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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III. WATERTOWN, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1849. NO. 5.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

At No. 31-2, Bowdoin Block, Main Street.

TERMS.

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If paid within six months, \$1.75.

If paid within the year, \$2.00.

Most kinds of Country Produce, taken in payment.

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

POPULAR STORIES.

(From Golden's Lady's Book for Sept.)

THE TWO THOMPSONS.

BY CHAS. GREENWOOD.

"God made the country, and man made the town."

It has become very fashionable of late, with

writers of a certain grade, to draw invidious

comparisons between the city and country, and to

dwell pathetically upon the miseries and

subjected to unsolicited and interminable

visitations from their rural acquaintances.

Lizzie, who were those stylish young ladies,

in old Mr. White's pew, to-day? asked Julian

Fielding of his sister, on their way from church,

one Sunday afternoon in August.

"Why, they are my granddaughters, the two

Thompsons, from New York." They are said

to be here for the summer to reside. It is said

that one of them was in love, 'not wisely,' and

an absence from the city was rather preposterously

prescribed by the father, who, you know, is a

rich Wall street broker, and a very successful

man. Have you called on them, sister?

"No, not yet; I waited for you to come

home and go with me. They are so elegant

and fashionable, I am half afraid. But we

will make the call tomorrow, if you say so; for

scarcely any one has been to see them, and I

am sure they must be very lonely at that dull

old place of the Whites."

"Agreed. I like their appearance, decidedly."

"Oh, very, I think, Julian," exclaimed Lizzie,

with generous enthusiasm.

The speakers in the above dialogue were

the only son and daughter of the Episcopal

clergyman of a small, retired village, in the

southern part of New York. Julian Fielding,

a young gentleman of twenty years, just out of

college, was gay, temperate, spirited, and rather

handsome; with considerable natural cleverness,

but little knowledge of the world. Still he

could not be pronounced a veridical young

man; for with him, native wit and tact well

supplied the place of experience. He was

carelessly rather than courageously original,

and deservedly a general favorite. Lizzie

Fielding, two years younger, was just such a

girl as a young gentleman loves to point out as

his sister. She was a very pretty, a very

charming creature; truly beautiful in face,

graceful in figure, tasteful in dress, and modest

and unaffected in manner. She was a very

embodiment of affectionateness and devotion;

somewhat too romantic and sensitive, perhaps,

and given to great bursts of sorrow on small

occasions; yet merry as a dancing fairy be-

tween whims.

A beautiful love and a perfect confidence

existed between this brother and sister from their

earliest childhood.

The important call on the two Thompsons

was made; speedily returned; and thus began

an acquaintance which rapidly deepened into

intimacy; an intimacy of the closest and most

confidential kind on the part of the young

ladies. The sisters were not very pleasantly

situated in the sober, methodical household of

their grandparents, and soon became almost

ly; and Julian was always on hand in the

morning to escort her on her artistic excur-

sions, and to show up all the fine points in the

scenery about A.

Thus two months went by; and then—oh!

that dark, mournful day; that dreadful, sor-

rowful, fearful parting! For a long time, even

after the coach was at the door, poor Lizzie

clung to her beloved friends, and would not let

them go. Dear girls, how tenderly they strove

to comfort her with promises of a longer visit

the succeeding year, and with glowing pictures

of the pleasures they would have in store for

their 'darlings' on her visit to the city. And

Julian—with what impressiveness were their

farewells spoken to him; and how long did they

look back and wave to him, as he stood

leaning on the gate, gazing down the road.

All was over—they were, indeed, gone; and

with mirth and music, the sound of light feet

and laughter had died out of the house: the

flush and smile of beauty, the gleam of white

muslin, the flutter of silken scarfs, the musical

rattle, the melodious dissonance of eager, gir-

lish voices, all passed away; and in their stead,

silence and darkness, and lonely places every-

where. The day was wearisome, the evening

intolerable; and Lizzie went to bed, with a

headache, to cry herself to sleep. On descend-

ing from her chamber in the morning, she was

surprised and shocked to find Julian busily

engaged in preparing his rods for a day's trout-

ing, and actually whistling at his work.

"A correspondence was kept up between the

friends; rather a one-sided affair, it must be

confessed, as Lizzie, who, like a heroine of

old romance, had marvelous gifts, usually filled

a generous sheet with wit and sentiment; but

seldom received more in return than the most

fair-like missives, on perfumed note paper,

beginning with 'Dearest,' or 'Sweetest,' and

closing with 'in the greatest imaginable haste,'

or 'in a monstrous hurry; just off for the op-

erations; carriage at the door; ever and ever

yours, &c."

