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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. V.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1851.

NO. 4.

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POETRY.

INVITATION TO THE YOUNG.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.
"They that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. viii, 17.
Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,
Then youthful wanderer in a flower's maze;
Come while the restless heart is bounding lightest,
And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy gaze; (fing.
Come while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfold,
And rich feelings, with a hope in heaven;
While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,
Come and secure immortal rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,
And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;
Pleasures will fold her wings, and friend and lover
Will to the embrace of the world have gone;
Those who now love thee will have passed forever;
Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;
Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,
As thy sick heart broods over years to be.

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing;
Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;
Ere the gay spell which earth is round thee throwing,
Fades like the sunset of a summer's sky;
Life has but shadows, save a promise given,
Which lights the future with a fadeless ray;
Oh, touch the scepter, with a hope in heaven;
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of thy brief existence
Seem aye nothings to thine ardent soul;
And, shining brightly in the forward distance,
Will of thy patient race appear the goal;
Hopes of the weary, with a peace reposing,
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss;
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away,
Who would not early choose a lot like this?

POPULAR READING.

(From the Child's Friend.)

ANGEL VISITS.

A happy group of children were gathered round an old elm tree in a pleasant yard, near their home. Their mother sat at her work, by an open window, and listening to the joyous voices of her little flock with real delight. There were Jamie, and Kitty, and Lizzy, and Ned, and Mary with the baby in her arms, and two older ones at a little distance. They were all at play, some in the swing, which was a grand one, one jumping a rope, and the boys flying a kite.

"They were a happy, well ordered household, and who can describe the joy of such a home. Each child had its appointed place in the family, and their mother, like a queen bee, watched to see that all the tasks were well done. And when work and lessons were over, then came the joyous, healthy sports of childhood, for which they were far more ready than the pampered children, who have nothing to do the living day, but follow their own fancies."

The little girls had their alternate weeks of helping their mother tend the baby, and the boys had their turn of the garden, and the different meals. Such a busy, happy set of girls it is rare to see. The boys too were always full of business, in bringing in the winter's wood, and gardening in the summer. What strawberry beds they had, and what quantities of early vegetables! and never were there happier children than when their mother allowed them to carry their full baskets of early fruit to some less favored neighbor.

On the afternoon of which I speak, our little people round the elm tree seemed suddenly to leave their play, and to be in earnest consultation on some matter of great moment. Their mother could not help listening with much interest to their different remarks.

"I know something that you do not know, Miss Annie," said William.

"And I know many things that you do not know," retorted Annie.

"Yes, but this is something very wonderful, that is going to happen in the family, Annie, and that you would like to know about."

Upon this Kitty jumped out of the swing, and Jamie left his kite, and Lizzy, Ned and Mary, all gathered round the two speakers, to hear what was going to happen.

Now William was something of a tease, and having collected his little audience, he thought he would have no better fun than to keep them in suspense a while.

So he told them that their father and mother had been whispering a great deal for some days, and of course there must be something remarkable about to take place.

"Father and mother whisper indeed!" said Kitty indignantly, "I don't believe it, for I've heard them say, times enough, that there are no secrets in a well ordered family."

"And ours is a well ordered family," said Jamie, proudly. "Mr. Stetson told Aunt Agnes so the other day."

"Well, my little ones," said William, "I will tell you all I have heard, and you may make all you can out of it. I heard mother say she would have the carpet taken up from the south parlor, and the chairs moved."

"Oh dear!" said Kitty, "who knows but we are going into a new house?"

"I don't want to move into a new house," said Mary, "I think this is the best place, and the nicest house, and I am sure this is the very dearest baby in all the world."

"Just as if," said Kitty, "we must have a new baby, because we have a new house. This is too foolish!" And upon this, the children, one and all, lavished upon the baby such violent embraces, that Annie was forced to interfere, and carry him off.

"Now be quiet, children, and hear me out," said William. "We are not going to move away from here, or have a new house, or anything of the sort. You know, father said he could not afford to have a new house these six years. But I heard mother say to him, that she would have the south parlor all nicely fitted up. Then father said, why not the blue chamber? and mother said, because that is so near the nursery, and in the sound of all the children's noise. And father said, ah yes! that's true, the south parlor is much better, and the French bedstead can easily be moved down."

"Why, I do believe," said Lizzy, interrupting William, "that Aunt Temple must be coming to spend the winter."

"What a wise guess, Miss Lizzy," said Ned. "Great strong Aunt Temple to want the south parlor, and mother's best, low, French bed-

stead, and to be entirely away from the noise of us children. That is too funny."

"Well," said William, "Aunt Temple has no thoughts of coming; so you may spare your guesses, and hear the rest. I heard father say, as he left the house, shall we want any more furniture to make the room comfortable? And my mother said, we will give up having the new secretary this year. We can do very well without it, and I should like to have you get a couch, and two nice easy rocking chairs. And father said it was a good thought, and he would certainly get them."

"There they are this minute," screamed Ned, throwing up his cap, and running to open the gate for a wagon that stood there laden with the furniture.

By this time the good mother had finished her work, and she hastened out to the little group under the elm tree, where she was greeted with eagerness, and on all sides the question, "Oh, mother, what is going to happen?" She soon told them the whole truth. Their grandfather and grandmother, their father's aged parents, were coming to live in the family. The children were all silent after hearing this news. Their mother was distressed to observe the changed expression of their usually happy faces. "Since Aunt Helen died," said she, "the old people have been very sad and lonely, and your father and I cannot feel comfortably to have them so far from us, through another long cold winter. I shall depend on you, dear children, to help us make their home here as peaceful as possible."

"Oh dear!" said Kitty sadly, "now we shall have to be still as mice, I suppose."

"Not always, dear," said her mother, "not in your own part of the house, or in your play rooms, when you are generally out of doors. But I am sure, Kitty, you will be willing to be still, when you see them trying to sleep, and will be glad to have your frolics in another room, when they wish to be quiet."

"And I shall have another life to make these cold winter mornings," said Ned. "It is too bad. I can but just get to school at 9 o'clock as it is."

"Suppose you were to rise a few minutes earlier, Ned," said mother. "I am sure you would be the happier all day for the effort."

"But mother," said Annie, "grandmother is so disorderly, she never looks neat and neat, and she is too old to learn new habits. What can we do about it? She will keep coming into the parlor, with her old shabby dress, and her soiled cap, and apron on, no matter what company we have there."

"I should not think," said her mother, "that a girl who can sew, and clear starch as nicely as my Annie, need find any difficulty about that. When you are a little older, and read 'Guy Rannering,' one of Waverley's novels, you will see how very nicely poor Dominie Sampson was supplied with new clothes. His friends used to put the new ones where he expected to find the old, so that he put them on, without any fuss at all about it. Now grandamma is old and almost blind, dear Annie, and you could not have better business than to supply her in the same way. This will save her the worry of thinking about these things herself."

"Now mother," said Jamie, "I do think they would be a great deal better off where they were, than where they are now. Grandmother is too old to be a burden to us. I am sure we children shall annoy him all the time, if we try ever so hard to be good. Sometimes he goes to the window, and wonders who the people are that go by, and calls some one to look; and then he pulls the fire all to pieces, and don't put it up right, and if ever one of us puts on a stick or alters it in any way, even to poke the fire when he appears to be asleep, he starts up, and cries out, 'Stop, stop, child, that is no way.'"

