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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, MARCH 18, 1852.

NO 35.

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

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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 arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

THE INFANT'S PRAYER.

The west had shut its gates of gold
Upon the parted sun,
And through each window's curtain'd fold
Lamps glittered one by one;
And many a babe had sunk to rest,
And many a mother's yearning breast,
Still lulled its infant care,
When in a nursery's peaceful bound
By pure affection circled round,
I heard an infant's prayer.

Yes, there it knelt, its cherub face
Upraised with anxious care,
And with devotion's heaven-born grace
Became a brow so fair;
But seldom at our father's throne
Such bliss and happy child is known
So painfully to strive;
For long with trembling ardor fraught
That supplicating lip sought,
"Please God, let Lily live!"

And still the imploring voice did flow
That little cheek beside,
As if for poor sick Lily's woe
It could not be denied;
Even when the spell of slumber stole
With soothing influence on the soul,
Like moonlight o'er the stream,
The murmuring of the sobbing strife,
The broken plea for Lily's life
Blent with the infant's dream.

So Lily lived! but not where time
Is measured out by woes;
Nor where cold winter chills the clime,
Or cancer eats the rose;
And she who for her infant friend
In agonizing love did bend
To pour the fervid prayer,
Safe from the pang, the groan, the dart
That pierced the mourning parent's heart,
Lives with her Lily there!

MISCELLANY.

From the Friend of Youth.

SELFISH AND UNSELFISH BOY.

BY MARY INEVING.

"Please, Brother Phil!" Thus implored a little boy who was standing behind the chair of a larger one, on a freezing evening of November.

"I can't please now, and I won't please! So there, do you hear?" exclaimed the older, surly turning around in the great arm-chair in which he had seated himself to read the weekly newspaper. "Get off my rocker, there, or look out for your toes! I wish little boys wouldn't be always bothering one when one's busy!"

George, the 'little boy' at whom this outburst of vexation was aimed, slunk away, looking sadly disappointed. He was a slender little fellow, about seven years old, with pale blue eyes, and light brown curls arching over a high white forehead. The veins in his throat swelled as he tried to swallow his tribulation, and his eye-drops winked fiercely over two gathering hot-drops, which Philip had taught him to consider a disgrace to his manliness.

"I think Phil might be a bit clever!" He knows how bad I want my sled," he said to himself; and suddenly one of the tear-drops, that had swelled too round for his eye to contain, fell down on the white ruffle of his checked blue apron. He brushed it away very quickly, and with a glance at his dreaded brother, sidled back into the shade of the newspaper.

His little cousin, Henrietta, just then came skipping into the room, and turned the tide of his thoughts.

"Oh, George, only see what I've got!" She held over her head a fried nut-cake, cut into something intended for the image of a hand, while she went on dancing, first on one foot, and then on the other.

"Shut the door, young ones!" growled Master Philip, scowling from behind his paper. "I should like to know what sent you romping in here. Clear out, can't you? and let me have a moment's peace of my life!"

"Oh, Etta, who gave you that hand-cake?" Sally to be sure. She is frying down in the kitchen, and she has a whole pan full. Let's go and coax her to give you one!"

Down they went into the kitchen, where they found the frying-pan hissing over a red-hot stove, filling all the air with a sort of savory fog. The cook-maid, with her great lade, was bending over the bubbling fat, watching the diving and browning nuts. She lifted her scorched face, as she heard the children's feet on the stairs.

"Didn't I tell you to let alone troubling me, Miss Etta? What are you diving down here for to grease your new pink gown agen the kettles?"

"George wants you to fry a hand for him, just like mine," she exclaimed, dodging out of the way of the sputtering fat-drops, while the girl was lifting the kettles off the stove.

"Well, you must keep out of this hole, then. Kitchens isn't boys' place. I shan't give you but one; so be off!"

She tossed a hot cake in George's hands. George caught it, and ran up stairs with it, shifting it from one hand to the other as he went, as he found it uncomfortably warm. Etta accompanied him into the play-room, where he laid his cake on a window-sill to cool, and proceeded to tell her his various difficulties.

"Etta," said he, "it seems to me I trouble everybody to-day. Father said so this morning, when I asked him for a sled-rop; mother said so when I carried her my red mitten, with a hole in the thumb; Phil keeps saying so; and now Sally! I wonder what makes me such a trouble!"

"Etta laughed. 'It's funny, George! You don't trouble me, though!'

