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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 50): July 1, 1852

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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, JULY 1, 1852.

NO. 50.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### STANZAS.

BY INEZ.

I am standing in the quiet room,  
Where thy song was murmured years ago,  
From this open window thou gentlest bloom,  
Would thy voice in sweetest music flow.  
From this open window thou gentlest bloom,  
Would thy voice in sweetest music flow.

Now it is still and lonely place—  
Thy voice was joyous and free  
Mingled with thine own, in childhood's hours,  
All are parted on life's stormy sea;

And thy voice was no more a song,  
Thy sweet voice hath hushed its numbers low,  
Thy voice was no more a song,  
Thy sweet voice hath hushed its numbers low.

Yet thy presence cannot pass away  
From the homestead thou hast once so loved;  
It still lingers in each silent room,  
In each pathway where thy foot has roved.

In the garden warm with summer light,  
Seems a whispering from flower to flower;  
The departed are with us still,  
Hovering o'er us with unchanging power.

But the branches of the mossy elm  
Mourningfully are tossing in the wind,  
Still of thee doth all around me sing,  
With each leaf thy memory is enshrined.

Yet in vain—in vain—thy voice, thy smile,  
Thy light footfall will return no more;  
Lonely is the power that memory gives—  
Shadows what was beautiful of yore.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE CANTON CHINESE.

One bright morning in November, I set out with a party of gentlemen, including several members of the French embassy, to visit such silk manufactories as were worthy of notice. The Frenchmen, inquisitive in the extreme, stopped to look at any thing and every thing, and to make notes of nothing at all. We proceeded till near the city wall, and suddenly turning about found ourselves in a shop with silk just from the loom, and three or four of the most prominent silk merchants waiting to receive us.

Nearly the whole of the raw silk of China is produced in four provinces, out by the thirtieth parallel of north latitude, about four hundred miles from Canton. We saw many rich varieties of silks, and were made aware of the fact that the greater part of the finest goods were never sent out of the country, but are kept for home consumption. Rich natives will pay enormous prices, more than could generally be obtained in foreign countries.

The embroidery of the crapes shawls is worked solely by hand. One of them making, was ordered by a Chinaman, and he was to pay five hundred dollars for it. Instead of the usual flower pattern, it was embroidered with landscapes, boats, houses and pagodas. We also saw for the same individual a counterpane of straw-colored satin ground, worked in variegated silk, valued at three hundred dollars. Their damasks are always splendid, and occasionally, by good chance a roll of it brought from the northern provinces may be found, which is far richer texture than the Canton work. It is doubtless true in China, as in all other parts of the world, that the finest silks must go to Peking.

The loom is strikingly rude and clumsy in its appearance. Two men work at it, one shifting the wool, and the other throwing the shuttle. That loom is like the Chinese government, seeking no new improvements and working on in the manner of bygone centuries, and weaving its wonderfully beautiful and harmonious fabric. The finest silks of China are even now difficult to surpass, and in anything that has called forth the industry and ingenuity of its inhabitants, they have succeeded, as well as people can, who are cut off from the rest of the world, without examples of excellence.

A few days after visiting the silk factory, we went to a different part of the suburbs up the river, to see a lac-work workshop, belonging to Hipqua, a jolly old fellow who had followed the maxim, "laugh and grow fat." We paused at his shop in China street, and found him enjoying the air before his door. He had nothing on but a pair of pantaloons, and expressed himself as "no cold," while he complacently patted his comfortable belly. Prevailing on him to assume the toga virilis and go in our company, he led us through a wilderness of streets, in several instances over stone bridges, crossing canals that run from the river into the city, with houses built along them, whose latticed balconies gave precisely the look of Venice.

We found in Hipqua's establishment about forty persons, little boys just beginning their trade and old men engaged on the best work. The ware is made of the wood of a kind of light fir. This is floated down the Peking from the forests, and vast rafts of it, with numbers of persons on them, like those that go down the St. Lawrence, may always be seen just above Canton.

The workman having brought the wood to the required shape of the article, and smoothed it carefully, lays on a coat of lac, which is the gum of a shrub, and may be tinged of any hue, the most common colors being brown, black or red. It is at first poisonous to the touch, and the workmen are careful not to handle it until dry. Suppose a fine article being prepared, this first coat is very carefully smoothed, then the artist puts on a pair of magnifying glasses, and, faithfully scrutinizing every part, picks out with a sharp instrument the most minute grain that may have found its way into the gum without being perfectly ground, after which, it is left to dry. It is then rubbed a long time with a smooth stone, and this process is repeated again and again, until the several coats of lac are polished in the most perfect manner. It is now ready for ornamentation. A skilful hand picks out the designed pattern on the black surface with a sharp steel point, and the delicate preparation of gold contained in little porcelain saucers, is laid on with fine brushes. This being finished, the whole is once more carefully examined, and the article is ready for sale.

Nothing can exceed the splendor of the magnificent folding screens they make for rooms; large landscapes are represented, and scenes of Chinese gardens, which are irrigated, and in which bridges and boats are necessary as well as ornamental. A fanciful taste occasionally colors the costumes of the figures, and the borders of the screen glow with brilliant flowers. But that lacquer work is most beautiful, which, not profusely gilded, displays large figures upon a black ground. The effect is rich and striking. The large chess tables have shifting tops, one side adorned with gilding, and the other forming the board, of alternating lacquer and mother of pearl. So fine is some of the work, that a man was engaged for six entire weeks in painting a fan which I bought. His brush was pointed as a needle, and the gold was laid on line by line. In one apartment set aside from the rest of the factory, the very finest work was finished, and a kind of oiled guaze was spread around the walls and under the ceiling to prevent the smallest particles of dust from falling upon the ware.

On our return we tried to get a boat, but it being very low tide we could not cross the mud to obtain one, and were obliged to thread our way back through the lanes.

To give another specimen of Canton jargon of the English language, we asked the coolie who accompanied us, "Can you Hong water walk?" that is, "Can we return by water." The coolie answered, "Water walk?" top side, meaning that the tide was running up stream strongly, and would retard us.

Hipqua brought us home through some of the most respectable streets, which were comparatively wide and quiet, and were occupied by the houses of rich Chinamen. We really saw some very pretty women. It was Sunday, but there was nothing to denote the day, no sign of devotion, no Sabbath stillness, no long trains of parents and children flocking to church at the sound of the bell. A few joss sticks smoked here and there, but they burn at all times. Here was the eternal throng forever busy; here a mandarin and officers dragging along a chained criminal; and here the roar of a street theatre.

The furniture of the Chinese is of two kinds, the bamboo and the rosewood. The first is exceedingly light, pretty, and adapted for a warm climate, withal very cheap. The stouter parts or frame work is colored dark, and the end of the stalk, tipped with ivory or horn. The young shoots of the plant are interwoven with those of a stouter growth in pretty windings, and book cases, tables, sofas and chairs are thus produced at small cost.

The other kind of furniture is far more costly, and very heavy and solid. It is made of a kind of rosewood that is susceptible of high polish, and handsomely carved, looks well. One end of an apartment has often a deep alcove, with an enormous sofa filling up the whole length and breadth of it, and as this is in some cases made with very short legs, it is elevated on a platform. On this sofa a table a foot high is generally placed, so as to enable those reclining at full length, to help themselves to tea or sweetmeats.

Some book cases are very strangely divided, in accordance with a whimsical taste, into shelves of unequal height, so that volumes or curiosities do not appear in line. This is so in some of the shops, where cases for goods are displayed in the same manner.

The tables have the sides and edges carved fancifully, and they are either entirely of wood or set with a marble top. In these tables, the stone, which is also used for the seats and backs of chairs, is variegated like verd antique, or Sienna marble.

