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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, JAN. 10, 1850.

NO. 25.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
BY E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.
At No. 3 1-2 Bowdoin 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 arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

[From the Liverpool Mercury.]

OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

Dear in the morn's soft blowing gale
Is bidding May;
Sweet in the wild-rose scented vale
The scattered hay!
Dear is the early evening star,
The lover's guide;
But dearer still, and sweeter far,
Our own fireside.
Dear is the inmate's lively song
That cheers the gloom;
Sweet is the breeze that wafts along
The sigh of love;
Dear to the sailor's heart the call
Of land desired;
But, ah! more dear more sweet than all
Our own fireside.

POPULAR READING.

[From the Cambridge Chronicle.]

HORACE WESTON: OR, ASLEEP AND AWAKE.

BY MISS ESSJAY.

The room was large, and scantily furnished; but there was a look about it as if more taste than money were at the command of the occupant. There were in it two chairs, a bed, and a table. In a corner, let into a shelf of a board placed crosswise, were a ewer of water and a basin; a wardrobe of stained wood stood on one side of the fireplace, and on the other, shelves of the same material contained some scores of books. So much had Mammon done to furnish that room. Taste had added—they were trifles, but it would have been worse without them—the moss and sparkling stones picked up in many a country ramble, which partly hid the rude bars of the grate; the pencil sketches on the mantle piece: the spray of sweet briar in a glass on the table, among law books, and papers; and the roses and geraniums which filled the window.

There was not much to be seen from the window, yet the young man looked out earnestly and long. Straight before him were the roofs of some inferior houses; perhaps he was counting the pigeons assembled there for an hour's chat before sunset. Looking downward he could see, far below him, a portion of the busy street, which sent up its tribute of noise—not unpleasant murmur, when it reached so high. At a little distance rose a church steeple, above and around which, a few yards of blue were visible, and sometimes a cloud would cross the space, as if on a visit of curiosity or pity to the city sky. That sky was now as clear and bright as if it canopied the fields of Greece; nor was its smile forbidding, because, instead of being reflected by the calm beauty of some classic lake or stream, it fell on the awkward buildings and dirty streets of a commercial town. Horace did not know the name of the church on which his eye rested, nor to what tenets its walls resounded from week to week; but its old steeple was pleasant to the eye, for he owed to it his only glimpse of the moon and stars his room afforded him. In more than one way do the churches in our town bestow on the dwellers in close streets a view of the heaven, otherwise to much shut out.

The clock struck seven. The sound appeared to rouse his gaze, who turned quickly to the table and began to write. He was a young man whose face expressed an almost boundless capacity for happiness—the capacity, but not the habit; for it wore an anxious look, which seemed out of place there. His hair, which was light and fine, curled on a forehead formed for high and serene thought; but the serenity was wanting now—the waters of the soul had been troubled, and that not by an angel's touch. He wrote then busily for a few minutes, but it was a task which his strength was inadequate. He was evidently ill, and ill at ease. At last he threw aside the paper, exclaiming,

"I cannot do it; my thoughts are rapid and poor; what meanness of expression! what feeble reasoning! Yet it must be done before Friday. I'll go out into the air; perhaps exercise may restore me to myself."

He took his hat and went out. Almost unconsciously he pursued his way along the streets with the rapidity of one in urgent haste, or striving to escape from himself, when suddenly, at a turning, he was accosted by name, "Weston, whither so fast?"

Horace turned, and saw a young man named Mather, with whom he was on friendly, though not intimate terms.

"You have been ill, Weston, or you are ill, will be ill—past, present or future you belong to the doctor—what is it?"

"Neither," said Weston; "I am tired, and need a walk."

"Why, man, your eye is glazed, your face flushed, and your hand hot as fire. You are killing yourself with study. You need rest—Come with me to my aunt's."

Horace declined, saying he would only accompany him to the door, and then return to his room, where he had much to do—some writing, in fact, which must be done.

"Not to-night; not a comma shall you make, not a shall you cross, nor dot an i; with me you shall go. The readers of the Magazine may do without their accustomed dainties for this time. You, sir, shall spend this evening with my aunt. What would my charming cousin say, if she dreamed any man, any young man, any good-looking young man, preferred his own room, with its litter of books and papers, to an hour's high conversation with you? Oh, Kate Ashdown! think of it yourself—face, figure, voice, smile, in one scale, an old steel pen in the other, and you kick the beam! Shall I kick the tasteless wretch for you?"

Horace smiled, but even his smile was found fault with, while his companion went on.

"They say, Weston, that those infants on whom the mothers smiled not were pronounced unfortunate; and Vulcan was kicked out of heaven because he got no smile from his; but

before Jove, a smile like yours just now, would have sent out the mother too; such a twist as your face took! Let me show you how to smile; here,

"Inclipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere Matrem," as they read in Erin. It's time, my boy, you should know your Mather by his smile."

"I think I should recognize that, anywhere," replied Horace, "and have no doubt it is the very one Juno did not give when she saw Vulcan; let that content you, and now let me return."

But Mather's obstinate determination was seconded by his own consciousness that, with throbbing temples and a fevered pulse, it was useless to attempt to write; and then Miss Ashdown was very lovely to look upon, and very pleasant to listen to; and this looking and listening were pleasures which he had lately denied himself; so, without further objection, he walked on, and at length found himself in the house of Miss Ashdown, and in the very presence of that lady and her daughter.

"I bring you that most delicious and head-aching knight, yclept Horace Weston. Most gracious aunt, and thou, fairest of cousins, deign to forgive his stupidity and to bestow on him what he most needs, some tea. My aunt, I know, forgives every thing, so she may employ herself with the stupidity; and Kate, who forgives nothing, may provide him with tea."

The tea equipage had not yet been taken away, and Miss Ashdown moved to the table to comply with his request. The young man followed her—Mather, of course, feeling quite at home, and Horace fancying that his fair hostess's manner towards him was more than usually reserved.

"Cousin Kate, cousin Kate, you have lost him! he is gone!"

"Gone where? who has gone?" said that young lady, very composurely.

"On dit that Edward Needham is going to marry Harriet Williams. You know we had set our hearts on him for you."

"Had we? Not lately I presume," said Kate; "the gentleman's inclinations have been pretty evident, lately."

"Still there was always a hope, you know; the case was not desperate; he might by dexterous management, be reclaimed—a mother might do something, and recourse might be had to that tower of strength—a cousin. But now it is all over. Mothers and cousins avail not—Needham is gone—we are distanced in the race—all our pains have been thrown away; oysters, pine apples, and ices, from madame; wine, wit and wisdom, from mademoiselle;—so ungrateful of him, and so artful of her!"

Weston's heart beat quickly at this bantering, but Miss Ashdown seemed too much accustomed to her cousin's nonsense to mind it. She quietly said,

"I have known the engagement for some time, and the attachment for some time longer—almost, I believe, before they knew it themselves."

"Do you know Edward Needham?" asked Mrs. Ashdown of Horace.

"I have seen him; I think I first met him here; he is a physician, is he not?"

"Yes, and a noble and excellent young man. He is not, perhaps, what worldly people call a good match; but I am not of their opinion, and I have no doubt Miss Williams will be very happy."

"He has a few drugs; they are going to live chiefly on drugs," said Mather; "Harriet is to have all the sweet, and Needham engages to swallow the bitter ones."

