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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, DEC. 26, 1850.

NO. 23.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

At No. 3-1/2 Boutelle 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 pay.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was a calm and silent night,
The stars were shining bright,
Seven hundred years and fifty three
Had Rome been growing up to night,
And now was born of land and sea,
No sound was heard of crying wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain,
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
The infant of the Virgin's light,
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly reveling home he came,
Triumphal arches gleaming with light,
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What reared the Roman, what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away,
Went plodding home a weary way,
A weak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-saturn stable door,
Across his path, a pause for naught,
Told what was going on within,
How keen the stars his only thought,
The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

O, strange indifference! low and high,
Drowned over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was listening—unaware,
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed,
Mankind was lulled no more to sleep,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night,
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyful peals abroad, and smile
The darkness, charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To be a happy home-given hour,
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

POPULAR READING.

THE STAGE DRIVER.

BY MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

OVER THE Torrey hills regularly came and went, on alternate days, one of the numerous mail stages from Vermont. It was a new coach, freshly painted in bright yellow, with large red bouquets upon the paneling, and narrow black stripes upon the wheels. Bandboxes, covered with blue, green, pink, white, yellow and particolored paper, or perhaps carefully secured from the incidents of a journey by a bag of coarse brown cloth, were piled, together with valises, carpet bags and bundles of various shapes and sizes, in huge mountains upon the top. Among these, occasionally, an "extra passenger" found a place—nine grown persons and five small children—within, and six upon, and above the driver's box without; being considered the full complement for a load. To speak of the trunk, bed, and bundles, would require a greater compass of arithmetic than we possess. They were of wood, of hair, of leather; black, red, yellow, white, blue; some strapped and buckled, some corded with ropes; some whose shattered locks had half burst away from their screws, and a few smaller ones upon the top sporting their brass padlocks. This vehicle was drawn by six white horses always in the finest order and hey-day spirits. In short, it was an exhilarating sight, that whirling, rumbling, rattling, jolting little world, regularly revolving in its orbit, and changing its passengers no oftener than this larger whirling, rattling world, that we call Earth.

Well, as we have said, daily rolled and rumbled this gay mail coach over Torrey hills; and daily ran Lizzie Hatch to the window, to glance between the scarlet bean-vines—at what? The white horses, or the stage-coach? The bandboxes, or the trunks? The passengers, or the rosy checked young driver? We will not say. Peep she did with her bright little laughing eyes, and smile she did with her sweet little rosy lips. What makes him always so merry, I wonder? thought she.

What can he be always singing about so loud? One would think that on a rainy day, at least, he might be sober; but instead of that, he only screams the louder when the rain pours the hardest!

What a curious little chick that must be, always prying between the bean-vines! daily thought the rosy checked driver, when passing the house of Farmer Hatch. One would think she might sometime be at work, instead of which, there she forever stands, thinking herself hid by the bean flowers, which only make her show the fairer. She's a sweet little witch on my word!

Get up, whoa, there! General! whoa, there!

The gay painted stage-coach could be seen a long way off, and from Farmer Hatch's western windows, for from their doorway, the hill rose up, and up, and up, till it seemed fairly to touch the sky; and the coach came rattling down, and down, and down, till one would verily think it was sent on a despatch to the bottomless abyss. So regularly every alternate morning at precisely eight o'clock, Lizzie shook her little head in the western window, and, being the sunny pillows on the window sill to rest, and precisely at five o'clock on every afternoon, she sat waiting at the east window in the parlor, and precisely at those very hours came either to or from the yellow coach and the six white horses.

A quarter of a mile on the road below was the Torrey post office; the store, the tailor's shop, the church, and a few white and yellow houses called the village. Here the stage always stopped to have the mail changed; here the driver jumped off, and chatted with the loungers about the door; here he met the little dandy tailor in his light blue pants; pleated vest, and invisible green coat, and delivered his muddy packages, from the city. Said the tailor, by name Orlando Schneider, was no unimpor-

tant personage in the eyes of Frank Gale, the driver; for though he had a hearty contempt for his foppishness he had an unaccountable dislike and dread for his pretensions in another direction. In short, Frank had often observed him strutting up to the door of Farmer Hatch's cottage on a summer's afternoon, or loitering near the open window, where Lizzie sat; and it was whispered by the male gossips about the door of the tavern and post office, that a match was hatching between the young people.

Now, why should Frank care if it were so? What claim had he on a young maiden with whom he had never exchanged a word in his life? None, to be sure, but then he pshawed and fretted at it as much as though it were doing him a great wrong; and he called the tailor a blasted fool, though if this were a specimen of his folly, it was one, it must be, confessed, which Frank himself would have been proud and happy to have committed.

'I don't believe it! I won't believe it,' he cried, to himself. 'Lizzie Hatch would never marry such a titling, twittering, spindle-shanked jackanapes as he! She's a fool if she does! but these girls are all running mad after little tripping dandies in their starched linens, and whalebones, strutting about on their toes, because their pants won't allow them to sit down.'

Thoughts similar to these were filling the young driver's mind, as the coach rattled down the hill one bright October morning. Near the foot of the hill there were several dangerous inequalities in the road, which demanded a slackening in the horses' speed, and great skill and caution in the driver; at least, this was supposed to be the case, from the fact that Frank Gale always drew up the reins, and moderated the cattle's speed at this point.

His eyes, meanwhile, instead of being fixed on their steps, wandered industriously to the little bean-shed window, and the laughing, rosy lips behind. This morning the lips were not there; but presently the little body herself skipped from the door, and waved her handkerchief for Frank to stop. He obeyed immediately, and Lizzie, rising on tiptoe, (oh what little tipsies they were!) extended to him a small package.

'Will you please to leave this bundle at Mrs. Wainwright's in Court st. I have forgotten the number, but you will find her sign on the door—she is a dress-maker. Here is the ninepence for you.'

'None of your ninepences for me,' said Frank, smiling good humoredly, receiving the bundle, but dropping the coin; 'I charge nothing for serving an old friend.'

'But I cannot claim your service on that score,' replied Lizzie.

'At least, call me such, whenever I can be of use to you,' said Frank, eagerly.

'Oh! you are too good!' Lizzie cried, laughing. 'How many such "old friends" have you to serve? You will find many eager enough to be your friends in that way.'

'But see have made friendship through those little shy windows. Isn't it so?'

'What! to pay me for carrying your bundles? No, sit there every day, as you have done before, and sometimes look up with a smile when I pass. It will make my ride 20 miles shorter.'

'Well, I will,' said Lizzie gaily; and then skipping back into the house, left Frank with a light heart to pursue his way.

From this time numerous little packages were sent to and fro; and very often a bunch of autumn flowers, a golden peach, a large red apple, or a fine cluster of grapes, were found lying on the grass plot under Lizzie's window, just after the mail coach had passed. But cold November days were coming. The frost had laid its destructive hand upon the bean-vines; the little window was closed; never had autumn seemed to Frank so desolate as now. What increased his mortification, was to observe that little contemptible jackanapes of an Orlando Schneider often seated at the sitting-room window, and Lizzie not far distant. The once merry, singing, rosy Frank grew sober, dumb, demure. His passengers noticed the change with regret, but could divine no cause. Frank himself did not fully understand why he had lost his spirits. He attributed it all to the cursed chill winds; and to be sure, they did sweep down those long Torrey hills somewhat fiercely, though he was not in reality the man to mind them.