The painters are a numerous class in old and new China streets, and are certainly much better than I expected to find. I mean those artists who have learned to paint in the English style; though the genuine artists who paint in the native fashion, are very good in their way. The portrait painters who work after the manner of their forefathers, produce rude pictures, totally devoid of shade or background, and very stiff in execution. In every artist's studio are to be found the paintings on what is called rice paper, though it is really made of the bamboo. This is very brittle and delicate, and nothing can exceed the splendor of the colors employed in representing the different trades, occupations, life, ceremonies, religions, &c., of the Chinese, which all appear in perfect truth in these productions. Everything enacted in life from the highest religious ceremonies down to the lowest scenes of shameful debauchery, are given in the painting. Not only the proper colors, but the exact attitudes of the figures are worthy of admiration. Then there are landscapes, boats, birds, animals, fruit, flowers, fishes and vegetables, and all may be obtained for a very reasonable sum, in boxes, or bound up in books. They cost, for the usual class of excellence, from one to two dollars a dozen, which is not high when we consider their truth, the time spent upon them, and the variety of colors employed. Or you may order a set comprising the emperor, empress, and the chief mandarins, and finished like miniatures, for eight dollars.

Then there are marriages and burial ceremonies, punishments and military shows, and mythological personages, and as these all, except, perhaps the last, are true to nature and custom, he who studies them has a better opportunity of seeing things as they actually exist in China, than if he stayed there ten years, for he would miss half of them. Occasionally in the tea hongs, I saw etchings of fights between the Chinese and Tartars, and these outlines, in an artistic point of view, are about the best of their productions and seem to be highly prized.

The Chinese artists also paint miniatures on ivory. The prince of Canton limners is Lamqua, who is celebrated throughout China, and is indeed an excellent painter. He takes portraits in the European style, and his coloring is admirable. His facility in catching a likeness is unrivalled, but woe betide you if you are ugly, for Lamqua is no flatterer. I might repeat a dozen stories of his bluntness, but they have probably all found their way into print. He sits in the upper story and is very glad to have you come in and look at his paintings, and he possesses the engraved works of several British artists. His admiration for Thomas Lawrence is profound. Seated in the large room are a number of his pupils and assistants, copying for foreigners, or painting on bamboo paper. Lamqua's portraits of Chinese mandarins or hong merchants, are scarcely to be excelled. He not only gives the dress and face, but throws a perfectly characteristic expression into the coun-

tenance, and introduces as an accessory a Chinese landscape very successfully.

In connection with the painters, as well as with the shops of every sort, we must mention the manner in which goods are packed for transportation. This is as much a curiosity as the articles themselves, and is worthy of all imitation article that you buy, if it is only an ivory seal, is placed in a neat little box conformed to its shape and lined with rose colored silk, without extra charge. Their ingenuity in packing is more noticeable in the silk goods, because they are folded in the soft bamboo paper in such a manner that once undone no foreigner can restore the bundle to its pristine shape and compactness. And the large shawls are so nicely folded, that the fringe is not disturbed in the least, and wrapped in the soft paper, are put into boxes of exact size.

The lacquer ware is packed with the greatest care in soft, delicate paper dippings, so that it cannot be moved or rubbed in the least. Then, the whole box is varnished to exclude the air, and over the edges long strips of coarse paper are pasted, the maker's name in English appearing on one of the pieces. Thus safe and sound, they may go round the world without danger.

Some people, who know less about the Chinese than they profess to, say that they are not an inventive, but an imitative, race. What nation have they imitated? Are they not the originators of almost every art they possess? Are they not adepts in some arts, that no other nation can attempt? They were the first who made silk, introduced into Rome through Persia. Theirs were the earliest discoveries of the compass, of gunpowder and of printing. These three inventions have exercised the greatest influence upon the human race, and any one of them may entitle the Chinese to very high rank as originators.

Their printing is done by means of wooden blocks, with the characters upon the surface, and the paper used being thin, it is printed on one side only, and the fold is on the outer edge so that the leaves do not have to be cut. Their books sell for a very small sum, and vie in cheapness with the professedly cheap editions of the United States, for all those millions of people enjoy the pleasures of literature.

Music and sculpture are at the lowest ebb in China. The tunes are childish sing-songs, and their instruments sound like hurdy-gurdys. Statuary does not exist, except in some of the temples, and then it is very rude and ugly.

Their gunpowder and artillery are nearly useless, for warlike purposes at least; for from the Tartar conquest to the English invasion, a period of two hundred years, they have been in profound peace, and their cannon have not been of much more service than to be stuck in the ground, and fired three at a time for the arrival and departure of fat mandarins at official stations.

Their compass is but a philosophical toy, and the reason is obvious; their commerce has been invariably restricted. In inland navigation alone have they arrived to perfection, and even in that their models have been given them, with a veto on change.

The great wonder is, that the Chinese, under all circumstances, should have progressed so astonishingly far. For ages, while other nations were sunk in barbarism, they have been, we might almost say, enlightened; for ages, they have been acquiring these habits and customs that now render them so singular; and ages again must elapse, before they can change and become as Christianized, liberal people. But they have been vastly under-estimated, and while industry and ingenuity are regarded with favor, they must hold rank among nations.

### THE POWER OF HABIT.

'Lead us not into temptation,' is a prayer which should be constantly in the hearts and on the lips of the fallible and the erring. And who is not fallible? Who is not defaced by imperfection and error? Who is not liable to trials, and surrounded by temptation? We are all more or less the creatures of circumstances; and while the poor and the struggling are from the very necessities of their condition, subjected to fiery ordeals, and compelled to task their moral natures to the utmost, the rich are also beset by passions, by prejudices, by frailties and by appetites that are, perhaps, more powerful than the worst privations of poverty.

How few young men, for example, who have been brought up in the lap of luxury, who have been educated in the ways of refinement and extravagance, who have been taught to look forward to a fortune from their parents—how few have been able to resist the habits of idleness, of extravagance, of licentiousness, and thus to defy and triumph over the circumstances of their condition, and the evil or enervating propensities of their nature. The cases are rare indeed. Habit with such becomes all-powerful. The very thoughts are colored and influenced, their principles are moulded and controlled through its agency, their lives are shortened or prolonged in harmony with its subtle sway. They gradually yield themselves up, first to one vile habit, then another, until at last, and when too late, they discover that they are little better than slaves to their own weaknesses, errors and infirmities. They see that they are in the downward path, and the rocks and quicksands loom warningly in the distance. They determine to alter their ways, to change their course; but this determination is a mere straw in the storm, as compared with the power and tyranny of habit.

Who, indeed is not more or less the victim? Who has not permitted some vile taste or frightful infirmity to creep upon and become the master of him? Many are fully aware of the fact, and yet find it extremely difficult—nay, impossible to break the bonds and emancipate themselves. With some it is a vicious taste; with others a moral obliquity. With some it is a false prejudice; with others an erring disposition. With some it is a propensity to scandal; with others to envy; with others to depreciate; with others again, to clutch, grasp and appropriate in the most selfish spirit. Let no one fancy that he is above and beyond the reach and exercise of bad habits. The ablest, the wisest and the purest have their infirmities in this way. And while at first, the cure is comparatively easy, it is almost impossible to eradicate the error and the practice, when once strengthened by time, confirmed by indulgence, and identified with character.

Habit, said Lord Brougham, 'makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon deviation from a wonted course. Make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, grown or

adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to the most virtuous. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing.' This is strong and emphatic language, but is it not true? Who cannot point out instances in which some miserable habit has grown year by year, unconsciously to its victim, until at last, loathed by his fellow creatures and despised by himself, he has sunk prematurely into a dishonored grave. Who cannot point out in his own immediate circle, some misguided friend or neighbor, who possessing many noble qualities, kindness of heart, clearness of head, and fidelity of purpose, is nevertheless, the victim of some desperate habit—a habit at once offensive, repulsive and disgraceful? 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.' In other words, watch, guard and guide his tastes and habits in early life; his habits of manner, thought, enjoyment, association; and thus at once mould and control his character for the future.