It happened that the winter succeeding the

memorable visit of the two Thompsons to A,

a near relative of the Fieldings, a distinguish-

ed surgeon, being with his family at Washing-

ton, sent a most cordial and pressing invita-

tion to Julian and Lizzie to spend some time

with them at the capital. When they had con-

cluded to accept this invitation, Lizzie was about

to write all about it to her friends the two Thom-

psons; but her brother, the mysterious fellow,

begged that she would not do so; and she com-

plied with his request, as a matter of course.

Lizzie's friends were not so fortunate. The daugh-

ter of a country clergyman—neat and ample,

but far enough from rich and stylish. Yet she

was little troubled by these things. Her affec-

tionate heart was bounding in joyful anticipa-

tion of so soon meeting her kind relatives, and

no less at the thought of seeing again her

charming friends of the last summer, as she

passed through the city, on her way south.

"Ah, what a glad surprise it will be to them;

only to think of it!"

It was a bright, though frosty winter

morning, when Julian Fielding handed his sister out

of a cab, in front of Hotel, on Broad-

way. Just at that moment, a gay group of

ladies, escorted by two or three monitory offi-

cers, were strolling down the sunny *pave*; and

first among the party, gorgeous and imposing

in rich cashmires, velvets, furs, and long, float-

ing plumes, were the two Thompsons! Lizzie

poor girl was absolutely overwhelmed by the

visits and heartless attentions of her 'affection-

ate friends,' as her cousins called them; and

even the obdurate Julian was often playfully

reminded of 'our old friendships' and 'those

sweet smiles, and those wistful glances, and

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Mrs. Sunderland, after we had come to some

understanding as to what we should have.

The sum seemed large to her mind.

"If we get off with two hundred we may be

thankful," I replied.

"Oh, no. I can't go above a hundred dol-

lars."

"We shall see."

"If I thought it would cost so much, I

There is no retreat now, Mrs. Sunderland.

We have taken the step, and have

nothing to do but to go through with the

matter as best we can. My word for it, we shall

not be very eager to give another party."

This threw a damper on my wife's feelings

that I was very sorry to perceive, for now that

the party must be given, I wanted to see it

done in as good spirits as possible. From that

time therefore, was careful not to say anything

likely to awaken a doubt as to the satisfactory

results of the coming entertainment.

The evening came in due time, and we had

all things ready. I must own that I felt a

little excited, for the giving of a fashionable

party was a thing new in the history of my

life, and I did not feel altogether at home in

the matter. Unaccustomed to the

company, especially where ceremony and a

certain etiquette were involved; I was con-

scious of an awkward feeling, and would have

given double the cost of the party for the

privilege of an escape from the mortification

and trials it promised to involve.

In order to give additional beauty and

attraction to our parlors, we had purchased

articles of ornamental furniture, which cost

over a hundred dollars, and which were of

no manner of use except to look at.

It was so late before the elite of our

company began to arrive, that we were in some

doubt whether they were going to come at all.

But (towards 9 o'clock they came along, and by

ten we were in the full tide of successful

experiment. My nieces, Fanny and Ellen, were

among the first to appear; and they looked

very pretty and interesting.

As soon as the first embarrassment

consequent on the appearance of the extra

fashions had worn off, and I felt at home,

once more in my own house, I began to look

about me with an observant eye. About the

first thing that attracted my attention, was the

sober aspect of a certain lady, whose husband,

by a few fortunate adventures, had acquired

some money, and lifted her into 'good

society,' as it is called. She was talking to

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WREATH SONG.

SUNG AT A FLORAL FESTIVAL, JULY 4, 1849.

O! the sky is pure and blue,
Sunshine bright and glad to view,
Night brings dew, the cloud brings showers,
Love to Earth from Heaven brings flowers:
Roses, violets, tulips red
Wreath the living, weep the dead,
Hope looks up and Joy looks down,
Love shall wait their floral crown.

Grecian maids the ivy wrege,
Grecian blades the myrtle bore;
Joy was in the wreath of love,
Peace in that which valor wore:
Roses, violets, tulips red
Wreath the living, weep the dead,
Freedom wears a myrtle crown—
See her garland coming down.

'Tis a pure wreath for you,
Sharon's rose in Hermon's dew,
Shiloh's wisdom shall it yield,
Mix'd with lilies of the field:
Roses, violets, tulips red
Wreath the living, weep the dead,
Faith has won a festive crown—
See her garland coming down.

Ah! if Spring the year may hail,
Gentle, tender, shy and pale,
Autumn's joy a crown will get,
Asters gay and mignonette:
Roses, violets, tulips red
Wreath the living, weep the dead,
Virtue's brightest, sweetest crown,
See her garland coming down.

Plant we, in the funeral sod,
Amaranth and golden-rod,
Let the bird, his autumn note
Repeating, o'er his sorrow float:
Roses, violets, tulips red
Wreath the living, weep the dead,
Memory lights the mourner's crown—
See her garland coming down.