About a fortnight before Thanksgiving, when the weather was milder than usual, and something like an Indian summer atmosphere seemed brooding over the hills, Lizzie once more beckoned the driver to stop to receive a message.

'Are you not tired of being troubled?' she asked in a voice that seemed to say, 'I know you are not.'

'Yes, Lizzie, I am!' he answered somewhat gravely; 'but I am not tired of doing anything to oblige you. I don't mind being troubled.'

'And does anything else ever trouble you but me?' she cried, laughing.

He was on the point of answering, 'Yes, Orlando Schneider! but he checked himself, and asked her soberly what message she had for him.

'I am ashamed to trouble you,' she replied, 'but I have no other resource. I want a pair of white kid gloves, which cannot be obtained in this part of the country. Do you think you can make such a lady's purchase?'

Frank jumped from his seat to the ground. 'Yes,' he replied, 'if you will let me see the size of your hand.'

Lizzie laughed and colored behind her little stuffed hood, but held out her hand, which, though it showed signs of having been usually employed, was nevertheless very small and pretty.

'What a little kitty's paw it is, Lizzie! Nothing but the wild fox-glove from the fields will fit it. Just tell me now, Lizzie, in secret, if it is wedding gloves you want?'

'Perhaps they will be worn on such an occasion,' she said, smiling.

'And is Thanksgiving to be the day?'

'Yes, and the hour, seven in the evening.'

'May you be happy,' said Frank, suppressing a sigh, and turning to mount his box.

'And you, too,' cried Lizzie, smiling again, and showing her white teeth, the pearls among her eyes.

The next night Frank brought the white gloves, and upon trial they proved to be a perfect fit. Frank's minuteness of observation was truly marvellous.

The next Monday morning, the gossip of the post office and store door loungers all ran upon the publication of Schneider and Lizzie

Hatch. The matter then was no longer doubtful, and Frank resigned himself to the first dark and bitter disappointment of his life.

The day came at length, in which all hearts are sojourned to gratitude; the old stately Thanksgiving day, with its long old sermons, its sumptuous dinners, and its merry party givings. The stage-driver alone, with his class, was not permitted to enjoy its festivities. The same work remained for him—the same long ride over the Torrey hills, broken only by a hasty dinner at the tavern, and cheered only by the hope of sound rest at night.

The day was dark and drizzling. The roads were muddy and dangerous. Night fell in the middle of the afternoon. At five o'clock it was densely dark. As he left the Torrey tavern, they cautioned him to look out for a bad place in the road, just above Farmer Hatch's cottage on the hill. As he drew near the critical spot, his eyes were caught by the glare of the wedding illumination in the Farmer's cottage.

Wreaths of evergreen hung before the windows, and tall candles were suspended among them. The dazzling effect of those lights entirely took from his eyes the power of seeing in the darkness before him; and possibly, also, the associations connected therewith might have rendered his nerves somewhat unsteady. Whatever might have been the cause, it is certain that Frank did not guide his horses with his usual caution, and before a thought of danger had occurred to him, the coach upset, and poor Frank was thrown with terrible force far down into the unfathomable darkness.

The noise of this disaster reaching the inmates of the cottage, the old farmer and his two stout sons rushed forth to ascertain the extent of the calamity. They found the coach laid down upon its side, and the two passengers within crying out lustily for help. Having extricated these, who were fortunately much more frightened than hurt, though a little bruised, they began to search about for Frank. But Lizzie, with a lantern, was before them. She had found him at the foot of a steep bank by the roadside, lying bloody and senseless.

The farmer and his sons bore the poor youth into their house. One then ran for a surgeon, another to get help from the village, to take charge of the coach and horses. It was a time of general bustle and excitement. Frank, on his side, was insensible to it. He lay in Lizzie's own little bed-room, bathing her white pillows with his blood. She stood by him weeping.

The surgeon came in a few minutes, and on applying restoratives, brought poor Frank back to consciousness. But he was frightfully bruised and wounded. The surgeon was occupied two hours in dressing his wounds, while Lizzie sat all the while scraping lint in the adjoining room. Every now and then he would open his eyes, and catch a glimpse of her as she ran in and out, supplying the surgeon's calls. At last the bandages were applied, and Frank resigned to what little rest he could hope to obtain with a bruised head and mangled limbs. Fortunately no bones were broken, so that his case did not seem very desperate. While he lay in his darkened room, with only a few rays from a rush-light behind a screen, the door softly opened, and Lizzie entered in her bridal robes of white muslin. She looked pale and beautiful as a spirit, in that dim light, and her voice was as sweet, falling upon his dizzy brain.

'Forgive us for all leaving you a short time, she said. 'Perhaps you remember it is the wedding night. The minister has arrived, and they are only waiting for me. You shall have better attention when that is over.'

'Go, and God bless you, Lizzie. Do not think of me. I am quite easy, and in want of nothing. You have all been very kind to me. Forgive me for bringing my sufferings here, to disturb your joys. Why didn't you send me back to the tavern? it was the place for me, to-night.'

Lizzie put her soft fingers gently over his lips. 'Don't talk so,' she whispered. 'It is the deepest of our thanksgivings, to-night, that we have been able to do something for you. Think of that, and let it console you.'

Before he could reply, she had glided softly away from him, and left the room. The wedding ceremony was performed in the parlor adjoining; and as he lay helpless upon his pillow, he heard the deep voice of prayer, lifted up in consecration of the nuptial vows. He heard the names spoken—Orlando Schneider and Elizabeth Hatch!—then there was a bustle of the guests seating themselves, and a general suppressed tittering, murmuring, and rattling of plates and wine-glasses.

The hour was a long and painful one to Frank. At last the door opened into his room again, and the old farmer approached. 'Well, the job is over,' he cried. 'Considerable business we've done here in one night.'

'I am afraid I am in your way at this time,' said Frank, in a mournful voice, that sounded strangely coming from his lips.

'Not a jot, not a jot! Schneider takes his wife off to-night, so we have an empty crib just in time. We're just packing 'em away, and then we'll have an eye to your again.'

He left the room, and presently Frank heard a carriage drive to the door. As it rolled slowly away, he could not suppress a deep groan, not of bodily, but of mental torture.

'Are you in such pain?' sighed a tender, pitying voice at his ear. 'Can I do nothing for you?'

'Why Lizzie! how came you here? I thought you were gone!'

'No, I, now do I intend to go, but I don't want to leave you tonight.'

'Oh, no, you misunderstand me. He meant the bride, not me.'

'Not you?' cried Frank, almost springing from his pillow, in spite of his wounds and bandages. 'Who in the name of heaven is the bride, if not you?'

'It is my aunt Lizzie,' said she, laughing a little roguishly, notwithstanding her pity for Frank.

'Then I have been deceived, and you are not Schneider's wife?'