The stealthy and subtle manner in which a vicious habit will creep upon an easy and credulous nature, is truly wonderful. The readiness, too, with which a confiding spirit may be led astray, is equally remarkable. There are some minds and natures that seem to be wholly mastered and controlled by others, that yield cheerfully and promptly, as if to a guiding spirit. This is especially the case in childhood. How important then, that the training should be of the right kind; that the mental, moral, and social 'twigs' should be directed in the proper way! It is an easy thing to be upright, truthful and generous, when these noble qualities are all characteristics of our nature, having been grafted upon and incorporated with our physical and moral being, when they were in the immature and progressive condition.—These virtues thus become habits, and it is just as difficult to violate them, as it is to sever a limb without producing a painful shock or excruciating pain. The habit of truth-telling is one that cannot be too carefully encouraged and cultivated. A man of honor and a man of truth, is at once an ornament and example to society. He constantly exercises a salutary influence. And yet, how readily acquired is the habit of falsehood! And what a curse—what a foul blot is this deplorable infirmity! The individual who cannot be relied upon, whose daily and hourly conversation is received with distrust and suspicion, who habitually falsifies and absolutely seems to take pleasure in the indulgence of the vice, must ever be regarded with suspicion—must be the constant source of mischief, not only to himself but to others.

How is it with you, gentle reader? Have you not already become the victim of some sad habit—the victim to such an extent, that you are ashamed to acknowledge the fact, or have you just entered upon some wrong path of this kind, and still possess sufficient self-control to check, restrain and correct yourself? Do not dismiss the question hastily. Are you becoming pettish, irritable at home? Are you more exacting than circumstances require? Do you adhere rigidly to the truth, or do you sometimes catch yourself tripping? Do you measure your expenses according to your income, or are you getting a habit of extravagance?—Are you envious of your neighbors, or do you find a disposition to scandal, occasionally creep to your lips, and find utterance in ungenerous language? These are pertinent questions, and there are too many who cannot answer them promptly, fairly and creditably. It is, therefore, important that we should watch and beware.—[Pennsylvania Inquirer.

### ARGUMENT.

ARGUMENT is the artificial process by which some proposition that is open to doubt, or which may be denied, is shown, or probably shown to be true, or worthy of belief, in a higher or a lower degree. A proposition that may be established beyond the possibility of doubt is said to be demonstrably certain. But this sort of infallible reasoning belongs to very few except mathematical truths, and matters of testimony, when the evidence is of the most satisfactory kind. A sound argument consists of a number of propositions, each one of which is separately true, and true also in its relation to the one which precedes and the one which follows it. It is necessary also to a sound argument, that its several propositions should stand in a just order. It is, moreover, implied in a complete and satisfactory argument that the person to whom it is addressed already admits, or assents to, each of the separate propositions; and that he will grant the truth of the connection affirmed to exist between them when clearly exhibited.

If he denies either some one of the propositions, or some one of the connections, then means must be used for ascertaining the truth in that particular instance, before any further progress can be made in the controversy. We take an example of the most familiar sort, and one that will exhibit the difference between demonstration and argument. B. affirms that in going from London to Norwich, it is better to pass through Dunmow, Clare, and Bury, than to take the road through Chelmsford, Colchester, and Ipswich. C. denies this assertion. B. then says he can demonstrate the truth of his proposition; and forthwith proceeds to compute the distances from place to place; that is, he affirms, in due succession, a number of admitted truths; such as that Romford is twelve miles from London, Brentwood six miles from Romford, and so on throughout the route; and he connects and computes these several distances on admitted principles, and truly sums up the entire series. So far this is a demonstration, and is unanswerable when compared with a similar computation of the other route. But C. replies, 'You have indeed demonstrated that the road through Dunmow is shorter than that through Chelmsford; but yet have not convinced me that one had better go that way than the other; on the contrary, I can bring an argument to prove that the longer road is actually preferable to the shorter; and that in fact time will be gained by going eight or ten miles about.' For this purpose he affirms a number of facts, none of which, perhaps, his opponent will deny, but which are of too indefinite a kind to form part of a mathematical demonstration, although very proper to be considered in the general argument. These indefinite facts are such as the narrowness and ruggedness of the roads; the probable delay arising from the want of horses, and so forth. Now these assertions, though founded in truth,

may have been misstated or exaggerated; and hence it may become necessary to examine each separate proposition of which the general argument consists, and the disputants must agree upon all the particulars before they can agree upon the conclusion. That is to say, the necessary conditions of every sound argument must be complied with on both sides; each proposition must be assented to, and its connection with the one which precedes and the one which follows must also be admitted by both disputants.

It is evident then that an argument is strictly conclusive only when all the facts contained in it are truly known by the disputants, and are understood also in their relation one to another. An argument is of no avail for discovering things unknown, but can serve only to set forth the connection of a certain fact with another, which, hitherto, we have not perceived to be related to it.

A very large proportion of all controversies are fruitless and inconclusive, simply because the disputants on both sides, in their eagerness to carry their opinion, or to confound their opponent, assume many things to be known and unquestionable, which are not so; or because they neglect to ascertain the sense in which they themselves use the terms they employ; at the same time, they refuse to give due attention to the explanations of their opponent's meaning. Thus argument is converted into wrangling, and often terminates in a personal contest. Thus it is, too, that differences of opinion are perpetuated, and that men learn to love truth only when it favors the faction to which they attach themselves, and to hate and fear it when it favors an adversary. Besides that accuracy and strength of understanding which is the first requisite in the discovery of truth, it is not less necessary to possess a conscientious preference of truth to interest, favor or prejudice, and especially so when religious principles are in question. In this instance there is need that the mind should be freed from those evil inclinations and those universal corrupt prejudices which belong, in greater, or lesser degrees, to every human mind, and which render every mind inimical to the great principle of Christianity.—[Elements of Thought, by Isaac Taylor.

REMNANTS.—A delightful heading, we are sure, to every experienced and indefatigable shopper, who may choose to glance over our columns. But we do not mean those charming odds and ends of silks, chintzes and muslins, that Stewart's clerks so obligingly keep bunched up under the back shelf, for the knowing frequenters of the several counters. We were thinking of time, not mautau-making, dear ladies, and how many who walk miles to obtain a good bargain, throw away, extravagantly, remnants far more precious than they secure. It is a life-long study, the value of time. Some have it forced upon their attention by early and painful experience, others glean the knowledge little by little; still there are a few who depart for that far-off land where 'time shall be no more,' without a deep and mournful regret for the moments and hours so recklessly squandered.

It is this knowledge that separates the idler from the industrious reaper, in the world's harvest-field. Laying aside every consideration of a future life, that which we now experience might be made far brighter and more peaceful, by 'gathering up the fragments.' It is the sum of industry, the engine of success. The learned, the wealthy, the accomplished, how have they reached the point for which we fold our hands and vainly sigh? These very regretful moments were seized by them as precious gifts. Sleep came to be but a 'sweet restorer' of wearied energies. There was no lingering after the awakening for one more dream; no little toilette duties performed with many a weary yawn. Waking brought them to life and activity, with a thought of the duties of the day; a scheme, completed in all its parts, for the employment of every hour. This could all be done while the body was cared for; and eating became but an accessory of rest, not an amusement for while away weary hours. Not that labor was incessant, for relaxation is as much a business as study itself. Exercise, social intercourse, all in proper season, are enjoyed with keener zest for previous industry. We have often spoken of this theme, directly or indirectly, for we recognize its importance in the household, the counting-room and the study.—We have seen it become the open sesame to abstruse studies and difficult acquisitions, and we remember whose was the command—'Gather up the fragments, that nothing be left.'

