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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 03): August 7, 1851

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. V.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1851.

NO. 3.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE VOICE OF TIME.

From the forgotten past  
I come, the bird of ever onward flight;  
And on each passing year I dwell, and blight,  
My mournful gifts are cast.  
  
I bring each dewy morn,  
Each golden day, and every purple eve;  
The mystic chain of circling years I weave,  
I lead the centuries on.  
  
I crown the old man's brow  
With wrinkles, and with locks of silvery white;  
And from his eyes I steal their early light,  
And from his cheeks their glow.  
  
I come with dark decay  
For every heart, for every youthful breast;  
But more than this, I bring the weary rest;  
I bear each grief away.  
  
With many a bright wild flower  
I twine the graves within the churchyard old;  
And, on the forest tree, the mossy gold  
Speaks of my mournful power.  
  
On ages, as they fade,  
My blight, like dew on summer flowers is shed;  
And round the memory of illustrious dead  
I gather mould and shade.  
  
And I, who bring with me  
Decay and death for all that earth holds dear,  
When stars shall fade, and worlds shall disappear,  
I, too, shall melt into Eternity.

## POPULAR READING.

### A STORY OF CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I wish you had been at old Frau Goetzenberger's last Christmas Eve! But, as you were not, and as you know nothing about it, the best thing I can do is to tell you exactly how it was, who was there, and what came of it.

Old Frau Goetzenberger lived, or rather lived—she will speak of it in the past tense—she lived, I say, in an old University town in the south of Germany; a very old-fashioned town it was, with all sorts of old memories and traditions connected with it. The University, with its tall, red roof, looked as dark and ancient as the church, which had a tall red roof to correspond; and the church looked quite as old as the grey lime-stone rocks which stood up, like huge, frowning walls, round the little town.

Not far from the University stood a large, heavy, dismal-looking stone building, like a great, gloomy town-hall; the lower front windows, which looked upon the street, were all guarded with strong iron-work, composed of upright bars, with iron scrolls among them, which gave it very much the appearance of a prison. In the center of this building was a wide, round-arched doorway, in the projecting keystone of which grinned a stone face. The face protruded its tongue from a leering mouth, its nose was curled up, and its ears were of an unusual length. It was, upon the whole, as ugly a looking face as you would wish to see, and it seemed to grin down upon everybody who approached the gateway. So wide was this gateway that a coach-and-four might have driven into it; and, on either hand, soon after you entered, you came to a wide, stone staircase, with iron balustrades, which led up to the dwellings of many families—of a dozen, at least—who inhabited this great, old house, most of them being professors, or students, belonging to the University.

Between this old house and the University lay a large garden, full of trees and walks, and with a fountain, which fell into a great stone basin, in the middle of a grass plat, which was not, I am sorry to say, by any means neatly kept, for two or three milk-women cut the grass with sickles for their cows. This garden, to a certain extent, was public; that is, was common to about a dozen different houses opening into it, and which were all occupied more or less, by people connected with the University, who had thus, as it were, a privileged private entrance either to the great University library or to ordinary lectures and classes. Hence it was that the houses opening into this *Universitäts Garten*, as it was called, brought a higher rent than any others, and the people residing there were looked upon as the *élite*; it was, in fact, the *Belgravia* of the town.

On the principal floor of that great old house, with the grinning face over the door, lived the most celebrated professor in the whole University, the Herr von Hoffman, Professor of Roman Law; a very learned man, whose fame extended over all Germany. So great, indeed, was he, that the King, not many years before, had presented him with a patent of nobility, and hence it was that he had *Von* before his name. He was, in fact, the Herr Baron von Hoffman; but he preferred being called the Herr Professor, because he had more pleasure in being a great teacher than in being a Baron. He was not, however, an old man; he was only a little turned forty, and this was his first year at the famous old University, when I introduce him to your knowledge.

married, and went away to her husband's home, and her mother, the old Professor's wife, died, and then there was nobody left to look after him but poor Ida, and, what was worst of all, the old gentleman's temper grew more and more tyrannical, because he now suffered so much from rheumatism and tooth-ache.

There did not now seem to be the least chance in the world that Ida could ever leave her father. Eberhard had been away two years, and he grew very impatient. He had risen from *privat dozent*, without any salary, to be Professor of Roman Law in the University of Tabingen. He could now abundantly afford to maintain that dear little wife that was only wanted to complete his happiness; so he wrote to Ida, saying that she must consent to marry him at once, and that, to make all easy and agreeable, the old gentleman, her father, should live with them. Ida was delighted with the proposal; not so the old Professor. For what was he to leave Greifswald? No, he had no intention of leaving it! He had not many years to live, and he was not going to be torn up by the roots for any body! It would be the death of him. No, no! he should stop at Greifswald, and Ida might leave him, if she liked; but he would never give his blessing to an undutiful child!

It was very hard both on Ida and her lover. They waited yet awhile longer; but Tabingen was a very dull place, and all the Professors there were married except Eberhard. So at last he wrote to Ida, saying that if she could not marry him he must look out for another wife. He quite expected that this would have determined Ida, by one means or another, to obtain her father's consent; but, instead of that, Ida, who was the most generous-hearted, and most self-forgetting creature in the world, could not again anger and distress her old father by urging her wishes, and as she knew what a loving, domestic heart was Eberhard's, and that without family life he could not be happy, she wrote in reply, that, though it broke her heart, she must give him up, for that, to leave her old father in his present state, was impossible. She returned to him, therefore, the betrothal ring which she had faithfully worn so many years, and, with anguish of heart and many tears, of which she said nothing, sent off her letter.

The Professor received the ring, and read the letter with the deepest grief, disappointment, and some little anger. He believed that Ida's love for him was nothing in comparison to what he had felt for her. He returned to her the ring which he too had worn with equal fidelity, with a long letter which, instead of comforting, only added to her misery. For several weeks he felt very unhappy and desolate; but all his married friends and acquaintances thought it their duty to be doubly kind to him. What sisters, and nieces, and cousins, all beautiful young ladies, were introduced to him at suppers and little tea parties which were got up expressly for the occasion! and at length it appeared to him that the beautiful Caroline, only daughter of the rich Oberst or Colonel Hoffman, might probably fill the place in his heart left vacant by the loss of his Ida. Caroline, or Lina as she was called, was reckoned a great match, for her father not only wore many orders at his button hole, but was possessed of a handsome estate and house in the Saxon Switzerland, which, having come to the Colonel by his wife, would pass direct to his daughter on his death, with the simple condition of her husband taking the name of Hoffman. A very good match was this for the Professor, who, though he was growing into great reputation for learning, had nothing but his head to make money by, and his good heart to make a wife happy with, and these do not always rank as high in value as gold and silver, houses and lands.

The Professor married the beautiful Lina, and not long after her father dying, her husband came into possession of the fine house and estate in the Saxon Switzerland, and assumed the excellent name of Hoffman, henceforth dropping his own undignified family name of Grun, and by which he had been betrothed to Ida Schmidt. The next event that occurred to him was the birth of a little daughter, who was called after her mother Lina, and soon afterwards he received from his sovereign that patent of nobility which I have mentioned, and which was bestowed upon him in consequence of his great learning, and henceforth he was Herr Baron von Hoffman.

But wonderful as was the Professor's outward prosperity, his domestic happiness was not destined to be of long continuance. Four years after his marriage his wife died, leaving him no other child but his dear little Lina, then about three years old. Very desolate now was the Professor's heart and home. As time went on, and the acuteness of the grief caused by the death of his wife a little wore off, he thought about equally of Ida, his first love, and Lina, his child's mother. People wondered that he did not marry again. With his reputation, his title, his estate in the Saxon Switzerland, he might marry any lady in the land. I believe he knew that very well, but as I said before, he thought a good deal about poor Ida and her hard life with the cross old gentleman her father. He thought so much indeed, that five years after his wife's death, when his little Lina was eight years old, he set off during the University Ferien or holidays on a journey to the north, taking Greifswald in his way. He did not tell a single soul that he did so, but I mention it to you in confidence.