"And then, mother," said Lizzy, "no one can go out of the room or come into it, without his asking them what they went for, or what they came back for, and if you ever happen to say you are going to do anything at any particular time, he keeps worrying till the hour comes, and then if you have changed your mind he is as puzzled as he can be."

"Oh dear!" said Kitty, "it's just so, Lizzy, and if any one is going on a journey he wonders why they go now, why they don't put it off till some other time."

"And he is so melancholy, and keeps sighing all the time," said William. "Indeed, mother, what is the use of their sitting down here to be worried and vexed with us all the time?"

"It is time for me to leave you, children," said their mother, "and I am sorry to leave you feeling so. What you have said of your grandparents is true, but these are just so many reasons for their having all the more tenderness and affection. Once their presence was welcomed everywhere, and now the same beautiful traits of character belong to them as ever, but the light of the soul, in very old people, is obscured, not put out. It is like a bright lantern in a misty place. But the mist all belongs to the poor, tired, worn out body; and when that is laid aside the soul shines even more brightly in the presence of God, than in its younger days on earth. And I am grieved that you can look coldly on their age and infirmities, and that you do not reverence them for what they have been and what they will be, and that you do not wish to make them as happy as you can."

The tea-bell sounded, and the subject was dropped; the discontented little group all following their mother into the house.

What a beautiful hour in a happy home, is that last hour bedtime, on Saturday night, when the children have come out of their bath, their little bodies pure and fresh for the Sabbath, they are led by some guardian friend to array their souls also in the white garments of purity and truth.

These children never lacked this Saturday evening care. Their mother had a dear friend living in the family who was called Aunt Esther. She loved the children dearly, and helped their mother very much in the care of them. One of Aunt Esther's peculiar privileges was to spend the last hour before bedtime, on Saturdays, with the little folks, to teach them hymns, and read to them a few verses from the Bible. Sometimes she told them stories.

On this evening when she went to the nursery, she found them duller than usual, and she concluded to omit the hymns, till they were in a better mood, and only read to them and tell them stories. The children were not very attentive, till Jamie's attention was suddenly caught, and he cried out, "What was that, Aunt Esther?" She read the verse again.

"Many have entertained angels unawares." "Is that true? do you believe that, Aunt Esther?" inquired Kitty earnestly.

"Yes, I do, my child," replied Aunt Esther. "What! beautiful angels, with bright shining wings?" said Lizzy.

"Not exactly," said Aunt Esther, "but I think what is here meant is this: that if we are careful to be kind and loving, and hospitable to those whom we receive into our houses, we may, now and then, entertain those who are like the angels, those whom God will make angels, when he takes them to himself."

"Oh Aunt Esther!" said Annie, "how I wish that here in this home, we might entertain angels."

"I have no doubt you do, my dear, and yet I knew some children once, who were very sorry when such beings came to their father's house."

"What naughty, wicked children," said Kitty. "How could they feel so? Tell us all about them."

"The story is this," said Aunt Esther. "Two wanderers came to the door of a pleasant house one cold winter evening, hoping for a warm welcome. They had been taking a very long journey, and were almost tired out. In the morning when they started they had beautiful wings, that seemed to bear them above the earth, so that they could go a long distance in a few hours. They were very loving and faithful, and so kept sweet company together in their flight. They wished to give joy and sunshine to every heart they met. If they came to any old people toiling along the dusty road, forlorn and sad, they came near, and gave them staves to lean upon, or rested their tired heads on their bosoms. They also carried little children in their arms, watched over them in sickness, provided them with many dainties and pleasures, when they were well, and prayed for them always. This was the way they spent the whole of the morning and noon of their journey, but at last evening came on, and they were quite exhausted with all their efforts. Some of the children they had delighted to tend, had died and left them to mourn, and others had gone to homes far distant. They felt sad and faint, and had no longer any strength to continue their journey alone. Their white wings drooped, as Faith and Hope always droop in weary hearts. They thought of the staves they so joyfully parted with at morning, to give to the old people they met in their path, and though they did not wish them back again, they longed for others like them. It seemed as if there were no staves to be found in their evening. People were all so busy in driving to and fro, and collecting little bits of yellow coin, that they only jostled them out of the way, instead of stopping to help them along. At last the poor wanderers said, 'We will go to the house of one of the children we parted with at noon; there are many little ones who will give us a welcome.' So as I told you, they came to the door of a pleasant home, and knocked."

The children heard them coming and ran out. When they opened the door they were shocked to see such forlorn shapes standing there. They wanted to see angels, and were disappointed. Then the tired travelers said, 'Let us come in and sit by your warm fire, for the blood in our veins is almost frozen. Give us some of your sunshine, little children, for we are cold, and our strength is too weak for us.'"

Then the little girl said, 'we are sorry you will come here, for you look very tired, and we know you will wish us to keep very quiet, so that you may sleep. We are very busy and help our mother a great deal; but we are such merry, bustling little children, that we do not love to keep still!'

Then the little girl's brother said, 'we are sorry you have come here, for you are so cold it will be very hard to keep you warm, and I don't love to keep building fires.' And another child said, 'we do not love to see you sitting in our parlor. Our mother wears such fresh and clean dresses, and looks so sweet and happy, that we love to see her there. But your white wings are all soiled and broken, from trailing on the ground, and you have been traveling so long and are so tired, and you won't wish to renew them.'"

Another child said, 'You are become sad and nervous, and would be much happier, all alone by yourselves, than in our busy home, where everything disturbs and annoys you. And many more things of the same kind they said, but the only answer the wanderers made was, 'Give us some of your sunshine, dear children, and warm up our tired hearts with your love and care.'"

Aunt Esther could not go on, for one little head after another dropped upon the table, and Kitty's sobs were audible. They had quickly comprehended her meaning, and Jamie had already run to the door to call his mother. When their mother came, the children all crowded round her, and told her how sorry they were for what they had felt in the afternoon, that they were now glad their grandparents were coming, and they would do all they could to help her make them happy."

Their dear mother had soon good reason to observe that Aunt Esther's story had produced no transient impression on them. For the next week the dear old people came to their new home. How joyfully did Jamie make their early morning fire through the long winter. And whenever grandfather said he must walk out, how quickly did Lizzy bring him his overcoat, and William and Ned stand themselves near him, ready to start, as his little walking sticks, they said. The old man would smile, as he had not smiled for many a long day, to see himself the object of such care and love. And the children learned in time to offer their attentions quietly and without bustle and parade, for their parents taught them that this is the only way to be acceptable to the aged. Annie was glad to follow her mother's hints with regard to her grandmother's apparel, and found it delightful to see her arrayed in her white cap and apron, in so much easier way than by fretting at her and teasing her to lay aside the soiled ones."

Kitty, with her earnest clear voice, answered her grandmother's oft repeated question, with the same gentleness the twentieth time it was asked as the first. And she did not then look round among her little brothers and sisters as I have seen some children do, with a look that seems to say, 'You see how this foolish old lady keeps asking questions, and forgetting them as fast as I answer.'"

Grandamma grew weaker all the time, and would often drop asleep in her chair. Then Kitty would pick up her knitting that had fallen on the floor, take up the stitches she had dropped, and lay it beside her. Then laying

her head in an easy position, she quietly watched her sleep, with real tenderness in her heart and on her face. Grandamma's sight too failed fast; and she could no longer see the baby's sweet face distinctly, but Kitty would hold him near her, and place his little cheek to hers and say, 'This just as soft as velvet, grandamma, and he has blue eyes just like mother's.' And the old lady would stroke his face and say, 'bless his little soul,' in a tone that made Kitty tell her brothers and sisters it was a mistake that old people had no feeling, as they always supposed."