"I wish Phil wouldn't be so troubled to-night, because he did promise to paint an eagle on my sled, and put on the iron, so that I could have it to-morrow afternoon. It's going to be rare sliding down the big hill I tell you! Don't you hear the wind roar? See my poor sled! Isn't it too bad?"

"May be Phil will fix it by and by."

"I'm so afraid he won't," sighed George, anxiously. "It's getting dark, and he said he could let it off by candle-light."

"How cold I am!" said Etta, shivering. "Let's go back into the sitting-room."

George took up his cake, and went in. Philip, who had just finished the 'whole story' which had caught his eye in the paper, laid it down, and sauntered lazily to the window.

"What's that?" he asked. "Give us a bite!" And without waiting for permission, he seized his brother's cake, and broke off half of it for his own eating.

"Oh, now, Phil," complained the small boy, "you've spoiled my hand!"

"Cry, baby, for a dough-nut; there's your brave boy," sneered Philip.

"I say you are a thief, and a mean boy," exclaimed the courageous Etta, roused to retaliation. "You haven't any right to eat George's cake, when you won't help him make his sled, for all you promised to!"

"Hold your tongue till your opinion is asked, Miss Flittergibbet," answered her ungentlemanly cousin, very haughtily.

He looked out of the window for about five minutes, and then turning, said, in rather a cross way—

"Well, youngster, bring along your old sled!"

"Eagle," you expect to call it, do you?"

Humph!

It was really rather a rickety piece of mechanism which George dragged forward, and it had been nailed together by the little boy himself, and was made out of various odds and ends of boards, fastened to the runners of a cast-off sled, which Philip, in a fit of good humor, had whittled into shape. It was the very best the persevering little fellow could accomplish, however; and many a pained finger he had most heroically borne for its sake.

"A sled and a half, I should think," said Philip scornfully. "Here, bring me that chair! Now go 'long up stairs and bring down my oil paints. Not that paint-box, you numbskull! Don't you know the difference between water-colors and oil-colors? Go down to the kitchen, and fetch me up a drink of water; and bring me up another cake, while you are about it."

Sally won't let me, I'm afraid," answered the boy, who had been obeying all his brother's gruff commands with great alacrity.

"What business is it of Sally's? She is nothing but a cook. Tell her I sent you."

"I'd rather you would go and ask," said George, hesitating.

"I should think you might be a little obliging, when I am working for you," said Philip. "You may do your own jobs, if you can't do my errands!"

George timidly stole down into the forbidden kitchen, very fearful of Sally's displeasure. Just then, a 'Halloo' without caught Philip's ear. He looked up, and saw a party of his comrades of the 'High School,' with skates in hand, walking in the direction of 'the meadows,' as a piece of overflowed land was styled. Without a thought for any one but himself, he dropped the brush with which he had just begun to paint the yellow top of the eagle's wing, and, seizing his cap, comforter and skates, was off before George came back.

"Oh, I had to take it, I can tell you!" exclaimed George opening the door, with a cake and dipper in his hands. "Here, Phil; where is Phil?"

"He has gone out," answered Etta, who was gazing earnestly out of the window. "I do believe—there—yes! Isn't it too bad, now? He is going off with those great boys!"

George looked after him for about three minutes until he had turned a corner and disappeared. Then he glanced back at his unfinished sled, and his heart swelled high under the checked apron.

"Too—!" he faltered; but one word was too much for him. His lips quivered; and, with a sob, he ran out of the room.

"Never mind! you can eat his cake, now!" called Etta after him.

He did not stop, but hurried up to his chamber, and hiding his face in the cold pillow, cried for ten minutes.

The next day was Saturday. The afternoon was cold, though the sun shone brightly on the dazzling ice and snow. Every skater and slider of the primary and high schools, besides some who could neither skate nor slide, was on the meadows, or on the hill sloping toward them.

George, having fastened a worn trunk-strap to his still unpainted sled, was trying his best to steer it straight down the sliding track. But it needed *steering*, and would not work very well. Moreover the other boys laughed at him, as they whizzed by him on their red and yellow craft.

"Huzza, Bob!" called one to another, let's try a race with the 'Snail!' What'll you bet on your racer, George?"

George could never bear to be laughed at, any more than a little girl; and he had hard work again to keep back his tears. Perhaps he would not have been so tender-hearted a child if he had always been knocked about in the school-world. But, until within a year, he had lived a very peaceful life at home, alone.