Thistles, shamrock, roses gay—
We've a wreath as bright as they—
Yankee heart and face look up—
Try the charm of buttercup.
Roses, violets, tulips red
Wreath the living, weep the dead,
Nations feast wear a crown,
See the last one coming down.

AGRICULTURAL, ETC.

PLASTER—ITS ACTION.

CAUSES OF ITS OCCASIONAL FAILURE, &c.

When sulphur is entirely absent in soils, plaster, by furnishing that salt so essential to the growth of clover, wheat, &c., produces a marked and striking effect, especially upon red clover.

The result of the application of so small a portion as one bushel to the acre, is almost magical on some soils; so much so, that a spot which has received none, may be seen by the yellow, sickly hue of the grass, almost as far as you can see the land. Although so small a portion of the gypsum will produce beneficial effects, it does by no means hold good that one bushel per acre is sufficient, although some will contend that half a bushel per acre is sufficient. Land which has been much exhausted, requires a much larger dose, and even four to five bushels would not be too much for one acre. It is well known that most micaceous and granitic soils contain potash; such soils, after having become exhausted by severe cropping and shallow ploughing, on being deeply ploughed, to throw up fresh portions of soil, the potash of which has not been consumed by the crops, show surprising increase of fertility upon the application of plaster.

Plaster, then, not only acts by furnishing sulphur to the soil, but also by its chemical action upon the potash of the soil, thereby rendering it fit to enter into the growing crop. That such is the case, is evident from the fact that after plaster, upon having been applied for a series of years, ceases to act, and the land, judging from the appearance of the grasses, is growing poor; the application of twenty-five to forty bushels of ashes, per acre, to the soil, at once restores the land to its fertility, and the crop of grass, in many instances, greatly exceeds the best produce of former years, and when the plaster was doing the most good. After having received one or two dressings of ashes, plaster acts upon the same soil as beneficially as when at first used.

It is perfectly plain, that the failure of plaster to produce beneficial effects upon the land to which it has been frequently applied, arises, first from an excess of sulphur in the soil; and secondly, from the exhaustion of the potash contained therein.

We not unfrequently hear farmers complain that plaster injures their land, and upon inquiry, almost invariably find that they uniformly sell all their hay, and never think of ploughing their fine crops of red clover under. This always "taking out of the meal tub and never putting in, must soon come to the bottom."

They might as well complain that their plough horses grow weak upon an exclusive diet of buckwheat straw.

All are well aware that plaster produces no visible effect upon some soils. In all such instances there is already a sufficiency, or perhaps an excess of sulphur in the soil. Such lands, limestone lands generally, are more benefited by the application of barn-yard manure, than by lime or any other mineral manure, if the expression is applicable.

From experience and observation, I would advise that upon exhausted soils, a heavy dressing of plaster, not less than two bushels to the acre, should be applied. I have seen astonishing effects produced by such a dressing, when neither lime nor stable manure had been used. Two things seem, from the foregoing, if allowed to be correct, to suggest themselves to the mind: First, that upon worn-out soils the allowance should exceed one bushel to the acre; and secondly, that upon plaster ceasing to act, ashes should at once be applied to restore the potash to the soil; and a third may be added, plough under clover.

OLAY.

This earth is, as most of your readers are probably well aware, a compound of silica and alumina. These constituents are not merely mingled together, but chemically combined. In much of the clay found in nature, there is an extra quantity of silica, which exists in it in the form of sand, of various degrees of fineness. Clay also, in all cases, contains iron "in a higher or lower state of oxidation, and it is probable that this metal constitutes an essential part of it." This, indeed, is now the prevalent view taken of the subject, by those who have most carefully examined it, and there appears but little ground to doubt the correctness of the conclusion. This matter, oxide, is of various colors, and is, indeed, dependent upon the degree of oxidation. It is sometimes red, sometimes black, brown, and yellow. The "black" indicates the lowest degree of oxidation, and the red the highest.

As a general thing, the pressure of clay, in some quantity, seems to be indispensable to the fertility of soils; and hence I find that light, pulverulent, and scabulous loams are decidedly

ly improved by spreading clay upon them, and mixing it, in a pulverized state, with the superior stratum, or surface soil, and in such quantity as is necessary to insure an increased absorbent power, as well as greater compressibility of the entire stratum which is the medium of vegetable germination and growth. Plains land, which is almost invariably of a sandy texture, possessed of little productive energy, and too light to be successfully worked, becomes highly fertile when highly ameliorated by liberal applications of clay.

