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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1850.

NO. 51.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE NIGHT OF THE FOURTH.

'Tis night; and once again we feel
The shade of silence deep,
While over many a scene of rest
The stars their vigils keep:
The breath that whispers 'mong the flowers,
And cools the fevered brow,
Bears onward, in its gentle course,
No sound of tumult now.
This morn' long ere sweet Nature's voice
Had called us from our dreams,
Or e'en, to open so proud a day,
The sun had lent his beams,
There came, to break the slumber chain
That all our senses bound,
A peal of bells, the cannon's voice,
A strange and mingled sound.
And every hour, throughout the day
Whose name such magic gives,
Has nobly spoken for the hearts
In which its history lives:
The air has trembled with the weight
Of patriotic song,
While oft we heard bold Freedom's shouts
Reverberate loud and long.

'Tis well, that in each freeman's heart
A fountain ever dwells,
Whose source and impulse, object, end,
In purest motive dwells;
And while they seek, with anxious eye,
To guard their country's fame,
Oh! may they, with their noble powers,
Adore a higher name.

LILY LAKEWOOD.

MISCELLANY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BABYDOM.

BY A MARRIED MAN.

WHAT a revolution takes place in the habits and feelings of people, when little children begin to congregate around the family hearth! Then it is, and not until then, that they fail to take a part in the grand scheme, and feel that they are not merely individuals, 'unattached,' in this moving, breathing universe, but that they have done something towards maintaining that stream of life on which they themselves are borne along.

What a crowd of new sympathies seem born also with a new birth. Never shall I forget how suddenly I found myself noticing the little children, as they passed me in the street, and taking an interest in chubby faces with large, fixed eyes, such as in bachelorhood had been my aversion. It seemed as though the little, human dromedary at home had lit up with a touch all the babies in the world.

If such feelings mingle with the more worldly projects of men, in woman they are all-pervading. They live entirely in a baby-world. The multitudes of promising infants they contrive to see and hear of, is quite astonishing. And when the baby proper is for a minute out of their hands, its concomitants immediately start up. Reader, if you be a family man, just try your wife by a walk through town, and see if every ten minutes she does not instinctively make a dead stop before a baby-linen shop.

The love for babies in general is only auxiliary of course to the love of babies in particular. I remember once seeing my wife kissing and 'dearing' one of her friends' little children; and very innocently, I afterwards dwell upon the child's beauty, wishing our own Tommy was just such another! Well, no matter what took place, but I never will make any invidious comparisons again. Mothers are always set on hair triggers with respect to their children, and all persons should be careful what they say about them—taking especial care of those who wish to know 'your candid opinion.'

A young mother, with whom I was on very friendly terms, once asked me what I really thought, without flattery, of her little first-born. Taken by her air of sincerity, I ventured to say, very diplomatically, as I thought, that a teetle redness in its hair (it was a dead sandy,) would make it her own charming auburn. She smiled blandly enough, but I afterwards overheard her complain to her husband, that I was a very disagreeable person, and that I always came with dirty feet into her drawing-room! My good friends, depend upon it, your only chance with mothers is in what is vulgarly termed, 'going the whole hog.' Qualify your compliments, indeed!—play with the string of a shower-bath in December.

I have often thought, that it would be well, by way of dispelling the mighty prejudice that mothers entertain with regard to their own children, that on certain occasions there should be a grand feast of babies—an exposition at which it would be made plain to the common understanding, that all babies run pretty much on the same pattern. And yet I fear that the most convincing proofs would be lost upon maternal breasts. As it is, when two or three young mothers happen to know each other, they generally rush together at the first opportunity, babies in arms, and 'darlings,' 'little sweets,' and 'preciouses' fly about in showers—all the time that they are secretly taking notes; and who ever heard of any one of them coming out of such a competition, in their hearts, other than victorious?

The most singular effect of children, however, is upon prim people. A young acquaintance of mine, who in his bachelorhood would brush a crumb off his knees with scrupulous care, and guard his shirt-front as he would his honor, suddenly got married; and as I watched him narrowly, it was curious to notice the change which took place in his habits. At first he did battle strongly against the invasion of tiny fingers; bit by bit, however, his defences were carried, and the enemy advanced, until at last his knees were unreservedly yielded up, and his very shirt-studs recognized as legitimate points of attack for the baby.

'The baby!—what a grinding, domestic tyrant!

ranny is exercised under that watch-word—what a sword and buckler it is in retaining a mother's supremacy! Fathers, bend your foreheads to the dust at that dread name. Meekly submit to a despotism which is supported by the universal voice of womankind, and to infringe the slightest prerogative of which is to proclaim yourself 'a brute.'

It is singular, the facility with which 'the baby' can be made available for the purposes of either offence or defence. In the former capacity, the darling is an overpowering weapon. Do you happen to come home rather late from a friend's house?—how convenient to fly out against 'disturbing the little pet at that time of night. Do you object to the expense of a carriage and driver in white Berlin gloves, that your wife may go a gossiping among her friends?—you are asked how you, as a father, can bear to see 'the baby' pining for the want of a little fresh air? As a weapon of defence, however, it is equally available. 'The baby' is in fact to the mother what the cat is to the house-maid, the universal scape-goat. If a man, in state of utter buttonlessness, makes an irresistible appeal to his wife, he is always expected to be satisfied with the reply, that 'it's all owing to 'the baby.' 'The baby' it is that utterly dislocates your breakfast, makes your wife put on her cap the hind part before, and accounts for the neck of mutton not being jointed. In fact, such is the disturbing force of this small body that there is no possible act of omission or commission that it will not account for. As long as 'the baby' is about, a man had better make up his mind at once to give up all chance of comfort, and to buy that excellent, little apparatus, 'a bachelor's companion,' or kettle, egg-boiler, tea-pot and toast-rack, all in one; for to be brought in contact with 'the baby' is as good as being cast on an uninhabited island and being obliged, like Robinson Crusoe, to depend upon one's own resources. I am not certain that, during the same period, it would not be as well for him to provide himself with a hare-skin, as the only bosom friend he is likely to have; for I am afraid there is some, little truth in that line of Tennyson's—

'Baby fingers—waxen touches—press me from the mother's breast?'

At least, we married men have a shrewd suspicion that, in the division of the affections of the maternal heart, 'the baby' has much the best of it. Every earthly consideration, in short, goes down before the full, ripe bloom of babyhood, which so strongly moves a mother's heart. When this is wiped off, when strings give place to buttons and corduroys commence, when spoon-meat is changed for green apples and the 'darling baby' has shot up into 'that tiresome John,' then the husband begins, perhaps, to get his own again.

All Men of one Blood.