'No, thank Heaven, I am free from any such claims. Aunt Lizzie is happy in being married at the ripe age of forty, and Uncle Orlando is claiming with his wife's hand a title to five thousand dollars. I am far happier being here to wait upon you.'

'Dear Lizzie! weak and wounded as I am, not a being breathes this night with so thankful a heart as I. Tell me, Lizzie, in a word, is there a man in the world, who loves a claim on you?'

'Only my father.'

'Then I may lie here in peace, and dream sweet dreams, may I not?'

'Yes, any thing to make you happy.'

'And you will wait on me?'

'With pleasure.'

'Then I am the happiest man alive.'

Here the door opened, and old Farmer Hatch entered with his wife, just as Frank had managed to clasp Lizzie's hand.

'Ho! ho! another wedding in the wind!' he cried.

But Lizzie ran out of the room in the twinkling of an eye, or I am not certain that the old farmer would not have settled the bargain at once. Any way, it was not many weeks before the young people had settled it for themselves, which, after all, is much the best way in such cases.

The Philosophy of Human Life.

At fourteen years of age, I entered a dry goods store as a clerk. I had been a very active boy. The sedentary station, probably, caused me to become despondent. I was troubled with flatulency and belching, and thought it useful to eat more to expel the air from the stomach. Physicians said I had consumption of the lungs, and ordered a low diet. After several years, without change, I thought they misunderstood my case. I ate more and passed on to mature age, and was troubled, not only with flatulency and belching, but with much pain in the stomach; also, and doctors advised me to take saleratus or soda, to neutralize the acid, and peppermint to ease the pain. I followed this prescription, and continued to eat heartily. If I did not take regular meals, at regular times, I was cramped in the stomach, and suffered greatly. My countenance was pale and sickly, as usual. I continued this course without much change till about forty years of age. I then ruminated upon the subject and the thought occurred, that I ate more than the stomach could digest properly, which caused the pain and flatulency. I resolved at once to eat half meals, as an experiment. When I left the table with half a meal, it was painful to my feelings. Between ten and twelve o'clock, I found it necessary to eat a crust or a cracker or two, till my stomach conformed to the change. I soon found that I had discovered the true cause of my ill health, and had no trouble of belching and pain in the stomach, and my countenance became healthy.

I required great watchfulness and self-denial to leave the table with half a meal and a good appetite; but I persevered and became confirmed and satisfied that I had adopted the true course. Half an hour after eating, when digestion had begun, the hungry feeling ceased; if not, eat a crust or cracker or two, till the habit is fully established. This course I have pursued for the latter half of my years, and I have enjoyed improved health, vigor, and comfort. I am obliged however, to watch my appetite, and not indulge in it, for it would soon lead me astray, as I have found, when I have incautiously eaten a very little too much. I am not sensible that my faculties are impaired now, at four score years. If I take cold, it leaves me in a quarter the time it did in early life. I formerly ate supper, and suffered if I did not get an early breakfast. I now take a light meal at tea, at five to six o'clock, and breakfast at seven to eight o'clock, without any inconvenience from hunger, after fourteen hours abstinence. When I ate more, as I formerly did, if I lost a meal, I did not recover it for a fortnight. Now, if I lose a meal, I feel no cramp, and little inconvenience from it. This course has proved to me to be the true philosophy of life and health. Except for this, I should have been mouldering in the grave twenty years ago.

If the stomach is stimulated too high, by eating and drinking, it flags as much below when empty, and causes pain in both extremes. 'If you eat but little, the stomach is at ease and quiet. I drink water only; and do not use tobacco, nor any intoxicating liquors, nor any narcotics. I do not eat to feel my fullness, but merely to check the hollow feeling. If those who have suffered as I did, read this, and are willing to practice self-denial in eating, they may profit by it as I have done. The stomach should not be idle nor loaded, but uniform meals are the safest course. If necessary, eat two or three crackers between meals, till the habit of eating half meals is established. This is condemned by many—the error is in eating too large a lunch, and not by eating too little. If you tell your friend that he eats too much, he is offended.

More persons die by eating and drinking too much, than from any other cause. Many would live on a hundred years, by this regimen, as the antediluvians did, who only ate vegetable food. Children should be taught to eat as little as they will be satisfied with, and plain food will accomplish this the best. If you are troubled with belching, it is a proof that you have eaten too much for the stomach to digest properly. If the food is properly digested, the wind will pass down. Thus it is a good test.

I write this on the importunity of friends, who think others may profit by it. When I was a boy, there were no meat markets but in large cities, and every one provided, salt beef and pork for the summer. They ate pork and potatoes one day, and potatoes and pork the next. Then they ate to live; now they live to eat, and must have delicacies from the four quarters of the globe for a meal. [Cont. of Am. Agriculturist.]

Woman's Rights.—The New York Mirror, in an article upon "Woman's Rights," makes the following bold and imprudent remark:—

'The offices are those of wife, mother, daughter, sister, friend. Can they not be content with these?'

Whereupon Mrs. Wislizen of the Pittsburgh Visitor, who is, of course, on our side on this great question, replies in the following spirited manner:—

'What unreasonable creatures these women are, but sorry to say the men folks have set them a bad example. His offices are those of husband, father, son, brother, friend. Goodness gracious! can they not be content with these? Don't we let them wear whiskers and cultivate monstrosities—look 'divine,' and often killing? Haven't we given them leave to wear straps on their pantaloons and wadding in their vests, to improve their plumage? Didn't we make them false bosoms, painted, starched and ironed, until they are as ribbed and stiff and smooth as the platform of a railroad station, with its innumerable tracks? Don't we allow them to wear white kid gloves, satin vests of the same color, rings, breastpins and chains? Don't we permit them to carry fans and parasols, and

make themselves generally useful; and don't we listen to their declarations and say, "O ha! Now, Mr. Smith! I declare? Haven't we encouraged the pretty darlings to utter soft nothings of mornings, when the blinds are down; and haven't our hearts gone into a delightful flutter, to respond to the pit-pat knockings inside the wadded vests? and yet the pretty dears are not content to make love and dress the sole objects of their lives? Why will they tangle their whiskers, soil their hands, and tarnish their boots, bubbling and wading in politics, law and learning? What occasion can any of them have to vote himself a farm, when he has a wife? Why should they covet the legal power to protect their lives and property, or want remuneration for their labor? Are they not husbands, fathers, sons, brothers? What use can they have for bread and butter, beef and potatoes, when they fill all the endearing relations of life?'

THE NEEDLE.

The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling in walks or cotillon, or what or quadrille; and in And seek admiration by vauntingly telling Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill; But give me the fair one in country or city, Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart, Who cheerfully warbles some rustic ditty, While playing the needle with exquisite art. The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle, sown The needle directed by skill and by art.

If I have a potent—magical token, I would give A talisman, ever real and true, A charm that is never evaded or broken— A witchery certain the heart to subdue— 'Tis this—and his armory never has furnished— So keen and unerring, or polished a dart, As gently direct it, so pointed and furnished, And so! it is certain of touching the heart.