A friend of mine from the east remarks, in reference to the subject of amalgamation, as follows: "When I commenced life, my means were too limited to allow of my purchasing, or even seriously thinking of such a farm as I wished to possess. Compelled by necessity, I therefore 'sat down' on a tract of 'plains land,' which I purchased for two dollars per acre. The growth was mostly pine, and a species of dwarf vegetation, called here 'gray birch,' with a profuse 'crop' of underbrush, composed of fern, whortleberry, and other diminutive shrubs.

"As soon as the soil was broken, I commenced hauling on clay, and have continued the practice constantly ever since. I have now brought most of my farm to a degree of productivity not surpassed, I presume by the best low lands in the state. The last season, I harvested ninety-seven and a half bushels of sound Indian corn from an acre, and from a field adjoining, measuring four acres, I took eight and three fourths tons of English hay—nearly two and a quarter tons per acre. I am still improving these fields by continuing the process of amalgamation—there being not yet clay enough to qualify the sand." [Correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph.]

REMARKS BY EDITOR N. E. FARMER.—In New England, there are a great many thousands of acres of light lands that are regarded as almost worthless, that might be rendered fertile by the addition of clay and good culture; and clay banks are common near such lands. Yet these lands, for miles and miles in extent, even near good markets, are neglected, while many farmers have passed by them, gone thirty to one hundred miles farther into the interior, and there till a hard, rugged soil for scanty crops, and pass over these lands of easy culture, on their way to market, with their produce, which has cost as much in its transportation as it would to raise the same produce on these light lands, if placed under judicious management.

Pick the stones on your stubble fields, and with them, add a few rods to your walls. Dig stumps, cut drains and ditches and eradicate bushes in fair weather, and when rainy repair your buildings, interiorly, white-wash your cellars, anew, and repair those tools that have been rendered unserviceable during the summer campaign. This is true economy. You need not, and will not, if you are a true farmer, be idle a single moment now. Nothing drives, but much may be done. Idleness is the bane of many farmers. They choose to spend their leisure—and a good deal of it they find, or manufacture—at the stores, or over money's board or dice box, in preference to working on an honorable independence, and the farmer's right to an unrestricted enjoyment of the blessings and good things of this life, on their farms.—*Hall-Cutler.*

NOVEL READING.

"The theatre and the wine cup have been justly charged with entailing sorrow on many a hitherto happy family; but it is the solemn conviction of the writer, that the novel comes in for its share of pernicious influence. Follow that young man who has been lolling over the fictitious tale behind the counter, or at his desk, to the domestic circle, and see whether he meets the glad step of his sister as in the days of his childhood he was wont; or whether he returns the welcome of his mother with that ingenuous smile which most gladdens a mother's heart. Mark the husband who has sought recreation from the pages of romance, and see if he enters the home of his wife and children with a lighter heart or a kinder greeting. Watch the mother who has been forced to descend from the ideal world to the prosaic employment of the needle, and see whether her heart seems to be in the work. Look at the daughter who is accustomed to trim the midnight lamp, that she may pursue the waking dream; why sits she so languidly by her mother's side? where is the glad voice that would have made labor light, or the willing hand to assist in that labor? Alas! the thoughts, and affections, and sympathies, which should have been consecrated to making a happy home, have been wasted on imaginary sufferings and ideal beauty. How many a wife owes the averted eye, and heedless manner and discourteous reply that chill her confiding heart, to the false sentiments or impressions which her husband has gathered from the pages of romance! The wife of his youth is no longer young! Disease, and perchance affliction, have blanched her cheek, and thinned and silvered her locks; her step is no longer elastic, nor her form erect. True, her heart beats with an affection, if not as romantic, yet more deep and abiding than when she first listened to his early vows; but the fountains of his love have so often flowed out towards the creations of fancy that they have been exhausted and are dried up."

The above is a specimen of a very flimsy kind of twaddle, which is apt to pass for sound moral discourse among unreflecting readers. It would hardly be worth a notice did we not find it copied into many papers, whose enlightened views are inconsistent with its narrow and fallacious doctrine. The idea that fictitious reading "wastes and exhausts the sympathies of the heart" is a favorite hobby among moralists of a certain class. But what man, woman or child is there, whose experience does not contradict the preposterous assumption? As well might it be said that the reading of Joe Miller exhausted the visible faculties; or that devotional reading exhausted the capacity for practical religious duties.

Undoubtedly there are silly and demoralizing sermons. It does not follow, that because we would commend the writings of Walter Scott or Maria Edgeworth to a young and ingenious reader, we should advise him to waste the midnight oil over the pages of the immortal Lippard; or that because we might think Channing or Chalmers suitable intellectual companions, we should therefore desire association with the American Bunbury, from whom (or the style deserves us) the above indelicate reading is quoted. The taste for novel reading may be abused; and so may the taste for strawberries; but both tastes were nevertheless given by a beneficent Providence for our mental and physical gratification and nurture; and because there are bad novels and bad strawberries, or because persons may indulge in them too recklessly, or at improper seasons—not but a Bunbury would argue that therefore novel reading and strawberry-eating should be abandoned.