Prof. Agassiz has done a good service to the cause of truth, by expressing his own doubts about it. When he called in question the commonly received opinion of the descent of the human race from one head, he roused a spirit of inquiry upon the subject that will not soon be laid. The Princeton Review has a brief article on the subject, which contains the following very sensible observations, pertinent and conclusive:

'We own that there are few things which more provoke, we can hardly say our disapprobation, but our absolute contempt, than most of the reasonings we have seen upon the negative of this question. It is notorious that vasty greater diversities, in every particular, are found among animals that are known to be derived from a single original source. In proof of this we have only to cite the difference in form, size, color, covering, conformation, size of the cranium, dispositions and habits exemplified in the case of the Arabian courser, the Shetland pony, and the massive draught horse, all of which are known to be varieties of the same species. Similar differences are exhibited in almost every species of domesticated animal—the cow, the sheep, the swine, the cat the dog. Every one is familiar with the contrast, for example, between the St. Bernard and the lap dog—the Newfoundland webfooted water dog, and the Italian greyhound, the bulldog, and the terrier or setter. In view of such diversities as are springing up and becoming varieties under our very eyes, to concede, as the facts require, that the anatomical structure in all the varieties in the human race is the same, bone for bone, muscle for muscle, nerve for nerve, organ for organ, and function for function, and the attempt to degrade a portion of the race to a level with the brute, and to set aside the Bible, freighted with the happiness and hopes of the race, and supported by a multiplicity and amount of evidence that produces not only conviction but certainty, because, forsooth, the head (os calvaria) of the African happens to average a line or two more in length than the Caucasian, or because there are a few more fibres in the muscles of his lips, accompanied in general by a feebler degree of cerebral developments and a deposit of a different hue, in the rete mucosum of the skin, is to move our scorn to a degree that few human follies are capable of doing.'

'FATHER DOES SO.' Children can hardly know any higher standard of right than that which they find in the tempers and conduct of their parents. It is enough to justify any thing they do, to be able to say *Father does so*. It is almost impossible by any moral lessons to correct the false principles and bad habits of a child, if these are the offspring of parental example.

If father goes out into his fields, or makes calls on his neighbors on Sundays, the son will be justified in making a hunting excursion into the woods or loafing about the streets, wharves, shops, cellars &c. on the Sabbath. If father reads novels on the Lord's day, the son may innocently neglect his bible and religious books, and read vain and pernicious stories instead. If father takes the name of God in vain, the son will think it a trait of manhood to curse and swear. If father drinks brandy and rum, the son will soon think grog is as good to his taste. And thus we might go on in detail, to show the almost omnipotent influence of parental example, for vice. That example, too, if on the side of virtue, is as powerful for good. Do parents think of these things as much as they ought to? Some do; and the consequences may be found in the amiable manners, upright conduct and good characters of their children. But many it is to be feared, do not, if we may judge by the vulgar language, the profane oaths, the violent tempers and mischievous actions of their children—

'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' Yes—'train' him up; but that word 'training,' physically, intellectually and morally. Oh! how much does it require of parents.—[Gospel Banner.]

[From the N. Y. Recorder.]
Extract From Prof. Lewis's Letter on College Education.

We commend the following remarks on education, from a letter of Prof. Lewis in the Literary World, to our readers. We think there may be other ends to be obtained in the education of a young man than those merely material. If the end of man is to make money, to be a mere producer,—if all his interests are identified with those things that may be measured, as Burke says, with a two foot rule, then the sooner we do away all study of ancient literature and the higher mathematics, the better. But if the human soul was made to perfect and develop other capacities and virtues than those of the ant-hill and beehive, we may still be permitted to cultivate generous learning and profound science for their own sake a little longer:

'The amount of real science, it has been said, which is required for business pursuits, is much smaller than is commonly imagined. It may be maintained, in the second place, that the attempt, in these useful science schools, to go beyond that little, is often positively pernicious. It is from the little chemistry, the little physiology, the weak infusions of phrenology, the dabbling in political economy, and what is called 'ideas of history,' together with smatterings of mental philosophy, that are picked up in our railroad, time-saving, study-saving, and thought-saving courses of instruction, or which are derived from still more superficial lectures comes all this spurious philosophy (so-called) with which we are so flooded, under the names of mesmerism, psychology, phrenology, and social reform. Hence come those discussions in which we hear it debated, with great show of science, whether God and the soul are not galvanism. Hence comes it, that with all our boasted progress, such books as 'Davis's Revelations' and 'The Mysterious Knockings' have so wide-spread an influence. Hence comes the preparation in the public mind for the ready reception of all that is radical in politics and social philosophy, of all that has no other merit than that of being new in theology, and of all that would turn morals into a system of physics; that would, in other words, make crime a disease, and acknowledge no other law within or without, but passion and attraction. A good common school education, in the old branches is better than this; not only in saving the mind from spurious knowledge, but as actually making more useful men, whose unsophisticated common sense is worth more than all the so-called science, even when taken at its highest value.'

'Now the very facts that such unsound notions are all abroad, and that they increase in proportion as our colleges are inclined to relax in favor of a more popular system; these very facts create the strongest arguments in favor of their retracing their steps, and aiming, on the other hand, to produce a more highly and thoroughly educated class, as a counteracting force. Hence I would maintain that our colleges, instead of accommodating themselves to a false sentiment, which is never satisfied with any concessions, should rather return to a more scholastic system; that is, a system more grounded on the most fundamental truth—a system aiming at a well balanced, well harmonized course of study, in which the humanities (that is, the studies that pertain to man as a man) should be well taught, rather than at great extent or diversity in matters of instruction, or at the accommodation of these to what is called 'immediate practical utilities.' If our colleges once depart radically, from this way, from the true idea of liberal education, there can be consistently no stopping-place, no end to these demands of 'practical utilities,' until they have run through the whole course of occupations and trades, and established professorships for them all, from the art and mystery of the hod carrier to that of the architect.'

They have already gone far enough in this direction. Experience, the best guide, is too conclusively showing that somehow, with all the pains and all the boast about being 'useful,' the results are after all but poor and worthless. It is time, therefore, that there should be a reconstruction, a return to a system known to have produced better fruit, although this old mode might, perhaps, be slightly modified in non-essentials to meet the new demands of increased physical science. But even the necessary and fundamental departments of this kind of knowledge have been greatly overrated; at least in their comparative value. Chemistry is indeed a noble science; but in the midst of abounding moral, social, political, and theological *quackery*, logic, or a close acquaintance with the fallacies as well as the legitimate power of language, may actually become not only a higher, but even a more useful study than chemistry, with all its acknowledged value. Logical tests of false reasoning may be worth more, at such a time as this, than chemical tests of poisons and bad medicines. Let any serious man read carefully for this purpose the speeches made in Congress, and the leading articles in most of our widely circulated newspapers, and then seriously ask himself, what kind of knowledge our young men most want. The knowledge of words, which some with sneering ignorance would set in contrast with things, becomes one of the most useful of all things, at a time when things themselves are perverted, or seen through a false medium in consequence of the universal abuse of language, in the rejection or distortion of fundamental ideas or first truths in which it is grounded.

Our colleges, it is said, should aim at turning out more practical men. But taking the term in the popular sense, may we not ask—Is this, indeed, the great want of the age? Is it of our own country? Have we not practical men, as they are called, in plenty? Are they not every day experiencing the results of their practical labors, as they are exhibited in Congress, in Baltimore Conventions, and Philadelphia Conventions, and in all the great conventions and little conventions throughout the land? Are they not seen in the demagogism and utter degradation of all rationality into which the politicians and the political press of all parties are rapidly descending, to a degree which is becoming offensive even to the more right-minded among themselves; all this time, too, the people falling part pass with their leaders, through whom they think, until almost anything

is received as sound and conclusive reasoning with which their self-appointed guides of the press may choose to insult their understandings? Have we not, indeed, an abundant supply of such men? and would it not be worth while for our colleges to try and produce a small quantity of real scholars, a little sprinkling of the bookworms and pendents even,—at least as some slight set-off to the other and far more numerous class?

