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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 07): September 4, 1851

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, SEPT. 4, 1851.

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## POETRY.

[From the Home Journal.]

ROSEMARY HILL.

It was the night he had promised to meet me,

To meet me on Rosemary Hill;

And I said, as the stars came out,

Dividing its beauty away.

Then I looked to the elm-bordered valley,

Where the daisies were white and gay;

But I saw not the steps of my lover,

Dividing its beauty away.

The dew-drops were on the grass-tops,

The night-dews fell heavy and chill;

And wings came to beat through the shadows—

The shadows of Rosemary Hill.

On a bench that was withered and dying,

I leaned as the midnight grew dumb;

And I said, as the stars came out,

How often I had loved to be dumb.

He is hunting, I said, in dim Arden—

He was there with his dogs all day long—

And I said, as the stars came out,

How often I had loved to be dumb.

I then heard the whining of Elrich,

Of Elrich, so blind and so old,

With sleek legs and the lion's roar,

And I said, as the stars came out,

How often I had loved to be dumb.

How the pulse of despair in my bosom

Kept back to the heart of the dead;

As I went down to meet my dear lover,

Down from the summit of Rosemary Hill.

More near seemed the whining of Elrich,

More loudly my glad heart beat;

When I heard the whining of Elrich,

A newly made grave at my feet.

And I said, as the stars came out,

How often I had loved to be dumb.

And I said, as the stars came out,

How often I had loved to be dumb.

For when with the passion vine lonely,

That grew by the stone at the head,

The length of the grave I had measured,

I knew that my lover was dead.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY ALICE B. SEAL.

'And what's the matter now?' said Uncle

John, as he leaned on his gold-headed cane

and surveyed his nieces.

It was a pleasant survey, and we can readily

understand the look of admiration which

beamed from his fine eyes, as they turned from

one to another of the little group. There was

Clara, with her quiet Grecian face, and rich

golden hair, braided so classically, and Lily in

direct contrast, all grace and vivacity, with

blue eyes and curls; and Carrie different from

either, tall and stately, with dark eyes ever

varying in their expression, and a complexion

of deep and rich red.

'Yes, Uncle John might well be proud of his

nieces, and they in return, were very fond of

him. There is an 'Uncle John' in almost

every family, a bachelor of course; and wealthy,

or at least in very comfortable circumstances.

Not too old for a gallant, or too young for

propriety's sake, when he chaperoned them, as

he often did, to theatres, and concerts. It

was to him that they owed many delightful

little surprises on birthdays, and holidays es-

pecially, and his uniform cheerfulness and

good temper made him an acquisition to any

party. The girls introduced him as Mr. Law-

son; but he was as well known by his own

title of 'Uncle John.' The Leslies were not

the only pretty girls who gave it to him; and

he had been the confidant of more than one

affair de coeur among these impetuous young

relatives. Indeed, Clara Leslie often said

she did not believe father would ever have

consented to her engagement with Charlie, if

Uncle John had not taken pains to draw him

out in conversation, and repeated, as if by

merest accident, the kind thing he did for young

Lady. He was suspected, moreover, of en-

couraging his cousin's attentions to his pet

Lily; and often warned Carrie that her state-

liness had frightened Harry Lowndes from his

far-off devotion to her. Ah! he was the soul

of benevolence, and so gentlemanly withal.

Every one respected him, and loved him, from

the landlady, who was sure to have his linen

spotless; whatever clothes-linen accidents might

chance to that of her other customers, to the

negro porter on the corner, who stood hat in

Carrie was at home that winter. One of the

loveliest girls you ever saw!

'And what has happened to the paragon?—

Is she going to be married, and asked you all

to be her bridesmaids?'

'Lily don't know her in the least, but she

will very soon. She's coming to spend the

winter with us.'

'And we are so delighted,' said Lily, 'for I

know we shall love her.'

'Perhaps "we" shall, pussy. So there's

another niece to be escorted to the opera, and

I suppose I shall have to make my sixty-first

visit to Girard College and Laurel Hill, for

her special gratification.'

'We depend on you; and I hope you're a

true prophet, Uncle John, because—'

'Yes, because—we have a plan, haven't we,

Clara?'

'That I'll answer for you, little manoeuvrers

out with it.'

'Well, then, you know Cousin Frank?' be-

gan Clara, in her usual style.

'Yes, now I can acknowledge an acquaint-

ance, much to my sorrow, sometimes. The

young dog!'

