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Daniel Ripley Wing

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A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

A modest-looking, fair-faced girl, apparently about sixteen, sat in the corner of the room with her back to the door, her hands clasped and her feet placed on a shelf in the back part of the room.

denance, and resumed her work. "Good woman," said I, "would it be convenient to the house, and burn us up in it. The Scamman patted her on the head, she cried all have got them; or a bedstead so high that you must like a young child, licked her hand, press must have a ladder to climb into it, or so low able, in your country house, quite different from your former city residence!" To be

[illegible]

aid; except at the option of the publishers.

will answer the purpose. Come, Sally," continued the old lady, addressing the young girl who demanded of the woman where her husband was. She refused to inform them. They stepped along to the shelves in the corner and worthy of the land. There will be found a little of such frippery with them. Old turn-

When the storm is in the sky, gentlemen to eat. hand was, they would not hurt any of them. "Oh, mother, here is the very mug of beer and gives an air of quietude, of comfort, and of hospitality to their apartments. Children cling to me as I was carrying out to father that day when we were all perfectly content. We see here all the friends we want to see; we all enjoy ourselves.

[illegible]

Where I ne'er shall kneel again, and kind, and always at work. She can get a meal of Indians at this time came up, and the whole year." Mr. Scamman took the mug and looked

By that love and faith of thine,
List, on list, this prayer of mine,
I have a holding in this house but what she
knows how to do.

Quivering in the summer breeze, Nor a sound by this is heard—
 "Well, I don't know," said the old lady; "it seems as if some children take to goodness naturally, and when 'father died he left it to me. And that's the story of the King William mug that world of care, to keep them in condition; and then, with all this care, they are good for nothing as they choose. Pay no attention to their extravagance; but watch them for a doz-

True to me, as it is to you—
 "But she's not all your family," said I,
 passing with a team near the marsh where
 Stearns was recruited, and discovered the In-
 dian, for Sally got it all ready."
 "And you, good woman, said I, "what I
 ed better things, and on being introduced into
 the family, as they get 'established' in the
 like kind of life. He who keeps aloof from

MISCELLANY.

years; ever since my poor husband died—
Haven't you his coat, his hat, his gloves,
his garters for a bride, and rods with full speed
confusion?" said the old lady: when my time comes,
we were afraid to sit down on the small things
stuck around by way of seats, for fear of break-
ing them. I was a good mother, and a good
course of living, and taught his sons and daugh-

in the corner of the lot. At the last two years of his life he suffered a painful, lingering illness.

which makes the traveller, the first time he appears, a figure of great interest. "It was a fine night, was enough to melt the heart of Pharaoh," said I, glancing round the table; for an angel from Heaven couldn't have done more for me. Most of the men of the settlement were away for indeed, a nice inviting lunch I never sat down to. There was positive comfort in that, when in the parlor there was nothing but restraint which seem to have crept into farmer's houses, even of the best description, to steal away both

to spread the table. The day was warm, and I asked for a glass of water. The children, with the feeble old men, fled into the fort as fast as they could when they had noticed the friendly and smiling faces of the soldiers. I thought they have, to amuse themselves least, in the presence of the enemy. I was not troubled to use a close store when we

the valley of the swiftly-flowing Saco; had farried a few hours at the beautiful village of Fryeburg, and a few greens we get the woods?"

"Sally, my child," said the old lady, as her granddaughter was going out of the door.

and fragrant coffee water, the first of the kind that they devoted to him, in the heart of the room. Sully, who seemed readily to understand the signal, went to the cupboard, opened the door, and took out a small box, the contents of which were all in the fort, and well armed, and was seated by the window. Having finished our repast, we prepared to depart. I tried to explain to the natives the objects of my journey, in the designs of our houses. Some of the people have a marvellous capacity for instruction. "The general introduction of cooking stoves and other stoves and apparatus for warming

and placed the mug full of beer upon the table, and gave it to him. He filled the tumbler, and offered it to me. I refused, and he drank it himself.

could we do otherwise, when we called to mind the ballad; that has embalmed the memory of draining it, upon which the old lady urged to take good care, adding, that she had not seen the prisoners suffered in their long and painful imprisonment, through their neglect. "Oh no," you said, to be wrapped up very close in "now, you shall be in the house, for display half a dozen times in the year and at the sacrifice of the every day comfort of the hallowed associations, but also in prejudice to