His mother, a good-humored lady, had indulged him in everything that did not incommode herself; and his father, without taking any particular pains to provide him with anything which cost money, had left him to 'tinker-away,' as he called it, to his heart's content.

Seven months before, his brother Philip had returned from the house of an uncle in a neighboring city, where he had been spending two years in attending school clerking a little, &c. His uncle had kept him as 'errand boy,' and when he broke up housekeeping, in consequence of the death of his wife, he sent Philip to his home again, and little Etta with him. Philip was an active, ingenious boy, and had profited well by his opportunities of seeing what is done in the world. His uncle had made him many presents in the line of painting and designing, so that he felt very vain of his acquirements, and made quite a flourish about them to his little brother, after his return home.

George had longed to welcome Philip home. 'It would be so nice to have a big brother,' he had said. His little heart had gone out in love and admiration towards him. Philip had seemed kind and brotherly for a few weeks.

But as soon as the novelty of things had worn away, and he had found other and older associates, he had grown very careless of his little brother's feelings. Each passing week had seemed to roll him more closely in his selfishness.

We left George standing at the top of the hill, twirling one of the balls of his blue comforter, and watching the descent of a beautiful orange-colored sled, with almost a feeling of covetousness. All at once, a piercing shriek rang along the play-ground. He jumped on his sled at once, and pushed it to the bottom of

the hill, where the smaller boys had assembled. They saw the skaters from all directions hurrying towards one spot.

'To the meadows!' was the cry of a dozen, as again and yet again that cry rang out, strong and shrill, over their heads. 'Somebody is drowning!'

The sleds were dropped, and all rushed to the shore. George was foremost.

The meadows were partially covered with woods, and beyond the range of these woods the boys had been forbidden to go, as to skate there was considered dangerous. They soon discovered, nevertheless, that the sounds proceeded from that direction; and slipping their smooth boots along the ice, they reached the wood. Here the larger boys had already clustered, and were standing with pale, fearful faces, or anxiously trying the strength of the ice as they attempted to advance.

Dimly above the white ice, at a little distance, could be seen the head of a boy. Crash! and down broke another, who had pushed out to save him. The boys gave a cry of terror.

"Never mind me! Never fear!" shouted the last, throwing his arms across the edges of the ice.

"I can hold on a good while yet; and I don't believe it is deep enough here to drown me. Go and help Philip; he will drown in a little while if you don't get him. You large boys can't come—it won't bear you. Send one of the little fellows, and get that long pole."

"Come, Bob!" exclaimed an older boy, seizing the smallest boy near him by the shoulder.

"Oh, no!" screamed the little fellow, trembling with terror; 'I shall get in! Mother wouldn't let me.'

"But you must—one of you, insisted the larger boy."

"It is Philip! I'll go—let me!" exclaimed George, coming forward. He was very pale, and his large eyes were strained to the utmost.

"Well, keep steady about it, and don't be a coward! Here take off your boots—take this pole—slide out as far as you can, and when the ice gets thin and begins to crack, lie down flat, and work yourself along. When you get close to the hole, push along the stick, and hold on to this end of it while he lifts himself out. Hold strong! Mind you don't go too near!"

Half a dozen boys at once were giving these directions to the bewildered boy.

"Yes; I will," he answered, dreamily, and slid away, scarcely conscious whether on his feet or head.

"We'll push a board after you!" shouted the boys.

"Help! Help!" came more faintly Philip's cry. It seemed to George to come from under the ice. He looked down, and his blood ran chill. The water looked cold, deep and black, underneath.

Just then a cracking sound alarmed him, as he came upon a tract of whitish ice. He cautiously lowered himself to his hands and knees, and wound himself along until he could plainly see the hole by raising his head. He scarcely knew what to do next.

"Philip!" he called, tremulously.

"Oh, help, for God's sake! I can't hold on much longer—I'm dying of cold!" groaned the boy.

"Where are you, Phil?"

"Down here can't you see me?"

"Are you under the ice?" George asked, for the head had disappeared from his sight.

"Most down!" I'm trying to hold on to a tree, but my fingers are numb. Oh, dear, dear—won't somebody help me?"

"Can't you catch this pole, Phil?" George stretched it across the chasm.

"You can't hold it strong enough—I dare not let go of the tree. Oh, dear, I shall drown!"

"Do take hold, Phil—do! I'll hold with all my might!"

The sinking boy stretched up one half-frozen hand, and caught the stick. He partly raised himself by it, but sank again.

