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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 04): August 16, 1849

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1849.

NO. 4.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY  
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING,  
At No. 31-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.  
TERMS—\$1.50 PER ANNUM.  
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

## POPULAR STORIES.

### JEAN PIERRE OF THE WOOD:

Or some Mistakes of a Young Widow.

"Little do you guess  
The heart you prize, 'tis true among the woods  
I sought for constancy, and day by day  
It grew; but then within its hardening frame  
An exquisite affection took its root."

Julie Duval, taken from a convent to become the wife of a wealthy proprietor, whose old château had become as grim as the ancient warriors whose portraits adorned the walls, suddenly became a widow, through an accident that occurred to her husband whilst riding on a blind and lame old horse, respecting which he had frequently been cautioned, but to no purpose. He was too much attached to the animal to part with him, he said; but the fact was he was too miserly to buy another. Julie became a widow in her four-and-twentieth year; and no girl of fifteen was less acquainted with the world and its ways than herself. The wealth of her husband had fallen into her possession, and she did not follow his example by allowing it to lie idle; for after a few months' retirement, she appeared in the gay world, and with her beauty and accomplishments, and the magnificent character of her entertainments, became the admiration of all Paris. One day, whilst passing a short time at the old château, she formed a desire to become acquainted with the character and life of the peasantry in the neighborhood; and thinking she could better accomplish her object in disguise than in her real character, and having no more idea of peasant life than she had gathered from representations at the Opera, Julie gave orders for a dress to be made exactly after the fashion of a village girl, which a celebrated actress had recently appeared in. The gown was of black silk, trimmed with cerise-colored ribbons, an Alpaca apron edged with lace, and an Italian straw hat with similar ribbons to those which decorated the dress. Julie believed that this was the actual costume of a country girl!

She had told nobody of her intention, and the dressmaker concluded the attire was for a fancy ball. Julie was delighted; and dressed herself with much care one fine summer morning, she stepped lightly down stairs, and having reached the gate of the château unobserved, she emerged into the road, and crossed into an opposite wood. She then paused, to satisfy herself that nobody had seen or followed her, and then proceeded onward with hurried steps, until she began to reflect upon the probable consequences of the step which she had taken. The beauty of the scenery, the singing of the birds, and the tinkling rill of water, filled her mind with pleasant ideas. "I am a country girl, now," she said to herself, and she endeavored to think and feel like one. She then bounded onward like a fawn for a long time, and just before her, running along without caring about the road she was going, and thoughtful only of what she should hear and see in the village.

It was not the fancy dress in which she was attired that indicated the superior station of Julie, but she wore magnificent diamond earrings, and her feet were concealed by satin shoes; moreover, her delicate hands were ornamented with costly rings. She had overlooked those matters in her earnest desire to experience the joys of a village life. Suddenly Julie paused, for she heard some one walking behind her. It was a step light but deliberate, which, moving faster than her own, appeared likely soon to overtake her. She began to feel timid, and thought of returning to the château; the imprudence of her excursion now occurring to her. Whilst she stood hesitating, she saw the person advancing that had inspired her fear. It was a man. But it was a young man, and there was nothing at all dreadful in his aspect. His figure was mild, and at the same time dignified. His eyes were blue and tenderly expressive, and his mouth had a spiritual character that was enough to assure Julie she had nothing to fear. In truth the wayfarer was a simple countryman.

Julie resolved to pause on the road, and allow the stranger to pass. But although she appeared not to notice him, the strangeness of her attire sufficed to awaken the curiosity of the countryman. He gazed at her in wonderment, and then blushed and cast down his eyes. Julie blushed in turn. At length their eyes met.

"Pray, sir," tremblingly ejaculated the lady, "which is the way to Engghien?"  
"Ah, mademoiselle," replied the countryman, "you are on the road to Engghien; but your back is towards it. You are going from it."  
"Truly," she replied, affecting surprise, "I thank you, my good friend. I think that without your direction I should have been lost in the wood."

"The wood is not safe, Mademoiselle, for a lady by herself," rejoined the other, "I am on my way to Engghien; and if Mademoiselle will permit me to accompany her, I shall have great pleasure."

"Accompany me!" exclaimed Julie. "Oh, no, I must not be seen with you."

"Have confidence in me, Mademoiselle," said the stranger. "I am well known to the country and neighborhood. I live on the common at Armeson with my parents. I am called Jean Pierre. Have you never heard of Jean Pierre? Pray, let us walk together."

Encouraged by the artless manner of the countryman, she proceeded onward, but for some time in silence. At length she abruptly said,

"Do you want a place?"

"A place!" exclaimed Jean Pierre.

"Yes, as servant in a rich house; perhaps I could get you one."

"Much obliged, Mademoiselle," said Jean Pierre; "but I don't want a place. I am not offended; O dear no; but I don't want one, thank you. I have already saved some earnings, and if you please I think I shall marry."

"O, you intend to get married, do you?" said Julie.

"Yes," replied Jean Pierre. "I suppose I must like the rest of the world. But it's not myself that has planned this marriage that I talk about. O, dear no. It's my father has done it."

There was a peculiar expression in the coun-

tryman's eye at this moment, which, if Julie had been a more careful observer, might have awakened her suspicions; but she was thoughtful only of her own melancholy nuptials with the departed M. Boissier.

"Ah," she replied, "it's always the way with old people; they marry us without considering whether we ourselves love the object or not."  
"Ah!" cried Jean Pierre, with emotion—"Surely you are not married! It seems to me that only a heart that has felt the pangs of compelled union could speak thus forcibly."

"Fie!" said Julie, gaily. "You must not draw such conclusions. It is not to set you against marriage in obedience to your good father's wishes, that I have thus spoken."

"But, Mademoiselle, I am disgusted with marriage, or rather with this one."  
"In that case, why do you marry, then?" replied Julie, who felt amused by the candor of the young man. "Are you not free?" continued she, seeing that he had become thoughtful, and did not answer. "If you love her—"

"I do not love her. It is not that she is ugly or disagreeable. On the contrary, I assure you she is a very pretty girl. But you know when there is not a mutual love, matrimony becomes a very tedious affair, putting his hand to his heart."

"I do not understand you," replied Julie with more coolness. "You do not love, you say; but yet you are going to be married. You think and act like a child. If I did not love I would not marry a duke."

"You are right," observed Jean Pierre, "you give me good advice. I will profit by it."  
"It is not advice, but only an observation; and besides, the affair is too much advanced."

"It is not advanced at all, since I cannot love her, nor ever shall. My resolution is taken; I will not marry her. I will return to my parents, declare my resolution, and send my refusal to Etienne."

"She is called Etienne, is she?" interrupted Julie. "How unhappy the poor child will be if she loves you, and to find her love is not returned!"

"But I could never love Etienne; for now I find her awkward and even ugly, although she is not so. You speak better than a book. Permit me to ask your name."

"My name!" repeated Julie, astonished at the question, and not knowing what to answer—"My name is Julie."

"Indeed!" quickly rejoined Jean Pierre, "Julie is my favorite name; but you have another name? Excuse me, Mademoiselle, for making this inquiry. You have shown me so much kindness, and I am so much obliged to you, that I feel I must know you a little. It is you that have kept me from making a fool of myself, and from living unhappy all my life with a woman I can never love again. It is such an enchantment to be loved! I would give my life to be loved by one whom I could love. Do you not think that love is the pleasantest thing in the world, Mademoiselle?"