Be wise then, ye maidens, nor seek admiration, By dressing for conquest and flirting with all; You never, what'er be your fortune or station, Will appear so lovely at court or at ball. As gently conveyed to a work covered table, Each cheerfully active and playing her part, Beguiling the task with a song on a table, And playing the needle with exquisite art.

John Bull in a Fright.

The tremendous excitement produced in England by the establishment of the Roman hierarchy, has already been portrayed in our columns. Hardly any event of modern times—even the expected invasion by the Spanish Armada in the days of Elizabeth, or the apprehension of a similar project by Bonaparte—has created a greater hubbub. The panic, though beginning to subside, is still at a high pitch. In pulpit and public hall, the "drum ecclesiastic" is being beaten with apostolic energy; from John O'Grato's Land's End, its echoes reverberate, loud enough to stir the bones of Sacherevell, or avenge the names of a Cranmer. Public meetings are being held, wrathful speeches made, and resolutions passed; and loud above the thunder-peal, may be heard the scream of the press, like the notes of the high-toned flute over the deep crash of the orchestra.

Amidst all this hubbub which the Pope has created among the Old-Islanders, it has—curiously enough—scarcely occurred to anybody on this side of the Atlantic that Rome has put forth the same "haughty assumption" of authority here. This fact—which shows how small an affair the Pope is for the "anaconda breakfast of the United States"—is strikingly set forth in the following allusion in a leader in the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer:

'John Hughes is made Roman Catholic Archbishop in America, and the fact nowhere produces the slightest sensation. Francis Wiseman is made Roman Catholic Archbishop in England, and the whole island heaves with indignation and alarm. The one act scarcely elicits a passing paragraph in the American newspapers; the other surcharges the English press with direful cholera, which finds vent in every style of wrathful rhetoric. The Times scatters its forked lightnings—

From its horrid lair, it sends forth its forked lightning, and warms the world with its forked lightning, and falls for the Pope's Philistine with a fury that none but beef-fed hierarchs could withstand. The Examiner belches from its deep-throated engine all sorts of hissing darts against the Vatican; the Morning Chronicle, with vast Typhoon rage, rides the air in whirlwind; the stiff old Standard is sounding the tootin' with a might that ought to rouse the dead from their slumbers; the Herald has levelled its ancient blunderbuss against the Scarlet Lady on the Seven Hills; and even the amiable Daily News has put on a fearful scowl, and given Pro-Nono a piece of its mind that blisters like hot iron. Punch, of course, is on hand, as he always is, where mischief is brewing, and in the first of his November issues he shows up sturdy JOHN BULL sleeping like an easy old fool in his arm chair, while the triple-headed Pope, with a sly smirk on the tip of a wicked leg in the eye, steals up behind and gently drops down upon his silly pate the identical scarlet hat of Cardinal Wolsey, while Paddy, the spalpeen, stand by, watching the operation with the intensest anxiety, and as whilst as a stick least the old fellow should awake and spoil the fine trick they are playing upon him. But thanks to the thunders of the Press, and the tremendous rump-dub of the "drum ecclesiastic," John has it at last thoroughly awakened, and is now laying about him with a judicious every way worthy of his younger days.'

JOHN C. CALHOUN.—General Poole, in the course of a speech made by him before the 27th ult., is reported to have stated, upon his personal knowledge, that Mr. Calhoun did entertain the project of amending the constitution, so as to have two Presidents of this Union, one for the north and another for the south, with distinct and equal powers—each to have the veto power; and further, that the convention of Mississippi, which was a preliminary of the Nashville convention, was an idea that originated with the great Carolina statesman. The New Orleans Commercial Bulletin says, "these facts have heretofore been considered apocryphal. They are so no longer."

OUR COMES.—Our esteemed young friend, whose name is G. W. D., of H., a college, sends us a very clever, but not of a favorite mathematical professor in that flourishing institution. It appears that the professor had an old horse that used to roam about the college-yard, and being connected in the minds of the freshmen, with the professor himself, he was always called "Comes." One day, just before recitation, a waggon student drew a large caricature of the old horse on the black-board; and in between the "Comes" was written "Comes" in large characters. The professor called the first boy to the board, and said: "Take

the cloth, James, and rub old 'Comes' down!—which figurative grooming was at once performed. [Knickerbocker.]

Important Discovery.—Lard Rendered Fluid by Mixing with Rosin.

Professor Olmstead, of New Haven, has lately made the important discovery, that, by adding one pound of powdered rosin to three pounds of lard, well stirred together, the mass becomes semi-fluid at 72 degrees F., and on being melted, which it does at 90 degrees, notwithstanding if melted alone the rosin requires 300 degrees, and the lard 37 degrees of heat, the compound will remain transparent and limpid at that temperature. As it cools, a pellicle begins to form on the surface. At 87 degrees, and at 76 degrees it remains a dense semi-fluid.

The discovery of the above-named fact will be of great importance to those who use lard lamps, as the lard is rendered more fluid by the rosin, and the power of illumination increases two fifths; yet, after two hours' burning, it loses its brilliancy on account of the wick becoming clogged. This will not be an important objection in families, while in point of economy the gain will be considerable. For fuel is worth three or four times as much as rosin.

To machinists, the discovery is very important, as it enables them to make use of lard instead of oil, which is not only a saving in cost, but what is of far more importance, the addition of the rosin completely neutralizes the quality of acidity in the lard, which corrodes metals, particularly brass and copper, to such a degree it is unfit to apply to anything not in constant use. Professor Olmstead says, a thin coating of the compound laid upon a grate or sheet-iron stove with a brush, as thin as possible, will keep it free from rust all summer, although stored in a damp place.

To soap-makers, the discovery is also important. If one pound of the compound is added to two pounds of common Windsor soap, the quality is greatly improved, and the tendency that soap has to grow rancid, when in use or kept moist, is thus entirely prevented. A lard cream, of an excellent quality, may be made by taking a cake of good shaving soap and steaming it soft in a close cup, and mixing well its weight of the compound, and working it all together; and adding a little oil of almonds, or any other agreeable flavor.

The same compound, applied to boots and shoes, renders them nearly impervious to water, and, if applied to the soles, will not soil the floor. The uppers will be soft and pliable, and not prevented from receiving a blacking polish.

For oiling carriages, the mixture of lard and rosin will be valuable; and when wanted for heavy wheels, a proper consistency may be given to it by adding wheat flour, or, if greatly preferred, black lead.

No doubt, the soap paste above described would be a good lubrication for carriage wheels. We hope this discovery will increase the consumption of lard, and thereby give an improved market to the farmer, and thus enable him to turn land into lard, and lard into light, and in the mean time, enlighten his mind and improve his condition. [Am. Agriculturist.]

Carrots for Horses.

It is admitted by every one who is at all acquainted with the great nutritive qualities of the carrot, that as a winter food, for horses, to use in small quantities daily, say half a peck to each horse, with their dry food, and especially in the absence of green provender, is of the utmost value. It not only possesses fattening properties equal to oats, taking the place of bushel, but it secures to the horse, in the winter season, fine health, a loose skin, and a glossy coat of hair, which is impossible to produce except by the use of the carrot.

