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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, FEB. 12, 1852.

NO. 30.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

At No. 3-2-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street

TERMS:—

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50

If paid within six months, 1.75

If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

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

POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker, for February.
LITTLE HENRIQUE:
OR, THE CHILD'S DEATH-BED.

Has a little life, a little love, a little life.

Mother, the flowers are dying, all are dying on the hills,

And there's something like to gloominess my yearning

spirit fills: Last year they died, but then I brought the chestnut from

the wood, And roamed the orchard where the trees of golden apples

stood.

But now I'm all too weak, mother; my limbs would

ache with pain: I am going where the flowers will never fade again.

I can only see the yellow leaves that round my window

play, As borne upon the winged winds, to sink and then de-

cease.

Last night I lay awake, mother; I could not sleep for

thought: While in the hearth the cricket's chirp so mournful

And the pendulum against the wall, tick-ticking all the

night, Seemed but the sounding foot-falls of the moments in

their flight.

And soon old winter will be here with cold, and ice,

and storm: I'm glad that I am going where the days are bright and

warm: But you will be so lonely then—O mother! mother dear!

Why is your bosom heaving, and in your eye that tear?

'Tis only one short year ago grandfather died, you know;

I took his hand in mine—it was, oh! so cold and numb!

He'll be very glad to see me—won't he, mother?—when I

come?

Old Casar, too, we used to have such sport with him,

you know: You told me where I am going a dog could never go;

But it would seem so pleasant, mother, to see him once

again: Come bounding forth to meet me, as he used to, up the

lane!

But, mother, your heart is breaking!—I cannot bear

that sight: Oh, I know 'tis very gloomy, and the winds are wild

and high: There'll be no leaves left where they grew, no flowers

to-morrow-day: But there's enough where we are going, far beyond the

clouds away!

MISCELLANY.

From Sartain's Magazine for February.

BOLD WOOING.

BY MISS GEORGINA M. SYKES.

It rained all night, and a company of trav-

ellers were almost suffocated in a closely-

boxed stage coach, in which we were mov-

ing at a tedious pace, over roads which were

simply beds of clinging red clay. There was

more lateral than forward motion, for we

went down into a deep cut on one side, and

then, with a sudden jerk, out of that and into

one somewhat deeper, on the other. In one of

these hasty transitions snap went a spring of

the clumsy old vehicle, and the united force of

the company was put in requisition to substitute a

rail, which, by the light of a lantern, we ab-

stracted from a zigzag Virginia fence. This

change gave an undue elevation to one side of

the coach, making our seats an inclined plane,

and added a bumping emphasis to each of our

added descents. Since the blessed advent of

railroads, few such experiences in life are now

to be encountered, but if any one survives,

whose fate it is to traverse through his weary

length the upper or middle stage-route through

Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, and onward,

he dreams of it yet. There were sudden halts

for consultation—gullies to be crossed, where

our driver chose to consider that our satis-

faction and our safety, and the well-being of

his horses, were all to be promoted by our

walking half a mile or more, ankle or knee

deep in mud. There were creeks to be forded,

as well from mere "drinks" into formidable

rapids, by the rain of a night.

There were weariness, and hunger, and ex-

asperation, for our promised supper that night

was a mere "move" feast, which receded to our

slow progress, and looked most inviting and

tantalizing in the distance. How our weary

bones ached for the two or three hours of sleep

which was the promised appendix of the sup-

per! How cross we were, especially one man,

who would bear the crowded inside no longer,

but insisted on having a place on the top of

the coach, among the baggage, where he

stretched himself out to sleep, and was back-

led down under cover to take his chance of

in more hopeless enterprises than this. Let me

tell you a story of what patience did for me

in my difficulties. Ahem!

"A frog he would a-wooing go,"

and so, once upon a time, would I, though I

was in no haste, for I waited till I was no

longer a very young man before it occurred to

me that I wanted a wife. This was because I

never had seen a woman whom I fancied, and

I am sure no woman had ever taken a fancy

to me, for you can readily see that I was nev-

er very charming. But my hour was to come.

"I was walking one day with a friend thro'

the principal street of the small town of B.,

when we met a lady. I caught one look at

her modest face, and said to my friend,

"Tell me who that lady is, and I will marry

her."

"Marry her indeed!" said he, with a laugh;

"you are crazy."

"Tell me who she is!"

"She is Miss Margaret Clifton, of C., South

Carolina."

"What is she doing here?"

"She is in the Moravian school here. Mar-

ry her, indeed! The girls of the Moravian

school have nothing to do with marriage.—

They are as saintly as nuns, and are as grave

and decorous as if the world were a great chap-

el, made to sing psalms in. I should just like

to see you try to speak to her."

"I have no idea of trying it. But it is true,

notwithstanding, that I will marry her."

"I saw no more of Mrs. Clifton, but hasten-

ed home to my business, for this was in the

spring, and the crop was to be started. Ev-

ery true Virginia planter is his own overseer.

The corn was up and plowed for the first time,

the tobacco fields were set with thrifty young

plants; everything on the plantation was in

perfect order, and matters put in such a train,

that nothing would suffer in my absence; and

then I set out on my enterprise.

