



11-8-1849

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 16): November 8, 1849

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail

 Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 16): November 8, 1849" (1849). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 119.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/119

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOV. 8, 1849.

NO. 16.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING,

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

TERMS. If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50.
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 READING.

THE LOVE TEST.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"I say, Grace," said my friend Kate Richmond, "I like your cousin Nelly right well; she comes wonderfully near angelhood, but then she wants something. Does she not lack feeling?" "You're out there, Kate," I replied, "for our Nelly is all feeling."

"Ah, that is just what I meant; it is too evident, too much on the surface—too foamy and frothy—there is still no unfathomable deep. Or she has no rich hoards of passionate feeling—it is all small change."

"Why, Kate," said I, "pique by her want of penetration, Nelly is yet a mere child. You surely would not ask for a strong concentrated passion in a girl of seventeen. The woman in her nature is yet a sealed fountain; but she will develop gloriously by and by, mark my words. Her character will yet reveal itself in marvelous strength and beauty, and your eyes shall behold it."

If ever there was one I knew thoroughly, heart, mind, and soul, it was my sweet cousin Ellen Montgomery. She came to us a fairy child of ten summers—an orphan. Her father died when she was a mere infant, and when his widow after a few darkened years, was about to follow him, she tenderly bequeathed her sole earthly treasure, to a fond and devoted sister, my own mother, well beloved.

At the time Kate Richmond made the remarks I have noted down, Ellen was the acknowledged belle and beauty of our village. Generous, amiable, and light-hearted she rapidly won the earnest regard of them all. And she was the most indefatigable boarder up of affection; bee-like, she flew from heart to heart, weighing herself down with the sweets of tenderness and kindly feeling. Yet those who knew her well believed her to possess a rich inner nature, unrevealed even to herself, and that the heart which seemed to open full to all was yet but a half-inclosed flower, capriciously delaying its unfolding, and waiting to have its most glowing leaves kissed apart by the lips of love.

It was soon after Ellen was seventeen, that the heir of the Grahame property, Mr. James Stuart Grahame, (we give the name in full as he always wrote it), burst upon us in sudden glory. He had left our town when a lad, and after graduating at Yale and visiting the land of his fathers, old Scotia, with his mother and his sisters, had now come down to make the grand old mansion inhabitable as a summer's residence. Young, rich, handsome, and haughty, his advent stirred up our village into a state of delightful excitement. It was at a May party that he first met with us. He was, certainly, what young ladies call "interesting" in appearance, being

"Perfect in form and feature, and so divinely tall."

But then he had a cold condescending way with him—a manner I always felt myself called upon to resent—and one could see at a glance that he was proud as the fallen sun of morning. I afterwards found that, like a true Scot, pride was his distinguishing trait and ruling passion; it was within, and around him, and emanated from him in all directions.

Nelly was our queen, and shall I forget the startling impression which her first appearance in all her grace, gaiety and blooming beauty, made upon Grahame? He gazed a while with his eyes dilated and lips apart, and then pressed eagerly forward for a presentation. It did my heart good to see the imperious traveled aristocrat kneeling humbly, blushing like a very school boy, and timidly kissing the rosy-fingered tips of our laughing Nelly. But my triumph gave place to a slight feeling of apprehension, as I remarked the eyes of her Majesty, *pro tem*, fixed with evident interest on the glowing face of her courtier-like admirer. I saw it was over with him—that he could do nothing less than to haul down his colors and surrender to commander cupid; but I did not wish the heart of our brave Nelly to prove so easy a conquest. But tonight availed my wishes. All through budding May and leafy June was Greenwood cottage honored by the frequent presence of Grahame the admirer, Grahame the friend, Grahame the lover, Grahame the affianced of our darling cousin Ellen.

The bridegroom elect was boyishly proud of his betrothed and seemed to exult in having won the beauty of M—. To others he was as imperious and fastidious as ever, but deferential and fondly attentive to Ellen. And she—how gloriously the woman won within her. How she trusted in him—how she doted and treasured up his slightest words. How she poured her very soul out in grateful worship. Yet she loved him familiarly, she danced, and laughed, and jested with him till her own beautiful existence seemed so entwined with his that they could not be separated.

At last, with much pomp and circumstance, the female part of the family of Grahame came to M—. Ellen and I were among the first to call. We found the mother a stiff, formal Scotch woman, and the two daughters exceedingly plain and disagreeable. What was pride and haughtiness in the brother was superciliousness and insolent arrogance in them. As they knew of the engagement, I was indignant at the airs they assumed towards Ellen. "Dear girl—it was the first time I had seen her painfully embarrassed."

