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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCT. 30, 1850.

NO. 15.

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

At No. 31-2 Bowdoin Block, Main Street

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

AUTUMN.

Upon a leaf strewn walk,
I wander amid the sparkling dews;
Where autumn hangs, upon her frost-gem'd stalk,
Her gold and purple hues:
Where the tall fox-gloves shake
Their loose bells to the wind, and each sweet flower
Bows down its perfumed blossoms to partake
The influence of the hour:
Where the cloud-drops pass
With noiseless speed by lovely lake and rill,
Chasing each other o'er the low, crisp'd grass,
And up the distant hill:
Where the clear stream steals on
Upon its silent path, as it were sad
To find each downward gazing flower had gone,
That made it once so glad.
I numbered it in days
Since last I roamed through this secluded dell,
Seeking a shelter from the summer rays,
Where flowers and wild-birds dwell.
While gem'd with dewdrops bright,
Green leaves and silken buds are dancing there,
I moved my lips in murmurs of delight,
And blessed them unaware.
How changed each sylvan scene:
Where is the warbling bird? the sun's clear ray
The waving birch-leaf? the foliage green,
That canopy'd my way?
Where is the balmy breeze
That fann'd so late my brow? the sweet south-west,
That, whispering music to the listening trees,
My raptur'd spirit bless'd?
Where are the notes of spring?
Yet the brown bee still hums his quiet tune,
And the low shiver of the insect's wing
Disturbs the hush of noon.
The thin, transparent leaves,
Like flakes of amber, hover in the light,
While autumn round her silver network weaves
In glittering hoar-frost white.
Oh, autumn, thou art bless'd!
My bosom heaves with breathless rapture here:
I love thee, season of mournful rest!
Sweet Sabbath of the year!

MISCELLANY.

(From the Watchman and Reflector.)

SOMETHING OF A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY OLD JACOB.

I AM not up to telling stories like the following, dear reader, but I was so much interested in the facts presented below, that I feel almost sure of engaging your attention while I proceed to lay them before you. You must let me tell the story in my own way—you may rely upon it as substantially true. The real names of the parties concerned I have concealed.

In one of our largest commercial cities there lived, a few years since, a rich old merchant by the name of Bremen. He was considered 'good,' in mercantile phrase, for half a million, or so. Now, he had not acquired all this by sudden and unaccountable freaks of fortune, but by a long and persevering course of industry. He had attended close to his business, had practiced at the onset the most rigid economy, had been punctual to his engagements, had dealt honestly with buyers and sellers, had entered into no hazardous speculations, and, though he had met with disappointments and reverses, like many others, he found himself, at the sixty-third year of his age, in possession of an annual income of some thirty thousand dollars.

The residence of Mr. Bremen, at the commencement of his mercantile career, not far from his store; but as time is continually bringing about changes, he eventually took his abode 'up town,' some two or three miles from the noise and turmoil of business. He was one of the most regular of mankind in all his habits. At just such an hour he ate his breakfast, took his ivory-headed cane in his hand, threaded his way either on foot or in 'bus' through the great thoroughfare of the city, and presented himself to his clerks and porters. At just such an hour he returned to his domicile to repose and refresh himself after the toils of the day.

Our old friend was regarded by some as rather odd, in his ways. He generally talked but little, yet always to the point. He hated long stories with a perfect hatred, and was more than once known to interrupt an agent in the rehearsal of the wants of some benevolent society, by placing a ten or twenty dollar bill over his mouth, and then turning quietly round to his desk. Nobody found fault with him for such things. 'It was Paul Bremen's way,' people said—'every one has his peculiarities.' At home, he had a way of looking his wants, which his Irish servant perfectly understood. At some peculiar expression of countenance, James would say to himself, 'Faith, and that man's the shoes I've blacked'; or, 'Sure, he's looking the umbrella—a rainy day it's to be!'

The old gentleman was not morose or sour; he was simply a silent sort of man, saying no more than was really necessary to the transaction of the business of life. What a short session a Congress of such men would make! (I throw in this observation gratis.) The house of Mr. Bremen was rather a modest-looking tenement, considering his income and the expectations of a certain class of people called 'the world,' though it comprised in reality only a very small portion of mankind. It was large enough, he said, and good enough, for himself and daughter—an only child, reader, and the only tenant of his really fine dwelling, besides himself and servants. Years had passed away since the wife and mother had departed. She had time, however, to sow good seed in a good soil; and as the daughter grew up in life, the fruits of a Christian mother's care and prayers were seen in all their richness and beauty.

And now, after this general introduction, I must make you more particularly acquainted with Annie Bremen. Of course you will want to know a great many things about her, and I will do my best to give you satisfaction. I cannot tell you whether her eyes were black, blue, or grey; whether she was of a dark or light complexion. People differ so much as to who or what may be beautiful, that I

shall not undertake to express any opinion in regard to this matter, so far as Annie is concerned. Those who knew her best, said that she was beautiful—very beautiful; but they may have been partial friends. Of one thing I am certain—she was good; and if beauty and goodness are synonymous terms, (which was good—she was a sincere Christian—the highest form of goodness in this world. Like her father, she was accounted something of an oddity, but not by those who were well acquainted with her. That she should move in the sphere of millionaires and half millionaires, and yet manifest any thing like a truly Christian character, would by some be accounted sufficiently odd, without any thing else to add to it. 'One who well knew human nature, once said that they who have riches enter the kingdom of God hardly.' But Annie had entered it, and thus fulfilled those other words that fell from the same lips, that 'with God all things are possible.'

That she should be no slave of fashion; that she should dare to dress to suit herself; that she should look far beyond the circle in which her father's wealth had placed her, out into the wide world, and in the midst of her own plenty think of others' poverty; in short, that she should be a really sensible, serious-minded girl, may be regarded as a thing that one does not see every day. It is true, she went out into fashionable society, she mingled in the gay crowds that assembled in the halls of wealth; but there were also the poor and the needy, who, as often as they thought of her, (and that was not seldom) exclaimed, 'Bless her kind soul!' She might be seen, almost daily, to enter the abode of poverty, and dispense kind words and smiles, worth after all, far more than the silver and gold she always carried with her—and all this without ostentation; nay, almost without observation. Her father, who had some idea of her habits in connection with these matters, was well content to let her become his almoner, as he said to himself. 'He gave her most freely all that she asked of him, without so much as a single question as to the use made of it. There seemed to be a tacit understanding between them in regard to this.'

Annie possessed a mind well cultivated. She had read much and thought much; and though not learned, she was intelligent, and in company might be found, as by a sort of mutual attraction, in conversation with the most intelligent gentlemen present.

Annie had arrived at the mature age of (do not start, reader) twenty-seven, and was yet in a state of single blessedness. Some how or other, she had not fallen in love as yet. 'Had she no offers?' What a simple question!—Did you ever know half a million of dollars to go a begging? Offers? Yes, scores of them. It may be accounted as one of her oddities, perhaps, but whenever the subject happened to be touched upon by her father, Annie would say that she wanted some one who could love her for herself, and she must have the assurance of this; and how could she in her present position? How could she know positively that herself was sought, and not the immense estate to which she was sole heiress? If she could only be devoted of every thing but what she was in herself; if she could actually be poor—ah! she often thought thus.

If you please to call this a mere whim, so be it; it kept her single till her twenty-eighth year. The old gentleman did not urge the matter very strongly, as may be well supposed. A father is not likely, in his circumstances, to drive his daughter into matrimony, unless he wishes to enter it himself. Thus matters stood, when Annie was led to form and to execute that which will appear a very strange resolution; but she was a resolute girl. We must now go back six years.