"To B. I went; and there I learned that the

fair lady of whom I was in quest, had gone to

her home in South Carolina.

"So to South Carolina I went; and one fine

morning I stood at the door of a stately man-

sion in the city of C., and inquired if Miss

Clifton was at home. She soon came to me,

and looked at me with grave astonishment,

when I told her frankly that I had come to

marry her.

"I do not understand you, sir. My mother is

at home, and will be absent several days. I

am not accustomed to form any acquaintance

without her sanction, and must beg you to ex-

cuse me."

"Nothing could be more reasonable, and the

staid and self-possessed manner of the young

lady, and the absence of all confusion and pet-

ty coquetry, charmed me. 'How I love you

already!' thought I; 'how I shall worship you

when you are my wife!'

"I settled myself comfortably in lodgings,

and made all arrangements for a long cam-

paign. Four days after, when I had ascer-

tained the arrival of Mrs. Clifton, I again

ascended the steps, and rang at the door. I

felt no flutter or agitation, though what I had

heard of the lady-mother, was calculated to less-

en my courage. She was a widow, of ample

fortune, and of ancient and honorable descent.

She was a lady of great dignity, stately and

formal with her friends, and distant and chill-

ing to slight acquaintances. Had I brought

letters of introduction from her best friends,

and earnest recommendations to her favor and

hospitality, she might have unbent to some

degree. As I had not, I

presented myself with these, I made no attempt

to ingratiate myself. When I had told her my

name, and she had remarked that I was a

stranger, I assented with a polite bow. When

she begged to be favored with my business, I

plainly told her that I had come to marry her

daughter. Probably no human countenance

was expressive of more amazement than the

one before me. She sat a moment speechless,

then, rising, she said: 'You are evidently un-

der some great mistake, sir. You will excuse

me if I close this interview.'

"The next morning at the same hour, I again

presented myself, and after a similar reception

'I have no terms to propose to you, sir. I

require your absolute withdrawal.'

'Madam this is prejudice. You must give

me an opportunity to overcome it.'

'I insist, sir, that you shall abandon this

wild pursuit of my daughter, that you leave

my house and make no farther attempts to en-

ter it.'

'Madam I can not abandon my hopes of

winning your daughter. My life's best hopes

are staked upon my success. I will leave you

at your request, but must hope to find you more

favorably disposed towards me at another

time.'

'Understand me, sir,' said Mrs. Clifton.—

'This departure must be final. I warn you

that you will find my doors closed against you,

should you attempt to repeat this intrusion.'

'The consequence be upon your own head,

then, madam, for I will die upon your door-

step. I will use no dishonorable means to see

and influence Miss Clifton; but I will perse-

vere as I have begun, and will surrender my

object only with my life.'

'True enough, the next morning saw me

debarred access even to the vestibule. I sat

down upon the door-steps, choosing the side

upon which a partial shadow was thrown by a

magnificent live oak. As I vacantly gazed at

the grand old tree, I was struck with the long

streamers of gray moss pendent from its

branches, and wondered that I had not before

observed them. Waving in the lightest breeze

and forming a beautiful contrast with the glossy

leaves of vivid green, these tresses of sil-

very growth are highly picturesque; but they

are always indicative of moisture, and sugges-

tion of the dreaded fevers of the low country.

'All that day, all the next, all the third day,

I sat on those unrelenting stone steps. Vis-

iters came to the house. I rose, bowed de-

cently, and stood smilingly polite, while I

saw them admitted to privileges from which I

was debarred. I rose, bowed again, and stood,

as smiling and polite, to see them depart, as-

sisting the ladies to their carriages, like the

true Virginia gentleman which I knew myself

to be even while sitting on those dull door-steps

which refused to recognize my quality.

'I knew that there were compassion and re-

specting felt for me, from slight indications with-

in the citadel. More than once a sorrowful

and sympathizing glance had fallen on me from

some comely dark face surmounted by a showy

turban; more than once a cool draught had

been silently extended to me by some jet-

black hands; more than once the green lat-

ice shades of the windows above me rustled, as

if somebody were an interested spectator of

my sufferings; and once I detected near me

the flutter of a muslin curtain, and caught the

faintest imaginable sight.

'The fourth day began its course like its

predecessors. I was at my post betimes, but

I remembered that my thoughts were much on

the delights of my hill-country home, and that

I longed for a breath of its cool mountain air.

I watched the gathering of a light fleecy cloud,

hoping it might come to such a size and po-

sition as to screen me from 'the round red sun,'

which seemed to burn into my throbbing brain.

My spirits were unusually depressed. I grew

less sanguine of ultimate success. The mock-

ing birds on the trees seemed to jeer me. The

glare of the sunshine on the well-sept walks

and trim trellises of the garden seemed to sick-

en me. A sudden dimness came over my

sight; there was a surging, as of waves, in my

ears, and I sank back unconscious.

'There was an interval of many weeks be-

fore I knew anything of what then befell me.

I found myself at last a sick man, but most

comfortably cared for. My own particular

servants, and, indeed, my foster-brother of a

darker hue, was my quiet and attentive nurse.