Yet she rattled on, and said many charming things, and some it must be admitted, more distinguished for naivete than wisdom. She even, when James was mentioned, began warmly praising him out of the fulness of her little innocent heart. But the old mother looked solemn. Miss Euphemia and Miss Margaret giggled.

On our way home I hinted to Nelly that it were best for her not to seek to win the regard of the lofty Scotch dames, but to give them a

suiciency of coldness and formality, and queen it in her turn. But no, she had such holy faith in love—she would subdue them with kindness, and they must love her yet. I then suggested that she should conceal her love for Grahame in the presence of his mother and sisters. I might as well have counselled the wild rose to bid her blushes. It would out. It revealed itself a thousand ways, and on no occasion did the sisters of Grahame fail to notice it and call the attention of others, till James was evidently annoyed by those very demonstrations of preference which once filled his heart with proud delight.

Finally Ellen was honored with an invitation to spend a week at Grahame Place. She returned before the visit was completed, sad and ill. I questioned her, and she said that she never so felt that she was an ignorant country girl; that she found she could not sing Italian like Miss Euphemia, nor speak French and paint in oils like Miss Margaret.

"And then," said she, "while her face grew crimson, 'I was dressed so plainly.' But surely," I remarked, "their manner did not make you feel thus? Were they not kind and affable?"

"No; cold and neglectful." "But James—how was he?"

She herself opened my breast with a gush of tears and murmured, "He was like the others." At last she told me of the many things he had said and done, which had cruelly grieved her heart. One circumstance I now recollect. On the morning of the day of her return, an excursion on horseback was planned and Grahame collected a considerable party. While showing off the paces of his horse, a fine blooded animal, the vicious creature suddenly threw him. G. who was but slightly hurt, dreading the laughter of his friends, lay for a moment as though insensible. Ellen, half-frenzied, sprang from her palfrey, raised his head on her knee, chafed his temples and called on him wildly and tenderly. He opened his eyes, poured upon her a look of angry pride, flung her hands rudely from him, exclaiming in a harsh tone—

"Good heavens! Miss Montgomery, do not render yourself and me ridiculous." In the afternoon Ellen pleaded illness and came home. Three days of terrible suspense passed before she saw the face of her betrothed husband. At last he came, and all in a tremor of fearfulness and love, she received him. In a short time I saw him pass down the avenue, but for more than an hour Ellen remained alone where he had left her.

When she gave me leave to enter, I found her extended on the sofa, her face hid with her hands, and her long golden curls which had fallen over it, her breast heaving and her neck quivering with quick convulsive sobs. She could tell me nothing; her anguish was too intense for words; all night she moaned within my arms, and her hot tears seemed burning into my heart. Just at dawn she fell asleep, and remained in tranquil slumber for some hours. When she awoke and found me watching beside her, she turned her sorrowful eyes upon me and said meekly—"How good of you to show such kindness to a poor, humiliated and forsaken girl!"

"Forsaken?" I exclaimed, has James Grahame dared to forsake you?" "He said he had better part—that he was convinced we were not suited to one another, and he has left me forever." "And thank heaven for it," I cried, "my love, my lamb, my rose-bud, my every thing that is good and gentle and lovable." Grahame was never worthy of you—he never truly loved you. You never reigned over his little narrow soul. Pride only "like a mountain devil," ruled there. If he thought less of you for your being portionless, let him now see with how rich a scorn you can look down on one poor in heart and poor in honor. Learn to despise and detest him as an embodiment of faithfulness and refined cruelty. Let him shrivel beneath the scorching contempt of an injured woman."

She looked up mournfully for a moment, and then replied—"I love him!" Such childish answers were all she ever returned to my appeals to her pride, and attempts to rouse her resentful feeling. She said her heart was so sore, so crushed and trodden to the earth, that she never could be proud again. For the sake of the blissful past, she mourned her faithless lover as one dead, tenderly and forgivingly.

I despair of having my heroine admired by ladies of spirit. She was, indeed, no tragedy queen—she was but a meek, loving, constant, child woman.

All through the winter beloved Ellen drooped daily, and spring found her but a pale shadow of her former self. Then came a new era in her existence. An uncle of her father, a Bostonian of wealth and family, having married off his last daughter, wrote to his little unknown niece, entreating her to accept a home with him, and thus make glad the heart and house of a lonely old man.