"I must experience it before I can answer," said Julie, with increasing emotion. "Remember I am not married, nor ever will be, continued she, laughing. "It is not, besides, easy to love; and when we love, how can we be sure we are loved in return?"

"That is only to be proved by circumstances," said Jean Pierre, sighing, and looking earnestly at his companion. "I wish I was sure of being loved! But that is impossible: I must remain in my present condition. Alas! my destiny is to remain at Ormeson or at Engghien, and marry some villager, such as Etienne, to make baskets, and lead the life of an honest workman."

After some time passed in silence, Jean Pierre observed,

"You, Mademoiselle, have not told me what you mean to do at Engghien. I suppose you are the daughter of a large mercantile man—a distinguished citizen? It does not require a wit to tell who you are."

"Me? I am nothing, comparatively nothing," rejoined Julie. "First, I do not think I am richer than yourself. You look at my toilette, but that tells you nothing; all the villagers in the neighborhood of Paris dress thus. Have you never been to Paris? I am going to Engghien with a message from my mistress."

"From your mistress? I suppose, then, you are in a manufactory, or house of business?—you are a dress maker undoubtedly?"

"No, you do not guess rightly: I am chambermaid to Madame the Marchioness of M."

"Ah," cried Jean Pierre, "if I had the happiness to be loved by you, I would marry you directly."

"In the place of poor Etienne?" replied Julie. "How naughty you are!"

"Not so; I would sacrifice all for you."

"Take care, M. Jean Pierre; this is going too far. Remember, we are not free."

"You have said something that distresses me. You are not free, then? Perhaps you love another?"

"You have asked me more than I can tell you. I do not know myself."

But at that moment they entered Engghien, and suddenly a gentleman, in military attire, accosted Jean Pierre, and some brief words passed between them. The countryman, rejoined Julie, said he was obliged to accompany the gentleman, who had entrusted him with work, but he supplicated that she would grant him another meeting. Julie, pleased with the spirit of adventure, and anticipating considerable amusement at the poor fellow's expense, agreed to this; and then they parted.

If Julie could have followed Jean Pierre, the pleasing dream which pervaded her mind on her return to the château, would have given place to a very different impression.

The day for the appointed meeting with the countryman arrived and Jean Pierre was punctual at the spot; nor did Julie keep him long waiting.

"You have not forgotten me!" he exclaimed, running forward to meet her.

The conversation turned upon poor Etienne, who, the countryman said, had taken his refusal very unconcernedly, and acknowledged that her heart was given to some one else.

"But my father," continued Jean Pierre, "with a sigh, 'is very angry, and threatens to turn me out of doors.'"

Julie began to think that she had caused a great deal of mischief, and suddenly intimidated her intention to return.

"Already!" said Jean Pierre, his eyes filled with tears. "Do you not know I love you?"

"Still this folly!" exclaimed Julie, in some embarrassment.

"Will you not marry me?" rejoined Jean Pierre, with a degree of impetuosity that alarmed the lady.

A party of huntsmen suddenly crossed the

road, and Julie stepping aside to allow them to pass, contrived to place them between herself and Jean Pierre; and when they had passed the countryman stood in the road alone. Julie was gone.

Some months after the events described above, Julie was in Paris, and one evening, whilst stepping into her carriage on her way to the Opera, heard a voice that sounded familiarly on her ear; and turning round, at once recognized the countryman, Jean Pierre! He was much paler than when she had first seen him and carried a bundle in a pocket-handkerchief, suspended from the end of a stick, over his shoulder. His eyes met hers, and he stood as if petrified in her presence. Julie observed that tears were on his cheek, as the carriage drove off.

About three weeks afterwards Julie was present at a fête in one of the most distinguished of the Parisian circles, and, as usual, she was the highest object there, commanding admiration by the force of her beauty and vivacity. The great and the gay offered her the homage of their respect, whilst the sighs of hopeless admirers betokened the influence of her charms. Suddenly her eyes fell upon a person who was engaged in animated conversation with a party of eminent personages, and she became speechless in astonishment. Could she be mistaken? No. The fashionable costume had effected a wonderful change, but in that fashionable attire Julie at once discovered the countryman Jean Pierre.

A great deal of excitement had been caused by depredations committed in the houses of the aristocracy, by a daring person who had contrived to gain admission to fashionable parties, and had usily escaped detection.

Jean Pierre observed that the eyes of Julie were fixed upon him and it seemed to her that he was embarrassed by the circumstances, and would have avoided the observation. But perceiving that her gaze was steadfastly directed towards him, he broke from the party with whom he had been conversing, and coming towards her, exclaimed in a soft confident tone,

"I believe we have met before."

"You are, then, Jean Pierre?" exclaimed Julie, breathlessly.

"Hush!" replied the other mysteriously—"If my heart did not deceive me, and, at any time, you entertained some sort of regard for me, do not mention that name here."

The suspicions of Julie were confirmed.—Jean Pierre was the being whom the police had arrested, and for whose apprehension a large reward was offered. But could she be mistaken? She could not conceal from herself that the simple countryman of Engghien had made an impression on her heart, yet she felt it to be her duty to denounce the robber. Her mind was racked by conflicting emotions. Jean Pierre perceived her embarrassment, and retired with a captivating smile and a polite bow. The eyes of Julie followed him, and it became apparent to her that other eyes were fixed upon them both. She felt herself in danger of being taken as an accomplice of the robber.

As she stood almost in a stupor, she heard herself addressed by the host of the mansion.

"You are acquainted with Monsieur the Count?"

"The Count!" murmured Julie, her eyes still involuntarily following him through the group of beauties whom his agreeable manners had captivated, and for each of whom he had a complimentary word.

"He has not been many days in Paris, and I was fortunate to secure him to-night. I am told he is a first-rate judge of jewelry, and is quite a connoisseur of old plate; now I wish to settle some disputed points of family heraldry, I rejoice that you are intimate with him, as through your friendship he may be induced to examine the plate, and decide the question."

Julie shuddered; and the host observing her embarrassment, was about to comment upon it, when a servant approaching him, whispered that the mysterious robber, who had visited several distinguished parties, had succeeded in introducing himself to this. Julie disengaged herself from a partner with whom she was about to commence a quadrille, and hastening towards Jean Pierre, said in a hurried whisper, "I entreat you to fly. You are discovered. And let me supplicate you to abandon this course of life."

Jean Pierre gazed upon the embarrassed Julie with an expression in which firmness was mingled with commiseration.

"If this change is in any way connected with myself," she continued, "be assured that the peasant, Jean Pierre, had awakened a sentiment which your appearance in this character must utterly destroy."

"What do I hear?" exclaimed the other—"You were attached then to Jean Pierre?"

"I feel the loss of him now. Resume that character. Depart from this place. Retire to Engghien, and I will follow and explain all."

"Why return to Engghien? I am compelled to remain in Paris."

"No, no; for my sake, fly!"

"Why should I fly? Our host who is my colonel, would not give me the permission."

"What!" exclaimed Julie.

"Let me confess, dear Julie, continued the lover, 'in return for that sweet confession you have just made, that I am not Jean Pierre.'"

"I know it—I know it," murmured Julie.

"An affair of honor compelled my retirement for a short time, and until my adversary recovered I was in concealment at Engghien. But I could not bear suspense, so I returned to Paris in my countryman's disguise, where I found that my adversary had recovered; and the quarrel being adjusted, I resumed my rank, and in my proper person would lay my life and fortune at your feet."

"What! are you not the robber after all?" cried Julie.

