials are sawed, and squared, and set across; in the forest, we have the natural form of the tree, all its growth, all its branches; all the mosses that grow about it, all the birds and insects that inhabit it; now deep shadows absorbing the wilderness; now bright, burning glades, exuberant grass and flowers and fruitage; now untroubled skies; now terrific thunder storms; every where multifarious, every where immensity.

WOMAN AND FLOWERS. Woman, says one, loves flowers, and as flowers are so like women in their beauty and sweetness, so they ought to grow up together. No flowers! She should have her fragrant bouquet at the party; window plants in her parlor; if possible, some rich and rare flowering shrubs in her conservatory; but better than all these, and supplying all, every woman in the world should have a flower garden. Every man who has the least gallantry or paternal feeling, should make a flower bed for his wife and daughters. Every house—the smallest cottage, as well as the largest mansion—should have around it the perfume of lilacs, pinks, and other hardy odoriferous flowers, that cost no trouble, but bring with them every year a world of beauty and fragrance.

Gutta serena is now becoming a great article of export from the Archipelago. During the last six months of last year, no less than 27,000 tons was exported to England. In collecting this gum the tree which yields it is destroyed and yet the produce of one huge tree only yields a product valued at a dollar and a half. The tree exists in abundance over an area of 500,000 square miles. There need, therefore, be little apprehension of its speedy destruction, and by the time this takes place, some other substitute may be discovered, nature's laboratory has had but a limited exploration.

More copy! this column is one line too short.

Original Tale.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.  
WRITTEN FOR THE EASTERN MAIL BY MRS. A. M. CHAPMAN—THE ESCAPE.

The commander of the vessel in which we were prisoners proved to be a harsh and tyrannical man. One of the first deeds he performed, after we were taken on board of his ship, was, to select out the Englishmen who had united themselves with our crew and hang them at the yard-arm, without deliberation. Our own captain endeavored to interfere in their behalf, and stated that they had never yet fought against their country; but, as might have been expected, his voice and solicitations were disregarded, and the victims, three in number, launched into eternity with scarce a moment for preparation. From this time our own sufferings were hardly supportable. Placed below and confined in irons during the night, while we were not allowed to take any exercise whatever, and with barely food sufficient to preserve life, we fast sank beneath the treatment; and at the end of three weeks two of our number fell victims to the harsh and unmerciful treatment we received. We were now reduced to five, and our situation was miserable in the extreme. Our very existence became a burden, and could we but have had communication with the powder room, oppressed and oppressor would have shared one common fate.

The vessel within whose walls we were imprisoned was bound for Quebec. She had sailed from London, in the regular route of European vessels for the Canadas, but a storm overtaking her she was driven several hundred miles to the southward, and thus fell in with our sinking vessel in time to rescue us from a watery grave, only to preserve us for a worse fate. In addition to our other sufferings, the water on board began to fail. It became necessary to place the crew on allowance, and you may well suppose the chance of our obtaining even the stunted portion allotted us was slight. Our thirst became intolerable. A person may sustain the cravings of hunger for a long time, but when the tongue is parched with thirst, and the bloodshot and sunken eye literally glistening with intense excitement, the victim cannot long survive.

We had been on allowance for upwards of two weeks, and the situation of even the crew had become desperate, when, early one afternoon, the joyful sound of "land ho!" was heard from the mast head. Three hours' sail brought us within a short distance of the island, for so it was, and the ship came to anchor in order to send her boat ashore to procure both wood and water. We prisoners heard the anchor thrown and knew the progress of the vessel was arrested, but confined below we had not yet seen the land, and had only learned that we were approaching it by the shout above us. What then was our pleasure, when we were released from our dark prison and ordered upon deck, immediately after the rattling of the cable had died away. How beautiful was the prospect that opened to our view. The last rays of the setting sun were glancing from surrounding objects, and rendering the sea a mass of gold. A mile or two distant lay the island in all its beauty, while beyond, at the distance of ten or twelve miles, was the main land.

The object for which we had been summoned upon deck was soon apparent. A boat was lowered, into which we were placed with ten marines, just double our number, to guard us; and we were directed to proceed at once to the island and discover if our wants could there be relieved. Right glad were we to leave for a moment our prison; and we severally resolved never to return to it again if escape were possible. But our chance was desperate, with enemies so much superior in number and completely armed while we possessed not a single weapon. But fortune smiled upon us and lent aid in an enterprise which seemed rash in the extreme.