She went, and two years passed before we saw her dear face again. She then came to spend a summer with us—the same and yet how changed.

Ah, she was a magnificent creature in her full ripened loveliness, with the Grecian carriage of her exquisitely moulded head, the serene dignity which slept on her brow, the womanly purity which looked from her, the winning softness which waited on every curve and curl of her delicate lips. She had none of her former thoughtfulness; the spirit of repose seemed pervading her entire character. Every movement was tranquilly graceful. She said little, and her voice was low and deliciously intimated. She laughed in a quiet, musical, lady-like manner, and it even seemed that she smiled leisurely and with thought.

In her absence she had been the idol of her city relatives, and worshipped of a large circle of intellect and fashion, and now the accomplished, self-possessed woman met the lover of her early girlhood.

Since his heartless desertion of Ellen, he had buried his mother and married his sisters, and now dwelt in solitary grandeur in the old homestead. I witnessed the meeting. He happened in at an evening party evidently not dreaming of such an encounter, till the hostess, electrified him by an introduction to his idolized lady-love. He trembled deadly pale, and actually shook with agitation; but Ellen never lost her queenliness for a moment, her eyes never quailed and the hand she extended while

remarking carelessly that they were old friends, never trembled.

All present must have seen that he was deeply struck, and instantly subdued by the rare combination which she presented. He hovered around and gazed upon her in a silent stupor of admiration. She was dressed superbly that night. A profusion of rich pearls harmonizing charmingly with her style, contributed not a little to her dazzling beauty.

I could cover pages in telling how from that time, gradually and timidly, like a school-boy, who has played truant, the haughty Grahame stole back to his allegiance, how Ellen, though she did not positively encourage, did not frown, till it was evident that he loved her with all his soul, and for once with all his pride. He had fancied our little Nell as a pretty plaything, but he now adored the elegant, perfectly developed woman as a goddess—he was her most devoted, her knight, her slave, here, there and everywhere at her bidding, till I grew indignant at her not rejecting his homage, at her permitting his presence—for I'd sooner have seen her wedded to a Seminole than the courtly wife of the master of thousands. At last, with the freedom of other days, I entreated her at least to relieve my suspense. She answered by placing in my hand a letter to which she had just replied. It was from Grahame. I began reading it with a sneer, but as I read on I was thrilled, amazed, and spell bound by an eloquent outpouring of strong and intense feelings. It clearly revealed that under the influence of a real passion, the writer had found his better nature—had expanded into a man. He seemed to have lost his pride in his love, and while daring to offer the fervent devotion of his future life, to be filled with humiliation and contrition for the past. He threw himself on her mercy, dwell on the remorse that had pursued him since their parting, alluded to the interference of his family, acknowledged that he had loved her beauty merely, not knowing her worth, had since known no other love, and closed with an appeal to her womanly sympathies, so tender, wild and passionate, that I dared not dream it had been in vain.

"How did you answer?" I asked. "I rejected him."

"Thank heaven! But why?" She quietly placed in my hand a miniature, saying—"This is the only man I shall ever wed."

I gazed from the picture to her in amazement. The face was new to me, and by no means a handsome one. And yet, as I looked with earnest attention, I grew to liking exceedingly. It was one of those faces which one might fancy possessing an inner set of features of surpassing beauty shining through. A something fascinating and endearing appeared to emanate from it; the brow bore the stamp of nobility, and the eyes were alive with intellect.

"Why, Nell?" I exclaimed, "who can this be?"

"Mr. Frederick Aymes, of Boston, a poor artist and protégé of my uncle, and soon to be my affianced husband."

"And why is he not now?" "Because I wished to remain till I had consulted my early friends, as I told him—until I had again met James Grahame, my first love, as I told myself."

"Oh! the mystery is out. You were weighing love against love; and the first was found wanting?"

"Yes," she replied, with an emphasis so hearty as to leave me no room for doubt, "and I shall write to Fred to-morrow and send him the face he loves on ivory; he painted it a whole year ago."

When I awoke the next morning, a delightful one in June, Nell had risen, and was writing by the window.

One week from that time Ellen received two letters; one was from James Grahame, bearing his adieu—he was about visiting Europe—and the other from Frederick Aymes announcing his speedy coming.

"Did you not say, Ellen," I asked, when she had read the letter from Frederick, "that Mr. Aymes was poor?"