One dark, rainy morning in November, as our old friend was looking composedly at the cheerful fire in the grate of his counting room, and really indulging in some serious reflections on the past and the future—the far future, too—a gentleman presented himself and inquired for Mr. Bremen. The old man uttered not a word, but merely bowed. There was that in his looks which said, 'I am he.'

The stranger might have been some thirty years, or so, of age. He was dressed in black, a mourning widow on his hat, and there was something in his appearance which seemed to indicate that the friend whose loss he deplored had but recently departed. The latter of introduction which he presented to Mr. Bremen was quickly yet carefully perused, and as it was somewhat unique, I shall take the liberty of submitting it to the inspection of the reader.

Nov. 20, 18—
Friend Paul, This will introduce to thee friend Charles Copeland. He has come to thy city in pursuit of business. I have known him from a youth up. Thou mayest depend on him for aught that he can do, and shall not lean as on a broken reed. If thou canst do any thing for him, thou mayest, peradventure, benefit thyself, and cause to rejoice.

Thy former and present friend,
MICHAEL LOOMIS.
'It is not every one that can get old Michael Loomis's endorsement on his character,' said Paul Bremen to himself, as he folded up the letter of a well known associate of former years. 'Old Michael is good for a quarter of a million, or for any thing else—it will do—I want him—seems a sensible, business-like man—getting old—business increasing—must have some more help—now as well as any time.'

The old gentleman looked at this, as he stood gazing in perfect silence on the man before him. At length he opened his lips. 'Mr. Copeland, you know all about books?' 'I have had some few years' experience.'

'Any objection to a place here—pretty close work—thousand a year?' 'None in the world.'

'When can you begin?' 'Now.'

A real smile shone upon the old man's face. It lingered there like the rays of the setting sun among the clouds of evening, lighting up those seemingly hard, dark features. A stool was pushed to the new comer, books were opened, matters explained, directions given, the pen was dipped in the ink, and in short, before an hour had passed away you would have thought that the old man and the young man had known each other for years.

In reference to our new friend, it will be sufficient to remark that he had been liberally educated, as the phrase goes; and though he had entered early into business, he had not neglected the cultivation of his mind and heart. He had found time to cherish a general ac-

quaintance with the most worthy authors of the day, both literary and religious, and with many of the past times. After a few years of success in the pursuits to which he had devoted himself, misfortunes came upon him thick and fast. He found himself left with scarcely any property, and alone in the world save his two daughters. He was soon settled in the great city to which he had betaken himself, and lived in a very quiet way with his interesting charges, who were fast growing into life. How many sweet and pleasant evenings did he enjoy in his not spacious but neat and comfortable dwelling, after the toils of the day of business were over.

As year after year passed away, he grew steadily in the confidence of his employer, who felt, though he said it not, that in him he possessed a treasure. Very little indeed was said by either of the parties not connected with the routine of business, and there had been no intercourse between them whatsoever save in the counting room. Thus six years went by, toward the close of which period old Mr. Bremen was found looking with much frequency and earnestness at the younger man before him. Something was evidently brewing in that old head. What could it be? And then, at home, he looked so curiously. 'Something's a coming—that's clear as a glass of whiskey,' Annie, too, was somewhat perplexed, for those looks dwelt much on her.

'What is it, father?' she said to him one morning at the breakfast table, as he sat gazing steadily in her face; 'what is it? Do tell me.'

'I wish you'd have him,' burst forth like an avalanche. 'Known him for six years—true as a ledger—a gentleman—real sensible man—don't talk much—regular as a clock—prime for business—worth his weight in gold.'

'Have who, father? What are you talking about?' 'My head clerk—Copeland—you don't know him—I do—haven't seen any body else worth an old quilt.'

Annie was puzzled. She laughed, however, and said, 'Marry, my father's clerk—what would people say?' 'Humbly, child, all humbly—worth forty of your whiskered, lounging, lazy gentry—say what they please—what do I care?—what do you care?—what's money after all?—got enough of it—want a sensible man—want somebody to take care of it—all humbly.'

'What's all humbly, father?' 'Why, people's notions on these matters—Copeland's poor—so was I once—may be again—world's full of changes—seen a great many of them in my day—can't say here long—got to leave you, Annie—wish you'd like him.'

'Father, are you serious?' 'Serious, child? And he looked so. Annie was a chip of the old block—a strong-minded, resolute girl. A new idea seemed to strike her.

'Father, if you are really serious in this matter, I'll see this Copeland—I'll get acquainted with him. If he likes me and I like him, I'll have him. But he shall love me for myself alone; I must know it. Will you leave the matter to me?' 'Go ahead, child; do as you please. Good morning.'

'Stop a moment, father. I shall change my name a little; I shall appear to be a poor girl—a companion of our friend Mrs. Richards, in H. street—she shall know the whole affair—you shall call me by my middle name, Peyton—shall be a relation of yours—you shall suggest the business to Mr. Copeland, as you call him, and arrange for the first interview. The rest will take care of itself.'

'I see, I see; and one of those rare smiles illuminated his whole face. It actually got between his lips, parted them assunder, glanced upon a new set of teeth but little the worse for wear, and was resting there when he left the house for his counting room. The twilight of that smile was not yet gone when he reached that well known spot, and bowed, and looked 'good morning' to those in his employ, for old Paul was after his fashion a polite man. On the morning of that day what looks were directed to our friend Charles—so many—so peculiar—so full of something—that the head clerk could not but notice them, and that too with some alarm. What was coming? At last the volcano burst forth.

'Copeland, my good fellow, why don't you get a wife?' Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he would not have been more astounded. Did Mr. Bremen say that—and in the counting room, too? The very ledgers seemed to blush at the introduction of such a subject. He actually, for the first time, made a blot on the fair page before him.

'I say—why don't you get a wife?—know just the thing for you—prime article—poor enough to be sure—what of that?—a fortune in a wife, you know—a kind of relation of mine—been thinking of it for some time—don't want to meddle with other people's affairs—know your business best—can't help thinking you'll be happier—must see her.'

Now the fact is, that Charles had for some time past thought so himself; but how the old man should have so completely divined his feelings was quite a puzzle to him. In the course of the day a note was put into Mr. Bremen's hand by James, the Irish servant, the contents of which produced another grin sort of smile. When the moment for his return home arrived, Mr. Bremen handed a sealed document, rather an imposing form, to Charles, saying, 'Copeland, you'll oblige me by leaving that at 67 H. street. Place it only in the hands of the person to whom it is directed—don't want to trust it to any one else.'

The clerk saw on the outside, 'Mrs. Richards, 67 H. street.' The door-bell was rung. The servant ushered Copeland into a small, neat parlor, where sat a lady apparently twenty-five or thirty years of age, rather plainly dressed, engaged in knitting a stocking. Our friend bowed, and inquired for Mrs. Richards.

'She is not in, but is expected presently—will you be seated?' There was an ease, and quietness, and an air of self-command about this person, which seemed peculiar to Copeland. He felt at ease at once, (you always do with such persons) made some common-place remark, which was immediately responded to; then another; and soon the conversation became so interesting that Mrs. Richards was nearly forgotten.

Her absence was strangely protected, but as length she made her appearance. The document was presented—a glance at the outside. 'Mrs. Richards.' 'Miss Peyton.' The younger lady bowed; and they were introduced. There was no particular reason for remaining any longer, and our friend took his departure.

That night Annie said to Mr. B., 'I like his appearance, father.'