Around me were many familiar objects,—my

personal effects. The light food and cooling

drinks which were brought me were prepared

as I had always been accustomed to have them,

and savoured of home. I asked no questions,

though, as my dim recollections of the past

took form, I began to be somewhat curious.—

Where could I be? Could it be possible that

I was at home once more? How could I have

been into an electionary attitude, 'you know

I can make a speech all the same as Patrick

Henry.' 'Madam, says I, 'come to old Vir-

ginny. Will we ask you what you come from,

MISCELLANY.

Is Farming in New England Profitable?

BY HENRY F. FRENCH.

Nearly two-thirds of the present inhabitants of New England are farmers, by which we mean those who make Agriculture, in some of its branches, their principal business; and it certainly is a question of some importance, whether so large a portion of our citizens are engaged in the occupation most profitable to themselves, and most profitable to the community.

Again and again, do we hear the question asked, in one form or other, Is Farming profitable? Can you make anything by Farming? followed often by the assertion that Farming is the poorest business that can be pursued, and that nobody can live by it, in New England.

And yet it is a fact, admitted the world over, that nowhere, on earth, does there exist a people so moral, so well educated, so well fed and clothed and sheltered, as this same New England community!

How is this admitted fact to be reconciled with the idea which prevails so widely—an idea that banishes so many of our young men from the homes of their fathers—that New England soil does not yield an adequate support?

There are several classes of men who propose these questions. There is, in the first place, the class of those whom Mrs. Trollope adopts as the type of the whole Yankee nation, two of whom, she says, never talk together five minutes without using the word *dollar*.

These men have no idea of wealth, or worth, or comfort, or prosperity, except as it is measured by "the almighty dollar." They seem to imagine the great end and aim of their pilgrimage on earth to be, to die rich, and are ready to bow down and worship any golden calf, whether on four feet or two, so they be certain the gold is there!

Some of these men are of the *grand* order of creation. They fancy that splendor is happiness. They would have services of gold and silver on their tables, ride in splendid carriages, and be "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day." They can conceive of no idea of happiness, except it be a gilded image.

As to labor, they regard it as degrading, and fit only for servants and men of the lower classes. They have no conception of a higher state of existence, than that of the gods of the Epicureans—a state of perfect repose and freedom from labor and care. To them, Farming seems a very paltry business, and is likely to give them no such position above other men, as they seem to deserve, and which affords a very little prospect of the realization of their idea of the true dignity of man.

A man of this class is, as Mr. Weller senior said his wife was—"too good a creature for this place," and the sooner he leaves, the better for those who remain.

Then we have the *cheap* order of men, who worship the same image, and just as devoutly, though their forms of devotion slightly differ. A man of this order can *lay up money* faster in some other way than by agriculture. He buys, not live stock, but *stove*. He owns no land, because land does not pay two per cent a month, in hard times. He finds it *cheaper* not to marry, or if he has been guilty of that youthful piece of extravagance, he owns no house—it is *cheaper* to live one. He has the satisfaction of knowing just how much everything costs, and constantly associates the idea of *federal currency* with breakfast, dinner and supper. He keeps no horse—it is *cheaper* to walk—no dog, because dogs eat, and earn nothing—and entertains no guests, it is so expensive. He always complains that he is overtaxed, and abuses the collector, and expresses great surprise at the extravagance of the rising generation. Above all, he wonders that any man should *spend his money* in farming, or gardening—in planting trees of which he may never live to eat the fruit, or shade trees for the benefit of posterity, when posterity had done nothing for him!

He feels, at heart, as if it were not exactly safe, to put seed, that costs money, into the ground, and trust to Providence so long for a return, when he can make a *sure thing* of it, by loaning the cash on a mortgage. He knows that Farming don't pay.

But let us examine the question fairly, not with any narrow, selfish view, but with due regard to the *general* good. The true wealth of a State consists in its means of providing its citizens with the necessities and comforts of life, and the best moral and intellectual education; and hard as is our soil, and severe as is our climate, no people live, or have ever lived, more highly blessed, in such riches, than we of New England, who cultivate the earth.

If it be decided that Farming is not profitable, what is to be done? Shall we desert New England, leaving our land desolate, and seek a more fruitful region? This question is too absurd to need a reply. Shall we engage in manufacturing, and, collecting in large towns, like Manchester and Birmingham in England, become the dependents of party legislation, put our labor in equal competition with the pauper labor of Europe, rise and fall with the Tariff, and starve when the wheel of the Factory stops? A manufacturing people was never, in all history, a moral people, nor can it be long a free people. The centralizing influence of capital is ever repugnant to the true idea of Republicanism and equality, and although the policy of New England may be to encourage manufactures, to a certain extent, let us pray that no interest become paramount to Agriculture, for when associated capital pays for all the labor, then will money control the votes of the laborers, and destroy the freedom of the people.

No, the true, the only policy for New England is to depend mainly on her soil. The new and fruitful fields of the West, for a time, may entice away our young men. The chances of trade are tempting too many; yet more than ninety of every hundred who engage it, sooner or later, are bankrupt. The professions are crowded with men, who lead an anxious and a useless life of disappointment. The fatal confidence, which assures a man that he shall be the last to fall in battle, and the first to gain the prize in a lottery, urges many to their graves, in search of gold. And thus it will ever be; but the mass of our people will remain upon their native soil, and he is the true philanthropist, who, instead of sneering at the occupation of the Farmer as unprofitable, teaches others to regard it with respect.