'Taking the question in one point of view, I would be almost willing to go with the radical anti-college reformers. In striving to become more popular, our institutions will only sink lower and lower. If, therefore, they will not retrace their steps, they deserve to fall.—It is the 'mission'—to use one of the cant phrases of the day—it is the mission of the College, as it is of the Pulpit, not to follow, but to guide public opinion—to elevate it where it is low, to oppose it when it is wrong, to correct it where it is erroneous. If they will not do this—if they utterly fail in their mission—if they will follow where they should lead, and let down where they should hold up, the sooner they come to an end, and are out of the way, the better. If this must be so, I would join the cry of the Edomites, and say, 'Raze, raze them even to the foundations thereof.' Let their rubbish be removed out of the way to make room for something better. And that better state would come. There is an innate feeling which will ultimately show itself—a feeling of respect for what is really solid, excellent, and superior. Even then, should our colleges fail, this failing, we may be assured, will ultimately raise something of a higher nature out of their ruins.'

The Prairies.

A writer in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, in a brief but well written article on the subject of the extensive prairies which form such an interesting geological feature in many of the Western States, thus accounts for the existence of these vast, almost immitable plains, covered with grass but destitute of trees and even shrubs.

Geologists tell us that the vegetable growth some thousand years ago, was in many respects greatly unlike that which now covers the solid ground of our earth. Changes of temperature and constituents of the soil, are going on from age to age, and correspondent changes take place in the vegetable kingdom. Over large tracts of land once green with fern, large trees have succeeded, followed, in the course of ages, by grasses and other herbaceous plants. One class of trees has had its day, exhausted the soil of appropriate pabulum, and filled it with an excrement which it came to loathe. Another, and different class has sprung up in its place, luxuriated on excrement and decay of its predecessor, and in turn giving way to a successor, destined to the same ultimate fate. Thus, one after another the stately tribes of the forest have arisen, flourished, and fell, until the soil has become in a measure, exhausted of the proper food of trees, and become well fitted for the growth of herbaceous plants. These in their turn have taken possession of the fertile plains, and had their round of succession, until they, too, like the people of Solomon, have wearied the earth with their impurities, and have been swept away for a race of plants better adapted to the growing lights of the age.

The life of man is but a point in the endless line of time. It scarcely reaches one fourth the duration of many a tree in the forest.—The range of his individual observation is therefore extremely limited. And yet he has seen clearly the operation of the great law of change, exhibited in the vegetable world. He has seen a crop of pines spring up and grow on a surface denuded of oaks and hickories.—And on the other hand he has seen a thrifty crop of deciduous trees spring up, after the growth had been cleared of evergreens. Soft wood, deciduous trees, he has witnessed taking the place of the hard, and vice versa. Changes in herbaceous plants are still more observable. In large districts of our country, where wheat was once a common crop, it has almost ceased to be grown. Where it was formerly cultivated with success only by new manures, and as one crop of a rotation. Rotations which once answered the purpose of the cultivator, have, in time, required the introduction of new crops, and new manures to insure success.—For a time, more perfect culture kept the crop from deterioration. Then a more extended list in the rotation, embracing root crops. Following this is a deeper cultivation, by means of subsoil plowing, and under-ground drainage, enabling the roots to get food from the soil before out of their reach. Contemporaneous with these improvements have been discoveries in science, by which the soil has been renovated with new chemical agents. But with all these palliatives, ground long cultivated with cereal grains is deteriorating for their production; and much of the grain eating population of the world is now fed from fields lately opened in the wilds of North America and Russia.

The inquiry, what has caused our prairies, seems then, to deserve attention, as a particular question. The grasses with which these vast plains are covered may have had their round of changes, until the best food of that class of plants has become nearly supplanted by the excrement which they loathe. The very rapid growth of trees and shrubs planted on prairie ground seems to favor the idea that the time has arrived for the great change to take place from grass to trees. The inferiority of the growth of cultivated grasses on the prairies, favors the same conclusion. Almost everywhere the timber lands, when cleared, are more productive in the grasses than the prairies; and equally general is the newly planted trees, over lands cleared of timber. The cereal grasses—maize, oats and wheat, are new to the prairie, and will for a time succeed in a good degree. With equal fertility and adaptiveness, in other respects, it is pretty certain that land cleared of a heavy growth of timber, produces, one year with another, better crops of wheat than prairie. How much the difference is, and how fast that difference will increase, remains to be tested by longer experience.

We conclude, then, that a fixed law governs the change from one class of vegetables to another, causing the earth to bring forth crops in rotation, occupying untold centuries, giving, at different times, to different lands, natural meadows and forests, such in extent and beauty, as the generations of men have scarcely, in imagination, conceived themselves capable of imitating, much less of rivaling.

Training of Children.

The most essential qualifications for training a child well, are not of a nature to be communicated by books, or lectures on education.—They are, first, the desire to be right in the matter; second, sense; third, kindness; and fourth, firmness. Where these are wanting, the wisest admonitions in the world will be of no other use than to relieve the mind of the person who throws them away. The doctrine of an eminent writer, (of a generation now nearly gone), that a child should be reared into obedience, had, in its day, more of a misleading efficacy than might have been thought possible; and many a parent was induced to believe that a child should be taught to give its obedience, not because it was obedience, but because the thing ordered was reasonable; the little casuists and controversialists being expected to see the reason of things as readily in real life as in the dialogues between Tutor and Charles. The common sense of mankind has now made an end of this doctrine, and it is known now, as it was before the transit of that eminent person, that obedience—prompt, implicit, unreasoning, and almost unconscious—is the first thing to be taught to a child, and that he can have no peace for his soul without it. That first and foremost rule of exacting obedience is so far from being subject to the condition of showing reasons, that I believe a parent with a strong will, although it be a perverse one, will train a child better than a parent of a reasonable mind, tainted by infirmity of purpose. For, as 'obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams,' so an authority—which is so absolute by virtue of its own inherent strength, is better than one which is shaken by a reference to the ends and purposes, and by reasonable doubts as to whether they are the best and most useful. Nor will a parent's perversity, unless it be unkind or ill tempered, occasion the child half so much uneasiness in the one case, as the child will suffer from those perversities of its own which will spring up of the other. For habits of instant and mechanical obedience are those that give rest to the child, and spare health and temper; whilst a recalcitrant or dawdling obedience will keep it distracted in propensity, bringing a perpetual pressure on its nerves, and consequently on its mental and bodily strength.

Lovers of Nature.

Of all the 'loves' in this love-making and love-professing world, we know of none that is oftener insincere than the 'love of Nature.'—Undoubtedly there are persons, here and there, who admire, and greatly delight in, the various attractive phases of external Nature—mountain, forest, river, vale, and murmuring brook. But they are those, for the most part, who see her but rarely in her best aspects, and talk about her still less. Soothe to say, the amount of cant on this subject is prodigious, and to a true lover of Nature, as disgusting as any other form of hypocrisy. Nine women in every ten care more for perflumery than 'scenery'; and there are few men, let them rhapsodize as they may, who would forego an indifferent supper for a gorgeous sunset, or swap a bottle of champagne for a peep at Chamouni. 'Familiarity lessens respect' as well for Nature as for anything else; and you may fairly suppose the sincerity of people who go into verbal ecstasies about matters which are constantly before and around them. The best descriptions of Nature have been given by writers—

—whose poetic strain,
Came from an alley watered by a drain.
and not those who were bred and born amid the subtleties which they describe. To these—the many—whom habit has rendered well-nigh indifferent to her manifold beauties—
'What is nature?—ring her changes round,
Her key-notes none are water, plants and ground—
Prolong the peal, yet spite of all the clatter,
Her ceaseless chime is still ground, plants and water!'
—[Foot.]