A man whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said in excuse, 'You know, doctor, that I must live.' This brave old father of everything mean and hateful, coolly replied that 'He did not see the least necessity of that.' And so I would say to those who are now for giving up everything for peace and life, who are daily sacrificing all their highest convictions and sympathies to their business and interests.—There is no necessity for your living. The world would be better without you. If you cannot live without smothering all that is noble and generous and manly within you, you can die. There are many things that are better than life, for which life should be freely sacrificed; and if you are so corrupted that you cannot see and feel this truth, the sooner you die the better; you will only be corrupting others. There is not the least necessity for your living. Those who think they must live at any price, that they may have peace and physical comfort, and luxury, are already dead as men; and it is the multitudes of such persons that give society its present tone and character.

HUME AND INFIDELITY IN WOMEN.—It is stated in the Life of Dr. Hentley, by Sir W. Forbes, that Mr. Hume was one day boasting to Dr. Gregory, that among his disciples in Edinburgh he had the honor to reckon many of the fair sex. 'Now tell me,' said the Doctor, 'whether, if you had a wife or a daughter, you would wish them to be your disciples.' 'Think well before you answer me, for I assure you that whatever your answer is, I will not conceal it.' Mr. Hume, with a smile, and with some hesitation, made this reply: 'No, I believe skepticism may be too sturdy a virtue for a woman.'

We laughed, till 'tears came again,' over the little delineation of character, given a few days ago, by our excellent 'highland ladie' of the Mount Clemens 'Examiner.' One of the French habitations on the shore of Lake St. Clair,

having lost not long since, a valuable 'racking pony,' which was supposed to have been stolen, the opinion of a neighbor was solicited as to the probability of recovering the missing quadruped. 'Thinking the matter over for a moment, he thus expressed his decision: 'Vell, by Gar, I tell you, 'pose some Frenchman steal dat hoss—by Gar, he gone Frenchman.' Vell, 'pose dam Yankee steal dat hoss, by Gar, he gone hoss.' Our narrator asks—Was not this sage opinion founded on a clear perception of the characters of the French and Yankee population? 'The fact' turned out that the horse was found less than forty miles from home and a Frenchman was arrested as the thief—would that horse have been found within that distance, in less than a week if a Yankee had stolen him?—[Ingersoll's Hesperian.

WORKING ON THE SABBATH.—There are a great many people who profess to keep the Sabbath, according to the fourth commandment, but who somehow or other always find a multitude of 'works of necessity' to be attended to. We have seen a capital anecdote lately, about a family of such people, who were pretty severely rebuked by a colored man in their employment. The family were farmers. One Sabbath morning, the colored man was not up, as usual, at breakfast. The son was sent to call him; but Caesar said they need not wait for him as he did not wish for any breakfast.

'Why, Caesar,' said the young man, 'we shall want you, as soon as the dew is off, to help about the huy.'

'No,' said he, 'I cannot work any more on the Sabbath; it is not right.'

'Is not right?' said the other, 'is it not right to take care of what Providence has given us?'

'O, there is no necessity for it,' said he, 'and 'tis wrong to do it.'

'But would you not pull your cow or sheep out of a pit on the Sabbath, Caesar?'

'No, not if I had been trying all the week to shove them in; I would let them lie there.'

MIND AND BODY.—Many a happy and lucky thought has sprung from an empty stomach! Many an important undertaking has been ruined by a bit of undigested pickle; many a well-laid scheme has failed in execution from a drop of green bile; many a terrible and merciless edict has gone forth in consequence of an irritated gastric nerve! The character of men's minds has often suffered from temporary derangements of the body; and thus, health may make the same man a hero in the field, whom dyspepsia may render imbecile in the cabinet.

AMERICAN CORN IN JERUSALEM.—The Sabbath Recorder, speaking of Indian corn in Palestine, relates the following story:

A traveller in 1849 felt a strong impression to take a beautiful twelve-rowed ear of Indian corn that was presented to him by a friend from the country; and he put it into his trunk, intending to drop some of its grains in some opportune spot. When they arrived at Meshullman's hotel, in Jerusalem, and after he had found that the friends were Americans, he said one day:—'In 1825, I travelled in the United States, and visited Philadelphia in the summer; and at dinner had a mess of sweet green corn—what was called 'hot corn' by the servants. Since I have turned my attention to planting, O, how often have I wished for one ear of corn to plant in my fatherland.' The friend listened, and as he said this, impulsively went to his trunk, fumbled hastily to the bottom, and produced his ear of corn, exclaiming: 'Now I know why I had to bring this ear of corn with me; take it, for it must be for you.' and he related his impression of mind. Meshullman thanked God aloud before them, and said, 'Yes, surely it was the heavenly Spirit from God that put it into your heart to bring it so far; for none but He knew how greatly and often I had desired to obtain some. I never saw so large a one as this.'

THERE is sometimes very much expressed in a single word; but we remember no instance in which a single word was more pregnant with meaning than in a case just mentioned in the anecdote. Two men, plumbers by occupation, were engaged on board a vessel, putting down lead-sheathing upon cabin stairs, etc. There was plenty of material, but honesty was not so abundant; for, before leaving the vessel at dusk, one of the plumbers (the other not being ignorant of the fact) went into a state room, wound round his body and legs sheets of the lead, which his high and loose 'overalls' covered completely, and addressed himself to depart; but going over the plank, not being well ballasted, he lurched, away, fell into the water, and went down instantly. Ropes were thrown out, a light plank was lowered from a pile of pine lumber near by, and a small boat was rowed instantly to intercept him in the current, before he should reach the end of the wharf. 'My heavens!' said his companion, 'he has gone!' 'Oh no,' said several bystanders, encouragingly, 'he'll come up again presently.' 'Nev-er!' exclaimed the victim's associate-friend, with a solemn shake of the head, 'Nev-er! 'Prophetic soul!—he never did! 'Marry, come up!'

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.—What can be truer or more beautiful than this tribute to woman? It is from Mr. Webster's argument before the Court at Trenton:

'May it please your Honors, there is nothing upon this earth that can compare with the faithful attachment of a wife; no creature who for the object of her love, is so indomitable, so persevering, so ready to suffer and to die.—Under the most depressing circumstances, woman's weakness becomes mighty power; her timidity becomes fearless courage; all her shrinking and sinking passes away, and her spirit acquires the firmness of marble—adamantine firmness, when circumstances drive her to put forth all her energies under the inspiration of her affections.'

KATE VIRGINIA POOLE.—This girl has been sent to the New Hampshire State-Prison for life, for throwing her child, in a fit of frenzy, from the cradle.

The following item from her career is good for humanity to ponder upon. 'With the innocent evidence of her fall in her arms, she was excluded from the house of the only relative she had in America.'

The father of the child is doing 'as well as can be expected,' and when last seen was enjoying himself at a picnic party, and unworking lemonade for a lot of remarkably pretty girls.



# ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE MINSTREL.  
BY INEZ.

Long ago, when first young flowers were springing,  
In the pleasant vale of Amisfield,  
Came a minstrel young, his sweet lays singing,  
"Nestle the try shadowed castle wall;  
Cold his brow and pale; his dark eyes only,  
Told the spirit fire within that preyed,  
And his harpstrings murmured wild and lonely,  
As his trembling fingers o'er them strayed.

Yet his voice was strangely sweet, though broken  
Often by the sibil, rising sigh,  
And the words that mournfully were spoken,  
Echoed to a thrilling melody.  
"Sing to me thy life-song," said a maiden,  
Whose dark hair with smiling flowers was wreathed,  
And the sighing breeze at once seemed laden  
With the gush of song the minstrel breathed.