"Charles, how can you talk such nonsense? My friend is, you know, rich enough to afford to share the sweet ones with her husband. Indeed, poor Harriet's money has long been an obstacle to their mutual happiness. That ten thousand was the bitter, Edward could not swallow; but that is all over now. His practice is becoming extensive, and—"

"And she has given her money to the Abyssinians, so they are even."

"He is incorrigible," said his aunt, laughing. "Was it not to the Abyssinians? O, no! that was another instance; I am confounding two stories. I remember now, he would not ask her because she was rich, and so she asked him because he was poor, and he refused at first; but she threatened to shoot herself, and so he gave way at last; but he looks a perfect sacrifice—a lamb caught in a thicket; and when he gets his best clothes on it is touching to see him—a victim decked out for the altar."

"Charles, you'll certainly come to some bad end," said Miss Ashdown.

"I'm to be the man then, now poor Needham's gone. Well, grant me a year and a day, and if no deliverer comes, I will submit. It's hard, though, and Weston thinks so, for his face colors with indignation, to see this barbarous treatment of his friend. He feels that I'm more to be pitied than Needham himself."

Miss Ashdown did not look at the object of her cousin's remarks, but said, in defence of her friend, "Harriet is much too right-minded and womanly to ask any one to marry her. I have heard the silly suggestion made before, but it is too absurd for you to repeat. You have some knowledge of the character of both. I know them, too, and could pledge myself that no such thing ever took place."

"Did you ever ask her if she did? I intend to inquire of him if she didn't."

"No; I did not, and you will not; but if the question were put to her, she would answer, 'Oh; Edward has manliness; and if to him, his answer would be, 'Miss Williams has delicacy.'"

"Very good answers, Kate. I wish you would publish a lover's catechism."

Horace spoke. "Are there no circumstances in which you would allow a lady to offer her hand?"

"I know of none," said Miss Ashdown; "certainly not when the only alleged difference between the parties is on the score of fortune. They say a man has no courage to ask a lady to marry him, when she has a few hundreds of thousands more than himself. Just think of it! He dares ask her to leave her father, her mother, and home for his sake; and to give him her heart, her happiness, her society, her whole life; but really, if she have dollar, it is too much—such a gift as that he cannot ask."

"What a compliment to her! Your love, your beauty—a mere trifle—I can accept that, and say, Thank you; but bank stock, never; it is too much to hope for—and the lady's friends too often talk the same way—Such presumption! why, he has not more than three hundred a year, and she is a great heiress, you know."

"I think you don't state the case quite fairly," said Horace; "for other things he can make some return. He will give love for love; for

the devotion of her life he will give his own; to repay her trust, his own confidence shall be boundless; but for her wealth he has no equivalent."

"Let him say, then, in the words of the Bible, 'Silver and gold have I none; such as I have, give I unto thee.' She had spoken warmly, and was now silent."

Her mother said, "I am inclined to think that when persons are truly attached they do not weigh all these matters so exactly, and balance the scales, putting a bit on this side, and a bit on that. I know I did not. It is all theory with you young people. But I can remember a happy time when money possessed was never thought of. I can easily believe its want would have forced on me a sense of its value; and no one can more highly appreciate the principle that would scruple to involve a wife in the sorrows of poverty. When both parties are poor, it is manliness to wait and suffer alone; it is delicacy to withhold the encouragement which would betray that two suffer instead of one."

"The young men listened respectfully while she spoke, and then Mather, rising to go, said, 'The world, you know, calls a man a fortune hunter, for he marries a rich wife. I thank you, Kate, for all the encouragement you have bestowed on me. I know on such hints we ought to speak, but out of respect to the world, I give you honorable warning, that if I can find a seamstress, or a housemaid, half as handsome or a quarter as good as yourself, I shall take her in preference.'"

"Then you are a greater coward than I tho't you," said Kate, playfully.

"Said you a coward Catherine? Beware! Call you your Charles a coward, maiden fair?"

"Yes, what else but a coward is the man who, himself in easy circumstances, educated for a noble profession, and with health and ability to rise to eminence in it, dares not tell me going to say the name, sir—dare not tell Emily that he loves her, because he is afraid some silly lad of his acquaintance, who envies him his happiness, should choose to call him a fortune-hunter; and now, Charles, I have given you a chiding for which I expect you to thank me. You won't? Well, go pay a visit at the corner; we will keep Mr. Weston for half an hour till you return."

She pushed him gently towards the door, and Horace, who had also risen to take leave, sat down again, saying that he scarcely felt well enough to walk home alone.

Mrs. Ashdown, who had lost two sons just as they were grown up, and who therefore felt a sort of tenderness towards all young men of the same age, spoke kindly to him about his health. "Kate, my dear, what can we recommend for Mr. Weston? His hand is really burning, and his eyes are very heavy. I am afraid he studies too hard; that was the case with my poor William," added she, with a sigh.

Miss Ashdown seemed too much absorbed in a frill she was hemming, to take much notice of the subject of her mother's anxiety, but as an answer was wanted, she said,

"I fancy Mr. Weston's medical adviser would prescribe rest, and perhaps country air." Horace felt hurt at her carelessness, and tried to recall what he could have said to offend her. The conversation languished till Mather's return, who threw open the door, exclaiming,

"She won't have me; she called me a beggar, and asked me if I knew that she was Miss S., the daughter of Mr. S., and the sister of Mr. Jones. And she gave me a shilling and showed me the door. But I don't care, I'd rather have you, Kate, after all, if I can't find a fair young washerwoman. Good night; don't make up your mind too strong. Kate; Weston shall help me in my search. He'll make a capital ferret—his eyes begin to look red already."

When they were in the street, Horace asked his companion where he had spent the half hour of his absence, since, of course, it was not passed in the way his cousin had suggested. "Yes, but it was. Congratulate me, my dear fellow—Emily promised me her hand a week ago; but I like to tease Kate, so I have not yet told her. As you may suppose, I was not averse to a meeting with Emily, however short, so I did as I was bid. Pray, did Miss Ashdown coax you to make love to her while I was gone? I think you are dull if you don't see the good will of both mother and daughter towards a certain o'er-moderest youth."

"Peace," said Weston sternly, "you don't know the feelings you jest with; and he tho't with indignant pain on the repelling indifference with which she had treated them; then rousing himself with an effort he said, 'My head is too full of pain for me to say much, Mather, but I do indeed congratulate you, and wish you all happiness. I must ask you, I believe, to unlock my door, for this goodness affects my sight, and every thing swims; I can scarcely see you.'"

Mather saw that medical aid was necessary, and in an hour afterwards, having persuaded his friend to undress and go to bed, was sitting by his side, with Dr. Needham, whom he had himself summoned.

"How fresh this air, and how pure! Surely, one ought to get well in so pleasant a spot. Here are no noises to disturb, no heated walls to nourish fever; yet methinks my recovery is slow. Three weeks to-day since I saw her. And then, not for the first time, he recalled what she had said, and lingered again over the tones of that voice which was ever sounding deep in the chambers of his heart.

The prospect that met his eye was very different from that on which he once before saw him gazing. Clear and cool the earth lay beneath the stars, her day's work done; the trees were shaking off, in the evening wind, the dust which soiled them, making, as they did so, a pleasant music in a quiet time. So good men, when night comes, purify themselves from worldly cares, and make, in Heaven's ear, the music of hearts grateful and serene.