Indeed our little folks found they had made many mistakes about old people, which they would never have known, unless their dear grandfather and grandmother had lived with them, and they had loved and tried to understand them. Though they were strangely forgetful as to present times and things, yet the slightest question about their early days would give brightness to their faces and animation to their voices. How many stories did they tell of the children that used to be in the olden times. Our little folks were much amused at the oft repeated story of how, then, they never came into the room where their parents were, without a bow or courtesy, and how they never should have thought of speaking in the presence of old people, except to answer a question. 'But times are much changed now,' said grandfather, as he noticed the affectionate familiarity of Jamie and Kitty, and 'perhaps it's all just as well, when the children are as good as they are.'"

An angel's visit is almost always short. So the children thought, when about a year from that time their grandfather died, after a few days' illness. They would not have believed a year before that they could feel such sorrow at parting from him, but they could not look at his empty rocking chair for many months without sadly missing the beloved form that occupied it. On the evening of his death they stood by his bedside, and looked for the last time upon his still face, beautiful in death. On his pale lips rested a beautiful smile, the smile of an opening heaven, and around his high and noble forehead his white hair floated like a luminous cloud. The children could not bear to leave the spot where he lay, and when all the rest had gone, Kitty remained behind. She took from the beloved head a lock of silvery hair, and as it curled round her finger, she made a resolve in her inmost heart which she never forgot. 'Dear, blessed old man!' was her thought, 'this shall remind me whenever I look at it, to be loving and devoted and respectful to all old people for your dear sake.' When she returned to the parlor she found the rest of the children singing their good-night hymn, and she joined them with her sweet voice, in this verse of her favorite song:

'Speak gently to the aged,
Grieve not the care-worn heart,
The sands of life are almost run,
Let such in peace depart.'

Tobacco.

The statistics of the tobacco trade disclose some startling facts. The people of England, Ireland and Scotland, pay annually for tobacco, 40 millions of dollars. The people of America, 16 millions. The average yearly used in this country would pay for a barrel of flour for every family in it. But in the computation of the injurious effects of this drug, the money paid for the article is the very smallest item in the account. It wastes time; it implants disease; it weakens the body and exhausts its energies. It relaxes the nerves, saps the will, clouds the understanding and clogs the soul. The use of ardent spirits is an evil whose results are manifest. Terribly does rum fill our prisons and our pauper houses. But legislation reaches this evil, and among us is doing a work for its extirpation. But the subtlest device that the devil has ever held out to man, is tobacco. High and low, rich and poor, are the victims of its insidious wiles. It spares none. Slow and sure and constant its poison is working. 'Rum and tobacco,' says some one, 'are kindred friends.' Has any reformed man gone back to his cups who did not use tobacco? Will some one please answer the question? Parents! keep it from your children. It will prove a curse, and never a blessing; a moth upon the purse; a poison in the blood, a forerunner of drunkenness. 'Can you do anything,' said one to a small farmer, a member of the church, 'for the missionary cause?' 'No,' was his reply, 'I am too poor.' His bill at a store for tobacco was nearly ten dollars per annum. Were every acre of tobacco turned into a wheat-field, it would add five years of longevity to the average of human life.—[Bangor Mercury.]

GETTING AT A SECRET.—The French are a droll people—so their newspapers reports contain the queerest statements. Here is the latest:

Mlle de A—became indisposed, so her father called in the family doctor, and left them together.

The doctor was curious and suspicious as to the cause of the young lady's sickness. He drew his lancet from his pocket to bleed her, but at the moment he pressed the vein, she exclaimed:

'Ah, mon Dieu!'
'Mlle, I had nearly killed you.'
'Killed me?'

'Listen! (here he drew out a lancet from his pocket) here are two lancets—the first is for your veins, the second for me. You see how necessary it is to be careful in the use of surgical instruments. You are a maiden of course.'

'Certainly, Monsieur.'
'Well, if I bleed you with the wives' lancet, I should kill you—and vice versa. Now Mademoiselle, hold out your arm; this is the right lancet.'

'Doctor!'
'Mademoiselle?'

'Take the other one.'

ANECDOTE OF THE CAT.—During a voyage from America to Holland, in the P—, Capt. T—related the following interesting incident:—A puss, on board, regularly attended the table for her share of the meals. After having a litter of kittens, she became more shy, and all at once the kittens were missed. The officers supposing she had made away with them, drove her from the table on her next appearance, without food. This was done twice. At the next meal, puss came out for her share, and on being again repulsed, as if aware of their thoughts, she went and brought the kittens, one at a time, in her mouth, and laid them on the floor by the table, and then looked up in their faces, as much as to say, 'There, you

see they are safe. Does a mother forget her offspring?—give me food or they perish!'

This appeal was not in vain; after a good meal, she again transported her young to her hiding place. If this is not reason, it is certainly allied to it.—[Boston Journal.]

Inevitable Language.

Coleridge was not the only one who labored under a sad mistake, when he mistook the commonest man for a philosopher, and was only undecieved when the apple dumplings were set upon the table, by his exclamation, 'there's the jockeys for me!' Not long since, a fashionably attired female upon whom some devoted parents had lavished money enough in the fair exterior to pay for a year's tuition where grammar was taught, seated herself at the dinner table of a large hotel. She was at the first glance pretty, decidedly so. Her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with a natural tinge, her neck was like alabaster, and upon it glittered a chain of uncommon richness; her hand was delicate, and a brilliant ring shone upon the front finger, and I was about congratulating myself upon a short acquaintance during my stay, when suddenly the charm was dissolved by a gentleman on the opposite side of the table, who interrogated the damsel by asking if the animal she rode was not rather a fiery animal? and this brought out the vulgar reply, 'Oh yes, we put her right through!'

Truly the appearance was changed now. I saw only a coarse, illbred girl, where a few moments before appeared to my unsophisticated gaze a lovely female!

Certainly I am, young ladies would study refinement of spirit and manners, if they but fully understood the immense advantages which accrue from them. The gold lever, with the most massive chain, the diamond of unsurpassed brilliancy, sparkles in vain, where the mind is in a crude state, needing far more labor and care to refine it than has been expended upon those showy jewels. Nothing compensates for this loss; and it is sure to aim a fatal dart upon the vacant head and uncultivated heart. Pardon me if I relate an anecdote as my friend told it to me. 'I was,' said T., 'beginning to look around for a wife. Among my acquaintances was a young lady upon whom much money had been lavished to give her a thorough education. She had read Virgil, could speak some Italian, was mistress of French, and could warble like a foreign amateur; at least, so said her mother. I had heard she knew something of household affairs, and to tell the whole truth, I looked upon her with a keen eye. She certainly did appear well; but one evening I was rallying her upon some trifling I had forgotten, when she suddenly turned round and gave me a slap, and declared she did not care the first red cent about it.'

'Heavens!' said my friend, 'how soon my love did cool! I never thought of marrying her again!'

Thus one cant phrase spoiled a young lady's prospects of wedlock to our knowledge; and this is enough to cause all others who aspire to that state, to cultivate refinement of thought which will invariably lead to a refined utterance.—[Olive Branch.]