'Why, I'm sure he is very nice. I'd marry

him myself, if he wasn't my cousin, and would

marry me,' added Miss Lily.

'Quite an important consideration, that last;

but as you can't marry him yourself, you

want your friend to. Is that it? Have I

guessed rightly for once?'

'The very thing,' said Clara. 'We have

talked it all over, and have come to the con-

clusion that we should like nothing in the

world better than to have her living in Phila-

delphia, and a real relation of ours.'

'She would be a great acquisition to any

circle,' continued Carrie. 'So high principled

and refined.'

'And so young too,—only Lily's age, nine-

teen; but she always seemed like an older

girl.'

'That's because she had so much character.

I never saw anything in her that I could dis-

approve of.'

'Nothing more need be said, I suppose, and

Uncle John made a bow to the stately Carrie,

the last speaker.

'Oh, yes, there's a great deal more. She is

pretty, as well as young, and sings beautifully;

and that I hit the right name for her, young

ladies, I must confess. "The Paragon"—yes,

if Miss Fisher plays that at the Walnut, I shall

take her there and say—Miss Wallace, do you

recognize your portrait?'

'You won't do anything that is not kind and

right, that I'll answer for, with all your tea-

zing. That I shall warn Mary about, as soon

as she comes, and I've no doubt she will put

up with it.'

'When she sees how good and kind you re-

ally are,' added Carrie.

'Spare my blushes! Now what favor do

you want? I always suspect such unusual

compliments.'

But the girls were sincere in their respect

and admiration, and many times a day were

heard to declare that next to father and mother

there was no one in the world they loved so

well. Clara excepted Charlie, now, and per-

haps Lily made a mental reservation in favor

of her cousin, young Parker, who was a fre-

quent visitor of late. It was no wonder that

there were always visitors in the pleasant parlors

of the Leslies, for notwithstanding that the

old-fashioned damask draperies at the

windows were not relieved by the lace curtains

courtesy by the younger members of the family,

and the carpet was only Brussels, there was

an air of refinement and comfort that was like

a glow of firelight through the room. Mrs.

Leslie always presided at the centre-table, with

in, in which Frank was to be the cavalier of

Miss Wallace, an arrangement to which the

gentleman was only too happy to accede.—

Mr. Leslie gave the young people carte blanche

as to their amusements for the next few weeks,

providing only that 'John' should be with

them; and Mary began to feel quite at home

before they separated for the night.

Clara could not be content without following

Frank into the hall to ask his opinion of their

guest. His response—'Perfectly lovely!'

was uttered with a satisfactory fervor, and the

young ladies retired to their rooms, congrat-

ulating themselves that so far everything prom-  
ised well.

Never was there a pleasanter guest than

Mary Wallace. She was so easily entertained.

She entered into all their pursuits with so

much interest. She sang duets with Lily, for

Mr. Leslie; she was ready to assist his wife

in every little household care, or to shop, visit,

or receive visits with the girls. Clara was

made very happy by her unsolicited com-  
mendation of Charlie, and Lily soon confided to

her the secret of Mr. Parker's attentions, al-

though she had not dared to hint it to either

of her sisters. As for Frank, it was very plain

to perceive whether his thoughts tended, and

he never ceased to regret that business would

take him to New Orleans so soon after Christ-

mas. But perhaps Miss Wallace could be

persuaded to renew her visit another winter?—

whereupon Clara pressed Lily's little foot

very lightly under the table, and Carrie gave

Uncle John a significant glance.

The ride came off on a soft, calm day in

Indian summer, when the haze but brightened

every object which it rested on, and the Dela-

wares sparkled and rippled like a spirit of peace.

Miss Wallace managed her steed with great

skill and fearlessness, and seemed to enjoy

every mile of the way; and Frank looked as

if intended only for her, as he bent to address

some remark, and his black curls fell forward

from the close confinement of a jaunty little

riding cap. Uncle John noticed this and pointed

it out to Carrie, who was his companion.—

The girls began to consider it quite a settled

thing that Mary was to be always with them.