'Forward—march,' said old Paul, and he looked at his daughter with vast satisfaction. 'The old man's as swate to-night as a new potato,' said James to the cook.

The next day Charles Copeland came very near writing, several times, 'To Miss Peyton Dr.' as he was making out some bills of merchandise sold.

'Delivered the paper last evening?' Copeland bowed. 'Mrs. Richards's old friend—humble circumstances—the young lady—Peyton—worth her weight in gold any day—have her myself if I could.'

'Ah!—this is your "prime article," Mr. Bremen.' The old man looked—no one can tell how he looked.

When did a man ever fail to find pretexts to cultivate the acquaintance of a lady in whom he was interested? Copeland found himself quite often at 67 H. street. He was sometimes disappointed in not seeing Miss Peyton. She was out or had an engagement in another part of the city. He saw her frequently, however, and matters went on to the entire satisfaction of both parties.

'How much you remind me of Mr. Bremen,' said Charles, one evening to Annie; 'I think he said you were a relation of his.'

'I am related to him through my mother,' was the grave reply. Mrs. Richards turned away to conceal a smile. Somewhat later than usual on that night Annie reached her father's house. There was no mistaking the expression of her countenance. Happiness was plainly written there. 'I see, I see,' said the old man; 'the account's closed—books balanced—have it through now in short order. You are a sensible girl—no foolishness—just what I want—bless you, child, bless you.'

The next day Old Paul came, for almost the first time in his life, rather late to the counting room. Casks and boxes and books seemed to be staring with wonder.

'Copeland, you're a fine fellow—heard from Mrs. Richards—proposals to my relation, Peyton—all right—done it up well. Come to my house this evening—never been there, eh?—8 o'clock precisely—want to see you—got something to say.'

'How much interest he seems to take in this matter,' said Charles. 'He's a kind old fellow in his way—a little rough, but kind at heart.' Yes, Mr. Charles Copeland, even kinder than you think for.

At eight o'clock precisely, the door bell of Mr. Bremen's mansion rung. Mr. Charles Copeland was ushered in by his friend James. Old Paul took him kindly by the hand, turning round abruptly, introduced him to 'my daughter, Miss Annie Peyton Bremen,' and immediately withdrew.

'Charles, will you forgive me this?' He was too much astonished to make any reply. 'If you knew all my motives and feelings, I am sure you would.'

'That the motives and feelings were soon explained, to his entire satisfaction, no one will doubt.'

'Copeland, my dear fellow,' shouted old Paul, as he entered the room, 'no use in a long engagement.'

'Oh, father!'

'No, no, I say—married now—get ready afterwards—next Monday evening—how does that suit you?—Shan't part with Annie, though—must bring your daughters here—house rather lonesome—no words—be still—must have it so—partner in business—Bremen and Copeland—got the papers all drawn up, to-day—can't alter it. Be quiet, will you?—won't stay in the room.'

I have finished my story, reader. I have given you facts. I cannot say, however, that I approve the deception practised upon our friend Charles. As, however, our Lord commended the 'unjust steward because he acted wisely,' so I suppose the good sense shown by the good lady in choosing a husband for the sake of what he was, and not for the sake of what he might have possessed, merits our approbation. It is not every one who has the moral courage to step out of the circle which surrounds the wealthy, and seek for those qualities of mind and heart which the world cannot give nor take away.

Fascinating a Bull.
It is said that bulls are fond of music, and that a man can find his way from one end of the field to another without danger, provided he keeps up a jolly tune. A couple of Irishmen, this spring, were hired on a farm in Westchester County, and were so much annoyed by a bull, on their way to work, that they had to take something of a circuit around the field where the animal was kept.

'Be jabbers!' said Pat, one morning, 'I've got it, Phelim, dear; we can chase the bull, an' chase the field.'

'An' how will ye do it, Pat?' 'Mighty easy! I'll take him by the middle an' fascinate the baste. I'll give him Gary Owen an' Saint Patrick's Day in the morning. Won't he be frisky?'

Pat was as good as his word. Off both started to work, and reached the dreadful field. Phelim's courage began to ooze out a little; so he got behind the stone fence, while Pat gallantly entered the field. The bull was feeding at some distance when Pat commenced playing. The creature raised his head, listened for a moment, and then with a wild roar made for Pat.

In vain did Pat change the tune. It was of no use; and the bull was within a few feet of him when he took to his heels. It was too late, however, and Pat found himself stretched out sprawling in the top of an apple tree, the thick branches of which sustained him in mid air. On a bough near him hung the fiddle. Fortunately, Pat received no injury, save a few scratches.

Phelim slowly raised his head, and looked over the wall.

'Pat! Pat! Have ye fascinated the bull?' 'No, be jabbers. Devil a bit ov it; but the rascal has fascinated me and the fiddle both!'

Their employer soon reached the spot; and Pat, after descending safely, told his story with the utmost simplicity.

'Ah!' said the farmer with the greatest gravity, 'you didn't play the right tune. He is an American bull, and won't listen to any thing but Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle!'

Whether Pat ever tried these tunes, our informant did not tell us.

DON'T FRET.

Has a neighbor injured you?
Don't fret—
You will come off the best;
He's the most to answer for,
Never mind it, let it rest—
Don't fret.

Has a horrid lie been told?
Don't fret—
It will run itself to death,
If you let it quite alone—
It will die for want of breath;
Don't fret.

Are your enemies at work?
Don't fret—
They can't injure you a whit;
If they find you, heed them not,
They will soon be glad to quit;
Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot?
Don't fret—
Fortune's wheel keeps turning round;
Every spoke will reach the top,
Which, like you, is going down;
Don't fret.

[From the Knickerbocker.]
OBSTACLES TO SUCCESS.
BY A. B. JOHNSON.

ONCE upon a time, Jupiter determined to ascertain personally the grievances about which mankind were so continually importuning him, that his residence in Olympus was far from being a sinecure. He accordingly alighted on the Battery in New York, one fine summer night, having descended on the back of a large eagle, which he keeps exclusively for the saddle. He had scarcely dismissed his aerial courier, and assumed the appearance of a respectable old gentleman with a dark brown wig, equal to Batchelor's best gossamer, when he heard some voices which proceeded from three beggars, a cripple, a negro, and a middle aged vagrant, who apparently possessed no infirmity but an unshaven beard, unwashed skin, and ragged attire. They were lying on the grass at their ease, after the heat and wonderings of the day, and were bantering each other on their respective demerits.

Said the negro, 'Were I white, I would open a shop in Chatham-street, and as no man would be more diligent and enterprising, I would gradually enlarge my stock of goods, and extend the variety of my dealings, till I should in time become an extensive merchant and rich; but a colored man must be either a servant or a beggar, and as neither position will procure more than a living, I prefer ease to labor.'

'A white skin,' retorted the cripple contemptuously, 'may be a very pretty treasure in the eyes of a "nigger," but it is an insufficient capital to commence business on in New York. Had I limbs like other men, I would indeed scorn to be a beggar; but a cripple, though he should perform more labor than two able bodied porters, would still be required to accept his compensation as a charity. The world, therefore, gives me no alternative; I must live by charity, and I may as well take it without labor as with.'

'Comrades!' exclaimed the third, 'I see your drift; I am neither black nor a cripple—hence you think I ought not to be a beggar; but without capital or credit, a man can no more create property than he can build a ship without tools. When the tide and winds are both against a vessel she drops anchor, and makes no fruitless effort to go ahead; and I am not fool enough to adopt a different policy.'