ON ATHEISM.—I had rather, says Sir Francis Bacon, 'believe all the fables in the Legend, the Talmud, and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. God never wrought miracles to convince Atheists, because His ordinary works are sufficient to convince them. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to Atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth them back to religion; for while the mind of man looketh up on second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest on them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity.'

THE RHEUMATISM. A friend of ours is confident he has found an unfailing remedy for this painful ill to which so much of flesh is heir. Having become satisfied that the disease had much to do with it, if it was not wholly occasioned by the escape of too much electricity, from the system, he was induced to treat it upon scientific principles, easily reduced to practice, by wearing raw silk under shirts, silk being a non-conductor. The result has fully justified his theory and his expectations. The Rheumatism has disappeared, and he now no more dreads easterly storms or winds, so far as his rheumatic difficulties are concerned, than the balmy breezes of the South or West. Those who are similarly afflicted, would do well to make a like trial.

The following hint will be received thankfully by gentlemen who would be glad to merit spectacles. To make your eyes weak, use a fluctuating light; nothing can be better adapted to your purpose than what are commonly called 'mould' candles. The joke of them consists in this: they begin with giving you a sufficient light, but as the wick grows, the radiance lessens, and your eye gradually accommodates itself to the decrease: suddenly they are snuffed, and your eye leaps back to its original adjustment, there begins another slide, and then leaps back again. Much practice of this kind serves very well as a familiar introduction to glasses.—[Harriet Martineau.]

STRANGE TASTE IN ANIMALS.—It is singular, that while in animals each peculiar species has its distinguished characteristic—as speed in the greyhound, courage in the bulldog, intelligence in the shepherd's collie—and acuteness in the Highland terrier—there are now and again strange aberrations met with in their tastes, and such as are totally opposed to natural habits and dispositions. I had a French poodle which would drink grog until he got drunk; but in his latter days he became reformed, for a stupid scoundrel gave Philip a glass of undiluted whiskey, scalded his mouth, and from that moment he turned a teetotaler.

In 1799, at the Angel Inn at Felton, the landlord had domesticated a hedgehog so completely, that he came when he was called 'Tom,' and made an excellent turnspit. Forty years ago, when Mr. Allgood hunted the Tindale country, a guinea-hen, which had lost her partner, took to fox-hunting to kill grief. She regularly went to a field with a pack, kept a respectable place throughout the day, and always was in at the finish. It was believed that a conjugal bereavement, such as generally drive widows to the altar again, influenced the sporting bird.—[Maxwell's Hill-side and Border Sketches.]

SHEWDRONE OF A DUTCH THIEF.—A shoe dealer in the Bowery, while busily employed one day last week, in the rear part of his store, was hailed by a respectable-looking elderly man and informed that a fellow had stolen from his door a pair of shoes. The shop-keeper, excited and hatless, rushed into the street, and by the aid of his informant, started upon a run up the Bowery. Seeing no one who bore the appearance of a thief, he stopped, when a stout, square-built Dutchman said to him:—

'Dere he goes! round the corner—a short man, mit do red hair.'
Refreshed with the intelligence, he ran round the corner in company with the Dutchman; when they were overtaken by two of his assistants, to whom he relinquished the pursuit, and returned to the store, where he found the old gentleman, who had given him the first warning, laughing most immoderately.

'He was too quick for me, sir; I couldn't catch him.'

'Too quick?—yes, I think he was. Why, it was the Dutchman who stole your shoes.'

BELL-BIRD.—One meets in the forests of Guyana a bird much celebrated with the Spaniards called *campanero* or bell-bird. Its voice is loud and clear as the sound of a bell, it may be heard at the distance of a league. No song, no sound can occasion the astonishment produced by the tinkling of the *campanero*. He sings morning and evening like most other birds, at mid-day he sings also. A stroke of the bell is heard, a pause of a minute ensues; second tinkling, and a pause of the same duration is repeated; finally a third ringing, followed by a silence of six or eight minutes.—'Acteon,' says an enthusiastic traveller, 'would halt in the heat of the chase, Orpheus would let fall his lute to listen; so novel, sweet, and romantic is the silver tinkling of the snow-white *campanero*.'

THIS bird is about the size of a jay, from his head arises a conical tube of about three inches in length, of a brilliant black, spotted with small white feathers, which communicates with the palate, and which, when inflated with air, resembles an ear of corn.

BAFFLING CURIOSITY.—Dr. Marsh was once travelling in a stage coach and was much annoyed by a garrulous old maid. After ascertaining his name, she inquired whether he belonged to such and such a family of Marshes.

'No madam, I do not, nor to any other family that you know,' was the reply, in short and abrupt tones.

'Oh,' says the antiquated virgin, 'there's so much acid about you, I suppose you sprang from the cranberry Marshes.'

'If I did, madam,' was the prompt retort, 'I'm fit sauce for a goose.'

The lady was silent for the remainder of the journey.

PAYING DEBTS.—The Presbyterian has the following strong remarks on the subject; they drive the nail into the head and clenches it. 'Men may sophisticate as they please, they can never make it right, and all the bankrupt acts in the universe cannot make it right for them not to pay their debts. There is a sin in this neglect as clear, and as deserving of church discipline, as in stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds the payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet his engagements, ought to feel that, in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler.—Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having.'

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—A correspondent of the Boston Mail, gives the following anecdote in connection with the Waterville Bank:—

'I recollect of hearing an anecdote, a few years ago, in relation to this bank, which I will give. At the time, Nathaniel Gilman, an eccentric man, was President of the Bank, a heavy demand was made upon that institution by a New York company, with the intention of breaking it. Mr. G. got wind of it, and had all the specie in the vault removed to his cellar, and requested the Cashier of the bank to go out of town for a day or two. The demand was made, Mr. G. informed them that the cashier would be back the next day, and wished them to wait until then, at the same time giving them an invitation to his mansion which they accepted. After talking upon various subjects, Mr. G. ventured to ask them what the amount was, they wished to be redeemed? They informed him.

'Oh, is that all,' said he.

'Yes,' was the answer.

'Well,' said the President, 'I have got specie enough in my cellar to redeem that amount without troubling the bank,' and ordered his man to commence bringing it up.—They were perfectly thunderstruck, and refused to take it, saying if the President had specie enough in his house alone to pay off that amount without interfering with the bank, it was no use to think of upsetting it, and returned to New York.

A STORY FOR BOYS.—A little boy was observed by a constable gathering grass on the Boston Common, and was told by the officer that he must not take the grass. 'O, but I must have it for my rabbits.' 'But you must not take it,' said the officer. 'I must have it,' the boy replied. 'Well,' said the constable, 'if you must have it, you must go and ask the Mayor.' 'Where is the Mayor?' asked the boy. He was directed to the City Hall, and told that he would find him there; so off he trudged to the City Hall, and by dint of inquiry found the Mayor, and was introduced to him. The Mayor inquired, 'Well, my son, what do you want of me?' 'I want some grass for my rabbits, sir.' 'How many rabbits have you?' 'Two, sir.' 'But how do you expect to get grass of me?' 'Why,' said the boy, 'I was getting grass on the Common, and they told me I must not have it, unless I would ask leave of you, sir.' 'Go,' said the Mayor, 'and tell the officer to let you have as much grass as you want.'

The Eastern Mail,

WATERVILLE, JULY 11, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

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S. M. PETTINGILL, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 St., Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

The Case of Dr. Webster.