In that sweet stillness Horace felt soothed and strengthened. Things changed their relative importance in his mind. The wealth which he had craved and hoped to win, seemed not so all-important now, and the treasures of mind and heart which he was conscious of possessing, a worthier offering to Miss Ashdown. He remembered her manner when she pronounced it mean and unmanly to be deterred from seeking to gratify the heart's preference, by any consideration of difference of fortune. He was by no means sure that he had won that price; his poverty would not, in her eyes, make his suit the less acceptable. If she liked him not, it was a feeling independent of any accidental circumstances, and one which no possessions

could alter. She would like him no better, were he heir to Croesus, to-morrow. Thus he thought, sitting in the window of the large, moon-lighted room, at one moment picturing to himself the full heart of Kate, overflowing with the swelling tide of his own passionate devotion; and then, as the shyness of doubt fell upon him, he fancied the cool, or contemptuous, or wondering reception, and the compassionate, yet firm rejection of his suit. What would life be to him then, when its only employment would be to count the pulsations of his despair?

It would have been delightful to offer her everything commonly thought desirable. If I were rich and she in poverty, O, that would be divine! Then he felt the selfishness of such a wish. "If it is more blessed to give than to receive, why should I not be willing that she should have the blessing?"

Weston had yet another subject of thought which had occupied him a good deal through the day. Let us read the letter lying open on his table.

DEAR MATHER.—Your house is ready for you, swept and garnished, nor has one of the seven spirits, if so many there be more wicked than yourself, been near it. The quiet has been undisturbed, and I think I have been the better for my enforced removal to your lodgings. But because no evil has actually resulted, does that lessen your guilt? The moral of an action lieth not in its consequences. I might have died of the shock, when I woke in my weakness, and saw not the old chimney-tops which had first met my gaze for so many mornings, and when I heard not my matin bird, the newspaper crier, but in their stead, lo! green trees and the cock's shrill clariion, terrible even to the king of beasts. Truly does Cowper speak, 'The world on which we close our eyes at night, is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning.'"

It may be that I speak unadvisedly when I say no evil has resulted. Is it no evil to a poor man to have his tastes refined, to be pampered with fresh air, and sweet sounds, and sights of beauty, when the town claims him to share its dirt and noise? when he must, with hymns of angels in his ears, Back to his task of woe and tears?"

Surely, here is sin enough at your door. Come back and set to work to remove it. Come back; I want to go home. I am tired of keeping house for other people; one never has things so comfortable. I don't like your servants, nor your furniture, nor your prospects. No man should require such sacrifices of his friend."

And now I must tell you a curious thing that has happened to me. On the day when I was taken sick, I had been attempting to write a paper for the Magazine. I had striven hard against the disease, but in vain. The Wordsworthian motto, the opening sentences, and a few imperfect pages—I could write no more. At your departure you remember I promised not to write a line, till I had your permission to do so. Now, Mather, I am, you know, a true man, and no knave; yet I can't for my life tell whether I have kept my word or not. Approach and read, for thou canst read the riddle."

Last night I received a packet from our editor, enclosing a check for what he pleasantly denominated my last valuable article. This, said I, is a mistake. Duncan owes me nothing. I had drawn all the money due a fortnight ago. So I put it aside till to-day. This morning, the first paper I took up gave a list of the contents of Duncan's June number, and among others, mentioned number eleven of 'The Ideal and Real among the Ancients.' What! said I, while I did not know with which I was myself to be classed. I took from the table the uncult Magazine; there it was, No. XI, with the usual signature, West, Ho! I read it with some interest. Don't expect me to say more. A man must not praise his own, you know. I had already furnished the article, I kept the money, and send these coils of information, as I suspect, to Newcastle."

Mather found his friend still looking very thin and pale, and with the power which the energy of health exerts over the invalid, he succeeded in persuading him to remain in the lodgings he had taken for him. Horace and Charles Mather were sitting together on the evening of the latter's return. Their conversation had been long and pleasant. The one had to tell of adventures and scenes in a journey of several hundred miles to the West; the other to answer questions about the mendings and marrings in his health. At last, after a silence of some minutes, during which each seemed enjoying, after his kind, the beautiful scenery around them, set off as it was by the pomp of a glorious sunset, Mather suddenly said, "So, Horatius, you could not help just finishing Number Eleven. I was vexed at first, but when I received your letter, defending yourself so ingeniously, half owning it and half denying it, I had to forgive you. I have an amiable weakness towards you, you know, and could never bear malice."

Horace laughed. "It does me good to hear you laugh thus merrily," said his friend, "but what is it?"

"Out with it, speak, discover, utter." "I did not think," said Horace, "that you could so well have imitated my manner. Some of the phrases are quite my own. See what it is to live with me; one picks up crumbs one knows not how. I thank you, my friend, seriously, for a service so delicately rendered, and will not hesitate to accept, indeed, I have already appropriated the mammoth thus coined. You need not meditate denial, nor strive to look innocent; and he held out his hand with a grateful look."

Mather took his friend's hand, saying, "Why do you keep up the joke of thanking me? You don't mean in earnest to deny writing the thing, do you?"

"Most certainly I did not write it, and as certainly you did."

"Never, Horace; as I am a gentleman and wear gloves! I saw it with surprise, and hurried home to fight a duel with you for breaking your promise. Here, these are not my thoughts; this is yours, all over; a little lighter and more playful than usual, but not at all in my style. I could not have done it if I would, and it would never have occurred to me. I can't take such delicate and round-about ways of doing things. What! write a parcel of stuff, quotations from the Italian and Tennyson's verses—your pardon, sir—then take it to a magazine and order the compensation sent to you? No, no! If I thought you were out of cash, I open my purse, thus—I

count the money, and say, 'Here old fellow, are eleven dollars and odd cents. You are welcome to half of it; or, as a man loves himself better than his neighbor, I take six, and threaten to knock you down if you don't pocket the five.' That is my way, and you know it."

"Very good ways yours are, as I have reason to acknowledge; but this puzzles me."

"Are you sure you had not sent it to Duncan before you were ill?"

Horace related his vain efforts to finish the paper he had begun on the evening before he was overpowered by the fever, with which he had been for a day or two struggling. He told how the mind refused to obey the volition; how he had thrown aside the pen in despair, and going out, had been accosted by Mather. "You know the rest, Charles; I have written nothing since, except the letter to you."

"Strange," said Mather, "if you have finished and forgotten it. You must, he continued, 'have done so when you were delirious.'"

Horace drew from his desk his own unfinished article and handed it to him. They compared the two. The motto and the initial sentences were entirely different, and seemed the result of dissimilar trains of thought. At length, though reluctantly on Horace's part, they came to the conclusion, that in some interval of fever, during Mather's absence, the task which pressed on the invalid's mind had been performed, and amid subsequent delirious wanderings forgotten.

Our hero was very uneasy. Unable to study and forbidden to write, future distinction and present means of support seemed alike beyond his reach. Dependence on Mather, was, to his right feeling, out of the question. Yet not only were his finances running low, but the engagements he had made with the editors were unfulfilled. Apart from present need, the place thus left by him would soon be supplied by others with pens as ready, brains as fertile and steadier pulses than his own. It was not a comfortable position, and how was he ever to achieve the greatness (his mind was in this part of its orbit now) that should embolden him to say, "Kate Ashdown, be my wife."