No. Bunbury is wrong, and Shakespeare, Fenelon, Scott, Irving, Alton, are right. And we will say farther, that there are more people demoralized by the absence of a taste for reading than by the misdirection of that taste into vicious channels of gratification. If

Bunbury is right, then is all that is ideal in art and literature a mischief and a mistake. We should not look at a beautiful statue lest we should be rendered discontented with the plain features or unsymmetrical shape of a wife or mother; nor gaze at an exquisitely painted landscape, lest it should make us see defects unnoticed in our humble homestead. How much more consistent with all that is generous and ennobling, the philosophy, which teaches us to bid adieu to Truth and Beauty, wherever they come robed in the holiday dress of Fiction, or in the plain, white drapery of History and Science.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

MAKING LIGHT OF A DARK SUBJECT.—Where the "Cincinnati Dispatch" picked up the following, deponent saith not, however, it will pass:

"Mother sent me over to see if you couldn't lend us a little 'Injun,' said a little girl down south, in the Racksack region, to an old lady over on 'Big Eagle,' in Old Kentucky, who was considerably bothered by these neighborly calls.

"No, my darter," said the old lady, raising her spectacles and pretending not to know that corn meal was the article asked for. "I should like to oblige your mother, but we ain't got no little 'Injun.' Tell her, however, she can have our nigger boy any time she wants to borrow him." The trading on 'borrowed capital' was broken off after this.

A PALFABLE HIT. The London Times and Globe in some recent articles on the trouble in the British American Colonies, undertook to speak very contemptuously of those territories. This has provoked the following report from the Halifax Colonist. We think the Blue-Nose has hit them:

"The London Times has let the cat out of the bag. Not that we suppose the old lady had any wish to keep this particular black cat in the bag. Far from this. She has too magnificent a sense of her own consequence—it is too much puffed up by the silly adulation of those who are pleased to style her The Thunderer; (save the mark)—Blunderer would be a more appropriate name)—to care a straw about the concerns of an insignificant spot of earth, only six times the size of the British Islands. The disturbances in Canada according to the Times and the ministerial Globe, are a tempest in a teapot. There is a certain piece of water called 'the harbor of Boston,' which once served the purpose of a teapot, and brewed a little tempest, the effects of which are felt all over Europe at the present hour."

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS AT HOME. "My boy" said a kind-hearted country schoolmistress to an unusually promising scholar whose quarter was about up—"My dear boy, does your father design that you should thread the intricate and thorny path of the professions, the strait and narrow way of the ministry, or revel amid the flowery fields of literature?" "No ma'am," replied the juvenile prodigy, "dad says he's going to set me at work in the tatar patch."

A good story is told of an old millionaire, long since gone the way of all flesh, but *whilom*, a citizen of Boston.

"Were I a poor man," said he, "I would not stay in Boston."

Said his companion, "What would you do?" With all the honest simplicity in the world, our millionaire replied.

"I would take three or four thousand dollars, go up into the country, and buy me a farm."

THE TABLES TURNED.—Rather over a year ago, a Prefect of one of the French Departments received the following telegraphic despatch:

"Monsieur Le Prefet: Arrest, by all possible means, the citizen Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, should he present himself in your Department."

"LEDUR ROLLIN."

A year later, the same Prefect received another despatch in the following terms:

"Arrest by all possible means the citizen Ledur Rollin, if he should present himself in your department."

"DUFAURE,

"Minister of Louis Napoleon."

BEFORE THE ELECTION.—What a glorious thing it is to live in a free land, where the sovereigns have the inherent right to commit their servants in advance. Immediately previous to the recent election in Kentucky, some of the voters addressed a series of questions to one of their candidates for the legislature, commencing after this fashion:—

'Are you in favor of the next war?'

'Do you believe the Irish came over in the same boat with Noah?'

'Do you believe that Eve's eating the forbidden fruit caused the knot in a man's neck, called Adam's apple?'

'Are you a gradual imaginator?'

'Do you liquor?'

'If elected, do you pledge yourself not to go to Frankfurt?'

'Not being caused on, do you pledge yourself not to be caused off—but run until the last day in the evening—going through the polls like a 'dose of salts?'

'Well, Snooks, what luck to-day, was the cranberries pretty thick?'

'Yes, I could scrape 'em up by handfuls.'

'Was there any rattlesnakes?'

'Rattlesnakes? yes, about two snakes to a berry.'

The following toast was lately given—"Our fire-engines—may they be like old maids, ever ready but never wanted."

What is the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc? One was made of Gopherwood, and the other Made of Orleans.

