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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 04, No. 14): October 24, 1850

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. IV.

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## POETRY.

### AUTUMN: AN ODE.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn  
Stand shadowless, like silence, listening  
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing  
Into his hollow ear from woods or fern  
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn—  
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright  
With tangled garlands that fell by night,  
Pearling his coronet with golden corn.

Where are the songs of summer? With the sun,  
Opening the dusky eyelids of the south,  
Till shade and silence waken up as one,  
And morning sings with a warm, odorous mouth.  
Where are the merry birds? Away, away,  
On panting wings through the inclement skies,  
Last ones should prey  
Undazzled at noonday  
And tear with honey their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of summer? In the west  
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours  
Where the mild Eve by sudden night is prest  
Like fearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers,  
To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the pride of summer—the green prime—  
The many, many leaves all twinkling? Three  
On the mossed elm; three on the naked vine  
Trembling—and one upon the oak oak tree!  
Where is the Dryad's immortality?  
Gone into mournful eypress and dark yew,  
Or wearing the long gloomy winter through  
In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel plays on his accomplished hoard,  
And ants have brimmed their garners with ripe grain,  
And honey bees have stored  
The sweets of summer in their luscious cells;  
The swallows all have winged across the main;  
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,  
And sighs her fearful spells  
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.

Alone, alone  
Upon a mossy stone,  
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,  
She lists the last leaves for a love rosary,  
Whilst all the withered flowers fade away,  
Like a dim picture of the drowned past,  
In the hushed minds mysterious far away,  
Doubtful what ghostly thing steals the last  
Into that distance, gray upon the gray.

Oh! go sit with her, and be o'erwhelmed  
Under the languid downfall of her hair:  
She wears a coronal of flowers faded,  
Upon her forehead, and a face of care:  
There is enough of withered where to  
Make her bower—and enough of gloom;  
There is enough of sadness to invite,  
If only for the rose that died—whose doom  
Is Beauty's—she that with the living bloom  
Of conscious cheek and heart beatifies the light:  
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite  
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear—  
Enough of chilly droppings for her brow;  
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,  
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

## MISCELLANY.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

### THE KITE.

A Story for Young People.

The setting sun beamed in golden light over the country; long shadows lay on the cool grass; the birds, which had been silent during the sultry heat of the day, sang their evening hymn: the merry voices of the village children sounded through the clear air, while their fathers lolled about enjoying the luxury of rest after labor. A sun-burnt traveler with dusty shoes walked sturdily along the high road: he was young and strong, and his ruddy cheeks glowed in the warm light: he carried his baggage on a stick over his shoulder, and looked straight on towards the cottages of the village; and you might see by the expression of his face that his eye was earnestly watching for the first glimpse of the home that lay among them, to which he was returning.

The same setting sun threw his golden beams over the great metropolis: they lighted up the streets and squares, and parks whence crowds of people were retiring from business or pleasure to their various places of abode or gay parties: they pierced even through the smoke of the city, and gilded its great central dome; but when they reached the labyrinth of lanes and courts which it encloses, their radiance was gone, for noxious vapors rose there after the heat of the day, and quenched them. The summer sun is dreared in those places.

The dusky light found its way with difficulty through a small and dim window into an upper room of a house in one of these lanes, and any one entering it would at first have thought it void of any living inhabitant, had not the restless tossing and oppressed breathing that proceeded from a bed in one corner, borne witness to the contrary. A weak, sickly boy lay there, his eye fixed on the door. It opened, and he started up in bed; but at the sight of another boy, a few years older than himself, who came in alone, he sunk back again, crying in a plaintive voice, 'Don't you see her coming yet?'

'No, she is not in sight: I ran to the corner of the lane, but could see nothing of her,' replied the elder boy, who, as he spoke, knelt down before the grate, and began to arrange some sticks in it.

Every thing in the room bespoke poverty; yet there was an appearance of order, and as much cleanliness as can be attained in such an abode. Among the scanty articles of furniture there was one object that was remarkable as being singularly out of place, and apparently very useless there: it was a large paper kite, that hung from a nail on the wall, and nearly reached from the low ceiling to the floor.

'There's eight o'clock just struck, John,' said the little boy in bed. 'Go and look once more if mother's not coming yet.'

'It's no use looking, John. It won't make her come any faster; but I'll go to please you.'

'I hear some one on the stairs.'

'It's only Mrs. Willis going into the back room.'

'Oh, dear, dear, what shall I do?'

'Don't cry, John. Look now I've put the wood all ready to boil the kettle the moment mother comes, and she'll bring you some tea; she said she would. Now I'm going to sweep up the dust, and make it all tidy.'

John was quieted for a few minutes by looking at his brother's busy operations, carried on in a bustling, rattling way, to afford all the amusement possible; but the feverish restlessness soon returned.

'Take me up, do take me up,' he cried;

'and hold me near the broken pane, please John'; and he stretched out his white, wasted hands.

John kindly lifted out the poor little fellow, and dragging a chair to the window, sat down with him on his knee, and held his face close to the broken pane, through which, however, no air seemed to come, and he soon began to cry again.

'What is it, John?—what's the matter?' said a kind voice at the door, where a woman stood, holding by the hand a pale child.

'I want my mother,' sobbed John.

'Mother's out at work, Mrs. Willis,' said John; 'and she thought she should be at home by half past seven; but she's kept later some-times.'

'Don't cry,' said Mrs. Willis's little girl, coming forward. 'Here's my orange for you.'

John took it, and put it to his mouth; but he stopped, and asked John to cut it in two; gave back half to the little girl, and made John taste of the portion he kept, and then began to suck the cooling fruit with great pleasure, only pausing to say with a smile, 'Thank you, Mary.'

'Now lie down again, and try to go to sleep; that's a good boy,' said Mrs. Willis; 'and mother will soon be here. I must go now.'

John was laid in bed once more; but he tossed about restlessly, and the sad wail began again.

'I'll tell you what,' said John, 'if you will stop crying I'll take down poor Harry's kite, and show you how he used to fly it.'

'But mother don't like us to touch it.'

'No; but she will not mind when I tell her why I did it this once. Look at the pretty blue and red figures on it. Harry made it, and painted it all himself; and look at the long tail!'

'But how did he fly it? Can't you show me how poor Harry used to fly it?'

John mounted on a chest, and holding the kite at arm's length, began to wave it about, and make the tail shake, while John sat up, admiring.

'This was the way he used to hold it up.—Then he took the string that was fastened here—mother has got it in the chest—and he held the string in his hand, and when the wind came and sent the kite up, he let the string run through his hand, and up it went over the trees, up—and he ran along in the fields, and it flew along under the blue sky.'

John waved the kite more energetically as he described, and both the boys were so engrossed by it, that they did not observe that the mother, so longed for, had come in, and sunk down on a chair near the door, her face bent and nearly hidden by the rusty crape on her widow's bonnet, while the tears fell fast on her black gown.

'Oh, mother, mother,' cried John, who saw her first, 'come and take me—come and comfort me!'

The poor woman rose quickly, wiped her eyes, and hastened to her sick child, who was now nestled in her arms, and seemed there to have forgotten all his woes.