HOME.—I know of no passage in classical literature more beautiful or affecting than that where Xenophon, in his Anabasis, describes the effect produced on the remnant of the ten thousand—Greeks, when, after passing through dangers without number, they at length ascended a sacred mountain, and from its peak and summit caught a sight of the sea. Dashing their bucklers, with a hymn of joy they rushed tumultuously forward. Some wept with the fulness of their delicious pleasure, others laughed, and more fell on their knees and blessed the broad ocean. Across its blue waters little floating sea-birds, the memorials of their happy homes, came and flitted their weary souls. All the perils they had encountered, all the companions they had lost, all the miseries they had endured, were in an instant forgotten, and

nought was with them but the gentle phantoms of past and future joys. One was again securing on his fleet steed across the hoof-trodden plains of Thessaly; another reclined beneath the flower-crowned rocks of Arcadia, and gazed into the dreamy eyes of her whose form, amid battle and bivouac, was ever with him; the third recalled that proud day, when, before the acclamation of all Greece, he bore off from amid competitors the laurel wreath of the Olympian victor. Oh! home, magical spell, all powerful home! how strong must have been thy influence, when thy faintest memory could cause these bronzed heroes of a thousand fights to weep like tearful women! With the cooling freshness of a desert fountain, with the sweet fragrance of a flower found in winter, you came across the great waters to those wandering men, and beneath the peaceful shadow of your wings their souls found rest!

BARNUM ON POLITICS AND MORALS.—P. T. Barnum gave a temperance address before the members of the Legislature and others, during the recent legislative session in Hartford, in the course of which he defined his position as follows:

'For my own part, I am a Democrat, a regular out-and-out, and so strong are my political preferences, that it is quite possible that I should vote for the devil, in preference to a Whig, if it should be proved that 'Old Horn' was a Democrat—but when the question comes which to elect to office, a drunken Democrat or a sober Whig, I should prefer the Whig, and should adopt this course on the plain ground that a drunken official, although a Democrat, is worse than the Devil!'

CHAMPAGNE.—In a certain neighborhood on Long Island is a champagne manufactory, where immense quantities of a counterfeit article are produced and furnished for consumption in our taverns, saloons &c., at 32 and 32-50 per bottle. Not long since an association to which the manufacturer belonged were to have a festival, and this man was one of the committee of arrangements to get the dinner and its fixings. He determined that for this great occasion there should be a good supply of genuine, imported champagne, and to make sure of it he went and purchased it himself of the importer, first insisting upon seeing the custom house evidence of its French origin. But lo! and behold, on the day of the dinner our hero discovered that every cork drawn had on it his own private mark. They were caressing on his own counterfeit article, which, as he afterwards ascertained, had been bought here, sent to France, thence brought to this country through the custom house, where it had

paid the heavy duty demanded by our tariff, as its owners could well afford to.

We will thank our champagne gozzlers to take this fact and digest it at your leisure. If the maker of spurious champagne was deceived, it would not be at all strange if our nice young men, at their social dinners and suppers, should often swallow poor cider fixed up and called Heidsick or Anchor, and sold for from \$2 to \$5 per bottle.—[Organ.]

NECESSITIES OF THE ORPHANS AND WEAK.

An imagined absurdity may sometimes best illustrate a real wrongness. We will suppose the improbable, to show the folly and sin of what is quite real and frequent in actual life. It is a winter-day, and a father stands at his parlor-window, with his infant on his arm. Snow is on the ground. Near the window is a thorn tree, with its ripe red berries. Birds alight on the tree, scatter the snow, and eat berries. It was in part for the birds that the berries have ripened. The father looks up, and says—'How kind is God! This is his providence; he feeds the birds.' And he speaks wisely and piously. But now, ringing the bell, 'Nurse,' he says; 'see how God is feeding the birds! Take our baby, and set him in the snow; God will take care of him.' So baby is set in the snow, and the rough wind soon extinguishes the tender flame of life.—Then the father cries, 'What a dark providence! how inscrutable are the ways of God? Are there not many like this supposed father? who talk of providence but as an excuse for their leaving those whom they were expressly appointed to cherish and help, to stumble on unwatched, and from as they may—with souls, and perhaps bodies, unclad and unsheltered—the 'bitter blast' of time. There are not wanting, too, men who opening the window of their comfortable room, call out to the miserable to trust in God; and then, exhausted by the effort, and chilled by the entering wind, turn round to the fire, and refresh themselves with wine, cake, and essays on philanthropy. It will often be, that our best help to men is by our reminding them of higher help than ours. But how do we remind them? By a human kindness that represents and testifies of the divine. Often men cannot feel and believe they have a father, till they find they have brothers. Believing in man, they cannot believe in God.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS. Mrs. Swisshelm, who attended the Woman's Rights Convention, at Akron, in debating the subject of the equality of the sexes, says:

The physical right to be taken care of is one of woman's rights, that we will never yield. Our physical weakness will ever be our strongest argument for claiming all legal, intellectual and moral powers of defence. In an intellectual or moral war we ask no quarter on account of womanhood; but of every man we meet we claim physical protection, just because he is a man and we are a woman. As to meeting in Convention to discuss woman's right to engage in any occupation for which she has a capacity, it is sheer nonsense. There is no law to prevent women from following almost any business, and why do they not take their right to work at anything they please? Mrs. Coe urged that women have a right to be captains of ships! Well, why are they not captains? There is no law to prevent it. If we believed it right, and thought we had the capacity, we would soon command a vessel, and no doubt but the world would acknowledge our right to do so. It would have taken a great deal of talk to convince the world that John of Arc and Jagoello had a right to be soldiers, but without any arguing on the subject they proved their title to a niche in the warrior's temple of fame. 'A man of words and not of deeds, is like a garden full of weeds,' and a woman of that kind is very much like him. There is no claiming rights for those who do not want to use them, and those who do, should just take them.

MECHANISM OF THE STOMACH IN GRANIVOROUS ANIMALS.—To the mind of an anatomist, nothing is more worthy of admiration than the mechanical contrivance and harmonious operation of the compound stomach of some grass-eating animals; such as cows, deer, sheep, and several others. In addition to the membranous sac, or receiving stomach, as in man and birds, they possess three others, making four in all.

Whatever quantity of food may have been swallowed during the day, not a particle can pass into the second stomach till it has been properly ground up by the teeth. Thus, when a sufficient mass has been collected in the first stomach, these animals lie down to ruminate, or chew the cud, as it is commonly called. At the animal's will, a portion of this crude supply is forced into the mouth to be re-masticated. When sufficiently masticated in the form of a ball, it is again swallowed; but instead of stopping in the first stomach, the orifice leading into the second, at this juncture, opens to receive it. The moment the portal is passed, the gate closes, before anything can enter. This process is repeated till the whole supply of the first has been drawn into the second stomach.

In the first stomach there are often found large quantities of hair, which cattle swallow by licking each other in the spring, when shedding their coats. Not being permitted to pass into the second stomach, because they do not give the true counterstrain, they are for years retained where they were first received, becoming, by being constantly rolled about, excessively hard, compact balls; sometimes of an astonishing magnitude.

After its reception into the second stomach, the food is mixed with water, and the secretions, and very much softened and diluted, preparatory to its entrance into the third, where it is further changed by the addition of bile, and divided into portions of a thin, milky consistence, each of which, on arriving the fourth sac, is turned into curd, or chyme, similar in taste and appearance to the dairy curd, before being pressed. It is this fourth stomach which farmers take from calves, under the name of rennet, to curdle milk for making cheese.