"O! summer land, sweet summer land,  
I feel thy perfume wind,  
Thrilling my harpstrings with everling tones,  
So long with sorrow twined;  
O land of love and music's shrine,  
My spirit mingles still with thine.

Beneath the kindly smiles of love,  
My childhood's joyous hours  
Went lightly as a singing bird's,  
Amid the laurel flowers;  
And in my dreams the angels seemed  
To bring me flowers that fadeless gleamed.

Years floated by on golden wings,  
And left no shadowy pall  
Of dark remembrances, to dim  
The dear ancestral hall;  
While evening watched each dying day,  
My harp would charm the gloom away.

But those I loved were borne from me,  
Silently, one by one,  
The beautiful, the kind and true,  
Forevermore were gone;  
Then woke this restless, wasting fire,  
That kindles now my spirit's lyre.

I left my glorious southern land,  
I left my lonely land,  
I parted from each treasured place,  
Where ne'er again would fall  
The music of her joyous feet  
Whose smile, on earth, I may not meet.

And I have wandered wearily,  
"Nestle my sunny clime,  
Yet comes no healing on the wings  
Of distance, or of time.  
"Tis in my harp—my harp alone,  
My soul receives one peaceful tone.

O! often when the vesper chime  
Fleets o'er some silver wave,  
I touch my harp and dream bright dreams,  
Of those beyond the grave,  
And music which of earth is not,  
Makes all my weariness forgot.

I nevermore may drink thy breath,  
Thy light, my summer land,  
By colder, yet by gentle winds,  
Will my pale brow be fanned,  
When at the silent gate I lie,  
And for the pure life waters sigh.

But I must take my cherished harp,  
And be a wanderer still,  
And if to me song 'tis given,  
One spirit chord to thrill—  
Remember kindly him whose lay,  
Hath charmed a summer hour away."

## MISCELLANY.

GOOD BARGAINS.  
A SKETCH FOR PARENTS.

The Phenological Journal, in an article on indirect lying and unfairness in business, thus illustrates the danger of being too sharp in a trade:

Go out into the country, for example, to purchase a superior cow, and call on one of the honest sons of the soil, and it would not be very difficult to find a man who would show himself as cunning and selfish as any trader or manufacturer. Let us illustrate such an interview by a colloquy between a citizen and a farmer; and we beg of the reader to watch the workings of Secretiveness to gratify Acquisitiveness.

CITIZEN.—I am in pursuit of a fine cow; and understanding, at the hotel, that you kept a large flock of very excellent ones, I have called to look at them and to see if I could make a purchase to please me. I am not very particular as to price, so I but obtain one of the very best.

FARMER.—Well, yes, I have a large flock, and they have the reputation of being excellent. They have cost me much care and pains in their selection; but I can't say as I wish to sell any of them. When a man has a good article which he wants to use, it is not well to dispose of it.

C.—True; but I would like to look at them.

F.—Oh, certainly, I will show them with pleasure; but understand I don't promise to sell one at any price.

They go to the farm-yard, and a little son of the farmer follows to see and hear, and in doing so takes his first lesson in the tricks of trade; for, be it remembered, that every act of the parent stamps its impress upon the young mind, which becomes almost ineffaceable.

C.—(Scanning a lean, common-looking animal, which, by the way, was one of the best milkers in the flock, and low in flesh from her milking qualities, yet it was in early winter, when those qualities would not be apparent.) "What is that cow worth?"

F.—I suppose about twenty-five dollars.

On an elevated place stands a large, fleshy, noble-looking cow, the poorest milkier of the whole, and fat because her food went to flesh rather than to milk—catches the admiring eye of the inexperienced citizen, and he eagerly inquires, "What will you sell that one for?"

F.—Oh, don't say anything to me about that cow; she is a very peculiar one, and more than that, she belongs to my wife. I told you I did not care to sell any, and this one I should hardly expect to sell at all; besides, I should not like to have my wife offended by selling a favorite of hers. John, (turning to his boy, who is surprised to see his father hesitate a moment about selling his miserable, vicious, unruly beast, whose small mass of milk is as thin as that sold by Messrs. Croton, Pump & Co., in New York,) John, mother will be in our hair if we sell "Fill-Pail."

That name strikes the buyer's ear just as it was intended to do, and he presses the farmer for a price.

F.—I will not say I will sell her at any price, unless my wife will consent. I don't believe in family quarrels.

The boy, John, is surprised at his father's reluctance to sell, and entertains not the slightest doubt but that his mother will joyously consent to the sale. The stranger is determined to have a price, and finally, the obliging farmer says—"Now, mind I don't agree to sell at any price without my wife's consent, and I will set such a price as will, doubtless, cool your ardent without the necessity of calling my wife. Forty dollars is the price."

C.—Suppose we consult the good lady, and see what she will say? If she will consent, I will take the animal.

F.—I know what she will say, and if you insist upon it, we will refer it to her.

They proceed to the house, the farmer taking the lead to get the first word; and the boy following, anxious to have his mother assent to the sale, and urge the bargain.

F.—Well, mother, this gentleman is very anxious to buy "Fill-Pail," and I told him,—"Yes," interrupted the wife, in apparent anger, "and you told him he might have her I warrant; it's just like you to sell the best cow we have. Well, do as you like. We might as well give up trying to make butter and cheese altogether."

With a red face and an angry air, she leaves the room, slamming the door after her—"There," says the farmer, "I knew just how it would be."

John, the honest boy, was astonished. He had heard that cow made the subject of censure for years by all the family; and now, when a double price is offered for her, his father holds back and his mother gets angry. He don't understand it. No, indeed, poor boy, you don't understand it, but you are in a fair way of doing so. Wait a little and you will be wise, and know more of the world.

The stranger takes the bait, counts out the forty dollars, and the farmer apparently draws back from it, saying, "I don't think I ought to take the money. You had better not take the cow." [All true, though not intended to be so regarded.]

He takes the money, and the stranger departs with his purchase. The mother returns, smiling like a summer's morning. The father, chuckling over his money, says, with an arch wink to his wife, "I think when he has had that cow half as long as we have, he will be glad to take less than half what he paid for her."

This unriddles to the boy's unsophisticated mind, the hypocrisy of the whole transaction, and he shrinks back from his parents as scheming liars. To him it looks like robbery to take twenty-five dollars more for the cow than she was worth; and like lying, thus to deceive the stranger by such back-handed means.

He had been whipped for lying, and taught that he must be honest; and he can see no difference between talking a lie and acting it.

Under the influence of filial love he begins to reason, and he is unwilling to condemn his parents to the degradation of liars and robbers. He reviews the guarded modes of expression used by the father and mother. His father did not say it *was* the best cow in the flock, and told the man he "had better not take the animal—that he would not sell her unless his mother would consent to it." It was not exactly lying, after all. Besides his father stood high in society; he was called, Colonel, and Esq., had been a Representative; was a Trustee of the Religious Society, and School Committee; and everybody looked up to him as a man of honor. His mother, too, was intimate in the family of the minister, and had the best company in town. Therefore they were good people, and their example worthy of imitation. Full of this pleasing unctious to his outraged conscience, and possessing withal, through hereditary transmission, a similar tendency to shrewdness and money-loving as that of his parents, he began to meditate a method of profiting by his first lesson in keen business management. "Why can't I sell that soft, worthless, new knife I bought of the rascally pedlar the other day in the same manner that father sold the cow? Let me see, I have the plan, and I will have the money, and I won't tell a lie either. I can steer clear of that."

He carefully whets his knife, and as carefully pockets a soft stick, and then with a veil of honest looks proceeds to school. At recess he very carefully draws forth his knife and stick, and begins to whittle. It cuts finely. The boys flock around, eager to see it, and to learn what he paid for it. "I got it cheap—only twenty-five cents—see it cut."