The self-complacent trio then arose and wended their way to a den in Anthony street, where the vagrancy of the day was succeeded by a night of intoxication.

Jupiter permitted them to depart without revealing to them his presence, being intent on supplying general remedies for the ills of life, rather than empirically mellowing individual miseries. He saw the difficulty which repelled the energies of these men and kept them idle; but as he could not conveniently remodel the world, and prevent some men from being black, some from being crippled, and some from being poor—or give every man all the facilities for prosperity that each individual should desire—he resolved to accomplish the same end by a device, and he accordingly established a new decree that hereafter no man's prosperity shall depend on what he possesses not, but on the use which he shall make of the means that he happens to possess.

While Jupiter was revolving in his thoughts the benign operation of this new principle, and foreseeing how by means of it, Fulton would practically annihilate space, and Morse, annihilate time, the light of day had for some hours dawned upon the earth, and lighted up the Battery with all the effulgence of a July morning; and he was aroused from his pleasant reverie by a little girl, who, in a whining tone, that was entirely devoid of the voice which he had supposed he had formed in man, said—

'Pray sir, give me a cent to buy some bread for daddy, who is very sick and has nothing to eat.'

'Child,' replied the benevolent Deity, 'your father is just the person I want to see. Lead me to him, and I will assist him.'

The little girl was a good deal surprised, having never before met with such a reception. Usually those who gave money threw her a penny and said nothing, while those who spoke gave harsh language and no pennies; but her case was pressing, and she led the way as he had commanded. Jupiter soon found himself in a lonesome cellar, where, lying in a corner on some foul rags and straw, was the miserable father.

'Alas!' thought Jupiter, 'something in this world must need alteration.' After administering a few drops of nectar and a small piece of ambrosia to the sick man, who became thereby wonderfully revived—Friend, said Jupiter, 'you see that I can relieve you; but before I give you any more of my medicines, I must be informed how you came into this wretched condition. The city seems full of delightful residences, and I find you in a damp, dark room, under ground.'

'Ah!' sighed the man, 'I perceive by your remarks, as well as by your conduct, that you are a stranger in New York. I possess not a dollar in the world, and how can I obtain better lodgings?'

'But,' replied Jupiter, 'other people obtain better lodgings, and why not you?'

'The story is not long, said the mendicant. 'All men are not made to be rich, nor are we all endowed with the same talents. Some men can never thrive, while the touch of others will turn everything into gold.'

'You surprise me,' said Jupiter, 'I was not aware of these facts; and should they prove true, they shall be corrected. I will tolerate no such inequalities.'

The mendicant stared, thinking his benevolent friend was a fanatic, and he began to be

afraid; but Jupiter threw a little poppy on the sick man's eyelids, and they instantly closed in a gentle slumber.

Jupiter next entered a superb mansion in Union-Place. The owner was not at home, but a loquacious footman who stood at the door, gladly undertook for the bribe of a little nectar, to relate the history of his master. He was a rich merchant of South street, who confined himself to his counting-house. Nothing could exceed the prosperity with which he was constantly attended. His ships arrive in port at the times when they are most needed, and bring cargoes that always suit the market. Prices usually fall after he sells, and rise after he purchases; and moreover, his debtors never run away, nor his friends become treacherous.

'I perceive,' said Jupiter, 'this is one of the men whose touch turns everything into gold.'

'Exactly so,' said the footman. 'These differences in the formation of men,' thought Jupiter, 'must be corrected.'

He strolled next into the City Hall, where he found in session the Circuit Court of the United States. The great cause of John Jacob Astor against the State of New York was on trial, and one of the most celebrated jurists of the country was addressing the court. The knowledge which the lawyer displayed, and the eloquence with which he uttered it, excited the admiration of a crowd of auditors, who said that the lawyer was to receive a fee of five thousand dollars for his effort, and that he well merited all he was to receive.

At one end of the bar sat a lawyer who was dozing. He was shabbily dressed, and his apparent poverty and listlessness induced Jupiter to arouse him, and ascertain why he also was not obtaining five thousand dollar fees. The man scarcely knew whether to laugh at the question or to be angry. At length his love of ease conquered his irritability, and he laughed.

'Old man,' said he, 'where did you come from to ask such a question? The counselor who is addressing the court is a great genius. We possess only one such man in the State, and but two or three in the United States.'

'Why not?' said Jupiter, in manifest surprise. 'Why not!' exclaimed the shabby lawyer, 'because great talents are scarce. We do not make ourselves, you know. I guess you never studied phrenology. The difference between him and me is the work of heaven; hence he receives large fees, and I receive none.'

While Jupiter was reflecting on the organic inequalities which were thus unexpectedly proclaimed to him, he determined to execute an experiment. Suddenly, therefore, while the great lawyer was in the most pathetic part of his argument, Jupiter, unseen by mortal eye, seized the orator by the throat, and sent his soul to Olympus. The court arose in the most intense confusion. All said the great lawyer had over-exerted himself, and was dead of apoplexy. The same day the sick beggar died, and the rich merchant, and the shabby lawyer, and what a loss the world had sustained in the great lawyer—and what a loss the city in the rich man! God help the poor—what is to become of them now? How inscrutable are the ways of Providence!

The great lawyer's body was borne to Trinity Church, where a huge granite monument was erected over him by his admirers. The rich man was carefully soldered up in lead, and placed within his family vault; while the shabby lawyer was buried privately in a cherry coffin, and the mendicant was, with little ceremony, screwed up in pine boards, and hurried to Potter's Field. After these differences of an hour, all were alike left to the silent and indiscriminating processes of decay; while the world closed up its ranks with new orators and new merchants, and the losses that yesterday seemed irreparable, were remedied and forgotten.

But not thus Jupiter. The experiment which he meditated was to remodel the four men, so that they should possess equal powers of mind and body. Nothing should distinguish one from the other, so far as relates to their organization, moral, intellectual, and physical; for, thought Jove, 'I shall be truly sorry if the misery of man, or any portion of it, arises from partiality in their organization.' The four souls being thus equalized, and furnished with new bodies, were sent back into the world, and in due course of nature were severally born of poor parents in different parts of the Union. The children possessed no consciousness of ever having been on the earth before. They were severally doled with medicine as soon as they were born, and after struggling for their lives against the over officiousness of nurses, they grew gradually toward maturity, played with tops and marbles, were beaten when their parents were cross, and fared in all respects precisely as other children.

Time passed on, and at the end of fifty years Jupiter again saddled his eagle, and was wended to the Battery, where he had alighted before. The morning was just as mild and salubrious as it had been then; and while he was looking round and admiring the regularity with which innuinate nature obeys the impulse of the seasons, and the seasons revolve in the order of their appointed successions, he was aroused by the approach of a little girl, who, in piteous accents, solicited a cent to buy bread for her sick daddy.

Struck by the similarity of the application to that which he had experienced on his former visit, he directed the child to lead him to her father. She led him through avenues as crooked as those he had passed previously, and brought him to a cellar as dirty as the former; and in it he found the same mendicant, again in poverty, again sick, and again accusing Providence for his mischances. Jupiter flew into Union-Place. There he found the rich merchant and as rich as ever. He went to the City Hall, and there lounged the shabby lawyer, as drowsy as before; and there stood the great lawyer, as eloquent as formerly, and talking for a fee of five thousand dollars. 'Truly,' said Jupiter, 'these coincidences are surprising; but if I had been partial in the formation of men, as was alleged, it would have been more surprising.'