Public attention is again called to this subject with renewed interest. After a most solemn denial of all knowledge of the manner in which Dr. Parkman came to his death, in his first application for executive clemency, Prof. Webster confesses himself the author of the deed. The same combination of madness and folly that dictated the act seems to have ruled its author since. What effect will be produced upon the minds of the Governor and Council we can hardly surmise; though it is easy to predict that nothing can save the wretched man from the gallows.

The following is the substance of Dr. Webster's confession, submitted to the Governor and Council by Rev. Dr. Putnam, in connection with his second petition—which is for a commutation of the sentence of death.

On Tuesday, the 20th of November, I sent the note to Dr. Parkman, which, it appears, was carried by the boy Maxwell. I handed it to Littlefield unsealed. It was to ask Dr. P. to call at my rooms on Friday, the 23d, after my lecture. He had become of late very importunate for his pay. He had threatened me with a suit, to put an officer into my house, and drive me from my professorship if I did not pay him. The purport of my note was simply to ask the conference. I did not tell him in it what I could do, or what I had to say about the payment. I wished to gain, for those few days, a release from those solicitations, to which I was liable every day, on occasions and in a manner very disagreeable and alarming to me, and also to avert, for so long a time at least, the fulfillment of recent threats of severe measures. I did not expect to pay him when Friday should arrive. My purpose was, if he should accede to the proposed interview, to state to him my embarrassments and utter inability to pay him at present, to apologise for those things in my conduct which had offended him, to throw myself upon his mercy, to beg for further time and indulgence for the sake of my family, if not for my own, and to make as good promises to him as I could have any hope of keeping.

I did not hear from him on that day, nor the next (Wednesday), but I found that on Thursday he had been abroad in pursuit of me, though without finding me. I feared that he had forgotten the appointment, or else did not mean to wait for it. I feared he would come in upon me at my lecture hour, or while I was preparing my experiments for it. Therefore I called at his house on that morning (Friday) between 8 and 9, to remind him of my wish to see him at the college at half past one, my lecture closing at one. I did not stop to talk with him then, for I expected the conversation would be a long one, and I had my lecture to prepare for. It was necessary for me to save my time, and also to keep my mind free from other exciting matters. Dr. Parkman agreed to call on me as I proposed.

He came accordingly, between half past one and two. He came in at the lecture room door. I was engaged in removing some glasses from my lecture room table into the room in the rear, called the upper laboratory. He came rapidly down the steps and followed me into the laboratory. He immediately addressed me with great energy: 'Are you ready for me, sir? Have you got the money?' I replied, 'No, Dr. Parkman, and was then beginning to state my condition, and make my appeal to him. He would not listen to me, but interrupted me with much vehemence. He called me 'scoundrel' and 'liar,' and went on heaping upon me the most bitter taunts and opprobrious epithets. While he was talking he drew a handful of papers from his pocket, and took from among them my two notes, and also an old letter from Dr. Hosack, written many years ago, and congratulating him (Dr. P.) on his success in getting me appointed professor of chemistry. 'You see,' said he, 'I got you into your office, and now I will get you out of it.' He put back into his pocket all the papers except the letter and the notes. I cannot tell how long the torrent of threats and invectives continued, and I can now recall to memory but a small portion of what he said. At first I kept interposing, trying to pacify him, so that I might obtain the object for which I had sought the interview. But I could not stop him, and soon my own temper was up. I forgot everything. I felt nothing but the sting of his words. I was excited to the highest degree of passion; and while he was speaking and gesticulating in the most violent and menacing manner, thrusting the letter and his fist into my face, in my fury I seized whatever thing was handy—it was a stick of wood—and dealt him an instantaneous blow, with all the force of passion could give it. I did not know, nor think, nor care where I should hit him, nor how hard, nor what the effect would be. It was on the side of his head, and there was nothing to break the force of the blow. He fell instantly upon the pavement. There was no second blow. I stooped down over him, and he seemed to be lifeless. Blood flowed from his mouth, and I got a sponge and wiped it away. I got some ammonia and applied it to his nose, but without effect. Perhaps I spent ten minutes in attempts to resuscitate him; but I found that he was absolutely dead. In my horror and consternation I ran instinctively to the doors and bolted them—the doors of the lecture room and of the laboratory below. And then what was I to do?

It never occurred to me to go out and declare what had been done, and obtain assistance. I saw nothing but the alternative of a successful removal and concealment of the body, on the one hand, and of infamy and destruction on the other. The first thing I did, as soon as I could do anything, was to drag the body into the private room adjoining. There I took off the clothes, and began putting them into the fire which was burning in the upper laboratory. They were all consumed there that afternoon, with papers, pocket book, or whatever else they contained. I did not examine the pockets, nor remove anything except the watch. I saw that, or the chain of it, hanging out, and I took it and threw it over the bridge as I went to Cambridge.

My next move was to get the body into the sink which stands in the small private room. By setting the body partially erect against the

corner, and getting up into the sink myself, I succeeded in drawing it up. There it was entirely dismembered. It was quickly done, as a work of terrible and desperate necessity. The only instrument used was the knife found by the officers in the tea chest, and which I kept for cutting corks. I made no use of the Turkish knife as it was called at the trial. That had long been kept on my parlor mantelpiece in Cambridge as a curious ornament. My daughters frequently cleaned it—hence the marks of oil and whitening found on it. I had lately brought it into Boston to get the silver sheath repaired.

While dismembering the body a stream of Cocchiate was running through the sink, carrying off the blood in a pipe that passed down through the lower laboratory. There must have been a leak in the pipe, for the ceiling below was stained immediately around it.

There was a fire burning in the furnace of the lower laboratory. Littlefield was mistaken in thinking there had never been a fire there. He had probably never kindled one, but I had done it myself several times. I had done it that day for the purpose of making oxygen gas. The head and the viscera were put into the furnace that day, and the fuel heaped on. I did not examine at night to see to what degree they were consumed. Some of the extremities I believe were put in there on that day.

The pelvis and some of the limbs, perhaps all, were put under the lid of the lecture room table in what is called the well—a deep sink lined with lead. A stream of Cocchiate was turned into it, and kept running through it all Friday night. The thorax was put into a similar well in the lower laboratory, which I filled with water, and threw in a quantity of potash which I found there. This disposition of the remains was not changed till after the visit of the officers on Monday.

When the body had been thus all disposed of, I took up the stick with which the fatal blow had been struck. It proved to be a piece of the stump of a large grape vine, say two inches in diameter, and two feet long. It was one of two or more pieces which I had carried in from Cambridge long before, for the purpose of showing the effect of certain chemical fluids in coloring wood, by being absorbed into the pores. The grape vine being a very porous wood was well suited to this purpose. Another longer stick had been used as intended, and exhibited to the students. This one had not been used. I put it into the fire.

I took up the two notes, either from the table or the floor, I think the table, close by where Dr. P. had fallen. I seized an old metallic pen lying on the table, dashed it across the face and through the signatures and put them in my pocket. I do not know why I did this rather than put them into the fire; for I had not considered for a moment, what effect either mode of disposing of them would have on the mortgage or my indebtedness to Dr. P. and the other persons interested; and I have not yet given a single thought to the question as to what account I should give of the objects or results of my interview with Dr. P.

I never saw the sledge-hammer, spoken of by Littlefield, and never knew of its existence—at least I have no recollection of it.

I left the college to go home, as late as 6 o'clock. I collected myself as well as I could that I might meet my family and others with composure. On Saturday I visited my rooms at the college, but made no change in the disposition of the remains, and laid no plans as to my future course.