Mather came in. "This is too bad; no wonder you have been worse. You'll kill yourself; but I won't go to your funeral; so if you are reckoning on me for first mourner, you are wrong. Look here! Is this newspaper worth committing suicide for. Are you not a foolish, obstinate, self-willed, unkind, contrary, despicable, abandoned?"

Horace looked at the semi-weekly paper, and found one of the light, critical essays which he had been accustomed to write for it. In another column was a poem with his signature. He sighed like one bewildered.

"Hear this," said Mather, who read: "I yearn not for a forest home, where grow, In unimpaired grandeur, every lofty stem; Not with the haughty be my last repose— My life was not with them."

"Do you see, if you kill yourself, I'll have you buried in the thickest wood, and under the tallest tree I can find."

"Those words, and those only in the poem are mine, Mather; they are part of an unfinished thing among my papers. I thought them not worth completing, and never completed them."

"Then, Weston, you do them in your sleep."

"It must be so; but how do I get them sent? I can't do that by night, you know."

Mather proposed to move his own books and other matters to his friend's room, in order to watch him through the hours "when deep sleep hath fallen upon men." He also thought it would be well to see the editor of the Magazine when he went into the city the next morning. With this understanding they separated.

The next day, Horace received the following note.

"MY DEAR PHILIP MATA.—My youngest sister is dangerously ill, and I must be off to-night to see her. I am sorry to leave you just now, but it must be so. Try to keep quiet."

"F of the paper, says he received the criticisms &c. from you on Friday, some time about the middle of the day. Of course I did not tell him the reason of my inquiry. He thinks you want to know if he got them safely. They were left at the office by a boy; nothing further is remembered about them. Do you take a nap during the day? If you do, it is my belief you write in the night, and during your sister go out and tempt unsophisticated boys to do your errands."

"F has another article from you, ready for his next paper; so don't be surprised when you see it. It is one mystery, not two. It is a pity that I can't stay and assist you to solve this riddle. Perhaps you had better consult Needham—he is clever and honorable."

"Yours, wide awake, C. MATHER."

"P. S. I told F. you had been sick, and it struck me, from something he said, that he'll be forwarding you some spare cash that belongs to you. Have you any scruples about it? Have your dollars shown any tendency towards becoming silver-stones? 'Tis said 'Satanthas cheats his workmen thus.' C. M."

After this, poor Horace was scarcely surprised when No. 12 of the Magazine Series caught his eye. He read it with close attention—it was certainly all new to him—he had never been conscious of forging these links of reasoning, nor of revelling in those fancies. Yet there he stood, responsible for all. As he read on, he almost expected to come to something horrible or ridiculous. A quotation from Homer occurred in the article, and there was a mistake in the Greek—otherwise he was not dissatisfied with the production; but though nothing had yet come under his eye of which he was ashamed, what assurance had he that some wilder vagary might not take possession of him? Even now, was it not possible that he did many other things which had not yet been presented to his notice?—why should his demon be a mere writing demon?—was Catoeche the only infirmity besetting such beings?

It would be useless to endeavor to keep awake—what night should he select? Would not one lapse into sleep destroy the effect of his previous watchfulness and produce new testimony to his infirmity? He thought of tying himself in bed—but the ingenuity that could bind could also loose, and the cunning sleeper on regaining the bed, would also resume the same appearance as before; it would be the same if he locked up ink and paper.

A new incident occurred. He found on his table one morning, some sheets of paper neatly folded and fastened together with silk. He opened No. 13. "It is so," said he, "since I have not slept during the day, I am unable to convey my paper to the publisher without my own consciousness. It seems I have sense

enough not to go out at night. This was not here last evening, I therefore must have written it while asleep—a different hand too from my usual one, neater and more perpendicular. I won't stay in these lodgings another week."

Mrs. Ashdown gave a party for young Mrs. Needham, and Horace was invited. The conversation by chance fell on the feast of a sleep-walker who had swam across the Mohawk, at a spot so dangerous that Leander would have left it unvisited rather than attempt it. Other anecdotes followed, and Needham repeated the words of the mighty man, who left no phase of our being unexhibited.

"I have seen her (Lady Macbeth) rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth a paper, fold it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep."

A volume of Balzac was on the table, and some one mentioned the story of Louis the Xth and the miser, so well told.

"Did you ever read Brown's novels?" said a lady to a gentleman. "Yes, you are thinking of that strange, wild tale, Edgar Huntly."

A discussion ensued, particularly interesting to Horace, who, however, himself took but little share in it. He lingered till all the visitors had gone, and then the thirst for sympathy, felt at times by the strongest and most reliant, induced him to say, "I am not desirous 'to point a moral, or adorn a tale,' or I could have told our friends a perfectly new and original story, instead of leaving them to their quotations from Shakespeare and translations from Balzac."

"What do you mean?" said Miss Ashdown, and the tone was so kind and gentle, that he went on.

"Merely, that I have myself been the victim of a habit of this kind. I have indeed been better in a pecuniary sense, but my health has suffered." Then he detailed the facts with which we are already acquainted. He was surprised to see the look of curiosity on his auditor's face, suddenly give way to an irrepressible smile, which, as he was beginning to resent it, was all at once quenched in tears.

"I was afraid the plan was a bad one," said Mrs. Ashdown.

Horace looked with wonder from the face of the mother to that of the daughter, which was now covered with blushes. "You knew something of this before. Mather has told you—or, as a new suspicion flashed across his mind—You know the whole secret—there is one—tell me, dear Miss Ashdown, I beseech you, tell me—do you know? Did I not write those things in my sleep?"

"No," said Kate firmly, though she seemed a little afraid of his displeasure—I wrote them myself."

"You!" cried the delighted Weston, "while Mrs. Ashdown, smiling at the confusion of both, walked into the next room. Miss Ashdown—Kate—do you take this interest in me? Oh! speak once more, tell me that I do not now miserably deceive myself, forgive me, dear Kate—but surely your words, your manner—Kate, my own Kate, Miss Ashdown, it is not all a dream, is it?"

"You are rapid, Mr. Weston, in drawing inferences. Surely a young woman may wish to appear in print, may have literary tastes in short, and prefer to cover herself with the disguise of a popular name, without warranting such suspicions as you have taken up?" As she spoke thus, she looked up in his face, with a smile so fascinating in the holyfulness of affection it expressed, that the enamored youth may well be pardoned for clasping her to his heart.

"Mrs. Ashdown," said Horace, leading Kate to her mother—"will you give me this treasure? I have dared to ask your daughter's love—may I hope that you will accept me for a son?" The mother could not speak, she had expected this, but the tears

MISCELLANY.

A Funny Police Case before the Mayor.

Miss Flanders and Miss Chipman are next door neighbors in the goodly city of Philadelphia, and pursue the same business, washing and ironing to the full verification of the maxim, that "two of a trade cannot agree." The houses being without back yards, or flats on the roofs, have no convenient for drying the clothes, except that afforded by this area of the court, to which all the inhabitants have an equal right. The clothes lines of Miss Flanders and those of Miss Chipman being stretched across the court, and contiguous to each other, and all of them being crowded with damp apparel—pantaloons and petticoats, vests and bodices, shirts and corresponding articles of female attire, being in indelicate proximity—the wind being high, too, and the whole of the suspended habiliments performing a variety of waltzes, polkas, and other fantastic dances, it was not surprising that the rudeness of some of the male garments should offend the fastidious modesty of some of the female ones. A pair of disreputable blue pants belonging to Miss Chipman's wash, had the presumption to assail a delicate white skirt, or some other feminine figure, which was performing some prim ladylike flirtations, on the line of Miss Flanders. Miss F. indignantly seized the offending pants, and threw them on a pile of coal dust.