But whence these differences in the condition of the several persons? The question suggested itself more readily than the solution. Jupiter was perplexed, and again sought an elucidation from the unemployed lawyer, who again began the old story about phrenology, and the orator's great genius; but Jupiter cut the matter short by saying, he knew better, and that the orator's genius was no greater than

other men's. At this the shabby lawyer laughed, and happening to be in a more communicative humor than previously, candidly admitted that he was as well organized as the successful orator, and much more deserving of success; but the difficulty was imputable to Misfortune, who had always persecuted him, while fortune had as constantly favored the great orator.—This solution seemed reasonable. Jupiter had often heard rumors of the interference of Fortune and Misfortune in the affairs of men, but he had previously interdicted them from interfering with the present experiment; and as they had disobeyed him in the career of the lawyers, they probably had interfered with the merchant and the beggar. He was accordingly enraged against Fortune and Misfortune, and flying back to Olympus, he summoned the terrified spirits, and accused them with their disobedience. They trembled at his rebuke, and would have excused themselves by denying all agency in the transactions alluded to, but Jupiter refused to listen to their protestations, and chained them both to the wheel of Ixion, whom he permitted to die down and rest himself.

Having thus appeased his anger by his gratification, he sat down to enjoy the consciousness of having administered a deserved chastisement; and taking up a huge telescope, by which he can see at once every human being, he pointed it toward the earth, that he might ascertain how the parties fared now they were relieved from the interference of Fortune and Misfortune. But imagine, if you can, his surprise when he saw Fortune waiting to a profitable port the ship of the rich merchant; and Misfortune applying a torch to fire the dwelling of the shabby lawyer—not insured either!

How is this, thought Jupiter; two Fortunes and two Misfortunes, while I created only one! Which set are the counterfeits?

To resolve the question, he sent Mercury to seize the two who were on earth, and drag them to Olympus. The son of Mai departed with a speed proportioned to the power and impatience of the sender; but with a like speed he returned and solved the mystery. The two on earth were neither Fortune nor Misfortune, though greatly resembling them in external appearance. They were not even deities, but plodding earth-born spirits, who are as steady and uniform in their ministrations as the others are fickle and capricious. Still they had interfered with Jupiter's intentions, and he resolved to exterminate them; but on looking into the Book of Fate, he found they were destined to endure as long as the human race, and their proper names were Management and Mismanagement. What could be done under the circumstances Jupiter resolved to do, for he much wished to relieve himself from the imputation that Heaven permits Fortune and Misfortune to govern the world, or organizes some men for eloquence and literature, others for inequity and ignorance; some men for riches and honor, others for poverty and dishonor. And to place the future beyond all contingency, he issued a decree, supplemental to the one already announced, and which, like it, is to endure till the end of time, that Management and Mismanagement shall be subject to the control of mankind only, and be employed by every man as the man himself shall direct. That the person who most esteems Mismanagement, and who employs Management most skillfully and diligently, shall save the most wood if he directs his efforts to that object; he shall obtain the most literature and eloquence, if he directs his efforts to those objects; and he shall accumulate the most money, if he applies himself to the acquisition of property.

Remembrance of past benefits. I once called on a neighbor, says Old Humphrey, who was watering an old stump of a geranium, which seemed to me to give every little promise of either green leaf or flower.

'Neighbor,' said I, 'your labor will be lost.'

'Perhaps so,' said she, 'but I can hardly part with my old tree for all that. I cannot help calling to my mind what it has been, and how often it has made my window look cheerful with its fresh green leaves, and its fine scarlet flowers.'

This reply completely silenced me, for I thought in my heart that my neighbor was right and I was wrong. It is a good sign to remember past advantages.

I called on a friend who was giving a mouthful of oats in a sieve to an old horse grazing in his paddock.

'You may corn your horse,' said I, 'as much as you will, but it is not at all likely that he will ever be able to work again.'

'True,' replied he, 'but I have no wish to forget the work he has done for me. Many a weary day has been my companion, carrying me safely on his back or drawing me in my gig; and while old Dinger lives I hope never to grudge him a mouthful of grass or corn.'

'Right,' thought I, 'and the feeling is a creditable one, but it is not always, nor often that a poor brute falls into such good hands.—I shall think the better of you for your humanity.'

I called on a relative who was waited on by a very old servant, who made sad blunders; indeed, the old man was almost blind, and very feeble.

'Old Peter's day is over,' said I; 'sad blunders he makes, and sad blunders he will make, for his day is gone by.'

'I know it,' replied my relative; 'but if his day is gone by, mine is not, and while I live old Peter shall have a home under the roof of the master, he has so faithfully served. He has been a good servant to me, and to my father before me, and right little do I expect from him now in the way of service. Peter, I say, has served me, and it is now my turn to serve Peter.'

I honored my kind-hearted relative for his remembrance of services, and for his attention to an old servant. So that, to speak the truth, I got good from my neighbor, my friend, and my relative.

Christian reader! are there none about us whose infirmities we ought to bear with; whom we are neglecting, and treating with less kindness than we ourselves, if in their situation, should expect? Are there none whose past services we are forgetting, or undervaluing, who have a just claim on our respect and thankfulness? Let us take this matter to heart, and give an honest reply.

TO MAKE PAINT WITHOUT LEAD OR OIL. Two quarts skimmed milk; two ounces fresh stacked lime; five pounds whiting. Put the lime into a stone-ware vessel, pour upon it a mixture resembling cream, the balance of the milk is then to be added; and lastly the whiting is to be crumbled and spread on the surface of the fluid, in which it gradually sinks.

At this period it must be well stirred in, or ground as you would other paint, and it is fit for use. There may be added any coloring matter that suits the fancy. It is to be applied in the same manner as other paints, and in a few hours it will become perfectly dry. Another cost may

then be added, and so on till the work is completed. This paint is of great tenacity, which enables it to bear rubbing even with a coarse woollen cloth without being in the least injured. It has little or no smell even when wet, and when dry is perfectly inodorous. It is not subject to be blackened by sulphurous or animal vapors, and is not injurious to health. All which qualities give it a decided advantage over white lead. The quantity above mentioned is sufficient for covering 57 yards with one coat.—[Annapolis Republican.]

We endorse this recipe. The casing or curd of the milk by the action of the caustic lime, becomes insoluble, and has been used from time immemorial as a lute for chemical experiments. It is a good, and in comparison with white lead, a durable paint.—[Moore's New Yorker.]

To the Laughers. The Peace Congress is a capital joke. It's so obvious a subject for fun, that we haven't thought it worth while to waste a laugh on it. All manner of pens have been poking the public in the ribs about it; paper pellets of all colors and weights have been slung at it; arrows from all quarters have been emptied on its vulnerable sides.

'Preach Peace to the world! The poor noodles!' 'Inculcate the supremacy of right over might! Ineffable milk-and-water spoonies!' 'Hold out to the nations brotherhood for warfare, the award of justice instead of the bayonet! The white-faced, lily-derived prigs!' 'Why, it's the merest Utopianism,' says the Economist.

It's neither more nor less than Christianity, sneers the Statist.

'Trade is the peace-maker,' says the Doctor of the Manchester School.

'Diplomacy keeps the world quiet,' oracularly declares the Red-Tapist.

'Peace, indeed, the designing democrat,' growls the Absolutist.

'Peace, with a bloated aristocracy still rampant,' snarls the Red-Republican. And they all drown in a chorus of contemptuous laughter the pleading voices of the poor Congressists in the Church of St. Paul.