The kind, good-natured John had meanwhile hung up the kite in its place, and was looking rather anxiously at his mother, for he well understood the cause of the grief that had overcome her at the sight of his occupation when she came in; but she stroked his hair, looked kindly at him, bid him make the kettle boil, and get the things out of her basket. All that was wanted for their simple supper was in it, and it was not long before little John was again laid down after the refreshment of tea; then a mattress was put in a corner for John, who was soon asleep; and the mother, tired with her day's hard work, took her place in bed by the side of her child.

But the tears that had rolled fast down her cheeks as her lips moved in prayer before sleep came upon her, still made their way beneath the closed eyelids, and John awoke her by saying, as she stroked her face with his hot hand, 'Don't cry, mother; we won't touch it again.'

'It's not that, my child; no, no; it is the thought of my own Harry. I think I see his pleasant face, and his curly hair, and his merry eyes looking up after his kite.' It was not often she spoke out her griefs; but now, in the silent night, it seemed to comfort her.

'Tell me about him, mother, and about his going away. I like to hear you tell about him.'

'He worked with father, you know; and a clever workman he learned to be.'

'But he was much older than me. Shall I ever be a good workman, mother?'

The question made her heart ache with a fresh anguish, and she could not answer it; but answered his first words. 'Yes, he was much older. We laid three of our children in the grave between him and John. Harry was seventeen when his uncle took him to serve out his time in a merchant-ship. Uncle Ben, that was the ship's carpenter, it was that took him. The voyage was to last a year and a half, for they were to go to all manner of countries far, far away. One letter I had. It came on a sad day: the day after poor father died, John. And then I had to leave our cottage in our own village, and bring you two to London, to find work to keep you; but I have always taken care to leave word where I might be found, and have often gone after letters. Not one has ever come again; and it's six months past the time when they looked for the ship, and they don't know what to think. But I know what to think: the sea has rolled over my dear boy, and I shall never see him again—never, never in this weary world.'

'Don't cry so, mother dear: I'll try to go to sleep, and not make you talk.'

'Yes, try; and if you can only get better, that will comfort me most.'

Both closed their eyes, and sleep came upon them once more.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when the little boy awoke, and then he was alone; but to that he was accustomed. His mother was again gone to work, and John was out cleaning knives and shoes in the neighborhood. The table, with a small piece of bread and a cup of blue milk and water on it, stood beside him. He drank a little, but could not eat, and then lay down again with his eyes fixed on Harry's kite.

'Could he fly it, or rather could he see John fly it—really out of doors and in the air? That was of all things what he most longed to do. He wondered where the fields were, and if he could ever go there and see the kite fly under the blue sky. Then he wondered if John could fly it in the lane. He crept out of bed, and tottered to the window. The lane was very wet and slushy, and a nasty black gutter ran down it, and oozed out among the

broken stones. There had been a heavy thunder shower in the night; and as there was no foot pavement, and what stones there were were very uneven and scattered, the black pools lodged among them, and although it seemed impossible for a boy to fly a kite there—how could he run along holding the string?—he would tumble among the dirty pools. There were only four children to be seen in it now, out of all the number that lived in the houses, though it was a warm summer morning, and they were dabbled with mud, and their ragged clothes were all dragged.

'Mother would never let him and John do that.'

Still he stood, first examining the window, then looking at the kite; then, putting his hand out through the broken pane, pondered over a scheme that had entered his mind.

'John,' he cried, as the door opened, 'don't you think we could fly Harry's kite out of the broken pane?'

At first this idea seemed to John perfectly chimerical; but after some consultation and explanation a plan was devised between the two boys, to complete which they only waited for their mother's return. They expected her at one, for this was only a half day's work.

John was dressed when she returned, and his excitement made him appear better; but she saw with grief that he could not touch his dinner; and her anxiety about him made her less unwilling than she otherwise would have done, consent to the petition he made, that 'only this once she would let him and John fly the kite outside the window.'

She stifled her sigh as she sat down to needle-work, lest she should cast a gloom over the busy preparations that immediately commenced.

The difficulty had been how to get the kite out, because the window would not open. To surmount this, John was to go down to the lane, taking the kite with him, while John lowered the string through the broken pane.

'When you get hold of the string, you know, John, you can fasten it, and then stand on the large stone opposite, just by where that gentleman is, and hold up the kite, and then I'll pull.'

All was done accordingly. John did his part well. The kite rose to the window, and fluttered about, for the thunder had been followed by a high wind, which was felt a little even in this close place, and the boys gazed at it with great pleasure. As it danced loosely by the window in this manner, the tail became entangled, and John was obliged to run up to help to put it right.

'Let it down to me again when I have run up,' said he, as he tried to disentangle it; 'and I will stand on the stone, and hold it up, and you can pull it up again. There's the gentleman still, and now there's a young man, the gentleman has made him look up at the kite.'

'Come and look, mother,' said John; but she did not hear. 'The young man has such a brown face and such curly hair.'

'And he's like—mother, he is crossing over!' cried John. 'He has come into the house!'

The mother heard now. A wild hope rushed through her heart; she started up; a quick step was heard on the stairs; the door flew open; and the next moment she was clasped in her son's arms!

The joy nearly took away her senses. Broken words mingled with tears, thanksgivings, blessings, were all that were uttered for some time between them. Harry had John on his knee, and John pressed close to his side, and looking up in her face, when at last they began to believe and understand that they once more saw each other. Then he had to explain how the ship had been disabled by a storm in the South Seas; and how they got her into one of the beautiful islands there, and refitted her, and after six months' delay, brought her back safe and sound, cargo and all; and how he and Uncle Ben were both strong and hearty.

'How well you look, my dear boy!' said the happy mother. 'How tall, and stout, and handsome you are!'

'And he's got his curly hair and bright eyes still,' said poor little John, speaking for the first time.

'But you, mother, and all of you, how pale you are, and how thin! I know—yes, don't say it—I know your gone. I went home last night, mother. I walked all the way to the village, and found the poor cottage empty, and heard how he died.'

'Home! You went there!'

'Yes, and the neighbors told me you were gone to London. But I slept all night in the kitchen on some straw. There I lay, and tho't of you, and of him that we have lost, and prayed that I might be a comfort to you yet.'

Joy and sorrow seemed struggling for the mastery in the widow's heart; but the present happiness proved the stronger, and she was soon smiling and listening to Harry.

'I had a hard matter to find you,' he said. 'You had left the lodgings they directed me to at first.'

'But I left word where I had come to.'

'Ay, so you had; and an old woman there told me you were at No. 10, Paradise Row.'

'What could she be thinking of?'

'No one had heard of you there. However, as I was going back along to get better information, keeping a sharp lookout in hopes I might meet you, I passed the end of this lane, and saw it was called Eden Lane, so I thought perhaps the old lady had fancied Paradise and Eden were all the same; and sure enough they are both as like one as the other, for they are wretched miserable places as ever I saw.'