"I'll give you twenty-five," says one.

"I guess you will," says John, "after I have run the risk of getting a bad one, and proved it. See it cut."

"I'll give you thirty."

"I will forty," says another, "and here's the money." Forty being a golden number in the ear of John, he quietly pockets the money just as the school-bell rings, and they all go in to their books—John to rejoice in the success of his experiment, and Charley, to anticipate the pleasure his excellent cutting knife will afford him.

As soon as the school is dismissed—while Charley is hunting for a good hard stick to show the other boys how gloriously it will cut—John makes all haste for home, to announce his success and to bank his money. Almost out of breath he enters the house exclaiming, "Father, I have sold that pewter-faced knife which I bought of the pedlar at twenty-five cents, for forty."

"Ah! have you? But how did you manage? You didn't tell a lie, did you, Johnny? You must never lie, you know."

"Oh, no, sir. I sharpened it very nicely; took a soft stick in my pocket, and kept whittling; said nothing, and let them bid."

"But you bought? and have you got your money?"

"Charley Sumner, who always has money, bought it, and here are the forty cents."

"That's right; you should never lie, and always get your pay down, to prevent after trouble. I say, mother! Johnny is pretty smart. We must make a merchant of him, eh—what think you?"

"Well, he has done well with the knife, surely, and I always thought he would be somebody, and get rich; besides, Charley is better able to pay a high price for a poor knife than Johnny. Bring the money to me, my son, and I will save it for you."

This was lesson number two, and the boy, from this propitious beginning, kept practising until he was old enough to enter a store as clerk.

His father kept him short of change for his new situation, and desiring to appear well with his associates, he began by borrowing small sums from the money-drawer, designing to pay it out of the first remittance. But the economical father, desiring to keep him short, to teach him economy, neglected the penurious remittance until the boy had secretly borrowed the full amount of what he received from his father, and he cannot pay it then; and finally after some struggles with his defaced conscientiousness, and urged by his necessities, decided not to pay it at all.

He went on in this way, borrowing, and never paying, until he robbed his master of a large amount, and ended his life a villain.

His parents pocketed a few extra dollars for a cow, by means of a circuitous falsehood—their son imbibed the education, and that education shaped his future.

Who will say, "Go thou and do likewise?"

AN AFFECTIONATE SPIRIT.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg, surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without a heart.

A father had better extinguish his boy's eyes than to take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and knows the worth of sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than to be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Who would not rather bury his wife than to bury his love for her? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave, than to entomb his parental affection?

Cherish, then, your heart's best affections, Indulge in the warm and gushing emotions of

filial, parental and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love everybody and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their God. Let it be the studied object of their domestic cultures, to give them warm hearts, ardent affections. Bind your whole family together by these strong cords. You cannot make them too numerous. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love—love to God—love to man.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....JULY 1, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.  
V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

### A Plain Talk, and a New Plan.

We are about closing the Fifth Volume of the Mail. In looking at our books we find it necessary to have a new understanding with a portion of our subscribers. Some have kindly paid us in advance, and others promptly within the year, while many are in arrears two, three and even five years. This is a bad state of things for them, and still worse for us. Here then is our plan—

To wrap a full and complete settlement of all accounts to the close of the present volume; and hereafter to insist STRICTLY upon our published terms, of \$1.50, within the year, and \$2.00 after its close.

We feel confident that our patrons generally will thank us for this rule. We commence, therefore, by forwarding bills to those in arrears. The bills are made out at \$2.00 per year; but all who pay them IMMEDIATELY, either at the office or through the mail, can do so at \$1.50 per year. Odd change can be made in postage stamps. Hereafter all bills will be sent to subscribers promptly once a year.

Now, reader, look at this plan; and if it appears advantageous to you, and positively necessary for us, take hold kindly and liberally, and above all PROMPTLY, and help us to carry it out.

### GRAND CELEBRATION.

OF THE  
SEVENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.  
July 5, 1852—at Waterville.

Order of the Day.  
At sunrise, noon, and sunset, National salutes will be fired; and the bells of the village be rung for 30 minutes.

At 11 1-2 o'clock A. M. a procession will be formed at the Town Hall, under the direction of Harrison Barrett, Esq., the Chief Marshal of the day, and his aids.

Order of Procession.  
Chief Marshal and his aids.  
Band of Music.  
Escort—Ticonic Engine Company, No. 1.  
Members of the Order of Free-Masons.  
Members of the Order of Odd Fellows.  
Members of the Order of Sons of Temperance.  
Committee of Arrangements.  
Orator and Reader of Declaration of Independence.  
Chaplain of the day.  
Clergymen.  
President and Professors of Waterville College.  
Alumni and Under-graduates.  
Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution.  
Strangers and Invited Guests.  
Presidents and Vice Presidents of the day.  
Citizens in general.

The Procession will move through the principal streets of Waterville, to the Baptist Meeting-House, where the following Exercises will take place—viz—

Music by the Band.  
Prayer by Rev. J. P. Weston, Chaplain of the day.  
National Ode.  
Reading of Declaration by David S. True, Esq.  
Music by the Choir.  
Oration.  
Music by the Band.  
Benediction.

At the close of the above Exercises, a procession will again be formed, including all ladies and gentlemen desirous of partaking of the Collation, and march to the Depot, where a sumptuous repast will be provided by Mr. Calvin A. Richardson.

J. H. Drummond, Esq., Toast Master.

Tickets for the dinner may be had at the several bookstores in Waterville during the day, or from any of the members of the Committee of Arrangements.

All are invited to attend from all parts of the County, and elsewhere, without distinction of sect or party, and unite with the citizens of Waterville, in a good, old-fashioned Celebration of "Independence Day."

The fares on the Railroad will be reduced for this occasion, and if the weather should be favorable, an extra train will leave Waterville for Readfield at 10 1-2 P. M., or immediately after the Fire Works.

In the evening, there will be a gorgeous display of

FIRE WORKS prepared expressly for this occasion, by J. G. Hovey, the celebrated Pyrotechnist.

The programme of Fire-Works presents a variety rarely seen in a country exhibition.—They are to commence immediately after dark, at the south end of the village, on a little bluff or hillock known as "The Mountain," under the direction of men competent to do them good justice. The place is very convenient for spectators.

FIRE-WORKS FOR THE FOURTH.—Those who have not yet contracted for Fire-Works are referred to the advertisement of Robinson and Fuller, Portland. They are the only manufacturers in the State, and those who burn fire-works in the name of patriotism, would do well to inquire if it is not patriotic to patronize home manufactures. They are said to be giving the highest satisfaction, both in price and quality.

The patients of Dr. Pollard will see that he gives notice of a visit to Waterville on the 7th instant.

The Anti-Hubbard portion of the Democratic party held a State Convention at Portland on Thursday, at which Gen. Chandler, of Calais, was put in nomination for Governor.

### Celebration at N. Vassalboro'

At a meeting of the Committee chosen to make arrangements for celebrating the coming 4th, the following persons were chosen Vice Presidents for the day, viz:—

Winslow—L. W. Britton, Edmund Getchell.  
N. Vassalboro'—Henry Weeks, H. G. Abbot, Prince Hopkins, James Johnson, James Palmer.

Vassalboro'—Wm. P. Whitehouse, Hiram Pishon.

E. Vassalboro'—John Mower, C. R. McFadden.

The President to be selected upon the day.  
Marshals—Hiram Pishon, L. W. Britton, D. C. Lincoln.

The Celebration to commence at sunrise with a National salute, and ringing of bells.

At six o'clock a detachment of the defenders of our country, in fantastic costume, will parade the streets.

