



1-24-1850

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 27): January 24, 1850

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 27): January 24, 1850" (1850). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 130.  
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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. 24, 1850.

NO. 27.

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

At No. 3 1-2 Bouteille 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.

## POETRY.

### LOVE OVERHEAD.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Some people say they nothing love,  
In woman, save the sacred mind,  
Pretending in her boasted form,  
No charm or merit they can find.

Others—and this is Thompson's school—  
Are all for beauty unadorned,  
Caring small things, 'twould seem for soul,  
And holding dress but to be scorned.

Away with all such saving clauses!  
I love my Julia altogether;  
From soul within to silk without:  
From point of toe to tip of feather.

Her clear idea is to me  
One lustrous silhouette of light,  
Whose every edge of lace and frill,  
Is as the inmost core as bright.

For instance, now, I love her eyes,  
So dark, yet dove-like in expression,  
Yet to her pupils at her ears,  
My eyes will sometimes make digression.

Her cheeks are like the roses red;  
Her mouth is like the parted cherry—  
But don't those combs become her hair?  
Are they not charming?—Yes; oh, very.

Her head moves with a queenly grace—  
A crown would not look queer upon it;  
But, in the meantime, is not this  
A very tasteful sort of bonnet?

Her hands are soft and pale white,  
Her fingers taper, small and seemly;  
But, oh! her bracelets and her gloves,  
I love them—love them most extremely.

Her feet so gentle are, and small,  
They give a grace to shoe and stocking;  
Shoe, stocking, foot—'tis but one thing  
That sets this foolish hair a-knocking.

I am of Hudibras's thought,  
Who looked not as a sort of duty,  
While he admired his fair one's face,  
T'adore the shape e'en of her shoe-tye.

I wear a tassel from her gown,  
Sung near my heart, in left vest pocket;  
I have a ringlet of her hair,  
Hung not more near in a locket.

Her parasol, that from the sun  
Protects her rosy complexion,  
I don't know which I love the most—  
The thing that takes or gives protection.

The thrilling music of her voice  
Puts all my senses in a tussle;  
And every nerve springs up to hear  
Her distant bonanza's play rustle.

What'er she does, what'er she says,  
For good, indifferent, or ill,  
'Tis all one luxury to my soul,  
'Tis Julia yet; 'tis Julia still.

Say that she talks of mutual love,  
And puts her poor swain in a rapture;  
Say that she tells her kitchen maid  
To make in poultry-yard a capture.

Say that she reads some touching tale,  
That gems with tears her soft eyelashes;  
Say that she pities the scribbler,  
Whom some full critic cuts and slashes:

'Tis all one thing—mind, person, dress—  
The formed of heaven, or dust, or shears;  
I love the whole, and nothing less,  
I love her over head—and ears.

## POPULAR READING.

[From the National Era.]

### THE LOST AND FOUND.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Hoowah for Thanksgiving Day," chirruped a fat three-year-old, bursting in his night-gown into Farmer Talbot's warm kitchen. He was trying to unlock two bright blue eyes, that Sleep had sealed up pretty fairly, and cut quite a ludicrous figure with his stentorian "Hoowah!" "Bravo, Bobby! Bravo-o-o!" laughed the grandfather from his chimney corner. "Try it again, Bobby; you'll keep up the honor of the family. Come here, sir."

Bobby's eyes were fairly open by this time, he had found his mother, and took refuge in the folds of her check dress, sucking his thumb in quiet thankfulness. Mamma looked around from the gridiron she was superintending, with a smile. That smile seemed rather sad, methinks, for the scene and the day; but we will know more of her.

Thanksgiving was always a joyous time at Grandfather Talbot's, not merely for its turkeys, puddings and pies—though (softly be it spoken) Grandmother Talbot and her daughters did excel all other grandmothers and aunts at a roaster—in the estimation of the grandchildren, large and small. But Farmer Talbot and his wife were staunch old Puritans—two of that good old stock with which our blessed New England shores were planted—This stock has been grafted with many other and foreign stocks since—but it is not still the tree of our nation's prosperity? It has long been fashionable to ridicule the quaint manners and the starched strictness of the Puritans. Children are taught to picture them as forever conning a psalm book with a nasal twang—as the deadly foes of all cheerfulness and merriment. Is not this almost treason to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers who sleep beneath us? Foes to the wild exuberance of untamed spirits, they were indeed—and often too prone to stretch every mind to their own tawdry of opinion and feeling. But they were a cheerful race. The happiest, yes, the merriest Thanksgiving day that brightened my young life was spent beneath the roof of a staunch Puritan old lady, one of the few that linger, like some overgrown of Autumn, among the more gray and thoughtless of this generation.

Farmer Talbot kept Thanksgiving day religiously as well as cheerily. Good old patriarch! He might be forgiven the pride with which he glanced round on his seven children, with all their little ones around him, and then lifted up his hand to bless Heaven in their behalf.

For three years, ever since the little Bobby had been a sunbeam to bless the good old man's hearth, there had been a shadow, too, upon it—a gentle shadow, but a sad one. That shadow was the graceful mother of the child—the favorite daughter of the family.

Adelaide Talbot was beautiful and lovely in her youth, dearly loved by all, but best by those of her own fireside circle. She was, indeed, the richest gem of that circle. When the long lashes were lifted from her ever-changing cheek you could look into the very soul of the high-minded, sunny hearted girl. She years before had stood in her father's low parlor on Thanksgiving eve, she had stood between that father and another to whose face she had lifted her soul-speaking eye, his bride of an hour. And as the good mother's raspberry wine, carefully bottled for the occasion, went round, she dreamed not that in that cup lurked a demon that should yet overthrow the altar just erected. Caleb Reynolds was now a drunkard, a deserter from his home. He had enlisted, it was thought, in an hour of intoxication—but his wife was left to learn it on other lips. He went, without one word of farewell, to the plains of Mexico—and never since had she heard of him. Poor Adelaide carried her crushed heart back to her father's house, longing to lay it only in the grave. Have you ever seen a tree in our Western forests blighted by 'girdling,' as the woodsmen call it—cut off from its connection with the life-giving earth, and then left to wither for years? I never pass such a tree without thinking of the slow death of the heart, to which some writer has strikingly compared it. It was thus that Adelaide stood among the other plants of her father's nurture. Have you ever seen from such a girdled tree, a young shoot spring out, and striking down its fibres, form a feeble connection with the bark below, and sustain a sure though sickly life to the tree? It was thus that little Robert came, to bind a few broken fibres from her early hopes and dreams to earth.

But we are forgetting our Thanksgiving. None of the aunts forgot it however—or the cousins; and by the time Farmer Talbot's big sleigh had emptied its contents twice upon the old salt-sprinkled stone step, all were brought home from church, and all were there.

All—except two unaccountable stragglers, 'the boys,' as two striplings continued to be called, who were cultivating the sciences in a college not many miles away. And why were they not there? So questioned every one; and grandmamma did not answer—only wiped her spectacles every two minutes on the corner of her apron, and peered out of the southwest window.

Meanwhile the new-comers were all clustered in the 'sitting-room,' making a merry use of the interlude between service and dinner. There was Robert, the eldest son, with his rimping family and anxious-looking wife. There was Charlotte—no, nobody knew her by that name—Lottie, blooming in her prime, and managing her little ones to a charm. There was Philip, the 'old bachelor,' though by no means a crusty one. Next him sat a pale, stiff-looking cousin from the nearest factory village. Last, but not the least—though in truth, she was a little one—was the school marm, 'the youngest of her father's flock, the laughing, fun-loving Susie. She was not beautiful, as Adelaide had been, but there was such a world of good nature in her low broad forehead and dimpling cheeks, that you loved her at first sight. I will not attempt her portrait, for I do not know that she ever sat still long enough to have it taken, except in church. This day she was here, and there, and everywhere, among the children, kissing one, romping with another, and then tossing up Robert's baby, to the terror of its mamma, and the delight of all others.