Where Latowell's Pond shines clear and bright,
And mark the place where those are laid
Not only harmless but very wholesome. Ave
hemlock boughs for their beds, and othen travelled
every day, on foot, without a mouthful of
I'm thinking, said Joe, if ever I get mar-
ried, I mean my oldest son shall inherit the
city—the propriety of which, for city life, need
not here be discussed. The presence of such
ought to be with them. A farm house should
never be built without an ample open fireplace

is lost, but he was a true prophet; travellers do go and visit Jewell's pond, and we went there to see the old lady. I perceived an expression of pleasure on her countenance when she heard of Humphrey Scamman or his family; and the people of Saco had given them up for lost.

out to us; the place of ambush, the onset, the retreat to the water's edge and the very, very, you have a choice article in this mug."

"It is a choice article," said the old lady, inhabitants or the river dared not venture far from the ford; and as they found it necessary here, she said, would avail but little, inasmuch as our opinions might be looked upon as "old"

of the farmer's winter evening is the open fire-side, with its cheerful blaze and glowing em-

[illegible]

A large bear-skin had hung on the wall, and I still held the mug in my hand, and had dis-

"Ah! then this is an ancient affair, is it?" said I; "but it can't be as old as King Will," who had been supposed to be lost, make their appearance among them. After stopping at the door, and looking about as often as the cut of a lady's dress, or a little fellows roll and tumble on it, to their parents' intent, when their mother or elder sis-

are.—[Allen's Rural Architecture.

down the valley of the Saône, and, after a long and weary journey, they finally arrived at the village of Châtillon, where they were welcomed by the local authorities. The journey had been a long and arduous one, but the family was now safe and sound. The journey had been a long and arduous one, but the family was now safe and sound.

and stepping at some farm-house to spend the night, when we found ourselves, one afternoon, with some interesting soldiers in our way.

low, and inviting, and on stock of provisions was
looked, and among the boys about twenty of them
history." "I thanked her heartily, and took my seat.
of the Indians. "One of the neighbors, indeed,
told him that he had been down the river about
really comfortable; and then, a catalogue of
what shall compromise the luxurious part of their
as live in the country—where God made great
changing and fashionable life of this City, and speak

"Agreed," said Joe, "for I begin to feel as though I have been deceived. I have been told that you were a great mechanic, and all men who, in mind and in body, are head and shoulders above their age and name, a hundred and fifty years ago. Even this amount of information was received by the returning farmer who was in the winter, when he was Speaker of the House, and her two daughters were

It is pleasant to see a young couple settling out in their housekeeping life, well provided by half a dozen others, who volunteered to accompany them.

teeth, and brushing the hair on his shoulders like a young wolf.

tion that, to effect, for her had a little touch of the harum-scarum about him; but I forbade it off by the Indians. A few families were settled round the Saco falls, and a few or two in silence.

Mrs. Scamman turned her eyes were filled with tears

to which we have long been accustomed, and without make us aware there was anything wrong.

with a piazza running on three sides of it, from which beautiful view of the neighboring city.

ground, he asked the many who knew what had happened? he had informed

Jewler stoutly asserts, who readily obeyed her low where the village now stands, to which she had passed so many happy days, bringing out at once its thousand beautiful recollections. She had been a statesman of distinguished ability from a servant, and meeting him in the passage, threw her arms around him, exclaiming

in your cottage?" said Treston, looking at her in surprise. "I have no cottage," she replied, "but I have a room in my house, and I will allow you to rest a day under its roof, if you wish." "I will accept of your offer," said Treston, "and I will be glad to see you."

ly through her spectacles. "Come, come, my dear," said the old man, "let us go towards the river's mouth. One day he was out at work with his eldest son upon a piece of joy, for the trials of life had not yet left the rust of the indulgence. It detracts, also, from the apparent respectability of a family to be the manager of millions of the wealth of others; and his station in society was of the

simple and plain mode of country life, but as-
 sumed the appearance of a gentleman, and remained at the house with his mother. The
 children quivered, as he said,—
 "Come, wife, let us go to the house and see
 a modern shop-keeper's stock in trade. The
 lars—and be built by 'days-work' too, so as
 to have it faithfully done; and the furniture in
 so, this weighty question, about the writer
 here, is a quiet best wife. We are

they had a mug of home beer. Samuel at once made his way to the door of the dwelling. Everything about it was as peaceful and motionless as the abode of the dead. He looked at the old things from those who had long enjoyed their service.

plain one, not more highly finished than the other, and of gold. The

"Undoubtedly," he replied

[illegible]

Grey laddy had lived with them four or five years; and the idea that she had stuck by the extreme of abjectness and unfitness for use is

though it might have flattened the faces of my eight thin way to go I'll fright he still held them very sensibly. At first, Lecky looked at them very sensibly. At first, Lecky looked at them very sensibly. At first, Lecky looked at them very sensibly.