"Take the other hand, Phil," shouted his little brother. "I can hold it, I know I can!"

Thus encouraged, the drowning boy let go the twig which had supported him, and firmly grasped the pole. He lifted himself by it.

George pressed firmly upon the other end, straining every nerve. At one moment, it seemed to him that he must give way, and himself be drawn into the abyss; then the ice all seemed cracking, and his ears rang. But the next moment Phil was out of the water, lying on the age of the ice.

"There—there—Phil, I told you so. Now only crawl off a little—be just as careful as ever you can."

"Oh, I can't move," murmured the boy, nearly stupefied by the intense cold. "My hands!"

George crept as near to him as he dared, and, pulling off his own red mittens, stretched them over his brother's blue icy hands. Then he took his comforter, and, tying it around Philip's arms, succeeded in pulling him a little way from the hole. The boys shouted applause behind him. Some of the more adventurous were already creeping along with a flat board which they pushed to the two. George, by renewed exertions, dragged his heavy brother upon this board, and drew it a short distance, until he could be safely joined by others. He did not once think of himself, but to the skin, and destitute of cap, comforter, and mittens.

Philip revived after reaching the shore and being rubbed a few minutes by his mates. Two of them supported him up the hill towards his home, escorted by the remainder. They sent George forward to announce their coming, and order a warm bed to be prepared for the rescued boy.

George met his mother at the gate. She, bare-headed and deathly pale, was rushing toward the play-ground. She had just heard that a boy had broken the ice, and too truly foreboded that it was one of her own boys. George caught her arm, laughing aloud in nervous excitement, and screamed—"Oh, mother, he's out! He's coming. I—I—!" Here came a sudden reaction; his head reeled, he tottered, and fell fainting on the snow.

The doctor who was summoned to Philip had another patient. The older boy was soon himself again, having been but slightly injured by the chill of his cold bath. But pale, delicate George, with the terror and wetting, had nearly worked himself into convulsions. He was in danger of brain fever, and was kept by the doctor's order in a dark room for four days as quiet as possible. His mother sat by him, holding his hand or stroking his hot head

whenever he started from his short sleep, screaming that 'Phil was drowning, and the boys wouldn't go to him!' She would kiss him then, and call him her noble, her darling; boy. He did not 'trouble' her any longer, though he needed all her attention.

And what thought Philip, after coming to himself and learning the whole story? Oh, were not burning regret and shame mingled with thankfulness for his rescue? When he walked on the next day about the house, hushed for his little brother's sake—when he heard Etta sob, as she threw her arms around his neck, 'Oh won't George ever get well?'—more than all, when his eye lighted on the sled daubed with a square inch of paint, which the boys had brought in for George, his heart smote him as it never had done before.

He turned away, and went miserably to his own chamber. He thought of all his unkind acts to that little brother. He went to bed at night, but could not sleep. He tried to pray for George, and in making the attempt, he fell to crying. Then he prayed for himself too, and fell asleep.

In a few days, by God's blessing, George was once more able to sit up against pillows, and to see his brother and cousin. Etta jumped upon his bed-side in glee, throwing her little arms around him. Philip stood quietly for a moment, until George extended his hand to him, then his lip quivered, and, bending low, he kissed him.

"I have something to show you, George," said he. Stepping aside, he lifted up—the sled! No! Was it the same? George did not recognize it. It was, however, no other than the same once clumsy sled, perfected, polished, and painted in gay green and orange, by the skillful hands of Philip! A new rope dangled from its front, and altogether it was one of the finest specimens of a sled that ever graced a country sliding hill.

George almost screamed out his surprise and thanks. "Oh, what a beauty! Dear Philip, how good it was of you!"

"Don't say anything, George," replied Philip with an attempt to conceal his emotion; "I—saved my life!"

"Oh, if you had drowned, Phil!" The little pale boy shut his eyes and shuddered.

"There that is long enough for you to stay with him to-day," said his father, who had just come in. "He must not be excited."

George opened his eyes, and looked up to his brother with a smile of trust and love.

George recovered, though weeks passed before he was able to steer his new sled down the cold hill. But many a happy slide it has given him since!

Do you think that Philip forgot the lesson he had learned? Do you think he disobeyed again by going to slide on forbidden ice? Do you think he abused the love of that precious brother as he had done before?