You must let me go to help grandmamma take up the turkey, indeed you must," cried Susan, laughing, as she pushed through the door way, followed by the whole scamping troop. One had sprung from the top of the arm chair to her shoulder, and sat crowing like a parrot on her perch. As she advanced towards the kitchen, the outer door was suddenly opened, and a merry Thanksgiving to you! burst from the lips of the intruders, amid the renewed shouts of the boisterous brood.

"Bless me, where did you drop from?" cried the mother, dropping the ladle into the coals in her surprise.

"Why brothers, we never heard your sleigh bells," exclaimed Susan, throwing off her encumbrance, and heartily welcoming the young colonnades.

"I dare say not," replied Edward, as he knocked the snow from his boots. "We chartered other sort of vehicles—hey, Will?"

"The fact is," explained Will, "that we started with the sunrise this morning, but met with a most provoking break down by the way. So, not to be cheated out of our Thanksgiving, we footed it through the drifts. We've lost Parson Wood's sermon, but we're in time for mother's dinner; and I assure you a walk of eight miles has given us a pair of appetites."

So they sat down to dinner at last, all the loving and merry ones. Grandfather hushed them for a moment, while he lifted his bronzed hands over the huge platter, and invoked bountiful Heaven in a lengthy but fervent "blessing." Then followed the usual clattering—but I need not describe it all—you see it as well as I do.

The 'wish-bone' (a great prize that) fell to the share of the shyest one, little blue-eyed Nelly, who carefully wrapped it in her white apron, as a sacred treasure.

"Cox, may I break with you," screamed her cousin Harry, from the other end of the table.

"No, I am going to break with—"

"With whom, I should like to know?"

"With Aunt Susie," said the little dove, nestling timidly to her side.

"Aunt Susie, ha, ha! Aunt Susie would look finely breaking a wish-bone."

"And why not, Master Harry?" said Susan, merrily. "I assure you I have broken more than one wish-bone at this very table."

"And did your wishes ever come to pass?" did they ever, Aunt Susie?" cried three voices at once.

"Yes, did they ever, Aunt Susie?" chimed in Edward, casting up from his plate a side-long, demure glance, that brought blushes and dimples to her cheeks.

Susie had seen some quiet little flirtations, even under her father's Argus eye. Suddenly her face grew serious. She caught Adelaide's expression of countenance, as the latter quietly rose from the table and made some excuse for withdrawing.

The 'wish-bone' was broken to a charm—snapping exactly in the middle, to the infinite amusement of the juveniles, who had been making bets on the result. The babies went to sleep at the right hour precisely, and were packed into their snug cradles with blankets and pillows. The elders of the juvenile community were ensconced in a corner to play 'button,' and the brothers and sisters clustered in quiet little knots. William and Susan sat by the window, not to sentimentalize over the moonlight that came flickering through the fleecy clouds, but to gather up the threads of old confidential *tetes-a-tetes*; to chat of college scrapes, and—Heaven save the mark!—school marm rogues.

Grandmamma had her knitting, of course; bless the dear old fingers that had kept so many feet warm! and Susie the modern substitute, a crochet purse to net.

"William," said Susie, lowering her voice at a pause in the conversation, and glancing up furtively, "what think you of Addie to-day?"

William stole a glance around. "Much as usual, is she not? Poor thing!"

"See how she sits there with her fingers moving through Bobby's curls, and her eyes fixed on vacancy!"

"This was her wedding night, you know?"

"I tell you, Willie, Adelaide loves Reynolds with her whole heart yet, as truly as she ever did on that evening. She has never spoken his name, even to me, since the day when father forbade it to be ever mentioned in his presence; but there is something terrible in this statue-like grief of hers."

A quick, sharp bark under the windows arrested the conversation.

"Be quiet, Growler, old fellow, what are you about?" shouted William; and he was still.

Dear, silent Adelaide now brought around the tray of nuts and apples, and every one sought to make her smile, as he took a share; but her smile was as faint as moonlight on an icy lake.

Harry and Nelly had called Aunt Susie over to the corner to name their apples, and all were quite silent for a few moments.

That quick bark came again from the dog, followed by a low, protracted growl. Edward jumped up to investigate matters, but before he reached the door it was opened, slowly but firmly, and a tall, pale figure stepped within it, and stood—silently.

The sudden paralysis of surprise bound every voice. A moment more, and with a faint, desperate cry, Adelaide dropped her boy from her lap and sprang across the room to her husband!

As his arms closed around her, and her head sunk like a broken lily on his shoulder, Farmer Talbot started, as if stung by a bitter memory. His arm was raised, and his white locks floated back.

"Father!" It was Susie's voice, choked with beseeching agony, as she sprang to catch the hand of the old man.

The uplifted arm fell, and all was hushed for one long moment.

"Come you as a reformed man, Caleb Reynolds?" and Farmer Talbot's tone was firm, though quiet.

All hearts seemed to suspend their throbbing.

"I do, by the help of God, my father," the stranger solemnly answered.

Farmer Talbot threw the glare of the candle on his features.

"Caleb Reynolds never spoke like that," and the old man modulated each word, as if to steady his trembling voice. "Have you signed the temperance pledge?"

"I have signed it, and I have kept it for one year."

"Then, my son—the old man's hand was extended, but his voice was choked. He bowed himself, and wept like a child.

But the arms hung loosely around Caleb Reynolds' neck; the surprise had been too sudden, and gentle Addie fainted. Not till they had won back the life-tide to her cheek, and seen her again in the arms of her husband, turning to him that glance of soul-full earnestness that her early years had won—not till then—did the others approach to welcome, with tearful embraces, their long lost brother.

"And this is our boy, Addie, whom I never saw?" murmured Caleb, pressing his lips to the little round forehead of the sleeper. Adelaide only replied by her tears.

No questions further were asked; but Caleb soon spoke of his wanderings. Wounded in battle, and brought to the point of death, he had listened to the angel Reflection. But with reflection and good resolutions, came also Remorse and Despair. Who should win back to him the forfeited affections of his deserted wife? It was then that the lessons learned at his mother's knee came beaming up through the gloom of years squandered in dissipation. He went to the fountain of Peace, and drank of the 'living water.' Having fixed and finished his term of probation, he had sought again his home.

"I knew you would all be assembled here to-night; and I lingered, shivering, long before I could man my heart to come in among you."

"Brother!" exclaimed more voices than one.

The clock in the corner struck nine; it was the hour of prayer. Farmer Talbot laid his hand on the old Family Bible, and wiped his glasses.

"Come, my children, let us give thanks with the angels to-night, for this, my son, was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found."

## DEER.

The deer is the most acute animal we possess, and adopts the most sagacious plans for the preservation of its life. When it lies, satisfied that the wind will convey to it an intimation of the approach of its pursuer, it gazes in another direction. If there are any wild birds, such as curlews or ravens, in its vicinity, it keeps its eye intently fixed on them, convinced that they will give a timely alarm. It selects its cover with the greatest caution, and invariably chooses an eminence from which it can have a view around. It recognizes individuals, and permits the shepherds to approach it.