In a Boston paper, we find an account of the doings of the meeting of Naturalists there, which says:—"It has been long known that two rays of light may be so thrown on each other as to produce darkness. Professor Henry showed that two rays of heat may be so combined as to produce cold."

A person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might as well sit down on a wheelbarrow and undertake to wheel himself.

SHORT SERMON. "It is good to be good," so said Aunt Sukey to her nephews and nieces, and that was all the sermon she could preach; and it was a truthful one, after all. "It is good to be good." Child remember Aunt Sukey's sermon.

'Yer drunk again, hey? 'No, my love, (hic) not drunk, but slippery. (hic) The fact is, my dear, somebody has been rubbing the bottom of my boots, till they are as smooth as a pane of glass.'

An Irishman getting on a high mettled horse, it ran away with him, upon which one of his companions called to him to stop him. 'Arrah, honey,' cried he, 'how can I do that when I've got no spurs.'

When a certain lady who had been charmed by his writing but had never seen his person, wrote to Mirabeau, saying how much she longed to see him, and begged that he would describe himself to her, he complied with the wish of the enthusiast, in these brief and self-adulatory terms:—"Figure to yourself a tiger that has had the small pox."

A profane coachman, pointing to one of the horses he was driving, said to a pious traveller, "That horse knows when I swear to him." "Yes," replied the traveller, "and so does God."

"Is that a t that I C B 4 me? Come, let me clutch it."—[Exchange.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 23, 1849.

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

THE LEGISLATURE adjourned on Thursday last, after a session of three months of most astonishing toil. We have heard of several matters, of some import, that had their attention, a part of this time, but as it was only for the last few days, there has probably been less than the usual waste of time upon public matters. This we consider a favorable symptom, for so long as there exists even the most flimsy indication of attention to the business of the State, the freemen will be lulled to look stupidly upon the gradual spinning out of the annual session, till it embraces the entire year. When they learn how great a portion of the speeches are for Buncombe, and for nothing else, and how much labor is done for two dollars a day, and for nothing else, they will soon learn to send men who are more honest or less lazy, or whose time is worth something at home. Those who can see a good reason for occupying some two hundred men for one hundred days in doing the work of the past session, will see the same reason for employing twice the number through the year. The man who goes home to his constituents, and is unable to say that he exerted himself to bring about an earlier adjournment, should be most thankful if re-elected.

The "Homestead Exemption Bill," the most important work from the hands of the last legislature has received the signature of the Governor, and has become a law. Its operation will be watched with alarm by many. The apprehension, however, that its tendency to agitate very seriously the present quiet state of business and traffic, will prove, as we think, to have been unfounded. With all the complaints we are deemed to hear from the business classes, none will suffer more in the first stages of this law than those who have little property. The poor man will have to guard well his good name. Indeed, it looks plain to us that one of the most important results of the law will be a decrease of credit and an increase of honesty. If we are right in this, the party press may make whatever else they can out of it.

[For the Eastern Mail.] FRIENDSHIP.

A holy gift is true friendship; but how rare on earth do we find it. Like the angel of love, it seldom finds a heart but what is occupied by something else bearing its name, but far from possessing its holy nature. But occasionally an individual is to be met with whose heart is not so cold and calculating, and so completely absorbed in selfishness, as to forbid the entrance and residence of this heaven-born spirit. But they are few and far between. How painfully disgusting to a noble minded and generous spirit are the fawning protestations of friendship from cringing sycophants, whose only aim is selfish gratification, whose borrowed smiles bespeak hypocrisy, and whose expressions of confidence and esteem bear upon their face the selfishness of their import. And should the revolution of the wheel of time bring interest in conflict, the strength of their pretended friendship is soon tested. Should the individual be weak enough to expect a return of favors thus lavishly bestowed, the hope will be vain. Instead thereof, the water from the polluted fountain of their own hearts, mixed with the slime and corruption of the world, will be poured out plentifully upon their head. Another class there is, and no less numerous, whose good opinion and friendship is solely governed by the often unjust decision of "society." Instead of possessing the moral courage to frankly acknowledge superior worth wherever it is discovered, and surrounded by whatever circumstances adverse fortune may have bestowed, and openly bowing at the shrine of mental and moral excellence, they almost tremble lest in the overwhelming conviction of truth they shall utter one expression of respect or esteem beyond the estimation in which society considers them. But let fortune favor these noble souls, now in obscurity and insignificance, and what a train of admirers, what a mighty phalanx of devoted worship at their feet! But the most of them, thank Heaven! have learned too many useful lessons in their exile from society, to be over-much charmed by the tyren song of flattery, or easily lulled into forgetfulness of past neglect and scorn by present homage and adulation.

