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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO AN OLD MAID.

Soothe smooth back those silver hairs
Over thy calm, pale brow;
Nor grieve thee that the silken locks
Fall not in ringlets now;
And raise again those clear, dark eyes,
That I may read, within,
The charm that makes thee dear to all,
And shields thy life from sin.

I've heard it said, full oft and o'er,
That thus to live is sad;
That old maids have few joys on earth,
To make the lone heart glad;
The spirit, too, would better grow,
The feelings cold and dead,
And all the youth and love of life
From such be early fled.

But false the tale; though often told,
'Tis not yet proved and true,
That joys are less, or pleasures bright
In single life made few;
If mirth be rare, so cares decrease,
As years roll gently on;
Or if cares weigh, 'tis kindness speaks,
For others' woes are borne.

No smile breathes sweeter love than thine,
No voice speaks heart more true;
Or gladdens all with brighter words,
Or tells complaints so few.
And thou art ever happy, too,
In duties well performed,
And in the love and gratitude
Of hearts, thy kindness warmed.

No sadness need not shade the path
Of life, though trod alone,
Nor love unrequited, or e'en repulsed,
Change the warm heart to stone;
For richest minds, and purest souls,
And noble hearts, may be,
Unknown, because the spirit bright
Is not mid charms displayed.

And many a spirit, firm and strong,
Gloried to be true,
Unfettered and unneighed through life,
Its own will but to see;
And if the heart but gentle be,
The feelings pure and kind,
Pure joys and pleasures, sweet to all,
Each heart through life may find.

SHADOWS.

Shadows, mysterious things,
That float in the still summer air,
Darkening earth's brightness with their mystic wings,
Are whispering lessons everywhere,
Over the hills,
And on the waving plains, the living dance;
Amid the music of the wandering rills,
And in the wild flower's cap, they dance and play.

And there are shadows deep,
When night's still stealing, with her purple plumes,
Scatters her lavish gifts of dew and sleep;
Then through lone halls and in low moonlit rooms,
Wild, mournful shadows stand;
And as they flit along they seem to say,
Spirits are of Time's forgotten band,
And soon, like us, these hours will fade away.

But there are different shades,
That with not with the morning's glow depart,
That hover not in woods and lonely glades,
But sadly rest upon the human heart.

Out from the past they come,
When Memory sings, at twilight's dreamy hour;
They steal from many a long forgotten tomb,
Darkening the light of life by their mournful power.

The still yet solemn toll
Of every dying day, and every hour,
The echo of the long years as they roll,
All leave a dimness on the heart to dwell.

Shadows on every flower,
And shades that on the eye of night depart,
Shadowy forms at Memory's dreaming hour,
And darker, deeper shadows on the heart.

MISCELLANY.

"GOD'S FIRST WORK."

The following extracts are from a work entitled "First Things," by the Rev. Dr. Spring, of New York. It will be seen that he objects not only to the theory of a "pre-adamite earth," but also to the theory which regards the six days of creation as six indefinite periods; and to the still more plausible, if not correct, theory, of detaching the two first verses of Genesis, from the six days' work, leaving the "beginning" to denote untold ages during which the chaotic materials of the earth underwent a forming condition and process.

We are not a little alarmed at the tendency of the age to reduce the great facts narrated in the Bible to the standard of natural science. Books of natural science are the text books of our schools; they supersede the Bible; it is from these, and not from the Bible, that the rising generation are taught how and when God made the world. Yet, what is more humiliating than such instruction? With all its noble advances, natural science is confessedly progressive, and therefore comparatively crude. Geology is in its infancy. How much does it know of the rapidity with which second causes accomplish their work? how much of galvanism and electricity, directed by omnipotence? how much of the general deluge? What does it know of the internal structure and organization of the earth? Not a thousandth, not a millionth part of our globe has yet been submitted to its inspection. The diameter of the earth is nearly eight thousand miles. If we are rightly informed, the deepest mine is a mine in Bohemia, of the depth of three thousand feet; and this, which is little more than half a mile, is scarcely penetrating the earth's crust. A late distinguished European geologist remarks, "We have attempted to penetrate as far as possible beneath the surface, into the interior of the earth. But if we compare the depth to which we have actually penetrated, with the real diameter of the earth, it will be seen, that we have scarcely broken the surface, and that the scratch of a needle on the varnish of one of our terrestrial globes is proportionally much deeper than the deepest perforations with which we have ever penetrated into the interior of the earth." And may we not ask, if a science which is thus in its infancy, shall be allowed to rob us of our confidence in the verity of the scriptural account of the creation? It has been well remarked, that "the collision is not between the Bible and nature, but between the Bible and natural philosophers."