The stage, at Tornapress will suffer a boy to go within twenty yards of them, but if I attempt to encroach upon them they are off at once.

A poor man who carries peats in a creel on his back here, may go 'cheek-for-jowl' with them. I put on his panner the other day, and attempted to advance, and immediately they sprung away like antelopes.

An eminent deer-stalker told me the other day of a plan one of his keepers adopted to kill a very wary stag. This animal had been known for years, and occupied part of a plain from which it could perceive the smallest object from the distance of a

mile. The keeper cut a thick bush, which he carried before him as he crept, and commenced stalking at eight in the morning; but so gradually did he move forward, that it was five P. M. before he stood in triumph with his foot on the breast of the antlered king. 'I never felt so much for an inferior creature,' said the gentleman, 'as I did for this deer. When I came up it was panting life away, with its large blue eyes firmly fixed on its slayer. You would have thought, sir, that it was accusing itself of simplicity in having been so easily betrayed.' [Inverness Courier.]

## "THE GREEKS ARE AT YOUR DOOR."

It is related of John Randolph, that passing one day into a friendly mansion, through a crowd of naked or half-clad slave children, he found there a circle of young ladies busily engaged in sewing, and inquiring the cause of a spectacle so unusual at the South, was told that they were making up clothing for the Greeks, (then suffering from reverses in their struggle for independence). "Madam," said John in his sharpest tone, "the Greeks are at your door!"

We have long noticed the fact that those benevolent enterprises which claim to have for their object the amelioration of the condition of those who are far away, so far as to require only speeches and prayers rather than cash, are much more likely to meet with favor, than those which propose to right the wrongs of the oppressed, clothe the naked and feed the hungry, at our own doors. The slaveholders of the South sympathize deeply with the oppressed Greeks, Polish exiles, Irish patriots and Hungarian refugees. They pour out their indignation against the tyrants and oppressors of Europe, without appearing to be sensible that they claim to exercise the same prerogative of power upon the same principle as themselves, viz., the principle that might gives right. They forget the "Greeks are at their door!"

There are thousands of people in the free States, some very good and others only indifferently so, who wonder how good people at the South can hold slaves. There are hundreds at the South, just as good, who wonder how our devout, pious abolition Christians can dine heartily, sleep comfortably and soundly, in the midst of such woes and miseries as abound in all our great cities. They too wonder that Northern philanthropists are so prone to forget the "Greeks at their door!"

"These ought ye to have done and not leave the other undone," is a teaching of the good book, which all would do well to remember—especially those who are prone to expend their energies and their funds in schemes of philanthropy, distant and remote in their operations, and of somewhat doubtful and contingent success.

Winter is now upon us in all its rigors and the "Greeks are at your door." We address those who have been so fortunate as to lay up enough of this world's goods and to spare. For what, pray, are you hoarding up your wealth, and daily adding to the heap? You have more than enough for yourself through life and for your children at your decease—much more than will be likely to prove for their advantage. Then why continue to hoard? Why deny yourself the pleasure and happiness of distributing your own wealth, merely to reserve it for others to spend and waste.

You cannot, by holding on, buy any increase of virtue or contentment, peace or happiness. But you may dry many tears, lighten many heavy hearts, and call down upon your name the everlasting gratitude of many who are now suffering from pecuniary want and embarrassment. Look at the suffering, discouraged, and care-worn around you! See how they struggle and twist like so many angle worms in a fisher's box! How they look, how they feel, and how base and degraded it makes many of them! And how happy a portion of your abundance might make them!

There are but few who will acknowledge the truth of these remarks. But it is one thing to talk, and another thing to do says a rich friend. Very true indeed. And many who would talk well on this subject, if called upon to set the example, and carry these views into practice by appropriating half of their fortune to the relief of the poor, would turn away with countenances as sorrowful as that of him, of whom we read, who was told to sell all he possessed.

There goes a man of extensive wealth. He has no wife or children, and only distant relatives who, as some one has said, are authorized to rob a man if rich and insult him if poor. They, too, are wealthy and independent. He is advanced in years and his health is feeble. In all human probability he cannot live many years. But his relish for gain is as keen as ever. He calculates his interest as closely and hoards as carefully as ever. He wanders about with a care-worn and haggard looking countenance. In a few years he will be gone, and others who will hardly thank him will possess his property. How easy for that man, if he would but only think so, to be one of the happiest men in the world, by just spending a part of his money himself instead of leaving it all for others to spend.—[Port. Adv.]

RELIGION is a cheerful thing; so far from being always at cuffs with good humor, it is inseparably united to it. Nothing unpleasant belongs to it. A wise epicure would be religious for the sake of pleasure; good sense is the foundation of both, he is a bungler who aims at true luxury, but where they are joined.—[Saville.]

GIVE NOW.—Defer not thy deeds till the mantle of death has covered thy form. Ten dollars given to-day, are better than fifty left in thy will. It is not benevolence to give away what thou hast no further need of; and no legacies will purchase further fecility for the meek and availing heart.

TAKEN IS, perhaps, no surer mark for folly than an attempt to correct the natural infirmities of those we love. The finest composition of human nature, as well as the finest china, may have a flaw in it; and this, in either case, is equally incurable; though nevertheless, the pattern may remain of the highest value.—[Fielding.]

"I wonder what they mean by a 'better feeling' in the market?" asked Aunt Melchita, as she turned towards the elder. "I never feel better there, and I don't believe anybody else does, except the butchers, and that is when they are pocketing the money."

Things is so dear! But," continued she, brightening up with a new idea, "I should like to see the trade embracing ten hds. of tobacco."

co, that I see here printed about in the paper. That must be something very touching."

The elder turned the conversation adroitly on a new track, and the paper was laid by in a nook for future reference.—[Pathfinder.]

## THE POLISHED BOOTS!

THE RICH BRUSSELS CARPET!

A THRILLING ELEVEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR DOLLAR PRIZE TALE.

"Go it, boots!"—Millon.

See 'em! See those new boots standing, quietly as a summer's cloud, upon the rich Brussels carpet. Black as the night of doom, they sit quietly upon the rich Brussels carpet. Ten thousand tempest clouds made up of lamp-black, midnight and little niggers, could not rival in darkness those new calf-skin boots, sitting quietly upon the new Brussels carpet.

How still they are! Like a black Berkshire pig, on some summer's day, half buried in mud, unstirred by the gentle gale, sit the boots upon the carpet.

Look again! The sun, just sinking in the west like a huge Orange county cheese. The splendidly golden curtains are unrolling, around his evening couch. The plough-boy is preparing to turn out his team, and the milk maid, as happy as a Peri with a new bonnet, is about to milk the gentle cows.

How beautiful! The rich, golden sunshine peers in at the raised window, and bathes in a flood of light the room with the rich Brussels carpet.

How it lingers upon the new calf-skin boots, sitting so still. Not a sound is heard, yet how the boots shine in the golden sunshine! They glitter like a warrior's buckler, all scored up. Like a negro's head in a dark night, appear the boots, in the golden sunshine, upon the rich Brussels carpet, at the close of day.

The boots were paid for! That day they had been purchased.

What ecstasy! The first new pair of calf-skin boots! Is there a free born American citizen whose heart does not throb at the mention of such things? Point him out, and let him be branded as some misanthropic wretch who entered upon the great stage of life with nothing but coarse cow-hide stogies to hide his homely feet.