A letter from Paris contains the following: 'Mr. Alphonse Karr, a wit and feuilletonist by profession, says in the columns of the National, a paper advocating the abolition of capital punishment:—'For myself, I say, if the infliction of the pain of death is to be done away with, let the assassins set the example. This is an epigram of the first water in French, but it rather loses its force in translation. 'Si l'on tient à abolir la peine de mort, que les assassins commencent.'"

MISCELLANY.

JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO FEJEE.

[CONCLUDED.]

In cases of extreme grief for the loss of some relation or the death or affliction of some great chief, the hair or beard is cut off, seldom both at a time; the little fingers are also often cut off, close to the hand, as a symbol of mourning. From this cause, I presume, that a fifth of all the Feejeans I saw, while at the islands, wanted one or both of their little fingers. I also saw many without some of their toes, which, I understood, were cut off as a native remedy for pains and sores in the legs; perhaps for leprosy, elephantiasis or cutaneous diseases, which are very common among them.

They are acquainted with the use or value of money, in lieu of which articles of trade are substituted in the transaction of business.

As far as I could judge, muskets, gunpowder, bullets, lead and flints, are as a golden currency; calico, of red and flaring colors, cottons, whale's teeth, hatchets, knives, scissors, razors, &c., are as silver; and empty bottles of all kinds, (white glass is preferred,) fish hooks, beads, tobacco, musket balls, &c., answer for small change. Among themselves, mats form the principal currency and personal property.

Whale's teeth and empty bottles were exceedingly the best articles we had for trading with the canoes that came alongside, but unfortunately we had but few on board. It was amusing to see an officer buying an empty bottle from the steward to enable him to purchase a few shells, or the like, from the natives; fifty cents was the common value of an empty bottle.

The regular traders have fixed a value to those articles at which they are generally received; but there are fluctuations, competitions, and different valuations according to the state of the market here, as in more civilized places.

A musket, a keg of powder, a number of fathoms of cotton cloth, a number of hatchets, &c., are equivalent to so many pigs, turkeys, ducks, chickens, so many hundred yams, cocoa nuts, &c.

This people have the reputation of being the best native mechanics in Polynesia; their houses and canoes are constructed with much judgment and idgenity, some of their canoes are from seventy to a hundred and ten feet long, capable of carrying five hundred men.

The inhabitants of a town near Rewa manufacture earthenware, such as boilers, jars, and water jugs of various patterns. Some of the jars will contain twenty or thirty gallons; the vessels are thin, light and neat, and although only burnt by the domestic fire, or faggots around them, they are strong and durable.

A lacquer or varnish of the juice of a tree gives them a handsome brick color finish. On the island of Lakemba, large quantities of woodenware are manufactured in a neat and tasty manner, consisting of trays, dishes and bowls of all descriptions—made out of solid wood; these and the earthenware are carried to the different towns and islands of the group, and are a great acquisition in their domestic affairs.

For some years past considerable intercourse has been maintained between the Tonga or Friendly Islands and this group, which are only 350 miles apart. The Tongans are almost white, well formed and handsome; gentle and docile in their disposition, and enjoying a good reputation for honesty and veracity. The intercourse must prove beneficial to both parties, particularly to the Feejeans.

The trade with these islands is, I understand, very limited and precarious. Sandal wood, that was plentiful, is now exhausted, or only found in small quantities; tortoise shell is so scarce as to be of small account; and, with the smaller articles, such as shells, mats, baskets, clubs, spears, sponge, &c., are mostly picked up by the white residents, on speculation, or collected by the missionaries as tithes, or in trade, which they forward for sale in the missionary ship, to Sydney, Auckland, or England.

The merchant traders, therefore, are confined chiefly to the articles of beche de mer, which, heretofore, was very profitable. Some vessels, on an outfit of three or four thousand dollars, have realized a net profit of \$20,000 from the sale of one cargo at Manila. A return cargo from Manila to the United States made an additional profit, the amount of which I am not informed. But the continuance of dissensions among the chiefs, the many wanton outrages committed on trading vessels by the natives, with the connivance of chiefs—in consequence of the little protection afforded by visits from war vessels—in addition to which, the beche de mer fish becomes scarce and more costly to cure; all these causes have contributed to reduce the number of trading vessels.—The number of American vessels, as stated to me by the Consul, that visited the islands during the years 1847 and 1848 were 49, and in the year 1849 only 12, showing a falling off of more than one half.

In the neglected state of these islands we see the correctness of an observation made by that pious poet, "Cower," in speaking of island discoveries in his day, says: "Nations that live on bread fruit, and have no wealth or mines to make them worthy of our acquaintance, will be but little visited by the future."

There is no doubt the visit of the Falmouth will give renewed encouragement to American commerce, and have a happy effect on the future conduct of the chiefs and natives, who can only be taught by fear. To the missionaries great credit is due for their zealous labors in the cause of Christianity, but it is the occasional presence of war vessels that gives them strength and influence, without which they are comparatively weak, powerless and in personal danger. War is now raging, murder and bloodshed are of daily occurrence. Many of the most promising converts have deserted the church to join the murdering parties, and the voice of the pastor is unheard or unheeded.—The pious language of one of the missionaries to me was, "We have done and said everything we could to restore and maintain peace, but these stiff-necked, blinded people will not hearken to our advice, and all we can do is to pray for them."

If, then, the presence of national vessels be so salutary, in giving protection to commerce, civilization and knowledge to the savage, and safety to the missionaries and their families, as well as to other white inhabitants, it is the bounden duty of every nation that maintains a squadron in the Pacific, to cause a vessel, say a sloop-of-war, to visit the group of islands of Polynesia at short intervals of a few months.

The adoption of such a rule, as a vessel being specially assigned to cruise among the islands, would cause no additional expense to those nations, and would greatly promote science, by gaining correct information of those islands, seas, harbors, reefs, shoals and currents, which are but imperfectly known. The only evil that can be seen, to counterbalance those benefits, the vessel assigned to such active duty might not be able to lie so long in port as formerly, the Captains might be deprived of the profits arising from carrying specie, and the officers would be deprived of the pleasurable society and amusements to be met with in

Valparaiso, Callao, San Francisco, or Benicia; or some other agreeable stopping place.

D.

The Banquet to the Christian Archbishop.

The great feature of the week has been the dinner to Archbishop Hughes; that is, if we are to believe the newspaper reports. But the newspapers now-a-days can't always be implicitly relied on—they are not by any means unacquainted with a very plentiful article in this neighborhood—policy; and this acquaintance frequently exhibits its ugly head so triumphantly as to render it disgusting. The Evening Mirror, in this instance, is a noble exception to the general rule, and I gladly give you its views on the banquet to the Archbishop. The Mirror observes:

"Why this feasting of Archbishop Hughes? Why these demonstrations of Protestant obsequiousness to the distinguished Roman Catholic Prelate? Why these complimentary and deferential epistles from leading politicians and Presidential Candidates? Why spend thousands on a single Banquet, when Peter Pence runs low, and the little half clad Catholic orphans are wallowing like pigs in the gutter? Was it to convince the Holy see that America was ready to kiss the Pope's toe? Was it to confess to Catholic Europe that the Republic of Washington, like that of Napoleon, was ready for the Church's coronation? Was it to indicate to his Holiness that the red hat of the Cardinal would be hailed in the West as the oriflamme of Liberty? Or was it a mere political move suggested by demagogues, and designed to catch the votes of 'our adopted fellow citizens?' Has Dr. Hawkes, or Dr. Dewey, or Dr. Spring ever been complimented by an Astor House feast on returning from a European tour? Did Fenelon, the good Archbishop of Cambrai, ever receive such honors? Did St. Peter, the rock on which the Church was built, ever have an ovation like this? Did the great Author of Christianity himself ever partake of a feast given him by the rulers of the Jews? Did he not fast rather, while engaged in the great work he was sent to do—a poor pilgrim of Palestine, who had not where to lay his head?"