We landed upon the island and proceeded in quest of what we most eagerly desired with the exception of our liberty, namely, water. At length a spring of pure water, bubbling up from the earth, rewarded our search, and having satisfied our thirst we retraced our steps to the boat to procure the water casks. On rolling them ashore one of the casks was found to contain something, and on opening it we made what was considered by all a most happy discovery. When the crew as well as the prisoners on board of the ship were put on short allowance, the officers found it necessary to remove the water to the liquor room, in order to preserve it from the depredations of the former; and in removing the casks from thence, and placing them within the boat, one that had previously contained whiskey was unconsciously included. On opening this, however, two or three gallons of whiskey were found. Our guard, therefore, resolved to have the pleasure of destroying it upon the island, and very kindly came to the conclusion to allow their prisoners a share of the sport. We retired to a spot that was concealed from the view of those in the vessel and arranged ourselves around the prize. Ere, however, we had so done, each of our number promised, on no condition whatever would he allow himself to taste of the intoxicating beverage; and should the British drink too freely of the same, we would simultaneously rise to gain our liberty. The enemy began the revel, and already each of them had once emptied the bowl when it was passed to me. I knew it would not answer to refuse, and accordingly filling it to the brim, I held the bowl to my mouth as if in the act of drinking. It was a moment of intense excitement both to myself and my friends; to myself, from fear that I might be detected in the execution of the purpose I had formed, and consequently our darling object defeated—and to my friends, who trembled lest in the excitement of the moment I might forget the promise made but a short time before. I seized nevertheless a fa-

vorable moment, and poured, unnoticed by the enemy, the whole contents of the vessel down my neck, on the outside instead of within, and allowed the whiskey to run down the inside of my vest, the more effectually to conceal the deception. My companions did the same, unnoticed by the marines, who began to exhibit signs of the liquor's effect. A second time was the bowl passed round and a second time did we deceive our enemies; and now they threw off all restraint, laid aside their weapons, and completely gave themselves up to pleasure. We counterfeited as best we could their boisterous joy, while at the same time we were waiting with the most fearful anxiety for the signal from our captain, to fall upon the unsuspecting foe. It came at last, and we rushed towards the guns. With a yell of rage and despair the enemy staggered towards us, as they beheld, too late, the plot. On they came and we bid them surrender; but rendered desperate by rum, as well as relying on their superior number, they would not yield, and ere they were subdued we bayoneted four. In the affray a gun was accidentally discharged, which communicated the alarm to the ship, and we were well aware if we wished to escape no time was to be lost. We could not expect to conceal ourselves upon the island; we must fly to the main land. Accordingly, selecting whatever we thought might be necessary, and taking a musket apiece, we hastened to the boat, got her afloat, and cautiously proceeded along by the shore towards the distant land. By the light of the rising moon we could witness the movements on board of the ship, while we ourselves were concealed in the friendly shadow of the overhanging trees. We saw them lower a boat, into which fifteen or twenty men threw themselves, and push off towards the place where they supposed our boat was moored. Meanwhile we pulled slowly and steadily along, reserving our strength for the final struggle, which we knew must come when we passed a point of land at the distance of about two miles from the place we had left.