Miss Chipman, her hands full of soft soap, rushed on Miss Flanders, and filled the mouth of the latter with the saponaceous compound. Soft soap, emblematically speaking, is very acceptable to most people, but Miss Flanders had no relish for the genuine article. She spit and spluttered for awhile, till she got her mouth clean, then seizing a clothes pole, (a yellow pine stick, six feet long, and an inch a half in diameter,) she aimed a blow at Miss C.'s head, which had it taken effect, would probably have broken the pole; but the clothes line arrested the blow, and Miss F. was thrown by the recoil into a tub of very warm water, where she remained in a sitting position; and, as one might say, in "quite a stew," till some of the neighbors helped her out. She then went and complained of her neighbor at the Mayor's Court.

She told the Mayor, when making her complaint, that she was quite "raw," on account of the scalding soap suds; hence we infer, that she did not stay in long enough to be thoroughly cooked, but being only parboiled, she was probably done enough to conceive the propriety of keeping out of hot water in future. The two ladies being equally to blame, were each recognized in two hundred dollars to keep the peace.

Education.

Every person must be self educated to a great degree. Most people think, therefore, that education does not begin till the child is sent to school, and is conducted solely by the teachers employed for that purpose. This is a sad and very injurious mistake. Education begins in the domestic circle; the eyes of the mother are the first teacher. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, servants and visitors, all aid in the great work. These home influences have no small effect in the intellectual development of the pupil, and they often so entirely furnish the foundation of the moral character, that no subsequent teaching or discipline can change its nature or bearing. To these influences the most earnest efforts of the moralists and teachers of the gospel are merely secondary for good, and useless against evil. Let home influence be that of firm and gentle government, producing the habitual impression on the mind of the child, that the will of the parent is right and absolute law; let the child have learned cheerfully and happily to yield to this, and that child will infallibly be a lovely pupil, esteemed and cherished by its teachers; will be a docile and rapidly improving scholar; will grow up to be a law-abiding and valuable citizen, and most likely an humble and devoted Christian.

But, as is too much the case in our day, let the home influence be that of too much indulgence or neglect; let everything be just as the child chooses; let the opinion of the child rule that of the parents; let the child say, "I won't do it," and he won't do it, or that thing; I don't go to this school, this teacher, or attend to this study; and if the child is corrected for impertinence or idleness, let the parents join in blaming the teacher as harsh and brutal, and it needs no prophetic foresight to predict, that the child will be a dunder in the school, a rebel against the discipline, a bad, unruly citizen, a tyrant in his own house, without one delicate trait of moral goodness, probably never a true Christian, or at best a self-conceited "troubler in Israel."

This is the plague of all the schools at the present day. The children govern at home, and if they cannot govern at school, they won't go any longer, and parents let them do as they please.—[American Spectator.]

Indiana Eloquence.

At a recent presentation of a flag from the ladies of Cass county, Indiana, to the Democrats of Pulaski, the orator of the occasion is reported to have made a speech, of which the following is a part:

Fellow-citizens.—Not alone in our district is Democracy with its head and ears erect like a geese, but the whole world is on fire with Locofocoism, which is eight and a half per cent worse than Millerism, where the very bricks of the human sidewalk were down-trodden and herring-boned by the cunning of Whiggery, they now glory in being free! France! glorious France! where celestial soups are distilled from discarded boot-soles, and the epigrammatist is titivated by the fragrance of frogs stuffed with garlic, is now a free republic! (Mr. G. fanned himself.)—Germany feels the shock to the bottom of her beer vats, and the cry of freedom, rousing the coiled up sausages of Bologna, encompasses Italy with the links of liberty! The time of despotism is come! The dinner bell of tyranny has rung the oppressors to their last meal! Henceforth and forever our ancestors scratched the burning brand of regeneration from the hands of timid posterity, and planted it deep in the bowels of the future! Let it grow.

But the end is not yet, (the end of his speech.) The siren of a moneyed desolation sheds its crocodile tears over the infuriated instincts of toothless wretchedness throughout all England, and the cry among her thirsty and miledewed millions is for "gin! gin! and no work!" This is the watchword that, even when I speak to you, rings in the ears of Queen Victoria, and causes her to falter in her fruitful career! The despot of Prussia turns Prussian blue at his fate, and Austria gasps in dismay at the howl that tells of the approaching knife that is raised to wrench her apart at the hinges.

And is there no room for reform in free America? Can all do as they like? May some of us do nothing? Have we any liberty of conscience? Fellow-citizens! I hope the news from Pulaski will sweep the vagrant and other black laws from Indiana—I do! Gentlemen, take this flag! Fair hands wrought it, and bold hands carried it! Cherish it in your

heart of hearts—and should I ever die, my proudest wish would be to be interred in the meaneast puddle in Pulaski!

An Original Genius.

Old Barty Willard (of whom we told an anecdote the other day) was a wheelwright by trade, and, though an excellent workman, was remarkable for his habit of procrastination.—He would promise, and then break his engagement over and over again, with as little scruple, and as many "positively last's," as a theatrical star. Having pledged his word to a very urgent customer, for the third time, that he would have his cart done by a certain day, Barty again failed to keep his engagement, and, on the arrival of the owner, the cart was still unfinished. "Well," said the customer, "you have got my cart done this time, of course!" "Yes," said Barty, "I have done the work,—and supposed it was quite ready for you, when I discovered that I had made a mistake, a very unaccountable mistake, that will put me back a fortnight." "Ah, indeed," said the customer; "what's the trouble?" "Why you see," said Barty, with great gravity, and an air of extreme vexation, "you see I have made a mistake—I never made such a blunder in my life—I have committed the ridiculous mistake of making both wheels for the same side, they are both off wheels!" "Is it possible?" said the customer, who was thoroughly mystified, and so allowed Barty another fortnight to finish the cart.—[Boston Post.]

A New Sermon to an Old Text.

"Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing; a wife—none of your everlasting gadders abroad—none of your high tops that expend all their husband's earnings on their backs—none of your sly smiling simpering backbiters, who can 'sland' or 'wink away' a neighbor's reputation with more pleasure than she sweeps down cobwebs; but one of your neat, kind, affectionate home ladies—who keeps her children clean and tidy, and teaches them, from the least to the largest, to behave with modesty and propriety—who mingles the housewife's labor with intellectual improvement; and while she makes home, by her neatness and good nature, a place where her husband delights to sit, renders herself, by the improvement of her mind; a fit governor for her children, and an amiable companion for her spouse. She is not merely a woman bound to a man, but a wife; and who-soever finds such a one certainly findeth a good thing. But there is Dorothy Slow, who sleeps till eight in the spring mornings." Dorothy! Dorothy! do you know how every thing is put out of sorts by your loving your pillow so much better than your duty? What then? Shall we never marry, lest we find a woman only, and not a wife? Not so; but permit an old friend to give a few of the indications which the experience of 3000 years, since Solomon's time has pointed out, which may lead you in the right way to find a good wife. 1. Observe that the girl be neat in dress and person. A slatternly maid will make a sluggish wife. 2. Mark that she be affectionate and obedient to her parents, and that she treat elderly people with respect. A girl who neglects the wishes of her parents, and is rude to venerable age, will neglect you whenever selfish motives may prompt, however solemn may have been her vows. 3. She should be fond enough of dress to wish to appear well among her companions. This is laudable; but when a fondness for gay things leads to extravagance—beware—your purse will pay for it—she is selfish. 4. An ignorant wife will necessarily be self-willed, or stupid; and, however beautiful, will soon cease to interest. Look, therefore, not for beauty, but for correct principles and amiable disposition; these combined with industry and intelligence will wear well, and love will grow as the freshness of youth decays.