Ventilation. The public are by degrees waking up from the lethargy into which they have sunk regarding the uses and necessity of a pure air to breathe. The following true and straight-forward article from the *Tribune*, is well worthy of perusal and re-perusal. Pale faces and nervous complaints, more common among our countrymen, and especially our countrywomen, than among any civilized people on the globe, are the effects of a total ignorance of all the laws of respiration, and a blind passion for close stoves and furnaces. There is not a railroad car in the country, heated by its red hot stove, which is not an enemy to health, more to be dreaded than the cholera—and yet our people sit still and drink in the poison of air, expelled again and again from the lungs of those crowded around them, as if the things were either delightful or irremediable.—[*Horticulturalist*.]

The fundamental truth that air inhaled by breathing is essential to the preservation of animal, including human life, we may fairly presume to be generally understood. If any one could be found to doubt it, he might easily be convinced by trying the experiment of not breathing for two or three minutes. But the intimately related and equally important truths that every human being has lungs, or air chambers, wherein the inhaled air or breath is consumed or worked over by a process akin to combustion—that the oxygen which forms one fifth of the air is thereby extracted from the residuum, or nitrogen, and employed to clarify the blood of its constantly accumulating impurities—that the blood which, thus freshly renovated by oxygen, has been ejected into the arteries of a bright red color, and in a thoroughly liquid state, is returned through the veins saturated with carbon and other impurities, and thence dark, sluggish and clotted—that it must now be renovated by fresh air, containing a large proportion of oxygen, for which purpose the air already in the lungs or once inhaled and respired therefrom is no fitter than the ashes from yesterday's fuel would be to make a new fire for to-day—that for this purpose every adult, healthy human being needs to inhale about eighteen breaths per minute of about one pint of fresh pure air each, making over two gallons of air per minute—and that the inhalation of air already deprived of oxygen and loaded with impurities by respiration is a process alike baneful to health, strength and life, these truths are not generally understood, or their importance could not fail to be realized and respected. It is not possible that men and women would consent to be shut up in a close, crowded, roof-wooded car, having possibly one or two small, utterly inadequate apertures for the escape of that which is but none at all for the ingress of that which is pure, and that, while thus poisoning themselves, they would raise a row against any one who should kindly and slightly raise the window by his side, if they only knew what they were doing. Nor would they build costly churches and commodious halls for public meetings, and there buddle for hours, enduring discomfort and imbibing the seeds of fatal disease, if they only knew that copious ventilation was the very first requirement for such halls, and that they might far better, even during a tempest, sit without any roof at all over their heads than with a roof which imprisons and returns upon their lungs the poisonous, corrupting exhalations from their own chests and bodies.

So with private dwellings. A man has toiled hard and long for a competence, and having finally attained it, resolves to build a house after his own heart. He grudges no expense to secure an agreeable location and prospect, pure water, spacious rooms, tasteful draperies, ample bedding, elegant furniture, &c., &c., providing carefully and bountifully for every want

but the first and greatest of all—pure fresh air. He might have secured this in every room of his mansion for some pittance (twenty or thirty dollars); yet he neglects it and leaves his children to fester in his own corruption night after night until they finally sicken and die, for want of that element which God abundantly and freely supplied for their sustenance, but which he in his dense ignorance has perversely shut out and rejected.

Our architects, so called, are shamefully in fault in the premises. They have no right to be ignorant of the necessity of ample ventilation; and if not ignorant they have no right to construct slaughter-pens and cellars where they are paid for erecting proper dwellings. They have no business to plead, 'my employer did not want ventilation!' for if they know their own business they know full well that he vitally needed it, though the density of his ignorance prevented his desiring it. They are paid to know what he does not; and they should never draw the plan of an edifice of any kind without providing for its thorough ventilation as a matter of course. Should the employer interpose objections, (which he rarely will,) it is their duty to enlighten and convert him. If he should insist on exalting his obstinate stupidity above the architect's scientific knowledge and practised skill, (which not one in a hundred will do,) the latter should quietly say, 'Sir, I have studied faithfully and labored hard to acquire the requisite knowledge of architecture; if you think I have not succeeded, please employ some one else; but if I direct the construction of this house, it must be thoroughly ventilated; I cannot in good conscience be responsible for any other.'

'Why,' says Thackeray, 'whence comes all this clamor about ventilation? It is so vital a matter why did not our wise ancestors know something about it? Why didn't the want of it kill them, I'd like to know? I mistrust it's one of the new-fangled 'isms, and closely related to socialism and infidelity!'