The fact is, that in most parts of New England, Farming, in one or other of its branches, is a good business—a business which gives a sure support to the man who is willing to live in habits of industry and economy; a business which places him far above the masses of the people in any other country; a position, which illustrates, as has nowhere else been done, the true dignity of labor. If this occupation affords no prospect of wealth, it gives assurance of a competency. If it hoards up little gold and silver, it gives pleasant homes, and pure hearts. If it gives no high points of honor, it creates no slaves. If it makes little money, it is better than nothing.

makes abundance of those things for which others gladly exchange money, and it gives, what money cannot purchase, a life of health and peace. What more than this can be expected of any general occupation in life? In the nature of things, all cannot be rich, for riches is a comparative term. All cannot be distinguished, for distinction implies inferiority somewhere. The conclusion must be, that it is the mere restlessness of a selfish ambition, which nothing can satisfy, rather than the cool judgment of a broad philanthropy, which renders so many dissatisfied with the employment, which is the right arm of power in New England. Upon the whole it is probably true, that the condition of the farmer in New England is better now, all things considered, than that of any other whole class of our own citizens, and his prospects are brightening every day.

Advances in knowledge of the principles of agriculture, improvements in the mode of cultivation, and in farming implements, in the breeds of stock, in the varieties of fruits; the effects of steam navigation in bringing distant markets near—a thousand circumstances are tending to encourage the farmer, and elevate his position. But to maintain this position, he must be awake and in earnest. He must bring to his business the same energy, the same industry, the same systematic efforts, which are essential to success in other pursuits. He must understand his business thoroughly, and by intercourse with his fellow-men, and by reading the best publications of the day, avail himself of every means of improvement.

Again, the Farmer needs yet to learn to appreciate the advantages of his situation and to cherish a proper spirit of thankfulness. He should learn that *money is not wealth*. A quaint old writer illustrates this idea by telling of a man who labored hard all the time for money, which he expended in buying boots and shoes, which he carefully laid away and kept, which, rightly enough, he concludes, was just as wise, as to treasure up gold and silver which one will never use.

The farmer regards the minister's salary of six hundred dollars, as a generous support for his family, but if he would consider, that from his own farm he derives his rent, and fuel, and meat, and milk, and butter, and vegetables, and a thousand minor articles, for which the salary must be paid away—if he would cipher up carefully, the value of what he and his family thus annually consume, he would find, to his surprise, perhaps, that his own family must practice a far more rigid economy than now, to live upon so small a sum!

Is Farming profitable in New England?—If to be quickly rich in gold and silver, it is to live in luxury and indolence, to gain individual power and distinction among men—if these alone "profit a man," then the question must be answered in the negative.

But if to have a home of quiet and refinement, with abundance of the comforts of life; with advantages for social, intellectual and religious cultivation, unequalled elsewhere, with "neither poverty nor riches," to "clog us with weary days and restless nights," to gain our daily bread by faithful labor, and gain it, too, with the consciousness that our gain is not another's loss, if to occupy a position of comparative exemption from the cares and perplexities which attend professional or mercantile life—

"Our best companions, Innocence and Health, And our best riches, ignorance of wealth."

if this be "profitable," then is the occupation of the Farmer, in the highest degree, to himself, to his household, and to humanity, a profitable employment.

Exeter, N. H., Dec. 20th, 1851.

Liquor Laws.

The people of Massachusetts, by hundreds of thousands, are asking their Legislature to adopt the "liquor law" of Maine, or to enact something equivalent. One petition has already been signed by more than one hundred thousand. Another, from Lowell, signed by seventeen thousand, has been sent. We can guess something of the extent to which this spirit of temperance prevails in opposition to spirit distilled, when Lowell, with a population of about forty thousand, furnishes seventeen thousand signatures. We take for granted that this petition was signed by every woman in the town, old or young, married or single. And while the people are thus moving in Massachusetts, they are beginning to move in New York and in Pennsylvania. We are told that an attempt will be made during the present session of the Pennsylvania and the New York Legislature to enact a "liquor law." One exists in Vermont, and we learn that the spirit is moving in New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut. If the six States of New England should adopt stringent "liquor laws," like that of Maine, the example would probably be contagious, especially after four or five years of trial.

The newspapers of Maine give cheering accounts of their own "liquor law." They say that it is rapidly clearing out the prisons and criminal courts, rapidly diminishing the number of paupers and the expenses of maintaining them, rapidly augmenting the comforts of those heretofore destitute, rapidly introducing new good and removing old evil. All this is precisely what might be expected, and what certainly ensue in any State which adopts a similar "liquor law." And why should not every State adopt one? The common arguments against such laws are the following:—First, they do not effectually suppress intemperance, because they cannot be effectually enforced; secondly, they violate personal rights; thirdly, they are less efficacious than moral suasion.