But notwithstanding all the counterfeits that are palmed off for the genuine coin, there is such a principle as genuine, disinterested, devoted friendship. And when pursuing our toilsome journey through life, perplexed with trials and harassed by disappointments—experiencing the sad reverses of fortune, and the estrangements of pretended friends—how like an angel of mercy comes the soothing voice of friendship to our troubled hearts! And when this disinterestedness is revealed, and the friendship of an 'unpurchased heart' is ours, it awakens in the soul a sentiment of gratitude beyond the power of language. It partakes so largely of love and holiness, and is so closely allied to Christianity, that its birth must have been in heaven. And yet it dwells in hearts

where good and evil are very closely blended. But when freed from the habiliments of earth, it will shine with redoubled lustre in the paradise of God.

O, Friendship! what a precious boon,
On earth to mortals given;
It smooths the rugged paths of life,
And makes us meet for Heaven.

Kendall's Mills. E. K. M.

We beg our fair correspondent—and none other would write upon this subject—to care less for all friendship except the true kind. We think, after all, that men have better ideas on this subject than women. They don't "spin it so fine." Women are too poetical, and look for an article not fitted for the cold climate of this world. Men take it for better or worse, as they do wives, and when they get 'bit' they make the best of it. There is a large class of these items in which men and women too have been so often cheated that they need to be a little cautious. Among them are friendship, horses, cloaks of certain kinds, eastern lands and matrimony. Those who barter in any of them should "have an eye out," and our correspondent has done well in extending the caution.

[For the Eastern Mail.] CLINTON ACADEMY.

Mr. Editor.—The last number of your valuable paper fell into my hands, by which I perceive that the above named Institution has secured the services of Rev. Daniel Thurston, M. A., as Principal. I am glad to learn that the Trustees have succeeded in obtaining Mr. T.; for, from a long personal acquaintance with him, and from his experience and success in teaching, I am confident that the school will prosper under his management and instruction, and that those who put themselves or their children under his care, can but be satisfied with the aid they will receive from him. I hope the good people of Clinton, Sebastocook and vicinity will favor the institution with a liberal patronage.

Respectfully yours, J. B. WESTON.

Skowhegan, Aug. 20, 1849.

[For the Eastern Mail.] RARE SPORT.

Mr. Maxham.—Allow me to call the attention of all true lovers of Aquatic Sport to one of the most favorable opportunities which can well be imagined for gratifying these watery propensities; and in order more fully to portray its advantages, I will give a passing sketch of a little excursion made by a few of us, on a recent occasion.

We started off, in a quiet way, at about 9 A. M., carrying with us some of that substantial and to poor human nature, known commonly by the vulgar term—breadstuff. We also, (we must acknowledge it), took with us a few prime cigars, which we obtained at Smith's, (and he has an excellent article, as all genuine smokers will agree,) thinking they might perhaps serve to soothe our weary spirits on our homeward way. We arrived at Vassalborough Outlet in due season, and having made our few necessary arrangements, stepped into a very neat and spacious boat, owned by Mr. Butterfield of that place, and in the poetic words of Lord Byron, were

"Once more upon the waters—"

not exactly of the dark blue sea, but of a most lovely sheet of water—such as the eye of a true disciple of Izaak Walton ever loves to rest upon.

Having on board but very little of that article of which Old Boreas is sole proprietor, say a very small bag-fowl, we were fain to strip off our coats and row a short distance, until we reached the fishing grounds, which are, perhaps, a mile from the shore. And now, don't let me surprise you, O clod-hopping men, who scarcely venture to look beyond your native element, much less to trust your precious lives upon that dangerous surface, especially "where it is over your heads," when I tell you that for the space of one hour, a spectator could have seen on board that boat, six persons engaged in the delightful occupation of taking those delicate fish known as White Perch, at the somewhat rapid rate of about two per minute.

That is what I call Angling!

We continued during the day alternately angling and sailing about over that beautiful sheet of water, having a good breeze, which our fine boat, appropriately named "Belle," was not slow to appreciate and appropriate. We returned home about 10 o'clock, P. M., somewhat fatigued, but well satisfied with our exploits. And what were those exploits? I will answer on this condition: that the class to whom I alluded shall not take the liberty to sneer at my answer, and say—"I guess he stretches the story, 'a leetle.'" No, reader, I tell you the solemn truth, when I reply that we caught, in about three hours time—being that exclusively devoted to fishing—six hundred and seventy-five fish, of various kinds, including White Perch, Sunfish, Catfish, and a few Yellow Perch.

Here, then, ye anglers, is the place to display your energy in this glorious amusement; and when, on the next morning, you sit down to a delicious dish of those same fish, well *frieceased*, the consciousness of having contributed this excellent repast by your own exertions, "your own right arm," adds somewhat, methinks, to the flavor which it might otherwise have.