"Of course he was not. The mistakes were all explained. He had no father at Engghien—he had nothing to do with basket-making; and Etienne was but a fiction. A love-suit in earnest commenced that evening, which terminated in a wedding. But whether it was a happy match or otherwise, history does not relate."

PRONUNCIATION.—The words Altopathy and Homopathy, with those derived from them, are in most instances erroneously pronounced. The following divisions show the true pronunciation, the emphasis being on the italicized syllables: Al-top-a-ty, Ho-mo-op-a-ty, and Hy-drop-a-ty. These words are now in common household use and their correct pronunciation is therefore a matter of more than ordinary importance. [Balt. Sun.

## SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

### DUELING.

It has fallen to our lot, in days when we thought duelling no sin, if we could be said to have thought about it at all, to meet with many, to know well some, who had killed their men. We never knew one to live in peace after the murder: we knew only two who survive, and they are sore.

The first time we were called upon to witness a duel was in Augusta, Georgia, in 1829. We were just entering manhood. The parties were from our native state. We knew them both well. They were stationed at their places, and at the word FIRE, the elder of the two a man of promise and place, fell dead. We saw him fall, saw his brother who gazed wildly into his pale face, just now so full of life, saw his friends as they hurriedly took up his body, and bore him onward to his home. And we saw afterwards the grey haired father, as he bent over that body, hot tears falling down his cheeks, fall as one struck with palsy; for his prop, the boy of his hopes, was taken away, and there was no longer happiness for him on earth!

But the survivor! Business relations bro't us together; we were his attorney, and we had to see him at his house and at our house. In company we saw no change in him; he was light-hearted, almost frolicsome in his gaiety. He never spoke of the murder; by an unuttered, but well understood compact, (and how terribly did this describe the deed,) none ever referred to it. But soon we learned that he never slept without a light in the room. Soon after we found he was fast becoming a drunkard—and scarce three years had passed since the duel, ere he was stricken down in early manhood, and laid near his antagonist in the earth.

But his death! we were present at it, and never may we witness such another! That subject—so long kept sealed up by himself—so long untouched by family or friend—the murder of his school companion and neighbor, was at last broken by himself.

"I could not help it," said he, as his eyes glared upon us, and breathing became painful from its quick and audible action. We knew to what he referred and endeavored to direct his thoughts into other channels. In vain.

"I could not help it; I was forced to it; could I help it?" And all this was, in duelling sense, true. He had every excuse a man could have to fight; and when here so assured, he exclaimed wildly, "It will not do—I murdered him. I have seen him as he lay dead on the field, ever since I slew him. My God! my God!" and muttering these and like sentences, with a shriek, such as I never before heard mortal utter, he died!

Another instance. A young Scotchman came to Charleston, South Carolina, and settled there. He gave offence to a noted duelist and was challenged, fought, and killed him. He removed afterwards to New Orleans, was engaged in successful business, and was regarded the merriest fellow about. His intimate friends thought the murder had made no impression upon him; not one of his relatives believed he cared anything about it.

In 1834 or '35, he was engaged in large cotton speculations. News of a rise in price reached New Orleans, soon after he had shipped a large lot of bales to New York. If he could sell or make some particular arrangement he could realize a fortune. But it was necessary to go to New York. He jumped aboard a steamer, went to Montgomery, Alabama, and pushed rapidly on by land for Washington city. Over excitement brought on fever, and he was obliged to stop in the interior of South Carolina.

Full fifteen years, or more, had elapsed since he had killed his man. For the first time, he lay on a bed of sickness. He had fever and delirium with it. And in that delirium, with terrible anguish and maniac fury, he spoke of this deed of death! It made those of us who heard him, shudder as we listened. Was his laughter, all along forced? Had his merriest been lip deep: of the intellect not of the heart? He grew better, and his physician thought him convalescent. Now and then he would start in his sleep and exclaim, "Take him off me! don't tie his dead body on me; but the fever had abated and we all thought he would soon be well. He did not grow better; but watching his opportunity, he went to a chest of drawers, as if for some clothing, steadily took from it a razor, and drew it rapidly across his throat! It was a dreadful gash that he made, and would have been fatal, had not one who was near struck his elbow, as he was making the attempt upon his life.

Poor man! he knew and had known no peace, since the day he killed his opponent. When he thought his end near he made the confession. "He felt," he said, "as if he was a murderer, though no one charged him with the crime."

And our belief is, that no man who kills another, ever feels otherwise. The mark of Cain is upon him, and he sees it if no other eye does.—[Louisville Examiner.

A RECIPE FOR THE UNHAPPY.—It is one of the hardest lessons to convince people that all true happiness lies within. Sermons are written, books are written and experience writes (O, how bitter the teaching,) that without the true requisites no true happiness can be found; and these requisites, consisting in a calm and patient religious trust, and cheerful submission to whatever may be our earthly portion of good or ill. Yet how many are continually mistaking their true good—"If I could but gain a fortune," says one, "I should be happy enough." "If I were in my neighbor's place," says another, "I would not be the victim of anxiety and imaginary troubles." Well, we will throw our thoughts about a few years and the man who uttered these remarks arrives at the ultimatum of his fondest hopes. He is rich; he does own that splendid mansion and he has become a millionaire. Who is that careworn melancholy man who daily passes leaning upon his staff looking almost morbidly at the poor woman who sells apples or the hand-cartman who cries fresh fish? It is the very same man who told us how happy his possessions would make him! But alas, he has paid the penalty. He tells you now how much more he enjoyed in prospect than reality; how the illusion vanishes as hopes are turned to fruition; how harassed he feels with his servants; and his investments; he wonders what ails him? He is not sick in body, yet he has not the keen relish of his de-

pendants. They sleep soundly on straw beds; his is as nice a mattress as can be bought, yet he tosses and turns all night; and again he queries whether he is well? By and by, he consults with a friend—he tells him he understands his feelings, he has been tried just so, and recommends some diversion of mind. If he is a man of vulgar taste, he will tell him of horse-racing, bets, games, &c.; if of more refined taste, why he speaks of cultivating flowers, trees, and botanical pursuits; if he is a Christian, he tells him truly that this experience is the just design of his Heavenly Father to turn off his thoughts from an undue estimate of unsatisfying desires. He tells him to seek higher pursuits, "a better country," a more durable inheritance, and if he seeks, he finds; and then how changed he becomes! The world is all bright, sorrow is needless discipline, trials are designed for his perfection, and he is a new man, because he is renewed in the spirit of his mind.—[Rambler.

BE CONTENT. We believe there is a "compensation," in the life of nearly every man in this world. Ruminating homeward through Hudson street the other afternoon, in the neighborhood of St. John's Square, (says the Knickerbocker,) we encountered a stalwart young man of eighteen or twenty, with his arm thrust through a cogwheel, whose upper rim seemed deeply to indent his shoulder. His eyes were dark hazel, and his cheeks were flushed with the hue of health; the day was intensely hot, the perspiration streamed from his brow, beneath his broad straw hat; but he walked notwithstanding his load, with an alert step. While we were nearing him, a splendid carriage, with richly caparisoned blood horses, rolled indolently by and we could plainly read in countenance as he looked at the sumptuous vehicle, that he was contrasting his own condition with that of his more favored inmates. Ah! if he could have but known all as we did. There was a helpless invalid for life on one seat of the carriage, who would have "bestowed all her goods to feed the poor," could she have been insured, for a single year, the health of the toiling artisan who was at that moment envying her condition. And on another seat was a man rich in "worldly gear" who was a victim to misanthropy; who "lieth down and riseth up in the bitterness of his spirit, and never eateth with pleasure." There is a "compensation" even in this world.