MISCELLANY.

CHEERFULNESS.

BY ELIZABETH HARRIET BARNETT.

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of our gray blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint.
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Most wider early, is it well to drop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted—
And like a cheerful traveller, take the road—
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in the tin, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank thee, God!"

THE MECHANIC'S WIFE.

'Well, Augustus,' said Marianne, as the former entered a little room, which, without carpet, curtain or ornament of any kind, served as kitchen, sitting-room and nursery. 'We are really settled down at housekeeping. Don't it seem comfortable after so many privations?'

'Yes,' answered the young husband, trying to smile, as he glanced first at his handsome wife and then at the neat pine supper table, and then at the cradle, where slept a little charming boy of six months, 'but mine is such a life of toil that I have no time to enjoy anything—not even to play with Fred.'

'But it seems to me,' returned the wife, very thoughtfully, 'that it need not be just so. We are not in debt; we both have health, and I am willing to be very economical, in order that we may have time for enjoyment, and improvement too. Say shall we try the experiment?'

She handed him a cup of tea, as she spoke, and looked up into his face with a sweet and hopeful smile; but his face was deadly pale, and an unbidden tear stood in the corner of his eye, as he answered moodily:

'I don't know how that can be. Every moment taken from my labor is so much taken from our scanty income. We cannot afford to attend places of public amusement; in our present low style of living, we cannot mingle in the first society, and I will never consent to live in any other than good society, if we live alone; and as for improvement, my education was so neglected in my childhood that I have little taste for reading; and besides, we have nothing to read.'

'Oh yes,' said the wife, 'we have enough to begin with. Here is our beautiful new gilt Bible, which we must read morning and evening; and here is a good newspaper, with good improving matter enough to last one or two evenings in a week, and you can easily have a share in a public library to fill up the rest.'

'But how can I find time, my good, planning wife?'

'Thank you, Augustus, for your complaint, and now I will plan on. We will rise early, and work diligently all day. Then, if you think you need to work longer, you can bring your work into my room, or I will take Fred into the shop, and one of us will read and tend the baby while the other works. Won't that be a good plan?'

'I rather think it will,' said the husband, beginning to show a little more interest, 'but I'm thinking also, that my hesitating and blundering manner of reading will not be very edifying to you, I shall make but sorry work of it.'

'Well, suppose you do; I have a Webster's Dictionary, and we will have that open before us, and look out every word of which we do not understand the meaning. If our progress is slow at first, we shall have nobody to laugh at us, and we shall soon find ourselves improving rapidly.'

Augustus smiled incredulously, but seemed disposed to encourage his wife to go on. 'You are indeed a noble planner; but what shall we do on the Sabbath? I suppose you expect to advance far in the 'march of mind,' when we have a whole day to ourselves!'

'Yes,' said Marianne, 'I think we may, though our arrangements must be somewhat modified. You know we have a seat at Dr. C.'s church. You must join the young men's class, and prepare the lessons in the morning, while I attend the meeting. Then I will stay in the afternoon, and let you attend the service and the Bible class. In the evening we will read.'

'I've no objection to that, but as a compensation for my Bible class, you must join the Ladies' Sewing Circle, and I will take care of Fred one afternoon in the week to let you go.'

'Thank you, dear husband, I will gladly accept your offer, if you will let me stay alone one evening in the week while you attend our excellent Lyceum Lectures. And now let us begin this very evening. I feel that every moment is lost till we do. We have much encouragement. Only think of the many learned men who have educated themselves, and risen to respectability and usefulness, wholly through their own exertions, even after they were somewhat advanced in life. Roger Sherman, for instance, and Elihu Burritt, and a host of others.'

The young wife became quite enthusiastic as she proceeded, and would have spent the whole evening in her dissertation upon self-education, had not Freddy, awaking from his nap, required some maternal attention.

Augustus took up the Bible and read a good chapter, and declared that he never before had read such a chapter.