Yet every rose has its thorn. Every pleasure has its pain. Every stick of candy has an end. We remember well that as we looked upon those new calf-skin boots, bathed in a flood of golden sunshine, and sitting quietly upon the rich Brussels carpet, just at the decline of day, that some ill-fated offspring of a cow had been slain in cold blood; his sleek, glossy skin cut from his quivering flesh, and plunged into tanbark and lime, while the bereaved mother was moaning for the calf that should bleat no more or caper around with his hind legs and tail in air.

Calves must die! Whether upon two legs or four, we solemnly reiterate the truth, that calves must die. As we thought of these things, a tear came in the eye. We brushed it away and turned boldly to the future, as we looked upon the new boots, sitting quietly upon the rich Brussels carpet.

[Cayuga (N. Y.) Chief.

Santa Anna and his Wife.

Dr. Foote, while at Kingston, visited Santa Anna and his wife, whom he thus describes in his last letter:

"The handsomest woman, externally, I have seen in Kingston or its environs, and the most like a gentleman's mansion within, according to Northern notions, is the one occupied by Gen. Santa Anna, about two miles out of town, on a road affording a charming drive. I saw it and its occupants by accident. I was riding with the Attorney General of the island, to whom I am greatly indebted for his kind and courteous attentions, when, as we drew near a house of good size and style, surrounded by grounds nicely kept, he asked me if I knew Santa Anna. On my replying in the negative, he inquired if I would like to see him, and almost without waiting for an answer, turned into the open gateway and up the broad carriage road to the door. On alighting, we were ushered into a large drawing room, neatly furnished, and in a few moments, Santa Anna, accompanied by his wife and daughter, joined us. I was disappointed in his appearance. He is taller and stouter than I had supposed, and there is much grace and even dignity in his carriage. His manner was bland, and courteous, but grave. Our intercourse was confined to the merest commonplaces, for he had but little English and less Spanish at command. Madame Santa Anna, of whose beauty I have often heard, is worthy of all the encomiums she has received. Her figure is exquisitely moulded, plump to the extreme point consistent with perfect health, grace of motion and symmetry. Her complexion is of the cool, opaque white, peculiar, I believe, to the thorough-bred Spanish women. If her eyes, which are black and sparkling, were a trifle larger, and relieved by a slightly increased depth of shade, so as to correspond more strictly to the classical outline of her head and face, she would be one of the most beautiful women I have seen. She speaks English very well, and her manner is exceedingly lady-like, frank and gracious.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—A correspondent of the New Bedford Mercury, gives the following amusing colloquy, between one of the young English officers, in Mr. Bulwer's suite at Washington, and a waiter at a hotel. The waiter put a plate of buckwheat cakes before the youngster. "What's that?" says Middy. "Buckwheat cakes," says Pat. M. "How do you eat them?" Pat—"With butter, sir, and molasses—at the same time putting a plate of butter and a large pitcher of molasses before the astonished youth. "Pancakes ain't they?" says Middy, apparently delighted at the discovery. P. "Yes sir—buckwheat pancakes." M. "But what are they made of, eh?" P. "Why, of Indian meal, sure."

Among the novelties introduced by the professors of dancing in New York, is the "Kiss cotillon," the beauty of which consists in playing lips with every lady you "swing corners" with.—[Ex.]

"This being the fashion, it wouldn't be expedient to 'swing the corners' in a hurry."

PECK VS. HALF-BUSHEL.—At a trial in a Court in this country, a short time since, after the rendition of the verdict, the defeated party broke out in a tirade of abuse against the presiding officer, and said he could "purchase up

twenty such courts with a peck of beans." He was immediately summoned to answer for a contempt of court, and on being told he must take back the offensive language, or be committed, he chose the former alternative, and "took it back" in the following handsome manner:

"Your Honor, I acknowledge that I said I could purchase up twenty such courts with a peck of beans. I now take it back; but if I had said a half a bushel I would stuck to it till doomsday!"

## The Bible.

The true reason why some literary men disbelieve the Bible, is the one given by Dr. Johnson: "Because they are ignorant of its contents." And the same may be the reason why so many readers fail even to read the "book divine." Mrs. Ellis in her "Poetry of Life," has well said:

"With our established ideas of beauty, grace, pathos, and sublimity, either concentrated in the minutest point, or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the Scriptures a kind of gratification not to be found in any other memorial of the past or present time. From the worm that grovels in the dust, to the levitation in the flaming deep—from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure, to the eagle that soars above the clouds—from the wild beasts of the desert, to the lamb within the shepherd's fold—from the consuming locusts, to the cattle on a thousand hills—from the rose of Sharon to the cedar of Lebanon—from the clear chrysalis stream, gushing from the flinty rock, to the wide waters of the deluge—from the barren waste, to the fruitful vineyard, and the land flowing with milk and honey—from the lonely path of the wanderer, to the gathering of a mighty multitude—from the tear that falls in secret, to the din of battle and the shout of triumphant hosts—from the cottage to the throne—from the mourner clad in sackcloth, to the prince in his purple robes—from gnawings of the worm that dieth not, to the seraphic vision of the blessed—from the still small voice, to the thunders of Omnipotence—from the depths of hell, to the regions of eternal glory—there is no degree of beauty or deformity, no tendency to good or evil, no shade of darkness or gleam of light, that does not come within the cognizance of the Holy Scripture, and therefore there is no expression or conception of the mind that may not here find a corresponding picture; no thirst for excellence that may not meet with its full supply, and no condition of humanity excluded from the ultimate scope of adoption and sympathy, comprehended in the language and spirit of the Bible."

A correspondent of the New York Herald relates the following:

"I have heard an anecdote related, which is about as happy an illustration of an 'independent judiciary,' about which we have heard so much talk here, as anything that I have heard. A case was being tried in one of the county courts, in which an old gentleman presided who is well known for his disregard of the cobwebs and technicalities of law, when they stood in the way, or interfered with his notions of short justice, and also for the emphatic and energetic manner in which he rendered his decisions. The case was that of a merchant suing a young man to recover the price of some clothing, which he had furnished him. The debt was fairly proven, when the young man sought to evade its payment by pleading non-age. 'Jesse



ORIGINAL POEM.

THE DEPARTED YEAR.

AWAKE! my harp, that now hast slumbered long,  
In solemn numbers strike the measured song;  
For we would chant a requiem for the year,  
That lieth on the Past's eternal bier.  
Yes! 'tis for thee, departed year, we hear  
Our offering sad, and sympathising share  
In kindred sorrow. Then, before we part,  
No more with thee upon Life's sea to start,  
In swift pursuit of happiness we're found—  
Turn a last time thy fading frame around—  
Dim visions surround me; their airy forms  
Are mingled in scenes of sunshine and storms.  
Pause ye, and Spirit! what bearest thou there?  
"A record of sin, of death, and despair!"  
Unroll ye that scroll, and there reveal  
Thy sad commission, ere the eternal seal  
Shall close its deeds from every mortal eye,  
Till the last trump re-echoes through the sky.

Look! ye whose soul would read the shadowy veil  
That hides the view from gaze of mortals frail;  
Behold the relics of your sinful age,  
Fraught with the stains of death and fleshly rage.  
Yes, look intently, and while we essay  
With slighting hand, e'en faintly to portray  
What ye may read engraved on that scroll,  
Heed well its teachings: ye may profit all.