Liquor laws cannot be thoroughly enforced; for in spite of the utmost vigilance in officers, liquors will be sold covertly, through a variety of fraudulent devices. Practice in these evasions impairs the moral sense of the people; for success in evading one law prompts to the evasion of others. The open, public gaming houses have been suppressed in New York. But how? By transferring them from Broadway to by-streets; from open halls to secret chambers, where gaming flourishes as much as ever. So in Maine and Vermont, people resolved on drinking, instead of drinking in open bar-rooms, do it in back rooms and cellars. The amount of all these objections is, that a "liquor law" cannot be thoroughly enforced. We admit it, and might urge the same objection against all laws.

Murder and arson are committed, notwithstanding the punishment of murder; and no penalties have ever entirely prevented forgery, smuggling, or any other crime. But have laws restrained crimes? Do penalties diminish their frequency? Would impunity render them more frequent? If the answer be affirmative upon all other penalties, why should it not be upon a penalty for vending intoxicating liquors? We do not expect that any crime or evil can be entirely prevented by law. But if the crime or evil be restrained at all, the law is so far useful. If perfect impunity produces a hundred murders, and a penalty reduces them to fifty, the penalty has saved fifty lives, which is better than nothing.

We do not believe that a "liquor law" like that of Maine, could be so far enforced in Pennsylvania, as to render a single case of intoxication, or the sale of a single drink, impossible. But we believe that it could be so far enforced as to diminish by one-half the number of habitual drunkards, to increase greatly the number of total abstainers, among whom would be some now in danger of confirmed intemperance. Is this gain worth the experiment?—We think that it is, especially as such gain would be the means of gaining still more, since temperance as well as intemperance, "grows with what it feeds on." The experiment of Maine shows that, if intemperance be not entirely extinguished, it is so far reduced as to remove a large amount of crime and misery, and produce a large amount of prosperity; and this is something. [Philadelphia Ledger.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... FEB. 12, 1852.

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.

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GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

We proposed in our last to say more upon this subject. A full understanding of the dangers and hardships encountered, and the small chance that exists for securing a fortune, would detain at home nine out of ten who are now going to California. Not that a larger proportion than this may not have such engagements before starting, or the aid of such friends already there, as to leave no great hazard in a pecuniary point; but the simple truth, in regard to the danger to life and health, and the great sacrifice of personal comfort, would deter any intelligent man, in his right mind, from encountering a risk in which so many chances are against him.

But one side of this singular enterprise has yet been given. The *truth* is yet to be told, and when it is told, the world will wonder that the millions upon millions of gold that have been dug in California, have been secured at so exorbitant a price. In this great reckoning, gold will be the least valuable item taken into account. Life and health and happiness—the great consideration for which men may reasonably toil—will stand in the scale against it. Then, when the delusion is past, and men look calmly back upon what has been lost and won, will the history of the world stand marked with a page of folly that rivals even the crusade for the Holy Land.

Probably the best exposition of this golden delusion that has come before the public, is a work entitled "Sixteen Months at the Gold Diggings," by Rev. Daniel B. Woods, of Philadelphia. Mr. Woods not only furnishes the reader with his own experience and observations in California, but presents many facts and data from which the public learns the general average of success in the pursuit of gold. He went into a careful investigation of the results that had attended the labors of a large number of the mining companies. He obtained actual facts from the books and clerks of fourteen different companies. Of these, only five made a tolerable profit. Two others paid a little more than their expenses, and the remaining seven were worse off than when they commenced.

To satisfy himself of the profit of individual effort, Mr. Woods took the names of fifty-six miners, laboring in the richest portion of the mines, from which to make his calculations. From these he found that the average per day was three dollars and twenty-six cents. Out of these their expenses of board, travel, tools, clothes, &c. must be paid. When it is considered that many of them paid a dollar a pound for flour, and for other provisions, of course, a proportionate price, it must be concluded that their actual profits were small. And when from these actual profits, small as they may be, a suitable deduction is made for risk of life and health, and for the excessive toil and privation everywhere incident upon mining, it is easy to see that those who can earn a comfortable living in New England had better stay at home.

A few extracts from Mr. Woods's journal will give the reader facts from which to draw conclusions.

July 4th, 1849. This company commenced digging at Salmon Falls, on the south fork of the American river. This, the first day, yielded ten cents each. July 5th. My share today \$1.35. 6th. \$4.00 each. 7th. Towards night made fifty cents to a pan. This day two men in eight of this company took out \$4.22 before breakfast. 8th. Sunday, all except one quit work. 9th. Made \$20 each. One of the conclusions at which we are rapidly arriving is, that the chances of our making a fortune in the gold mines is about the same as those of our drawing a prize in a lottery. No kind of work is so uncertain. A miner may happen upon a good location on his very first attempt, and in a very few days make his hundreds, or thousands, while the old miners about him may be doing nothing. This is illustrated by an incident which happened at this time. Two old miners had a dispute about their claim. They referred it to a stranger who had just arrived, and who had not done an hour's work in the mines. He measured off to each ten feet, the space allowed by custom, and took for his trouble a narrow strip which lay between their lots. A few hours the large claims of the old miners were abandoned as useless, while the new miner discovered in his little lot a deposit which yielded him \$7435. Our 40 men in the same location dug July 10, 3,00 each.