I turned in here, and then No. 10 proved wrong too; and as I was standing looking about, and wondering what I had better do next, a gentleman touched my arm, and pointing first at the black pools in the broken pavement, and then up to this window, he said—I remember his very words, they struck me so—'Do not the very stones rise up in judgment against us! Look at those poor little fellows trying to fly their kite out of a broken window!'

Hearing him say so, I looked up, and saw my old kite—by it I found you at last.'

They all turned gratefully towards it, and saw that it still swung outside, held safely there by its entangled tail. The talk, therefore, went on, uninterrupted. Many questions were asked and answered, and many subjects discussed; the sad state of poor little John being the most pressing. At the end of an hour great bustle was going on in the little room: they were packing up all their small stock of goods, for Harry had succeeded, after some argument, in persuading his mother to leave her unhealthily lodging that very even-

ing, and not to risk even one more night for poor John in that poisonous air. He smoothed every difficulty. Mrs. Willis gladly undertook to do the work she had engaged to do; and with her he deposited money for the rent of the room, and the key. He declared he had another place ready to take his mother to, and to her anxious look he replied, 'I did good service in the ship, and the owners have been generous to us all. I've got forty pounds.'

Forty pounds! If he had said, 'I have got possession of a gold district in California,' he would not have created a greater sensation.—It seemed an inexhaustible amount of wealth.

A light cart was soon hired and packed, and easily held not only the goods, (not forgetting the kite) but the living possessors of them; and they set forth on their way.

The evening sun again beamed over the country; and the tall trees, as they threw their shadows across the grass, waved a blessing on the family beneath, from whose hearts a silent thanksgiving went up that harmonised with the joyous hymns of the birds. The sunburnt traveler, as he walked at the horse's head, holding his elder brother's hand, no longer looked anxiously onward, for he knew where he was going, and saw by him, his younger brother already beginning to revive in the fresh air, and rejoiced in his mother's expression of content and happiness. She had divined for some time to what home she was going.

'But how did you contrive to get it fixed so quickly, my kind, good boy?' said she.

'I went to the landlord, and he agreed at once; and do not be afraid, I can earn plenty for us all.'

'But must you go to sea again?'

'If I must, do not fear. Did you not always teach me that His hand would keep me, and hold me, even in the uttermost parts of the sea?'

And she felt that there was no room for fear.

A week after this time, the evening sun again lighted up a happy party. Harry and John were busy in preparing the kite for flying in a green field behind their cottage. Under the hedge, on an old tree trunk, sat the mother, no longer in faded black and rusty crape, but neatly dressed in a fresh, clean gown and cap, and with a face bright with hope and pleasure. By her was John, with cheeks already filling out, a tinge of color in them, and eyes full of delight. On her other side was little Harry Willis. She had just arrived, and was telling how, the very day after they left, some workmen came and laid down a nice pavement on both sides of the lane, and laid a pipe underground instead of the gutter; and that now it was as dry and clean as could be; and all the children could play there, and there were such numbers of games going on; that they all said it was the best thing they had done for many a day; and so did their mothers too, for now the children were not all crowded into dirty rooms all day long, but could play out of doors.

'Depend upon it,' said Harry, 'it is all that gentleman's doing that spoke to me of it the day I came first. This good old kite has done good service, and it shall be rewarded by sailing up to a splendid height.'

As he spoke, he held it up, a light breeze caught it, and it soared away over their heads under the blue sky; while the happy faces that watched it bore witness to the truth of his words—that 'the good old kite' had done good service.

The Humorous Effects of Cherry Brandy.

The Lord of Bonniemoun was very fond of his bottle. On one occasion he was asked to dine with Lord B—, a neighbor of his; and his Lordship being well acquainted with the Laird's dislike to small drinks, ordered a bottle of cherry brandy to be set before him after dinner, in place of port, which he always drank in preference to claret, when nothing better was to be got. The Laird thought this fine heartsome stuff, and on he went filling his glass like the rest, and telling his jokes, and ever the more he praised his Lordship's port. 'It was a fine full-bodied wine, and lay well on the stomach, not like that poisonous claret, that made a body feel as if he had swallowed a nest of puddocks.' The Laird had finished one bottle of cherry brandy, or as his Lordship called it, his 'particular port,' and had just tossed off a glass of the second bottle, which he thought to do even better than the first, when his own confidential servant, Watty, came staving into the room, and making his best bow, announced that his Laird's horse was at the door.

'Get out of that, ye fause loon,' cried the Laird, pulling off his wig and flinging it at Watty's head; 'do ye see, ye blithering brute, that I'm just beginning my second bottle?'

'But, master, says Watty, scratching his head, 'it's amairt twal o'clock.'

'Well, what though it be?' said the Laird, turning up his glass with drunken gravity, while the rest of the company were like to split their sides laughing at him and Watty. 'It canna be any later, my man, so reach me my wig and let the naig bide a wee.'

It was a cold frosty night, and Watty soon tired of kicking his heels at the door; so in a little while back he comes, and says he, 'Maister, maister it's amairt one o'clock!'

'Well, Watty,' says the Laird, with a hiccup—for he was far gone by this time—it will never be any earlier, Watty, my man, and that is a comfort, so you may just rest yourself a wee little longer till I finish my bottle. A full belly makes a stiff back, you know, Watty.'

Watty was by this time dancing mad, so after waiting another half hour, back he comes and says he—

'Laird, Laird, as true as death the sun's rising.'

'Well, Watty,' says the Laird, looking awful wise and trying with both hands to fill the glass, 'let him rise, he has further to gang the day than you or me, Watty.'

This answer fairly dumfounded poor Watty, and he gave it up in despair. But at last the bottle was finished; the Laird was lifted into the saddle, and off he rode in high glee, thinking all the time the moon was the sun, and that he had fine day light for his journey home.

Hech, Watty, my man,' said the Laird patting his stomach and speaking awful thick, 'we were none the worse for that second bottle, this frosty morning.'

'Faith,' says Watty, blowing his fingers and looking as blue as a bilberry, 'you honor is, may be, name the worse for it, but I am name the better; I wish I was.'

Well, on they rode, the Laird gripping hard at the horse's mane and rolling about like a sack of meal; for the cold air was beginning

to make the spirit tell on him. At last they came to a bit of a brook that crossed the road, and the Laird's horse being pretty well used to having his own way, stopped short and put down his head to take a drink. This had the effect to make the Laird lose his balance, and away he went, over the horse's ears, into the middle of the brook. The Laird, honest man, had just sense enough to hear the splash and to know that something was wrong; but he was so drunk that he did not in the least suspect it was himself.

'Watty,' says he, 'there is surely something tumbled in the brook.'

'Faith, you may say that,' replied Watty, ready to tumble off his horse with laughter, 'for it's just yourself, Laird!'

'Hout fie, no Watty,' cried the Laird, 'it surely canna be me.'

'Surely master, it is yourself!'

'It canna be me, Watty—for I'm here!'

### A Dog in Particular.

Most children are fond of dogs, and well they may be, for the dog has always been the faithful friend of children.