Augustus was a pale, spare, young man of nine-and-twenty. His education, as he said, had been sadly neglected in his youth. He had been bound apprentice to a rough shoemaker in the country, and had unhappily settled the question in his own mind, that he was doomed to ignorance. He had imagined, also, that his relations were willing to lose sight of him, and his sensitive nature was stung to the quick. After a few years of vexation and toil, he wandered far away from friends and family associations; and wonder it was that he was not hurried away by the awful whirlpool of error and dashed upon the rocks of utter destruction!

He had, however, been favored, with the instructions and prayers of a christian mother, and had seen examples in his own family, of high purpose and noble and successful effort. He had, therefore, preserved an unsullied reputation; had acquired a little property, and married an intelligent, cheerful, healthy girl of twenty summers; had removed to a city of shoemakers, where his occupation was honorable, and where his aspiration after respectability and independence might hope to be realized.

But in the afternoon preceding his conversation he had been unusually annoyed. He had suffered some embarrassment in getting settled in his humble tenement—had sustained some losses and heard a bitter sarcastic remark from an aristocrat of that place, which crimsoned his pale cheek, and sent him home through a cold rain storm, wearied in body, depressed, vexed in spirit and almost determined never to make another effort.

He was, and supposed he ever must be, a poor shoemaker of L.

Twenty years had elapsed, and a family group were arranged around a marble centre table in the parlor of a magnificent house in the city of L. A gentleman of some fifty

years, had just divested himself of his outer garments, and dressed in a rich velvet gown and embroidered slippers, sat reading the journals of the day. A lady some years younger, sat by his side, her face beaming with intelligence, benevolence and gratified pride, as she gazed at her dignified and honored husband, and then at the lovely group of children around the table.

One was a noble youth just returned to spend his college vacation at home; another was a tall, graceful girl of sixteen, who had finished a long recitation to her brother, and was preparing to cheer the circle with her ever-welcome music on the piano. A bright boy of twelve was performing a problem in mathematics, and a little cherry-cheek girl was drawing pictures on her slate, and teasing everybody to teach her.

Presently the door bell announced a visitor. A person entered and presented a subscription for religious charity.

'Put me down a hundred dollars,' said the good man, and the collector departed blessing the giver.

When he was gone the gentleman said:—'My dear, did you think to send the coal and flour to the poor woman on the corner?' 'Yes, and Frederick and Mary have been to see that sick family and carried the clothes and medicines.'

'Yes, papa,' said little Kate, looking up from the house she was drawing. 'they carried away my new stockings.' 'Shall I send and get them back again?' said the father. 'Oh, no indeed!' said the child; 'I sent them. Poor little Charley's feet were cold and bleeding!'

The father now remarked that it was time for family worship. In a moment all was silent—books, slates, papers and work were all laid aside. A neat gilt Bible, bearing the marks of constant usage, was brought. The son read an interesting portion. The whole family joined in a familiar hymn, and the father led in prayer, and worshipped the Father of mercies in spirit and in truth, from the fullness of a grateful heart.

After an interval of silence, the son looked up as if from a reverie, and said—'Father, I think I have heard you say that your youth was neglected, that you were once poor, illiterate, almost an infidel, and entirely discouraged. It would be extremely interesting to learn by what means the Mayor of this good city, the honored trustee of our college, the Superintendent of our Sabbath School, and the Deacon of our Church, has risen from so unpromising beginnings to his present station.'

The eyes of the good man filled with tears, his lip quivered, he covered his face with his handkerchief, and for some time no whisper was heard from the astonished audience around him. He was thinking of the poverty and ignorance of his early days—the youthful errors which had well nigh caused his destruction—of the way in which a kind Providence had led his thoughtless steps, amid all the dangers around him—of the blessing he had received in his lowly, admirable wife—of the days of toil, and nights of hard study, in which she had shared, and cheered him on, like an angel of light and love, and lastly of the countless blessings and honors which now surrounded him. At length he uncovered his face, and amid stifled sobs, said to his wife, 'tell the children, dear, the conversation we had together, just twenty years ago to-night, around our little pine tea-table.'

He was the shoemaker of L.

THE MAIN CHANCE.