Benefits of Agricultural Exhibitions.

Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune, in writing from the State Fair at Syracuse, thus speaks of the utility of such exhibitions: "There cannot be less than two or three hundred different kinds of agricultural implements on exhibition here—horse-rakes, cultivators, straw-cutters, subsoil and all other plows, new bee-hives, water wheels, horse power saws, &c. &c. I consider this altogether the most important feature of the Fair. A great eye may be reared by a greater fool; but no man who ever worked a year at farming can spend a day among these implements and inventions without being stimulated to think. The great end of all such exhibitions is an improvement of the breed of farmers—of men. Now the man who has been skimming over a hundred acres of land for the last twenty or thirty years, plowing six inches deep, manuring with his good wishes, and growing fifteen or twenty bushels of corn to the acre, cannot spend a day in one of these Fair enclosures, without being startled and shamed. These subsoil plows, one of which, properly used, would double his usual product of corn and vegetables, and on dry seasons treble it—these straw-cutters, with one of which his scanty crop of hay might have been made, with the aid of straw, stalks, &c., to winter his stock bountifully—these cultivators, seed planters, horse-rakes, and other labor-saving implements, must set him thinking:—What sort of crops do these farmers obtain who use such implements? Who make the most by farming—the fifteen or the fifty bushel corn-growers?—What sort of farmers is it who are able to buy land, when any is for sale low for cash? What sort of farmers leaves land in condition to sell advantageously. These questions arise spontaneously in the simplest minds, and they will be answered. I don't believe a farmer can attend three successive Fairs, and not resolve to farm better through all his life afterward.

No other business could bear to be managed so wretchedly as farming still is. Only think of civilized men killing their bees to get the honey, in this nineteenth century after Christ. Killing a cow to obtain her milk, would be on the same principle. Yet to this day half the bee-men smother their bees to get the honey, although the land is full of simple and cheap hives, on a more humane and economical principle. How long shall the stupid barbarism of smothering bees continue?"

CONSCIENTIOUS LEGISLATORS.—Some members of the Alabama House of Representatives were lately anxious to attend the races, but the House refused to adjourn. A member then proposed a resolution for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the condition of the ceiling of the hall, which, as he had been informed by a mechanic, was in so dangerous a state that it was unsafe to stay there. The House then immediately adjourned.—to the races! and the committee found the ceiling all right!

TOAST AND WATER.—This article, simple as it is, is rarely well prepared. Cut an upper crust of bread as thick again as it is usual for toast; brown it carefully, but see that it be not burnt, smoked, or black; pour on as much water as is required, and cover the jug till cold. A slice of thinly cut orange or lemon peel infused with it, improves it greatly; it should be made early in the day, during summer, and placed in the sun, when it may be drunk at pleasure.

RECIPE FOR MAKING YEAST. To two middling sized potatoes add a pint of boiling water and two table-spoonfuls of brown sugar. One of hot water should be applied to every half pint of the compound. Hot water is better in warm weather. The yeast, being made with-out flour, will keep longer in hot weather, and is said to be much better than any in previous use. Try it.—[Maine Farmer.]

TO MAKE 'WONDERS.'—Break three eggs and beat them well; add a pint of new milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, and flour to make a thick batter. Grease one dozen cups, and divide the batter in them, filling them each not more than one third full. Bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven, and eat them while hot, with butter. For variety, these are a good substitute for hot biscuit.

Lord St. John being some time ago in want of a servant, an Irishman offered his service, but being asked of what country he was? answered an Englishman. "Where was you born?" said his lordship. "In Ireland, an-plaze your worship," said the man. "How then can you be an Englishman?" said his lordship. "My lord," replied the man, "I was born in a stable, that's no razer I should be a horse."

GETTING DOWN IN THE WORLD. "Ah," said Mrs. Bounce to her husband, "these times aint as they was when you was captain of an oyster skiff, and I used to wear my hair down in my neck, and we had bean soup every day for dinner, and could get trusted at the grocery."

COME AT LAST.—A Western orator commences his harangue thus: "The important crisis which were about to have arrived has arisen."

AN OPPOSITION.—Dryden and Otway lived opposite to each other in Queen-street. Otway coming one night from the tavern, chucked up on Dryden's door—"Here lives John Dryden he is a wit. Dryden knew the hand writing and next day chalked on Otway's door—"Here lives Tom Otway—he is opposite."

SEA SKETCHES.

JOURNAL

OF A VOYAGE AROUND CAPE HORN, IN THE BRIG "CHARMISTE," Which sailed from Newburyport for California, Jan. 23, 1849.

By GEORGE WATERS, JR.

Sunday, June 24th.—Lat. 20.32 N.; Lon. 127.40 W. This is the 21st Sunday we have spent at sea since we left home. We have no prescribed forms of worship on Sundays, more than any other day of the seven. No religious services are held on board; but on this day all unavoidable work is suspended, and generally most of the passengers devote a portion of the day to reading the Bible; sometimes they are engaged in arguments on the Bible and religion. I, for one, take but little interest in these religious polemics here, and the older I grow the more firmly am I convinced that, whether they be verbal, or through the pen or the press, they in most, if not in all cases, result in as much harm as good. I never yet saw a person, nor do I recollect of hearing or reading of one, who yielded any point or became convinced of his error, in any religious controversy.

I have been much interested to-day in reading the book of Job. There was a time—when I was a mere stripling—that I could not impartially examine the Bible; my mind was so much biased against its doctrines—not understanding, of course, what they were; as people's minds are generally narrowed down to a particular interpretation thereof, without any investigation on their part, as to whether their particular belief accord with even their own reason. I find that the more I investigate this precious book, and try to understand the sublime doctrines which it inculcates, the more do I feel ashamed of treating it with such cold indifference so long as I did.

Saturday, June 30th.—Since the 17th, when we were in Lat. 15, Lon. 114, we have been favored with constant head winds, making but little latitude, and longitude directly west from San Francisco, out of our course. To-day we are in Lat. 25, Lon. 13.40, giving us, in 15 days, 25 degrees of longitude and only 10 of latitude; we are just about as far from San Francisco to-day as we were 15 days ago. We have the regular trades, but instead of blowing from the N. E., (they are called the N. East trades) we have them from the North, without any East. Instead of coming from a favorable quarter for us, the irregular and inconstant wind 'comes e'en now from the frozen bosom of the north, puffing away from thence, and turning his pale face to the dew-dropping South.' Many passengers are doubtful and discouraged, and grow more so every day. They will do nothing to occupy the mind, except to sit down, lounge about the decks, and brood over what they call our hard luck. For my own part, I am willing to 'take things as they come,' nor let the natural course of things, which we cannot alter, trouble or disturb the mind; but all have passions and feelings as well as intellect, and I can see why some cannot make altogether an intellectual matter of the business.