When science is better informed, it will have fewer scruples in endorsing the Mosaic narrative. As the most learned are often said to be more deeply sensible of what is not known, than what it knows, so one of the high attainments of science is, that it is a standing comment not only upon what it knows, but what it does not know. It is not many years ago that a distinguished astronomer affirmed that the last discovery had been made in the planetary system; and the reason he assigned for the assertion was that the relative motions of the system could be accounted for by the existence of those already discovered; and that the addition of another planet would disturb the harmony. Yet, since that period, other planets have been discovered; and what is remarkable, the last discovery was made by observing the aberration of a planet which natural science has thus predicted could never occur. Human science is a changing, restless thing. It is well that it is so; the world is the gainer by all its advances. It is one of her excellencies that she gives rise to new inquiries that she sets at rest. "In not a few of her efforts to explain inexplicable phenomena, she does, in that very explanation, add to the mass of inexplicable facts." What science was even twenty years ago is not science now, but it is exploded by other and later discoveries.

We demand, then, in human science a safe expositor of the word of God, and may it hold a place above the settled principles of Biblical exegesis. "It is not denied that the physical

state of our globe has undergone great changes since its creation. What those changes are, is the province of science to search out and disclose, as well as to inquire into their causes, and thus ascertain, as we before intimated, the laws by which the Creator still governs the material creation. But when it would instruct us on the great subject of creation, it is out of its province. God himself is the great teacher here. We are firm believers in the doctrine of CREATION; and we hold that doctrine to be "God's making all things out of nothing, by the word of his power, in the space of six days, and all very good." So God himself instructs us, not only in the revelation to Moses as the selected narrator, but with memorable solemnity, when he said to the nation of Israel 2500 years after the creation itself. "Six days shall thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is." We may not give up the Sabbath on our regard to human science. It will be time enough for science to plead the inconsistency of its discoveries with the literal truth of the Mosaic narrative, when God shall commit to it the work of creation. Creation is his work. Human science might as well teach us that God did not in a single day create the oak of the forest, because facts show that it never comes to its maturity except by the growth of years; or that he did not in a single day create the first man, because facts show that the human frame reaches its maturity only by the slow and gradual growth of thirty years; as that the successive formations of aqueous and igneous rock which existed within the earth, required greater time for their formation than the six days spoken of, by Moses. It was indeed, a wonderful exhibition of his power which thus called all into being. It was the great miracle. "Power belongeth unto God." From the deep abyss he hid this wonderful creation rise, and poised it by its own weight without any other support than his own almighty and invisible hand; "He spake, and it was done; he commanded and it stood fast."

Inhumanity Rebuked.

The Blair County Whig says, a few years ago, while passing over the Pennsylvania State Improvements, the writer was a witness to one of those scenes of genuine kind heartedness which make the heart thrill with an unutterable blessing, and fill the mind with the involuntary consciousness that there is something of the angel still in our common nature. At a point this side the mountains, where occurred the trans-shipment of passengers from the West, was moored a canal boat, waiting the arrival of the train, ere starting on its way 'through' to the East. The captain of the boat, a tall, rough, sun-browned man, stood by his craft, superintending the labors of his men, when the cars rolled up, and a few moments after, a party of about half a dozen gentlemen came out, and deliberately walking up to the Captain, addressed him something after this wise: "Sir, we wish to go on East—but our further progress to-day will depend on you. In the cars we have just left is a sick man, whose presence is disagreeable. We have been appointed a committee by the passengers, to ask that you will deny this man a passage in your boat. If he goes, we remain—what say you?" "Gentlemen," replied the Captain, "I have heard the passengers through their committee. Has the sick man a representative here?" To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer, when without a moment's delay, the Captain crossed over to the car, and entering, beheld in one corner, a poor, emaciated, worn out creature, whose life was nearly eaten up by that canker worm, consumption. The man's head was bowed in his hands, and he was weeping. The Captain advanced, and spoke to him kindly. "Oh, sir," said the shivering invalid looking up, his face now lit with trembling expectation. "Are you the Captain?" "And you are?" "Yes, sir," replied the Captain, "passengers look upon me as a breathing pestilence; and are so unkind. You see, sir, I am dying—but oh! if I am spared to reach my mother I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, sir, and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor printer, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die."