I have thought your young readers, and perhaps some of the older ones, might be as much interested as I in a certain knowing dog who lived in this city, [Norwich, Conn.] He is a fine St. Bernard, and his name is Major. I was led to seek his acquaintance by seeing him frequently pass in the street with a basket and various other articles in his mouth, making his way to his master's house about two miles from town. At such times he is a pattern for all little boys and girls who may have been sent on errands; for although a very good natured, obliging dog, he resists all invitations both from other dogs and children to play by the way.—If you ask him to 'stop just a minute,' he does nothing more than turn his head and look in your face with a very sober countenance, and trots straight on, as if he would say, 'mind your own business, and I'll mind mine.'

The owner of this dog told me the other day that one morning while at work in his garden, wishing for his hoe, he called to his little boy and said, 'Henry, bring me the hoe.' Major, who was present, immediately started off and shortly came back with the hoe in his mouth. Now this is rather a tough story, you will say, but it is true, nevertheless, and may be explained in the following manner.

Dogs have sharp ears and good memories. Now Mr. P. was in the habit of working in his garden, and often called to Henry to bring him the hoe. Major being present, hearing the words and seeing Henry always bring the hoe, learned to associate these sounds and that implement together, just as a child does when first learning the names of objects. Why should not the dog learn the word hoe as well as his own name, Major?

One would think this animal had as much care for his master's health as a dutiful wife; for if he steps into the street without his hat, Major is sure to follow him with it, if within his reach.

One more instance of his sagacity I will relate, to show that his sagacity may be turned to good account. One summer afternoon Mr. P. with his children and the dog took a ramble in the woods. Little Florence carried in her hand a whalebone cane to which she was much attached, and by means of which Major would sometimes, in his playfulness, pull her up the hills. After a walk of several hours, just at dark, they reached home, and then for the first time Florence missed her cane. The gentleman called Major, laid his hand upon his own cane and then upon the little girl, and sent him off. In a short time back came the faithful dog with the cane.

These facts may suggest to the children who may read them, that if the dog is so intelligent, he is worthy at all times of kind, I had almost said, of respectful treatment. To the owners of dogs may it suggest that the animal is sufficiently intelligent to be taught good manners. When I go to a house and am met without by a surly, barking dog, I cannot feel quite sure of a cordial welcome within. The old saying, 'Love me, love my dog,' may be taken in more senses than one. The dog is not beyond the example of those who ought to be his betters, and to some extent may be known by the company he keeps.—[Correspondent Congregational Journal.]

### Horse Jockeys.

If any of our unsophisticated readers have ever had anything to do with a genuine, unmitigated, bona-fide horse jockey, they will possibly be able to sympathize with a certain Frenchman, a passage of whose history has recently come to our knowledge.

The emigrant in question, having adopted this country as his residence, wanted to procure for himself an animal, the use of whose legs should serve instead of his own, in the various peregrinations he designed making in the prosecution of his search after knowledge.—Being little acquainted either with horse-jockeys or horse-flesh, he was gravely taken in by a cheat in the purchase of a steed. He gave him a hundred dollars for a miserable jade of an old mare, that had been fattened up to sell, and turned out to be ring-boned, spavined, blind and wind-broken. The Frenchman, on discovering that he had been cheated, went to request the jockey to take back the animal and refund the money.

'Sare,' said he, 'I ave fetch back the mare-horse vat you sell me, and I vant de money in my pocket back.'

'Your pocket back!' returned the jockey, feigning surprise, 'I don't understand you.'

'You not stand under me!' exclaimed the Frenchman, beginning to gesticulate furiously; 'you not stand under me! Sare, by gar, you be one grand rascal—you lie like Sam—like Sam—vat you call de little mountain? eh!'

'Sam Hill, I suppose you mean.'

'Oui, Monsieur—Sam de Hill—yes, sare, you lie like two Sam Hill. You sell me one mare-horse for one hundred dollar—he no vort one hundred cent, by gar.'

'What's the matter with the beast?'

'Maitair! Sare! Maitair, did you say? Vy he is all maitair—he no go at all—he got no leg—no feet, no vind—he blind like one stone vid dat eye—he go velleeze-o velleeze-o like one forge-hammer-bellows—he no go over at all de ground—he no travells two mile in tree day. Oui, sare, he is one grand sheat.—You must take him, and fund de money back.'

'Refund the money! Oh, I couldn't think of such a thing.'

'Vat! You no fund him back de money? you sheaty me vid one hundred dollar horse, dat no can go at all!'

'I never promised you that he would go.'

'



## MISCELLANY.

## PROBLEM.

A landed man two daughters had,  
And both were very fair;  
A piece of land he gave to each  
A circle and a square;  
At forty dollars to the acre,  
The land its value had,  
The dollars that encompassed each,  
Exactly for it paid.  
If across a dollar be an inch,  
And it is very near,  
Which one the better bargain had,  
The circle or the square?  
The elder says she'll give her hand  
To him who can declare  
The difference of their fortunes,  
And likewise each one's share.

Portland Transcript.

## The Door Latch.

'Go back and shut the door!' roared I in a voice of thunder.  
'How can you,' said Julia, with a supplicating glance, 'speak so very loud, when I have just told you my head is bursting with pain.'  
'Because,' I replied, 'I can bear it no longer. It is now ten years since we moved into this room, and ten times every day have I been compelled to get up and shut the door after one and another. I have talked—and talked—but it is of no use; the door still stands wide open, and I cannot bear it!—no, and I won't bear it any longer—I'll sell the house sooner than endure it another week.'

Her tiny white hand was pressed against her throbbing forehead, as I finished the sentence with a glance at her of undissembled sternness, and the look of patient suffering and imploring submission with which she returned my angry frown—it cut me to the heart! I could read my own death warrant at this very moment with less pain than I felt at that moment, as she raised her blue eyes glistening with suppressed tears, and with all the innocence and affection of an expiring saint, begged me in silent eloquence of nature to spare whom I had promised to cherish and love.

'I have never seen you troubled,' said she, (uncomplaining spirit!) there was no emphasis—'no! not the least, on the word troubled!' 'I have never seen you troubled at any thing except that door—and gladly would I remedy it, but you know I cannot. Were a very little filed from the inside of the catch it would shut without difficulty. I should never think of it,' said she, after a pause, 'on my own account, but it causes you so much vexation.'

It was true as she had said, that I felt more anger in consequence of that unfortunate door than all the other untoward events which I had experienced from the time of my marriage. A heavy loss—a sore disappointment—a severe calamity, I could endure with composure. The trial required a philosophy for its support, and the exercise of philosophy was a gratification to me. But a door latch! What occasion could that give for philosophy? None, and therefore I felt it galled me to the quick! It was, as I observed, so easy to shut it, with a little care—such a little thing, if only attended to. 'True,' whispered Philosophy in my ear, 'such a little thing to get angry about! Such a little thing to make you miserable for an hour every day! For shame, Mr. Plowman!' To tell the truth I began to feel a little ashamed when I recollected how much unhappiness it had caused not only myself—but through me my dearer wife.

'I declare, my dear,' said I, 'if that door latch had only been filed ten years ago, it would have saved each of us one year of pain before this time!'

Thomas had brought a file before my speech was finished, and in a few moments the door shut as easily and firmly as ever a door did.—I swung it a few times on the hinges with an air of triumph, and I verily believe that the work of that single moment conferred more happiness on Julia, as well as myself, than all his blood-bought triumphs ever yielded to the conqueror.