Sunday, July 1st.—Bacon says—"Tis a strange thing, that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea; men should keep diaries; but in land travel, where in so much is to be observed, they for the most part omit it." "Tis often said, that at sea all is solitude and vacancy. Here, it is true, in a great measure all is sameness; we are shut out from the excitement of the external world.—Deprived as we are of the sweet company and genial influences of woman, we have but a limited chance, even with a large number of men on board, for enjoying the pleasures of rational social converse and the sweet play of the affections. Of the concord of sweet sounds, of the singing of birds, of the privilege of beholding beautiful landscapes of mountain and valley and lake and river, and the flowers that nod by the wayside, we are deprived—but what of that? We have a little world within ourselves from which we cannot be shut out, more beautiful than anything in the whole outward world itself. The irrepressible and unconfined imagination, can, with necromantic

power, conjure up the most glorious forms and brilliant visions, and create Utopian worlds for itself, peopling them with 'beings of its' own. Here the wandering imagination is more busy than when not shut out from the external world. Here at sea are the most sublime objects in nature—the mighty, boundless ocean, the broad heavens, 'earth's oceans of air above, its oceans of water beneath, its zodiac of lights, its tents of dripping clouds, its stripped coat of climates, its four-fold years,' and beautiful sun-risings and sun-settings—all these we are not deprived the privilege of beholding. Here, too, we can revel in the glorious charms of literature; here, minds rightly constituted and fitly tempered can find perennial enjoyment, which they can drink in as the eye does light.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 10, 1850.

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

LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

Ship Hampton.

DEATH OF MR. EZRA WHITMAN.—Letters from Rio bring intelligence of the death of Mr. Ezra Whitman, son of Captain Gilbert Whitman of this town. He sailed for California in the Ship Hampton, about the first of September, and died of dysentery on the 28th. He was 24 years of age—a young man of excellent character and highly esteemed. The following is an extract of Dr. Burleigh's letter, giving the intelligence to Capt. Whitman and family:

"This intelligence, I am aware, will be sad in the extreme to you; but while the sorrow and gloom it throws around you is thus afflicting, there is still another aspect—a brighter side. When I told him that I feared he must die, he looked me in the face and said, 'I trust it was not the love of gold alone that brought me here. When you first told me I could not live, I thought I did not want to die; but now I am willing; I enjoy the religion I profess, and trust in Christ my Savior. Tell father and mother, and my relatives, that I thank them for their kind assistance to me; they have been good to me, and I thank them for it.'"

"It is now 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I have been talking with Ezra; he seems calm and composed; not a groan escapes his lips, nor a wave of trouble swells his bosom. He seems to look forward upon the great ocean of Eternity, upon whose fathomless waters he soon expects to launch, with all the composure of a storm-beaten mariner in view of a safe harbor in which he is about to seek shelter."

MR. EDITOR:—I am a foreigner, but is this a reason why I cannot get justice in Waterville? I was publicly assaulted without cause, and severely whipped, before many witnesses, on the 29th ult. I have applied to all the lawyers and justices I can find; but there is no justice at all for me. Now will you tell me what remedy I have, in such a case, but to submit to such treatment as any native may see fit to bestow.

P. C. CONWAY.

Well, Patrick,—we feel constrained by a deep sense of our duty to the public, to say to you just what your other friends probably said—that if we meddle with this matter of Waterville justice you will not be the only man whipped. Now, if we give you advice, and thus offend the whole dozen or more of honorable Justices in Waterville—then for some of our pranks get a whipping, where shall we get justice? Shall we go to Winslow, as one of our neighbors once had to? Don't you think, Patrick, that we Yankees understand this justice, that we brag of, better than to run such a risk. No, we must put you off at least one week; and in the mean time you just tell us who, what, when, and where,—and if you don't get justice, we shall think you are short of money, and therefore don't deserve it.

We insert the following, not because we think it directly meets the question at which the author aims, but because we wish to give both sides fair play. The article seems candid and well written, though it touches matters that it would be foolishness to discuss before the public.

MR. EDITOR: I noticed in your paper a few weeks since, a communication under the head of "Social Festivities," which demands a reply. I do not intend to enter into a philosophical analysis of the amusements peculiar to different circles, but merely wish to correct one or two statements in the article alluded to.

Of course the author had an undoubted right to give publicity to his views as to the nature of the amusements enjoyed at the Pic-nic; but he should have been more careful in regard to what he stated as facts. He says two papers were circulated preparatory to it—one headed "music and dancing," the other with no allusion to anything in which all could not unite—that large expense was incurred expressly for dancing, in which those who did not engage were compelled to share equally with those who did. He forgot to mention that the music was but one of the many expenses, incurred for the evening. I understand from a reliable source, that but one paper was circulated after the arrangement was made to have the party in the Depot building—that about 200 gentlemen, citizens of this village

were present—that not one half of that number contributed towards defraying the expenses of the evening, and those who did pay, paid a dollar each. It was difficult to make a distinction in such a crowd, between those who did and those who did not dance—certainly as gentlemen, they would have felt insulted had they been taxed less.

Of course the gallant writer is not aware that the much abused Pic-nic was suggested by the ladies, and that the principal arrangements were made by a few individuals, who look upon dancing as a most innocent and healthful recreation.

It is a matter of regret, that some who belong to the first society in this very democratic village could not conscientiously participate in the pleasant and varied enjoyments of the evening; but if they remained at home, it could not have been that they were "doubtful all would not be right"—they must have known there would be dancing.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Chochituate Sprinklings—Number 12.

By Docky Wally.

Many thanks friend Maxham for that fine fat turkey, I came so near receiving for my Christmas dinner. I see it in imagination, in all its glorious plumpness of form, and I taste it methinks, roasted to a nice crisp brown, well stuffed and seasoned and accompanied with all of those delicate condiments which give zest to appetite. One don't get fat upon imagination however, and I cannot pursue the subject further: apropos, Yankee Hill, who departed this life a few weeks since, used to tell a story of a man, who tried to feed his horse by force of imagination. He put green spectacles upon the animal, and gave him fine cut shavings for food, deluding the poor animal with the idea that he was masticating grass all the while—according to the story, the experiment was within an ace of being successful, when the horse died. I dare say this is all old to you, but it occurred to me with great force, while trying to make a meal of your turkey.

I cannot think why my last letter was so long on the way, and if it happens again I mean to ask the reason.

We have had fine sleighing here for a week, and as usual those who like the sport, are making the most of it. The Neck is crowded every afternoon with sleighs of every shape and pattern, drawn by the fastest nags, and many of them driven by the fastest men in town.—The sidewalks are lined with spectators, who take as much interest in the racing as the actors themselves, and give an occasional burrah in answer to the "hi yahi" of the "b'boys," as the various teams glide by, drawn by horses "clipped" and unclipped, bob tailed and long tailed, of all colors, sorts and sizes. All this is fun, but, once in a while, some break down or smash up occurs which changes 'the spirit of the dream.' On Friday two sleighs came in contact, and one of the parties was struck on the mouth by a piece of one of the shafts, which penetrated through his cheek, injuring him so severely that he died on the following day. I am told that the force of the blow was such, that he was thrown at least ten feet into the air. The horses in both sleighs took to their heels and dashed madly through the streets. One of them run over a lady, wounding her severely.