ATHEISM.—Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior Intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvement, progress, and death, are the result of blind chance, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to upright-ness and the public good; that an oath is not heard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human virtue has no unfailing friend; that this brief life is everything to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction;—once let men thoroughly abandon religion, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow? We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches could illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize the creation! What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? and what is he more, if atheism be true?—[Dr. Channing.

A CRUEL STRATAGEM.—Did you ever hear of "Old Smith," that used to live away down east, during the early settlement of the country, now called Maine? Smith was returning one evening from an excursion, and, passing near a bend of the Androscoggin river, about a mile above the falls, on which the Lewiston Mills are now located, it was nearly dark, and he discovered one Indian making a fire on a rock by the river bank. Smith saw through the business at once; the fire was a beacon to guide the landing of a strong party. With unerring aim, he shot the lone savage, who pitched into the water, and Smith quickly threw the fire and fire-brand after him, and then proceeded down to the falls, and there he soon kindled another fire on a projected rock; and then retiring up the river bank a small distance, awaited the result. He soon heard the songs of a company of warriors, who had discovered the fire, and were steadily paddling towards it in high glee. Smith could hardly refrain from laughing aloud, as they neared the fatal beacon. The songs were suspended by surprise at the rapid motion of their canoes, and the hoarse roar of the falls, revealed too late the dreadful truth. A brief death-song uttered in savage yells, and the cries of several squaws and papooses, were all that preceded their last and dreadful plunge over the perpendicular falls.

TONICS FOR THE MIND. Those who are compelled by circumstances to spend a great part of the day in a calling which does not exercise the mind (and they are the bulk of society,) must be careful how they dispose of the rest of their time. The body is wearied by the routine, and prone to take its ease; but, in nine cases out of ten, its best recreation would be intellectual employment, and not innoxious indulgence. It is such persons who are often afflicted with the mental debility, so injurious to their comfort, and who, because they have daily business and employment, and yet they are ill at ease, think that their cure will be found in idleness and relaxation. They are ready to believe the friends who say "you stick too close to business, you work too much," while, all the time it is a very small portion of their nature that gets any want of exercise. Casting up accounts, reading invoices, selling wares over a counter, copying documents, and a hundred other necessary and useful employments of social and civil life, are not all that a man needs for living. He must do something more than these things if he would be fully alive. He must call out those higher faculties which, when they are properly active, make him but a little lower than the angels. Let him explore the vast fields of knowledge which the industry and genius of his fellow men have acquired, he will see how vast they are compared with the possessions of the savage mind, and how small with what remains to be discovered. Why should the shop keeper and the clerk, and farmer, and merchant, forget they are also men? It is this subjection of their manhood to the necessities of the shop and the desk, the farm, and merchandise, that makes them feel so discontented and languid; so dissatisfied with themselves, and all things around

them. Let them use their privileges, and begin to do some of the glorious works, which God has given them to do. Science awaits them ever ready to unfold her secrets to the reverent gaze of the steady searcher. Art, that confines her wondrous charms to so few, may yet give them places at the world of beauty, of which she is Queen. Philosophy, that pierces the universe, and loves to reach the essence of things; History the tale of humanity, began so long ago, and into which we have not penetrated halfway; and poetry, that knows by intuition what is also learned by reason and experience only; all these are, or may be, the portion of every individual man, who will set himself free from the chains of mechanism and habit, which the petty advocates of mere business life are winding round him.

THE CHARLES BARTLETT.—A lady passenger in the steamer Europa, in a letter to the National Intelligencer, relates the following incidents in that terrible catastrophe:

"The wild despair of one poor man I shall never forget; he literally lost his all—his wife and four children, his aged parents, brother, wife, and their children, and his whole fortune. The poor creature wrung his hands and tore his hair—it was heart-rending to see him.—There were 35 children under sixteen and seven under eleven months on board. Capt. Forbes of Boston, as soon as the accident took place, pulled off his coat and shoes, and plunged overboard, rope in hand, to do all he could; he saved one poor man, who died before he got along side the ship. A more heroic deed I never saw, and sturdy men shed tears when he came back to the cabin safe among us. The Captain of the wrecked bark is a sunburnt old sailor, with thirty years of his services to look back to, and as he tells us, this is his first accident; he had never buried a soul from any ship he had commanded. The tears ran down his rough and sunburnt face as he told us the scene before the vessel went down."

THE CHOLERA OF 1832.—Willis Gaylord Clark, in August, 1832, addressed a letter to his friend David Graham, Esq., of New York, touching the ravages of the cholera in Philadelphia, which contains the following:—

"My good fellow, the cholera is making dreadful ravages here. The report to day is one hundred and fifty-four cases and fifty-eight deaths! Now the sublimity of the thought, the aspirations of a heaven-lit spirit panting after immortal renown, and raging through the long vista of memory, and the glittering empire of imagination, are dependent upon the coats of the stomach and the arrangements of the abdominal viscera! Is it not astonishing! what are we? what our pride, our ambition, our uplifted fancies, our hates, our loves? Battles of an hour; glittering notes in the beam of health, that the breath of miasma, or the cloud of the evening, may smite into non-existence! I tell you what, David, it makes a man think; but most of all it makes him regular. Thank God, I always was so, and so are you; but it seems to me, that if we desire the boom of life—and oh, what a gift it is, (for a living dog is better than a dead lion,) we must crucify the fleshy appetite."

BROWNSON. The editor of the Nation thus "walks into" the Rev. Outrageous Brownson, whose habit of changing faces, and sometimes making very ugly ones, has made him notorious.

"He would knock a man down to prove he was perfectly dispassionate; he would talk to you a summer's day about himself and his experiences, solely to show his self-denial and profound humility. He is the humblest of men, yet he humbles himself to no one. It is excellent to hear him discoursing of curb chains and bridles with the frothy bit between his teeth, and the ground flying from under him in his mad career. He will rein up some day, and then we may expect to see him carry himself like a rational creature and speak common sense. In the meanwhile, he is doing more mischief than he will ever be able to repair."

GREEN FRUIT.—Carefully pick up and destroy all the droppings beneath your peach, plum and apple trees. On examining these you will find that in almost every case they contain a small worm or maggot, closely encased near the stone or core, and which if not destroyed, will obey the instinctive laws and appliances of its peculiar tribe, and lay the foundation for the future reproduction and propagation of its kind. By gathering the fallen fruit every day, and feeding them to swine and other animals this evil, already in many sections a serious one to the fruit grower, will be prevented.

MORALS OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.—Napoleon put away Josephine for state reasons, married again, and was also the father of illegitimate children.

Jerome put away his American wife to please Napoleon. Jerome's daughter, the Princess Demidoff, left her husband within six years after her marriage.

Joseph lived apart from his wife, and had illegitimate children.

Pauline behaved so badly that her husband, the Prince Borghese, walked up the doors of his house against her, and separated.

Pierre Bonaparte charges the present President the supposed son of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense Beauharnois, the daughter of Josephine, with being illegitimate.

Lucien's second daughter married an Englishman, whom she deserted, and has a family of illegitimate children now in Paris.

Jerome's eldest son now lives in Paris with an Italian lady, without marriage. Only three of the whole tribe now appear at the President's levee.