"You shall go!" replied the Captain, "if I lose every passenger for the trip!"

By this time the whole crowd of passengers were grouped around the boat, with their baggage piled up on the path, and they themselves awaiting the decision of the Captain before engaging their passage. A moment more and that decision was made, as they beheld him coming from the cars, with the sick man cradled in his stout arms. Pushing directly 'thru' the throng with his dying burden, he ordered a mattress to be spread, in the choicest spot of the boat; where he laid the invalid with all the care of a parent. That done, the Captain directed the boat to be prepared for starting. But a new feeling seemed to possess the astonished passengers—that of shame and contrition at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked aboard the boat; and in a few hours after, another committee was sent to the Captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin. He went, and from their midst arose an aged, white-haired man, who, with the tear-drops starting in his eyes, told that rough sun-browned man, that he had taught them all a lesson—that they felt humbled before him, and that they asked his forgiveness. It was a touching scene. The fountain of true sympathy was broken up in the heart of nature, and its waters welled up, choking the utterance and filling the eyes of all present. On the instant a guard was made up for the sick man, with a "God speed!" on his way home, to die in the arms of his mother.

The true hearted Captain of that boat was General Samuel D. Kams, and the above incident is worth remembering.

TO REMOVE GREASE OR OIL FROM SILK.—Remove all the oil, &c., from the surface of the silk by rubbing it smartly with a clean cotton or flannel cloth, after which apply quite liberally, with a soft sponge or clean sponge, the common Burning Fluid, or Etherial Oil used for burning in portable lamps, not camphene. In a few minutes repeat the operation with pure alcohol, and the most unsightly spots of oil or grease will be removed without injury to the most delicate colors. [New York Tribune.]

TREATMENT OF CASES OF PERSONS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—Dr. Davis, of Portland, pronounces the popular practice of pouring cold water on persons struck by lightning, a "decided error," and as "positively injurious." He gives the following as the most proper mode of treatment, in the Portland Advertiser.

The whole treatment necessary to counteract the injurious effects of lightning may be comprised in a few words. Expose the body to a moderate warmth, so as to prevent the loss of animal heat, and infuse the lungs so as to insure natural respiration as nearly as possible, when the person breathes with labor or difficulty, or when he has ceased altogether, by this

own effort. The sprinkling of cold water over the face, in order to excite respiration by reflex action may also be tried. Further than this it has no legitimate use.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... AUG. 21, 1851.

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

A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.
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 the Publishers. His offices are at: Scollay's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. Cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. Cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETTENHILL & 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 Cattle Show.

The prospect for the annual Fair indicates a rare exhibition, especially of neat cattle.—Of horses there are an unusual number of good ones within the bounds of the Society, but the high prices at which they are selling renders it uncertain how many of them will remain in present hands till the day of exhibition. The farm of Mr. Otis literally swarms with fine cattle—so we hear—and Fairfield will do itself the usual honor in the display. Belgrade, Sidney and Vassalboro' promise to come strongly into the competition this year. The famous ox of Mr. Robert Libbey, of Freedom, is to be on the ground. He is said to be the largest ox in the State, and will be an object of much interest.

We hear of various articles, among the ladies, in course of preparation for display at the Fair. We exhort the ladies to a special effort to sustain their part of the exhibition. The premiums, it is true, are small, but the object is one that everybody commends, and of course one that everybody should encourage. We recently heard a rich old bachelor threatening to attend to the little matter of matrimony as soon as the articles exhibited at the Fair should point him in the direction of a good match.—We may safely predict, that whenever the wives and daughters show symptoms of flagging interest in their department, the annual Cattle Show and Fair, now regarded as so important to the various interests it embraces, will soon be discontinued. The Trustees and other officers are already beginning to move the water, with a fair day the occasion will be one of rare attraction. We do not learn who is to give the annual address, but doubt not that a "lion" of suitable majesty will be engaged in season.