Well, the first thing he did when he arrived at Greifswald was to inquire after old Professor Schmidt and his family. He made his inquiries from an old woman who was knitting by the side of a wood, while a white goat, fastened to her apron string by a long chain, was feeding, and she was keeping two cows, which were likewise grazing within bounds.

"Of Herr Professor Schmidt ask you?" said the old woman; "he's been dead and buried these six years."

"And Fraulein Ida?"

"No; she's not here. She was an angel! What a daughter she was! She never thought her duty hard; and yet it is unknown what she had to bear, and yet I know, for I was sick-nurse in that family for years. Ah, Fraulein Ida! she would have made any man happy; she was such an angel; many's the good chances for herself that she sacrificed to her duty to her father. You never knew Fraulein Ida then?" the old woman asked.

The Professor made a sort of sound which she understood to mean no, therefore she went on.

"Then you never knew what an angel she was?" She was cruelly used, sir, by a student;

but he's a learned professor now, they tell me; one Eberhard Grun. You may be, may know him, and can tell me what's become of him, for he studied in Greifswald?"

Again the Professor made that peculiar sound which passed for a negative, and the old woman went on:

"No; I dare say you don't; but no good could come to him, that's certain. He's married, however, and he was betrothed to Fraulein Ida for several years. I never shall forget her reading of his marriage to her father, for she always read the newspapers to him, and he would have every word: she dropped down in a fainting fit when she read that, and if it had not been for me, who had just come in to tell the Herr Professor that his bran-bath was ready, she would have fallen on the stove.—Poor Fraulein Ida; and when her friends said to her, as many did at first, how heartless was that Eberhard Grun to leave her as he had done, she used to say, with tears in her eyes, 'Don't blame him. I don't blame him, I don't blame him myself. It is a good thing if he does not suffer as I do; and I hope he doesn't.' That was the way she talked. But she's gone from Greifswald now," continued the old woman.

"When the Herr Professor died he left her nothing but his books and papers, and they were not worth much; and soon after his death, Mrs. Bernhard, the eldest daughter, died also; she had been a widow some years, but she was well off; she left a child, a beautiful little girl, to Fraulein Ida's care, with a small legacy, which brings her in a little income, and after that Fraulein Ida and her little orphan niece went to live with an old aunt of the late Herr Bernhard, but where, nobody knows. They did live at Cassell for a time; but they are gone away; but go where she will, heaven's blessing will light on her, sooner or later; of that I am sure."

"Perhaps," said the Herr Professor von Hoffman, in a voice which was very husky, but which the old woman, not knowing him, supposed to be natural to him; "perhaps she may be married by this time."

"The old woman almost screamed at the idea. 'Married!' repeated she; 'married by this time.'—And, in her impatience, she gave the poor little goat such a sudden pluck by its chain, that, thinking the tuft of yellow ragwort at which it was smelling was some forbidden fruit, it set up a sharp bleat and gave a great leap so far in a contrary direction, that the old woman was pulled in her turn. 'Married by this time!' repeated she once more; 'you gentlemen know nothing about women! Fraulein Ida Schmidt will never marry any man but Eberhard Grun, because she can never love another as she loved him; and it may please God to make him worthy of her, because, as the Bible says, all things are possible with God.'"

"Amen," said the Professor, strangely affected.

The old woman now went after her goat, which had now grown very wayward; and he pursued a solitary path which led deep into the wood, and which, in those far-distant days, which the old woman had so sadly recalled, he and his beloved Ida had often trod together.

The tidings which the Professor had thus obtained left him in no state of mind to call on any of his old friends in Greifswald. He continued his journey into the North, even as far as Upsala, where, in the library of the old University, he added still more to his amazing amount of learning, and then returned to Tabingen, where he delivered his lectures as formerly.

The next thing that happened to him was, that he was appointed by Government to take the Law Professor's chair in that still more famous University where we first found him. Hitherto he removed early in the year, and took up, as I told you, his quarters in the principal suit of rooms in that gloomy old house with the iron barred windows and the grinning face over the gateway. His spare hours he spent in arranging and cataloguing his immense library, and the rest of the day in delivering his famous course of lectures, which very soon brought such an access of students to the University, that, with the tradespeople and middle classes at large who lived principally by accommodating students, as well as by all the young ladies who thus were provided with so many more agreeable partners at the public and private balls, he was considered quite a benefactor to the town, and consequently, was very popular with every one.

There was something, however, peculiar in the Professor; every body agreed in this; finding it, nevertheless, so difficult to be accounted for, because he was so very learned, and all learned men were unlike common people; they had a right to be odd, and even disagreeable, if they chose. But disagreeable Professor von Hoffman was not; he only looked very grave, and had an anxious, self-absorbed look.

The truth was, though nobody knew it, he was very unhappy about poor Fraulein Ida, and could not get her other sorrows out of his head. It is wonderful what a number of letters he wrote to all parts of Germany, to ascertain, if he could, whether she had betaken herself with her little orphan niece, or where this old Madame Bernhard lived who was aunt to the child's father. But he could obtain no satisfactory information. Now and then, he fancied he was upon the right track; but when he came to pursue it farther, and he took many long journeys for this purpose, it always ended in disappointment.

Thus time wore on. He lived in a dream of hope and disappointment, busied over the endless arrangement of his books, and looking neither to the right nor to the left, as he crossed the great University garden to his lectures. On summer afternoons the garden was full of people, who turned out from the surrounding benches and under the trees; children played about, and the milk-women cut the grass for their cows. Everybody knew him, but he knew nobody, took notice of nobody. "That is the way," said they, "with these learned men; their eyes are always turned inward."

It must have been a very dull, unnatural sort of life for little Lina von Hoffman, if she had had no more cheerful person with her than her father, as he appeared to the world; but I assure you her life was by no means without its pleasures. In an evening she was with her father, and then came out something of the joy and affection which lived in his large, warm heart. Little Lina knew very well what a glorious and noble human being was her father, and to him she opened all her little heart. She showed him how her knitting progressed, and

how many additional stitches she had done in her Berlin-wool work; but not a word did she say to him about those beautiful slippers which, soon after midsummer, she had begun to work for him. Oh, no! not a word of them; they were a great secret in her heart, and were to remain so until they should be brought forth by the wonderful Christ-child at Christmas, who, she knew, from old experience, would then bring something very charming for her. Of these things Lina spoke to her father, but most of all she spoke of her little friend Sanchen, who lived at the end of the garden, in such pretty rooms, with her old great-aunt Goetzenberger, who was quite, quite blind, and such a cheerful old lady, and with Aunt Ida, who was just like an angel. Lina now knew what angels must be like; they must be like Sanchen's Aunt Ida, if she only had wings.—She wore such beautiful light silks; and she had such lovely hands, and such a beautiful face. Oh, there never was any lady that smiled as she did!

It was wonderful what pleasure our good Professor felt in hearing his darling Lina thus talking of her friends. There was an inexpressible charm to him in the sweet name of Ida. If it had not been for the old lady, and even Aunt Ida, as he believed, being called Goetzenberger, he might, perhaps, have taken it into his head that this might be his own long lost Ida. But he never did; and when little Lina saw him walking from his afternoon lectures across the garden, and ran to him saying, 'There's Aunt Ida!' he never even gave himself the trouble to look at her, but, catching up the child in his arms, carried her to the house with him. Aunt Ida, on her part, saw him only at a distance; there was something about him that painfully reminded her of an old, long-lost lover, and for that very reason she purposely avoided meeting him. She did not wish to walk over the grave, as it were, of those buried feelings, on the death-like repose of which depended her own peace of mind.