At 10 o'clock, Hon. Judge Fuller, of Augustus, will deliver an address at the Union Meeting House, at the close of which, a procession will be formed, and escorted to the picnic ground by a company of Light Infantry with martial music, commanded by Capt. George Pillsbury, where the tables will be spread with such substantial articles as may contribute very materially to the favorite amusement of eating.

Speeches and toasts will be called for to render the scene lively and interesting. And after the cloth is removed, the young people propose having a good old-fashioned dance upon the green sward.

In the evening there will be an exhibition of Fire Works from the hill in the vicinity of the picnic ground.

Per order of the Committee.

BARGAINS IN TEA.—An excellent opportunity to purchase good teas very cheap, should not be missed. See advertisement of G. W. Sleeper, Boston, in to-day's paper.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—A man named Francis Field, a brakeman attached to the freight train on the Atlantic Railroad, was accidentally killed yesterday morning. The freight train left the depot about half past seven o'clock in the morning, and on its arrival at the Falmouth Depot, it was discovered that he was missing. A hand car was immediately sent back, and the down passenger train was likewise informed of the circumstances. His body was discovered terribly mangled, near what is called the Verandah bridge crossing, about a mile and a half out. All the upper part of his head was cut off; one of his arms was likewise taken off at the shoulder, and one of his feet was nearly severed from his leg. The body was brought into the city. We learn that he resided in Falmouth—that he was about forty years of age, and that he left two children, his wife having deceased two or three months ago.

A jury of inquest was summoned by S. O. Danielson, Esq., whose verdict was in accordance with the above facts.—[Advertiser of 25th.

INSANE HOSPITAL.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this institution, held on Thursday, the 17th instant, Dr. Henry M. Harlow was unanimously elected Superintendent of said Hospital.

Dr. Harlow's long experience in the management of the insane, (having been for nearly eight years connected with such an asylum) together with his amiable disposition, renders him in all respects eminently qualified to discharge the duties of the very responsible office which has been assigned him.

The repairs of the Hospital are progressing towards completion, and will in a few months be in a condition to accommodate those who have sought its benefits without success, on account of the crowded state of that portion of the building which was preserved from the conflagration. There will be no pains spared by the trustees and resident officers to make the Hospital what it is designed to be, truly an asylum for the afflicted.—[Augusta Age.

MANUFACTURE OF TRIFLES.—A correspondent of an Eastern paper thus writes of the Manufactures at Waterville, Mass.:

Has your father or grandfather got a pair of old gilded spectacles not marked "Waterville"? Open your pocket, and see if "Waterville" is not cut into the blade. Turn over a large ancient, or small modern gilded, or even yellow button, and "Waterville" can be spelled around its margin. Look at your wife's—I mean—no matter—books and eyes, and see them grin "Waterville," as they pull hard at each other. There's the end of your cane, the bits in your horse's mouth, the tool you carry with the metal trimmings of your umbrella, the look on your trunk, and all the unthinkable little bits of metallic civilization, comfort and ornament, that ever were used or seen, hailing from "Waterville." Only think of a five-story brick building, costing anywhere from twenty to fifty thousand dollars, with fifty men and boys making suspender buckles! Go to another, where steam puffs off from a thirty-horse engine, and you hear a roaring and crashing, as if fifty thousand trip-hammers were pounding the Rocky Mountains, and you find stout men very busy in getting out those sixpenny pieces of iron that tip the ends of the handles of cheap knives and forks. There is another concern hissing and snapping, with its \$5,000 worth of machines that pull in long coils of wire, and turn out the "eyes" used in the wood and horn buttons—nothing else. And so you may go down in utter amazement at the millions so profitably invested in manufacturing just nothing at all.

STORE ROBBERIES.—Last week the store of a Mr. Farrar, in East Corinth, was broken into and robbed of about \$200 worth of goods. They were found concealed in the house of one Whidden in said town. The supposed thief fled, and was pursued to Atkinson, where at the last accounts he was secreted in a swamp. Large numbers turned out to capture him, on Saturday and Sunday.

The store of George Brackett, in Hermon, was entered by two boys of this city, named Kirk and Lee, on Saturday last, who abstracted some money there was in the money drawer, some \$12. They were discovered and the money taken from them.—[Bangor Mercury.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—We have met people actually entertaining a horrible dread of railroad travelling; some willing to stay at home mainly because afraid to ride after the energetic tread of the iron horse; while, on the other hand, there are many who complain of five minutes delay, and are willing to risk everything for extra speed gained by its employment. We believe it is true that the acci-

dents on railways are one hundred per cent. less than those incurred by coach travelling—take the average, and we shall find the number of deaths below that of the old coaching system. We think that the railway proprietors use all wholesome precautions, and as the public have demanded high speed, it is not altogether right or justifiable to blame officers of roads, as casualties are unavoidable many times. A celebrated Englishman once remarked that a traveller was disappointed that he had not arrived at Exeter from London in three hours, and yet complained of the R. R. Co., because a tyre flew off. If the public demand improvements, a few casualties—and few they are compared with the traffic—must necessarily occur. There is nothing without risk; "If you prick your finger, why there's danger in it," says Shakespeare.—[Scientific American.

OUTRAGEOUS CASE OF KIDNAPING.—We were yesterday put into the possession of the particulars of a most bold and outrageous case of kidnapping. It occurred in Steep Falls, Standish, Me. The following are briefly the particulars:

Last Friday noon, as the son of Dr. J. P. Weeks, a boy four years old, was going to school, a horse and chaise passed through the village, and just as it reached the place where were several children, two women got out, seized Dr. Weeks' boy, and taking him into the chaise, drove off. Dr. W. did not hear of the circumstance till nearly dark, when he went in pursuit of the kidnappers. It appeared that the women drove to Gorham, 15 miles, where they took the cars to Portland. At Portland, they took the steamer St. Lawrence, and arrived in this City Saturday morning. At eight o'clock they took cars for Springfield. From thence they proceeded to Dalton, a village near New York line. From this place they travelled six miles on foot, and in the night, the boy in the meantime suffering extreme physical agony.

Dr. Weeks continued to follow them, and on Monday, in company with Sheriff Tuttle, of Hendalls, found the kidnappers with the kidnapped boy, in a house two miles from any neighbors, in a wild and mountainous region. The women refused to surrender the boy, and resisted the officer most pertinaciously. In fact they fought like desperadoes, and in the encounter, Sheriff Tuttle was personally, much injured. The clothes of the women were nearly torn from their bodies in the melee. They were finally taken into custody, and conveyed to the county jail, where they will remain till a requisition for their surrender is forwarded from the Governor of Maine to the Governor of New York.

Dr. Weeks returned to the City yesterday, and last evening proceeded homewards, delighted, of course, to obtain his boy, who is a bright and handsome little fellow.

The kidnappers carried their charge over six hundred miles! One of the women is about fifty years old, and the other is about 25. The six miles they travelled on foot was over a range of the Green Mountains. Their names are suppressed at the request of Dr. Weeks. It is enough that they are secured, and that justice will be dealt out to them for their high crime.

The mother of the child was nearly insane from her loss, which ere this has been changed to joy. This is one of the boldest and most novel cases of kidnapping that has occurred of late years.—[Boston Bee.

CLEAR WEATHER.—A telegraphic despatch was received in town from Fredericton, on Saturday morning, stating that the Government had agreed to take upon themselves the responsibility of closing with the offers made to Mr. Chandler by Messrs. Jackson and others, of London, to build the European and North American railroad, without calling an extra Session. This decision will be met by the cordial approval of the country. The answer is to be sent to England by the mail, this afternoon; and as all negotiations are now at an end, the Contractors will commence operations without delay. A staff of Engineers will be sent out immediately to survey the line. The European and North American railroad is now a "fixed fact." We now shake hands with all our consistent railway friends, through the paper. From this moment forward every stick of property in this City will increase in value. St. John, from her position, is destined to be the first City in British America, and among the second class on this Continent.—[St. John Morning Post.