KEEP WATCH OF HIM. A Waterville boy recently went to a flourishing city in Massachusetts, on a previously engaged clerkship in a W. I. goods and grocery store, at a salary of \$300 a year. He was a Son of Temperance, and had been trained to business by a man who belonged to the same order. He left home with high hopes, and the best of recommendations. When he arrived at the place of his engagement he was shown over the store, preparatory to entering upon his duty. It was a beautiful store, well filled, and he was delighted with the appearance of things. He was engaged to the inspection he was shown to the cellar.—Here were certain barrels and casks that excited his suspicions, and he inquired of his employer if they sold rum. He was answered that they did. Here was a dilemma. Three hundred a year was a fat salary for a boy, but selling rum was a drawback. He at once told his employer that he would not do it. Talk was of no avail. The engagement was given up, and the honest boy went in search of a friend for advice. Within twenty-four hours he had another engagement, at the same salary, in a reputable house! On tendering his credentials for integrity and good habits, he was told they were not needed—that the integrity and self respect he had already acted were better guarantee than his letters—and he entered upon his duties. Here is a sample of a Waterville boy to be kept in view. Follow him, and see if he doesn't make a man of the right stamp. He is well known in our village. Of such Waterville boys as "go and do likewise" we shall hear a good report.

GREEN CORN.—The Augusta Age heralds the first green corn in that market on Friday last. On Saturday, only a single day later, we had it in Waterville, 18 miles from the Capital. A nice mess from the field of Frederick Paine, Esq., of Winslow, graced our own table. We presume the donor had it some days earlier, as he brought a liberal supply, at a moderate price to our village market.

THE WEATHER. On Friday night there was frost on the low grounds about our village. For some time past the coldness of the weather has looked dubious for the corn crop. There is still hope for a tolerable harvest, though with the most favorable weather it will fall greatly short of last year. The wheat crop is harvesting well—so is that of rye and oats.—We hear of the appearance of the potato blight in various sections.

A CHALLENGE.—The Augusta Engine Co. are dissatisfied with the late trial of engines at Hallowell, and have challenged the Torrent Engine Co. of Bath (the winner of the silver trumpet) to a second trial. They propose a purse of 100 dollars. First trial, to play horizontally through 100 ft. hose—25, through 450 ft.—84, through 250 ft. into an open cistern—the several trials to be made without the machines being filled, and the machine which beats twice, to be the winner.

The Skowhegan Press says the enforcement of the liquor law in that place meets with general approval, and has had a salutary effect.—"As in other places, so it has been here; the powers of the liquor make considerable bluster

about it, and threaten to slat and break things amazingly, but they will cool off when the warm weather subsides, when they will see that they have been their own worst enemies, and that nobody is hurt but themselves."

AN INVITATION.

We'll welcome thee with hearts as true
As ever throbbed with joy for you;
A Brother's health—you need not shrink!
Enrolled among our faithful band,
We offer free both heart and hand.

We'll fill the sparkling cup, to drink
A Brother's health—you need not shrink!
The bottom drain; no dregs are there!
'Tis water cold, and pure as air.

Then fill again, and pledge with us
Our Brother's freedom from the curse,
That desolates our homes and land,
With victims countless as the sand.

Come, Brothers!—Ye are Brothers still,
Though drinking deep and tasting still;
Then curse the cup, and bless the hour
When Alcohol lost its power!

[For the Eastern Mail.]
The Alumni of Waterville College.

The celebration of the Alumni took place Tuesday evening, at the Elmwood. Though the hour was quite late, yet a goodly number of alumni and guests were assembled. After partaking of a repast got up "in the way they do things" at the Elmwood, some two or three hours were spent in speechmaking, giving of sentiments, &c. Many reminiscences of "Auld Lang Syne" were given. Wit and humor had full flow; and finally, when it was found necessary to separate, there was a universal expression of regret that the lateness of the hour should compel them to leave that scene of mutual enjoyment.

I truly regret that I cannot give a sketch of each impromptu speech, and especially that so many of the sentiments given should have been lost.

Letters from Hon. M. L. Appleton, James S. Wiley, Messrs. Paine of Bangor, Cummings, Joy, Starkey and Small, were read, expressive of deep regret at being unable to meet their brother alumni, and containing, several of them, sentiments to be offered as a pledge of fraternal sympathy and good will.