The following gives an idea of the toil and privation to which the miner is exposed; and it is easy to see how naturally sickness follows such exposure: Our feet are wet all day, while a hot sun shines down on our heads, and the very air parches the skin, like the hot air of an oven.

Our drinking water comes down to us thoroughly impregnated with the mineral substances worked through the thousand cradles above us. After our day's labor, exhausted and faint we retire—if this water may be applied to the simple act of lying down in our clothes—robbing our feet of our boots to make a pillow of them, and wrapping our blankets about us on a bed of pine boughs, or on the ground beneath the clear bright stars of night. Near morning there is always a change in the temperature of the air and several blankets become necessary. The feet and hands of the novice in the business become blistered and lame, and the limbs are stiff. Besides all these causes of sickness, the anxieties and cares which wear away the life of so many men who leave their families to come to this land of gold, contribute in no small degree to this same result. It may with truth be said, "the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint." I have to-day removed to the top of the hill above the encampment and beneath a large oak, for the benefit of a cooler air and shade during the intense heat of noon.

Aug. 20th. After my last day I was prostrated at once by the acclimating disease of the country, and rendered as helpless as a child. All day and all night long I was alone, under my oak, and without those kind attentions so necessary in sickness, and which cannot be had here. I was reduced to a very low state, with but little hope under the circumstances of recovering. It did seem hard to lie down and die there, and to think that I was no more to see my beloved family. Yet I feared not to die. Indeed, I marked off the spot under the oak where my grave should be, and prayed for submission to God's righteous will, and that his love would protect and bless those dear to me.

After recovering he went on a prospecting tour on the North and Middle Forks, in which he spent two weeks, and on his return spent several days mining at Salmon Falls. After paying all expenses a dividend was made giving them \$2 each for three weeks' hard toil. Here is another leaf from the journal.

Aug. 23d. We have finished our cradle and washed a little dirt this forenoon, which yielded us \$10 in all. Our hopes are bright for tomorrow.

Aug. 23. 'How has the gold become dim.' After all our preparations and hopes, our toil early and late—toil of the most laborious kind, digging down in the channel of the river till the water was up to our knees, giving ourselves barely time to eat, we have made but \$4 each. We sat down on the rock and looked at the small ridges of gold in the pan, and then at each other. One fell to swearing, another to weeping. I had to say some encouraging things. Our way indeed is dark, and great are our difficulties, and oft repeated our failures, and we experience the bitterness of the hope deferred which makes the heart sick.

One young man near us has just died. He was without companion or friend—alone in his tent not even his name could be discovered. We buried him and tied down his tent, leaving his effects within. This is a home made doubly desolate. Years will pass, and that loved son, or brother, or husband, still be expected, and the question still repeated, why don't he come? Right below me upon a roof of our wide spreading oak is seated an old man of three score and ten years. He left a wife and seven children at home. He is industrious, and is thoroughly home-sick. To-day I weighed my little store of gold after paying all expenses, and find it amounts after six weeks of hard labor to \$35.

Another leaf and the reader may reflect upon what he has learned, till we find time and room for another chapter upon this subject.—At San Francisco Mr. Wood says—

Many come down sick from the mines. The situation of such is desperate indeed. There is a heartless unconcern in the community, to the sufferings and wants of the many who are dying wretched deaths in the midst of them. Every man is too much occupied with his own concerns to be able to search out objects of charity, and there are so many cases constantly occurring as to induce a feeling of indifference. The case of one young man in particular, was mentioned, which awakened my sympathy, and I devoted the next forenoon to an effort to find him. I was at length directed to a large open lot bordering upon the shore, and covered with bales, boxes, and barrels of goods of all descriptions. After walking up and down over this lot, I could discover no object of distress, or place where he could have found a resting place, and gave up the pursuit. Three days afterwards, as I was standing at the door of a store opposite this lot, a small crowd gathered there and was looking at some object with intense interest. I crossed over, and there beneath a hide stretched over two boxes crouched a man who had died there. His head was leaning upon his hand placed on the edge of the box. No one could have supposed that a human body was concealed there. I had twice passed by the very spot in my search for him. The least groan could have been heard from the street.

There have been lately twelve cases of suicide in San Francisco. Gaming and drunkenness prevail to a great extent. Some of the gamblers send hence to England on an average \$17,000 a month.

Let it be remembered that these are no fancy sketches, but simple delineations of truth, as it came before one who toiled, and suffered, and got gold—as thousands of others have done. Look at them, reader, and learn wisdom from others, instead of buying it at too dear a price.

Lecture.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, next week, by present arrangements, a poem, a lecture, and an address on Temperance, may be expected from Rev. John Pierpont, of Boston. Mr. P. is known as one of the most eloquent and accomplished scholars in N. England. Everybody should hear him; and the three evenings for which he is engaged will liberally repay the cost of a ticket for the course. Tickets for sale at the Bookstores.

The Editorial Convention, at Augusta.

On Friday last, was an occasion of rare interest to the craft. The afternoon was devoted to business, and the evening to a social levee and supper at the Stanley House. At the former Mr. Littlefield, of the Clarion, presided; and at the latter Dr. Holmes, of the Farmer.