Little Lina went very often to Frau Goetzenberger's. She found it much more cheerful there than at her own home. Her father's rooms were all lined with dark old books, piles of which still lay on the floor, and over which she was sure to tumble if she did not take great care; besides which, there was always such a smell of tobacco-smoke, for, like all learned Germans, he was a great smoker.—'If I had a wife,' said he to himself, 'I should rarely smoke; but it is now my only amusement.' So the rooms were full of a smoke-cloud, which circled about her father's head, and curled up into all the dark corners and into the vacant places on the shelves, and which filled the curtains and even her father's hair with a never-dying smell of tobacco. Very different were Frau Goetzenberger's rooms.—All was light and cheerful there, and a fresh, delicious odor seemed to pervade every thing. The floor of the room was of inlaid wood, which gave a very pretty effect, and a very beautiful carpet of needlework, deeply fringed, was laid before each of the two sofas. On one of these sofas always sat the old blind lady, in her rich black satin and large grey shawl. To look at her, nobody would have supposed her to be blind, for there was nothing unsightly or strange in the appearance of her eyes, and yet they could see no more than if they were stones. She appeared to be, and was really, very cheerful; had learned to go about their rooms by herself, the only difference between herself and other people being that she walked very slowly, feeling her way from point to point, and treading as softly as if her feet had been shod with velvet. She was always employed in knitting, and this prevented time from seeming long to her.

Ida, as little Lina often told her father, was like a gentle, lovely angel; not because she was young and beautiful, but because she looked so pure and good. Aunt Ida, indeed, was no longer young; she was considerably turned thirty; was thin and pale; her countenance, to thoughtful observers, looking as if 'some former time she had known great sorrow, 'tho' now her soul was bright and cheerful in the peace of resignation and faith in God. Her joy lay in the fulfilment of her duty, and this now was no longer painful. She surrounded the blind lady with objects of beauty; though they could not gladden her sight, still she said their influence was felt. Everything was elegant and pure. Beautiful flowers in pots stood in the windows, and gathered flowers in a vase stood ever on the table, among cheerful-spirited books, from which Ida read at least half the day. Sometimes she played exquisite pieces of music to her; and this the blind lady loved best of all, for Ida played divinely.

Lina often told her father about Aunt Ida's playing, and at length one evening Barbet, their maid, accompanied her home with a request from Aunt Ida that the Professor would permit his little daughter to take in future her music lesson with Sanchen, which would be such a pleasure to every one. The Professor could not object; he returned a message to Barbet which was satisfactory to all parties.—'The Herr Professor von Hoffman was much honored' by the interest which the Fraulein Ida Goetzenberger took in his little daughter's progress in music, and that he should feel infinitely obliged if she would condescend to instruct her with her niece; and that the Herr Professor hoped before long to have the honor to thank in person the Frau and Fraulein Goetzenberger for the kindness they had so long shown his little daughter.' Barbet was very clever in delivering verbal messages; she did not, therefore, omit or vary one word.

Ida smiled. 'My name is not Goetzenberger,' said she; 'but that is of no moment.'—From that time Lina took her lessons with Sanchen, and thus the best understanding grew up between the two families, the heads of which had never as yet spoken to each other. The little girl was much more at Frau Goetzenberger's than at her own home, and thus the Professor found his room more desolate than ever. 'But never mind,' said the good man, 'she is much happier with our cheerful neighbors than she can be with me.' He sighed and thought of that fair Ida, who existed still, but not for him, and blew tremendous puffs of smoke out of his long handsomely painted pipe.

It was now the autumn Ferien, and a letter came to the Professor which took him at once from home. A trusty friend of his had found in Königsberg a Madame Bernhard and a Fraulein Ida Schmidt, who were living together. They seemed to answer the description of the persons he was in search of, more especially as Fraulein Schmidt, it was said, was from a northern university town. Off, there-

fore, set our good Professor, once more fondly hoping that she whom he had so long sought was at length found. He set off at night, when his little Lina, who had spent the day at the good neighbors', was in bed, and kissing her in her sleep, and leaving a note for Fraulein Ida, was a long way on his journey before she awoke. The note, which little Lina presented the next morning, addressed, as the Professor believed, correctly, to Fraulein Goetzenberger, said the Professor von Hoffman was called from home suddenly on business of great importance, and begged to commend his little Lina to the kind attentions of Fraulein Ida Goetzenberger during his absence. Again Aunt Ida smiled, and remarked that her name was not Goetzenberger, adding however, that it was not of much importance; and she undertook the charge of little Lina with right good will. The Professor had written his note in great haste, and it was such an almost unintelligible scrawl as scarcely ever was seen; but there was for all that something in the handwriting which made our dear Ida look at it again and again. 'There is something about it that reminds me of a handwriting that used to be dear to me many years ago,' sighed she to herself, 'but all learned men, to a certain extent, write alike,' and she put the note into her work-box.

Little Lina was welcome as daylight. 'It is such an excellent thing,' Ida said, 'for Sanchen to have a companion of her own age, and besides, little Lina is a very lovely child; there is something about her which has taken strange hold of my heart; and so saying she once more took the note from her work box, and read it through, though there was nothing more to puzzle out in it. I can hardly tell why she did so, yet it is a fact, nevertheless.' 'I am to be your child while papa is away,' said little Lina, throwing her arms around Aunt Ida's neck; 'I wish you were my mamma, I love you so dearly.'"

Poor Ida! the letter, or rather the recollections that it called up, and the words of the child, stirred her heart very strangely. She clasped the little one in her arms, kissed her with tender emotion, and said from that time she should call her Aunt Ida, as little Sanchen did, and they two should be sisters.

The poor Professor had a fruitless journey, all that long, long way to Königsberg; he traveled night and day to find, once more, a disappointment. The Fraulein Ida Schmidt was, he found, older than himself, and the Madame Bernhard was her niece. It was a mistake altogether, and a sad disappointment to the poor Professor, who immediately leaving Königsberg made another long journey to Carlsbad, where he determined to spend the autumn Ferien. In the meantime, all was as happy as could be at the house of Frau Goetzenberger. The children's lessons were joyful amusements; they played together the sweetest little duets; they sang with Aunt Ida, and they danced while she played. They wore at the same time, their white frocks, and their pink frocks; they called each other sister, and they lived as if the relationship had been real.

The days had shortened greatly before the Professor returned, and during the long evenings, Frau Goetzenberger spoke many a time of her Christmas eve, and of the wonderful things which the Christ-child would lay beneath it. Little Lina had finished the slippers for her papa, and Sanchen was working him a cover for his queer old skin tobacco-bag, while Lina threaded steel beads on dark blue netting silk, for the beautiful purse which Aunt Ida had begun to knit for him. She had once before, many years ago, knitted such a purse for that very student, Eberhard, of whom she retained such tender, yet painful recollections.—The note which Professor von Hoffman had sent her about his little Lina, must indeed have had a strange effect upon her, for it was the sight of that very note which had determined her to make just such another purse for him. She was now, therefore, knitting it, while little Lina threaded the beads, and Sanchen worked the tobacco bag.

When the children were gone to bed the purse was put aside, and so was Frau Goetzenberger's usual knitting, and out came two beautiful pieces of wool knitting, which were destined in the end to become two pretty little jackets of sky blue, with white borders, as Christmas presents to the little girls from Frau Goetzenberger. Ida helped her, therefore, at night; she did all the difficult parts, and thus the work went on, both with rapidity and accuracy.

The Professor returned just in time for the commencement of the winter Session or Semester as it is called. The number of students was now much larger than ever, and the Professor, who had been studying hard at Carlsbad, in order to add new matter to his lectures, was consequently more than ordinarily busy. He had not even time to call on his good neighbors to thank them for the care they had taken of his Lina, and he thought her greatly improved during his absence. He sent, however, once more, a verbal message by his old servant, Gretchen, to thank them, and to say that as early as possible he would call.