Some selections, only, can be given from the toasts. I much regret that I was unable to record several, on account of their length, especially those given by Messrs. Thurston and Avery.

By A. W. Paine, of the class of '32. Prof. Keely.—The only remaining member of our old Faculty. Long may he live to adorn the post which he has thus far filled with so much honor to himself and credit to the institution.

By Mr. Joy. The Alumni of Waterville College at supper assembled—May their meeting be a happy one, and may eminent virtue, integrity, success and usefulness, be individually theirs.

By Mr. Cummings. Waterville College.—Though she may be depressed, and unadorned by the glittering tinsel which wealth and fashion confer, yet may she proudly point to her sons and say, "These, these are my jewels."

By Hon. J. S. Wiley. Our Alma Mater—May she continue to rear up sons worthy of her, and worthy of the stations they may be called upon to fill, in our beloved country.

By Rev. L. B. Allen. President Chaplin—Clarum et venerabile nomen.

By Mr. Briggs. The Alumni of Waterville College—May its ministers be wise as serpents and harmless as doves; may its physicians never forget progress nor their patients; may its lawyers never lack a fee or take an unworthy one; and may all unite to spread the principles of honor, temperance and sound morality.

By Mr. Withington. Alma Mater—May she prove indeed a "fostering mother," and as she increases in age may she increase in fecundity.

Remarks were made by Messrs. Hutchinson, Lamson, Caldwell, Coburn, Kelley, Thurston, Briggs, Avery, Herrick, Dunnell, &c. The whole affair passed off finely. It is the first thing of the kind the Alumni of this college have ever had, and as an experiment, was highly successful.

Yet all were surprised at one thing. Out of about fifteen of our college graduates residing in this town, only three, I think, attended the celebration, and only two the meeting of the alumni. Mr. Hanson was detained by sickness, or he would have made a fourth; but where were the rest?

It is well known that our college has long suffered from the lack of interest among its alumni; that there has been less of the "esprit de corps" among our graduates than among those of any other college in New England.—This is not as it should be, and is far from justice to the college or themselves.

The Association of the Alumni was instituted to remedy this defect. To get up an additional interest and secure the attendance of a good number, this celebration was planned.—And now when it takes place, our home graduates are less fully represented than any section of the country. It would seem that if there was the least spark of public spirit among them, this occasion would call it out. Every one knows how much an interested body of Alumni can do for a college. But this is not all. The interests of the college are intimately connected with the interests of the place. A full meeting of the Alumni brings in many strangers. It gives business to your railroads, your steamboats, your stages, your hotels, and gives an impetus to business generally.

Almost all the older graduates spoke of the changes since they came here; and while they told of their three days' journeys from Augusta in a long boat, their two days' journeys from Readfield, and their week or fortnight journeys from Massachusetts, and compared them with the present facilities for reaching here, I listened with emotions of pride and pleasure. But I hung my head in shame when I looked for those who should have been there to reply to them. If the graduates in Kennebec, and especially those in this vicinity, had done as they should have done, the encouragement their presence would have given the distant friends of the college and place would have secured for next year a public celebration, and established such celebrations on a permanent footing, to the great and lasting benefit of the

college and the place. But their apparent total want of interest serves to dishearten those who would work.

Let this be no longer. Next year we shall have a similar celebration. No means will be left untaken to have a full gathering and ensure a pleasant time. On the graduates in this vicinity will rest the responsibility, whether it shall succeed or fail. Let them see to it, that there be not such a shameful and ungrateful supineness among them as there was this year.

ALUMNI.

The Recent Meeting of the Y. & C. Railroad.

MR. EDITOR:—We noticed in your paper of the 16th, a statement of the doings at the annual meeting of the York and Cumberland Railroad Co., held at Alfred, extracted from the Portland papers. As it is very far from giving a true statement of the facts in the case, we request of you the favor to insert the following. We were present on the occasion, and can vouch for its entire accuracy.

At a meeting of the Directors, held prior to the meeting of the stockholders, and upon the morning of the same day, a motion was made to remove Mr. Smith as President. This motion the President declined to put, giving as a reason that the Charter did not authorize or warrant such an act on the part of the Directors. The power to elect a President of the corporation being but a delegated power, and the act having once been performed, was irrevocable, except from the act of the stockholders, or the election of a new Board. The Clerk was then requested to put the motion, but declined to do so. A motion was then made to remove the Clerk. This motion was not acted upon, and a motion was then made to elect a new Clerk. This was put by one of the Board, and a majority voted for it. One of the Directors was then elected Clerk.