"Was this sumptuous supper to Lord John anything like the Last Supper of the poor disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus? Does it not more resemble the feasting of Belshazzar?"

"When the monarch held his Banquet,
To music's pleasant sound,
And the flowing bowl,
That drowns the soul,
With the flashing wine was crowned!"

"And does it require a prophet to read the hand writing on the wall?"

A PICTURE IN THE ROOM.—Mr. Hazlitt has said somewhere of the portrait of a beautiful female with a noble countenance, that it seems as if an unhandsome action would be impossible in its presence. Most men of any refinement of soul must have felt the truth and force of this sentiment. And therefore we have often thought that the picture of the beloved mother or devoted wife, hung up in the room where we spend our leisure hours, must certainly exert a mighty influence upon the feelings and thoughts. Cowper's picture of his mother was a living presence, whose speaking countenance and beaming eye appealed, as no living mortal could, to his inmost soul, and stirred its profoundest depths. But what is it that gives this power to the inanimate resemblance of loved and departed ones? Their virtues, their moral graces and excellencies, as remembered by the affectionate survivor. It may seem an odd thought, but we cannot help suggesting it to every female reader—to every sister, wife and mother—that it is a worthy ambition for each of them to labor to be, both now and when dead, that 'picture in the house' before which vice shall stand abashed, confounded, and in whose presence every virtuous and manly heart shall glow with every honorable and lofty sentiment, and be irresistibly urged to the love of goodness and truth.

THE PAST AND PRESENT IN REEATION TO RAILROADS.—While passing over the steepest grade on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad the other day, we chanced to be seated by the side of a gentleman well informed respecting the country through which we were passing; a very great favor, by the way, when passing through a new country. Our conversation naturally turned on the character of the country around us, and the facilities which it offered for a railroad. He remarked that the portion of the road which we were then passing, near Woodstock, was the great difficulty of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad; that when the project of opening this road between the Atlantic and St. Lawrence was seriously agitated in Portland, somewhere about 1834, Major Long was obtained to make a reconnaissance of this route, and passed over it for that purpose, accompanied by our informant. After carefully examining the route, the Major decided that it was all practicable except the three miles we were then ascending. This, however, he thought could not be surmounted without a grade of at least 60 feet to the mile, and that since no locomotive could surmount that grade, if a railroad was constructed here, it would be necessary to employ stationary engines to draw up the trains. This report killed the project, for the time, of a railroad from Portland to the St. Lawrence.

Such were the views of one of the most intelligent engineers of the country, fifteen years ago; but at the moment we were talking, our heavy train, containing some 300 or more passengers, was actually passing up that very grade of sixty feet to the mile, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, by the aid of a single engine! So much for the past and the present in railroad knowledge and experience.—[Boston Traveller.]

PORTABLE SHIRT WASHER.—This is the name of a pocket machine just got up for the use of widowers and bachelors. With a spoonful of water and a cent's worth of starch, three shirts, four dummies, and a pair of socks, can be "done up" as good as new in a minute and a half. The machine works on the principle of a coffee mill—the articles going in dirty at the hopper, and coming out ironed and perfumed, in the little draw underneath. All the operator has to do is to turn a handle and supply the rage.

THE "CELESTIALS" IN CALIFORNIA.—The San Francisco Herald says:

Our city is receiving large additions to its population from our neighbors of China over the way. They may be seen in great numbers passing through our streets, usually with some little article of their own manufacture for sale. The new comers may always be distinguished by the great curiosity they evince at everything that meets their view. They stop and examine the strange things they see about them, and then putting their heads together, commence, all speaking at once, a conversation that sounds like the gobbling-turkey-crow, intermingled with the drawing of numerous corks. They are dressed in their national costume—wooden soled turned up slippers, tight, and a kind of short frock, usually made of indigo colored stuff.

Their heads are shaved, with the exception of the scalp-lock, that they allow to grow as long as it will—keeping it braided and wound round their heads; a small skull-cap completes their equipments. Sometimes a dandy may be seen among them with more than usual pretension in his dress. For instance, we yesterday saw a young Celestial, who was no doubt in Chinese genealogy, a very near relation to the sun, dressed in purple slippers, white stockings, orange colored shorts, and a green braided jacket; on his head was a scarlet skull-cap, embroidered with gold. He was altogether the most stylish of his race that has visited our shores.

The Way with Some People.

Deacon S. once employed a cobbler to take a few stitches in a boot, for which service he was asked half a dollar. The demand was considered exorbitant, but the deacon was not a man to have trouble with his neighbor on a trifling matter, so without a word of objection it was cancelled. 'All will come round right in the end,' said he to himself.

Next morning, the deacon, who was a farmer, was on his way to his field with oxen and plow, when the cobbler came out of his shop and accosted him.

'Good morning, deacon. You're just the man I hoped to see. The case is, I've hired the field yonder, and am going to sow it with wheat; but being no farmer myself, I wish you would stop and give me a little insight into the business.'

The other was about to excuse himself, for he felt particularly anxious to finish a piece of plowing that day, which he could not, if detained at all; when, remembering the boot mending, thought he, 'The affair is coming right soon. Here is an opportunity for illustrating the golden rule, and returning good for evil. I will render the assistance he needs, and when he asks what's to pay, will answer, "Nothing, sir, nothing. I never make account of these little neighborly kindnesses." That will remind him of yesterday.'

So the deacon readily consented to do as requested, and going over the field, commenced and finished sowing a bushel of grain; scarcely thinking, meantime, of how his team was standing idle in the cool of the day; but glorying in anticipation of the smart his neighbor would suffer from the living coals about to be heaped upon his head. The employer, who, seated on a heap of stones in the center of the field, had watched the process in silence, now rose to his feet, and very deliberately advanced towards the obliging farmer.

'Now for my revenge,' thought the latter, seeing him about to speak; but the other only carelessly remarked, 'It isn't much to do a thing when one knows how.'

The deacon made no reply, but stood awaiting the question, 'How much do you ask for your labor?' He waited in vain, the question was not asked. The other began to speak on different topics, and the farmer, unwilling to lose more time, turned and hurried away to where he had left his team. He had gone some little distance along the road, when a voice was heard calling.

'Hallo, deacon! Hold on there a minute.'

The deacon turned his head, and his neighbor, the cobbler, beckoned him back. 'He's just thought of it,' said the deacon to himself, half impatient at being again stopped. 'My triumph is likely to cost about as much as this work, but I'll have it, after all. Urge as he may, I won't take a single dime.'

So saying, he secured his oxen to a post by the roadside, and ran back as far as the wall, against the opposite side of which the cobbler was carelessly leaning.

'Why, how you puff, deacon; there's no special haste called for. I merely thought to ask if you don't imagine we shall have rain soon. You farmers pay more attention to these things than we mechanics do.'