"Yes," she replied, "he has only his profession." "Will your uncle favor his suit?"

"No—and I can expect nothing from him." "Then, Nell, you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter, I shall see more of Frederick." "You must give up expensive dress."

"Oh, Fred admires simplicity." "You cannot keep a carriage."

"But we can have delightful walks." "You must take a small house and furnish it plainly."

Yes, but coz, elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floors with cheap, thin carpets."

"Ah then I shall hear his step the sooner!" I caught her hand, kissed it reverently, and pressed her to my heart.

THRILLING NARRATIVE.

A tall, haggard looking woman very poorly clad, but with an air of worn out gentility about her, was charged with stealing a brass candlestick, worth about two shillings. She sat apart from the other prisoners, and appeared to be deeply stricken with poverty and sorrow. It was evident that she took no interest in her present position, nor cared for the disgrace or inconvenience she might be subjected to, but that her sorrows had a deeper root, and that her heart, (alas, what a wretched heart that was!) was elsewhere. She sighed continually, but her sighs were suppressed, as if she did not wish them to be overheard, and her eyes were red and hard with weeping, and she would have wept still, but she had no tears to shed. She was beyond that. The poor creature's hair was loose and ragged; her paroxysm, her wrinkled brow, and her haggard eye gave evidence of much mental suffering; and the pinched up, attenuated nose and chin, and hollow, skinny cheek, told too plainly that stark famine had almost done its worst upon her; for she was so wasted, that there could be but little further effected by the grave and the worms. Her dress consisted of an old tattered gown, and she was deficient in shoes and stockings. Much as we are used to such scenes of poverty and misery, we did not think there was so forlorn a creature in existence, or even that a being could exist and be so forlorn. Her name was Ellen Barclay.

The court having readily disposed of three or four trifling cases, called Ellen Barclay, but received no answer. "Don't you hear her whisper call?" said a watchman. "Still no answer."

When Ellen saw a look on the face of the

"Get up," added the watchman with an oath, and he was about to lay rude hands on her, when he looked at her in the face, but was at once subdued; and almost terrified, by the expression of abstract misery. It was evident the wretched woman was wrapped up in her own agonizing reflections, and that she was not aware of what was passing around her.

Being at length roused to a knowledge of her position, her fit of abstraction forsook her and she became keenly sensitive; her countenance relaxing from its expression of contemplative suffering, and assuming a mingled air of eagerness, distrust and solicitation.

"Do you know what you are confined for, Ellen?" inquired the Court.

"I do, sir, I do," exclaimed the prisoner clasping her hands together, and looking as though but deep misery can look. "I do, sir, I do." It is for stealing a little brass candlestick; and, oh, I wish I had got off with it, for I fear that my little Dicky is dead, and my poor little Ellen and Mary are crying themselves to death over him."

"Court. You acknowledge then, that you attempted to steal the candlestick."

"Prisoner. I do, sir—kill me—hang me—do what you like with me—but oh, send me one to look after my children."

C. Where are your children.

P. (Looking wildly about her.) Ah! that's it—I fear they are dead and gone forever; for they had nothing to wear—nothing to eat—no bed to lie on—and their poor mother in prison. Oh, I wish I had killed myself and them, before it came to this; for then at all events, I would have been with them when they were dying!"

C. Poor woman, I pity you, and will have you comforted.

P. You cannot comfort me unless you bring me my children. The biggest is only six years old, and they have eaten nothing since Monday. O, go quick, for I know my babies are dead for dying human nature cannot stand so much as they were called upon to suffer.

C. I again ask you where we can find them.

P. Oh, sir, I don't know how to tell you, but I could find out myself, for it's somewhere close at hand. They are in a long dark hall under a stairs where they have lived for a fortnight. For the Father of Mercies, your worship—permit me to go and find them; and dead or alive, I'll return, and let you do what you please with me.

Here the poor creature threw herself on her knees to implore his worship for liberty to go and look for her children, and an officer had been desired to attend her for that purpose, when the door opened and a watchman entered with an infant in his arms, and two half naked, trembling little girls, the one about four, and the other about six years old, holding on to his coat.

Instantly the prisoner sprang to her feet and rushed towards the watchman, shrieking "Is Dick alive?" and on finding he was alive she laughed hysterically, clasped the infant to her bosom and danced about the office; and throwing herself on the form exhausted, she took her two half famished children in her lap, when they all commenced laughing and weeping together.