Lina, who found her home very dull in comparison with her little friend Sanchen's, was but seldom with her father, whose time, as I said before, would be so very much occupied until Christmas. Little Sanchen sometimes went home with Lina, but the grave looks of the Professor rather frightened her; besides, having lived all her life with ladies, she had not been used to tobacco smoke, which she greatly disliked; therefore Lina, in order that she might enjoy her society, spent the most evenings still at Frau Goetzenberger's. The two ladies, Frau Goetzenberger and Fraulein Ida, knew enough of learned Professors to be quite sure that no slight was intended, altho' the Professor von Hoffman did not call. They were by no means exacting, and they thought that he had done all that could be required from so learned and celebrated a man, whose time was more valuable than gold, when he had sent them a polite message of thanks by Gretchen.

At length Christmas was at hand, when the Professor's labors were remitted for a time, and when, learned as he was, he knew that it was his duty, as well as everybody else's, to have a Christmas tree, and to make a present to every one, rich or poor, whom he either loved or respected, or to whom he was under an obligation of gratitude. All these things, learned man as he was, he took into consideration. If, thought he to himself, I had found my Ida Schmidt at Königsberg, I should have laid out a hundred florins, at least, in a Christmas present for her; but alas! such good luck was not

for me. The hundred florins, as far as she is concerned, still remain in my purse. I must, however, make those good ladies, Frau and Fraulein Goetzenberger, a handsome present, because they have been so good to Lina. Poor, dear little Lina! what a blessing it would have been to her had I but found my Ida; but is no use lamenting. The day after to-morrow is Christmas eve; there is, therefore, no time to lose. I must have a Christmas tree in my dull room for Lina; she shall find beneath it not only a present for herself but also for her kind friends, and I will take her in myself to present them. I have too long neglected to call on them to return them my thanks. If they ask me to stop and eat a little salad and sausage that night, and to drink good wishes to them in a glass of wine, I will do so; that will be much better than stopping here by myself.

With these thoughts on came the Professor's purse—a purse for all the world just like the one Ida was at that very moment finishing for him. He looked at the purse and sighed. Why did he sigh for it was not by any means an empty purse? He thought to himself as he looked at it, 'This purse is many years old. I have kept it carefully, and never used it until I set out on that luckless journey to Königsberg, for I thought if it should be Ida, I would prove to her by the purse, which I had treasured so long, how much I had valued her gift!' and again the Professor sighed.

But sighing would not buy either his Christmas tree or the presents for his Lina's friends. He bestowed himself, and soon decided 'that he would buy some splendid fur for the ladies. This was always acceptable. For Fraulein Ida he would buy ermine, and for the old lady sable. He would purchase the best that money could buy, and to the children he would be as good a benefactor as if he were a fairy godfather, if there ever were such things. He filled both ends of his purse. I cannot tell you how much money he put into it; and throwing round him his large fur-collared blue coat, and putting on his over-shoes, he set off into the town, where he made such astonishing purchases as put every shop keeper into good humor for a week. He bought also an enormous Christmas tree, standing in its green garden, with sugar sweetmeats innumerable, and all were received safely into the house by ten o'clock, which, in that old-fashioned town, was a late hour.

On the morning before Christmas Day, Frau Goetzenberger sent over her old servant Barbet with her compliments, and she begged the Herr Baron von Hoffman would do her the honor to bring in his little Lina at five o'clock to see her Christmas tree, and afterwards to eat a little salad and sausage, and to drink a glass of wine with her and Fraulein Ida.

'The Professor hesitated to reply. 'He was intending,' he said, 'to have a Christmas tree at home for his little Lina, and would have invited the ladies to his rooms, but that he could not think of bringing them out at night.' He therefore returned his compliments to Barbet, and begged that Frau Goetzenberger would oblige him by deferring her Christmas tree for half an hour; and still further, would she permit her little grand-niece Sanchen to come over and see what the good Christ-child might bring, and what she could do for the pleasure of accompanying the two children to Frau Goetzenberger's, and would feel much honored in partaking of supper with her and Fraulein Ida.

Again Barbet crossed the garden to assure the Herr Professor that nothing could be more satisfactory than this arrangement.

Very busy was the good Professor all that morning in his library, the door of which was locked, so that Lina, who had been so disposed, could not even have peeped in. He had a deal to do about his Christmas tree; and often and often did he wish that he had but some skilful female fingers to aid him. How he managed it all by himself I really cannot say; however, at half-past four o'clock, little Sanchen was brought over in a new pale blue silk frock, with black satin shoes on, and little black silk mitts, and with her lovely flaxen hair plaited like a crown round her head, and conducted into the Professor's sitting-room, which looked very gloomy with its black stove and one lamp, with a blue shade over it. Here, however, she was rapturously received by Lina, likewise dressed in a new pink silk frock, with her little black satin slippers on, and little black mitts, and with her dark hair plaited just like Sanchen's.

The next moment a little bell was heard to ring, which the children knew to be Christ-kindchen's, and the door between the library and sitting room opened, and there was a sight for them! Such a blaze of light! such a Christmas tree! all hung over with beautiful things—dolls, and work-boxes, and cakes, and sugar-birds, and dogs, and milk-maids, and Tyrolian shepherds. Oh! it was beautiful! And there were muffs and tippets, of ermine and sable! But these could not be either for Lina or Sanchen.

'No,' the Professor said, his countenance beaming with joy (Sanchen was no longer afraid of him) as he eyed the two lovely children who stood so beautifully hand in hand before him; 'no, those fur tippets and muffs the Christ-kindchen had told him were for Frau Goetzenberger and Fraulein Ida.'

Sanchen clasped her hands for joy, because Aunt Ida had wished for an ermine tippet, and the great-aunt Goetzenberger loved to be warm. But where was the good Christ-kindchen that had brought these beautiful things?

The Professor smiled, and said that Christ-kindchen was in such a hurry to be off to Frau Goetzenberger's, that she would not stop to say where the things came from. Lina flung her arms around her father's neck and kissed him. She knew, she said, where the things had come from; for Gretchen had told her something.—She loved her papa dearly, because it was as if he had bought those nice warm things for Fraulein Ida and Frau Goetzenberger, and he had bought things for other people besides!—The good papa! he had not forgotten old Martin, who lived in the court below, and had such a bad leg; nor Gretchen, nor Barbet, nor the poor milk-woman and all her children, nor the shoemaker who was ill!

Certainly the Professor must have had an excellent, thoughtful heart, that to remember everybody! I assure you he had. Little Sanchen kissed him, and thought nothing about the tobacco smoke. But now it was half-past five, and Babet was come to carry Sanchen across the snowy garden; the Professor was to carry Lina. They set out, accompanied by Gretchen with a lantern in one hand and a basket in the other, containing the gifts which had been left by Christ-kindchen under the



Professor's tree for Frau Goetzenberger and her household.

While the Professor took off his cloak and overcoat, the children rushed in, having easily slipped out of the large shawls in which they were wrapped, to tell of the wonderful things that had happened, and of the wonderful things they brought; but there was no aunt Ida to listen to them. Frau Goetzenberger sat, all dressed in her best, on her sofa, with a green-shaded lamp before her, and with no knitting in her hands. But where was aunt Ida? She was gone, the old lady said, to receive the Christ-kindchen, who was every moment expected. They must sit down and wait patiently; good little children always did so.

'But aunt,' said Sanchen, 'there is the Herr Professor.'

'Ah, indeed?' returned the old lady, in quite another voice, for from being blind she was not aware that he had approached the table before her. 'Bring him here to me, my dear; I am truly glad to see the Herr Professor.'