Samuel Brown is a worthy individual, a very worthy individual, but, alas-day! Samuel Brown is what is called a business man. Brown is busy indeed. Late and early, at home and abroad, Sabbath-day and week-day, all the year he is busy, busy, busy. The sun does not shine long enough for him; a day of twenty-four hours is too short for his great plans; and the year ought to have more than twelve months for Mr. Brown. The universe was not constructed on right principles for so active and indefatigable a person as our hero. The rivers run too slow, and even steam and the telegraph can hardly satisfy him. He proposes to do up existence at double quick step, instead of the grave, measured, Old Hundred movement of past times. He wishes to discharge his engagements like musketry, to order his goods like lightning as well as by lightning, and to make money literally like steam.

I Scene, breakfast; time, six o'clock, A. M.; dramatic persona, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and three children, and servant-girl waiting on the table.

Mr. B.—Come, come, I must be off. I've got oceans of work to do to-day.

Mrs. B.—I wish you wouldn't hurry me so. You get me into such a flutter that I don't know what's half, the forenoon.

Mr. B.—I was too late yesterday. The man from Iowa called to see about some goods, before I got down to Front street. Come, come, Sally, (to the girl,) fetch on the cakes.

Mrs. B.—The cakes are not done, my dear, but there's some cold bread. I never saw any time. For my part, I wish we lived up at Eaton again, for we could at least eat our breakfast in peace and quiet there; but since you are fast to Cincinnati, I don't see half as much of you as I used to.

Mr. B.—(Impatiently) gobbling up his breakfast, and eating as if for a wager, I do declare, you women don't know nothing about business. If I don't get to my store as soon as Jack Halstead, he'll get all the custom. Jack's always on hand, and keen as a razor. Come, come, give me half a cup more. There, that will do. Now I'm off.

So Mr. Brown, after swallowing a half-masticated breakfast, and having made everybody slightly uncomfortable by his eager style of hurrying away to the store, leaves Mrs. Brown to pick up the crumbs of comfort at home with her children and servants.

Meanwhile Mr. Brown carries on his affairs after the same tune all day. His customers talk too long, his clerks don't write fast enough, and his draymen are gone a prodigious while to the boat. His object is to make money, and to make it fast. To attain that object, he is willing to sacrifice almost everything else, but a species of coarse honesty, which keeps the law, and lets the prophets take care of themselves. Mr. Brown is a business man.

II. Scene, breakfast; time, Sunday morning; persons, as before.

Mrs. B.—I wish you would get up, Samuel, so that we could get ready for church. Now, here it is half-past nine o'clock, and you are not dressed.

Mr. B.—(With a very jaded look, and an extremely languid and fatigued air, generally.) Oh, I've had so much to do, that I slept like a log. I believe I never was so tired in my life.

Mrs. B.—The children must go to Sunday School, this morning, for Mr. B. told them to come and get a little book apiece. Come, dear, can't you get ready and go with them? It's late now.

Mr. B.—No, Susan, I can't. The fact is, I am done up. I must rest liberally to-day, and oil up the old machine. Such a week as I've had! We sent off three hundred tons to St. Louis alone. Besides, Parson S. is such a dry-

stick, I always get asleep, and I don't see that his prayers help me any.

Mrs. B.—Now, Samuel, that's too bad. You know you used to be quite religious, but it's all from coming to Cincinnati. And here are the children growing up just like you. Tommy said yesterday, he hated the New Testament. I wish we were back again in our little country store, for we had time to worship God, then. But here it is slaving yourself all the week, and sleeping all Sunday. We are getting to be like the heathen; and the last time Parson S. called, and I excused you for not going to church more, he shook his head, and said something about 'the cares of this world,' etc.

But Mr. Brown cannot get ready, and the children have to stay at home, for they are too young, and the distance is too great for them to go alone. About church time it sets in to rain a little, and Mr. Samuel Brown spends the day at home in the bosom of his family, thinking one half the time how he shall pay his note at the bank on Tuesday, when it falls due, and the other half in dozing on the sofa, and reading the last New York Herald, with an occasional romp with the children. Towards night it clears up, and he takes a walk down to the store to see how things are. He accidentally meets a Kentuckian, and agrees to let him have three hundred dollars' worth of goods, very cheap, and Mr. Brown returns home in respectable spirits, and is not conscious but what he is quite as good, and even guesses he may be a little better, than some of those who make so much fuss about religion.

III. Scene, dinner; time, election day, and the family at the table.

Mr. B.—I declare, it's election. I wish I had time to vote, but it's so far, and I am so hurried with the goods by the Sultana, I have not a moment to spare. So friend Stokes must take his chance. He was very particular last Tuesday, and said he wanted me to vote to help put down this rowdy system of things, but it's no use. The b'hoys will have it all their own way. One vote is nothing. Come, Tommy, won't you go down to the store with me? Fix up quick. Here we go.