Meanwhile the watchman had told his worship that the eldest child had called his attention to the children, and that he found them huddled together under a stairs, evidently in a state of starvation, and with nothing to cover them but the rags they had on.

C. Now Mrs. Barclay, since you have got your children, will you answer me a few questions, and I will have you and them properly taken care of.

"P. I will, sir. I'll do anything now; but oh! whatever you do, don't part us again."

C. Never fear. How long have you been in this city?

P. About two months sir.

C. How have you supported yourself in that time?

P. I hardly know, sir, but we eat very little. I tried to get work, but no one would employ me, because they said I looked so shabby. I then went to beg, but some people told me they would have me taken up, and others that I was drunk; though at the time, I was almost wild with starvation, and with hearing my poor infants crying for food. And so, sir, I was driven on by sheer necessity until I did the thing that brought me here.

C. Why did you come to New York, when you had no friend here?

P. I came here to seek my husband, sir, who deserted me six months ago for another woman; but when I found him he only beat me; and when I told him that I and my children were starving, he said he wished we were all dead, and so did I.

Poor Ellen then stated, that for seven years she and her husband had lived very comfortably together in Albany, where they had kept a store; but that a servant girl, whom he had hired to take care of the store, had induced him to go off with her, and to take everything of value along with them. From that time she did nothing but pine away, until necessity compelled her to go after her husband, whom she knew to be in New York. And we have heard the result. The complaint of the lady having been withdrawn, the unfortunate family were ordered to be taken care of, and will probably be handed over to the commissioners of the almshouse.

Punch has seen with alarm "ladies vests" advertised in the newspapers. This gradual invasion of male attire by the other sex ought to be looked to. Punch says they have already stolen our palates—they now seize upon vests. Genuineness, goodness, what will they not take next. What will be left us?

Sure enough!—what will be done with the "what-d'ye-call-em's?"

When water, food and jacket are taken by our precious acquiescent spouses, our confidence will say they are clean. In respect to retaining our te—houses! (Boston Post.)

FRIGHTENED BY AN INFERENCE.—Mary the maid, who had gone up Monday morning to make the beds, came flying down stairs, screaming "murder! murder!" and staggered into the breakfast room, where she fainted at the feet of Mrs. Gotobed and Miss Ditto, of —, in this country. The ladies thought of flight, but their knees shook so industriously that no other motion was performable. Mary, beginning to recover, sighed heavily; her little heart fluttered and beat; her rosy lips parted; and an ejaculation escaped. "Oh—O! Ma'am!" "Where is the villain?" gently whispered Miss. "Under the bed!" Mrs. and Miss uttered a dreadful scream, and Mary screamed in sympathy.

But no stroke was at hand; Mary's first cries had scared the poodle dog out of gunshot. "Is the wretch a very big man?" inquired the old lady. "I did not stay to see him," replied the maid; "I ran away the moment I saw his sword behind the pillow?" "O, you young fool!" exclaimed her mistress, bursting into a peal of laughter. "I put the sword there myself, to be ready for robbers!" Mrs. Gotobed had drawn the sword, and Mary had drawn an inference.

FARMING IN AROOSTOOK. We give below a short account of what has been done, and what may be done again in the way of farming in this section of the world by those who understand the business and go into it right. It was furnished by a gentleman who takes much interest in such matters, in hopes that it might in some degree, serve to allay the Wisconsin and California fever, which is raging so violently at this time. It shows conclusively that any person who is desirous, or expects to get his living by farming, need not go to Wisconsin, or any other part of the world, for soil or climate, and how many who are going to California in the fond hope of realizing a fortune, and of course, happiness, might find it nearer home if they were to seek it in the way prescribed by the good Book. Here is the account, read it:—As I was passing through the town of Hodgdon, County of Aroostook, a few days since, I called on Mr. Walton, who took me over his farm, and showed me 21,000 apple trees of various ages from one year old to trees bearing fruit. The seed from which these trees are growing was procured in Mass., and a large proportion of them were grafted from trees bearing the choicest fruit. He finds a market for large numbers of them in the western part of this State and Massachusetts, and round that region. He has almost every variety of the Plum tree. He has also Crab Apples, Peach trees, Walnut trees, Butternut trees, Cherry trees, Chestnut trees, Grape vines and White Oaks.