The motion was then put for the removal of the President, and was passed; seven only, out of thirteen, voting in favor of it—one of the seven being the Clerk elect, who could not, by the Charter, hold at the same time the offices of both Clerk and Director. It is stated in the report, that Mr. Smith took the Chair previous to the hour of meeting. He did so, but Mr. McIntire, the usurping officer, did the same. The meeting, however, was not called to order until the time fixed, and it was done at the same moment by both presiding officers. Of the about one hundred persons present, nearly all of them were in favor of order. The entire disturbance was caused by some six or eight persons, about all of whom were from Portland. Mr. Smith proceeded in the business of the meeting, evidently sustained by a large majority of those present, although every effort was made by vociferation and the most vulgar abuse of the Chairman, to drown the proceedings.

After reading several documents in relation to a subscription for the balance of the stock, and an opinion as to the validity of the same from B. R. Curtis, Esq., and the Hon. Daniel Webster, it was voted to proceed to the election of thirteen Directors; and a Committee was appointed to receive and count the votes.—While the votes were being collected, one of the rioters from Portland thrust his hand into the hat and took out a couple of proxies and several votes. He was immediately secured, and dropped them on the floor, when they were recovered and again placed in the hat. In the rescue, however, the proxies were torn, but none of the votes, they being on small pieces of paper. The Committee then proceeded to count the votes, and found the whole number of Directors elected by 9,218 votes. The opposition finding themselves so completely overthrown, commenced a disturbance, perhaps never equalled in a corporation meeting, seized (totally unexpected by the friends of order) the books and papers of the Company, and bore them off.

A motion was then made to adjourn the meeting until the next day, and was passed by a large vote. The Directors elect, were on the spot, notified to meet in a room below, which they did, and proceeded to organize by the election of a President and Clerk. It is stated in the report from which you copied, that the stockholders met in another room and elected Directors. Such was not the fact; no other meeting was held on that day, except of the Directors above named. The minority having possession of the Court room after the regular adjournment, after much loud talking from the honorable delegation from Portland, proceeded to the election of an opposition Board of Directors. The whole number of votes cast was, I think, 2940—nothing like a majority of the old stock, and that vote much cut up, many votes as we understand being given for Mr. Smith and other elected Directors.

On the next morning, the adjourned meeting of the stockholders was held at the same place, over eighty being present, when resolutions were passed by a stock vote of 7,137, approving of the conduct of Mr. Smith and the regularly elected Board, and authorizing possession of the books and papers of the Corporation. We have only to state that in a few days a pamphlet will be issued for the information of the friends of the road, giving affidavits, &c., in relation to the entire proceedings. We would remark in conclusion, that the public will eventually be satisfied that this unfortunate disturbance, has originated from other causes than a dissatisfaction with the President, Contractors and Engineers; that it is the prospect of success in the completion of the road, and giving a direction of travel other than through Portland, which has caused the violent opposition of some of the lending men of that city.

Editors of papers who have caused a circulation of the ex-parte statements above, referred to, are respectfully requested to copy this.

A STOCKHOLDER.

The foregoing article is taken from the Boston Daily Journal, of the 19th inst., and was communicated to that paper by a gentleman of standing who was present at the meeting.—Your readers will remember an article a few days since that appeared in the Portland Advertiser, apparently editorial, which on its face showed its unfair and one-sided character—a trait for which that editor is somewhat noted in railroad matters involving certain interests. From the above statements it is manifest that failing to accomplish their designs of defeating the extension of the York and Cumberland R. R. West of Gorham by fair means, certain leading men in Portland attempted at the meeting above referred to to secure their ends by foul means. In the article in the Advertiser, to Charles Q. Clapp, Esq., is assigned the honor of snatching and destroying the votes of his opponents in the hat and seizing the records of the Company. These gentlemen have yet to be taught that such riotous proceedings as those at Alfred and those at Win-

throp cannot be executed more than once with impunity. Such resorts will not compel the travel of the State of Maine to go into Portland over the At. & St. L. R. R. unless a greater degree of liberality be shown than has hitherto appeared. The York and Cumberland R. R. will be built.