The President is unmarried, but is not without a female companion of beauty.

The drunkard makes pursues the only branch of business in which a



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## SONGS OF NEW ENGLAND.

## III.—THE CHORIST'S SONG.

Here in our native land,  
Before the world we stand,  
And praise our Father's song  
When wave and forest rang  
We sing, beneath the dome  
That rises at our home,  
To Him, whom God we call,  
—For God is over all!

They're in the silent rest,  
Who held us at the breast,  
By whom our hearts were given  
As pledges back to Heaven;  
And the men, who loved them well,  
In the grave-yards unconscious dwell,  
From the funeral and the pall,  
—For God is over all!

We sing, for Him we praise  
Who gives us home and days,  
Our land and liberty,  
Fair as His favor free!  
Though poor, He hears our voice—  
Though high, permits our choice—  
Our songs that rise and fall,  
—For God is over all!

While earth remains to plant,  
And man shall mercy want,  
And they, whom God has sent,  
Our sins shall represent,  
Their daughters still shall stand,  
Fearless in all the land,  
Faithful good and small,  
—For God is over all!

## IV.—FREE AND EQUAL.

O, 'tis not a like one a wise one would see,  
'Tis the odd one made even when two can agree;  
It is not the hymn sung, it is not the prayer,  
That makes us the Heaven, but Home that is there;  
It is not the rule of the Father above,  
By some old commandment, but Oh! it is Love.

O, light comes to one eye, it glances in two,  
A tint in the flower cup, a beam on the dew,  
It plays where the eye-lash half shades it, with joy,  
It fills all the wide open gaze of the boy;  
And why not confess it, its grace to recall,  
The glory of sunshine the gladness of all.

Catch joy from the steed that comes fondling to thee—  
The gleam of his beauty is pleasant to me;  
Steal hope from the hour that they've severed alone—  
Another imprisoned and lonely I've known;  
And the vow of devotion which angels behold,  
Its sacrament bound me when duty compelled.

It glances on all, if they wear the white thread  
Of remembrance of parents for liberty dead,  
And though memory's finger were lit with a gem,  
But gloom can revive, if it flash not of them—  
The joy of our Eden unstinted may be,  
If sought in its spirit, all Equal and Free.

## MISCELLANY.

## HINTS ON BATHING.

Of the utility of bathing, a very considerable portion of our communities are becoming so thoroughly convinced, that thousands practice it now where one adopted it ten years ago. The change is really astonishing. Mothers, by thousands, bathe or wash their children all over regularly. In the intelligent circles of Boston, for example, probably more bathe themselves and children than omit. And this health-promoting practice is rapidly extending throughout villages and towns, so much that an inquiry touching the best means of baths, their temperature, times, etc., is becoming quite desirable and important. Hence this article.

Many hearing cold ablutions so highly recommended, try them, at first perhaps, with benefit, but afterwards with serious injury which they attribute to the bath, whereas it belongs to the TEMPERATURE.

For many years after I began to bathe daily, I received unmingled benefits therefrom, and a great amount of it. By and by my system became so reduced by excessive mental application, that reaction did not always take place, and it injured me. I therefore took it less frequently, and only when I was sure I possessed sufficient vitality to secure that reaction. Under this regimen my skin became weaker and weaker, colds and slight fevers began to make their appearance, and I became apprehensive for the future, till Dr. North, of Saratoga, recommended not only the warm bath, but a very warm one; commencing at about ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and rising, at successive baths to one hundred and ten; remaining in from fifteen to thirty minutes, as I could bear it. "Never mind," said he, "if it prostrates you for the time being. You require that your blood should be brought to the surface, and this will do it, and thus fortify you against the winter's cold." He added this general rule, which struck me both as so reasonable and important, that I wrote this article mainly to promulgate it, namely—When the system is over-excited, feverish, and requires to be reduced, take the cold bath; but when it is so debilitated as to require tonic, employ the warm bath. These warm baths did for me the very thing required—namely, relieved my internal organs and head by directing the blood to the skin. A few hot baths so restored the action of the skin that it was benefited by the cold bath, which is always best when there is sufficient vitality in the system to produce the required reaction. He said he prescribed the warm bath instead of biters, tonics, and stimulants—or where these were considered requisite in general practice—but the cold bath where depletion and salivation were formerly prescribed; that is, where the pulse was hard, the skin feverish, and the system required to be reduced. And this rule is undoubtedly correct. It will generally be found to agree with the patient's feelings—and this is, after all, the great test.

Another important rule is this: whenever the patient inactively shrinks from cold water because it really pains him, use the tepid bath; but when cold water produces an agreeable sensation, and leaves a pleasant glow, the cold bath is preferable. Mark, I do not say when the bather thinks cold water will produce delightful sensations. When the skin is hot and the system restless, and whenever there is positive pain, local or general, apply cold water; but when you feel weak or exhausted, use the warm bath.

Those whose nerves are over-excited or diseased, should generally use the tepid bath, because their nerves require quiet, whereas the shock caused by cold water only re-irritates them, and thus enhances disease; whereas tepid water soothes the nerves and carries off diseased matter, besides opening the pores. Our general rule, then, is this: that temperature of both is best which feels best to you. But mark these three important directions: 1. Always after the warm bath, wash off in cold water; for this closes the pores, and helps prevent taking cold after them, besides bracing the system. 2. Always, when you wash or bathe in cold, employ sufficient action, by swimming, or rubbing, or something else, to produce a subsequent glow; for this is indispensable, and its absence renders the bath injurious. 3. Keep up the circulation by subsequent exercise.

Many persons go shivering and slowly in

to their baths. This is all wrong. Spring from your bed as though a great snake was crawling over you, jerk off your night-clothes instantly, dash into the water as if for your life, rub as though you would blister your skin, wipe quickly, on with your clothes in double quick time, and go to something with might and main, till the blood courses briskly through your whole system, and you will feel almost like a new being.

The quantity of water bathed in is by no means unimportant. The body is charged with electricity, and water is a rapid conductor of this element. Hence none but robust persons should stay long in large bodies of water. One minute is too long for me to stay in a river, even in hot weather. Invalids should go only into small bodies of water, and will generally find the sponge, or hand bath, preferable, because small bodies of water are soon saturated with electricity, so that you can apply it the longer without its reducing the vital force below the reaching point.

Are warm or cold rooms best? Whichever feels best. When vigorous enough to insure reaction, I decidedly prefer cold rooms, and ice-cold water; but when not, warmer water and rooms. All these conditions each patient must determine for himself, and determine by that infallible guide, his own sensations. Yet let all employ some kind of bath, either daily, or, at farthest, semi-weekly.

## AN EDITOR'S HINTS FOR WIVES.

Never complain that your husband pores too much over the newspaper, to the exclusion of that pleasing converse which you formerly enjoyed with him. Don't hide the paper; don't give it to the children to tear; don't be sulky when the boy leaves it at your door; but take it in pleasantly and lay it before your spouse. Think what man would be without a newspaper; treat it as a great agent in the work of civilization, which it assuredly is, and think how much good newspapers have done by exposing bad husbands and bad wives, by giving their errors to the eye of the public. But manage in this way; when your husband is absent, instead of gossiping with neighbors, or looking into shop windows, sit down quietly and look over the paper; run your eye over the home and foreign news; glance rapidly at the accidents and casualties; carefully scan the leading articles, and at tea-time when your husband again takes up the paper, say, "My dear, what an awful state of things there seems to be in India;" or "what a terrible calamity at the Glasgow theatre;" or "trade appears to be flourishing in the north!" and depend upon it, dawn will go the paper. If he has not read the information he will read it all from your own lips; and when you have done, he will ask "Did you, my dear, read Simpson's letter on the discovery of chloroform?" And whether you did or not, you will gradually get into as cozy a chat as you ever enjoyed; and you will soon discover that, rightly used, the newspaper is the wife's real friend, for it keeps the husband at home, and supplies capital topics for every-day table talk.—[The Family Friend.