Last spring he had ten hives of Bees. He has now twenty, containing nearly 1 ton of excellent honey,—besides having taken off 6,000 lbs. of Box Honey,—on this article he has taken the premium for several years past. He sells it at 16 1-2 cts per lb., at which rate the honey alone is worth \$600. His hives he values at \$10 apiece. He made last spring 400 lbs. of Maple sugar, part of which was refined, and was equal to loaf sugar in whiteness and sweetness. This year he has raised 200 bushels Buckwheat, and from 2 to 3 year's bread-stuff. Mr. W. is a very industrious and intelligent man, and his wife is an intelligent and lady-like woman, and a most excellent housekeeper. The inside of the house will compare favorably with the order and neatness of her husband's Nursery and Garden, which far exceeds anything of the kind to be found in this Eastern Country. Mrs. W. made during the past summer 36 cheeses of the best quality, and a large quantity of excellent butter. On the 4th of July last, she hived with her own hands, 4 hives of bees, her husband being absent. She does all her own work with her own hands, keeping no hired help. Her husband follows her example in this respect, as he carries on his farm without hired help. I am told he killed, last winter, five fine Moose."

Who will go to Wisconsin to get a living by farming, when it can be done so near at home? And the money it takes to land a man and his family in Wisconsin would almost, if not quite, purchase land enough to make a farm in Aroostook county, and help to stock it.—[Calais Ad'r.]

HAUL OUT MANURE IN THE FALL.—Many farmers cart out their summer made manure in autumn, and leave it scattered and unprotected in heaps, in the fields. This we consider bad economy, unless the heaps are protected by a stratum of loam. By sowing a bushel or two of gypsum over the surface of these heaps, and then superinducing a top layer of loam, the loss resulting from the evaporation or escape of the fertilizing gases will be obviated, and unless the weather be very wet the deterioration consequent upon exposure, will be of slight account. Even in the open air, manure should never be exposed to the open air. Every fresh addition of excrement should be protected by a new layer of mould. This, as it readily absorbs the volatile gases which are ever striving to escape into the atmosphere will, itself become rich, and may be applied with animal excrement advantageously to most crops requiring the assistance and support of either vegetable or animal manures. Gypsum arrests the ammonia that so copiously escapes from animal excrement while in a putrefactive state, and retains it for the benefit of the vegetable growing.

THE FRENCH AND ROME.—An English paper gives the following illustration of the French "possession" of Rome:

"Once on a time there was a gentleman who won an elephant in a raffle."

It was a very fine elephant and very cheap at the price the gentleman paid for his chance. But the gentleman had no place to put it in. Nobody would take it off his hands.

He couldn't afford to keep it.

He was afraid of the law if he turned it loose into the streets.

He was too humane to let it starve.

He was afraid to shoot it.

In short he was in a perplexity very natural to a gentleman with moderate means, a small house, common feelings of humanity and an elephant. France has won her elephant at Rome.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—Dr. Smith of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, communicates to the Boston Medical Journal a new method for stopping bleeding at the nose, which he learned of an old ship-master. His process was to roll up a piece of paper, and place it under the lip. Dr. Smith stopped bleeding which had continued four days by tying a knot in a bandage and applying the knot on the upper lip, and tying it around the head. The rationale of this treatment is, that the pressure at the point mentioned compresses the artery furnishing the blood.

VICE IN HIGH PLACES.—Major Noah, in the Sunday Times, says: "It is a melancholy fact that too many men who attain the highest rounds of the ladder of ambition, are addicted to vices the most loathsome and debased. We have seen a governor of this State so drunk before breakfast, that he could not walk; we have seen a cabinet minister so given to intemperance, that he kept a barrel of whiskey—and very poor whiskey it was too—on tap in his office; we have seen a vice president pro-tem-

pore of the United States Senate, rolling in the gutters of the city of Washington; we have seen the whole American Congress so blue that not ten of its members "could see a hole through a ladder;" and, we have seen a temporary Speaker of the House of Representatives so far gone, that he would have tumbled out of the chair, if he had not been held into it by the hand of a member, who happened to be not quite as drunk as his neighbor."

WINTER EVENINGS.