But there are some voices which refuse to join in this chorus, some thoughtful faces that look on with interest and sympathy at this strange protest in the nineteenth century against the appeal to brute force, which is the only way of settling its quarrels that the world has tried for eighteen centuries since Peace was preached on Earth, and good will to men.

And there are some, too, of the wise and the great, who can discern in this gathering of the friends of Peace, this little Babel of various tongues, this tiny Congress of many races, a thing in no way to be ridiculed, any more than the acorn is to be ridiculed, when science declares that its heart contains the oak.

Alexander von Humboldt is, of all persons now living in Europe, the most experienced in men and courts, the most deeply learned, the most comprehensively and thoroughly informed. He has traversed the domains of knowledge as widely as he has traversed the countries of the globe. Alexander von Humboldt does not laugh at this Peace Congress. There is no sneer in well-weighted words like these:—

'The general peace which our continent has now so long enjoyed, and the praiseworthy efforts of many Governments to avert the threatening dangers of a general European war, prove that the ideas which so prominently occupy your minds are in accordance with the sentiments called forth and diffused by the increased culture of humanity. It is a useful enterprise to inspire such sentiments in the commonwealth by conferences, and at the same time point out the way through which wise and sincere Governments may, by fostering the progressive and legitimate development and perfectibility of free institutions, weaken the long-accumulated elements of animosity.'

Perhaps the gray-haired philosopher is laughing in his sleeve, or drivelling, when he tells the Peace Congress that—

'The whole history of the past shows that, under the protection of a superior power, a long nourished yearning after a noble aim in the life of nations, will at length find its consummation.'

Poor Humboldt! Visionary enthusiast! At his time of life, too; and a man who knows courts, and countries, and science, and so on. It's amazing—perfectly amazing!

But then, he's a German—and these Germans are such dreamers!—[Punch.]

CAN YOU EAT CROW? Lake Mahopac was so much crowded, the past season, or rather, the hotels in its immediate vicinity were, that the farm-houses were filled with visitors. One of the worthy farmers residing there, it appears, was especially worried to death by boarders. They found fault with his table—this thing was bad and that wasn't fit to eat.

'Darn it,' said old Isaac one day, 'what a fuss you're making; I can eat anything.'

'Can you eat crow?' said one of his young boarders.

'Yes, I kin eat crow.'

'Bet you a hat,' said his guest.

The bet was made, a crow caught and nicely roasted, but before serving up, they contrived to season it with a good dose of Scotch snuff.

Isaac sat down to the crow. He took a good bite, and began to chew away. 'Yes,' he said, 'I kin eat crow, (another bite and an awful face.) I kin eat crow, (symptoms of nausea.) I kin eat crow; but I'll be darned if I hanker arter it.' Isaac bolted.

THE PLUM PUDDING.—The following story is told of a Yankee captain and his mate:—

When there was a plum pudding put in to one end of it, and that end placed next the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game had been played for sometime, the mate prevailed upon the steward to place the end with no plums in it next the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands, as if merely to examine the china, he said:—

'This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool, and put it down again, as though without design, with the plums next to himself.

'Is it possible?' said the mate, taking up the dish. 'I should suppose it was not worth more than a shilling; and, as if in perfect innocence, he put forth the dish with the plums next to himself.

'The captain looked at the mate, and the mate looked at the captain, the captain laughed.

'I tell you what, young one, said the captain, 'you've found me out—so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed.'

LAW AND ITS WHIMS. When Judge Parsons was a practicing lawyer, he was once employed to plead two cases in court, which were precisely alike, but in one he was engaged for the defendant, and in the other for the plaintiff. It happened that both cases were tried the same day; he spoke for half an hour to the

first jury, and the case was given to them and they had retired. When he appeared before the second jury he made use of very different arguments from those employed by him before, of which the court took notice, reminding him that he seemed to have changed his tone, and repeated to him what he had said but a few minutes before. Mr. Parsons fixed his keen eye upon the judge and replied, 'May it please your Honor, I might have been wrong half an hour ago, but now I know I am right.' He proceeded; and when the juries returned, it was found he had gained a verdict in both cases!

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....OCT. 31, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
A. B. LONGWELL, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETTESGILL, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 State 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.

A RAMBLE ABOUT HOME WITH SUBSCRIBERS ABROAD.

Come, give us your arm for a stroll. You have been absent for a long time, and our village has changed her coat like a politician.—We want you should see what has been done in your absence,—and as we walk along we shall chat a little about this and that, by way of getting you "posted up." If any body asks us over their threshold, we shall know how to compliment them for their civility.

Just down there you stepped upon the deck of the little steamer, the morning you left us; and here, where we stand, was the store of W. & D. Moor. There at the left, for more than a hundred feet, lie the ashes of the fine new building they had built for various kinds of machinery and shops. That was a sad fire, and one from which our village will not soon recover. Back of us, across the street, stood two other buildings that were burned at the time. The nice house just below was built soon after you left, by William Moor, and barely escaped the fire. He resides there now, but since the fire Messrs. Moor have transferred their business operations, to some extent, from this vicinity to the neighborhood of the Depot. We will pass along that way, and in due time see what they are doing. They are men of great energy, and have done much for Waterville.

If you turn your eye towards the "Bay," you will discover something of the effect of the railroad, in the quiet that prevails. How many of the five steamers that lay there two years ago, do you see now?—One has gone to California, and two others have passed down the river. What remain are competent to do the business of the river. So much for the railroad.

The fine new mill you see standing alone, belongs to W. & W. Getchell. It was built immediately after the destruction of the old one, and like every thing in the hands of its owners, is doing a profitable business. We have no time to look into it—but here, just above it, is a half-plinth looking building standing on stilts, that looks as though it would pay for an exploration. We'll go in without knocking, and make ourselves at home in "speering about." The proprietor is probably at dinner, in the rather aristocratic looking building that looks down from the rocks yonder. If he were here he would no doubt invite us in. This must be a door and blind manufactory. The machinery looks well. Here is a planing machine—one of Woodworth's, the patent of which has caused so much litigation. And here is machinery that looks like window sash business;—and now it occurs to us, this establishment is advertised in our paper as F. B. Blanchard's door, blind and sash manufactory. We have heard of extensive contracts, and understand that the best of work is done here at a great modification of old prices. So far so good—and no doubt the establishment is bound to follow Davy Crockett's motto. It could not be in safer hands, so far as well trained business talent is necessary. But we are losing time. Sorry Mr. B. is not in.

This large building, so near the street, on the left, is a perfect hive of active industry.—It is full of good-natured—but let's go in.—Here is excellent machinery of various kinds. Doors, blinds, window sash, chairs,—indeed any thing and every thing that is made of wood, from a good stick to a four story house, can be executed here, to satisfy the closest contract, in a strictly short-cut way. This business is mainly done by Messrs. Wing & McCausland—a pair of thorough brick mechanics, such as make cities as well as smaller things. Now look around you and see how every thing moves—wheels, shafts, planes, saws, lathes, boards, men and boys—take care, or your shirts are in danger! They are making money here, and we must not get in the way. The pile of boards at the door is destined perhaps to be part of a dwelling-house that is to shelter a family on Sunday, and the men are going to dig the cellar to-morrow! Let's go along—Mr. Bateholder—you remember his old shop on Temple-st.—carries on the chair business in the building we have just left. With his present advantage of machinery and water-power, he can sell at very low prices, and meet large orders at short notice. Success to him.