The deacon coughed a full minute, and then answered that he really couldn't say, but it seemed pretty near cool enough for snow; and having given this opinion, he once more set his face forward; musing, as he went, whether it might not have been well to have attached to the golden rule a modifying clause, suited to dealing with such people as his neighbor of the awl and last.

The deacon loves to this day to tell the story and laugh over it; but never fails to add—'Well, well, it ended just as it should; inasmuch as I was wickedly calculating on REJOICING OVER MY NEIGHBOR'S HUMILIATION!'

GOV. BRIGGS ON BACHELORS. Ex-Gov. Briggs delivered an address on Thursday, before the New York State Normal School, at Albany, which is described as being "full of humor, anecdote, happy illustrations, and a sound argument in favor of free education. It was mainly an unwritten and unprepared effort, but well stored with good sense, and moral instructions." Towards the close, he gave the old bachelors a scoring, particularly that class of them who grumble at being taxed for educating other people's children. We quote his language: "Am I to be taxed to support children not my own? grumbles the old bachelor. Certainly. But I have no children of my own. So much the worse, you ought to have them. But I have no wife. Bad again, you ought to have a wife, and children in the bargain! And not having a wife, and no good man ought to be without, and no children, which are also necessary, you deserve to be doubly taxed. Go and present your case to some good lady, as one fit for her sympathy, and if you are deserving of it, you will certainly find it."

The man who never eats peas with a knife, is at Cape May; he puts up at the Columbian House and uses his own silver fork. His father was a hod carrier and his mother a washer-woman. His uncle, the grog-shop keeper, left him his wealth when he left off selling three cent smelters and died. His heir does not know how the bricks are conveyed to the top of a four story building, and would not recognize a wash-board if he was to bark his shins on it. Such vulgar things are unknown affairs to him. He was brought up in a refined manner, expects to die after the most genteel fashion and be buried in a ruffle shirt.

GOOD.—Horn's Railroad Gazette says:—

"We have received a little book filled with Irish puffs and compliments of Miss Catharine Hayes, the vocalist, which are done up in the most extravagant style of blarney. We should be induced to copy some of them according to request 'to fill up your paper'; but for the inconvenience that our locomotive will only run over a silver track."

There is a thing well put. Of all public servants we know of none who are expected to do more work for no pay than editors. If any man in his line of business or manufacture does anything commendable, isn't the editor expected to spend two or three hours' time in going to see, and in noticing in his columns, all for the benefit of some one who doesn't (we have known such instances,) patronize him four cents a year, and perhaps borrows a paper to see what a puff the editor has given him?—The cool impudence with which some persons

send to editors such a request as was made in the case of Mr. Horn is perfectly astonishing. Now in any locality we esteem it to be the duty of the press to notice favorably any marked exhibition of skill and enterprise, and we have always most cheerfully done so, without considering at all whether the parties who would be benefited thereby were our patrons in any way or not. But the point we wish to get at is that in all these things there should be a degree of reciprocity. Local presses sustain the general interests of localities, and therefore they have claims to the support of localities.—These are considerations which the press can, without arrogance, urge upon the people. But if people will not recognize them, then, when they want the benefit of a favorable notice, let the editor just whisper in their ear that his "locomotive runs on a silver track."—[Republican Journal.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... AUG. 14, 1851.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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Commencement at Waterville College.

Who ever knew Commencement to be anything but Commencement? At Waterville or Cambridge—in sunshine or storm—it is nothing else. It will never be anything more.

Twelve brass instruments and twelve orations, and all is over. Musical or not, the first satisfy the crowd: good or poor, the last satisfy the "friends of education." So it has always been, and so it was in Waterville yesterday. A rainy forenoon was well enough; a sunny afternoon was ditto. Neither moved anything but umbrellas and the candy market. The crowd were all here. The clergy were all here. And both crowd and clergy were heartily welcome. The honorable and honored alumni ate with their usual appetites; and, we doubt not, the graduates fed them with the usual unbounded grudge—consoling themselves with the sure faith they also should be fed next year.

Just as everybody foreknew and foretold, the oration of Mr. Giles, before the Literary Societies, was one of rare merit. Though laboring under great physical weakness, he exhibited his usual vigor and strength of intellect. It was one of his greatest, and, we fear, one of his last efforts. The poem which followed, by Mr. Rodman, though as usual it fell upon weary ears, received the most marked attention, and in return gave the highest satisfaction. Tuesday evening, he it known, is the Commencement of the elect; Wednesday being appropriated to the whole world. If the former are pleased the complaints of the latter are not listened to. In this case, as is always desirable in literary questions, the voice of the few left no room for appeal—and the character of the great festival was sealed.

The exercises of the graduates, on Wednesday, are exhibited in the following programme.

Oration of the Second Class. "Oratio Latina." William Hastings, Newfane, Vt.
Oration of the First Class. "The Aristocracy of Talent." Aaron Appleton, Waterville.
Oration of the Second Class. "Prerogative and Privilege." Thomas Barnes, Oldtown.
Oration of the First Class. "The Relations of the Past to the Present." Gilbert Herman Carpenter, Guilford, Vt.
Oration of the Second Class. "The Nineteenth Century." William Hunt, Tucker, Marlboro', Vt.
Oration of the First Class. "The Populace Orator a Logician." Thomas Hersey, Bangor.
Oration of the Second Class. "The Connection between Nature and History." William Golding, Lord, Hiram.
Oration of the First Class. "The Abuses of Civilism." John Gamble, Linn.
Oration of the First Class. "Jesuitism and its Founder." Aaron Appleton, Waterville.
Oration of the Second Class. "The Natural Sciences." John Oberon, Coudage, Canton.
Oration of the First Class. "The Progress of Medicine." Albion Byron Clark, New Sharon.
Exercises of Candidates for the Master's Degree.
"The Commercial Power of the United States." Junius Artemus Bartlett, New York City.
"The Legal Profession." Elliot Walker, Waterville.

Some of these orations gave evidence of highly promising talent, aided by good practical training. Others indicated the training, with little evidence of the talent. All were regarded as creditable to the institution, and as reflecting honor upon a board of instruction whose high claims are widely known and appreciated.

"It is worthy of remark, that the processes of the law have only been forcibly resisted in two instances; at Saco and Waterville. The lawless at the former place have been compelled to answer for their conduct, while at the latter place they are still at large. There is no Watchmen Club at Waterville."—[Maine Temp. Watchman.]

On the principle of giving the Devil his due, the above paragraph demands some explanation. It is at least questionable whether any strict legal construction could present a case of "forcible resistance" of the law in Waterville. There was a decided indication of intention to do so, on the part of the sympathizers at the door; but the proprietor of the shop only retired within his premises and bolted the door, as he had a legal right to do. The law admits no presumption of the consequence of an attempt to force open the door.

In the case of seizure of liquors on Thursday last, there was no resistance at the time of seizure, though several radical and violent opposers of the law, so far as words go, were on the ground at the time. After the liquor had been removed by the constable to what he deemed a safe deposit and the constable himself had gone to another part of the village, several individuals presented themselves at the door of the store in which the liquor had been deposited, and were informed by the proprietor of the store that he did not want the liquor there, and that he should not resist their taking it away. With this assurance he left the premises, telling the applicants for the liquor

he should be absent half an hour. They thereupon retook the liquor without opposition. In their uncertainty whether their proceedings were legal or not, their work was done with some haste, and more trembling, but not necessarily in "forcible resistance" of the law. Nor are we yet willing to believe, that when the trammels that have been thrown in the way of the prompt and efficient action of temperance men in Waterville shall have been removed, there will be any "forcible resistance" to the law, or to such action. But time will show.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

"You Don't Say So!"