How to pass the long winter evenings with pleasure, profit, and instruction, is a question that has excited the attention of some of the newspapers who take an interest in the welfare of our youthful mechanics and operatives. How to pass them with pleasure, in the common acceptance of that dubious word, is too universally known to call for elucidation; but how to unite profit and instruction with recreation, so as to extract from the consciousness of wasted time the sting of regret, is not generally appreciated or considered. Literary associations, debating clubs, reading rooms, and other intellectual recreations, naturally suggest themselves as means of passing time without corrupting morals. The vast advantage of knowledge, and the high positions always commanded by intellectual power, are too self-evident to call for an argument in favor of selecting this mode of passing the long winter evenings. "Aye! but then," cries a buoyant spirit, "this is study—this is labor—and we want recreation, pleasure, amusement; we want to relax after the toils of the day." True! and pray is there any incompatibility between literary occupations and recreation? What pleasures are more intense and permanent than those of the mind? Where can you find the same variety as in books; "from grave to gay—from lively to severe!" Besides the pleasure, there is profit. The pride of superior knowledge, the consciousness of intellectual power, the ambition of fame, are they not the highest pleasures of which the mind is susceptible? Reading alone is itself a noble occupation full of amusement. So is debate, so is recitation. Intellectual recreation is also susceptible of every variety of modification; and as there is no kind of knowledge that is not useful, the certainty of profit is always insured. When the mind is engaged, time makes its most rapid flight. Now, any number of young people may form any sort of associations they please, to read, converse, and recite, and they can not fail to be pleased. The habit of reading soon augments its pleasure. The same number of people, associated together for intellectual and literary recreation, will enjoy a hundred fold the pleasure of those who meet for mere sensual gratification. Besides, to vary the amusement, music and song and dance can be occasionally introduced to divert the more volatile members. Music is so closely connected with poetry, that it becomes a natural adjunct to literary diversions. The elevating and wholesome influence of such winter evening occupations would soon be felt, and a general emulation would be kindled to excel in mental acquirements; while the happy effect produced by them on character, temper and deportment, would tend to place the mechanic in that social position which naturally belongs to him as a rational and useful being.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

"That's Bloody Island," said Capt. Chapman in reply to the five hundredth interrogatory of an inquisitive John Bull in reference to various matters appertaining to the scenery of Lake Champlain.

"And may I ask," continued the traveller, "what circumstance gave it that name?"

"O, certainly," said the captain. "During the French war a squaw had the nose-bleed there."

The traveller was satisfied.—[Bost. Post.]

"Don't, dear," said Mrs. Partington, to a child playing with a powder horn, "don't touch the pesky thing, for it may go off, and then you'll get burnt as the little boy did who got blowed up by a pot of shot." What a touching instance of solicitude, and how well it illustrates her benevolence. Ah, here is one of the characters.

SITUATION WANTED.—Wanted, by a young gentleman of elegant manners, captivating exterior, a situation in a dry goods store in some fashionable and crowded thoroughfare, where he may be enabled, by his insinuating address, to make such an impression on the ladies as may be gratifying to his individual feelings, and a source of profit to his employer. He is well practised in the graceful evolutions of counter-jumping, and can raise an unequalled sensation in female bosoms, by the very unique arrangement of his hair and whiskers. His teeth are unexceptionable—his smile perfectly killing, and his bow irresistible. To these accomplishments are added that fluency of persuasive eloquence, which has never failed to invest those silks and calicoes he has submitted to the notice of female customers, with an unfailing charm of powerful attraction. Owners will find in him a most profitable investment.

WASH FOR BUILDINGS.—The following recipe was sent by a gentleman of New-Orleans to his friend in Philadelphia, who writes that the wash was satisfactorily tested upon the roof of the Phoenix Foundry in that neighborhood. It is not only a protection against fire, but renders brick work impervious to water. The basis is lime, which must be first slaked with hot water in a tub, to keep in the steam. It should then be passed, in a semifluid state, through a fine sieve. Take six quarts of the fine lime and one quart of clean rock salt, for each gallon of water—the salt to be dissolved by boiling, and the impurities skimmed off to five gallons of this mixture, salt and lime, add one pound of alum, half a pound of coppers, three-fourths of a pound of potash, (the last to be added gradually.) four quarts of fine sand or hard wood ashes; add coloring to suit the fancy. It should be applied with a brush. It looks as well as paint, and is as lasting as slate. It stops small leaks, prevents moss from growing, and renders wood work inconsumable.—[N. Y. Farmer.]

SOUND SENSE.—The Supreme Court of New-Jersey has decided that engineers on railroads are not responsible for the loss and injury of cattle, that may come in contact with the locomotive, as it is the duty of the owners to take care of their property.

HOME.—The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we certainly cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

I WOULDN'T, WOULD YOU?