Speeches, sentiments, anecdotes and repartees followed the brief but zealous discussion of better things at the table, in which all present participated with a zest and freedom that indicated more familiarity with such occasions, than is supposed by those who naturally associate with an editorial banquet an array of saw-dust.

puddings. The liberality of the gentlemen of the press in Augusta, was conspicuous both at the table and elsewhere, and elicited the most decided expressions of grateful commendation.

Arrangements were made for a similar meeting the ensuing year, and a committee appointed to designate the time and place.

[For The Eastern Mail.]

"Leap Year Parties."

Lost some of your fair readers may have forgotten the ancient privileges assumed by their grandmothers, in days of yore, and to remind them that this year in some respects is peculiarly their own, I will give them a gentle hint and a little agreeable information at the same time, as to the manner of conducting one of these "Leap year parties" in our goodly city. I know the gallant gentlemen of Waterville will thank me, while the ladies I trust will not deem me impertinent. In some particulars these parties resemble the "Surprise," that were so fashionable a few years since, with the difference that gentlemen alone are the victims—par example—

Not long since, Watty and myself (you had better stereotype those three words) were passing a pleasant evening with the "Tigers," at their beautiful hall; Capt. Watty had just dismissed his corps of biped Tigers, when a note was handed him, "done up" in unexceptionable style. Willis would have admired it, gilt edged, and deliciously perfumed; so palpable was the pleasing odor, that my "Wandering Jew" blushed from very shame and shrank behind the cloud that came rolling up from a sergeant's regalia. A note just at that time was an event, and such a note—there was something mysterious about it, but the contents were still more mystifying. In the most delicate tracery imaginable was written,

A private entertainment will be given to a few "admirers" of Madame Thillon, at Mrs. May's, 29 Tremont Row, at 1-4 of ten o'clock.

Thursday Morn., Jan'y 22d.

What did it mean? a question neither of us could or did answer satisfactorily; but at the time specified we started for Mrs. M.'s, and on arriving were ushered into the hand into the splendid "salon." I have no doubt but that we cut ridiculous looking figures; for my own part I confess I was embarrassed (you know how modest I am), but Watty bore it like a philosopher as he is, and left me to my fate. Several ladies advanced and received us with inimitable grace; our hats and coats were disposed of in a twinkling, and while Watty escorted by one of our fair hostesses took up his line of march toward one battery of brilliant eyes, I was the willing captive to another, who kindly delivered me over to battery No. 2. Of course surrender was inevitable, but I revelled in my captivity, though silent as a "church mouse." In this brilliantly lighted and beautiful saloon, were assembled quite a number of ladies, and a smaller number of gentlemen; the former very merry about something, while the latter in trying to make themselves equally so, made a complete failure, all being struck dumb with astonishment. After several attempts to collect my scattered wits, I at last succeeded in finding myself in a most agreeable fix. Guest after guest continued to arrive, and were received with a courtesy above criticism. I had by this time become desperate, and with an effort almost superhuman I mustered courage enough to look around me. In the centre of the saloon was a large table elegantly decorated and set off in superb style, with all the skill and ingenuity Mrs. M. is so famous for—bouquets of rare exotics, blushing at the display made by one modest silver, filled the air with rich perfume, while looking down from suspended frames a score (more or less) of dusty old ancestors seemed revived and smiling at the gay assemblage. I was going on in this "Arabian Nights" sort of way, when my attention was attracted by the "tinkling of bells," and instantly the aforesaid table groaned beneath a load of oysters! Yes, my mouth watering friend, oysters in all shapes, stewed, scolloped, et cetera. The guests were requested to be seated, the ladies directing the movements and officiating. One lady presided with a grace and dignity that would have been envied by a Chesterfield. Another persuaded me that "scallops" were always customary after "steaks," while a third insisted that my coffee should be exchanged for chocolate, indeed so pressing were the numerous invitations to partake of "this, that and the other," that I devoured indiscriminately, and nearly brought on a fit of indigestion. Creams, &c. finished the luxurious repast. Then came the "feast of reason," but the ladies, Heaven bless them! had it all to do; the gentlemen had no "flow of soul." That I should be stupid is nothing remarkable, but I suspect the shock was too severe, and the gentlemen may as well own up for it! I fancy there is more than one of the "lords of creation" who were present on that occasion who will bear it in delightful remembrance in after years.

I am perfectly satisfied in my own mind that ladies can do that with surpassing grace in which we men are bunglers. Try it once, ladies, one of these fine evenings; send out your little messengers, invite the gents without preparation or suspicion on their part, then arrange among yourselves the bill of fare, and if you do not find it one of the most agreeable reunions, as well as an amusing entertainment, then there is little reliance to be placed in the prophecy of

Yrs. Respy.

CHAS. DUDR.

Boston, Feb. 3d, 1852.

Our good friend and correspondent "Chit Duds" was unavoidably "headed off" last week, though at the expense, to our readers, of an excellent letter, most of which is now behind the time. The following paragraph is all we can save.

In common with all your good people, we of the Notion city have had and are now having a winter as it is a winter, none of your milk-and-water weather. It has been customary heretofore to measure snow in these parts by the inch, now we require as much as a "foot" to

give an idea. It is no "great shakes" with you to have a month of uninterrupted fine sleighing, but with us it is "some," I assure you. Our livery stable keepers are making money and skeletons (of horses) at the same time.