The glorious morn of a New Year bright  
Lingers in beauty before my sight,  
And Nature rejoices in sparkling light,  
Attired in her robes of azure and white;  
All, all is bright and joyous and fair,  
Sorrow and Sin have not entered there.  
A sound is heard; 'tis a sound of woe,  
'Tis the sound of vengeance; a fallen foe  
Implores in vain for his brother to spare;  
He strikes the blow—it is written there:  
God's punishing power—that only can  
Atonement for the crime of that sinful man.  
'Tis past; the heavens are clear again,  
The hills are bright, and greet the glen.  
Yet not long is it thus, for a famishing wall  
And groans of the dying are borne on the gale;  
From the Emerald Isle e'en to Araby's shore,  
That mingled cry of distress comes o'er.  
Alas! behold how the monster, Disease,  
Now stalks o'er the land, now sweeps o'er the seas:  
His victims lie on the desert plain,  
In the crowded mart, on the foamy main;  
The stalwart man is pale with fear,  
For he feels that sudden death is near.  
Ay, list to that sound of anguish and woe,  
No heart but one broken such sorrow may know.  
My child! I, my child! oh, wake but once more;  
Oh, smile once again, my loved, darling boy;  
I have suffered much, yet I knew not before  
That all of my sorrow to this was but joy.

Last night, Oh, my God! and thy father was here,  
He sat by my side, oh so happy and calm;  
This morning the death card was used for his bier,  
They tore him away as he lay on my arm.

And now, oh my child, thou only art left me,  
Oh, wake from thy slumber, thou canst not be dead!  
No, no, oh my Maker, thou hast not bereft me,  
Thou canst not be dead to the prayers I have said.  
Thy brow, thy brow, it is clammy and cold,  
Thine eye, it is glassy and wild;  
Oh, Father! thy message to me—it is told—  
Thou art dead, oh, my child, my child!

I come, I come, oh blest spirits above,  
For the siren has struck with his death-giving rod;  
The soul shall ascend to the home of its love,  
While the body decays 'neath the plague-festered sod.

Al! who may read that lengthened scroll,  
Each name a disembodied soul,  
Which the Death Angel's summons call  
To lie on his funeral pall!  
Among that countless list I see  
The names of those once dear to me:  
An angel band I faintly meet;  
If man might seek that calm retreat:  
And many a name of proud renown,  
Of civic wealth and jewelled crown;  
Ay, he who stood at the nation's head,  
Lies mouldering now with the nameless dead;  
A nation's honor, a freeman's pride—  
His name is there with the homicide.

They have passed away, and a scene of blood  
Rolls before my sight with its crimson flood;  
While the clash of arms, and the dying sigh,  
All speaking of war, breathing fury high,  
I see the wave of the Cossack's plume,  
As he sweeps his lance to his victim's doom;  
The bearded squire of the Austro-Hungarian  
And he who dwells at the rolling Rhine,  
Are struggling now; while the final shot  
Has stricken them both, on that deadly spot.

Whence cometh this bloodshed commingled with death,  
Like red hissing lava, on Comorn and Pest?  
What dread offence has now roused the ire  
Of the Russian Bear, and the Archduke's fire.

Go ask the minstrel's written lay,  
A mournful song for the battle day;  
He weeps o'er the doom of his father land,  
While he sings of the deeds of that gallant band,  
Who have shed their blood for a freeman's name—  
A glorious deed, an enduring fame.  
Is there, but list while ye hear  
The song that is written; 'tis meet for thine ear.

Strike now your harps in sad and mournful strain,  
Who erst have sung of Freedom's birth in vain;  
Whose words of hope might rouse the sinking heart,  
And courage free to earth's oppressed impart.  
Yes, bards of free New England, let your solemn measures flow  
For the nation that lies bleeding beneath the despot's blow.

For Hungary is fallen, her valiant struggles o'er,  
And the star that rose so brightly is set to rise no more,  
Till the arm of him who sleepeth never  
The chains of the tyrant shall loosen forever.  
Yet nobly have they rallied—those Magyar true and brave—  
They could perish for their country, they could not be enslaved.

They have perished for their country! In the forest and the glen  
They fearlessly have shed their blood—those bold Hun-  
garian men!  
There were noble hearts among them to guide the gal-  
lant bands,  
Right kindred spirits too were there, from other, distant lands.

Thou, noble Gorgey, wilt distil thou withstand  
The troubling legions of that desperate band  
Of tyrants, sent to quench the kindling light  
Of Freedom's flame in tyrannous night;  
Yet, when at last thou wast compelled to yield,  
Not all the valor of thy deeds could shield  
Thy name from taint of traitor to that cause—  
Thou whose devotion won the world's applause.

Where art thou, Kosuth? oh brave nation's pride,  
Her idol chief, in worth, in wisdom tried.  
Alas! great chief!—Russia-Austria's dread—  
A homeless wanderer, with a price round head,  
Thou seek'st an exile on the Moslem's coast,  
More faithful to thee than a Christian host.  
Go, noble patriot, to New England's shore,  
Where many an exile has found rest before;  
There wilt thou find that Freedom which thou sought.

For, like thee, these, their fathers nobly fought.  
Ah, Christian England! didst thou not behold  
This struggling nation, to the despots sold?  
Didst calmly see the "Bear" with giant stride  
March boldly o'er and take the Austrian side?  
Oh, treacherous England, that that mighty throne  
In its broad shadow should eclipse thine own!  
Lest, stretching o'er the ocean and the land,  
It shrouds thee in, secured by every hand.  
And thou, too, France, fair Freedom's birthright won,  
Shouldst not have thus thy freedom race begun!

But, standing firm upon thy chosen ground,  
A triple shield for Liberty be found.  
More fearful scenes have stained thy impious hands,  
More cruel outrages hath employed thy bands,  
Than e'er disgraced the Carthaginian name;  
Or mars the halo of the Caesars' fame.  
And what this deed? Go ask the Roman slave  
Why now those cries—"Our Pio Nono save!"  
Then mark the story of his country's wrong;  
When noble men, with valiant arms and strong,  
Had fairly turned out Antichrist to grass,  
And gave the Cardinals a "city pass";  
Then came the Frenchman to that sacred wall,  
With fiery threats, "Rome once again must fall,  
If ye restore not Pius to his throne."  
And Rome's republic instantly disown.  
And what the answer? Read it in the blaze  
Of scorn and frowns in Mazzoni's gaze,  
As proudly mid his little band he stood,  
And bade them not despair—their cause was good.  
The die was cast; the infant nation died;  
France, guilty France, is a sororicide.

The scroll and the vision have vanished away,  
To appear once again on the Judgment Day;  
And then shall ye see these scenes of strife,  
That have wasted man in his earthly life;  
Ah, many more shall the old year bring,  
And darker far than this I sing.

Then adieu, adieu, ye departed year,  
We will shed for thee a silent tear;  
A tear for the hours in idleness spent,  
A tear for the days to Satan lent.  
Yet a brighter hope from thee shall arise,  
The dawn of that bliss beyond the skies,  
Where purer spirits have gone before,  
When the changing scenes of life were o'er,  
Who alike have learned that lesson so rare,  
That man has no time in vice to spare.  
Then farewell, Year!—thy name, if this lesson ye've taught  
To aught of Earth's mortality, then nowise for naught—  
Ye have come, and have gone, with thy shadowy scroll,  
Far beyond the bounds of this earthly goal;  
For the host of Heaven unite to raise  
The holy psalm of angels' praise:  
O'er one spirit reclaimed from the sinful part—  
O'er a brighter mind and a purer heart.