PECULIARITIES.

FLINT SOUP.

HILLS AGAINST LEVEL LANDS.—A correspondent of the *Gardiner's Chronicle* says: 'In a lecture on land surveying by a French Professor of mathematics, at the college at Blois; the lecturer informed his audience that in the purchase of hilly or uneven land, extent is estimated or measured, not according to area of the surface, but according to the area of its horizontal base; because, he added, 'it is a well known fact in agriculture, that no more can be grown on a hill or slope, than on a horizontal piece of land equal to its base.' Now, as this 'well-known fact' is not only not well

UBIQUITY OF NEW ENGLANDERS.

HOW DO YOU SPELL "TURNER?"

DANDIES. They are mere walking-sticks for female fairs, ornamented with brass heads, and barely touched with the varnish of etiquette. Brass heads, did I say? Nay; their caputs are only half-ripe muskmelons with monstrous thick rinds, all hollow inside, containing the seed of foolishness, swimming about with a vast quantity of sap. Their moral garments are a double-breasted coat of vanity, padded with the silk of self-complacency; their apparel is all in keeping, and is imported fresh from the devil's wholesale and retail clothing establishment. Tinkered up with broad-cloth, finger-rings, safety-chains, soder, vanity, impudence and nonsense, they are no more gentlemen than a plated spoon is silver. I detect

SEA SKETCHES.

JOURNAL

Friday, May 4th. — Lat. 35.55 S.; Long.

coast; the captain never was here before; the mate had been, but was doubtful about this being the place. We wanted to be certain, so should we run in and it should prove not to be the place, it would be difficult to get out again against a head wind; so the mate was sent ashore in the boat. The wind continued moderate, and before we saw the mate again we passed the island of Querequena, which lies in the middle of the mouth of the bay, and came to anchor in the evening, a few miles from town—105 days from Newburyport.

Wednesday, 9th. Strong wind from the north; hove short the anchor and run in to

to the soliciting hand of care, the greatest abundance. Wheat, rye, barley, potatoes, peas, beans, the fig, olive, pear, peach, &c., grow here, many of them spontaneously. The wild apple grows in great abundance and very large; they resemble our 'pumpkin sweetings,' and taste very much like them. But very few sour ones grow here and those are small. The cultivation of the vine receives considerable attention, but the wines that are produced therefrom are not very agreeable to my palate: I do not profess however to be much of a judge of wines; I can tell good water though as quick as any one, and am not a mean judge of milk. Most of the tropical fruits are raised here. The inhabitants are small in stature; their features are a mixture of the Indian and Spanish. They are kind and hospitable, backward in the arts of civilized life, and averse to all improvement. The cattle are small; the oxen are yoked, or rather harnessed, by the horns: a pair will haul about as much or

The Eastern Mail.

STRANGE. A new wonder has appeared in Boston. We need not describe it, for everybody has seen at least one of the numerous steamboats built in Waterville by Messrs W. & D. Moor. It is precisely one of these—built at Cherryfield, in this State, under the direction of Mr. Smiley, who has superintended the construction of most of the boats built here.—She has been taken to Boston, and is designed for shipment to California. While lying at the wharf she has been pronounced a wonder by the Bostonians, and the Traveller says she will “astonish the natives on the Sacramento.” We can tell them that it is too late for this—for one of Messrs Moor’s boats has doubtless already planted her paddle wheel in the waters of the Sacramento! Perhaps it is lucky

[For the Eastern Mail]
FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS
THAT READ THE PAPER.

"If, going in the face of the Creator's kindness, we force ourselves to work all days, it is not long till we pay the forfeit. The mental worker—the man of business, or the man of letters—finds his ideas coming turbid and slow; the equipage of his faculties is upset; he grows moody, fitful and capricious; and with his mental elasticity broken, should any disaster occur, he subsides into habitual melancholy, or, in self-destruction speeds his guilty exit from a gloomy world. And the manual worker—the artisan, the engineer—tolling on from day to day, and week to week, the bright institution of his eyes gets dimmed; and, forgetful of his cunning, slavers no longer perform their feats of twinkling agility nor by a plastic and tenacious touch, mould dead matter, or wield the ponderous potter, but blinding his life's blood in daily toilers, his locks are prematurely gray, his genial humor sour, and slaving, if he becomes a morose or reckless man, for any extra effort, or any blink of balmy sleep, he must stand indebted to opium or alcohol."