Most conservative Thackerays, your forefathers did not thrive in the absence of ventilation, but because they had it. It is precisely because we have all departed, necessarily and irrevocably, from their habits, that special attention has become so necessary. They lived far more in the open air and less in crowded assemblages than the present generation does; they sat around huge firesides which voraciously sucked all the vitiated air up chimney—They slept oftenest in spacious unpartitioned chambers and garrets, whence the stars were visible through the crevices in the sides or roof. Such bed-rooms needed no ventilators—need none now. The mischief is that you cannot have them or will not sleep in them. The hospitable old fire place has been narrowed and lowered, or has given place to a stove or furnace; the bed-room is 'ziled and papered'; the doors are listed, the floors caulked, and the modern house, though in some respects more commodious and comfortable, is far less healthful and invigorating than those which it has supplanted. Hence the necessity for special regard to ventilation. There were hovels and dens of old, mainly in cities, where the poor herded in atmosphere fouler if possible than that our modern churches during service, and of our mansions on soiree nights, and from these Spotted Fever, Black Death, Plague, and other pestilences went forth to devastate the world. If you want these results of the wisdom of our ancestors back again, just blunder on in defiance of the motions of science respecting respiration and air, and you will very probably be accommodated.

EFFICIENT AID FOR THE OPPRESSED IN EUROPE. It has been openly stated, and never contradicted, that there is more true appreciation of liberal and free institutions among the members of the mission churches in Germany, than in any other portion of the people. They utterly repudiate the union of Church and State, and claim for themselves and for all men, not toleration, but freedom to worship God according to His word and their own consciences. The spirit of liberty has kept pace with the success of the mission; and the vast number of Bibles and religious books put in circulation, and the oral instruction imparted, with the fact that the churches are democratic in their government, and each one is a model of a free republic, to be looked at and considered by the people, must exert a wider influence in the future, if this work can be sustained.

We would not lay a straw in the way of extending liberal aid to Kosuth and others who may strike the blow for freedom, and to preserve Europe from Cossack domination, but we believe the most efficient aid can be supplied to them, by increasing the resources for good of Osken and his co-laborers. Put at their disposal, through the Missionary Union, the means to send out ten-fold the laborers they now have; and through the American and Foreign Bible Society, the means to circulate millions of copies of the Word of God, the sharpest weapon that can be employed against oppression in all lands, and we shall be instrumentally preparing the people intelligently to assume their places among the independent nations of the earth, upon the principle of American Republicanism, the only safe principle, for it is Bible Republicanism. Let large subscriptions be sent into the treasuries of these societies for the purpose of aiding the oppressed.

[New York Recorder.]

MEDICAL. There has been a great deal of talk about Mr. George Law, the man who has the faculty of building lines of steamers with the U. S. money; but we are going to speak of another family of Laws, more nearly related to the Hon. Hyer Law. Dr. Maine Law and Dr. Moral Law were physicians. The latter attended a patient by the name of Timbertoes, for a disease of the wallet, of a chronic character. The attendance became as chronic as the disease, and a vast deal of good medical advice was expended upon the patient without any apparent benefit. At last Dr. Maine Law was called in, who at once commenced a different treatment, and in less than six months the ulcers in the wallet began to heal, and the patient gained strength rapidly. Timbertoes, however, still continued to take the advice of Dr. Moral Law, thinking that he did not reach the particular disease under which he had suffered, so effectually as did the medicine of Dr. Maine Law. Hereupon the doctors differed, and Dr. Moral Law demonstrated to his own perfect satisfaction that though the medicine of his cousin Dr. Maine Law had got the better of the disease, yet it *ought not to have done so*, and was therefore improperly prescribed. Timbertoes, however, refused to discard Dr. Maine

Law, because he said he didn't care a fig for the metaphysic; all he knew was, that his wallet was really in a better condition.

[Commonwealth.]

"CAN YOU REACH THEM PERTATERS?" Many of our readers have no doubt read the following rich anecdote. It is old, but will bear repetition. Those who have never read it, will thank us for reviving it from the oblivion into which it was fast falling.

Several gentlemen of the Massachusetts Legislature, dining at a Boston hotel, one of them asked Mr. M., a gentleman who sat opposite—

"Can you reach them pertaters, sir?"

Mr. M. extended his arm towards the dish, and satisfied himself that he could reach the 'pertaters,' and answered—

"Yes, sir."

The legislator was taken aback by this unexpected rebuff from the wag; but presently recovering himself, he asked—

"Will you stick my fork into one on 'em, then?"