At length we reached the point, and lay a moment upon our oars in contemplation of the prospect before us, just as the second boat had reached the place where the first had been drawn ashore, and was intently engaged in seeking it. Yonder was the shore, which if once gained we were safe, while behind us were foes eager for our blood. The command is given, and we shoot boldly out into the clear light of the moon. A shout from the boat in the distance announces that we are discovered, and now comes the tug of war. With a strong, steady and united pull we send our boat through the water with the speed of an arrow, while with no less rapidity the pursuing boat shoots after us. On, on we fly, with liberty before us and death in our rear. The enemy's boat gains slowly and steadily upon us. They relieve each other, and thus keep constantly fresh hands at the oar. Not so with us; every nerve and sinew must be strained to its utmost power, nor be relaxed until we had gained a place of safety. And nobly did our men put forth their utmost strength. On, on we rush; and now we have passed over three fourths of the distance, when from his superhuman efforts the blood gushes from the nostrils of one of our men, and he falls powerless from his seat. Our captain springs forward, and leaving the tiller to him, takes his place. Again we dash on, and hope kindles anew in our breasts. The enemy have gained upon us and are almost within gun shot, when a shout of triumph is borne to us from them. With fearful forebodings we turn our eyes toward the shore, and lo! our blood almost freezes within our veins. The waves break continually over the rocks beneath, and it were madness to expect a boat could live for a moment there. We involuntarily stop and shudder at our fate, but the stern voice of our captain bids us onward as our only hope, and perish rather in the surf than fall into the hands of our enemies. Committing ourselves to God we again dash forward towards the breakers, and borne on the top of a huge wave the first is passed in safety. And now comes the second. We wait a favorable moment and ply our oars, but we are too late to escape it and the wave breaks over the stern of our boat, filling it half full with water. The third breaker is still to be passed ere we are safe, and nerving ourselves once more we dash into it. But our boat swims too deeply and strikes upon the rocks. Seizing our muskets we leap out, and in a few moments stand safe upon shore. We turn to our pursuers, who have followed us to the first breaker and are gazing in mute astonishment at our desperate course, and giving three cheers for Liberty and Washington, we fire a volley among them. This rouses them from their trance, but concealing ourselves ere they can return our fire, they turn in despair and slowly row back towards the ship. We were now free, yet our prospect was anything but pleasant. Hundreds of miles from home and in an enemy's province, (for we had landed in Canada,) we were well aware what our sufferings must be ere we could reach our friends.

I need not tell you what we had to endure, with no provision save what we could procure with our muskets in the boundless forests that intervened, or the berries we gathered by the wayside. We at length found a settlement of our countrymen, by whom we were aided and directed to our homes. I arrived at my native place, and entered the paternal mansion just as my father was kneeling to offer up the morning prayer. Emaciated and haggard as I looked, I was not recognized by father or mother. I gazed a moment upon them and then spoke. At the sound of my voice they sprang forward, and throwing themselves upon my neck could only sob, "Oh! God! our son—our son!"

CHAP. III.—SECOND AND LAST VOYAGE.

I remained at home, (continued the old man) for nearly a year, but I had acquired so great a liking for the sea, as well as hatred for the enemy, that I resolved to try my fortune once more upon the waters. My father was wil-

ling to offer me again to his country, yea even anxious to have me depart.

A good opportunity offered itself about this time in a brig fitting out for a privateer at Boston, and I accordingly enlisted on board of her. With high hopes we set sail from our native land, but we had scarcely lost sight of her shores when a British man-of-war hove in sight and gave us chase. We tried every expedient to escape; our sails were kept completely wet, and our water casks started in order to lighten our vessel, yet the enemy gained upon us. As a last resort we threw overboard our guns, shot, and even the provision; but all to no purpose, and the enemy slowly and steadily approached us. At length we fell within the range of her large guns and they began to play upon us. We held out and refused to lower our flag as long as there was hope, but at last this died within us and we surrendered. The enemy had a large number of American prisoners on board of their own ship, and they resolved to place them with us in the captured vessel, and send us to England. Accordingly a prize crew was thrown into the brig—the prisoners transferred on board of her, and our sails hoisted for England's shores.

During the passage we attempted several times to rise upon the enemy, but we were watched so closely as to render all such attempts abortive. We were at length landed in London, and from thence immediately conveyed to the gloomy walls of Dartmoor prison. And then commenced a catalogue of wrongs and sufferings, which I would not relate if I had the power. For six months we endeavored to devise means by which to escape, and at last hit upon a plan which we thought might be successful. There were seven of us who occupied one of the lower rooms in the prison, and one day as we were examining it to discover if there was any possibility of escape, we found a stone in the wall that appeared to be loose. By dint of perseverance we succeeded in removing it and came to the solid ground. If, then, we could procure an instrument with which to dig—a place to conceal the earth removed, and hold the keeper in ignorance of our operations, here was a chance to escape.

The next day one of our number found in the yard of the prison part of an iron hoop, and concealing it under his dress conveyed it to our cell. Meanwhile a place had been discovered to deposit the dirt, and the succeeding night we fell resolutely to work, digging with the hoop and conveying the gravel away in our hats. We must dig under a road and come out at the opposite side. This discovery somewhat dampened our spirits; but we resolved to labor incessantly by night until we could effect our escape. The sentry's station was close to the walls above us, which rendered it further necessary to carry our subterranean passage to a greater distance before we came to the top of the ground. For two months we labored, and had dug to the distance of forty feet, when we resolved to open the passage and endeavor to fly from our prison.