He took her hand kindly, and seated himself beside her. There was something inexpressibly attractive to him in all that he saw around him; he felt his heart drawn, as it were, to the old blind lady, as if she had been his mother, and he spoke words of unfeigned kindness which went equally to her heart. She apologized that Ida was not present to receive him; she said, much to do on an occasion of that kind, as the Herr Professor no doubt knew. Of course he knew very well; the Christ-kindchen must always be well received; he feared that he himself had not done her all due honor, for she was in so great a hurry to depart that the little ones had not seen even the shimmering of her wings.

'But we saw what she left,' said Sanchen, heaping the beautiful furs on the table before the old lady; 'feel what she brought for you,' and taking up her hand she passed it over the fur, 'she brought you a sable muff and tippet, and the same for aunt Ida, only ermine!'

'My dear!' remonstrated aunt Goetzenberger, 'this is too much! Christ-kindchen does not bring such presents as these!'

'But my papa does!' said little Lina, 'and I am so glad, and I love him so for it!' said she, springing to his knee and kissing him.

'This is quite too much, Herr Professor,' said the old lady, turning to him.

He made no reply, for at that very moment a little silver bell rang, and a sight presented itself which dazzled all eyes. The Professor's tree, with all his skill, was nothing to this. How indeed could it have been? This was all arranged by Fraulein Ida herself, and there was nobody in all Germany who could make these things so beautiful as she.

But where was Fraulein Ida all this time? The children hardly thought of her, so wholly was their attention occupied by the wonderful tree, with all its wonderful fruits, and by the lovely Christ-kindchen herself, who, in soft, flowing white muslin which fell in folds to her feet, and was confined at the waist by a silver girdle, stood in front of her tree. She had silvery, shining wings on her shoulder and a little silver crown on her head. Never was a more beautiful figure beheld. She looked like a pure angel just descended from Heaven. The children stood in the open doorway, with their hands extended and their eyes fixed in delighted wonder. Dear old Frau Goetzenberger saw nothing, or certainly she would have observed the extraordinary effect which this vision produced on the Herr Professor.

Christ-kindchen spoke; her words were in poetry—beautiful, soft flowing, poetry, full of tenderness and love. The Professor had silently risen, and now stood in the shadow of the long curtain which was withdrawn from the door; for he did not dare to trust himself within the light. Very powerful was the effect of that low, sweet voice upon him; he had known one like it in former years; and did not, in truth, his long-lost and beloved Ida now stand before him? Oh, what a divine gift had not the Christ-kindchen brought him! He knew you that the Professor, standing in the shade of that curtain, shed tears of joy. 'God, perhaps, deems me at length deserving of her!' thought he, remembering the words of the old woman at Greifswald, and he silently thanked God.

'But where is the Herr Professor?' at length exclaimed Christ-kindchen, when now, having concluded her poetical address, she proceeded to appropriate her gifts. 'Let him come forward, for here I find a beautiful pair of slippers, from his little daughter, every stitch being done by her tiny fingers; I have also a purse knitted with beads of steel upon a dark blue ground, to represent the stars of heaven on Christmas Eve; this is from a lady who wishes well to the excellent Herr Professor. But where is he?'

The Herr Professor stepped forward. He said not a word, but, advancing to Christ-kindchen took her hand in his and whispered softly, 'My Ida!' All at once Christ-kindchen's other hand dropped powerless to her side and she lay motionless in the Professor's arms. He carried her to the unoccupied sofa, speaking words of the utmost tenderness; the children began to cry; poor blind Frau Goetzenberger rose up, felt her way round her table, and, advancing forward, exclaimed, 'What has happened? Oh, Ida—Ida! speak, my child, art thou ill? Do, somebody, tell me what has happened?' repeated she in impatient terror.

'Papa has kissed her! She is better now,' exclaimed little Lina, still sobbing.

Ida raised herself from the sofa, and leaned her head, weeping, on the Professor's shoulder. He kissed her hands and her forehead many times, and then, as poor old Frau Goetzenberger still impatiently inquired what had happened, he turned round and said, 'I have found here her whom I have sought for years—the betrothed of my youth! Pardon me, madam, if I have forgotten myself—pardon me, Ida, if I have been too abrupt!'

'Oh, Eberhard!' said Ida, rising, 'how is this? But take off all this fiery first, which is not real—these wings and this crown; let me not find anything unreal at this moment. And you, Eberhard! how can you be the Herr von Hoffman?'

He explained it in a few words. 'And you?' said he; 'you are called Ida Goetzenberger—how is that?'

'Nobody calls me so but you,' she replied, smilingly; 'I am Ida Schmidt.'

'But I understand,' said he, 'that my Ida lived with Madame Bernard.'

'My maiden name was Bernard,' said the old lady, who now understood it all, for she knew the history of Ida's early life; 'my nephew it was who married Ida's sister. I am not aunt to Ida, but only grand-aunt to Sanchen, but they are both my children. Ida is dear to me as a daughter; she has been a daughter to me! and the blind eyes of the dear old lady shed tears.'

The Professor told the history of his many fruitless journeys in search of her who was so near to him after all. In a while they all laughed together.

Together they walked to the yet brilliant Christmas Tree; they looked at the various presents, he took up the new purse and compared it with the old one. Ida saw how her

present given so many years ago, had been treasured. The children sat one on each of the Professor's knees, and he told Sanchen that he should like to be her uncle, and he told Lina that he hoped aunt Ida would be her mother. The old lady sat by and smiled, for she saw it all, although not with the outward sight; and she blessed God that he had given so much happiness to those who were so dear to her.

The Professor ate his sausage and salad with Frau Goetzenberger that night, and so he did every night until early in May, when, having made his own habitation very neat and cheerful, arranged all his books by the help of a poor student, whom he paid handsomely, and furnished, in beautiful style, several new rooms, Ida became his wife; and Frau Goetzenberger, and little Sanchen, and old Barbet moved across the University garden, and took up their abode with their new relative, in the great old house with the grinning face over the gateway.

That same summer an operation was performed on the eyes of Frau Goetzenberger by a famous oculist, a friend of the Professor, and she fully regained her sight; and in the autumn they all spent the holidays on little Sanchen's splendid property in the beautiful Saxony, Switzerland, the Professor, at the request of Ida, having secured it to his little daughter, in right of her deceased mother, retaining only for himself its income during her minority.

Such is the history of the wonderful occurrences on Frau Goetzenberger's last Christmas Eve.

#### JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO FEJEE.

[CONTINUED.]

The captain having understood that one of Ngaraniou's principal fighting men named Koroi-moku-yata, residing at the town of Vutia was the murderer of John Foster, questioned the chief on that subject, and the latter offered to send on shore and bring off ten men for the captain to put to death as an expiatory sacrifice. But when required to bring Koroi-moku-yata on board, he made many excuses, saying 'he supposed he had gone to the mountains and could not be found,' with such like evasions.

Next morning by daylight, the first lieutenant, Mr. Moor, and the marine officer, Lieut. Devlin, with an interpreter were ordered to proceed to the town of Vutia, and if possible apprehend and bring on board a native named Koroi-moku-yata, a chief of that town, said to be the person who killed John Foster.

The town of Vutia stands about half a mile back from the left bank of the Wailevu river, a mile and a half from the mouth, and the same distance from the town of Rewa. Its inhabitants are a race of fishermen, much more ferocious in their aspect than the inhabitants of the other towns.

The 'Wailevu' was ascended to a point opposite the town, where the officer of the boat, Midshipman Quackenbush, was charged to keep the crew alert, to lie off shore, and keep their arms in readiness. Then the two officers, each armed with a sword, Jenks' carbine and Colt's five-shooters, preceded by the guide and interpreter, went to the town and entered the house of the principal chief—a robust, surly, gray-haired man, who was sitting on the mat floor. Inquiry was at once made for the man, directly and indirectly, without success; but sufficient information was obtained to leave strong suspicion that the object of pursuit was secreted in the town of Bunabekau, about ten miles from Vutia, where the chief Ngaraniou was found the day before. While the inquiry was being made, the natives gathered round in such numbers that one of the officers deemed it prudent to stay outside the house, and to keep a clear space around him.