So Mr. Brown can lay his political duties on the shelf, quite as easily as his religious. His country cannot weigh with his business, any more than his God.

In a few days after the above scene, Mrs. Brown wanted to take a drive into the country with the children, and she desired Mr. Brown to go with them, for she was timid without her husband. So at noon she besieged him to take a carriage, and go out to Chevrolet Hills.

IV. Scene, Mrs. B.—Now, Samuel, do go. I'm tired of staying at home, and the children want air. Here I've been all winter tied up in the nursery with the baby, and I haven't seen brother William's folks this age. The clerks can do for once; and then Mr. Sampson is always at the store; he knows everything.

Mr. B.—Why, how you tease! I can't even eat my dinner in peace. There's no use of talking, for I can't go. Mr. Morgan will be round to fix the contract with the railroad this afternoon, and we hope to supply them. Women are always thinking men can go anywhere. Why, Susan, I'm a business man. But I'll take a little more sauce, please, on my pudding.

So Mr. Brown, though essentially kind and polite, and loving his wife and children as much as a business man, who has another idol, can, does not go to the country. His wife feels her eyes moisten a little, at the disappointment, yet chokes down her sobs. But after her husband has gone, and the children have run out to play, she retires into her chamber and has a regular cry.

So it is. Mr. Brown is led on from one step to another. He goes into business because a man must do something. Once in, he wants to get rich and get out of it as soon as may be. In getting rich he finds himself in sharp competition with a hundred others in the same trade, who want to make rapid gains as much as he does, and who are just as good at a bargain as himself. His wife wants to live as well as her neighbors; the children are growing up, and must be educated, etc. So that, altogether, poor, rich Mr. Brown has a hard time of it, and gets rather damaged in several respects, before he reaches the goal. He makes his family a convenience, his religion a hard duty, his politics a game, if he dips into it now and then; but his business is a reality, a life, and that is the only thing he is in earnest in, deeply and always. And that is his meat and drink. That is his centre.

Mr. Brown exists to trade and make money. That is his philosophy and religion. His family, his country and his Maker, all have to give way to the MAIN CHANCE.—[Cincinnati Columbian.]

Liquid Eloquence.

Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbecue, with better liquor than usually furnished. When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, 'Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied.' You promised us not only a good barbecue, but better liquor. Where is the liquor?' 'There!' answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and (says a Yankee cotemporary) pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy, from the bosom of the earth. 'There!' he repeated, with a look terrible as lightning, (while his enemy actually trembled on his feet,) 'there is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children!'

Not in the simmering still, over-smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, doth your Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water; but in the green glade and glassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play—there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain tops, where the storm-cloud broods and the thunder storms crash; and away far out, on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God—there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water.

And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain, shining in the ice gem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon, sporting in the cataract, sleeping in the glacier, dancing in the hail-shower, folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky—whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with the celestial fowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still, always it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings no madness or murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans find no tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave cursing it in words of eternal despair. Speak out, my friends! would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol?

A shout like the roar of a tempest answered—NO.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....JULY 15, 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. PETTINGILL & 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 urge 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. All old bills can be made in Postoffice stamps. Hereafter all bills will be sent to subscribers promptly once a year.

New, 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.

Close of Volume Fifth.

Our present number closes the fifth volume of the Mail—thanks to its patrons that it has lived so long! Indeed, this is a time for thankfulness. It takes fifty-two long weeks, day by day, hour by hour, and type by type, to complete a volume of the Mail, and make a subscriber our debtor to the trifling amount of nine shillings; and when we look back over the tedious labor, and forward to the time when this little 'pile' will jingle in our pocket, who can doubt that our heart swells with gratitude towards every subscriber who intends to do unto us as we have done unto him?

Some few valued friends, whose memory will always be fresh in our hearts, have already done this; and we will not so far lose sight of our last hope for 'bread and butter' in coming years, as to doubt that many others will 'do likewise' before the lapse of another week commences our sixth volume.

Particular Notice.

The few subscribers to the Mail whose accounts have run four or five years, without the least effort on their part to convince us they ever intend to pay up, will do well to call and see us before we issue our next number.

Theatrical.