## THE KENTUCKY FORGER.

It is related of that unfortunate man Martin Brown—once a prominent member of the Kentucky Legislature, but was confined in the penitentiary for forgery—was when he first settled in Texas the inhabitants were determined to drive him out of Austin's settlement of San Felipe, because he had been a convict. Austin himself had forbidden such persons to settle on his ground, and the law passed by him was most strict, prohibiting an asylum for refugees and all persons rendered infamous by felonies, of whatever description they might be—a law which the father of Texas always enforced with the utmost rigor. Hence as soon as the settlers informed the General of this he immediately sent an order warning Brown to decamp within three days on pain of summary punishment. The messenger was William S., Austin's private Secretary, a young man of cultivated intellect, noble heart and generous to a fault. He arrived at the Green Heart Grove, the residence of Brown and his family, one summer's noon, and found the family circle forged around their frugal table. It was the dinner hour.

S. forthwith delivered Austin's written order, which Brown glanced over and then said mournfully: "Tell General Austin that I shall never move from this spot until I move into my grave. It is true I committed a great crime in my native State; but I also suffered the severe penalty of the offended law; and then with my wife and children, who still love me, I stole away from the eyes of society, which I no longer wish to serve or injure, to live in quiet and die in peace. I am ready and willing to die; but on my family's account I cannot and will not leave this spot."

His wife and daughter implored him to change his resolution. They avowed their willingness again to undergo the toils and privations of emigration, and if necessary, to prepare a new home in the wilderness. But prayers, tears and entreaties were alike vain. To every argument Martin Brown gave the same answer, in a calm, sad voice:

"I chose my place of burial the first day I set my eyes on my little grove, and I shall not change my mind now."

S. returned, deeply touched with the scene he had witnessed, related to Gen. Austin the singular state of facts, and interceded urgently for a relaxation of the law, which rested in the discretion of the colonial chief.

"You have suffered yourself to be smitten by the charms of the beautiful Emma," said Gen. Austin with a smile.

S. tried to look indignant, which effort merely resulted in a burning blush.

"I will go and see Martin myself," added the General, "but he will have to make out a strong case to alter my determination."

When Austin arrived in the evening at his destination, the family of the grove were almost distracted with grief. Brown's countenance alone wore its old mask of marble tranquility. His story told to Gen. Austin was simple as was brief.

"It is true," he said, "I was in the penitentiary of Kentucky; but I was in the Legislature before I was in the state prison, and while a member of the Senate opposed with all my might the manufacture of so many banks—those banks soon afterwards beggared thousands, and among the rest me and my children. I was then tempted, in order to save my family, to perpetrate a forgery, or to do that on a small scale which the State and its banks had so long been doing on a large one. I paid the forfeit of my crime. While the grand swindlers rolled in affluence, I pined alone in a felon's dungeon. Having served out my time, I resolved never again to commit another wrong. I have kept my word, and have now but one sole desire, to be let alone or die."

Gen. Austin did let the old man alone, cancelled the order for his banishment, and was ever after his firm friend.

S., the private secretary, made other visits to the green heart grove, and the beautiful Emma is now the wife of an eminent lawyer, and a 'bright particular star' of fashion's sphere at Galveston.

Martin died at last in peace, and was buried in his beloved grove, (at his special request,) in a most fantastic manner—standing erect, in a full hunter's costume, with his right hand raised towards heaven, and his loaded rifle on his left shoulder.

His biography proves a great truth—one which all the tomes of human history proclaim, as with the warning cry of a million of triumphs: "That the crimes of governments always produce their counterparts in the vices of their individual subjects."—[New Orleans Picayune.

OYSTER SOUP.—At a late cattle show at Worcester, away out in the heart of the State, we saw a chap standing against the side of a house, hemmed in by a long counter on three sides, and on the counter, "all in a row," a dozed sight of small pint, common delf bowls. What thought we, in the name of wonder, is that fellow after with all these bowls? So we took a peep into the bottom of one, and there was a mite of butter, a spice of pepper, and a thimble full of salt—all waiting for we couldn't think what. But presently, half a dozen land lubbers came up, each calling for his bowl of oyster soup. So we kept our eye on 'em; but how was the oyster soup to be so readily had? The problem was soon solved. Jonathan snatched up a large hard cracker, and with one half turn between his hands in an instant ground it into bits—threw one cracker into each bowl, on top of butter and pepper and salt already there, cut and dried; and then, turning half round seized the long handle of a ladle, and as quick as thought, from a kettle behind him, filed each bowl with hot oyster liquor. The countrymen each seemed to relish his soup, gusted it was "pertickler nice," paid their fourpence, and went their way, all parties well satisfied. Now perhaps the oysterman made one cent on a bowl, but then he sold it to hundreds; and so it is with railroads, and every thing else. They charge but little, but they do a great deal; and all their roads, and factories, and banks are popular, for they serve the convenience of all, and feel interested in their permanence and prosperity. Ah! they are a wonderful people, those Yankees! They know the benefit of having the loom and the anvil near the plough.—[Plough, Loom and Anvil.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 16, 1849.

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

## SMALL TROUBLES.

The comforts of Commencement, numerous as they are, are singularly exposed to a hundred drawbacks. Indeed, it is sometimes difficult to tell whether there is much comfort about it. If the economy of comfort were as thoroughly studied as the 'Economy of Talent,' there would doubtless be enough to 'go round'; but as this is not the case, those who suggest improvements will doubtless be initiated into the trials of education.

Disturbances in remote parts of the house, by conversation and laughter, are often endured with great impatience, when a little energy on the part of the Marshall would stop them. Some vulgar and ill-bred fellows, with Misses more vulgar still, caused serious annoyance in the gallery during the latter part of Mr. Parker's oration. It was the fault of the Marshall that they were not called to order. His courtesy was thrown away. Such young gallants should not be allowed a hiding place in the opacity of their own brains.

The audience is sometimes kept too long in waiting. This was the case both Tuesday and Wednesday evening. An address on the economy of time, rather than of talent, would seem to be adapted to the occasion. The house, on the latter evening, was nearly full at 7 o'clock, but the exercises were deferred till past 8. There was no need of this, but in consequence it was near 11 o'clock before those who lived out of the village could get started for home. Could those who sat for two hours sweating and smothering in that crowd, have known that it was simply because a few enamored gallants had lingered to lead their favorite fair ones through the green walks and dirty rooms of the college, they would have been in a poor mood to commend the entertainment. The procession should enter the house at 6 o'clock, and the evening would thus be made an agreeable one to all.

The appointment of a committee to seat the audience would be, as it seems to us, a very agreeable symptom of courtesy. Many ladies are unattended, and doubtless suffer inconveniences that might be avoided. This slight mark of attention certainly would not offend them—such things having been heard of in other places. Certainly one of two serious difficulties would have been avoided in this way on Wednesday evening—either the seats designed for the procession would have been held in reserve, or the audience would have been saved the labor and indecorum of climbing over the partitions to get possession of them. Either of these would have been worth the trouble.