To those keeping horses, who do not raise their own carrots, we would hint that now is the time to procure a supply, while they are being harvested. About twelve bushels to a horse, we think, would be sufficient. They should be buried in the usual way, and taken out, a bushel at a time, as they may be wanted. They will in this way keep plump and fresh as the day they were taken from the field. [Gen. Quantown Telegraph.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ORPHAN.

He knelt upon the icy sod,
A friendless orphan child;
And calling on the orphan's God,
By turns he wept and smiled.

"Father in Heaven, hear my prayer;
To thee for help I come;
Weary and weak, a stranger here,
I have no friends, no home.

"Why sleeps my mother?—is she dead?
Is her sweet spirit gone?
Must she be in the cold earth laid?
Must I be left alone?

"Twas this, she said to me to-day,
Since then she does not speak,
Though I have kissed the tears away
That fell upon her cheek.

"Dear mother, pale, cold, and gray,
She looks on me no more,
Nor takes my hand, nor smiles, nor knows
When I unlatch the door.

"Oh God! I am a helpless child;
The wind is cold and drear,
And then, in sobs and accents wild,
He called his mother dear.

The snow and sleet are falling fast,
His scanty garments rent;
His tiny hands are tightly clasped;
But life's last end is spent.

Put back those clustering auburn curls
That shade that beautiful brow;
Though thickly set with icy pearls,
He needs not suffering now.

Too late comes sympathetic care,
Alas too late 'tis shown;
For pitying angels, hovering near,
The spirit home have borne.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

[From Arthur's Home Gazette.]

WHO IS KRIS KRINGLE?

It was the day before Christmas—always a day of restless, hopeful excitement among the children; and my thoughts were busy as is usual at this season, with little plans for increasing the gladness of my happy household. The name of the good genius who presides over toys and sugar plums was often on my lips, but often on the lips of the children.

"Who is Kris Kringle, mamma, asked a pair of rosy lips, close to my ear, as I stood at the kitchen table, rolling out and cutting cake.

I turned at the question, and met the earnest gaze of a couple of bright eyes, the roguish owner of which had climbed into a chair for the purpose of taking note of my doings.

I kissed the sweet lips, but did not answer.

"Say, mamma? Who is Kris Kringle?" persisted the little one.

"Why, don't you know," said I, smiling.

"No, mamma. Who is he?"

"Why, he is—he is—Kris Kringle."

"Oh, mamma! Say, won't you tell me?"

"Ask papa when he comes home," I returned, evasively.

I never like deceiving children in anything. And yet, Christmas after Christmas, I have imposed on them the pleasant fiction of Kris Kringle, without suffering very severe pains of conscience. Dear little creatures! how fully they believed, at first, the story; how soberly and confidently they hung their stockings in the chimney corner; with what faith and joy did they receive their many gifts on the never-to-be-forgotten Christmas morning!

Yes, it is a pleasant fiction; and if there be in it a leaven of wrong, it is indeed a small portion.

"But why won't you tell me, mamma?" persisted my little interrogator. "Don't you know Kris Kringle?"

"I never saw him, dear," said I.

"Has papa seen him?"

"Ask him when he comes home."

"I wish Krisy would bring me, Oh, such an elegant carriage and four horses, with a driver that could get down and go up again."

"If I see him, I'll tell him to bring you just such a nice carriage."

"And will he do it, mamma?" The dear child clasped his hands together with delight.

"I guess so."

"I wish I could see him," he said, more soberly and thoughtfully. "And then, as if some new impression had crossed his mind, he hastened down from the chair and went gliding from the room."

Half an hour afterwards, as I came into the nursery, I saw my three 'olive branches,' clustered together in a corner, holding grave counsel on some subject of importance, at least to themselves. They became silent at my presence; but soon began to talk aloud. I listened to a few words, but perceived nothing of particular concern; then turned my thoughts away.

"Who is Kris Kringle, papa?" I heard my cherry-lipped boy asking of Mr. Smith, soon after he came home in the evening.

The answer I did not hear. Enough that the enquirer did not appear satisfied therewith.

At tea-time, the children were not in very good appetite, though in fine spirits.

As soon as the evening meal was over, Mr. Smith went out to buy presents for our little ones, while I took upon myself the task of getting them off early to bed.

A Christmas-tree had been obtained during the day, and it stood in one of the parlors, on a table. Into this parlor the good genius was to descend during the night, and hang on the branches of the tree, or leave upon the table, his gifts for the children. This was our arrangement. The little ones expressed some doubts as to whether Kris Kringle would come to this particular room; and little 'cherry lips' couldn't just see how the genius was going to get down the chimney, when the fire-place was closed up.

"Never mind, love; Kris will find his way here," was my answer to all objections.

"But how do you know, mother? Have you sent him word?"

"Oh, I know."

Thus I put aside their enquiries, and hurried them off to bed.

"Now go to sleep right quickly," said I, after they were snugly under their warm blankets and comforts; and to-morrow morning be up bright and early."

And so I left them to their peaceful slumbers.

An hour it was, or more, ere Mr. Smith returned, with his pockets well laden. I was in the parlor, where we had placed the Christmas tree, engaged in decorating it with rosettes, sugar toys, and the like. At this work I had been some fifteen or twenty minutes, and had, I will own, become a little nervous. My domestic had gone out, and I was alone in the house. Once or twice, as I sat in the silent room, I imagined that I heard a movement in the one adjoining. And several times I was sure that my car detected something like the smothered breathing of a man.

"All imagination," said I to myself. But again and again the same sounds stirred upon the silent air.

"Could there be a robber, concealed in the next room?"

The thought made me shudder. "I was afraid to move from where I sat. What a relief when I heard my husband's key in the door, followed by the sound of his well-known tread in the passage! My fears vanished in a moment.

As Mr. Smith stood near me, in the act of unloading his pockets, he bent close to my ear and whispered—

"Will is under the table. I caught a glance of his bright eyes, just now."

"What!"

"It's true! And the other little rogues are in the next room, peeping through the door, at this very moment."

I was silent with surprise.

"They're determined to know who Kris Kringle is," added my husband; then speaking aloud, he said—

"Come, dear; I want to show you something up in the dining room."

I understood Mr. Smith, and arose up instantly, not so much as glancing towards the partly opened folding doors.

We were hardly in the dining room before we heard the light pattering feet, and low, smothered tittering on the stairway. Then all was still, and we descended to the parlors again, quite as well pleased with what had occurred as the little rogues were themselves.

"I declare! Really, I thought them all sound asleep an hour ago," said I, on resuming my work of decorating the Christmas tree—

"Who could have believed them cunning enough for this? It's all Will's doings. He'll get through the world."

"Aye will he," returned Mr. Smith. "Oh! if you could have seen his face as I saw it, just peering from under the table cloth, his eyes as bright as stars, and full of merriment and delight!"

"Bless his heart! He's a dear little fellow! How could I help saying this?"

"And the others! You lost half the pleasure of the whole affair by not seeing them."

"We shall have a frolic with the rogues to-morrow morning. I can see the triumph on Will's face. I understand now what all their whispering meant this afternoon. They were concocting this plan. I couldn't have believed it of them!"