Hail, Virgin Year! thou com'st with smiling face  
To meet the gaze of this mundane race;  
Bright be thy mission; peaceful as thy birth  
Be all the nations of our mother earth;  
And as thou stand'st midway link between  
Old Eighteen Hundred and the new Nineteen,  
So may the turn of this great cycle be  
A golden age—and be the usher thee.

J. A. B.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 24, 1850.

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.

P. C. Conway vs. Justice.

This is a case in which the plaintiff, whom the lower courts have refused a trial, comes up to a higher court, and asks a trial before the people. Plaintiff states, in the language of the law, that "Whereas at a certain time, (no matter when,) by a certain man, (no matter whom,) and for a certain offence, (no matter what,) he, the said plaintiff, while in the quiet pursuit of his duty, was violently seized, assaulted and attacked, and then and there publicly whipped, cuffed, mauled, pounded, and—as the law hath it—by the instigation of the devil, most thoroughly kicked and threshed, in violation of law, and in disregard of the good order and quiet of this our very orderly and quiet village." The said plaintiff, as in duty bound, being a foreigner, prudently declined threshing a Yankee of twice his size and strength, and proceeded to lay his case before the high and responsible tribunal of a justice court. Here, at the door of the justice court—and on the outside of the door—originated the question, for a settlement of which the plaintiff humbly appeals to the people.

Dropping legal forms and legal technicalities—both of which are too equivocal for our use—we propose to look at this matter as a citizen of Waterville. Nor is this case peculiar to Waterville; but one of frequent occurrence in perhaps every town and village.

The question is not whether the aggrieved party is a foreigner or a Yankee, rich or poor, virtuous or vicious—or indeed, whether he deserved, as the aggressor doubtless felt convinced, the flagellation he received. Nor do any of these questions come up in regard to the individual against whom he complains. Nor yet is this a place for the question whether it is better to resist abuse than to submit to it—to turn the other cheek, or to strike blow for blow. The public have canvassed this question, and law is the verdict. The question then is, whether those who want law shall have it;—whether a man who complains that his own personal rights and the public peace have been violated, shall have the resort "in such cases made and provided" for securing redress.

Our village has suffered in her good name abroad, till the opinion is common—as expressed in a letter we received a few days since from a neighboring town—"that Waterville is the very sink of iniquity." How has this come about? Without cause? Certainly not—and somebody is to blame. Somebody is responsible for the stigma that attaches to the character of our place. Who is it? Gambling, fighting, drunkenness, and rioting are said to prevail to an outrageous extent here. Do these things result from the ruling public sentiment of our town? No. The freemen vote two to one to stop them. They put the public treasures, to any extent, at the disposal of the proper authorities for this purpose. They freely vote an ample sum, to build a look-up; and on all these points are liberal and decided on the side of good order and good morals. This is public sentiment, and this has been the uniform expression of the people of Waterville. Have their wishes, as thus expressed, been executed? No. Where then is the obstruction? The executive wheel refuses to move! Here is the trouble—and here is the place to apply the remedy. How shall this be

done? It is, in our opinion, both simple and easy. Establish a right understanding between the people and their agents. Let our authorities be assured of two things, and this is done—first, that those who command them to act, will sustain them in such action;—and second, that those who hold office at their election or recommendation must and shall discharge the duties of such office. Will not this do it?—and if not, will any one tell us why.

What is the object of commissioning justices? Is it that we may have a particular individual, or please him with the reading of *E-s-q.* upon his letters? Is it for the purpose of saving an enterprising lawyer from resorting to his hands for a livelihood, by giving the option of taking or rejecting a suit, just as he may see a prospect of saving a shilling or making an enemy? If for none of these objects, then we may conclude it is to secure public peace and individual rights. And here, as it seems to us, we have removed one point of misunderstanding between the people and this class of their agents. The State has wisely and generously provided, in order to place justice equally within the reach of the poor and the rich, for bringing suits at its own risk and expense—furnishing money and men to make this matter sure. Well may the oppressed fly to this land for the security of personal rights—and well may they work their way back again, when they find the benevolent designs of government abused as in the case we have presented. This has been done simply from misunderstanding—solely, we are willing to believe, because those in fault acted upon the mistaken idea that justice is placed in their hands merely for their own profit. Finding it a case in which more would be lost than gained, it was sent begging from door to door, till utter discouragement terminated the pursuit. So it has been in other cases—and so it will continue to be till the why and wherefore are better understood. When this is the case, men will decline the responsibility of holding the scales of justice, till they make up their minds to hold them so that they swing clear; and when they thus hold them, the people will sustain them against threatened outrages. Till this is the case, let the responsibility rest where it belongs. The people of Waterville authorize and provide for such an execution of law as will secure individual rights and public peace and order; and if these results do not follow, it is because those to whom they entrust the execution of their will are negligent of their duty. How can it be otherwise? We may look, then, to the civil authorities for a better state of things—confident, if we do not have it, that the fault is at their door.

If we are accused of great plainness of speech, we reply that it is a very plain case;—and if told that this is not our business, we ask, then, whose business is it? We say, of the people—and as one of these we have spoken.

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER. There is something in the very name of this little paper that smacks strongly of agricultural improvement;—that starts up new ideas, and makes us imagine we see improved stock and labor-saving machines. We read its venerable name for twenty years, and till its demise, and shall therefore be believed when we say that the true Fessenden spirit pervades its successor. It embraces the genuine pith of agricultural enterprise, and throws it into a form peculiarly adapted to circulation among the farmers of this section. It is printed in a neat pamphlet form, suitable for binding, and issued twice a month, at one dollar a year. It should circulate widely, especially among those who cannot afford a paper of higher price. J. Nourse proprietor, S. W. Cole editor—Quincy Hall, Boston.

CONVENIENT. Our railroad does for us almost everything in the line of convenience. By suggesting the idea that Waterville is ultimately to stand among the half-dozen big cities of the Kennebec, it has set everybody to devising plans for supplying city luxuries in a city-like way. So we have, among other luxuries, the daily calls of the milkman, just as regular as though we had our Beacon-street and Broadway. Only two points seem out of joint—We have it at country prices, and such milk as is milk. Mr. Hayward of Winslow commenced supplying a regular routine of customers with milk, more than a year since, and has thus far given the highest satisfaction. His price is three cents a quart in summer, and four in winter; and he furnishes milk of superior quality, with a promptness and regularity that cannot fail to secure permanent encouragement to his enterprise. This is a very great convenience to those who would secure the luxury of nice new milk without the trouble of keeping a cow, while it is a matter of great economy to such families as use milk only in small quantities. We commend the enterprise to the patronage of our citizens.

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE for February, with its usual attractions—literary and artistic—has arrived in due season. For embellishments it has nine full page engravings, one of which is a beautiful Valentine, and numerous wood cuts. As an assurance of excellence in the literary department, we have but to name, as contributors to this number, Miss Bremer, Harriet Martineau, author of 'Mary Barton,' Major Richardson, Prof. Hart, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, and others of rare excellence. It can be found at the Bookstore of C. K. MATHEWS.

A QUESTION. Shall any improvement be made in our Town Hall?—even to the extent of procuring a bell, if nothing more. If this were done, other improvements would follow, till we should attend lectures and public meetings without wading ditches and barnyards for it. Almost a year ago the people appropriated money for fencing and improving the Common; and for six months proposals for the contract have been advertised in our paper, without calling out a single bidder. Will some

of the enterprising mechanics at Kendall's Mills have compassion upon us so far as to come and secure a fat job? With comparatively little expense the Hall and Common might be made an ornament to our village; but as they now are, strangers must either tip their beavers or turn up their noses as they pass them. We will say nothing of the entrance to the hall, till provision is made for getting to the door.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

The year that's past is past to all;  
Its vanished hours can none recall:  
Its joys and griefs have gone their way,  
So let us turn to New-Year's Day.