On Saturday evening I read the notice in the Transcript respecting the disappearance. I was then deeply impressed with the necessity of immediately taking some ground for the character of my interview with Dr. P.; for I saw that it must become known that I had such an interview, as I had appointed it first by an unsealed note on Tuesday, and on Friday had myself called at his house in open day and ratified the arrangement, and had there been seen and probably overheard by the man-servant; and I knew not by how many persons Dr. P. might have been seen entering my rooms, or how many persons he might have told by the way where he was going. The interview would in all probability be known, and I must be ready to explain it. The question exercised me much, but on Sunday my course was taken. I would go into Boston and be the first to declare myself the person, as yet unknown, with whom Dr. P. had made the appointment. I would take the ground that I had invited him to the college to pay him money and that I had paid him accordingly. I fixed upon the sum by taking the small note and adding interest, which it appears I cast up erroneously.

If I had thought of this course earlier I should not have deposited Pettee's check for \$90 in the Charles River Bank on Saturday, but should have suppressed it as going so far towards making up the sum which I was to profess to have paid the day before, and which Pettee knew I had by me at the time of the interview. It had not occurred to me that I should ever show the notes cancelled in proof of payment; if it had, I should have destroyed the large note, and let it be inferred that it was gone, with the missing man, and I should only have kept the small one, which was all that I could pretend to have paid. My single thought was concealment and safety. Everything else was incidental to that. I was in no state to consider my ulterior pecuniary interests. Money though I needed it so much, was of no account with me in that condition of mind.

Here is a story that might not have seemed improbable, and would doubtless have been credited by many, had it been told in season. Taken, however, in connection with the following paragraph from his first application to the executive, it promises to have little effect upon the public mind, except to confirm the impression of his guilt.

I would most respectfully and humbly petition your Excellency and the Honorable Council, to be permitted to declare, in the most solemn manner, that I am entirely innocent of this awful crime; that I never entertained any other than the kindest feelings towards him; and that I never had any inducement to injure, in any way, him whom I have long numbered among my best friends.

To Him who seeth in secret, and before whom I may ever long be called to appear, would I appeal for the truth of what I now declare, as also for the truth of the solemn declaration, that I had no agency in placing the remains of a human body in or under my rooms in the Medical College in Boston, nor do I know by whom they were so placed. I am the victim of circumstances, or a foul conspiracy, or of the attempt of some individual to cause suspicion to fall upon me, influenced perhaps by the prospect of obtaining a large reward.

It is but just to state, in connection with this paragraph, that Mrs. Webster, who came before the Executive to sustain the petition of her husband, stated that he was pressed to this assertion of his innocence by the entreaties of his family, who at that time had no doubt of his entire truth.

The final decision in this interesting and exciting case is daily expected. Whatever it may be, we should not crave the position of the authorities who face public censure of the act. Its bearing upon the exciting question of capital punishment—which already combines a political and sectarian character—renders it a matter of great delicacy, as well as great importance.

Railroad—Annual Reports.

The annual reports of the Directors and Treasurer of the A. & K. Railroad, submitted at the annual meeting on the 2d, have been printed in pamphlet form, at this office, for the use of the Stockholders.

The entire cost of the road, to the present time, is shown in the following table:

Item	Amount
Preliminary Expenses,	\$1,261.69
Land, and Engineering Expenses,	32,788.98
Construction of Road,	38,062.89
Rolling Stock,	67,739.31
Buildings and Structures,	52,578.25
Superintending, including Drawings,	23,210.25
Locomotives, and Engines,	49,655.10
Passenger and Freight Cars,	52,578.25
Interest on Bonds,	13,071.13
Interest and Dividends on Stock,	692,756.49
Interest on Notes, and on Notes, Stock, Bonds, Cash Coupons, Discount on Notes, &c.	17,780.69
Total	\$1,021,578.00

The Liabilities of the Company are as follows, to wit:

Item	Amount
On Notes to Banks and Individuals,	\$389,567.63
On Notes drawn and presented to Treasurer,	13,721.00
On Pay Roll,	8,650.28
To Stockholders, for interest due December 3, 1849,	1,013.45
To Stockholders, for interest due January 1, 1850,	11,413.33
To Individuals, on contracts not executed but where amounts are known,	7,791.39
To Individuals, on contracts not executed but where amounts are known,	2,650.00
Total	\$393,224.07

The Assets of the Company are as follows:

Item	Amount
Balance on the Notes, &c., taken for Preferred Stock,	\$49,562.24
Due on assessments on stock, and on Notes taken for same,	3,000.00
Balance due on Bonds, third loan, pledged,	72,000.00
Real estate, not included in Depreciated for Road bed,	2,570.00
Interest on Bonds,	2,000.00
Interest on Notes, &c., contracted to be sold,	1,497.43
Cash on hand and on deposit,	\$13,031.76
Total	\$138,561.43

The following table shows the running expenses of the road for the first six months:

MONTHS	Expenses
Jan.	\$1,849.71
Feb.	1,812.71
Mar.	1,812.71
Apr.	1,812.71
May.	1,812.71
June.	1,812.71
Total	\$10,915.26

We notice from the papers that a Miss Up-ton has been entertaining the people of Bangor and Belfast with readings of Shakespeare. She is well commended by the press in those places. She made her debut as a reader, we believe, in Bangor. Should her success in the great cities of the State enable her to 'condescend' to Waterville, her property will be our advantage.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Chocchiate Sprinklings—Number 18.
By Docky Watty.

I had intended to pay your beautiful town a visit during this month, but have been induced to change the direction of my journey, and expect to start next week for Saratoga via New York City. I shall therefore be obliged to permit the "speckled beauties" which sport in 'Littlefield brook,' to remain in peace another season. If any thing worthy of notice occurs to me during the anticipated jaunt, you may receive "sprinklings" from some other waters than those of Chocchiate.

Prof. Webster's confession is more talked about here than any thing else. You have read those fearful details before this, and doubtless share in that feeling of horror which is expressed in the face of every man as he hears of this deed of blood. I do not wish to forestall the decision of those who hold the life of this miserable man in their hands, but I do not think the impression of the public generally is as favorable towards the prisoner, as before the confession. Much sympathy is expressed for the devoted wife and daughters, who are using every exertion to obtain a commutation of the punishment, but beyond this, every thing wears a stern aspect for the condemned man. For my own part I have always been skeptical about the premeditation in this case, as I have not been able to find sufficient evidence to induce the plotting and commission of murder; and I am strongly inclined to believe the main part of the story now told. The manner of killing may not have been precisely as described, but that Dr. Parkman received his death blow in a moment of passion I have never doubted. By the strict construction of the law, a death blow given in this way with a deadly instrument, is sufficient to prove malice premeditated; but there is most certainly a great difference between crime committed in the heat of sudden passion, and that resulting from cold blooded and malicious machinations.

The "glorious fourth" passed off very much as usual; common guns, pistols, fire crackers and squibs popped and fizzed and snapped all day long. The school children marched in procession in the morning, making a fine appearance, and the city authorities paraded with a large military escort, listened to a fine oration from E. P. Whipple, and afterwards partook of a capital dinner at Faneuil Hall, where the ordinary amount of patriotism was poured out as freely as the blood of our immortal forefathers. A sudden and copious shower drenched the fireworks in the afternoon, and spoiled that part of "the programme," but they will be left off on some other evening during this week.