The night we selected was exceedingly dark and stormy. Proceeding to the end of our passage, we commenced digging upward. But the distance was greater than we had supposed, and it was nearly daylight before we had made an opening. Through this we escaped unobserved by the sentinel, and made directly towards the water, resolving to cross the Channel and land in France. We found a small boat, which, under our present circumstances, we did not hesitate to seize, and springing into this we vigorously plied our oars. We had rowed about one third of the distance, when we observed a vessel bearing down upon us. We knew at once by her appearance what was her object. Our escape had been discovered and a revenue cutter dispatched in hot pursuit. On she came with a fair breeze, while we strained every nerve to escape; but escape was impossible. She had already gained so rapidly upon us as to be within firing distance. We were still exerting ourselves to the utmost. Suddenly the helm of the cutter is brought down; her dark broadside swings slowly round; there is a flash upon her deck, and the next moment a twelve-pound ball tore through the stern of our boat, and cut in two one of our number who had charge of the tiller. The survivors clung to the shattered boat and were taken off by the enemy, who conveyed us back to the prison from which we had hoped to escape.

Once more immured within its walls, nothing could exceed the rigor with which we were treated. But notwithstanding this we had well nigh effected our escape the second time, when the welcome news of peace was borne to our ears, and in a short time an opportunity was offered to return to our native country. I visited my home; but no father's or mother's smile welcomed me there. They were dead.

The old man ceased, and soon fell into a quiet slumber. I watched over him till the beams of the rising sun shone in upon the sick man's couch, and then took my departure. The succeeding night I learned he was dead. Calmly and without a struggle he had fallen asleep.

A few days passed and I stood by as they lowered all that remained of the departed patriot into the cold, dark grave. His deeds were o'er; his arm that had been raised in defence of his country was stiff in death. But humble though he was, the memory of his virtues and patriotism will live and be revered long after the name of more conspicuous ones shall have perished, or survive only to be execrated.

OLD ZACK'S JUG.—The following excellent temperance story is told by the editor of the Grand River Eagle. If the old hero can introduce the use of the kind of jug recommended by him, he will have achieved a victory over his country's deadliest foe, which will far transcend the trophies of the battle field.

"We were highly amused yesterday. On the bridge that passes the tumbling waters of the Grand Rapids, we met a hale old man, with 11 sons, 7 daughters, 27 grand-children and his own wife—the only one he ever had—with numerous horses, carts, wagons, oxen,

cows and furniture of very antiquated appearance, among which were to be seen cradles for babies, cradles for grain, spinning wheels, pots, kettles and almost everything requisite for a settlement, such as 57 blood relations will make in the Grand River country. After stopping the train and making many inquiries, we asked the old gentleman what use there could be of a bottomless jug, which was carefully laid in a safe place, among his other domestic equipments, and received the following reply.

"Why, sir, I am a man of many years and lots of children, and have worked other people's land all my days, paid 4 to 9 bushels of grain an acre rent, for so doing have all that time used a jug with a bottom in it, and I got sick of feedin' other people with my hands, either landlord or rumrunner; so I sent 7 of my boys to Mexico to fight for some land, and they all got back safe, after fightin' with Gen. Taylor, time enough to vote for him; and they got 7 quarter sections of land, that, please God, will be our own without rent. And now, that old jug you see there, (pointing at the bottomless thing,) shall hold all the whiskey or rum that will be used in my whole family while I control'em: because old General Taylor told my son John, he'd serve the jugs to him just as they did the Mexicans, take away their power to kill us. Good day."

The more we read the following beautiful lines by Hood, the more we are in love with them.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGH.

Drowned! drowned! — HAMLET.

One more Unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing,—

Touch her not scornfully;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny,  
Rash and undutiful:  
Past all dishonour,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
Oozing so clamorously.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses;  
Whilst burnburn guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!  
Oh! it was pitiful!  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed;  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch  
Or the black flowing river;  
Made from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurled—  
Any where, any where  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute Man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently,—kinly,  
Smooth, and compose them:  
And her eyes, close them;  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurned by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity!  
Into her rest—  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour!

Pour water hastily in a vessel with a narrow neck, little enters; pour gradually, by small quantities, and the vessel is filled. Such is the simile employed by Quincellion to show the folly of teaching children too much at a time.