'The root of bitterness,' said I, 'is removed at last, and I can only wonder at my stupidity in not thinking of the simple remedy before—but heaven forgive me! I had entirely forgotten your headache; the sound of that file must have been a torture to you.'

She smiled sweetly as she leaned her head on my shoulder, declaring it was quite cured, since the door shut so easily. Uncomplaining, devoted, self-sacrificing treasure of my heart! How could I do less than clasp her to my bosom and swear to cherish her with ten-fold care, and pray—while I kissed away the tear from her eye—that my own cruel thoughtfulness might never fill its place with another.

Such pleasure was too rare and valuable to be interrupted at the moment of its birth—so I took my arm chair from the corner, and sitting down by the side of Julia, who, while she held my hand, looked in my face, with very much of that expression of innocent delight, which rarely survives childhood. I pursued my cogitations somewhat in the following order:

'Life is made up of moments. Our happiness or unhappiness during any of these moments depends almost invariably upon the merest trifles. If these momentary trifles are in the scale of happiness, life is happy. Take care then of trifles, and great events will take care of themselves. (Somewhere about here I began to think aloud.) I lost my grandfather—an amiable, excellent, and most affectionate grandfather—and my grief was very great.—Nevertheless, I do believe—that if the hard bottomed chair (N. B. It was white oak) in which I sat for the last night—yes! nine years—if this chair had but been well covered with a good, soft sheep skin—that sheep skin, purchased at the cost of a ninny, would have saved me from a greater grief than the death of a grandfather.'

'It is a mortifying reflection,' said Julia, interrupting my soliloquy, 'and one which at first thought would seem to speak little for your heart; yet a true one perhaps; yet not more true with you than many others.'

'And still,' said I, 'I am without the sheep skin. Why? Because the pain endured in a single moment is so trifling, that if we do not take the trouble to add all the moments together and look at the pain in the aggregate, one would hardly turn his hand upside down to be freed from it.'

'But why not purchase the sheep skin, now that you have added the moments together?' asked she.

'After all my reflection, I should never have thought of that but for you. But a sheep skin! It will never do! A green velvet cushion may answer instead; and as the old one in your rocking-chair seems to be somewhat worn, I must even buy you another.'

'Oh! green velvet by all means!' said she. 'It will correspond so well with the carpet and new hearth rug which you promised me a month since. That was to have green for its border, you know.'

I could not withstand the hint, and brought in the rug with the cushions that evening; and to one who has ever seen my wife, I need not say that the smile that lit up her face and beamed from her eye, was worth the price of a thousand.

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—My Dear Friends:—There are three things which I very much wonder at. The first thing is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up

stones, brickbats and clods into fruit-trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should go to war and kill one another; if they would let one another alone, they would die themselves. And the third and last thing which I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after young women, for if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them.

## An Appalling Tragedy.

Suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of an angry, blood-thirsty lion burst upon my ear within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated.—We heard John and Ruyter shriek, 'the lion! the lion!' still, for a few moments we thought he was but chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but next instant, John Stoflus rushed into the midst of us, almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from his sockets, and shrieked out, 'the lion! the lion! He has got Hendrick—he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead. O, God! Hendrick is dead. Let us take fire and seek him!'

The rest of my people rushed about, shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them that if they did not stand still and keep quiet the lion would have another of us; and that very likely there was a troop of them.—I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be made loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendrick's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendrick was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not now help him, and, hunting my dogs forward, I had everything brought within the cattle-kraal, when we lighted our fire and closed the entrance as well as we could. My terrified people sat around the fire with guns in their hands till the day broke, still fancying that every moment the lion would return, and spring again into the midst of us.

When the dogs were first let go, the stupid brutes, as dogs often prove when most required, instead of going at the lion, rushed fiercely on one another, and fought desperately for some minutes. After this they got the wind, and, going at him, disclosed to us his position; they kept up a continual barking until the day dawned, the lion occasionally springing after them and driving them in upon the kraal. The horrible monster lay all night within forty yards of us, consuming the wretched man whom he had chosen for his prey; he dragged him into a little hollow at the back of the thick bush, behind the fire was kindled, and there he remained till the day dawned, careless of our proximity.

It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendrick rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely lain down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under one blanket,) with his appalling, murderous roar, and roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck, having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backwards round the bush into the dense shade. As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man, he faintly cried: 'Help me! help me! O, God! men, help me!' After which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and then all was still, except that his companions heard the bones of his neck crashing between the teeth of the lion. John Stoflus had lain with his back to the fire on the opposite side, and on hearing the lion he sprang up, and seizing a large flaming brand, he had belabored him on the head with the burning wood; but the brute did not take any notice of him. The bushman had a narrow escape; he was not altogether scatheless, the lion having inflicted two gashes on his seat with his claws.—[Five Years Adventures in South Africa.]

## Curiosities of Science.

An interesting paper might be written by a competent hand, respecting what we may call the 'Curiosities of Science.' There are hundreds of facts, familiar to the explorer of nature, which would startle the ordinary reader from their apparent antagonism to other facts. Thus, if a blackened card is placed upon snow or ice, in sunshine, the frozen mass underneath will gradually melt, while that by which it is surrounded is little disturbed. If, however, the sun's rays, instead of falling directly on the card and snow, are reflected from a metal surface, an exactly opposite result occurs; the exposed parts are the first to melt, and the blackened card remains standing high above the surrounding portion.

Another curious fact; if bars of copper, zinc, or brass, are heated and placed so as to cool on blocks of lead, tin, or pewter, the bars are thrown into a state of vibration, and produce sounds similar to those of an Eolian harp. A blacksmith will tell you that he can dress a heat out of a piece of iron by simply heating it with a hammer, until at last he will render it red hot, and be able to light a match at it; but he will add, that the same piece cannot be made red hot again by hammering until it has been made red hot in fire, and brought back to its original expanded condition. The same principle which is at the bottom of this curious fact enables fire to be obtained by the friction of two pieces of wood.

Even the unscientific readers are familiar with the fact that ice can be formed, on the hottest summer day, by chemical means; but few are aware that water can be frozen in a vessel which is at a red heat. Yet this astonishing experiment has been frequently performed. If a deep platinum saucer is heated red-hot and then water and liquid sulphurous acid, which has been preserved in the liquid state by a freezing mixture, is poured into the vessel, the rapid evaporation of the volatile acid which enters into ebullition at the freezing point, produces such an intense cold, that ice is immediately formed, and being thrown out, can be used for cooling water.

The experiments of jugglers have proved to all, that under certain conditions, the hand can be immersed with impunity in melted metal. Little more is required than to rub the hands with soap, so as to give them a smooth polished appearance, then to plunge them into a cold solution of water and sal-ammoniac, and afterwards to put them into melted iron, lead, bronze, or other metals, and move them rapidly about, though not too rapidly. When the hand is plunged into melted metal the skin does not come in contact with the metal, and therefore the heat incident upon the skin can only arise from that which is radiated from the metal.—The moisture of the skin passes into the spheroidal state, and reflects the radiating calorific heat, so that the heat is never at the boiling point.