Prof. TAVERNER is reading Shakespeare to delighted audiences at the Congregational church. In the opinion of many good judges, he excels Booth or Forrest. He labors under the disadvantage of the bad arrangement of the pulpit for scenic effect—lacking the curtains and drop-scenes—but by some trifling abridgements and mutilations of the author, he makes a very good miniature theatre, that will answer the purpose of those lovers of theatricals who cannot afford to see them 'in full costume.' He at least generates a taste that will seek the earliest opportunity to gratify itself on those boards rendered glorious by other illustrators of Hamlet, Shylock and Othello.

The Portland Argus says of Prof. Taverner's readings—and we endorse every word—

'Prof. Taverner is a master, there is no mistake about that. We heard him on Monday, and it did not take him long to settle the question of his ability. With a beautiful voice, his countenance susceptible of expressing all the passions, and graceful gesticulations, he carried his audience at will. His comedy is indeed comedy. His pathos is so thrilling, that you hear the throbbings of your own heart in the wrapt attention.'

On Friday evening Prof. T. will read Part 1, Hamlet, Part 2, King Henry V, with miscellaneous recitations; on Saturday evening, Sacred Readings.

Who he was!

A friend reminds us that in our notice of the late celebration we omitted the name of the orator. In our slips and extra we had so freely used the name, that we entirely forgot to watch for its appearance in the Mail. The orator of the day—the man so heartily welcomed, so loudly cheered, and so generously complimented—was Moses L. Appleton, Esq., of Bangor, formerly of Waterville, and son of the late Dr. Appleton. Mr. A. is one of those 'sons of Waterville' whose occasional visits to his native town are most heartily greeted by those who knew him in times gone by.

PORTLAND LUXURY.—Among the marks of gentility and good taste that abound in Portland, the Saloon of Mr. Robinson, in Lancaster Hall building, is one of the most attractive to a stranger. It has few equals in New England. The bill of fare, at a collation served by the proprietor for the Firemen, on the 5th, which we find in a Portland paper, would astonish such as have not seen the establishment, or known the generosity of Mr. Robinson. It is an honor to Portland, and deserves good patronage.

RECEPTION OF DANIEL WEBSTER IN BOSTON.—The Boston papers contain full accounts of the very enthusiastic and splendid reception of the Hon. Daniel Webster in Boston on Friday. The Atlas, in referring to the account which occupies three full columns of that paper, says:

'It was a reception worthy of our City, and worthy of the distinguished Statesman in honor of whom it was intended. The military turned out in full ranks, notwithstanding the heat which prevailed during the day, and looked remarkably well. The cavalcade was the largest and most imposing we have ever seen. Mr. Webster was seated in a barouche with his son, Fletcher Webster, Esq., and Franklin Haven, Esq. Mr. Webster looked somewhat fatigued,

but as if enjoying perfect health. As he passed along, he was greeted with the cheer of the people assembled on the line of march, which he acknowledged with his accustomed propriety. The ceremonies were conducted with great decorum, and every thing passed off well and enthusiastically.'

[For the Eastern Mail.]

The Fourth at N. Vassalboro'.

The celebration at this place was conducted in a capital manner. The day being very fine, the people began to arrive, the younger portion of them, at 12 o'clock on Sunday night; and at sunrise the small village was crowded with eager faces, bent upon seeing the fourth. At the hour designated in the programme, the fantastic appeared, in every possible shape and conveyance; and being under the charge of a person perfectly acquainted with the performance, it gave complete satisfaction. We have often heard that meriment conducted to health, and made people fat; if this is the case, another such collection of hearty, robust looking people as may be gathered next year in this vicinity, may not be found elsewhere in the good State of Maine.

At 9 A. M., the people collected in such numbers at the Union Meeting House, that it was found necessary to exclude the gentlemen from the house, there not being room enough for the ladies.

At 10, it was moved to adjourn to the grove at picnic ground, to hear the oration; accordingly a procession was formed, escorted by the militia, 80 strong, dressed in a uniform of white shirts, black pants and Kosuth hats, who did their duty promptly as if it was an every day occurrence. The marshals seemed to understand their duties and executed them thoroughly, so that not the slightest confusion was visible even to those who are familiar with such exhibitions.