THE "IRON DUK." A TREETOTALLER.—It is stated by the London Temperance Banner that the Duke of Wellington has not taken a glass of wine for the last two years—water being his only beverage. This world-famous man is now 79 years of age, and possesses his faculties in full vigor—mainly through abstinence, early rising and industry.

THE LOVE-BIRDS.—The beautiful little Love-birds, or Parrots, or Parakeets, are known by the smallness of their size, and by the shortness of their tails, which is merely rounded; they are the smallest of the whole race and evidently unite the true Parrots to the Parakeets. This bird is a native of Guinea, in Africa, and scarcely exceeds a Sparrow in size. It is much prized as a cage bird, its confinement being usually relieved by the company of its mate, (for they are generally sold in pairs,) to which it always shows the warmest attachment. It is very interesting to see them dress each other's plumage, caress each other, and by various actions indicate their mutual happiness. They sleep suspended with the head downwards, clinging by one foot alone. Their color is green, the outer webs of the quill-color being blue and the tail being bandied with a bar of lilac. Parrots are, of all birds, the most easily made tame and familiar. They are said to be the most intelligent of the feathered tribe.—Great West.



WATERVILLE, APRIL 19.

V. B. PALMER, 8 Congress-st. Boston and at his offices in N. York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, is our advertising agent.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

OUR SCHOOLS.—THE DISTRICT MEETING.

The attention of our citizens is now strongly directed to our public schools. It is obvious to all who know the facts in the case, that this attention is earnestly demanded. The schools should be greatly improved, and for this decisive action is indispensable. The cause is worthy of it. The interests of education among us, certainly among our greatest interests, may well call forth our best efforts.

At the late district meeting, incipient measures were adopted, with reference to future, effectual action, and the meeting was adjourned to next Monday evening. As was to be expected, different opinions have been expressed. The present seems, therefore, to be a proper time to invite the attention of the citizens generally to the subject, in its various bearings upon the community, and in the lights which are shed upon it from different sources. There is encouragement to hope that on full and candid consideration of the subject, different opinions may become united; for this has been the result in other places. Without exception, I believe, a good system of public schools is almost or quite unanimously sustained, in those towns which have established one.

The object which is sought by our public schools may be stated thus,—the best possible education of the young of the entire community, for the various occupations and duties of future life. I suppose all will agree in this. Our notions of right and of economy require that this object should be accomplished with the least possible expense, and with equal justice to all. This object—the best education of the young of the whole community, with economy and justice to all—will be secured in the highest possible degree by a system of classified schools, embracing the languages, higher English branches, and mathematics so far as to qualify the practical surveyor and navigator for their respective callings. This statement may appear to some extravagant, but it is sustained in all its length, and breadth, and positiveness, by many facts, which no man generally acquainted with the subject will think of calling in question. Some of these facts will be presented.

It is an important fact here, that this proposed system has been successfully tried, and proved to answer the expectations of its friends. Bangor established such a system many years ago. For a little while there was a slight opposition. It soon ceased. The system was found to work admirably for all, and for the poorer citizens especially, who enjoy advantages which they could not otherwise afford, and equal to those which the richest with all their money can obtain. At the present time, her schools are justly the pride, as they are the honor, of our eastern city. Nothing could overthrow them.

At Bath a similar system has been established. At first the laboring citizens were jealous. Would it promote their interests? At the first examination, however, some of their children were admitted to the High School, while children of the rich were excluded, as not sufficiently qualified. They saw immediately how their real interests would be promoted, and now none could overturn that system, even should they desire to do it.

But these instances must not be multiplied. Many towns have established similar systems of schools, and it is not known that in one has it failed. If, then, the citizens of Waterville shall establish a complete system of schools (the details to be adjusted hereafter), they will not take a step in the dark, the result of which is doubtful. They will do that which other towns have done, and which, on trial, they will not suffer to be undone. They will do that which has remarkably united those who otherwise differ—political parties—religious denominations—the rich and the poor—the learned and the unlearned—for it has always been found to be a great public good—only good and good to all. Certainly, then, it must be unwise and unreasonable for any to resist the proposed measure, unless it can be shown that, in the case of Waterville, there exists some peculiar and important hindrance, which does not exist elsewhere. Can any citizen present such a hindrance?