Horses fast—that never were fast before, Now faster go—till they are fast no more.

The precise time allowed per mile to each specimen of horse flesh is 2.40, "nothing shorter," or you are distanced. Time and flaps are called for in the same breath all the way from Buff Cooley's on the Neck to Porter's in Cambridge; a quarter horse stands no chance, and it takes a four mile to "come to ten." Friend "Tuft," as the "Spirit" calls him, must prepare himself with a selected drove of "green uns" that will bear training, for the ensuing spring, as I imagine the fast will be taken out of many crabs should this slipping continue. It is a little singular that the pretty town of Waterville should have the name and reputation of turning out the fastest horses and more of them in the trotting way than any other town or city in our extensive country. But so it is. A Kennebec horse is as well known as a shingle from the same locality.

Hanscom's New Line Between Waterville and Augusta.

It was formerly said that "the farthest way around is the nearest way home;" but in these days this is neither true nor false. The traveller has nothing to do with distance. He only inquires the time. If you will have him through an hour sooner, you may take him by way of the moon, for what he cares—especially if he goes by the cars, so that he can sit all the time by a good fire and read the news. Taking advantage of this popular "notion" among travelers, Mr. Hanscom, some time since, established a new line between Waterville and Augusta. Who would have thought of a nearer way between these two places than a straight line? And yet there is one, so far as all useful purposes are concerned. Passengers jump into the cars; and after sitting long enough to see who is aboard, hear the whistle and get warm, step out at Belgrade, where a good team and a careful driver take them in charge, and in a trifle more than an hour they are set down as near the State House as they choose. This is by far the easiest and quickest way to Augusta, at this season, and the travel seems to be going almost exclusively by "Hanscom's Railroad and Coach Line." Tickets are taken at the Depot, at the same price as for the river route, with a decided saving of time and comfort—our word for it!

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.—The February number of this sterling periodical, brimful of good things, has come to hand. We are glad to learn that with the reduction of price its circulation has largely increased, rendering it certain that while the reading community are greatly benefitted, the publisher will also be enabled to "put money in his purse" by the operation.

From the 'Editor's Table' we take one of those juvenile reminiscences in which Old Knick delights to indulge, showing that his heart is in the right place, and that he still fondly cherishes the memory of the simple pleasures of his boyhood. Read it, discontented youthful dweller in the country, and let it 'do you good like a medicine.'

Now comes, with awful roar, Guttering and sounding on, The Storm-Wind from Labrador, The Wind Euroclydon—The Storm-Wind!

'Ay, doesn't it come, though!' exclaims 'Young Knick,' as he looks out upon the blinding, driving snow, wearing its 'frolic architecture' in curling capitals, in all forms of grace, over the eaves of every house in the street; the street, that terminates in cloudy gloom at either end, like the bridge in the 'Vision of Mirza!' What a day it is—the eighteenth of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-two! And what a carnival there will be in Broadway tomorrow, when, muffled to the ears, we peregrinate down-town to the printing-office with this 'Gossip' in the capacious pocket of our 'dread-nought!' Now comes back the memory of 'old days' in the country! We've been engaged for half an hour in drawing wood into the old homestead-mansion, on a hand-sled, and setting it up end-wise in the corner of the great generous fire-place, whose wide jambs seemed to open, even now, their hospitable arms to welcome us. There is the big two-bushel corn-basket of chips, too, that 'Ollapod' and 'Old Knick,' with twin-faces and twin-mintens, have dug from the vast snow-placers from the mountainous Onondaga region. That wood and those chips—sweet-maple and sweeter birch, and beech and bass-wood—will furnish melted snow for a saccharine ice-cream dessert, when the 'Spitzenburg' and 'Seek-no-furders' and 'Greenie' apples are warm in that willow basket, and the sweet cider is 'right' in that blue pitcher. And after a sound night's sleep, we shall rise by candle-light, in the morning, and then you will see what that wood was bro't in for! The 'log' has been placed; the 'back-log' has surmounted it; the 'top-stick' crowns the apex; the 'fore-stick' rests against the 'and-irons'; and the intermediate 'cob-houses' of timber, fired by the faithful 'kindling-wood,' is all ablaze, and roaring up the chimney. You've lost something, if you haven't seen a scene like this, reader; but you can't recover your loss by 'advertising' in the New York papers; potent as that method is, in other cases. Friends, it is a great thing, at some period of your life, to have lived in the country.

THE AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW for February is filled with the usual amount of interesting matter, and is embellished with a portrait of N. K. HALL, P. M. General, a biographical notice of whom will appear in the March number. Published at 120 Nassau st., New York, at \$5 a year.

FORRESTER'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE for February, with its stories and pictures, will make the eyes of the little folks dance with delight. Published by Bradbury & Guild, 120 Washington st., Boston.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL for the week ending Feb. 7th, contains thirteen Engravings, among which are a view of Paris, a scene from the Vicar of Wakefield, and a representation of the Bridge across the Neva at St. Petersburg, Russia, recently completed. The Report of the Com. on Crops will appear next week.