Here let us for a moment dwell,  
And closely scan what this can tell;  
For much, I trow, lies hidden here  
In form of hope or garb of fear.

In truth they call me New-Year's Day,  
And I'm a day of glee, they say;  
A day from care to turn aside  
To merry sport or pleasure ride.

My friends must take it not amiss  
If I should say I'm more than this:  
For I must kindly let them know  
That I sublimer things can show.

I teach not merely that a year  
Is taken from our sojourn here,  
But that a new one has begun  
A speedier flight e'en yet to run.

And which to some for joy will be,  
To others woe as certainly:  
Indeed, upon a year I trod  
Unknown to you, but known to God.

Then I'm the day for good resolve:  
The day to say, I'll not involve  
Myself, as commonly, in wrong,  
But right pursue the whole year long.

Waterville, Jan. 1, 1850.

The Boston Traveller will have to excuse us for an occasional omission of credit for its articles. We confess we make more use of the Traveller in compiling our weekly summary than of any other paper for the reason that we regard it almost unequalled in the freshness and correctness of its intelligence—and an occasional oversight in the matter of credit is very likely to occur. We enter this plea in advance of complaint, to avoid unpleasant apology.

PIG STORIES. The Saco Union boasts of two large pigs, killed on Christmas day; one 7mo. 24d old, weighing 337 lbs. the owner of which challenged the State to beat it; and the other, whose owner accepted the challenge, weighing 380 lbs. at 8mo 10d. The Union asks; 'Are there two others in Maine who have done as well?' No matter—for we have already presented one competitor who beats both together. Mr. Leonard Eaton's pig weighed 439 lbs at 8mo 17d. Mr. Eaton hangs up his hat till somebody calls for it. We doubt whether it can be taken in New-England, this season. The Portsmouth Journal says Old York has had excellent success, and makes the following record:

One by C. O. Emerson, 8mo 20d,	310 lbs.
D. Wilcox, 8m 15d,	316
Dr. Putnam, 6m 27d	302

None of these come up to the Winslow pig, and Winslow must stand as the banner town for the present.

FINE TIMES. Our neighbors in Boston can know but little of the delightful times we are having on the Kennebec this winter. Sleighing commenced as soon as Thanksgiving was fairly out of the way, and has had no interruption since. Business, as well as amusement, goes on merrily. We hardly know what to make of the mighty dust they are trying to kick up in the national city over a few smoky snow flakes. We could send them something, if they would pay freight, that would keep their bells jingling for a fortnight.

CHILLBLAINS. A correspondent says we may assure our readers that a little oil of cedar rubbed two or three times on these "scratchy critters" will cure them quicker than pounds of highly recommended and expensive patent nostrums. Better try it.

LYCEUM. The winter course of Lectures commenced on Friday evening, with a lecture from Prof. Apderson. It is enough to say of it, that the eloquence and genius of the author, as a speaker and writer, are among the very few home productions that our own citizens are proud to appreciate for themselves.

On Tuesday evening Rev. Mr. Judd, of Augusta, gave the second lecture, on the Character of the Pilgrims. Mr. J. is decidedly a favorite in Waterville; and on this occasion, although the weather prevented a full house, the few who heard him were most richly rewarded for encountering the storm.

ARRIVAL. The brig Ranger arrived at Portland on the 18th, with a full cargo of new crop Molasses, consigned to Messrs. Jenness, Chase & Co. This is the first arrival for the season.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE. The next quarterly session of the Grand Division commences at Skowhegan on Wednesday next. We see from the Clarion that P. W. P. Littlefield is doing his best to make arrangements for their entertainment. But don't Wendall keep a temperance house, brother Clarion? Suppose you let us "give him a try," if you have any doubt about him, and if we don't smell out the critter you may be sure it isn't there. What say to the test?

The following article is copied from the same Banner that so zealously aided the enterprise of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, in its early stages—edited by the same gentleman who so politely tipped his beaver to the Town Hall last autumn:

RAIL ROAD.—The grading of the Rail Road from Brunswick to Richmond is now about completed, and between Richmond and Augusta there are some five or six hundred men at work grading this end of the line. It will be completed and put in operation the whole distance next Fall, including the section from North Yarmouth to Portland.

The Androscoggin and Kennebec road, we learn is doing good business this winter, and

we are glad to hear it. Waterville already begins to feel the benefit of the construction of the road; that is a beautiful Town and must soon become a city.

THE STORM, which commenced here early Tuesday morning, has been unusually severe; but up to 5 o'clock last night neither stage or cars had arrived from westward. No train has come over the A. & K. Railroad since Monday night. From Augusta the mail was due at 12 o'clock. We conclude from these circumstances that the snow-storm has been more severe towards Portland and Boston than here.

To keep the Feet warm.

Being told by an experienced bush farmer of the effectual method he used to keep his feet warm on the coldest days in the winter, I have tried it with success; and I think the same means have the most beneficial effect in complaints of the bowels, when resorted to on the first approach of pain, and what is of the greatest importance, the remedy is always at hand, and may be applied instantaneously; either up, or in bed, or in the dark. In short, it is obtaining heat in the feet by friction. The farmer's mode: "I," said he, "stand upon one foot on a log, and throw out my other as far as I can, and in drawing it back I let the bottom of my foot strike against the log upon which I stand. Thus I continue, swinging it off and on as quickly as I can reach, and striking the log on every return with the fore part of the bottom of my foot, till it feels quite hot; this will be done in general with eight or ten swings and strokes. Having thus warmed one foot, I proceed in the same way to warm the other." Now, sir, experience has taught me, that the same effect will be produced, (viz., heat in the feet obtained,) by swinging out the leg and thigh, and striking the foot in the same manner described upon any hard substance, when a person is up; and when in bed, on being attacked suddenly by a pain in the bowels, I have found immediate relief by subjecting the bottoms of my feet to friction, rubbing them up and down alternately upon the clothes, thus obtaining extraordinary heat in them.—I am fully persuaded that, in the summer of 1832, when the cholera was raging, I was saved of an attack thereof by this simple means, being on a journey, in bed, at a tavern.

Family Newspapers.

Few persons have any just conceptions of the extent of their indebtedness to the papers for the information they possess and the moral sentiments they cherish. Compared with any past age, this is a remarkably enlightened period. A large portion of the people have a considerable share of correct information on almost all topics of any real importance. Religion, geography, history, the political condition of the world, astronomy, the important practical features of natural philosophy, something of geology, chemistry as applied to agriculture and the mechanic arts, and many other subjects, are familiarized to the popular mind. Most persons can talk intelligently about them without pretending to learning or research.

But how did they come by this knowledge? Not at school, nor from books—generally speaking—but by picking up, here a little, and there a little, from the family newspapers in imperceptibly small instalments. Let any one ask himself where he obtained his knowledge of any particular fact. He is probably unable to tell, because it came silently, unpretendingly, in the newspaper.

The same is true in regard to our best moral impressions and sentiments. They have been suggested, reiterated, and fastened on the mind by the family press. The pulpit does much; parental instruction, in many cases, does much; but the press more than either, often more than both. Let any reader of a well conducted family newspaper, open its pages and consider thoughtfully its contents. There are in a single number sometimes from one hundred and fifty to two hundred separate and distinct articles, each conveying an idea, a fact, or a sentiment, and stated or illustrated so as to produce an effect, in enlarging the reader's store of knowledge, or giving a right direction to thought, feeling and action. Must not all this have its influence, and in the aggregate a mighty influence upon the reader? We think so.