PRESERVATION OF THE PUMPKIN. Preservation of pumpkins through the greater part of the winter, if sound and well ripened, is easily attained, by storing them in a mow of dry hay or straw, or placing on a barn floor and covering with any light forage. A dry cellar will frequently keep them sound, but these are usually too moist for this purpose.—They ought to be looked after occasionally, and

any showing signs of incipient decay, should be immediately used. All the partially ripe, small, and imperfect, should be fed soon after taken from the field.

## Valuable Properties of Tan.

I propose to write an article on what is usually called *tan*, and I shall speak of its valuable properties when used for horticultural purposes. And first, let me say, what I shall write upon the subject will relate wholly to the spent bark of the hemlock, spruce, and not to any species of the oak. A great deal is said at the present time, in our horticultural journals, in regard to the properties of *tan*, without informing us to which of the kinds they refer.

It should be known, that *tan* from the bark of the oak possesses entirely different properties from that obtained from the hemlock.—The former, when suffered to remain in a heap, quickly engenders heat, and is comparatively easily decomposed; while, on the contrary, the latter is very slow in decomposition, and will usually engender but a very little, if any heat, and is generally known to possess the property of preserving ice, when placed around it. The gallic acid, or tanning principle, is not so great in the bark of the oak, and is given out more readily and entirely than it is from the bark of the hemlock; for in the latter kind of bark, in consequence of the resin it contains in its rosin or epidermis, it retains a portion of its astringency after it has been for a long time steeped in a vat, more especially that portion lying immediately over the liber.

It is probable for this reason that fresh hemlock *tan* applied to a tree or plant, by placing it near its roots, injures it, and stops its growth, and it is from the same cause that the growth of grass around trees is prevented. We have seen a hyacinth, grown upon water in a glass, soon checked in its growth by placing a small piece of hemlock bark in the water—the plant feeling the bad effects of its astringency by the contraction of its roots. Hence it is obvious that *tan* fresh from the vat should not be placed near the roots of trees or plants. Now, this astringency, gallic acid, or tanning principle, is nearly lost or destroyed in a few months, and it can then be safely used for horticultural purposes; but, as a general rule, the more decomposed or rotten it is, the better. It decomposes more rapidly when mixed with earth or other substances, more particularly lime.—Its properties, when rotten, are the same, I should think, as decayed wood, or chips; and in this state, when placed around trees, is very serviceable, by rendering the earth more light and moist, in which the roots delight to grow and creep.

We have found gardens with a heavy soil, much improved by plowing in old *tan*, thereby rendering it more light. *Tan* forms a good material for walks and paths in a garden, they being easily made and kept in repair, pleasant to walk upon; and it has this advantage over gravel—should it ever become necessary to make an alteration in them, it could without injury be plowed into the soil of the ground.—We have found it particularly serviceable when placed around strawberry plants in autumn, as it protects the roots from the frosts of winter, and in summer answers the purpose of mulching, by keeping the ground moist and the fruit clean, and in its decay forms a light mould, in which its roots love to penetrate and fatten.

We need no stronger proof of the fondness of plants or trees for old hemlock *tan* in a state of decay, than from the fact that if when shooting forth their roots, they enter a *tan* walk or path, they will traverse it lengthwise, creeping in at a great distance, without leaving it for the rich soil around it.—[N. E. Farmer.]

## A Fly Leaf.

Yesterday afternoon, we were walking along Wabash Avenue, as even editors have a right to do, sometimes, when a withered leaf, the first little billet sent to her particular friend, Mother Earth, intimating that Autumn was 'at home,' and all that, came fluttering down upon the sidewalk before us. There was a sound in it as it fell, something like a hard breath, and something like the rustling of a mourning weed, and there it lay dead and dumb. It looked as if it had been dipped in an old sunset, so old that it had grown old and dun; and we couldn't well help thinking what sweet music there had been in it when the breeze went by, and what a fly leaf it was in God's great summer annual—how it had trembled, a little silken bud, in moonlight and mornings—how, finally, it had laid its heaven-cut scallop so gracefully upon the bosom of the air, and anchored by a little fibre of life, had rocked and swung, like a fairy barque or banner. Then, when the blast puffed merrily, how its little shadow danced and capered upon the turf beneath—and how the wee ones vainly tried to hold it still, as it quivered upon the grass, and wondered they couldn't catch it, and where it went to nights and Sundays, and never thought to look at the only real there was about it, up there upon the bended bough. The shadow has gone, and the leaf lies here, here and yellow, waiting for the gusty giants to weave it into a shroud for the great globe; for such is its melancholy office.—[Chicago Jour.]

A WISE JUDGE. A certain merchant left in his testament seventeen horses to be divided among his three sons, according to the following proposition:—The first was to receive half, the second one third, and the third a ninth part of the whole. But, when they came to arrange about the division, it was found that, to comply with the terms of the will, without sacrificing one or more of the animals, was impossible. Puzzled in the extreme, they repaired to the Cadi, who, having read the will, declared that such a difficult question required time for deliberation, and commanded them to return after two days. When they again made their appearance before the judge said, 'I have carefully considered your case, and I find that I can make such a division of the seventeen horses among you as will give each more than his strict share, and yet not one of the animals shall be injured. Are you content?' 'We are, O judge,' was the reply. 'Bring forth the horses and let them be placed in the Court,' said the Cadi. The animals were brought, and the judge ordered his groom to place his own steed among them. He bade the oldest brother count the horses. 'They are eighteen in number, O judge,' he said. 'I will now make the division,' observed the Cadi. 'You, the eldest brother, are entitled to one half; take then nine of the horses. You, the second son, are to receive one third; take, therefore, six; while to you, the youngest, belongs the ninth part, namely, two. Thus, the seventeen horses are divided among you; you have each more than your share, and I may now take my own steed back again.' 'Mashallah!' exclaimed the brothers, with delight. 'O Cadi, your wisdom equals that of our Lord, Sulaiman Ibn Daoud.'—[Notes from Nineveh.]

Speaking of dogs, reminds me of a capital joke that occurred here and one, too, of the coolest sort. S., a well-known sporting man, one who kept fast crabs, and boasted on his shooting powers, had several very fine dogs, of which he was particularly fond, and allowed the largest liberty. Seated one day in one of the principal hotels, his dogs wandered around,

and at length began to make very familiar with a portly old gentleman, who was busily engaged in reading. A moment passed, and the cane of corpulent one was applied, with no light hand, to the back of the canine. A tremendous yell called S. to his feet, with words the entire reverse of soft upon his tongue.

'Who struck my dog?'  
'I did, sir.'  
'You did?'  
'Yes, sir, I did.'  
'What the d—! did you strike him for?'  
'Because he's mad.'  
'Mad? He's no more mad than I am!'  
'Aint mad? Well, by the Lord, I would be if any one was to strike me so!'

The explosion that followed this icy reply, cannot well be described, and S., dog and all, soon vanished; but which was the maddest of the two, it would be easy to describe.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....OCT. 24, 1850.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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## Kendall's Mills.