St. John, N. B., papers of the 23d inst. state that an agreement for constructing the European and North American Railway has been made between certain engineers and capitalists in England and the Government of New Brunswick. The New Brunswick says,

"The proposals of the English Capitalists to Mr. Chandler, to construct a main line of Railway through this Province, were accepted by the Council, and a notification to that effect went to England by the mail which left here this morning. If the gentlemen in England act in the same prompt manner as the Executive of this Colony have done, the Surveyors and Engineers will be at work early in August, marking out the actual course of the Railway, and making the necessary measurements for preparing estimates."

The body of the Rev. Mr. Very (lately drowned with seven others) was found on Tuesday last, and interred at Wolfville, Thursday. The bodies of Professor Chipman, Mr. Phalen, student, and Caldwell, the boatman, had not been found.

The City Agency for the sale of spirituous liquors was entered by false keys, on Saturday night, and the greater part of the most valuable liquors either split or carried off. On Sunday morning, some one was attracted to the place by the door being ajar, and two white marble grave stones on each side of it, on one of which was written in pencil, "Rum leads to Death." The faucets were found open, and the floor overflowed with the liquor. The loss to the city is about \$300. We hope the perpetrators of the act will be ferreted out, and receive a just punishment.—[Belfast Signal.

IN LUCK.—Some three years since, a poor factory girl, working in one of the villages on the Blackstone river, in this State, was given a sealed letter by a maiden aunt, with a solemn injunction not to open it until she was 18 years old. The girl was then 15. On the 23d of last month, being her 18th birthday, she opened the letter and found directions for her to obtain a fortune of \$8,000, willing to be her aunt, who has since died. On Thursday last, the fortunate girl obtained the whole amount in cash. She will probably have plenty of applications from young gentlemen, to be permitted to assist her in taking care of it.—[Providence Mirror.

FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW IN THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK.—We had an account a short time ago of an attempt at Syracuse in New York, to recover a fugitive slave under the Act of Congress—the rescue of the slave, and the arrest of his owner, and of the U. S.

Marshal on a charge of kidnapping. The case has been tried at Syracuse, in the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and resulted in a verdict of acquittal. The judge in his charge fully sustained the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal without leaving their seats.

MR. WEBSTER AFTER THE NOMINATION.—The following is given as a correct report of the remarks made the other night by Mr. Webster, to the citizens of Washington, who had roused him from his slumbers, to pay, in common with other lending whig statesmen, their respects:

"I thank you, fellow-citizens, for this friendly and respectful call.

I am very glad to see you; some of you have been engaged in an arduous public duty at Baltimore,—the object of your meeting being the selection of a fit person to be supported for the office of President of the United States.—Others of you take an interest in the result of the deliberations of that assembly of Whigs.

It so happened that my name among others, was presented on the occasion; another candidate, however, was preferred.

I have only to say, gentlemen, that the Convention did, I doubt not, what it thought best, and exercised its discretion in the important matter committed to it.

The result has caused me no personal feeling whatever; nor any change of conduct or purpose. What I have been, I am, in principle, and in character, and what I am, I hope to continue to be. Circumstances or opponents may triumph over my fortunes, but they will not triumph over my temper or my self-respect.

Gentlemen, this is a serene and beautiful night. Ten thousand, thousand of the lights of Heaven illuminate the firmament. They rule the night. A few hours hence their glory will be extinguished.

"Ye stars that glitter in the skies,  
And gaily dance before my eyes,  
What are ye when the sun shall rise?"

Gentlemen, there is not one among you, who will sleep better to-night than I shall. If I wake, I shall learn the hour from the constellations, and I shall rise in the morning, God willing, with the lark; and though the lark is a better songster than I am, yet he will not leave the dew and the daisies, and spring upward to greet the purpling east, with a more blithe and jocular spirit than I shall possess.

Gentlemen, I again repeat my thanks for this mark of your respect, and commend you to the enjoyment of a quiet and satisfactory repose. May God bless you all!"

ANOTHER BURNING FLUID ACCIDENT.—We learn from Clement's Express that Mr. G. L. Bartlett of Mendon, Mass., was so shockingly burned on Tuesday P. M. by an explosion of burning fluid, that his life is despaired of. Mr. Bartlett was drawing the fluid from a can into a tin can, having a lantern near him, when the can exploded, enveloping him in flames. The unfortunate man ran about ten rods to a large tub of water, into which he plunged and extinguished his burning garments. His physicians express but little hope of his recovery. Mr. Bartlett is a Baker by trade.

DEACON SOCKBASIN.—OLD SOCK.—Sock-basin Mitchell, a veteran Tarratine, a very temperate, good natured Indian, is in need. All the people hereabouts know him. His children, who have caused him so much anxiety, are now grown, and capable of taking care of themselves. He is in years, and would like to leave this vale of tears on good terms with everybody. He thus talks:

"Fire's ally most burnt up Penobscot river. Mostly burnt up my camp too. Money scarce to Oldtown. Oldy men cant live there—no body help themselves. Me goin to Boston, I spose, right straight off—I try. Old Sock—he be good steady man—he no drink nothin. He goin to Boston, he get little money out of everybody—State House, Court House, Governor, Lawyers—everybody help him along. He seventy-three years of age. Government, when he make treaty with Indians, coming on from Boston, New York or somewhere, he support me when me old. So he say. Twice fire catch me my house in top, the other day, two men help me put em out. By and by fire burn all up, so me must look out ahead.—State of Maine no help me—western folks help me all round—nobody help me I cant not built another one when my house all burnt up. If State o' Maine help me that, I shall be glad."

DEA. SOCKBASIN & MITCHELL.  
mark.

HAIR OIL.—To make a beautiful oil for the hair, take a pint of olive oil and bring it up to 200 deg. of heat in a clean pan, (not iron), and add half an ounce of pearl ash and stir well ten minutes. Take it off and set it to cool; when cold, a sediment will be found at the bottom. Pour off the clear through a cotton cloth, and put it up in a bottle for use. The pearl ash combines with a margaric acid in the oil, leaving the olein; this will not get thick, and will be free from odor. It can be colored red with garancin, (a preparation of madder), but hair oils should never be colored.

All the hair oils of the perfumers are either of a red or yellow color. This is to please the eye of the buyer, who mistakes an adulterated for a superior article. Hair oils should be clear and nearly colorless. By exposing the olive oil, refined as described, to the sun in well corked bottles, it will soon become colorless, limpid as water, and exceedingly beautiful.—Any person can thus prepare his own hair oil.—[Scientific American.

SPIRIT RAPPINGS.—Among the many wonders of the Spirit Rappers, we learn that in a country village, not fifty miles from Cincinnati a poor fellow had lost his favorite dog. He enquired for Towser, and the raps came, "Man—Is your spirit happy?"

Dog—Yes.

Man—Are there any coons there?

Dog—Yes, but they are twice the size they are in your country, and I can't catch them.

This is said to have actually taken place.

NUMERAL FIGURES.—The learned, after many contests, have at length agreed that the numeral figures, 1 to 9, usually called Arabic, are of Indian origin. The numeral characters of the Bramins, the Persians, the Arabians, and other Eastern nations, are similar. They appear afterwards to have been introduced into several European nations, by travellers who returned from the East.

GORDIAN KNOT.—This was a knot made by Gordian in one of the cords of his yoke, or, as some have it, in the leathers of his chariot harness, which was so very intricately twisted, that it was impossible to discover where it began or ended. The oracle of Apollo having declared that whoever should untie the knot should be master of all Asia, many attempted it, but without success, till at last Alexander the Great, after attempting in vain to untie it, cut it asunder with his sword, and thus eluded or fulfilled the prediction.