What with rides and drives through that

mellow autumn, and morning promenades and

evening concerts, winter's swift approach was

quite unheeded, until the first day of Decem-

ber was actually ushered in, with a sharp, fro-

sty atmosphere, suggestive of snow fall, and

the blazing festivities of Christmas so near at

hand. Miss Wallace knew very little of this as

celebrated in the Middle States. "The spirits

of the Pilgrims" are even yet at war with our

genial "Kris Kringle"; and no yule clog

blaszes on Northern hearths, and no Christmas

Tree throws its softer radiance over New En-

gland homes. There had been no resisting

the invitations of her kind entertainers to stop

at least until after the celebration of these fes-

tivities, and now little began to be talked of,

or prepared for, but Christmas week, and the

gifts that were to be exchanged between the

different members of the family on that occa-

sion. There was the pleasant custom of ex-

changing some trifle, however small, as a token

of love and good will; and where Christmas

present had been given for so many years, and

the family was large, it required no little tho't

and ingenuity to plan in secret these pretty

love tokens. Not a walk, but had for its ob-

ject something connected with the great event.

Not an hour, but some one would break from

a meditative silence with—'There, now—

I know; or, why didn't I think of that before?'

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie were supposed to be sud-

denly deaf and blind to all these consultations;

and the children, for Lily was by no means

the youngest of the household flock, actually

counted the hours until Christmas eve.

Merry Christmas! it has been, and should

be, and her prattle gave Frank a faint hope

that it was destined for him.

But 'Cousin Mary,' for so they all called

her now, sat musing by the fire light, all un-

conscious that she was the object either of ob-

servation or discussion. It seemed to be a

pleasant reverie, for her cheeks dimpled now

and then, as if with—

'The secret of a happy dream

She did not care to speak.'

Frank thought he had never seen her half

so beautiful, and came to the conclusion that he

would decide his fate at once, for the child had

slipped away, and they were the sole occupants

of the parlor. Just then, provokingly enough,

Uncle John made his appearance, and the in-

valuable opportunity was gone. It was with

great difficulty Frank could rouse himself



en away his best customers, as he must long since have done, if all were treated as he had been. But he was satisfied of one thing, at least, and that was that the mechanic must be miserably poor, as he, in fact, deserved to be, according to his idea of the matter.

One day, about a year after his timely caution to his son in regard to Miss Leonard, Baker happened to pass along a street where he had not been for some months. Just opposite a large, new, and beautiful house, to which the printers were giving their last touches, he met a friend. As they passed, Baker said—

'That's an elegant house. It has been built since I was in this neighborhood.'

'Yes, it is a very fine house, and I suppose didn't cost less than fifteen thousand dollars.'

'No, I should think not. Who built it?—Do you know?'

'Yes. It was built by Leonard.'

'By whom?' Baker looked surprised.

'By old Leonard. You know him.'

'Impossible! He's not able to build a house like that.'

'Oh, yes he is, and a half a dozen more, if necessary.'

'Leonard!'

'Certainly. Why, he is worth at least seventy thousand dollars.'

'You must be in error.'

'No. His daughter is to be married next month to an excellent young man, and this house has been built and is designed to be handsomely furnished as a marriage present.'

'Incredible! I thought he was going or had gone to the dogs, long ago.'

'Leonard! The friend could not help laughing aloud. 'He goes to the dogs. Oh, no. There isn't a man in his trade that does so good a business, as little show as he makes. Good work, good prices, and punctuality, are the cardinal virtues of his establishment, and make all substantial. How in the world could you take up such a notion?'

'I don't know, but such has been my impression for a long time,' replied Baker, who felt exceedingly cut down on account of the mistake he had made, and particularly so in view of the elegant house and seventy thousand dollars which might have belonged to his son in time, if he had not fallen into such an egregious error about old Leonard.

So the world moves on. People are prone to think that what they smile on lives and what they frown on is blighted, and must die.

#### TO OUR MECHANICS.

"COME, LET US REASON TOGETHER."

It is an undeniable fact, that the great majority of our mechanics are not reading men, that is, they do not read useful and instructive works. We do not mean to say that our mechanics cannot, and do not read at all; far from it, for there are but few among us who have not received the elements of a common education; but we do say that the majority do not make a practice of reading works which expand the intellect and improve the mind. The works which they make a practice of reading, tend to grossify and puddle the mind. This is one reason why there are so few among our mechanics capable of taking charge of and managing the business they have learned as trades. It is also a reason why so many of them are rough in speech, and uncourteous in manner. There are many, very many men in our country who were once journeymen mechanics, but who now occupy high and important stations in the republic. We rejoice at this; but we are not a little sorry to add that the majority of them had to leave their trades, and become lawyers; that they at least did not move out from the workshop directly to the House of Representatives, or the Senate Chamber. Fillmore, our President, and Douglas, Senator from Illinois, were once tradesmen, but they arose to their present positions, not through the tailor's or cloth-dresser's bench, but the lawyer's bench. There is not a solitary individual in our country, who has, from a lowly, elevated himself to a high position in society, but has been and is a reading man, one who has read and does read books that are books.