We believe that few of our readers, even in Waterville, are aware of the substantial progress made and making at the village of Kendall's Mills, Fairfield. By the opening of the railroad its resources are rendered more directly available, and its local advantages are beginning to be appreciated. Such water power is rarely found, even in this section, where superior water privileges are so abundant.—The Bridge across the Kennebec has opened a communication with a section of country on the other side that promises great advantage to the place; and the fact is beginning to be understood, that a good, if not the best thoroughfare from Augusta to Bangor, is by way of Kendall's Mills. The railroad line of stages between Waterville and Bangor goes that way.

Thirteen saw mills were in full operation when we looked about the village a few weeks ago, and four more were rapidly approaching completion, at the old "Bodfish Mills," half a mile below the bridge. A grist mill, four lath mills, a shingle mill, a fence machine, two clap-board mills and a pail factory, also contribute to the prosperity that marks this pretty village.

Some 10 or 12 hands are employed in the pail factory, probably turning out from six to eight thousand pails annually. Those who saw the samples exhibited at the Fair will not doubt the success of the enterprise—their pails being fully equal to any made in N. England. Two public houses, three or four stores, mechanic shops, &c., with an enterprising and busy population of 600 inhabitants, all contribute in promising well for the future growth of the place. How much more freight goes over the railroad from Kendall's Mills than from this village, we leave others to tell; venturing to assert, however, that if it is more than double, that village profits more by the railroad than this. Those who would satisfy themselves on this point, should count the loaded teams that daily pass between the two places. We know of no place in the vicinity where real estate investments promise greater safety than at Kendall's Mills.

"TRUTH SPRANGER THAN FICTION."—A narrative of recent transactions, involving inquiries in regard to the principles of Honor, Truth, and Justice, which obtain in a distinguished American University, by Catharine E. Beecher. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1850.

This work must excite no small degree of curiosity, especially among those who are as ignorant as we are of the particular individuals and the identical "American University" the writer so severely castigates. It is chiefly designed, she says, for clergymen and the religious press; and as it will of course fall into their hands, we may hope to learn more in regard to who and what is meant.

It appears in brief, that a gentleman of wealth, and of high social, literary and religious position—a clergyman, and connected with "a distinguished American University"—had been guilty of a gross and unmanly calumny towards a lady of equally high position, who had honored him with her acquaintance; and upon the pretermit of charges, in ecclesiastical form, by a brother of the abused lady, the council most unjustly and unwisely used their power to shield the rascal from conviction before the public, and retain him in the ministry. Miss Beecher, as the friend of the injured lady, assumes the lawyer and gives her plea to the public. Most ably does she acquit herself; rebuking those who sought to shield the guilty, unmasking the clerical hypocrite before the public, and restoring, in the mind of every candid reader, the character of her friend, without spot or blemish. We can only regret, after reading the book, that the writer has not given the names of persons and places, that an indignant public and an abused church may know where to apply the lash.

When will good men and zealous Christians learn the folly of shielding, or trying to shield, from the public eye, crimes committed under the cloak of religion! How little would the Episcopal church have suffered by the fall of Onderdonk had she frankly and honestly left him to the contempt he merited! Now the disgrace that was due only to him, rests like an incubus upon the entire church. What religious denomination has not suffered in its character by this mistaken course—a course that strikes at the root of all confidence in the purity of the clerical character. The combined efforts of all the Christian churches in the world would not sustain one Onderdonk, or Van Zandt, or Potter; and how much better, then, that they should be allowed to fall alone.

than be permitted to drag down to disgrace all those who, through mistaken zeal for the cause, endeavor to hold them up! The church is getting wisdom on this point,—and the world, too, is growing wise in the same direction.—When they fully understand each other, and sin, whether in high or low places, has to stand "upon its own bottom," the world will be in the high way to reform.

## Dedication.

"Somerset Division," Sons of Temperance, at Kendall's Mills, is understood in the Order to be among the most efficient Divisions in Maine. It numbers but few members, compared with many neighboring Divisions, but their efficiency in the cause of temperance has rendered that village more free from the abuses of rum, notwithstanding its extensive lumber mills, than any other village on the river.—Their new Hall was publicly dedicated on Tuesday evening, after the regular form of the Order; to which the ladies of the village appended a collation, in most beautiful taste, that contributed its full share to a very agreeable evening entertainment. Several temperance men, out of the Order, favored the company with interesting remarks, all tending to exhibit the good feeling and unanimity of purpose prevailing among the friends of temperance, however various their positions in the cause. Temperance and prosperity go together, and where the former characterizes a village or community, the latter is always seen to keep pace with it. This is peculiarly the case at Kendall's Mills—and by common consent, the healthy moral and social influence of the ladies of the village has contributed its full share to this state of things.

HOW TO WEAR A SHAWL.—Listen, ladies, to the oracular teachings of the *Quarterly Review* on this important subject, and govern yourselves accordingly.

If a lady sports a shawl at all, and only very falling shoulders should venture, we should recommend it to be always either falling off or putting on, which produces pretty action. Or she should wear it up one shoulder, and down the other, or in some way drawn irregularly, so as to break the uniformity. One of the faults of the present costume, as every real artist knows, is, that it offers too few diagonal lines. Nothing is more picturesque than a line across the bust, like the broad ribbon of the garter across our graceful queen, or the loose girdle, sloping across the hips, in the costume of the early Plantagenets. On this very account, the long scarf-awl is as picturesque a thing as a lady can wear. With the broad pattern sweeping over one shoulder, and a narrow one, or none at all on the other, it supplies the eye with that irregularity which drapery requires; while the slanting form and colors of the border, lying carelessly round the figure, give that eastern idea which every shawl more or less imparts. What oriental would ever wear one straight up and down, and uniform on both sides, as our ladies often do?

YOUNG MEN! bear in mind the lecture, by Mr. Weston, at the Town Hall on Sabbath evening. Those who heard the lecture, last Sabbath, thought it so well calculated to be useful, that they prevailed on Mr. W. to repeat it, under circumstances that will bring it before a larger number of those for whom it is more particularly designed. We doubt not that the occasion will bring together a large audience.

Minutes of the Kennebec Baptist Association are ready for delivery at this office.

ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE.—Hotchkiss & Co., State St., Boston, general agents for the work, have sent us the 7th number.—Although the embellishments in this work are very fine, yet they are never introduced merely for show, but as valuable helps to the Biblical student. It can be had at Mathews's.

## Gas from Water.

This great desideratum has been found at last, though the means by which the gas is obtained from the water is more expensive than the method which Mr. Paine was supposed to have discovered. The proprietors of the Astor House have been using this gas for the last two months. The light, they inform us, is much superior to that obtained from the common gas, with which the whole city is supplied, while the expense is less than one half. The apparatus, which is set up in a small building at the rear of the hotel, is very simple in its construction, requiring only the attendance of two men, who, in seven hours, can turn off sufficient gas for twenty-four hours consumption. The following is, as near as we could ascertain, the process by which the gas is produced:

The water used in its manufacture is discharged from a can, in limited quantities, into a pipe passing through the retort. This retort is kept constantly supplied with iron and charcoal, the intense heat from which converts the water, in its passage through the pipe, into steam. The steam thus formed is amalgamated with liquid rosin, of which there is always a large supply kept in a boiler placed immediately over the retort, so that the gas is obtained simply from the combination of steam generated in the manner described, and the liquid rosin. The volatile oil produced during the manufacturing process is discharged through a separate pipe into receiving vessels. This oil is disposed of at half a dollar per barrel. The expense of the charcoal and iron consumed is very slight, and the amount of rosin required is about a barrel and a half.