Mr. M. took the fork, and very coolly plunged it into a finely cooked potato, and left it there.

The company roared as they took the joke, and the victim looked more foolish than before. But suddenly an idea struck him; rising to his feet, he exclaimed, with an air of conscious triumph—

"Now, Mr. M., I will trouble you for the fork."

Mr. M. rose to his feet, and with the most imperturbable gravity, pulled the fork out of the potato, and returned it, amidst an uncontrollable thunder storm of laughter, to the utter discomfiture of the gentleman from B.

MY FATHER'S 'SWORD.'—A friend mentioned to us this morning about as amusing an incident of vain-glorious boasting, by implication, as we remember ever to have heard. He had stopped at an inn in the interior of the pleasant county of Westchester, when presently his attention was arrested by an old fellow, with a very red nose, rheumy eyes, and a glass of rum-toddy in his shaking hand, who was setting forth some of the occurrences of his eventful life.

"Let's see, Billy," said a by-stander, "wasn't you in New York at the time the British were there, before the evacuation?"

MISCELLANY.

THE TWO VISIONS.

BY HAZARD FAYE.

Through days of toil, through nights of fears,
A vision blessed my heart for years;
And secure its features grew,
My vision believed the blessing true.

I saw her there, a household dove,
In consummate peace of love;
And sweeter joy and saintlier grace
Breathed o'er the beauty of her face:

The joy and grace of love and rest,
The freest smile of the breast;
When vain desires and restless schemes
Sleep, pillow'd on our earthly dreams.

Nor her alone beside her stood,
In gentler types, our love renewed;
Our separate beings one, in Birth—
The darling miracle of Earth.

The mother's smile, the children's kiss,
And home's serene, abounding bliss;
The fragrance of a life that bore
But the summer bloom of life's store.

Such was the vision, fair and sweet,
That still beyond Time's hazy fret,
Lay glimmering in my heart for years,
Dim with the mist of happy tears.

That vision died in drops of woe,
In blotting days, dissolving slow;
Now, toiling day and sorrowing night,
Another vision fills my sight.

A cold mound in the winter snow,
A colder heart at rest below;
A life in utter loneliness hurled,
And darkness over all the world.

My heart, a bird with broken wing,
Deserted by its mate of Spring;
Drooping shivering, while the chill winds blow,
And fill the nest of Love with woe.

Hassan the Wise.

Hassan Ben Omar threw himself prostrate upon the ground, outside of the walls of Basora, and tore his hair with rage. In three years of riot and luxury he had dissipated the wealth he had inherited from the Great Omar, his father. His houses, his vineyards, his olive yards were all gone, and now he would have to seek employment as a camel-driver, or beg of those who had feasted sumptuously on his extravagance.

He cursed his unhappy fate, reproached Allah, blasphemed the Prophet; charged his friends with ingratitude, and called loudly upon death to release him from his misery.

His old servants approached, and tried to comfort him; but he drove them away, with abuse and blows, and dashed himself again upon the earth.

For a long time he lay, moaning and weeping—at length a voice sounded in his ears.

"Listen! Hassan Ben Omar! Allah intends thee good!" Hassan raised his head, and his eyes rested upon a venerable dervish, who was calmly contemplating his grief.

"Begone, old man!" he cried, "if thou canst not work a miracle for my relief."

"Listen," replied the dervish, "the prophet has sent me to serve thee; what wouldst thou have?"

"Give me my possessions again! my vineyards, my fields and my gold!"

"And what wouldst thou have?" said the old man, "if I were to do this? When they were thine, thou hadst not the wisdom to keep them; in three years thou wouldst be as wretched as now. But attend; Hassan Ben Omar! reform thy life! govern thy passions, moderate thy desires; bathe the wine cup! labor for thy bread! eat only when thou art hungry, and sleep when thou art weary! Do these things for one year, and thou shalt be monarch of a mighty kingdom!"

A mist darkened the eyes of Hassan; and he rose from the ground with a light heart. He joined a caravan which set out for the desert the next day. He began to rise early, and to labor with diligence. A cup of water and a few dates formed his simple meal, and at night he lay down by the side of his camels, and enjoyed sweeter repose than he had ever known before.

His anger was excited or if he was tempted to give the rein to any passion, the form of the dervish seemed to rise before him, with a mild rebuke upon his lips, and his heart was calmed. Thus, for a year, he lived a frugal and patient life—following to the letter the exhortations of the dervish. At the end of the time, he was again at the same place before the walls of Basora. He prostrated himself upon the earth and cried out, "Now, Allah, fulfil thy promise!"