This is dangerous sport, and will soon call for an interference from the City Authorities, for the limbs and lives of our citizens are every day put in jeopardy by its practice.

George Cox, the colored man, who stabbed another of the same race named Hogan, last autumn in a quarrel about a girl, was convicted of manslaughter last week and sentenced to 7 years in the State's Prison. It was proved that Hogan struck the first blow. One of his counsel was a colored "gemman" of the legal profession, Robert Morris by name; quite an ornament to his race from all accounts and appearances.

Our legislature is now in session; Ensign H. Kellogg of Pittsfield, is Speaker of the House, and Marshal P. Wilder President of the Senate. The former is a man of good abilities for the position, and I believe a lawyer by profession; the latter a merchant of this city, and lately president of our Horticultural Society; he is well qualified for the station to which he has been elected. The fountains in front of the State House are now in full operation—the water falls into two iron vases of graceful form, over the edges of which it descends again in thin sheets like liquid crystal. These fountains are really very beautiful.

We have besides these, two more of a similar character in Blackstone and Franklin Squares, upon the Neck. In these the water ascends of course to a much greater height. Talking about the South End puts me in mind of a new street, which is under contemplation, to run from Washington to Tremont, parallel with Dover St. It is to be 1100 feet long, and 40 wide, and is really quite necessary for the convenience of citizens.

I have seen, ay, and handled, that six pound lump of California gold, which you hear about, and can give positive assurance of its existence. It is of irregular shape and about the size of a large pancake, to which indeed it bears some resemblance in form. It was bro't home by Mr. Warren, nephew of Dr. Warren, the eminent surgeon of this city.

While writing about feeding by the force of imagination, I should have told you that I came near being obliged to dine in that way yesterday. I had purchased for the sustenance of my household, a fine piece of beef for roasting, and the girl stowed it carefully away in the refrigerator. During the forenoon, a boy called at the back door, and asked for some cold victuals, which the girl went to get for him in all kindness. Upon her return the urchin had vanished, taking with him the cherished piece of beef, without even leaving a thank'ye. The day being Sunday we were rather taken aback, but managed to eke out a dinner with some

sausages, which were luckily on hand. I consoled myself with the idea that the young rascal had a good dinner, and perhaps needed it much more than I.

Business is quite dull here. Two failures occurred last week.

"MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE." One of the best New Year's presents we have heard of was received last week by Mr. George Clark of Vassalboro'—namely, 3 children, a present from his wife; who were glad to learn is doing well, as are also two of the little ones, the other having died. We presume they were named Sidney, Augusta and Winslow.

WHICH IS THE WORST? Will our neighbor of the Clarion tell us which he thinks the greater evil, a temperance bowling-alley or a rum-selling tavern? We inquire because we notice that he rebukes Mr. Wendall of the temperance house, for keeping a bowling-alley, while he allows the rum-seller to pass with less severe wounds. Mr. Littlefield's axe is a sharp one, and he ought to swing it both right and left.

THE SHIP HAMPTON. Letters have been received from this ship, which sailed from Bath the first of Sept. for California. She arrived at Rio in 60 days, at which place the letters are dated. All hands generally in good health, except Mr. Whitman, whose death we mention in another column, and the Steward, an Englishman, who jumped overboard in a fit of insanity and was drowned.

A Noble Stand.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the cause of Temperance, in this city, in years past has been the course pursued by men of wealth and influence. But very few of this class have taken that decided stand against the liquor traffic, which the final triumph of Temperance principles demand. But there is now a marked improvement in this matter.

Among those who have taken a noble stand against the rum traffic, there is no one name which stands out more conspicuously than that of R. H. GARDINER, Esq., who rents a large number of buildings in this city, among which is the Gardner House, (of this, however, he is only a joint proprietor.) When this House was leased to the present occupant, a clause was inserted, which prohibited the sale of spirituous liquor. Still the conductor of that establishment has continued to sell intoxicating liquors, in defiance, not only of the stipulations in the lease, but also of the laws of the State;—not having even been licensed as an Inn-holder. When Mr. Gardiner learned these facts, he immediately demanded of the conductor that he should apply for an Innholder's License, and also that he should quit the sale of liquors entirely, under all circumstances; and informed him, that if his demands were not complied with, he should shut the house up, immediately.

The first demand has been complied with, and the occupant has obtained a license as an Innholder, and filed a bond, in the sum of \$300, with good and sufficient sureties, that he will sell no liquors, under any circumstances. Mr. G. has given him notice that if he violates that bond, he must quit the House immediately.

Mr. Gardiner's noble stand, in regard to this matter does not stop here; the same clause is inserted in all his leases; and he is now lending his aid and all his influence to put a stop to the accursed rum traffic in our city.

To those of our fellow citizens who possess wealth and influence, but who have done nothing for the cause of temperance, but, on the contrary, have opposed all efforts to suppress this great evil, "Go and do likewise."—[Gardner Fountain.]

LATE RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN BELGRADE.—We the undersigned, the Committee chosen at a meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Belgrade, for the purpose of investigating and making a report of the true causes of the melancholy accident which occurred on the railroad, in the town of Belgrade, on the evening of the 23d of November last, after giving due notice of the time, place, and purposes of said meeting, have met together in pursuance to said notice at the school house, near the lower bridge, in Belgrade, on this thirteenth day of December, 1849, and after examining a goodly number of witnesses, who appeared and presented themselves for examination and eliciting all the facts in our power, pertaining to the accident, the Committee have unanimously come to the conclusion that the accident referred to, was caused by the insufficiency of the track, where the accident happened, and by the unwarrantable speed with which the light cars were driven ahead of the engine, over the track, in its unfinished condition, and not by any obstruction being placed upon the track by design, or otherwise, as has been heretofore represented.

JACOB MAIN,
W. W. SPRINGER,
ISAIAH ROLLINS.

CONSPIRATORS CONVICTED. The trial of Messrs. Ripley, Wendenburg, Getchell, Rollins, and Blanchard, charged with conspiring to prevent the administration of the laws, by assaulting H. K. Baker, Esq., as he left the Court House where he had been trying rum-sellers last August; took place before the District Court, Judge Rice, in this city the past and present week. It commenced on Thursday Dec. 27, and on Tuesday the 1st inst. the Jury brought in a New Year's present in the shape of a verdict of GUILTY. This will do much we trust to give Law the victory over Rum. We regard this trial as one of the greatest moral importance of any that has ever taken place in Kennebec.

We understand the counsel for the prisoners have filed exceptions, and that the case will be carried to the Supreme Court next May.

[Banner.]
TRIAL FOR MURDER. The trial of Plowman, for the murder of his wife, in the Supreme Court at Portland, has been finished, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

It seems that he was drunk when he committed the deed, and has but little recollection of it, and apparently cares but little about it.

FIRE. A fire occurred in Harmony on Tuesday morning, Dec. 25th, which destroyed a Saw Mill and a Grist Mill belonging to Seth Soule, Esq. The loss is estimated at about \$3000. The property was insured in the Mammoth Company to the amount of \$1800.

NEW POST OFFICE. We learn that a new Post Office has been established at North Monmouth, (Mechanic's Grove,) and John B. Fogg appointed Postmaster.

A gentleman called upon his friend the other evening, with thin shoes on, and complained of being very wet. The eccentric Bass told him it was very strange he should have got so wet when he had both pumps going.

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