The apparatus was put up by the Union Gas Light Company, which has its head quarters in Jersey City. The stock of this company has been taken up and the present capital is about \$500,000. The President is Mr. George N. Danforth, and the Secretary, Mr. Giddings. The whole of Jersey City, it appears, is to be lighted up with this gas, and the company has already entered into contracts for lighting several hotels in the different cities of the Union.

[N. Y. Eve. Post.]

'What is your age, miss?' inquired a gallant marshal of a young lady about sixty, in the district the other day. 'What's that to you, Mr. Impertinence?' said the fair one, drawing up and exhibiting a formidable *chevaux de frise* of broken teeth. 'It is a very unpleasant question, but it must be asked. What age shall I place you at?'—twenty I should think. 'Yes,' said the old girl, completely mollified, 'I think I was twenty last spring'—and the gratified damsel invited our friend to take a glass of wine and call again before he left town.

## All for Love.

Yesterday morning a suspicious looking package was received at the Post Office in this city, post-marked 'St. Louis—20c. paid—Charles Baker, care of M. Wickersham.' This Baker, to whom the package was addressed, was arrested, a month or two since on the mail route between this place and St. Louis, after being detected in the act of taking one of the mail bags. He was brought to this city, examined, and committed to jail. A few days after this, some discoveries were made in a trunk, in possession of a woman passing for Baker's wife, in St. Louis, which implicated him as having been extensively engaged in mail depredations.

During Baker's confinement several demonstrations have been made at night about the jail, as is supposed, to effect his release; and on one or two occasions he came very near making his escape.—The jailor has, therefore, put him in irons, and secured him to the floor. The package alluded to was opened and found to contain three pamphlets bound together and lettered with gold, 'All for Love.'

Our postmaster and Mr. Wickersham concluded that these pamphlets—one of which was the trial of Professor Webster—were not so neatly bound for nothing. Accordingly the book was taken to a bookbinder who pronounced that nothing was concealed about it. This did not satisfy Mr. Wickersham. He thought from the thickness of the covers, that the book contained something which was to assist Baker in making his escape.

After reaching home he commenced cutting up the covers of the book, and two small saws about eight inches in length, such as machinists use in sawing iron, were brought to view!—Thus has been foiled another deep laid scheme to effect the escape of Baker, who is believed to be at the head of a large gang of villains scattered all through the West. This book matter should be investigated. None but a workman could have concealed these saws in the cover of a book, none but a sagacious rogue could have suggested the plan, and none but a vigilant jailer could have detected it.—[Springfield Journal.]

ONCE FOR ALL.—Before getting under way, we received a letter from an Academic and Theological Institute in New Hampshire, in behalf of a Social Fraternity therein, asking us to send them our paper gratis, and assuring us they would be grateful for the same. We were just going to say that we should be a great fool if we did it, but we won't. We have one or two strong reasons for sending them our paper; first, our generous inclination; second, the honor it would do our paper; third, the good our paper would do the Institute, and especially to its theology. But secondly, we have a dozen or twenty stronger reasons for not sending it; as, first to tenth inclusive, ten children; eleven, an excellent wife; twelfth, a desire that these young theologians shall be educated to be good patterns to their flocks, to lead them to the good gospel of paying as they go; thirteenth, because there are thousands of persons who might be equally benefited by our paper, who are still less able to pay for it than this Social Fraternity; fourteenth, because we make a paper for the pay and the pudding, and not for the praise or glory. [Chronotype.]

WORKING OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW. Detroit, (Mich.) Saturday, Oct. 12th.—The excitement caused by the confinement in jail of an alleged fugitive from the South, (Tennessee) who has been in the employ of Gov. Woodbridge, continues. The jail is strongly guarded by the military, in case an attempt should be made to rescue the negro, whose trial is about to take place under the new law.—Three hundred negroes have crossed over to Sandwich, Ohio, opposite Detroit, who are as anxious to hear the result of the trial, as the people of Detroit have always been notorious for helping off runaways.

The house of the man who informed of the negroes, was attacked last night, and guns and pistols fired by both the assailants and assailed, and some blood shed.

The friends of freedom, without distinction of party, have held a large meeting, remonstrating against the infamous Reclamation Bill, and calling for its nullification, over which, Mayor Ladue, the Chief Magistrate of the city presided, who also addressed the meeting, together with Hon. Kinsley S. Bingham, M. C., James F. Joy, and H. H. Simmons, eminent members of the legal profession.

In case the fugitive is not liberated, a subscription has been raised sufficient to purchase his liberty, should an attempt be made to take him back. Trouble is anticipated when the negro is taken from the jail to be tried. He is now awaiting his papers.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

KENNEBEC TEACHERS' INSTITUTE. We learn that the Teachers' Institute to be held at Winthrop, Nov. 8th, will be under the charge of Messrs. D. A. Hawkins and W. H. Seavey, both able and experienced teachers, with other assistants. A teacher of music has been engaged. Lectures will be delivered in the evenings by Mr. Thurston, Secretary of the Board of Education, Prof. Loomis, of Waterville College, Rev. Messrs. D. Thurston, S. Judd, and C. P. Allen, and several other gentlemen. Mr. Hawkins will give a course of lessons in reading on Prof. Mandeville's system. Mr. Seavey will give some lessons in physiology and natural philosophy, in addition to the usual branches.

The papers state that the evidence is conclusive of the murder of the two children 8 and 10 years of age, at Westerloo, N. Y., by the young man Dunbar. The mother of Dunbar, some time ago, married Mr. Lester, the uncle of the boys. Lester was worth about \$6000, which his wife and her son were apprehensive, at his death, would be inherited by his nephews. Dunbar lured the children on separately and killed them, and laid his plans so as to have it thought that the elder boy killed the younger and then hung himself.

HON. JOHN P. HALE IN VIRGINIA. The Richmond Times, in noticing the arrival in Richmond of a number of members of Congress, says:

"The distinguished champion of Free Soil, Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, was one of the passengers, and we believe is now in our city. Southerners who have never seen him will be surprised to find what a pleasant and amiable countenance he has. We doubt not he will be treated everywhere with Virginia with becoming hospitality, and we hope he will satisfy himself by ocular demonstration how abominable his doctrines are."

TO KEEP A STOVE BRIGHT.—Make a weak alum water, and mix your 'British Lustre' with it; put two spoonfuls to a gill of alum water; let the stove be cold, brush the mixture, then take a dry brush and lustre, and rub the stove till it is perfectly dry. Should any part, before polishing, become so dry as to look grey, moisten it with a wet brush, and proceed as before. By two applications a year, it will be kept as bright as a coach body.