"Children are curious bodies," said Mr. Smith.

"I thought I heard some one in the next room," I remarked, "while you were out, and became really nervous for awhile. I heard the breathing of some one near me, also; but tried to argue myself into the belief that it was only imagination."

Thus we conned over the little incident, while we arranged the children's toys.

"I know who Kris Kringle is! I know!" was the triumphant affirmation of one and another of the children, as we gathered at the breakfast table next morning.

"Do you, indeed?" said I, trying to look grave.

"Yes; it is papa."

"Papa, Kris Kringle! How can that be?"

"Oh, we know! We found out!"

"Indeed!"

And we made, of course, a great wonder of this assertion. The merry elves! What a happy Christmas it was for them. Ever since they have dated from the time when they found out who Kris Kringle was. It is all to no purpose, that we pleasantly suggest the possibility of their having dreamed of what they allege to have occurred under their actual vision; they have recorded it in their memories, and refer to it as a veritable fact.

Dear children! How little they really ask of us, to make them happy. Did we give them but a twentieth part of the time we give to business, care and pleasure, how greatly would we promote their good, and increase the measure of their enjoyment. Not alone at Christmas time, but all the year should we remember and care for their pleasures; for, the state of innocent pleasures in children, is one in which good affections are implanted, and these take root and grow, and produce fruit in after life.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE...DEC. 26, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

E. B. SIMONSON, General Newspaper Collecting Agent, is authorized to collect our bills. Office in Augusta, over the store of Messrs. Caldwell & Co., with A. R. Nichols; residence at Brown's Corner.

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

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. PETTINGILL, 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.

Take Care, Green Mountain Boys!

There is a most fatal independence among those descendants of Ethan Allen. They oppose slavery just as they opposed the Red-coats at Plattsburg. When they passed the famous resolutions that made such a bluster at Washington, and which so irritated the South and frightened the North, it might well have been concluded they would be more careful for the future. But not so. Even the Fugitive Slave Law seems little likely to bring them into submission. Indeed, one would hardly suppose they had read that famous document. On the very eve of South Carolina's last great effort to frighten the rest of the world—when the great three-story "Cradle of Liberty" in Boston rocks to and fro with as much fury as did smaller cradles in the days of Salem witchcraft—even at such a crisis, as though she had neither the fear of Senator Foote before her eyes, or reverence for the "patriarchal institution" in her heart, the valiant little Green Mountain State passes a law of her own, in the very face of dissolution, that plucks every tooth from the jaws of the frightful Fugitive Slave Law. The law provides, so far as Vermont has power to provide her own laws, that on the arrest of a negro, however black, any of the State courts that dare do it may issue a writ of habeas corpus to determine whether he shall be held or discharged; and if the decision is that he cannot be discharged, he may still demand a trial by jury to see whether he shall be surrendered to the man who claims his soul and body as his property. On the trial by jury, all the facts upon which the judgment depends may be adduced. Thus the Vermont legislature relieves the U. S. Courts and Commissioners of the very arduous labor designed for them by the Fugitive Slave Law. It would require very ingenious management to bring these two laws to harmonize with each other in all their operations. The governor of North Carolina, when he learned the substance of the law, fell into convulsions, that threaten to reduce the Green Mountain State to a green spot. He made it the subject of a special

message, and proposed an immediate convention of all the States in the Union.

The position of Vermont in this matter is indeed peculiar, and to those who appreciate her political position, as well as her free and independent spirit, highly interesting. After the insult heaped upon her through the medium of her noble Resolutions, will she, in the face of the bullying attitude of the Slave States, recede from her position by repealing the law?

The writ of habeas corpus and the trial by jury are the two last points that freemen surrender, and Vermont is the last State to surrender them. That there is anything in the national constitution that demands this surrender now, is a question she will want answered before she changes her position. With a more intelligent and cultivated yeomanry than any other State in the Union, she has a deep enthusiasm for freedom that yields to nothing in the shape of compulsion. The sentiment of Judge Harrington, one of her early patriarchs, has been too often sanctioned in her legislature, and too generally approved in the hearts of her freemen, to have much ground for hope in an attempt to bully her out of it now. When a slave had been brought before the court on a writ of habeas corpus, his honor was proceeding to state the opinion of the court in regard to the insufficiency of certain testimony, when he was interrupted by the inquiry from the slaveholder's attorney,

"If the proof produced is not enough, I should like to know, in the name reason, what proof would satisfy the Court?"

Rising from his seat, with an energy proportioned to a muscular Green Mountain Boy six-feet-four in pumps, and bringing his fist with a crash upon the desk, the Judge exclaimed,

"A bill of sale from God Almighty, and nothing else!"

The writ of habeas corpus is all the slave needs in Vermont.

The Hospital Jury of Inquest.

After a session of nine days, the jury of inquest upon the bodies of the persons burned in the hospital have rendered their verdict. Relics and fragments of twenty-eight bodies were before the jury, which is the entire number not otherwise accounted for. The following names are given—

William G. Linscott, Bangor, John Foster, Machias Port, Joseph Armstrong, Gardiner, James Wyman, Readfield, Abram Richards, Camden, Eben'r Willis, Gorham, Ephraim McLellan, Thomaston, William Pines, Jewsbury, Rufus Hodson, Brewer, Charles Harlow, Bangor, Francis Dennison, Portland, John McVay,

Joshua Norwood, Bangor, Albert Fuller, Jay, James Barry, Portland, Elisha Atkins, Exeter, Nath'l Wilson, Cherryfield, Samuel Pierce, Bath, James Kinsel, Waldoboro', George Dennett, Standish, Joshua Heath, Augusta,

Ebenezer Blake, Portland, Jonathan Carriel, Hope, Nath'l Flint, Portland, Bela Jacobs, Camden, Jacob McKenzie, Mt. Desert, James Greene, Topsham, Henry Jones, Fayette.

The verdict of the jury is, "that the death of the aforesaid persons was caused by accident." They attribute the fire to the unsafe manner in which the warming apparatus was constructed.

Free Bridges vs. Toll Bridges.

Toll bridges and turnpikes are blessings, in their times and places—just as it is a privilege to pay ten per cent for money when we must have it, and can't get it cheaper. Where towns or counties are not able to build bridges, the resort to foreign or individual capital, with the incidental evil of paying toll, is a matter of unquestionable expediency. But the time inevitably comes when these conveniences are transformed to nuisances, the removal of which the interests of communities and towns seem imperatively to require. When wealth has accumulated around them till they become the only obstacles to free bridges, they should no longer be regarded with favor, except for past services.

A stranger who should pass up and down the Kennebec, on each side, from Augusta to Norridgewock, would hardly believe that in a section embracing so much wealth there is not a single free bridge across the Kennebec.