Large boys, almost at the age of maturity, were running about perfectly naked, which is not common elsewhere; many of the men had clubs and spears in their hands, which could scarcely have been intended for sale, as no one was there to buy them. The whole scene left room for suspicion of danger; and the unhappy fate of Lieut. Underwood and passed-Midshipman Henry, was vivid in the minds of the officers.

The inquiry being brought to a close, the party started for the river, through a narrow path between rows of tangled sugarcanes, and across marshy ground of difficult passage; but without delay, and not without a few cautious looks behind, they reached the river, followed by about a hundred natives—who pressed so closely on them while the boat was coming to the shore, that they had to be driven back by threats twice.

The boat was entered in safety, and the officers determined to proceed to Bunabekau, and if possible, capture the object of their search before any notice of the pursuit could reach him. The guide said by ascending the river half a mile farther, Lauthala neck could be crossed through a creek, which would save a distance of four miles required to round the point. This course was adopted, and the creek sought and entered, but it was found too deep in places for poling, and too narrow everywhere for rowing; the boat was therefore paddled along with the blades of the oars. Extensive forests of mangrove and other trees stretch off on both sides, filled by impenetrable jungles of underwood. The trees on either margin bowed to each other, and in some places swung their pendant shoots over the middle of the stream, affording ample protection from the scorching rays of the sun.

Scarcely a sound was to be heard as the boat glided gently along, save, occasionally, the harsh prattle of the parrots, or the whirring of the ducks and other waterfowl, which are very numerous. In order to bear this singular creek and strange scenery in mind, its name was anxiously sought, but could not be ascertained, whereupon it received the name of William's Creek, as it isolates and bounds on one side Lauthala, the property of that gentleman.

Two miles from this stream brought the party to the bay, near the mouth of the 'Summabulla' river, which was ascended to the town of Bunabekau, where inquiry and search were diligently made, and measures taken that were crowned with complete success in the capture of Koroi-moku-yata, who was brought off by a man employed for that purpose, to avoid the suspicions of the natives, and confined on board.

It was about 5 o'clock in the evening when the boat returned to the ship, at which time a large double canoe rounded Nukalau Island, under a large mat sail. From its peak a broad pennant of large size floated in the breeze, its union blue with six blue stars, the centre red and the swallow-tail extremely white—such was the canoe and flag of Tui Viti, King of Feejee. Two single canoes, as tenders, accompanied him, with about fifty men and two warriors. The canoe came alongside and Tui Viti was introduced to Capt. Pettigrew, by the Rev. Mr. Calvert, who returned with him from Mbau. The chief Ngaraniou and Tui Viti, although brothers-in-law, have been deadly enemies during the last seven years war—their unexpected meeting on this occasion seemed to give them great surprise.

It may be proper to inform the reader that

this Tui Viti is the person mentioned by Capt. Wilkes, in his narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition, as *Seru*, son of Tanoka king of Ambau. Tanoka is still living in savage heathenism, but he is so old as to be dead to public life, and the son is in possession of all the power. One of the singular customs of Feejeans is that of the same individual, particularly a chief, having a multiplicity of names, illustrative of the qualities of the mind or body, or commemorating some daring exploit. The last name assumed by this chief is Tui Viti, he is above the middle size, about thirty-five or forty years of age, somewhat corpulent and inactive—a smearing of black paint over his face and neck disguised his features, but his general appearance is good, for a native. His eye bespeaks a savage, treacherous heart, which it is said he possesses in a high degree. By cunning and cruelty he has gained kindly power of controlling influence in nearly every district in the island, and his word is law. He is wealthy by ill-gotten gains extorted from his plundering subjects, and ought to be held responsible by every civilized power for outrages and aggressions committed in the group. His dress consisted of a *sala* or turban of tapa, a string of small blue beads from which hung pendant on his breast a large circular board, a leaf of pandanus or sugar-cane, resembling light straw-colored ribbon, was tied on each arm above the elbow, as armlets, and similar ornaments adorned his legs below the knee. The *seava* or white tapa which was wound around his waist, and was probably twenty or thirty yards long, completed his attire. He assumed a great deal of reserve and dignity and bore himself haughtily towards Ngaraniou, who appeared dejected and in awe of 'the great butcher,' as Tui Viti is commonly called.

On the 12th of March, at half-past 9 in the morning, Capt. Pettigrew convened a court for the trial of the prisoner, consisting of Lieut. Henry Moor, President; Lieut. Charles S. McDonough, Surgeon; David Harlan, Lieut. J. S. Devlin, Acting Master Henry S. Newcomb, members; and Purser John Y. Mason, Jr., Judge Advocate. The Rev. James Calvert was sworn as interpreter, and appointed to act as counsel for the accused.

At 12 o'clock the flag of the United States Consul was hoisted on Lauthala point, and was greeted with a salute of twenty-one guns—the first time the United States flag was raised in Feejee under a national salute. The chiefs and natives present showed great surprise.

The Court sat with open doors, and the chiefs were most attentive observers. Mr. Calvert said they expressed much wonder and delight at hearing the questions interpreted to the native witnesses, and at such a mode as 'the white people had of finding out the truth,' he felt satisfied it would serve as a salutary example in their own future difficulties.

After making fair promises to adjust all matters of dispute with the Consul without delay, the chief of Mbau took his departure, and a few hours after, Ngaraniou with his suite bade adieu to the Falmouth. What effect the meeting of those chiefs will have towards their reconciliation time alone can determine. Among Feejeans appearances amount to nothing; with them friendship is often a preliminary to destruction.

The chief Ngaraniou had three brothers, one of whom, 'Vendovi,' was taken to the United States by Capt. Wilkes, for the murder of the mate and seven of the crew of the American brig Charles Dorset in 1834, and died in the Hospital at Brooklyn; both his other brothers are dead, having been King of Rewa in their turn; he is now the only survivor and legitimate heir to the kingdom, but being a shrewd, daring, dangerous man, Tui Viti prefers to keep him out of power if possible—refusing to recognize him King of Rewa, unless he goes to Mbau and receives it there as a tributary, which he declines; saying, if he went to Mbau he would certainly be murdered by the machinations of his royal brother-in-law.

He therefore pretends to wait for some advantageous change in affairs among his faithful followers in the mountains, than trust to the deceptive offers of Tui Viti.

On the evening of the 13th, the Court closed its proceedings and adjourned 'sine die,' after finding the prisoner guilty of the murder of John Foster, and sentenced him to hang by the neck until dead. The Court was dissolved, and the sentence approved—to be carried into effect the next day on the island where the murder was committed.

Without delay the prisoner was informed of the fate that awaited him; and Mr. Calvert was most zealous and attentive in giving him all the spiritual consolation that could be impressed on the heart of a heathen in so short time. The prisoner confessed that he had been a bad, treacherous man all his life—he had committed many murders, but in the murder and outrages on the island of Mukalau, he was induced to it by (or, as interpreted by Mr. Calvert, literally, 'acted as ambassador to') Matak-Murymbasagah, a Rewa man, and Wang-ka, a Vutia man. He said he had no wish to live longer, and he hoped God would be good to him. When asked on what he founded his hope in the goodness of God, he expressed a confused notion of a future state, mixed up with heathen superstition. He expressed a wish to see his wife and two little sons and his father, who were sent for early in the morning.

It being understood from the Consul and Mr. Calvert, that on the death of the prisoner, custom required the death of his wife, and one, or perhaps both of his sons; to prevent such a catastrophe, Ngaraniou was sent for, but did not come; he sent his second chief, Lingilevu, with every assurance that the usual custom would be departed from in this instance, and the wife and children would not be strangled, as usual.