Trade is quite inactive, but perhaps not more so than is usual in warm weather. We should have large buyers from the south and west in the month of July, but as yet they have appeared in small numbers, and if the late startling reports of the Cholera prove correct, the demand from those quarters will be light. Dry Goods keep up in prices, and cannot fall much while Cotton and Wool hold so much above the manufactured articles, even if business continues dull. Many of our large factories as you know, are now running short work, and this judicious plan prevents an accumulation of Domestic. Money is now quite easy, and nothing but the high prices of foreign exchange prevents it from being a drag at the legal rates of interest. As long however as Sterling is so near the specie point, there will be a lack of confidence in the monetary circles, and our banking institutions will not extend their lines of discount beyond moderate limits. The most prevalent opinion is that money will still be more abundant within a few weeks; but there are some clouds in the financial sky which I should be glad to see dispelled.

The country is now suffering throughout its length and breadth on account of the inaction of Congress. Measures which are of the highest importance to the commercial interests of the country remain untouched, and enterprise is checked by the uncertainty and doubt raised by the congressional quarrels, and disunion panics. Every American citizen should raise a voice and use his influence to effect a settlement of the questions before Congress, for every one is injured by their cruel procrastination. Concessions must be made on both sides, or no adjustment of the existing difficulties can be made, and he who judges otherwise is sadly mistaken.

The New York City Guards, a fine body of citizen soldiery, arrived here Saturday morning, accompanied by Dodsworth's famous Cornet Band. They marched up State st., escorted by one of our crack corps, the City Guards, and made a splendid appearance. This is one of the companies called out to quell the Macready riot, at the Astor Place Theatre.

Boston, July 8th, 1850.

Thanks to you, most worthy Mr. Watty, for another sprinkling. We look for a whole shower of 'Congress Water.' Happy souls are they who drink there. We enjoyed the luxury once, but dare not hope for it again. May you drink and grow fat; and may our readers hear from you most copiously.

*We invite the attention of farmers and others to the advertisement of the 'American Live Stock Insurance Company.' The idea is of modern date, but is rapidly gaining favor where it has been introduced. Mr. Dyer, the agent in Waterville, is prepared to exhibit the terms and regulations of the Company; and they seem to us to be worthy of examination.

SLAVERS IN HORSES. A shrewd farmer who says he has often tried the remedy, wishes us to state that a few burdock leaves, green or dry, given to a horse that has the slavers, will effect a perfect cure in a few hours.

BADLAM'S WRITING BOOKS. We noticed this work some weeks ago. We have since seen something of its effects in the hands of a

beginner in writing. We have seen no work of the kind that equals it; and it should by all means have a place wherever the rudiments of penmanship are taught.

Cadets' Celebration at Unity.

The members of 'Literarius Section' No. 2, Cadets of Temperance, assisted by brothers from neighboring Sections, and by the ladies and citizens, celebrated the Fourth at Unity in a very pleasant and profitable manner. A correspondent has furnished the following particulars:

At 9 o'clock the Cadets formed in procession at their hall, and marched to the Green in front of the Union meeting-house. Here they were met by the ladies and citizens, to witness the ceremony of presentation and reception of a Banner, by the ladies of Unity. The banner, bearing on one side the appropriate inscription, 'Lead us not into temptation,' and on the other the motto of the order, 'Virtue, Love and Temperance,' was presented by Miss Hepsa B. Bartlett, accompanied by the following remarks:

Cadets of Temperance: While we have watched your mode of operation in your Society, and have witnessed your increasing efforts to excel in well doing, we have felt that we have, growing up with us, the champions of our rights, the defenders of our homes, and the companions of all our pleasant associations. With youth who drink in, from earliest boyhood, the pure principles of 'Virtue, Love and Temperance,' what have we to fear for the future? No dark, disgusting scene of filthy intoxication; no brutal abuse from him who is placed as our head.

Cadets: We love the cause in which you are engaged; and we will help you onward with our efforts, our encouragements, our approval—our smiles.

In token of our approbation and the fellowship which we accord you, I present you, in behalf of the ladies, this banner. If temptation assail you, cast your eye upon the motto of your order. If the Tempter be powerful, look upon this side and utter its prayer; and He who spake as never man spake, shall say to the Tempter, 'Peace, be still!'

Receive this banner from our hands; and remember as often as you look upon it, that you have committed to you for safe keeping the untold wealth of human hearts.

The gift was received by G. C. Waterman, W. A., who made the following reply:

Lady: The sentiments so happily and appropriately conveyed in your address to this band of youthful brothers, are gratefully acknowledged. The cause of temperance is indeed a cause of the greatest moment, and one which has, for a few months past, engaged our attention, enlisted our energies and sympathies, and now lies next our hearts. The end and aim of our order is to train up the rising generation under strictly temperance principles; so that when we enter the great arena of life our habits shall be so formed and our principles so fixed, that no temptation, however strong, shall allure us from the paths of Virtue, Love and Temperance.

It is with feelings of the deepest emotion that I receive, in behalf of the brothers of this Section, this banner from your hands, as a testimony of the interest which you and your associates feel for our welfare, and for the success of the cause in which we are engaged. And here let me ask a continuance of your encouragement, so long as we shall, by our unvaried efforts, merit your approbation. Next to the merit of our cause do we value the interest you take in our success; and we pledge ourselves to be guided by the motto of our Order, and that this shall ever be our fervent prayer to Him who hath power to still the Tempter—'Lead us not into temptation.' Assured of your aid, co-operation and smiles, we fear not to encounter the foe. May the God of battles gird us with might to stay the flood of intemperance; and while we look upon the banner now received, our efforts shall not cease till Virtue, Love and Temperance reign triumphant throughout the land.

After the ceremony of presentation the Cadets proceeded to the school-house, where they were joined by the Sabbath School scholars of the place and vicinity. They then marched back to the church, where an instructive and impressive address on Temperance was delivered by Rev. Mr. Weaver of Bangor. After the address all proceeded to a bower erected for the occasion, near the church, where justice was done to an excellent picnic dinner provided by the ladies. There was in attendance a company of musicians, who did themselves credit, and added much to the interest of the occasion; and the exercises at the church were interspersed with excellent vocal music.

The day passed off to the satisfaction of all, and was one that the Cadets may well be proud of.

TOASTS.

By N. Dingley, Jr. The Speaker of the day—may the same eloquence, with which he has favored us to-day, be instrumental in his ministerial capacity of weaving correct morals into the minds of the young.

By S. R. Gordon. Our musical friends—who have favored us with a rich treat. May we show by the concord of our lives that we appreciate its harmony.

By Miss Philbrick. The invited guests—though weak in numbers, yet strong in heart. May they battle manfully in the cause in which they are engaged.

By G. H. Jewett. The day we celebrate—although we celebrate it with joy and hilarity, still may we be restrained by Virtue, Love and Temperance.

By N. Dingley, Jr. The lady who presented the Banner—may her expectations, that she will find among the Cadets of Temperance a protector of her home, be fully realized.

By G. C. Waterman. The ladies—the only chain that binds us—though fettered we love our fetters still.

By W. S. Lincoln. King Alcohol—like Goliath of old, may he be slain by a stripling.

By Mrs. H. Whitehouse. The rising generation—may God himself crown the efforts which are made for their religious and moral instruction.

By N. Dingley, Jr. The young ladies—the neatness and order with which they have prepared this collation, shows to us the prize he will obtain who secures one of them for his own.

By C. H. Snell. The ladies—the fair daughters of Eve. May the Cadets be as successful in enchainment the monster Evil as are the ladies in enchainment the hearts of the true sons.

By the same. The heroine of the day—the dark haired daughter of Stephen. May the ladies all imitate her example, and set their faces against every species of intemperance.