Here at the right is a large brick building, rapidly approaching completion. It commands a good water power, and if we knew what it is designed for we would tell you. Perhaps for an iron foundry, machine shop, woolen manufactory, or any thing that may offer. Mr. Blanchard would tell you. The large wooden building, just above the two little red houses there, formerly stood here. It walked up one day, and stepped aside where it now is, next to the toll house—with its spacious abdomen occupied by a pretty good stock of Groceries

and domestic goods. You can tell whether it is an object to trade there by reading Mr. Blanchard's advertisement of new goods, in our paper.

Here we pass the bridge, the same old structure, but daily losing ground in the esteem of those who know it best. It has done good in its day, but the growth of the village demands a free bridge.

You have seen nothing new on the left as we came up. The house of Mr. Philbrick, and those of Mr. Doolittle and ex-sheriff Nudd remain as you left them, and with the same tenants. Substantial men of their stamp have less to do with the change of a village (pocket change excepted) than many less prosperous or energetic men. They all have a finger in matters up-street, as we shall see as we pass along.

Here we are getting up into a more busy section. Passing these houses on the right, in which there has been no change, except a little brushing up, we come to the Oliver Paine store. Here stood one of the earliest stores in town. Afterwards, you recollect, the old galloos-fashioned hayscales occupied the same spot. The sign of the late well esteemed proprietor is still on the building, though business is now done here by John A. Paine; who we conclude is doing good business, from the fact that he "keeps it before the people." In the basement is Bridge's bakery, at present, the Bridge is fitting up a better establishment farther up-town. Every body has an interest in Bridge, and of course he flourishes. On the left, opposite, is Barney's oyster and confectionery saloon, a snug place opened since you left, and having only one real fault at it—and that rather a popular one in this section of the village.

Let's pass the late residence of Mrs. Bacon, and the old dilapidated building that holds the treasure of Ticonic Bank with so strong a grasp, and look into No. 1, Ticonic Row.—Smith has paid more for advertising than any other man in Waterville, and the consequence is that he sells more W. I. Goods, groceries and provisions than any one else. He adopts the city plan of keeping an express wagon and delivering goods at the doors of his customers. He sells largely to retailers in adjoining towns, for thirty miles around, and doubtless on better terms than they would get at market. Nobody buys lower than he, and of course nobody can sell lower.

But it is getting late;—take another of his choice cigars, and we will pass across to Manly's new store, opposite. No—we will adjourn till morning—it is too late. To-morrow we will go on through Main street to the Colleges, and thence about the several streets, till we show you all there is to be seen. A little further up are some fine improvements, that need to be seen by day light.

Teachers' Institutes—Change of Books.

There seems to us to be no little danger that these institutes, notwithstanding all that was predicted of their usefulness to the cause of popular education, are in eminent danger of being made the medium of positive injury.—We fear that the money and patronage of the State is insidiously lent to the introduction of a system of espionage and rivalry among authors and booksellers that threatens much evil and promises no possible good to the cause of education. The frequent change of books in common schools has always been a proper subject of complaint; and many have wondered whence originated this strong tendency, in opposition to common sense and popular sentiment. Those in the secret have generally been those also in the interest; and the masses have been left to wonder and complain in vain. The establishment of these Teachers' Institutes, with the best design, no doubt, has unconsciously opened a new channel for introducing the cause of this great mischief.

Under the old system access to school teachers, by the agents and emissaries of rival booksellers, could only be had individually, and at much expense of travel. The present plan collects them together, to be operated upon by those best skilled in the work, and sent back to their schools to press their demands for new books. The vast pecuniary interest at stake, with those holding the copy-right of popular school books, renders it an object to secure their introduction at almost any expense.—Agents are constantly traveling in the State, at salaries of 500 to \$1000, who attend at these institutes, and in some instances are employed by the State to lecture. It is easily seen how directly, under this system, a change of books in our common schools is suggested and urged in every corner of our State. And by whom, or for what purpose, is all this done?

The popular objection to a change of school books should by no means be so imperative as to stand in the way of real improvement. No doubt there is danger of this; and with good control the teachers' institutes will have a conservative influence in this respect. But without this control, which can only be hoped for at the hands of highly independent and competent men, they can only bring injury to the very cause they were designed to advance.—Every new book and system and theory should have the most cautious scrutiny; and in every case be rejected unless its adoption promises positive advantage. If the sessions of the institutes are thrown open to ferment the jealousies and suggest the expenditures incident to every change of school books, who can foresee the evils that will accrue to popular education through this channel?

THE SCALP.—This is the title of a quarterly medical publication, adapted to popular and professional reading, and devoted to the dissemination of the laws of health and the exposure of quackery. Its editor, Edward H. Dixon, M. D., is a man of rare talent for his place—thoroughly scientific, with strong common sense, to which is united a fearless independence and stubborn honesty—and one who, in dealing with quackery is, in down-east parlance, "as keen as a brar." The Scalp is a

valuable publication and will do good. The first No. of a new volume has just been issued. Published quarterly at \$1 a year. Address the editor, Edward H. Dixon, M. D., Box No. 3121, New York Post Office.

Exhibition of Poultry.

At a meeting of Fowl Breeders, held in Waterville on the 28th inst., it was decided to hold an Exhibition of Domestic Poultry in said Waterville, on Wednesday, Nov. 20th, and to invite poultry raisers generally to contribute of the different kinds of domestic fowls such as are either useful or ornamental, to add to the interest of the show. A committee was chosen who will make the necessary arrangements for the show, and cause them to be published next week. In the mean time it is hoped that all, not only those in the immediate vicinity, but those at a distance, who are so disposed, who possess fine specimens of fowls, whether native or foreign breeds, will make arrangements to present them. Poultry raising, tho' a small business, is quite an important one, as is abundantly shown by statistical facts.

Per order.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The December number, which completes the first year of a new and glorious era in the history of this magazine, is on our table. It is truly beautiful, and forms a glorious cap-sheaf wherewith to crown the labors of the year. But the volume which has just been finished, as well as all past achievements in this department of literature and art, will be dwarfed into insignificance by Graham in his issues of the coming year. "However others may boast, *Graham cannot be beaten.*" A new volume commences in January, and now is the time to subscribe. C. K. Mathews is agent for Waterville.

The Constitution and Catalogue of the Maine Musical Association, just printed at this office, may be had at E. L. Smith's store, by members in Waterville, Winslow and Fairfield.

We have received from Mr. F. Gleason, publisher of the *Flag of Our Union*, a copy of a paper, called the 'Jenny Lind,' printed in gold upon a fine satin paper. It is illustrated with a portrait of Jenny, and also one of that Napoleon of showmen, Barnum. Price 12 1-2 cents.

ATTENTION! This is a proper time for planting bulbous roots, and setting ornamental and fruit trees. The former, especially, cannot be deferred till Spring. Read Messrs. Taber's advertisement, in another column, and attend to this matter promptly. J. & H. Percival are agents for the Vassalboro' Nursery.

BEAUTIFUL! Mr. Godey has sent us proof copies of some of the principal plates designed for the coming volume of the *Lady's Book*. They are indeed beautiful, and promise all that need be promised by that peerless magazine. We would predict for the coming volume superiority over the past if we could imagine how such a thing could be.

REMOVAL. We regret to learn that Mr. Gardner, the long tried and well esteemed pastor of the Universalist church in this place, has tendered the resignation of his charge. He proposes, we understand, to remove to Massachusetts. His pastoral labors here have continued for seventeen years, and his determination to remove is a matter of regret, even beyond the limits of personal acquaintance. Not only as a pastor, but as a citizen, he seems to be needed in Waterville. No man could leave us who has secured a more general sentiment of respect.