But it is the impression of some, that no better organization of schools than now exists is needed, and it is even implied by a recent correspondent of the Mail that our schools were in a better state before the present arrangement was adopted. It would tax the patience

of those who may read this article more than I wish, to expose the several mistakes into which the unknown writer has fallen, in a short communication, though, I doubt not, with the best intentions. If, he knew, and if our citizens generally knew many painful facts, which the teachers of our schools know, and the Superintending School Committee know, and all might know if parents took a becoming interest in the welfare of their children in the schools, it cannot be doubted there would be a feeling and movement in this town, not against proposed improvement but for it, far more general and earnest than any now venture to hope for. Our schools do not accomplish the object justly expressed in the article referred to; in their present state, they cannot accomplish it, to half the desirable and practicable extent; and any intelligent person investigating the subject for a few days, or even hours, cannot fail to be convinced of this fact, which at every turn stares those in the face whose duties concern the schools. There are good reasons for asserting that Waterville, so far from being in advance of other towns of the same class, in the matter of education, is rather below the average. Let not our goodly town be slandered, and let not that be a fact, the assertion of which if untrue would be a slander.

It has been stated that economy and justice will be secured by the establishment of a system of classified schools. I need not dwell upon the point of its general economy, but will refer the readers of the Mail to an article published on the 15th of March, simply adding that further investigation has confirmed the statements there made—showing that what is paid for private tuition in a single term, added to the present tax, will support a good system of public schools forty weeks in a year, which is as long as it is desirable schools should be in operation.

But the justice of the measure is called in question. It is said the hard-earned pittance of laboring men would be wrung from them, and the taxes of the wealthy increased, for the sake of others. If this proves anything it proves too much. It proves that all our public schools should be abolished, for they are supported on this principle. Are those who make this objection prepared to carry it out consistently? But if the objection is not a good one against all our schools, it is not against any schools, which provide instruction in any branches, and all branches which the public good requires. Now the public good does require the measure which is urged. Let us see how it affects the poorer and laboring citizens, and the wealthy, from both whom objection comes. It will increase the taxes of those without property very slightly indeed. Without doubt the working men of this village, who have families, pay quarterly for tuition more than the annual increase of tax will be to them. They must do this if they would have their children respectively educated as things now are, and they do do it. Of course, then, the adoption of this system will actually save them money in their pockets. But it will also do better for them than this. It will open to them advantages equal to those which others can purchase with their money. It places entirely within their reach an extensive and most useful education, such as they will not and often cannot otherwise obtain; and who does not know that a good education is the best possible means, the highest advantage they can have, for entering into competition with those more favored as to property, in the various business of life? It removes one of the greatest things which set the poor, as they themselves believe, so much at disadvantage in comparison with the rich. It increases their virtues and self-respect, and more than any thing else enables them to come up with the rich, into the places of usefulness, and influence, and honor in society. Why, then, will not our poorer and laboring citizens, as a mass, unite in support of a system which has for them nothing but good? Why will any of them, by opposing this system, fight like blind men against their own and their children's welfare?

And how will the wealthy be affected? It is true their taxes will be increased. Suppose this were all—still in behalf of so good a cause as a more elevated general education, I should be inclined to appeal to their public spirit—that generous regard for others' welfare which is honorable in every man, and for which every man who possesses it is honored. Are we to live every man for himself alone—clutching and clinging to every possible dollar, and bestowing for others' good, when the law requires it, the least possible sums, and those grudgingly, as the miser resigns his eagles to save his life? May this spirit never appear in Waterville.

But increase of taxes will not be the only effect of establishing the proposed system of schools. It will increase the value of property generally. It would be a strange reason indeed for refusing an addition of a thousand dollars to one's productive property, gained by investments in business, that it must be taxed equally with other property, and this is really all that can be urged on the ground of money against the proposed schools. The truth is, they will be an investment of money, which will more than provide for its own expenses. Our large tax-payers are the last men, who, in view of personal and pecuniary interests should oppose the best possible public schools. Perhaps it is not best to protract this article by an argument here. Its readers may be already weary. Suffice it to say, observation of facts convinces all who give attention to the matter, that the statement concerning increased value of property, by the establishment of the best public schools, is true. If any are still inclined to doubt, let them candidly consider three things, and they cannot fail to be convinced. 1. Property is of greatest value, where public education is in the best state—we may say where most is wisely expended for it—other things being equal. 2. A good sys-