But enough of this. Once more, we would advise all, who wish to catch plenty of fish, and reverse the old adage of "fisherman's luck," to take a day, and go to the little village termed Vassalborough Outlet, or East Vassalborough, and give themselves up to the enjoyments we have mentioned. You will find there an elegant boat, gentlemanly attendants, and in short, all those little et cetera that go to make up a pleasant excursion.

Yours truly, PISCATOR.

Waterville, August, 1849.

HISTORY OF NORRIDGEWOOD. Mr. Edward J. Peet, of Norridgewood, has in Press at Portland a work of this title, written by William Allen—252 pages.

DR. COOLIDGE AGAIN.

This subject is as much without end as the "more last words" of Davy Crockett. Dr. Mann is really making out something of a case. His last paper contains, among other things on this point, two affidavits, one from the father of Dr. Coolidge, and another from Alex. Alden, Jr., which must, after all, leave the public in a quandary. We give the affidavit of Mr. Coolidge entire:

"I Joseph Coolidge, hereby certify that my son, Dr. V. P. Coolidge, was born with one of his thumbs shorter than the other; and one of his thumb nails was shorter than the other, and that said thumb and nail remained shorter as long as he lived at home. It appeared as if the end joint of one of his thumbs was wanting. When he and his sister were children, and were playing together, I have heard them talk about one of his thumbs being shorter than the other. My son, V. P. Coolidge, had a very small, narrow, delicate hand;—was thin favored, and narrow between and across his eyes. Never knew of his having a scar on his face or legs, but he had a scar on one of his thumbs, caused by a cut, with a sickle, when reaping. My wife said that Valorous told her when she was knitting him a pair of mittens, that she must knit one of the thumbs shorter than the other. When the supposed body of my son was first disinterred, I heard several of the bystanders say that they, on measuring the thumbs, could discover no difference in the length. I did not measure them myself. It appeared to me that the corpse said to be that of my son, was wider between and across the eyes, than that of Valorous. And it always appeared so to me. I could discover no scar upon the thumbs of the corpse. The corpse appeared very different from what I should suppose the corpse of my son would look.

This affidavit is sworn to in due form. It has the appearance of being given with reluctance—as Dr. Mann asserts.

Mr. Alden is next neighbor of Coolidge, and had known the son familiarly from a child. He attended both examinations of the body. He says, on oath:—

"I found by the appearance of the corpse, that there had been an examination made by physicians upon the body. On the first examination, I examined the hands fully and found them not swollen, but if anything, a little shrunk. The skin was then a little wrinkled or shrunken, the bones and muscles being distinct. The hands upon this body were much too large for Coolidge's, and the hair was too black to be Coolidge's. And upon the whole examination of the body, I am fully confident that it was not the body of Valorous P. Coolidge.

I examined the body carefully to see if the body was that of Valorous P. Coolidge, and could not find any features that appeared to me to be those of Coolidge. The whole frame was much too large for Dr. Coolidge, the hands, the feet and legs were too large, with thick, black hair upon the legs which could not have been the legs of Dr. Coolidge.

Dr. Coolidge was quite a feminine man in appearance, with a very slight beard. To be beard on this corpse was very heavy, and the eye-brows near together, with thick, heavy brows, very different from those of Coolidge. The face was much too large and wide, the nose too much Roman to be Coolidge's. At the second examination the corpse was very much changed, and turned very dark color, so that I could not from that examination, form much opinion as to the identity of the body. At the first examination, most of those present gave it as their opinion that it was not the body of V. P. Coolidge, and I heard no other opinion expressed by any one. There was a very distinct and large scar upon the cheek, about three fourths of an inch long, and half an inch wide. There was no beard standing upon the scar, but beard standing all around the scar, on the edge of it.

I found by the appearance of the corpse, that there had been an examination made by the physicians upon the body. On the first examination, I examined the hands fully and found them not swollen, but if anything, a little shrunk. The skin was then a little wrinkled or shrunken, the bones and muscles being distinct. The hands upon this body were much too large for Coolidge's, and the hair was too black to be Coolidge's. And upon the whole examination of the body, I am fully confident that it was not the body of Valorous P. Coolidge.

Here is room for doubt in regard to the death of Coolidge, we admit, especially if it is true, as Dr. M. asserts, that there really has been no official report by the examining committee. It is time this matter was investigated, and the public voice should be so loud in the ears of the Warden of the prison, that he will be compelled to give heed to it.

A correspondent of the Portland Advertiser gives to the public the following paragraph relative to Waterville College:

"At the risk of wearying our readers, we must say a word in behalf of this college. In the first place its local situation is of great beauty, in a charming and flourishing village, on the right bank of the Kennebec, in the heart of the State, surrounded by a fertile and productive country, and in the midst of an intelligent and enterprising community. There are no mean advantages. There are three large brick buildings three stories high, belonging to the institution; two for dormitories for scholars, and a centre one on the same line,