ILLUSTRATED DOMESTIC BIBLE.—Hotchkiss & Co., 13 Court St., Boston, general agents for the work, have sent us the 8th 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.

THAT PIANOFORTE, played at the Concerts of the late Musical Association, was one of those offered for sale by Messrs. Cadfrey.—Those who are judges will not doubt that it was an excellent instrument. Several from the same manufactory are in use in this place, and give the best satisfaction. Ladies should at least look at them.

MR. WESTON'S DISCOURSE to young men, Sabbath evening, gave the highest satisfaction to a full house. The prompt response of the young men to the invitation, as indicated by the large number present, was no doubt as gratifying to the speaker as profitable to them.

Excursions to the World's Fair, in London, are proposed in Boston. The proprietor of one of the Liverpool line of packets has offered that, provided one hundred passengers can be obtained, he will agree to furnish a passage to Liverpool and back, and provide good accommodations and excellent fare, for the sum of sixty dollars each. Passengers can remain in London three weeks, and make excursions, visit the theaters and public gardens, and arrive in Uncle Sam's dominions about the first of August, having been absent ten weeks, and gained any quantity of useful information—and all for the sum of about one hundred dollars. This is an excellent idea, and we have no doubt it will be carried out. Indeed we think monster excursions to the old world will soon be matters of yearly occurrence.—[Portland Transcript.]

CRANBERRIES.—We were yesterday shown a jar of cultivated cranberries, grown on a patch set out only two years ago on an otherwise worthless corner of bog-land in Salem county, New Jersey. The berries are very large, and of a beautiful red color. There is a growing attention to the cultivation of this fruit among farmers in various sections, and we are assured there is no more reliable or profitable crop, a single acre when in full bearing, produced a yield worth in the market from five to six hundred dollars. The mode of cultivation is to plant the wild vines in rows, three feet apart, setting the roots firmly in the ground some three or four inches deep. From these settings the vines so branch out that in a few years the ground will be thickly covered, effectually killing out every thing else. Until

the vines have had time to grow and cover the ground, the only labor required is a little hoeing to keep down the weeds. Wet, low lands are esteemed the best, but we have heard of the successful cultivation of the vines on common farm land. The market for this fruit, which is always ready sale, has, until within a few years, been supplied from the wild and promiscuous growth in swamp lands, at a great distance from our principal cities. There is no greater luxury than this berry, and we are rejoiced at its more extensive cultivation, as well for the profit of the laborious farmer, as for the sake of the palates of the denizens of cities.—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Benefits of Newspapers.

Comparatively speaking, but few persons fully appreciate the benefits accruing from well conducted and well arranged newspapers.—On its first appearance, at the regular time, a few moments, perhaps an hour, may be allotted to its perusal by a majority of readers, and then it is cast aside as being of no further use. But those who have learned its true value are not satisfied with a cursory reading. They examine with critical minuteness the whole contents, and when they have finished the pleasing and instructive task, they carefully put it in some secure place, where it may be had for future reference. Whoever keeps a file of papers knows the pleasure as well as the advantage to be derived from a frequent perusal of them.—They bring to mind scenes long forgotten.—They give us a clue by which we can judge of the improvement in the social world, of changes in politics, religion, and in moral science—they are a map of the past, and may be used as a chart for the future. They are histories of the busy world narrowed down to the stated periods of a day, or a week, wherein the various characters of a motley multitude are delineated with critical skill. They show the prevailing passions of the times in which they were published, and often record on their pages the essence of sparkling wits. To a family composed in part of youth they are invaluable. Show us a person conversant with the general news of the day, and we will show you one whose general knowledge is more than ordinary. Let every family, then, take a paper; not only take a paper, but read it.

MURDER AT MEREDITH BRIDGE, N. H.

The body of a young man named Edward L. Davis, aged 22 years, whose parents reside in Meredith Bridge village, was found in the river last Thursday, just below the railroad bridge in that town, with marks and bruises upon it, which rendered it certain that he came to his death by violence. On the bridge his coat was found, badly torn and stained with blood. Blood was also noticed on the bridge, and for three or four rods along the railroad track to a pair of bars that open into a piece of woods. It is supposed that the fatal blow must have been given at some distance from the bridge, and that the coat was taken to wrap his head while he was dragged to the river. Suspicion of the murder rests on a Mr. Rufus Flanders, with whose wife it is said that the deceased had been on terms of improper intimacy. Flanders was heard, the day preceding the murder, to threaten the deceased, and called for him at his boarding house about ten o'clock Wednesday night. Mr. Davis was last seen at Prescott's about twelve o'clock, Wednesday night, where he ate a dish of oysters, and treated several others. Flanders has been arrested, and will be held in custody to await the decision of a coroner's jury.—[Boston Traveller.]

A DISGRACE TO HIS SPECIES. A friend has just related to us a curious fact in natural history, respecting a dog. In North Attleboro' in this State, there is kept in a manufacturing establishment, a large mastiff, who takes as much comfort in a quid of tobacco as does the most inveterate lover of the weed. So habitual has he become to its use, that he must have it, and will sit all day in the centre of the shop, chewing away with great appetite and good relish. He became thus much like a man by playing with 'old sgers,' as the ends of cigars are professionally termed. In such play he would occasionally find a 'soger' in his mouth, until at length a taste was formed for the tobacco, which has since increased, and now he is what he is. We believe this to be the only instance on record, of any animal but man, and one species of worm, using the weed from the pure love of it.—[Boston Cabinet.]

There is a dog in Roxbury, who has acquired the same melancholy habit. He has a slinking, sheepish look, as if he were half aware of his degradation. He is shunned by all the decent dogs in the neighborhood.—[Exchange.]

DEATH OF MR. DECKER. We learn by a letter from California, received yesterday by Mr. Samuel Locke, of this town, that Mr. Henry W. Decker, son-in-law of Mr. Locke, died at the mines on Feather River, on the 29th of August last. He leaves a wife and three children. Mr. Decker left here for California about 17 months since, in company with several others from this town. He was taken sick, of dysentery, on the 25th of June, and suffered from that prevailing disorder till his death.

[Hallowell Gazette.]

PRINTERS' LANGUAGE. Every professional trade has its technical terms, and of course the printers have a "small smattering," which is intelligible only to the craft. The following is a specimen; it don't mean however, as much as it would seem to the uninitiated:—

"Jim, put General Washington on the galley, and then finish the murder of the young girl you commenced yesterday. Set up the ruins of Herclaneum; distribute the small pox; you needn't finish that runaway match; have the high water in the paper this week.—Let the pi alone till after dinner, put the barbeque to press, and then go to the devil, and he will tell you about the work in the morning."

Not much wonder that Dr. Faustus was burned for inventing such a diabolical art. [Delaware Republican.]

THE PARKER MURDER CASE.—DISHONOR OF THE WENTWORTHS.—The Grand Jury of Manchester, N. H., have found no bill against the Wentworths, who were engaged with the murder of Jonas Parker, at Manchester, six years ago, and they have been finally discharged, at a squabble in court, without any bill.

Died at his residence in Bath, on Friday, the 18th inst., Jonathan Hyde, Esq., aged 79.—Mr. Hyde was one of our oldest and most respectable citizens, and for many years a merchant of high standing. His demise was quite sudden. His health had been very feeble for a long time, but he was out as usual on Friday. He lay down in the evening, and was found a short time afterwards dead. His spirit had departed without a struggle.—[Tribune.]

THE DEACON WILL TRY AGAIN.—The Lewiston Falls Journal says that Dea.