Suddenly he heard the same voice as before, "Hassan Ben Omar! thou hast done well, and thy reward is with thee. Behold! thy kingdom is thine—I have taught thee to rule it. Be wise and happy."

Hassan looked in vain for the speaker: no one was near—he pondered deeply upon these things, and finally resolved to continue as he had begun.

Thus he lived many years, gradually becoming more prosperous, but firmly retaining his frugal and industrious habits—until he became richer than the Good Omar, his father—and all men called him Hassan the Wise.

A RIGHTEOUS JUDGE AND A MERITED REBUKE. Sometimes ago a man was tried at Cambridge for a robbery committed on an aged gentleman in her own house. The judge was Baron Smith, a man of an amiable character for religion. He asked the gentleman if the prisoner at the bar was the man who robbed her.

"Truly, my lord," said she, "I cannot say positively it was he, for I was drowsy when I was robbed, so dark that I could hardly discern the features of his face."

"Where were you when he robbed you?"

"I was in a closet that joins to my bed chamber; he had got into my house while my servant had been out on an errand."

"What day of the week was it?"

"It was the Lord's day evening, my lord."

"How had you been employed when he robbed you?"

"My lord, I am a Protestant dissenter; I had been at the meeting that day, and had retired into my closet for prayer and meditation on what I had been hearing during the day. She had no sooner uttered these words, than the court which was crowded with some hundreds of students, rang with a peal of loud laughter.

The Judge looked round the court as one astonished, and with a decent courtesy laid his hand upon the bench, as if he was going to rise, and with no small emotion of spirit, spoke to the following effect:

"Good God! where am I? Am I in the place of one of the universities of this kingdom, where it is to be supposed that young gentlemen are educated in the principles of religion as well as all useful learning; and for such to laugh at so indecent a manner, on hearing an aged Christian tell that she retired into her closet on a Lord's day evening for prayer and meditation! Blush and be ashamed, all of you, if any of you are capable of it, as well you may; and if any of your tutors are here, let them blush also to see in how irreverent a manner their pupils and students behave." And then turning to the lady he said, "Don't be discouraged, madam, by this piece of unmannerly, as

well as irreverent usage; you have no reason to be ashamed of what you have, on this occasion, and in this public manner; said; on the contrary you may glory in it. It adds dignity to your character, and shame belongs to those who would expose it to ridicule." [English Paper.]

TRADING WITH PEDDLARS. A pedlar who has been selling what he called silk dresses, for a nominal price, pretending that they were smuggled goods, to disguise the fact that they were mostly cotton, has been arrested, and taken before the Police Court in Lowell. He offers to redeem all the spurious goods, and to pay costs. Goods of a similar character have been sold in this town and vicinity, by eight or ten peddlars hailing from nowhere in particular, and leaving no chance for remuneration to the purchasers, after the seller had gone from the city, as he is sure to do very soon after selling his wares. People should be on their guard against such impositions. It is always safer and better to buy of our own merchants, and pay them a fair living profit for their goods, than of those itinerants who go about the country, many, if not most of them, with no intention or desire in their hearts but fraud upon unsuspecting people, rather than to drive an honest trade at home. There are, we know, exceptions to this remark, but they are, at this day, exceedingly rare.—[Springfield Repub.]

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ANDROSCOGGIN & KENNEBEC R. R.

Winter Arrangement.

On and after Tuesday, Jan. 1st, further notice. Trains will run as follows: Leave WATVILLE at 10.15 A. M. and 2.35 P. M., arrive in PORTLAND at 12.15 P. M. and 4.55 P. M. Leave PORTLAND at 7.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M., arrive in WATVILLE at 11.30 A. M. and 3.15 P. M.

The Morning Train from Waterville connects with the P. M. Train from Portland. Passengers by this Train arrive in Boston at 8 P. M. Passengers by afternoon Train from Waterville will remain over night in Portland and take the 8.30 A. M. Train for Boston.

Passengers for Lowell taking the morning Train will arrive at Lawrence by the Boston and Maine Railroad in season to take the cars for Lowell the same evening, by the Lowell and Lawrence Railroad, leaving Portland at 8.30 A. M. Train for Boston.

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Dec. 30, 1851. [11] EDWIN NOYES, Supt.

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