SHAKESPEARE.—A new and beautiful edition of Shakespeare is now in process of publication by those enterprising and popular publishers, Phillips & Sampson, of Boston. It is to be completed in 42 numbers, and will constitute one of the most acceptable editions of the great bard yet issued. Its decorations consist of a portrait, in each number, of the leading character of the play. Nothing can be neater than the typography and sheet, and the mechanical style of the work is in excellent taste. Mathews is the agent, and the lovers of all

Shakespeare should forthwith examine the work—which has reached its 17th number.

THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE.—We have received the first number of this beautiful work, which we think must prove a general favorite. Abundant testimony is given from eminent religious and literary men, as to the excellence of the Reflections and the value of the Scriptural Expositions. Published by S. HUESTON, 189 Nassau st., New York. A specimen number can be seen at Mathews', where the work can be obtained.

We have received from the proprietor of Graham's Magazine a beautiful mezzotint and stipple engraving—'Christ Blessing Little Children.' This, and another beautiful engraving of larger size, it will be borne in mind by our readers, are offered as premiums to subscribers, old and new, to this deservedly popular periodical: a rare chance for all who prize beautiful pictures.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE for August, rich in embellishments and full of attraction for the lovers of good reading, is already issued. It will be found at Mathews's.

LAND BOUNTIES. Yesterday we published the bill before Congress for giving bounties in land to the soldiers who served in the war of 1812, and those who claim to be their heirs. It is remarkable as being almost the only bill which has been passed in the House during the present session. It is remarkable also in another respect, the facility with which it slipped through the House, while all the really necessary business of legislation has been disgracefully neglected, and the large majority obtained on the final vote, which was 156 to 36. Our readers will doubtless draw their own conclusions from these circumstances.

We will not disguise our own inference, which is, that speculators, who desire to make their fortunes out of the purchase of soldiers' land warrants, have not been idle in this matter. Some questions, not altogether without pertinence, might be asked in regard to this bill. Why should those who served in the war of 1812, be distinguished above those who did their duty as citizens in other capacities? The men who enlisted in that war did so because they liked a soldier's life, and were satisfied with a soldier's pay; they engaged in it for the bounty and wages, and the bounty and wages, we believe, were faithfully paid. A good many became soldiers because they were fit for nothing else, and regarded the war as a piece of good luck. A good many hairbrained young fellows engaged against the wishes of their parents and friends, who might have been sobered into useful citizens by a very few years of regular employment at home. The country has done its duty toward these people; it has given them the rewards it stipulated, rewards which proved a sufficient temptation to induce them to renounce all other occupations. Is there any reason for making them a gift of any more?

Again, is there any reason why, if the soldiers of 1812 receive a gift of land from the government, that the sailors who fought in the same war should be overlooked? They fought certainly as bravely, and gained victories to the full as brilliant. They are nearly all dead, we suppose, by this time, but they have left heirs, no doubt, direct or collateral. But again, if we reward soldiers in this way, is it fair to overlook those who serve in a civil capacity? Shall nothing be done for those laborious people who have performed the services of subordinate posts at small salaries, and by the fortunes of political war, have been turned out of office, after they have become fit for nothing else? Are not their deserts as great, and their probable necessities as urgent, as those of one who has served six months in some war? We might go yet further, and ask, 'If the laborer who has given twenty or thirty years of his life, beginning with the period of his youthful vigor, to the service of society, in its humblest and least profitable employments, is not as much deserving of a bounty as this soldier of six months?'—[N. Y. Eve. Post.

A NEW FORM OF MESMERISM. The New York Evening Post says that certain clock makers in Bristol, Connecticut, in making some chronometers lately, found it impossible for the workmen to keep awake when they were setting the instruments going. It is necessary, in regulating them, to count the beats in a minute by a regulator, and change the hair spring in the balance are turned until the greatest maximum is obtained, when they are rated and the rate registered. The workmen find no difficulty with the parts, but when the whole movement is going, any person who sits down and counts the beats, or watches the motion of the balance, invariably becomes drowsy. Attempts have been made with other clocks, but they do not produce the same sensation. The clocks are of polished work, and gilded by a peculiar galvanic process, which, if the facts be as here stated, may have something to do with the effect. What is curious is, that the person who is put to sleep continues to count the beatings of time with his hand or foot. The writer in the Boston Post, who gives an account of the matter, adds:

"It affords some amusement to visitors to see a company of men at work and half of them asleep, yet laboring to keep themselves awake. Experiments have been made with strangers, and it invariably produces the same effect. On Saturday last a collier came to the factory with a load of coals, and was admitted into the finishing room to see the clocks. One of the workmen desired to make the experiment; accordingly the old man was put to count, striking on the bench with his hand in time with the clock; he went to sleep in three minutes, and was kept under the influence nearly an hour. His dog that had followed him into the room, upon discovering his situation, exhibited alarm and ran about howling in the most dismal manner; all this did not disturb the sleeper, but the moment the clock was stopped he awoke, and was surprised that so much time had passed. There is some great principle hidden in these phenomena that is truly mysterious."

SOLD. Some of the Bangor people, who think themselves pretty well up to trap, were victimized last week by a 'returned Californian.' He came into the city on a Saturday afternoon, after the banks were closed, and exhibited a check for \$6000 on the Vesie bank. Of course he couldn't get it cashed that night—there wasn't money enough in the city, outside of the banks. But one of the confiding citizens lent him 20 or 30 dollars on sight of the check; and he was permitted to fix up his outward man at the clothing stores on the strength of the same. Monday morning, however, turned him up missing; and the check hadn't appeared at the bank at last accounts.

All men complain that cards are ill shuffled and they get a good hand.

construction of a Railroad from the city of Bangor to some good harbor on the Eastern shore of Nova Scotia, or Cape Breton, best fitted to become the entrepot and terminus for the most direct line of trans-Atlantic navigation.

Fish Hooks, Lines, &c.
 For sale at the **HARD WARE STORE**, Bouville Block, Water
 ville. Swif

PURE CIDER VINEGAR can be had at **DOW'S**, No. 2 Bou-
 ville Block 18

CHEMICAL OLIVE SOAP, a superior article for washing
 in hard, soft or salt water, for sale at **No. 2 Bouville Block**,
 Nov. 21. W. C. DOW.

NOTICE—Whereas my wife, FOLLY HAMMILL, has left me without any just cause, I hereby forfeit all pecuniary heretofore or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts contracting after this date. **IRAH H. HAMMILL,**
Minister, July 1, 1890. 2-60-1

WHOLE WESTERN CHEESE just received and for sale by
E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Ticonderoga.

DOG. Gent's KID GLOVES—ONLY 50 CENTS—at
May 23. **J. R. ELDEN & Co'y.**

Just Received,
THE NEW STORE, NORTH OF THE DEPOT,
HINDS. New Crop MOLASSES; 15 quintals CODFISH;
10 barrels Clear PORK; 10 Do. Mena do.
Also a lot of BUTTER, CHEESE and HAMS.
 Above articles will be sold at reduced prices.
 Mobile, Feb. 23, 1850. **A. FULLER.**

Wool—Brass Wire, Iron do., and Hair—for sale by
E. L. SMITH.

James, A. M. BILLINGS.
June 18, 1850. 40*

WHEAT FLOUR for sale at No. 2 Bottelle Block by
18 W. C. ROW.
assortment of SILKS, FRINGES and GIMPS for VI
for sale by J. R. ELDEN & Co.
ills, June 12, 1850.

THE celebrated **PATENT OIL**, at Wholesale and
J. R. ELDEN and Co., Agents.