SCRUPULOUS. An advertisement of the Arcade Billiard Saloon, N. York, states very positively that "gambling for money is at all times strictly prohibited." This is encouraging, and this must be one of the "reformed" billiard rooms—but on looking further we find that the visitors at the Arcade are permitted freely to play for "a Champagne supper or any small wagger of that kind"—meaning either a full meal of Champagne, or enough for a slight drunk. What an improvement upon the old system of gambling for filthy lucre. We commend all novices in the art and mystery of gambling to the Arcade Saloon, where if they lose their money, they have one chance out of two to get drunk upon it.

WHY.—The Boston Republican, in commending the Commencement exercises at Harvard College, only permits itself to say of the graduating class, that it is "an average class." This looks like "damning with faint praise," and we read on to find a reason for it. "One remarkable thing about it is the large number of sons and nephews of distinguished men."—Ah! is that it? Possibly not, but it strongly

points that way. These "sons and nephews of distinguished men" have great advantages for becoming distinguished men themselves; but in the absence of positive necessity for effort, they are too likely to settle down satisfied with the distinction acquired by their fathers and grandfathers. Abbott Lawrence made millions of dollars by sleeping a few nights under an old boat on Long Wharf! but his son will probably never get such a chance for a fortune.

For the Mail.

## AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

Honest and fair criticism of Commencement addresses is always in point, and in the republic of letters the pen sometimes changes hands. The true standard of criticism is common sense. Tested by this standard, what must be said of Mr. Parker's address at the late Commencement? What point did it propose? Did it discuss any point? Who needs to be told that scholars are usually educated at the expense of others? This might have been stated in half a minute, quite as intelligibly as Mr. Parker made it in his half hour's ramble through a wilderness of antitheses. And what lesson did he draw from it? None at all. He only held up the miserable caricature of a young man educated at the expense of the toil and continued ignorance of his parents, brothers and sisters, who at college had learned to despise them. Do the young men at Waterville, or their parents and friends at home, acknowledge this to be a true picture? Why did he not rather show how educated young men might requite their parents and the community, as well as show gratitude to God for their superior advantages?

And what availed his wholesale satire on American authors? Does it prove him a man of genius or erudition, to say that all their productions were borrowed from or suggested by foreign authors? It does not require a very great amount of either to show who borrows theology from Strauss, and philosophy from Shelling and Hegel. Indiscriminate satire is the artifice of a weak mind and a bad heart; but the silly egotism of excepting from this sweeping denunciation one class of writers, sufficiently well designated as "headless of scripture," to mark its "instar omnium," can excite but one emotion in all sensible minds.

Mr. Parker's position as a preacher, among a class of men whose estimate of each other is graduated according to the size of their salaries, is much to be commiserated; more especially as they are so occupied in the study of "Hebrew myths" as to know no river but the Jordan, and no mountains but Sinai, and Tabor and Carmel. How is it that he has not yet emancipated their enslaved intellects and persuaded them to learn theology from Mr. Emerson's "Sphinx," to find it "in the blowing clover and the falling rain," or to soar with him to "Monadnock's height," and study it in the "purple cloud?"

That this performance was "strictly Parkerian" is most true; that "its richest treasures were accessible to the humblest minds," is as indisputable as that anybody is welcome to all the gold he can wash from the sands below Ticonic Falls. Whether it could give offense to the "most bigoted sectarian," is a question for that worthy personage (if he can be found) to answer for himself, and not for SENSUS COMMUNIS TICONIC.

We hold no 'Mutual Admiration Society's' diploma, either of the Parkerian or any other school, and therefore speak for no other purpose than to utter the truth, whoever may find fault. We spoke of Mr. Parker's oration simply as a literary production; and when we asserted that no squinting bigot's toes had been wounded, we did it without reflecting that some of them were burdened with corns. Our correspondent has effectually corrected us on this point. That the scholar who has no hope of cancelling his obligations to society, should at length deny the debt or be driven to repudiation, or that he should even be angry at the assertion of the claim, is no new or wonderful idea, either in or out of the schools. That the writer of the above is one of these, he will excuse us for declining to insinuate, as we only see him 'in cog.' Those who heard the oration with unprejudiced ears are qualified to judge. That Mr. Parker's eloquence conveyed no intelligence to minds of a certain class, is no more singular than that a porridge dish in a certain position should remain empty. As we have no controversy with the writer, on any of these points, and are contented simply to re-assert what the public have long since conceded,—the intelligence and scholarship of Mr. Parker,—we leave him to profit by his own suggestion, that those who have lost their eyes may as well look for gold in one place as another.

GREAT LOSS. The Boston Traveller announces that the report that a new star had been discovered from the Cambridge Observatory is contradicted. How unlucky! We had supposed that star was safe, and had already prepared to pocket our share of the benefit that was to accrue to the public. At this rate when will Harvard secure stars enough to pay the extra duty claimed by government on that vast loss? Will some one who understands the value of stars inform us.

GOING AHEAD. Messrs. W. & W. Getchell, who were among the greatest sufferers by the late fire in this place, have already made considerable progress in rebuilding their mills. They doubtless think it better to expend their strength in repairing their losses than in repining over them. Community derives at least one benefit from the losses of such men—it gets a lesson upon the power of energy and enterprise over misfortune and accident, that cannot fail to do good.

GOOD.—An intelligent postmaster in an adjoining town gives it as his opinion that the idea of paying in advance for newspapers is gaining ground. Very likely—but we think less of the idea than the practice.

## COCHITUATE SPRINKLINGS—NO. 6.

BY DOCKY WATTY.

You will have noticed, friend Maxham, that the cholera continues on the increase in this good city, but an examination of the reports show you that the great majority of cases occur among our emigrant population, and in places where disease is most likely to be generated. But very few cases have been reported among the better class of citizens, and in other times it is very doubtful whether these would be called cholera. There is no cause for any alarm here as yet, and there is not the least danger in visiting the city; therefore let no foolish fears deter any man from coming here if he has business that needs attention; for in my humble opinion, if people take care of themselves, they are as safe here as they would be in Waterville.

We had a good encampment of the Boston Brigade on the 8th and 9th, at Neponset, a village within four or five miles of us. Availing myself of a pass kindly furnished by one of the officers, I stole out of the city in the afternoon, and paid a visit to the camp ground. The troops, numbering in all some five or six hundred, were performing their various evolutions on the field, under the direction of Gen. Edmonds. The companies were generally thin, but appeared very well, and went thro' the drill in a very creditable manner. I noticed two of your fraternity on the field, arrayed in all the "pomp, pride and circumstance" of military glory, viz. Col. Schouler, editor of the Atlas, Lt. Col. of the 1st Regt. of Infantry, and B. P. Poore, editor of the Bee, and Captain of the newly raised corps of Mass. volunteers. Outside of the encampment lines the ground was covered with booths, inside and around which all sorts of vice and dissipation were going on: 'props,' 'black-joke,' and other games were in full play, and liquor circulated ad libitum. I never saw a greater collection of rowdies, gamblers and drunkards than was here assembled, and it is seldom that wickedness appears so openly even in these parts. This encampment was in compliance with the new militia law of the State, and as far as the military were concerned, was conducted with great propriety; but if such scenes as were here enacted are to be the attendants on other occasions of the kind, the sooner the law is repealed the better for the morals of this community.