The rich valley of the Sebasticook presents even greater absurdities in this respect. Toll bridges are numerous enough; but the time has come when the best interests of the people on both sides demand that they should be made free. The only question is as to the manner of effecting an object that everybody admits desirable. The legislature, at its last session, took a wise step towards the abolition of toll bridges, under the conviction, no doubt, that it must avail to the public good to offer all possible encouragement to the erection of free bridges. They enacted that

"Whenever any toll bridge of turnpike corporation, within the State, shall offer to surrender the bridge or turnpike belonging to such corporation, to the county or counties within which the same shall be situated, free of cost and incumbrance, it shall be the duty of the county commissioners of such county or counties to accept the same to be thereafter maintained at the expense of such county or counties, provided such commissioners shall on proper inquiry judge such acceptance to be for the public convenience and interest, and the same shall thereafter be and remain the property of such county or counties."

It will be seen from a notice in another column that the people of Winslow are already moving for a free bridge across the Sebasticook at that place. If all the shrewd and intelligent business men within a mile of the two bridges that cut them off from Waterville, would inquire how much the value of their property would be increased by the substitution of free bridges, we venture to predict they would not be one year in effecting their object. Both these bridges could be bought, it is presumed, at reasonable prices. This is the only honorable mode of effecting the object. Should the

owners refuse to do this, it would then become the privilege of those interested to erect free bridges within such limits as the law allows.

A cautious regard to fair and honorable dealing towards the holders of stock in these bridges should be kept in view, as the only security for general unanimity in a measure that seems to be for the interest of all concerned.

Amusements of the Winter.

Dancing seems to be the amusement in Waterville, thus far, since the time for the commencement of the usual winter campaign.

Dancing schools, cotillon parties and balls are unusually abundant, and exceedingly well attended. Never before has a single winter seen so brilliant a flourish of fantastic toes.

"Ahah!" exclaims the moralist, "is this true?—and what does it mean? are the 'morals of Waterville' in the retrograde?" Suppose they are, whose is the fault? Was it not a fixed fact, and well understood, a hundred years ago, that men and women, boys and girls, will have amusement?—that if they cannot amuse themselves morally they will do it immorally? A thousand years ago those interested in the morals of the young caught the idea of leading them in virtuous and innocent amusements. What amusements are offered them in Waterville, but those of their own selections? Where are the lectures, and other evening entertainments, that the season demands? With a score of literary men in our midst, where is our lyceum?—where the various moral and instructive discourses that should enliven our winter evenings. If moral instruction is an object worthy of effort, why not put it in the way to contest the ground with amusements that some deem hurtful? There is something lacking here, and those who cannot join in the merry dance, should see to it that something better is provided. At present there is no choice, and the buoyant feelings of young and old must either curdle and stagnate, or be shaken out at the toes of their shoes. Who can complain of this, without first exerting themselves in a reasonable way to provide a remedy?

For the Eastern Mail.

MR. EDITOR:—It is stated in a recent number of the Portland Advertiser, that an effort is soon to be made on the part of the friends of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence R. R. to raise \$750,000 on the credit of the Road, in order to complete the same. The Stockholders and Directors of that Road chiefly reside in Portland, and it is presumed they will not fail to secure the high financial talents and skill of the three Directors of the A. & K. R. R. residing in that city. In raising the \$750,000 an opportunity will be given the public to judge of the faith of some of the Portland people in a financial measure by their works—in other words, to see whether they will advise the same plan for the A. & St. L. Railroad which they pushed with so much zeal for the A. & K. Railroad.

SIFAX.

"RICHARD EDNEY AND THE GOVERNOR'S FAMILY." This is the title of a good sized volume recently from the prolific press of Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. It is from the pen of the singular but shrewd and highly interesting author of "Margaret" and "Philo"—well understood, in this section, to be the Rev. Sylvester Judd, of Augusta. Everything in this

—the style, the sentiment, the design and object—like everything in the author's previous works, is singular, odd, and agreeable. Those who read them carefully will find a deep and ingenious philosophy, in a garb of careless and winking simplicity, that renders them both interesting and profitable. Mr. Judd's popularity, as a writer of books, will progress slowly but most steadily. He writes with an object beyond the price of the volume. This is so rare in works of imagination and fiction, that the better class of readers cannot fail, in due time, to appreciate him. The admirers of the author—and they are not few—will find the work at Mathews's bookstore.

THE DIOSMA, A PERENNIAL, by Miss H. F. Gould. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. This is a beautiful volume of short poems, to the number of more than one hundred. Its prominent fault consists in the introduction of other poems than those of Miss Gould. Tho' the selections are of the choicest kind, from such writers as Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Ellis, Joanna Baillie, and Miss Landon, we are still disappointed that it does not consist exclusively of the poems of one of the sweetest poets of our country. The selections, however, are of the author's own class and taste, constituting one of the richest volumes lately offered to the lovers of poetry. It is a nice present for the holidays, and may be found at Mathews's.

THE STORM OF MONDAY was one of great extent and severity. From Lake Erie, New York and Boston we have brief mention of it by telegraph. We expect to hear of great destruction of shipping, in harbor and at sea.

Two vessels sunk at their wharves in Boston. In this vicinity the storm was the most severe known for many years. After Monday morning no mail reached the post office here till Tuesday evening at 11 o'clock, at which time the train due twelve hours previous, having on board Gen. Simons, the Superintendent, reached the depot—much to the credit, it must be said, of the engineer and fireman, Messrs. William G. and Henry A. Penney. In the face of such a storm there are posts of great severity.

SMALL POX.—A correspondent in Palermo writes us that this dreadful disease is prevailing there to considerable extent. Several persons have died of it.

COMFORTING.—In such boisterous weather, to know that our village has the safeguard of a good and efficient watch, Mr. E. L. Rice in the northern and Mr. R. E. Crommett in the southern section of the village are presumed to be a sufficient safeguard for such as have clear consciences to sleep in peace.

A RAMBLE ABOUT HOME WITH SUBSCRIBERS ABROAD.

All right!—here we meet again. We tho't there was some attraction in this little barren patch, with its appurtenant white building, and its historical associations, that would bring you out early. This little turnip patch, though hardly spacious enough for a good farmer's barnyard, has been the theatre of a deal of good acting. And as for the matter of its size, it has cost enough for a pretty good sized farm, if we count the time and money spent in legislating and litigating in regard to its title. The town of Waterville originally derived its title to this bit of terra firma through the generosity or patriotism—knowing nothing of other motives—of Dr. Williams. This bequest, however, like most others of this kind, was fettered with so many provisos and conditions, that the Doctor's heirs ultimately found room to institute a suit for its repossession, on the ground that some of these conditions had been neglected. Now came the tug of war. How many writs were issued and served—how many dollars went for lawyers' fees—how many special town-meetings were called—how many committees appointed—how many hundred dollars worth of time was spent—and how many flaming and patriotic speeches were made, before the title of the town was established beyond question—these are points that you know as well as we.