She did say so—but pardon me, ladies, if I should doubt the fact of your being "posted up" in all the news of the day. There are very many occurrences taking place daily that I deem of vital importance, and consequently think that you should be informed of every circumstance that affects you as members of our great and glorious "Scan. Mag. and Tatling Society." It is evident to me that the investigating committee of your Society devote too much time to their families. I have myself seen several busy at the wash tub, when they should have been making calls, and laboring for the benefit of this Society. An alarming state of things, when one is permitted to mind his or her own business. If I remember correctly, the Secretary of the Society reported at the last meeting only eight men as "making tracks" towards the plains about dark; and as some of them carried "bricks," Mrs. Winkle remarked, that they could not be going in that direction for refreshments. Perhaps I had better give a portion of the Secretary's last report—selecting statistics principally.

8 men were seen after dark for no good purpose.

3 do. have run away from their wives, in the opinion of the Society.

5 do. ought to do so, and each take a member of this Society with him.

2 females, calling themselves young ladies, were caught in the act of picking raspberries—alone with a small boy.

1 female has certainly "cut stick" with a married man. When last seen, the man was tendering her a dough nut.

Positive evidence.

10 females engaged and want to be published.

5 do. to be married as soon as possible. Ought to have been three months ago.

4 do. who refused to fill their carpet bags and pockets at the recent pic nics.

Aggravated cases.

37 cases under consideration, to be reported upon at the next meeting.

75 total.

Your Secretary wishes to impress upon the minds of all members of this Society the necessity of having their carpet bags and pockets made large enough. It has been a general cause of complaint at pic nics that our members were unable to carry away cake sufficient to last a genteel family more than three weeks. The Misses Gape and Swallow are au fait in getting up those articles; and if you should take all your children with you, let the oldest carry the bag.

SABINA SCRATCH, Sec.

"Omit some 'hard cases,' as I am well aware that they were not intended to be made public—only in a private way. My object is to keep the society 'posted up,' and thus far all is stale. But I have just heard of a 'rich case,' and hasten to lay it before the Society, in order to keep the 'ball rolling.' Not long since a young lady had occasion to call upon one of our milliners or dress makers, for some articles in their line. (The particular one called upon is one of the most active members of the S. M. & T. Society.) In the course of conversation, Miss Dowdy learnt to her inexpressible astonishment that the young lady had staid in fifteen different places during her life time, and was then at the House. Horror struck, Miss Dowdy flew to Mrs. Lacings, a near neighbor, and imparted to her the dreadful news. Miss D. had no doubt but that this young lady had run away with some man, as she had been in fifteen different places; and she, Miss Dowdy, should advise Mrs. Lacings not to make anything for, or trust her to the amount of a penny's worth. She, Miss Dowdy, was sure she shouldn't, not she. How could any body be any body who had lived in fifteen different places! she should like to know, she would. No sensible person would believe that she, Miss Dowdy, was guilty of impertinence in her cross questions. Oh, no! neither would any body that was any body, mistify her by their answers, or think her, Miss Dowdy, guilty of tattling, not they. She was sure she was never known to speak ill of anybody that was anybody; nobody in the wide world could say that of her, they couldn't—and she, Miss Dowdy, was determined to have a meeting of the "Scan. Mag. & Tatling Society" called "right off" to discuss the matter, but would advise Mrs. Lacings to have nothing to do with her, and not to tell a living soul of it until the Society met.

You shall have their report, Mr. Editor, as Sabina is a great favorite of mine and permits me to "look over."

In haste, CHIB DUDE.

LITERARY INCENDIARIES.—The annual fumigation of the "Lower Classes" in Waterville College took place on Friday night of last week. This is a rite designed to qualify the "unclean" to walk in procession with decent men. About midnight a quantity of hay on the college grounds, which was nearly ready to go into the barn, was converted into a bonfire, and an alarm of fire sounded. Our citizens had become so much accustomed to similar outrages in the literary quarter of our village, that the alarm failed. At 8 o'clock in the morning another partial alarm was made, when it was found the learned incendiaries

had set fire to the out buildings of the Mansion House. The firemen very properly declined to interfere, and in a short time the barn and shed, with some six or eight tons of hay in the former, were reduced to ashes. The wind was favorable, and the Mansion was saved without much effort. Fortunately the animals belonging to the institution, whose proper place was in the barn, were at the time in the stalls of adjoining buildings.

We remember when college wit was fit subject of laughter; but when it degenerates to the low work of playing the midnight incendiary at the expense of public charity, it assumes a questionable shape. Nor is it the least honorable part of such jokes, that the perpetrators shelter themselves behind a law of college, which requires that property thus destroyed shall be paid for by equal assessments among the students; thus compelling the honorable few among their fellow students who scorn their meanness, to pay the expense of their folly. A joke that remains a fount of fear of hand cuffs, and that resorts to pillage to meet its expenses, is at least a doubtful one to laugh at. The State prison should be prepared with diplomas, for its "marble halls" are destined to be tenanted by not a few of these juvenile barn-burners. It is at least to be regretted that this great feat was not deferred till after Commencement, that the glory of robbing hen roosts, destroying privies, burning barns, and abusing the officers of college, might not be associated with that time-honored anniversary.

A Good Time.

Among the agreeable associates of Commencement, was the visit of Washington Engine Co., of Boston. They were received by Ticonic Engine Co., of Waterville, with their usual and very creditable hospitality. They were accompanied by Bond's Cornet Band, which also added to the interest of Commencement. In the evening the Band gave a Concert at the Town Hall, which was well filled. The entertainment was emphatically a good one. This morning the company departed in the boats, leaving with the Waterville boys the memory of a good time and a very agreeable acquaintance.

Waterville Mail.—Where did you get that article on the "Constitutionality of the Liquor Law?"—[Eastport Sentinel.]

Oh, you must be *funning*, brother Emery. Just as though you didn't know where that came from! We clipped that from one of the most original and spicy papers in the Pine-Tree State—the Eastport Sentinel—the editor of which is a man much to our liking; albeit he hath a few queer crankums in his head, and dwelleth in the foggy corner of farther Down East, the very jumping off place, in fact, beyond which is nothing and nobody—except bluenoses. We usually inform our readers to whom we are indebted for the many good things they are served with weekly, but now and then the proper credit is accidentally omitted.

THE CARAVAN is coming!—lions and all—boys and all—monkeys and all—horses and all—men and women and all! What a time! Save your pennies, boys, or you shan't go.

A. & K. R. R.—Comparative exhibits of the earnings of the Androscoggin and Kennebec R. R.

	Pass.	Trains.	Freight.	Total.
May, 1850,	\$1,340.99	\$2,285.76	\$6,726.75	
June, "	4,517.12	1,760.47	6,277.59	
July, "	5,437.97	2,103.31	7,541.28	
Total for three months,				
May, 1851,	\$4,760.09	\$3,922.67	\$8,682.76	
June, "	5,173.49	3,644.56	8,818.05	
July, "	6,570.53	3,278.17	10,149.90	
				\$27,549.81
				20,545.62
				Gain, \$7,004.19

Showing a gain of about 34 per cent. We doubt whether another railroad in New England can show an equal gain.