No reflecting man can fail to see that the fifty-two visits in a year of a carefully conducted paper, intelligent, correct, elevated in moral tone, and withal interesting in its contents, must exert a great and blessing influence upon domestic life. Children growing up under such influences, are far more likely to be intelligent, correct in their opinions and morals, and better prepared for the active duties of life, than they could possibly have been without it.

NANTUCKET BOYS. A few days since a number of boys were amusing themselves by skating on one of the neighboring ponds, when one of the number, a darling little fellow who was the delight of his companions, suddenly broke through the ice and disappeared. He soon rose to the surface, and struggled for life, but in vain, for the ice continually broke at every attempt to gain its surface. The case was desperate; when suddenly a cry was raised among the anxious boys, who were witnessing the exertions. "Off with your skates! off with your skates, every one of you, and tie them in a line by the strings!" This was but the work of a moment. "Now down on your stomachs, and keep within reaching distance of each other." The pioneer took the string of skates, and approached as near as was prudent on account of the weakness of the ice, and threw the line of skates to the boy, reserving one end in his hand. It was fortunately caught; the line of prostrate boys, skates and strings was now perfect, and the order resounded thro' the line, "Now, haul for life." This was done, and the noble fellow was rescued, with only a few slight cuts on his face from the ice.

AWFUL!—The body of a small negro child was found in a molasses hoghead in this place a few days since, after the molasses was all drawn off—no marks of violence was found upon him. We can vouch for this.—[Cohoes Cataract.]

We are rejoiced to hear since writing the above, that the "little darkey" whom we saw in the molasses hoghead got safely out after getting a good tickling.—[Ib.]

A foreign letter says that the French are gaining ground against the Arabs, but at a fearful cost of blood. These defend themselves and their country bravely, dying but not surrendering. Eight hundred of them had retreated to an oasis, where they fought until the last man was killed. Literally there was not one left to tell the tale. This beats Thermopylae, from which there was one fugitive.

ANDROSCOGGIN RAILROAD.—The work of grading on this road is progressing finely.—Parties are at work on different sections, and something like 20,000 yards of earth were excavated last month.—[Lewiston Jour., 19th.]

"Oregon—Mr. Thurston."

Being present in the Representatives' Hall on the first day of the session of Congress, we were a witness of the sensation produced, and a sharer of the singular emotions excited, when the clerk, in calling the roll of members by States and Territories, uttered the words "Oregon, Mr. Thurston," (the name of the delegate) and the answer was promptly given, "Here!" Yes, Oregon had indeed come! That far-off region, which, scarcely a dozen years ago, seemed almost like an appendage to another planet, answered "Here!" by its representative, in the Capitol at Washington! It was as the mighty Atlantic calling in a thundering tone to the equally mighty Pacific, "I greet you to-day;" and the latter responding, in the roar of its surges, "I reciprocate your greeting." Thought could but be busy with the past, as well as with the present and the future. It ranged rapidly from the Rock of Plymouth to the Falls of Wallamette—from December 1620 to December 1849; and coming down to the assemblage in the Hall as to a focal point, it there found tangible and living evidences that the Young Giant of the West already stands with a foot on either ocean.

[Wilmington (N. C.) Chronicle.]

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN. A thieves' convention has been held in London for the purpose of adopting measures to procure an honest livelihood. Two hundred and seven avowed thieves attended. The meeting was opened with a prayer and a hymn. An address was proposed to Lord Ashley, asking if any hope was presented of their obtaining an honest living in the British Colonies. His Lordship expressed his willingness to befriend them, as it was his duty to do. He candidly told them that there was little hope for them, unless they turned their attention to the back settlements of the New World. Suggestive of levity as may be these facts, there is something serious and solemn in them. "We must steal or die," was the response of one of the thieves; "prayer is very good, but it will not fill an empty stomach."

When thou givest thy name to the printer for his paper, for three, six or twelve months, be careful that thou remind him at the expiration of the time. Verily, on this point he is extremely forgetful, for he disliketh to cut the acquaintance of his friends.

If thou advertise thy wares, be careful thou tell the printer how long to insert thy notice;—else thou wilt find the last reckoning exceedingly thy previous expectations. But thou canst not justly complain, for, verily, "if" meaneth "TILL FORBIDDEN."

Pay thou the printer's bill on the first presentation, for, verily, it grieveth his soul to be continually chasing thee.—[Bath Mirror.]

A SOUTHERN ADVERTISEMENT.—Mr. Clements, of the United States Senate, having compared the condition of the southern slave with that of the New England working people, we copy, as the most significant comment that could be made upon his remarks, the following advertisement, from a Norfolk paper.

NOTICE.—For sale, a colored girl, of very superior qualifications, who is now in Mr. Hall's Jail, in Norfolk. She is what speculators call a *Fancy Girl*—bright mulatto, a fine figure, straight, black hair and very black eyes—remarkably neat and clean in her dress and person. I venture to say, that there is not a better seamstress, cutter and fitter of ladies and children's dresses, in Norfolk or elsewhere, or more fanciful knitter of bead bags, money purses, &c.

Any lady or gentlemen in Norfolk or Portsmouth who may wish to purchase a girl of this description (whom I consider the most valuable in Virginia, may take her and try her a month or more at my risk,) and if she does not suit and answer the description here given, may return her to Mr. Hall.

The cause of offence for which I intend (though reluctantly) to sell her is, that she has been induced, by the persuasions of some colored persons, to make her escape with them to the north, in which she failed, and is now for sale. Apply to the subscriber, in Norfolk, or to James Murdaugh, Esq., or to C. C. Robinson, of Portsmouth, for further information.

JOSEPH HOLLADAY.

CONSOLS.—A lady requests us to explain for her information, the meaning of the word "consols," so much used in the reports of the London financial operations. We presume that she desires only a general idea; to impart which it will be sufficient for us to say that "consol" is only an abbreviation of the word "consolidated." At various times the British Government has borrowed divers sums of money, payable at different dates and bearing different rates of interest. Occasionally, the stocks issued, as evidences of these various debts, have been taken up, or called in, and new stock issued in their stead, payable at one fixed time, and bearing one fixed rate of interest. Such a stock is called a consolidated stock, or a "consol"; and to distinguish it from others, the rate of interest it bears is generally mentioned; thus we read of 6 per cent consols, 3 per cent consols, &c. &c.—[N. Y. Com. Adv.]

ACCIDENT ON THE P. & S. R. RAIL ROAD.—An accident happened to the passenger train which left this city yesterday afternoon for Boston, which came well nigh being disastrous to life, but we are happy to learn no serious injury was occasioned to any person on the train. We learn from Messrs. Dow and Short of Longley & Co. and Winslow & Co.'s Expresses, that while the cars were going at the rate of about 25 miles an hour, and just before they reached North Berwick, the hind wheel of the last passenger car broke, and threw the car from the track and overturned it. The car immediately took fire from the coals of the stove; and the passengers, to avoid suffocation and burning, made their escape through the windows and doors, which they succeeded in doing without serious injury to any of them, though many were badly bruised, and some burned, by coming in contact with the stove. Every seat in the car was filled with passengers, and their escape without loss of life was almost miraculous. The car was entirely destroyed by the fire.—[Port. Adv.]