Those mechanics who rise to foremen and employers are the reading men of the mass; they aspire to be something, and adopted the best means to secure the desired ends. Worth and intelligence always command respect from those whose respect is worth striving for. We are not pleading for a gross struggle for wealth, although a reasonable amount of it—as a provision for sickness or old age, is a laudable and proper desire; but we plead first of all for an elevation of character as a means to a social elevation among men of real worth. Wealth without worth will never make a man pass among gentlemen as a current coin, but the man who is industrious, intelligent, trusty, and courteous, will always pass for the genuine metal.

Industry, honesty and intelligence are qualities of character more valuable than gold seven times purified. A talented, first-rate handy mechanic, without such qualities, will never rise, for he cannot be trusted. It is not the smartest man who is always selected to be a superintendent among his fellow workmen; it is he who combines the greatest amount of abilities of those qualities which gives his employers confidence in his moral worth. We have often been solicited to furnish competent mechanics to take charge of new establishments, and have found it very difficult to secure, at any time, the proper man; and no further back than last week a gentleman writing to us from the south, uses the following language: 'Last summer, I visited the North and purchased machinery for the manufacture of chairs, and after considerable trouble hired a man alleged to be competent to superintend the whole business. I have not yet been able to commence operations, owing to the incompetency, in every respect, of the man in whom I trusted to superintend my business; can you send me a man with the requisite qualifications, and above all, let him be a gentleman?' We cannot send him the kind of man he wants and requires. Our real good men are scarce; they soon find situations, and we believe there would be more good situations for men (manufacturing establishments would increase) if we had more men capable of filling them honorably and well.

We have now preached a sermon long enough for a week's calm reflection, and next week we will point out the way whereby young mechanics are sure to rise. [Scientific American.]

#### A Sign of Character.

We have a habit of noticing the conduct of ladies towards their domestics, or helps, as the word is in New England, and from their conduct in this respect, we cannot avoid drawing inferences respecting the character of the mistress. A lady who manifests no sympathy for her maid servant, who lays unreasonable burdens upon her without apology or hesitation, and who receives all her endeavors to serve her, not with kindly acknowledgments, but as a debt imperfectly paid, such a mistress, we say, reveals a character which we find no pleasure in contemplating. We may, out of courtesy, call her a lady, but our conscience reproves us for uttering the word in that connection. If we were not supplied with a wife, and a

first-rate one too, we may whisper to our readers, and were obliged to look for one, we should carefully ascertain how the lady we fixed our eye upon, treated her servants. If we saw that she manifested no sympathy, no consideration for her waiting maid, we should pass on as soon as possible. [N. Y. Organ.]

#### LETTER FROM A FARMER'S WIFE.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you allow a farmer's wife to say a few words to her sisterhood, through the columns of your excellent paper. We are aware that a farmer's calling does not reflect much honor on his companion as that of many other professions, but I trust the time is not far distant when a "farmer's wife" will no more give one an idea of a coarse, red-faced woman, with no intelligence above her butter and cheese, than a "lawyer's lady" will fill one's mind with a vision of loveliness and grace.

But the most serious objection we hear girls urged against this life, is that there is always so much to do in a farm house, that no time is left for mental improvement. Now, we beg leave to say,—this need not be so. Any woman, in good health, can do the household and plain sewing for four or five, and have at least one hour each day for study, besides all the little odds and ends of time, for books and newspapers; and surely a mind need not starve upon that. Any woman who cannot secure this amount of time to herself, and will still do without help, is doing what is not her duty, either to herself or family.

It is a mistaken idea that a woman can discharge her household duties properly, without any education, or that doing housework tends to deaden the sensibilities, or produce a drowsy for books. No such distaste is ever formed by needless neglect, and any one who has ever tried it, knows that the mind must be ever on the alert, and that caring for and contributing to the happiness and comfort of those around us so continually, cultivates the most active benevolence. Thus, too, we are in a measure responsible for the health of our family. If we do not know that poor bread, hot buns, rich pastry, hearty and late suppers, and meals at irregular intervals, are unhealthy; or that a sufficient supply of clean bed-linen, or fresh air in the bed-rooms, is as necessary to health as to comfort, then our ignorance is responsible for the dyspepsia and other diseases that may ensue.