Here in 1802, when the town of Waterville was organized and entitled to representation in the Massachusetts legislature, stood the first church built in town. Here was called, by the late Dr. Moses Appleton, in pursuance of a requisition from "Asa Redington, justice of the Peace," the first town meeting in Waterville. Agreeably to direction, Dr. A. notified each voter "either personally or by leaving a written notification at their usual places of abode," to meet at the "public meeting house," for purposes set forth. And here they met; and here, with the exception of the period during which town meetings were held alternately at this and the west village, they have continued to meet to the present time. For the clean looking white building on the North side of the Common is no other than that same "public meeting house" with a little more convenient rig inside, and a touch of modern toggery outside. Strang metamorphosis!—but not a whit more strange than has been wro't, political, religious and personal, in many who walked its aisles in early days; for politics as well as fashion, and fashion as well as preaching, have each their sphere and time for producing changes. And here was one of the changes effected by the latter—it converted the church into a town-house and public hall. Not that such is always the effect of preaching—by no means!—but this was never a proud house of modern pretensions. From having no towering spire, it lacked the upward look and upward tendency of fashionable churches; in some of which the steeple is the only symptom of that kind of tendency. It was never the pampered and petted tabernacle of a sect, but was left to run wild and mad with every notion that the bible or common sense suggested. Like a stray horse with no pasture but the highway, liable to be ridden by every owner of a bridle or dish of salt, it could claim the patronage of neither Paul nor Apollus, Matthew, Mark, Luke or John—but being subject to the combined efforts of all, where it was in turn neutralized the labors of the others, no wonder that from a deficiency of the "foolishness," so potent in some preaching, it fell into disrepute, and was at last deposed from its high ministration. From having at first only a "public meeting house," the village in time attained the dignity of a Baptist church—and then a Universalist church—and at a later period a Congregational church; till in her present ambition she has the proud hope of being able to accommodate as great a variety of Christians as there were of tongues at the tower of Babel. But these strides of progressive Christianity and civilization were the degradation, and ultimately the ruin, of the poor old "meeting house." It fell into disrepute as it fell into repair—and it fell out of repair as it fell into disrepute—till at length the boys fell to pelting its windows, and the storm to pelting its timbers; its few doors fell from their hinges, and its shingles from the roof; and the whole structure was in a fair way to fall to the ground, when the carpenters fell to work upon the repairs you now discover. This, however, was not till after the settlement of the question of titles, up to which time the house occupied a position near the centre of the Common. It was removed and repaired in the summer of 1842.

But the old meeting-house should not be forgotten, or remembered merely in its improved aspect. You recollect it as it was—its old weather-beaten walls without, and its little square sheep-pen pews within; arranged as if a sheepish counterfeiter here would diminish the danger of being counted as goats hereafter.

Just back of it was the old pound, constructed of the same venerable posts and rails that have since been the town's good service in their present "shantin'oliar" position near the foot of Pleasant-st. What an ingenious arrangement to convert unruly cattle into a warning for unruly sheep! There at the front door, in the days of martial spirit and Aroostook war, was heard the thrilling rub-a-dub that gave note of training; from its steps the roll was called, and on its shady side proceeded the important work of inspecting arms. Within its walls, at each annual round, were enacted all the interesting services of Commencement. There the elite of the village and the elect of literature condensed themselves with expectation, just as they now do beneath the proud but rusty spire of the Baptist church. There stood, at different times, with ominous scroll and learned assiduous cap, (?) the first president of the College, while at his feet thundered the young Ciceros whose lightning now illuminates the dark corners of the earth.

Now let us look in upon the change that has been wrought, and learn the difference between a house that belongs to the town and one that belongs to the 'public'—always bearing in mind that while the latter embraces nobody in particular, the former is tangible enough to comprehend the full-grown idea of taxation. Here we ascend at once to the gallery. What was the body of the church—where congregated sage deacons and sober, Sabbath loving men—is now consecrated to some three score rosy faced misses of a select school. Here in the gallery, from side to side of which, at its base, is stretched a floor, is the concentrated presence-chamber of the town. The floor fortunately decapitated the old pulpit close to the chin, leaving the entire head for the use of the civil authorities on town meeting days. There in front is the identical half-circle in which the choir fronted the minister. Here the good parson Cobb, and Chaplin, and Drew, and Briggs—with numerous others poorly remembered by this generation, were wont to read their hymns and instruct the multitude.

But here we have the eventful year 1802—the "polls are opened" and the voting has commenced. Elnathan Sherwin, Esq., is acting as moderator, and Abijah Smith, Esq., as town clerk. This is the first town meeting since the separation from Winslow. Here will be something interesting; and if you excuse us while we make a brief memorandum, we will show it to you to-morrow.

UNION MEETING AT BATH. A large and enthusiastic union meeting was held at Bath last week, at which able speeches were made and patriotic resolutions adopted.

WATERVILLE BANK. The stock of the new bank chartered by the last legislature has all been taken; and with Samuel P. Shaw, Esq., for President, and Augustine Perkins, Esq., late of the Ticonic Bank, for Cashier, the bank will offer its notes for circulation in a few weeks. Its location is to be in Ticonic Row, a few doors above the Ticonic Bank.

The statistical table furnished by a friend in Fairfield is gratefully received, and will appear in our next.

LYCEUM MEETING.—By request of numerous gentlemen who are anxious to form a permanent association, for the purpose of lectures and other exercises, we call a meeting with this view, at the office of Messrs. Stark & Herriek, this (Thursday) evening at 7 o'clock. It is hoped that all who feel the importance of such an association, both young and old, will be present. The design is to form a permanent society, that shall not require the labor of an annual reorganization.

RUM JUOS FOUND.—Three good sized brown rum jugs, each well filled—one with brandy, one with rum, and the third with gin, so far as our nasal judgment goes,—were left at our office to be advertised, on Wednesday of last week. They had been deposited by mistake in the wrong sleigh, the owner of which, preferring to keep Thanksgiving in a sober way, refused the bonus, and left them upon the side walk. They are now in safe hands, and the owner can have them by proving property, without charge, if he will give us his name.

WE KNOW IT.—The P. M. in a neighboring town writes that we may as well strike a certain name from our list, as it is no longer to be heard. We have been thinking so too, but shall have patience a little longer. We are preparing another batch of such names as "would not pay if they could." One out of three things is positively sure with all such cases—they will either pay up, call and give a reason for not doing so, or find themselves held up as a caution to those who believe that a man who cheats the printer would cheat the minister out of his marriage fee. We print papers to sell, and not to give away.

MARK HIM.—L. W. Haines, of Moose River, has gone off to Michigan owing us for five years' papers. We hope the printers out there will mark the scurvy trick and not let him use them as he has us. [Argus.]

Yes,—but you should have marked him yourself before he got into your five years, brother Argus.

T. S. ARTHUR is out with a double number of his 'Home Gazette,' for the holidays; it is not filled up with indifferent, worn-out engravings, newly christened; but is swelled to its enlarged size by adding to its usual amount of agreeable miscellany, a new illustrated novel, letter by the editor. The 'Home Gazette' is a valuable family paper and must be popular.

BREAKING THE NEWS.—Cuff had been out with the cart and oxen, and returning, his master asked him what was the trouble.

"Why, massa, de wheel is broke."

"Is that all, Cuff?"

"No, massa, de tongue broke too, and de wheel, what I did de oxen run away."

"Yes, massa, and kill de nigh ox."

"Is it possible, Cuff?"

"And de ox, too, massa."