A DOWN EASTER.
[For the Eastern Mail.]
Winter Wheat.

MR. EDITOR:—Now that this crop is generally out in Maine it is conceded by all that the yield is good. It is hoped this will encourage every farmer among us to sow his acre or acres of this grain as soon as practicable. It may safely be assumed that all our farmers now have the means within their reach, if they will but use them, of raising their own bread. And with the assurance that we can raise our own bread, with the good prices of horses, cattle, sheep, wool, pork, &c., there is much to encourage the farmer that he will receive a remuneration for his toil.

The idea that Maine can raise her own bread has appeared somewhat chimerical in the days of the "depressions" of the weevil, but now it having been shown to a demonstration that Winter wheat may be successfully and profitably grown in Maine, it is the imperious duty of every tiller of the soil, not only for his own immediate interest, but pro bono publico, to put forth his energies in producing the staff of life, and thereby be enabled to "do the State some service."

If every farmer in every town and plantation in Maine should do what he might do even this fall in the sowing of Winter wheat, the day would not be far in the distance when Maine would occupy a proud and distinguished rank among the wheat growing States of this great Republic. But so long as apathy, indolence or distrustfulness holds the sway of our yeomanry, so long shall we be under the necessity of annually sending our thousands to the South and West for the great staple of life. So long as this state of things is continued by the inefficiency of our husbandmen, so long the people will experience the scarcity of money, and hard times. But thanks to the enterprise and perseverance of a few of the citizens of Maine who have taken the lead in the great movement of the introduction of the cultivation of Winter wheat into various portions of our own good State of Maine. In this department of agriculture especially, a brighter day has dawned upon the interests of the people and of the State.

To grow Winter wheat successfully it is desirable that we avail ourselves of the experience of the practical farmer, and to this end it is very important that farmers communicate one with another, and for the press, their experience—their failures and their success in this enterprise. The sentiment that an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory will hold good in this case as in any other, consequently it will be readily seen that the practical farmer is the man for us to depend on for information in this matter. To him, then, we may safely look for counsel, and by his experience we may be safely guided to satisfactory results in this praiseworthy enterprise. It should be remembered by our farming community, that knowledge is power, and whosoever communicates knowledge to the public of practical utility, adds to the power and wealth of the State.

Yours,
ANDREW ARCHER.

Fairfield, Aug. 20, 1851.

SAGE ADVICE. The editor of the Maine Farmer, in prefacing a sophomore epistle from a probable participant in the late incendiary fire on the college grounds, reads us a very learned lesson on the imprudence of making a noise about such trifles. He says, students are often led by their love of "fun" to do things they are sorry for afterwards, and that "the press ought to be cautious how, while condemning what is wrong, they involve the innocent in trouble." If the Farmer had acted upon this caution, instead of publishing a boyish article that charges the burning of the buildings upon persons not connected with the college, and accuses the firemen of alarming the village, we should think better of his advice. Probably, however, he believed this, as he credits the assertion that "the officers and students were ignorant of the outrage until some time afterwards"—though we know that both officers and students were represented around the fire. If the editor of the Farmer, in his sympathy for the perpetrators of this "innocent" act of "fun," will bear in mind this kind of fun is on the increase here, and that our citizens are getting impatient of repeated alarms of this kind, perhaps he would discover, without being told of it, that he has carried his fatherly counsel to a bad market. He might even permit us to suggest that "the press ought to be cautious" how it apologizes for juvenile delinquencies, especially when these delinquencies exhibit themselves in no form which the perpetrators graduate from to prison instead of a college.

GEOGRAPHY. At the late quarterly examination in the academy in this place, much interest was given by the recitations in Geography. With the aid of Pelton's Outline Maps, the pupils, under the instruction of Mr. Peabody, who has a class at each school, have made most encouraging progress. The mode of instructing from these maps is peculiarly attractive, especially to the younger pupils, and Mr. Peabody seems to have been highly successful in interesting and profiting his class.

A Great Show can now be had at Richardson's, at either of his shops—the old stand under Elmwood Hall, or the new one, opposite the Williams House. Keen razors and a completed hand render a short nap in a chair very pleasant. Just try it, and you will ever have an easier sitting.

The Musical Convention meets at this place on Tuesday, Sept. 2, a week from next Tuesday.