A little forethought often facilitates matters wonderfully,—as with bread—if it be set to sponge at night it may be baked by the morning fire, thus saving the trouble of keeping a fire in the afternoon and getting up from one's reading or sewing to attend to it. There is another thing that takes a great deal of our time, and that is visiting. Not that I would discourage visiting in the least, but the parade attending it. We should visit our friends much oftener, could we "drop in" spend the afternoon, and take tea with the family, without giving the good mistress the trouble of preparing two or three extra dishes for our particular benefit, besides having an extra room to set to rights next morning.

There is another fashion coming among us, which I suppose has travelled up from some city; and that is, that we shall not work when we visit, as we could not as well do some plain sewing and knitting, as do nothing but talk. But no, our grandmothers took work—it looks so old-fashioned, and that is enough to shut the door of society against anything.

Finally, if any of our sister readers, that shall happen to glance upon this, can give us any hints to improve in our art, we shall be most devoutly thankful, for we are young, as well as most kinds of grained varieties, bear mostly in even years.

Most earnestly yours,

[Rural New-Yorker. LUCY.]

THE LUDICROUS.—There is so great a charm in the sportive play of fancy and wit, that there is no danger of their being neglected and undervalued, or that the native talent for them will remain undeveloped; our chief solicitude must be to keep them, even in their wildest flights, still in subjection to duty and benevolence. We must not allow ourselves to be betrayed into an approving smile at any effusions of wit and humor which are tinged in the slightest degree by ill-nature. A child will watch the expression of our countenance, to see how far he may venture, and if he finds that he has the power to amuse us in spite of ourselves, we have no longer any hold over him from respect, and he will go rioting on in his sallies until he is tired, and seek at every opportunity to renew his triumph. Wit, undirected by benevolence, generally falls into personal satire—the keenest instrument of unkindness; it is so easy to laugh at the expense of our friends and neighbors—they furnish such ready materials for our wit, that all the moral forces require to be arrayed against the propensity, and its earliest indications checked. We may satirize error, but we must compassionate the erring, and this we must always teach by example to children, not only in what we say of others before them, but in our treatment of themselves. We should never use ridicule towards them, except when it is so evidently good-natured, that its spirit cannot be mistaken; the agony which a sensitive child feels on being held up before others as an object of ridicule, even for a trifling error, a mistake, or a peculiarity, is not soon forgotten nor easily forgiven. When we wish, therefore, to excite contrition for a serious fault, ridicule should never be employed, as the feelings it raises are directly opposite to self-reproach.

ACROSS THE RIVER.—About six years ago, says a clergyman of New York city, I was traveling on the borders of the Hudson, and on the most beautiful portion of that noble stream, where its waters seem to rest against the Highlands of Fishkill, and from the Newburgh Bay. I was riding on the western shore, dotted with elegant country-seats, and so elevated as to command a fine view of the opposite county of Dutchess. Passing a substantial mansion, I observed carriages standing under the entrance, and a hearse, that plainly indicated the occasion of the gathering. It was something more than curiosity—it was the dictate of natural sympathy, that induced me to stop and mingle with the multitude.

It was easy to learn from the first whom I addressed, that a young man, the son of parents now advanced in life, was to be buried. The clergyman in attendance was just closing his remarks when I stopped at the door; and after a short but eloquent pause in the services—for silence is always eloquent in the house of mourning—the afflicted father rose, and overcame the emotions with which he struggled, spoke a few words to the friends that surrounded him. Said he, 'A few months ago, one of my sons removed to the other side of the river, and resides on the shore in view of the spot where we are assembled. And now I find that my thoughts are ever there far more often than they were before. I have long had friends there whom I loved, and I had an interest in the people, but I had no son there; but since that child has been a resident beyond the river, my heart is there often, and I love to be there. So, it has been with me during

the few days that have passed since this other son crossed the river of death, and as I trust, has entered heaven. My thoughts are often there now. True, I had friends there before—a father there—but I had no child. Now I have an interest in heaven such as I never felt till one of my children went there to live!'

[Dowling's Power of Illustration.]

WHAT WILL RUIN CHILDREN. To have parents exercise partiality. This practice is lamentably prevalent. The first born or last born, the only son or only daughter, the beauty or wit of a household, is commonly set apart—Joseph like.