Lingilevu was accompanied by one of the prisoner's sons, a naked lad about seven or eight years of age, and the meeting between him and his condemned father was very affecting.

The little fellow showed sensibility beyond his years, even in a civilized boy; he cried unceasingly, and the stern, savage warrior who seemed to despise life, and 'had no wish to live longer,' was melted, at once, at the sight of his weeping offspring, who hung upon his neck. Claspings the child with his manacled hands, in the silent stillness of 'grief that surpasseth show,' the unbidden tears flowed in abundance, giving proof of the strength of natural affection even in the breasts of the greatest savages. At 12 o'clock, on the 14th March, the Sergeant of Marines, who acted as provost marshal, conducted the prisoner into the boat accompanied by the master at arms as executioner. The Rev. Mr. Calvert as chaplain, and the marine guard under command of Lieut. Devlin, also passed into the boat with the prisoner. Another boat from the ship with some of the officers followed; the Captain and Consul in the gig came third in the line of procession. A few minutes brought them to the island, and three canoes with the prisoner's wife and sister, and a large number of native acquaintances, arrived soon after. The wife and sister were entirely naked except the *lika*, or girdle, and a piece of fine striped tapa, (called *masi*) around the body of his wife; they came screaming from the beach to where the prisoner was sitting under the shade of a

spreading tree, and cast themselves literally upon him. Still, I thought he did not show as great tenderness as he did on meeting his son in the morning. Mr. Calvert knelt down and made a prayer in the native language, which being finished, the prisoner was conducted to the gallows a few yards distant. He ascended the platform with a buoyant spring, and stood erect facing the persons assembled, as if he were going to address them. The guard was broken into platoons, and one drawn up on each side of the gallows. The master at arms tied his ankles together and his arms behind his back; the rope was adjusted around his neck and a cap drawn over his face, during which he showed no signs of fear or dismay. At twelve minutes before one the drop fell, and at one, his lifeless remains were cut down and given to his friends, at their request.

The piece of striped tapa around the body of the wife, before mentioned, was brought by her, as Mr. Calvert informed me, for the purpose of strangling her. I inquired if he had given her the pleasing information that she and her children were to be spared. He said he had told her so, but instead of being pleasing to her she seemed greatly disappointed that she could not comply with the custom and accompany her husband to the land of spirits.

Koroi-Moku-yata was about thirty years of age, five feet eleven inches high, straight, and rather slender than otherwise; his face was oval, forehead high and retreating, high cheek bones, and a full black eye. According to all accounts, he was a man whom his friends loved and his foes feared.

After the execution, the chief, Lingilevu, conducted to the Captain, from one of the canoes, a large, square-shouldered, and stout-built native, with his arms securely pinioned, who, he said, was 'Wai-tonde' that killed the half-caste boy, Burrows, on the beach; he deserved death, and Ngaraniou had sent him to him to be executed with the other. The Captain, through Mr. Calvert, as interpreter, informed the chiefs and natives that, by the laws of America, no person can be put to death until tried and found guilty of a crime deserving such punishment; as he had not time to try the charge of Wai-tonde, he ordered him to be taken back to the chief, to be dealt with as he might deem proper. He was accordingly taken to the canoe, in bonds, when a crew of twenty or thirty of the naked savages pushed it quickly along the white sand beach until it floated and was borne away and lost in the distance.

The Feejeans, unlike most of the other islanders, are not tattooed—the dark color of their skin, on which such marks would not appear to advantage, may be the cause of preventing them from this savage and painful custom. Vermilion is used to ornament, or rather disfigure, their faces. They take great pride in the good appearance of their hair and beard, which they dress and cultivate with unceasing attention. Some of the beards are short, thick and curly, while others are eight or ten inches long, terminating in a goatish point. Their extraordinary heads of hair surpass all imagination; these are dressed in many strange grotesque forms, but the common appearance is that of the globular head of a negro swelled out to immense size. I measured one of nineteen inches diameter, and have no doubt some others were larger. The natural color of the hair is black, but by the use of lime, carbon and other pigments, they make a good grayish white, and all the various shades between black and red; many of which colors, in numerous instances, adorn the same head—some are black before and grey behind and vice versa. Of the many singular heads I saw, I will endeavor to describe one. The color of the hair was jet black, and it was separated into distinct, regular square pyramids, of about two inches square at the base and seven inches perpendicular, fastened to the head at the vertex—the bases (of course) outwards. The sides and angles of these heads were adorned as regularly and sharply defined as if they had been formed of wood. Around the head, they appeared in great regularity, like tiers of square black blocks—the upper tier projecting horizontally from the crown, left a broad flat space over the top of the head.

On one occasion a high wind tossed the pyramids about like some mossy bobbins, yet they retained their form unimpaired, as if they had received it in a hydraulic press. Wigs are also made and worn by these people, scarcely distinguishable from the genuine natural growth.

[REMAINDER NEXT WEEK.]

#### The Image and Superscription on a Spanish Dollar.

The word *dollar*, is as frequently in the mouth of every American as the word *dress* in that of his mother, sister or sweetheart, yet few men can decipher the hieroglyphics which surround the face of any coin. To explain the multitudinous devices which have figured in the coinage of all nations, or even of some single nation, would require a numismatic folio. But a short paragraph will suffice to give an idea of what all such explanations must be in their nature, and will be of interest to all who will comply it with a Spanish pillared dollar, or with any of the coins representing its parts, for the image and superscription on them all are the same.

The obverse of the specimen before me bears a laurel-crowned bust, with the words, 1806, CAROLUS QUARTUS, DEI GRATIA. On the reverse the inscription continues, HISPAN. (Hispania) ET IND. (Indiarum) REX P. S. R. P. I.—that is, Charles the fourth, by the grace of God, king of Spain and of the Indies Potosi, eight reals. The letters, P. I., I suppose to be the initials of the mint-master under whose the coin was struck. The real, (or royal piece), or our ninepence, would seem to be the unit in Spanish coinage. Instead of P. S. many dollars bear a letter M. with a crown over it, to show that Mexico, was the place of mintage.

But the most interesting part of a coin is its blazoning. The pillars, which give dollars among Italians the name of *colonnati*, stand for the pillars of Hercules; the words *plus ultra* (more beyond) written on the scroll that flows round their shafts, allude to the classic notion that those pillars, or the Straits of Gibraltar, were the *no plus ultra* of geographical discoveries; the two lions were the armorial bearing of the land of lions, Leon, and the two castles that of the castellated region, Castile; the castle and lion side by side under our crown, betokens the union of Castile and Leon in one monarchy; the three crosses in the centre show the trinitarian Christianity of Spain; the frame, on which the crosses, castles, and lions are graven, is a heraldic shield.

Some say a vine is figured in the lower point of the shield, with allusion to the Spanish vineyards. If not, will some one who has dived deeper than I into the mysteries of the dollar, tell me what it is we see there shooting up in the angle between the lower castle and lion?

ORIGIN OF THE WORD DOLLAR.—In 1516 a silver mine was discovered at St. Joachim's Thal (or dale) in Bohemia, the proprietor of which issued a great number of silver pieces, which were called Joachim's thaler, afterwards corrupted into dollar.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... AUG. 7, 1851.

#### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

L. B. D. 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.

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; No. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts. Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

#### The Rum Traffic in Waterville.

The prompt and effectual manner in which the friends of temperance are enforcing the new liquor law in the towns around us—and, indeed, in all parts of the State—induces frequent inquiry relative to what has been done in Waterville. Such inquiries are proper, and ought to be answered. We have taken pains to learn the facts, and will state what we feel sure are such. A contract has been made with several of the principal dealers in liquors, according to which they are allowed fifty days to close up their traffic. At the end of that time, (some ten or twelve days having already expired), they are bound to discontinue the sale, permanently, and clear their premises of all intoxicating liquors, as contemplated by the law. During the fifty days they are permitted to sell, in quantities, under some important restrictions, unmolested by prosecutions under the late law. Though this arrangement is not approved by all, it indicates conclusively, especially when considered in connection with the decided tone of public sentiment throughout the town, that the traffic is destined to a complete termination at a period not far distant. This we fully believe.

The Fireman—A Good Idea. A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal, in giving an account of a recent fire, takes occasion to suggest, that on the first appearance of fire, the ladies in the vicinity should proceed to prepare coffee or other suitable drink, to pass among the firemen. This is a good idea, and we assure the ladies that such works of kindness have their reward. They are not forgotten by those who toil and sweat upon such occasions. 'Do you know that girl just passing Dyer's door?' inquired a whole-souled fellow the other day. 'No,' we answered—'why?' 'Nothing—only she's a christian, and I'd like to know her name.' 'How do you know she's a christian?' we inquired with some curiosity. 'Because, I saw her, when Chandlers' buildings were burnt, passing a cup of cold water among the firemen!'

This was reason enough, for want of further acquaintance. We saw her too—and several other ladies were employed in the same way, at that fire. Even the lazy lubbers who looked on without lifting a finger, while others were toiling and sweating, could not help recommending what they were too heartless to imitate. What a contrast between a good and a bad example! We hope to see the former adopted by many others when opportunity offers; and as for the latter, if there is any wrong act for which we could excuse the hothead on such occasions, it is for passing a good shower of such water as was used on the above occasion, among those who find nothing to do at a fire but to look on and find fault.

Good News—the Capital Surrendered. The Augusta Age of to-day has the following encouraging announcement. There can no longer be any doubt of the complete triumph of law in Maine—

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC ABANDONED IN AUGUSTA!—On Saturday last, being the day on which the mayor's sixty-day proclamation expired,—the several liquor-dealers in this city, great and small, including hotel-keepers, apothecaries, and all others who had to any extent participated in its sale, voluntarily abandoned the traffic; and now, on this seventh day of August, in the year of grace 1851, not a single glass of intoxicating liquor of any kind, is sold, or can be obtained, for love or money, or for any purpose whatever, in the city of Augusta! So, at all events, we are informed, and verily believe.

CUBA NEWS.—We can see nothing but humbug in the Cuba news. The symptoms of revolution, or the desire for it, must be very limited indeed.

SOMETHING LIKE OLD TIMES.—The best sample of potatoes we have seen for years, was sent us a few days since by Frederick Paine, Esq., of Winslow. They really carried us back to old times, when the 'blight and mildew,' so fatal to the potato crop, was unknown, and when this valuable vegetable was regarded by the farmer as his most important and profitable crop. They are large, mealy, and rich in flavor, and Mr. Paine tells us that he has raised about forty bushels on a quarter of an acre. They seem to be a mixture of the Blue-nose and other varieties, still retaining the characteristics of the Blue-noses. We are led to hope, from such a sample, that better times are coming, for the potato crop. Thus far we hear of no appearance of disease in the potato field.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.—The Lewiston Falls Journal thus candidly—and we presume truthfully—alludes to the charge brought by the Clarion: 'We can hardly account for this statement except that our friend saw things through a false medium, and attributed the mere jollity and hilarity of the passengers in the cars to the effects of drunkenness. So far from there being a drunken debauch at this place on the fourth or fifth, it was the general remark that there had scarcely ever been so large a collection of people who were so orderly or who ex-

hibited less indications of being under the influence of intoxicating liquors. There was not a drunken person seen in our streets, with the exception of two or three hard cases, who got their liquor in some of the Irish shanties. There is not a place now, nor was there at the time, where liquor could be bought to be drank at the bar, and we have no hesitation in saying, after due inquiry, that if any persons were seen intoxicated in the cars, they must have brought their liquor with them. We must turn them over, especially the 'females,' to our friends, Maxham & Wing.'

We plead guilty to being 'in a fix!'—and how to get out we should not know, but for the mercy of the Clarion man himself. Yes, he has seen fit to implicate himself in a most awful impropriety, for the sake of letting us out! His morality in a most tender point has been sacrificed to his love of truth. But the proof is conclusive, and the fair ladies of Waterville must excuse us for declining their further advocacy. Hear what it is:

'As to our being mistaken or viewing things through a false medium, we think we can tell the difference between a natural flow of spirits and a flow of spirits caused by the use of alcoholic drinks, especially when we come in contact with the stinking breath of such persons.'

Only hear that! Imagine Moses Littlefield, Esq., the proprietor of three hundred modest pounds of corporosity—in the night too! and when his own wife was asleep at home!—passing through a car full of ladies, young and old, beautiful and ugly, modestly snuffing their breath, to see who was drunk and who sober! We have no more to say! Proof is proof; and when the bag is eaten the pudding is proved indeed! 'O, tempora! O, mores!'

[For the Eastern Mail.]

#### The New Cemetery.

Mr. Editor,—The prompt and very satisfactory manner in which the Cemetery Committee have discharged their duty, is the subject of frequent remark. It is only to be regretted that they had not assumed the privilege, so evidently theirs, of giving the Cemetery a name. But they have not done so; and we may conclude their modesty is equal to their vigilance. In this emergency it devolves upon such as are directly interested, to christen the new burial place. It is the privilege of any one to suggest, and I propose that it be called the 'PINE GROVE CEMETERY.' The propriety of this name will be seen by all who are familiar with the grounds. So, assuming the privilege of one who has taken a lively and active interest in the enterprise, I shall proceed to call it by this name, till some one, equally privileged, shall suggest a better one. Yours, CIVIS.

We commend the good taste of our correspondent, and are willing, for one, to consider the 'Pine Grove Cemetery' appropriately named. The name is not only beautiful in itself, but peculiarly appropriate as embracing a kind of history of the ground selected. It will tell to future generations, when the hand of art shall have removed all landmarks of nature, that there was a time when the noble pine, the pride of our State, waved in its original majesty, upon the soil that will then have become sacred to so many thousands.

The Art Union Bulletin for July is received. It contains a beautiful etching, 'The Game of Chess, and an etching in outline representing a scene in one of Cooper's Novels, "Leather Stocking at the grave of Chingah-gook."

DISAPPOINTMENT.—Licorne Engine Company, of this place, had chartered the Steamer Balloon to take them, with their engine, to the Fireman's Festival at Hallowell yesterday. It was discovered, when too late to provide other conveyance, that the boat was disabled by a crack in the shaft. They were compelled to leave their engine at home, though many of the company proceeded to Hallowell by other conveyance. Thus they lost 'a silver trumpet valued at fifty dollars.' So see think.

WORSHIP. We are informed that arrangements have been made by the Methodist Society in this place, to hold divine service on the Sabbath, permanently, at the Town Hall—to commence on Sunday next. Rev. Stephen Allen has been stationed here, under whose ministrations we hope that Society will rise and prosper.

Those neat and substantial SETTELS, lately placed in the Town Hall, are the workmanship of our late neighbor, Joseph Batchelder, now at the West Village. Just look at them.

NEWSPAPER AND ADVERTISING AGENCY.—S. M. Pettengill, the well known newspaper and advertising agent, has lately connected himself with Mr. J. C. Edmunds Hall, and the business will hereafter be conducted at No. 10 State st., Boston, under the style of S. M. Pettengill & Co. They will spare no exertions to render their services acceptable and profitable to those who entrust business to their hands.

A GOOD WORK.—Many of our readers know something of the philanthropic and truly christian labors of John M. Spear, of Boston, in behalf of Destitute prisoners. Mr. S. has recently been lecturing in various parts of our State, for the purpose