Father Mathew is doing a great deal of good here, and has already obtained over fifteen thousand signatures to the temperance pledge. I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing this worthy man, but he is represented as being a very good man, and his influence over the Irish is very great, and his labors must result very much to the benefit of that class of our population, as well as to the other citizens with whom they live.

President Taylor is expected here in a week or two, and will meet with a very brilliant and enthusiastic reception. I shall take notes on the occasion, and give your readers the benefit of my personal observations. Mr. Clay who has been sojourning at Saratoga, it was hoped would pay us a visit on his way to Newport; but he intends giving us the slip by going by way of Worcester and Providence, wishing to avoid as much as possible all publicity.

The Fall business has not yet commenced with any degree of vigor, and will be much lighter than usual. Money continues quite scarce, but seems a little easier than it was a week since. The market for flour and grain is active, and prices tend steadily upwards; but I presume your business men keep full as well informed on these subjects as I am.

So great is the dearth of news in these parts, and so barren of incident are the times, that your correspondent is really puzzled for materials to fill up this sheet. A never failing resource on such occasions is to talk about the weather, and it is highly gratifying to say that we have of late been visited by copious and refreshing showers, which have extended generally over the state. You also, I trust, have experienced the same grateful visitations, of which the thirsty earth stands in great need. Our beautiful common looks this morning, as if nature had given it a fresh coloring of green, so altered is its appearance within a week.

The Evening Traveller of this city has just made its appearance in a new dress, and is printed on one of Hoe's patent double Cylinder Presses. The Traveller has pushed its way in to success by dint of great enterprise and energy, and is now an excellent and handsome sheet.

Boston, Aug. 13, 1849.

THE MARLBORO' HOTEL.—We clip the following notice of this favorite resort of the lovers of quiet and good order, from the 'Yankee Blade.' We can fully endorse all that is said of Mr. Parks, having known him while acting in another capacity, in which, by a display of the very qualities that go to make a good landlord, he made himself a universal favorite.

"Dropping into this old and well established hotel, the other day, we were greatly pleased with the order and regularity of its arrangements. Though it is well patronized, even in these cholera times, it is remarkable for its quiet, stillness, and freedom from noisy bustle and confusion. There is no noise, hurry, or clatter—no screaming to servants, or violent ringing of bells—such as is found in many hotels; but every thing moves on quietly, and with the precision of clock-work. By the way, Mr. PROCTOR, the courteous and accomplished landlord, has associated with him our old friend, JOHN A. PARKS, an active, energetic business man, and one of the most gentlemanly and agreeable fellows living. Under such auspices, the old Marlboro'—with its fine rooms and luxurious fare, its attentive servants and admirable regulations—must become more popular than ever."

Did the Boston Traveller ever hear of Theodore Parker? It publishes the letter of a correspondent from Waterville, who implies that he is a great humbug!

[For the Eastern Mail.]

## COMMENCEMENT AT MIDDLEBURY.

Rev. J. W. Chickering of Portland gratified his old friends, of whom he has many at Middlebury, by preaching at the first and third services of the Sabbath before Commencement. The Baccalaureate Sermon of Sabbath afternoon was preached by Prof. Meacham. A peculiar vigor of thought and pointedness of expression characterize this gentleman's performances, appealing to the judgment of his audiences; and calculated to tell forcibly upon the rhetorical training of his department. The graduating class, to-day, were urged to remember the value of *Fragments of Time*, from John vi. 12.

On Tuesday afternoon the Philomathesian Society was addressed by Rev. James D. Butler, of Wells River, Vt., and the Philadelphia by Rev. Elijah W. Plumb, of Potsdam, N. York. These are graduates of the College, of the years 1836 and 1824. Mr. Butler's subject was "The Means of perfecting the Work and Character of the Scholar." The address was systematic and complete, very honorably so to him, whose own mere personal mission it was permitted to illustrate. It has been well characterized as "a series of brilliant and striking apothegms,"—as "remarkably luxuriant in metaphors, antitheses and similes, abounding in every variety of allusion, and, without the slightest hue of pedantry, interweaving almost an excess of general and miscellaneous learning." "Mr. Butler has a command of words and retentiveness of memory, that take his audience by surprise, and fix their attention irresistibly on the topic in hand." To hear him is like reading a book of precious learning, with the advantage, too, of the aptness of his melody of speech, and of sympathy with the thinker individually. The partialities of the Green Mountain State attach themselves, much to her praise, to the old Parnassus; her favorite orators are her brightest scholars, Marsh and Butler. Add Quincy Adams' modern fame, and the same praise falls to New England. This is a lesson, and a warrant, for the cloistered schools.

Rev. Mr. Plumb's address had in view the tendency of spiritual developments, or rather of the modes of action which these have animated, to chill and harden into mere forms, leaving them, as the shells of a former vitality, to be subjects of reverential or special nurture, or even devotion. This course of thought was illustrated with deep and simple earnestness, the spirit of truth having in him an advocate, as it were, the soul of truth. The idea was strikingly presented, that while sincerity is earnest and charitable, when founded in true religion, religious formalism is selfish and sectarian. Yet it is the pressure of outward resistance upon which the fire of spiritual reformation is employed to dissolve or dissipate it. Afterwards it must operate in formations of its own, suited to its perpetuity. It shares the danger of perversion or corruption, with the soul of liberty in political revolutions.

Inaugural addresses from Professors Meacham and Eaton, took the place of the usual prize speaking on Tuesday evening. The former is in the third year of his incumbency, having so long since exchanged a favorite and attached parish for his present relation; the latter having completed the home course of political honors in the State, left the Governor's seat and the labors of professional practice, to fill the chair of Natural History and Physiology. The addresses presented emphatic and well considered views of the scope and application of the discipline the speakers severally were called to conduct. A special and peculiar interest attended them, from the fact that both speakers had been named by nearly equal divisions of the predominant party in the county for the political position made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Marsh. In truth that gentleman has schooled the people to an evil purpose, if the Muses themselves are to suffer from the popular respect for learning.

The exercises of Wednesday were creditable to the graduating class, as to force of thought and ease of elocution. More brilliant oratory is witnessed sometimes on such occasions, but seldom a better average of substantial merit. One of the number in shade and feature was thoroughly an African. In the sphere of his own race he may well do his education and his people honor.

Gov. Coolidge and two of his predecessors, graduates of the institution, were present on the stage; the former received L. L. D. The usual oration before the Alumni, delivered by Mark Skinner, Esq. of Chicago, was heard with difficulty. It was Western American in spirit, and well written. A jubilee celebration of the Fifth Year of the College is to occur next year. The Commencement is restored to its old day, the third Wednesday of August, and, on the day succeeding, the great names and first talents of the alumni will be in requisition to do the occasion honor.

Yours,

"We would have our correspondent know how heartily we thank him for the above and other favors. They are appreciated also by our readers, who would thank him with us if they had an opportunity."

GLUE. We have received what appears to be a very nice sample of glue, from the manufactory of J. F. Wendell, in Readfield. Mr. W. informs us that he can sell it so that the purchaser will find it a decided object to buy of him. Success to home industry!

The Common School advocate, published at Belfast and edited by W. G. Crosby, Esq., late Secretary of the Board of Education, has been suspended, on the retiring of Mr. Crosby, until the people shall demand its re-issue.

Several letters from San Francisco and Valparaiso were received here yesterday, from men who went from this vicinity. We cannot learn that any of them contain important news, being dated immediately on the arrival at San Francisco.







**THOSE** cheap Muslins, from Auction, are most gone! Call soon, and secure a dress, - at CHASE'S.