To be put out of temper. A child ought always to be spared, as far as possible, all just cause of irritation; and never to be punished for wrong doing by taunts, cuffs and ridicule. To be suffered to go uncorrected to-day the very thing for which chastisement was inflicted yesterday. With as much reason, might a watch, which should be wound back half the time, be expected to run well, as a child thus trained, to become possessed of an estimable character.

To be corrected for accidental faults with the same severity as if they were those of intention.

A child who does ill when he meant to do well, merits pity, not upbraiding. The disappointment to its young projector, attendant on the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even were the result brought about by carelessness. To add more is as cruel as it is hurtful.

Parents who give a child to understand that he is burdensome to them.

THE POOR BOY. Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companion; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you. There is our next door neighbor in particular—now one of our wealthiest men—who told us a short time since that, when a child, he was glad to receive the cold potatoes from his neighbor's table. Be good, my boy, and if you are poor you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and were addicted to bad habits.

'Doctor, that ere rats-bane of yours is fust rate,' said a Yankee to a village apothecary. 'Know'd it! Know'd it!' said the pleased vendor of drugs; 'don't keep nothing but first rate doctor's stuff.' 'And doctor,' said the joker, coolly, 'I want to buy another pound of ye.' 'Another pound!' 'Yes, sir. I gin that pound I bought the other day to a pesky mouse, and it made him dreadful sick, and I am pretty sure another would kill him.'

APPLES.—The New England Farmer thinks the crop of apples throughout New England will be light this year. The reason assigned is, that it is an odd year. The editor adds: 'We never have large crops in odd years, and seldom a middling crop, but generally a light one. We have our large crops of apples in even years. This is the result of more than thirty years observation. Our natural trees, as well as most kinds of grafted varieties, bear mostly in even years.'

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... SEPT. 4, 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. B. Nichols; residence at Brown's Corner.

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Our correspondent has furnished, in the following table, a document of much value, for which we have our thanks, and which we commend to the attention of all who feel interested in common schools.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

#### Common Schools.

MR. EDITOR:—The Report of the Secretary of the Board of Education is just out of press. The Report is accompanied by several tables of statistics, of immense importance, and the result of long and severe labor. They comprise nearly all the towns in the State, and give a mass of information concerning schools, of greater interest, and much greater extent than ever before published in this State. Mr. Thurston is a practical hard-working man, and his Report shows he has spent the past year in constant labor. He has spared no pains to make this Report valuable to the State, and he deserves great credit for the zeal, energy and skill he has shown in this affair, and particularly for the perseverance and labor he has used in collecting, arranging and preparing these statistics.

As it is impossible for his Report to find its way into every family in the State (as would be highly desirable), we must depend on the press to diffuse the information he has thus prepared. Accordingly, I have arranged the following table, from his statistics, for your paper.

I would call particular attention to it, as it will show many anomalies in our present school system; and as the foundation of some future communications concerning some proposed reforms, which are to be presented to the public the ensuing Fall.

The first column (after the name of the towns) gives the amount of school money raised.

The second the amount raised per scholar.

The third the per cent. on the valuation, in mills.

The fourth the grade of each town compared with the rest of the county, in the sum per scholar.

The fifth the same grade in the per cent. on the valuation.

The sixth the average length of schools in weeks.

I have taken the towns in each county of

the highest and lowest grades, and also the more important towns. Our own county is given entire. The total of each county is given, and they are compared with each other.

#### ARROSTOOK CO.

Town	Amount	Per scholar	Per cent.	Grade
Amity	116	98	8.1	7
Houlton	600	97	4.2	8
Letter H	18	11	4.2	17
Masardis	40	83	3.9	11
Smyrna	80	145	9.9	1
Weston	200	1.44	7.1	2

Town	Amount	Per scholar	Per cent.	Grade
Brunswick	2500	1.53	2.3	4
Gorham	2000	1.53	2.3	3
Naples	500	1.15	3.6	10
N. Yarmouth	480	1.06	1.5	14
Poland	1000	85	3	30
Portland	18067	1.78	1.8	1
Sebagus	300	89	4.3	28
Scarboro	1200	1.59	3.1	2
Yarmouth	700	.98	1	20

Town	Amount	Per scholar	Per cent.	Grade
Carthage	210	1.17	1.5	3
Farmington	1050	.96	1.8	11
Madrid	150	.81	6.8	16
Salem	230	1.17	3.8	2
Temple	382	1.23	5.3	1

Town	Amount	Per scholar	Per cent.	Grade
Bucksport	1500	1.02	2.4	10
Cashin	1000	1.98	1.7	1
Ellsworth	1800	1.09	2.7	8
Otis	100	1.85	5.2	3
Seaville	51.60	.86	1.6	18
Swan Island	160	.82	8.9	21
Tremont	420	.67	4.1	30
Wetmore Isle	350	1.93	6.2	2

Town	Amount	Per scholar	Per cent.	Grade
Bath	5000	1.79	1.8	3
Boothbay	873.60	.75	3.7	39
Lewiston	750	.78	1.3	37
Perkins	55	2.12	2.1	27
Rockland	4000	2.08	3.8	2
Thomaston	1500	1.53	2	28
Warren	900	.91	1.3	29
Washington	640	.87	4.5	33
Wiscasset	1400	1.50	2.3	5
Patriekirk Pl.	1200	.93	6.9	27
Monhegan Isl.	60	1.28	17.1	8

Town	Amount	Per scholar	Per cent.	Grade
Andover	225	.78	3	37
Mason	50	1.52	4.2	1
Paris	900	.88	2.2	29
Stonham	200	.91	7.9	26
Sweden	460	1.37	3.2	18
Turner	1200	1.22	2.9	4
Franklin Pl.	84	.87	12.8	30

Town	Amount	Per scholar	Per cent.	Grade
Albion	686	1.10	3	13
Augusta	4600	1.36	2.2	5
Belgrade	800	1.03	2.6	17
Benton	500	.96	3.2	25
China	1200	.97	2.6	24
Clinton	700	.90	3.7	28
E. Livermore	410	1.20	2.7	10
Fayette	450	1.05	2.6	16
Gardiner	3086	1.49	2.2	3
Greene	562.40	1.03	2.5	18
Hallowell	3500	1.74	2.8	1
Leeds	700	1.08	3.1	15
Litchfield	900	1.01	2.7	21
Monmouth	900	1.44	2.2	4
Mr. Vernon	600	1.15	2.5	11
Pittston	1200	.98	2	22
Readfield	850	1.25	1.9	7
Rome	400	.85	5.1	29
Sidney	1000	1.23	2.2	8
Vassalboro	1600	1.33	2.5	6
Vienna	356.40	.94	2.8	26
Wales	275	1.14	2.5	12
Waterville	1800	1.21	1.8	9
Wayne	540	.92	2.1	27
W. Gardner	914.18	1.49	4.1	4
Windsor	716	.98	2.7	23
Winthrop	800	1.10	1.6	14
Winslow	800	1.02	2.3	19
Clinton Gore	40	.52	6.0	30
Unity Pl.	60	1.02	7.3	20

Town	Amount	Per scholar	Per cent.	Grade
Bangor	11800	2.41	8.3	1
Chester	200	1.21	15.6	13
Levant	424	.60	2.5	41
Millford	300	1.50	2.3	5
Newport	460	.94	2.4	26
Passadumuck	250	1.70	12.5	2

Town	Amount	Per scholar	Per cent.	Grade
Barnard	50	.70	3.4	21
Dover	700	.83	2.9	18
Foxcroft	500	1.08	3.5	7
Greenville	200	1.67	5.5	2
Williamsburg	100	1.82	4.5	1
Wellington	300	1.15	7.1	6

Town	Amount	Per scholar	Per cent.	Grade
Anson	300	.76	2.8	29
Athens	575	.99	2.3	17
Bloomfield	550	.92	2.1	12
Canaan	750	.93	3.5	15
Cornville	500	.95	2.3	13
Fairfield	1500	1.49	3.6	2
Harland	400	.90	4.8	19
Mayfield	60	1.67	17.4	1
N. Anson	600	1.13	3	18
Norridgewick	900	1.19	2.6	3
Palmyra	600	.83	3.7	24
Skowhegan	600	.85	1.8	22
St. Albans	626	.77	3.7	28

Barnard	50	.70	3.4	21	19	
Dover	700	.83	2.9	18	21	17.
Foxcroft	500	1.08	3.5	7	17	16.
Greenville	200	1.67	5.5	2	4	16.
Williamsburg	100	1.82	4.5	1	10	16.
Wellington	300	1.15	7.1	6	1	16.
SOMERSET.						
Anson	300	.76	2.8	29	23	19.
Athens	575	.92	2.3	17	26	19.