After the multitude was seated, the Hon. Judge Fuller was conducted to the stand by the President, Robert Ayer, Esq. Upon the stand were the Vice Presidents, Committees, Choir and distinguished guests. The Escort was arranged in a crescent form behind the stand, with the music in the centre. A National song was sung by the Choir; and the Throne of Grace was addressed by Robert Shepley, of Winslow. An original Ode, prepared for the occasion, and contributed by Mrs. C. J. Boydon, was sung by the Choir. The President introduced the Orator to the audience, who was received with much applause; and except the cheering, which was frequent, the attention of the throng was wholly engrossed. It could not well be otherwise, as we have not had the privilege of listening to a more eloquent, instructive and highly interesting discourse since we can remember. At the close of the oration, it was estimated that 1800 persons partook of the collation. The tables were splendidly arranged—thanks to the energy and good taste of the ladies. The hearty good will manifested by them, that nothing should fail on their part to make it pass off pleasantly, will be remembered by those who were of the committee as well as by the guests.

Some two hours were spent in giving toasts and speech-making. The people left the ground only at the cry that the fantastic were again out in the village.

At dark, the fire-works commenced and continued until 10 o'clock—not a piece or rocket having failed,—and the large amount of small works distributed in the crowd, created most pleasant surprise and excitement. Our Old friends came down in the evening with their large cannon, and contributed largely to the sport—thanks for their friendly feeling.

Thus the day was passed in uninterrupted pleasure; and the satisfaction was heightened, that in so large a concourse of people not one single disturbance was known—not the first instance of drunkenness; nor did we hear of but one instance of profane language—which was from one belonging out of town.

Many thanks are due our Police committee, who attended to their duties in so kind and efficient a manner.

We had nearly omitted to notice the good conduct of the boys, which was very gratifying—especially the Juvenile Artillery Co., who served their pieces with much rapidity—doing good service.

In conclusion, we offer one sentiment presented on the occasion:

Our neighbors who celebrate this day—May they be governed by the same spirit of unity and kindness that has governed us. May they be successful!

It will be remembered that Ticonic Engine Co. No. 1, of Waterville, visited Lewiston last summer, on which occasion they were sumptuously entertained and well cared for by the members of Androscoggin Engine Co. No. 1; and to hear a 'Ticonic boy' talk, to this day, one would suppose there never was such another good time as that, and nowhere else to be found such glorious good fellows as the boys of Androscoggin. The Androscoggin Co. were afterwards the guests of Ticonic Co., who did all they could to make the visit of their Lewiston brethren a pleasant one; and it would seem, from the following toast, given at the celebration at L. on the fifth inst., that the memory of these good times is as warmly cherished there as here.

Ticonic No. 1, of Waterville.—Our guests on the last fifth; a crew of noble firemen and jolly fellows; though absent in the body, we feel the spirit of them here. In their celebration to-day, may they enjoy themselves heartily, and not forget to bestow a passing thought on No. 1, of Lewiston.

'Alek' says that since he heard the last sermon on Faith he has added as a postscript to his former creed the Declaration of Independence; being satisfied that his deficiency in good works can only be remedied by the length of his creed. O Alek!

ACCIDENT.—An Irishman was killed on the A. & K. Railroad, at Leeds, on Saturday last—his name not known. He fell from a gravel

train in motion, and was completely crushed from head to feet.

THE COLORED ENGLISH SEAMAN IN SOUTH CAROLINA JAIL.—It will be remembered that some time ago an English brig, homeward bound, was compelled to put into Charleston, S. C. in distress, being in a sinking condition. Among her crew was a colored Portuguese sailor, who was immediately seized, and imprisoned in the common jail. When the Captain was sent him a bill for the board of Manuel Pereira, the colored seaman whom they had kept in prison, offering to give him up if the bill was paid. The captain refused to pay the bill, and left the man in prison. On the 22d of June, this matter was brought before Parliament by Mr. M. Milnes, who begged to know what steps had been taken by Government 'to expedite the course of public justice' in the case.

Lord Stanley replied, that 'he was glad that this question had been put, because he thought it desirable, on all accounts, that public attention, both in this country and the United States, should, as far as possible, be called to the hard and oppressive working of those local and provincial laws which obtained in the Southern States of the Union with respect to negroes.' He then recapitulated the circumstances of the case, and continued:

'Mr. Mathew, her Majesty's Consul at Charleston, had distinct orders what to do in such cases, and it became a question whether he should appeal to the United States District Court, or to the court of South Carolina. In the end, it was decided that applications on the subject should be made to the Court of South Carolina. It then appeared that the judge refused the application for a writ of habeas corpus, reserving such decision for the upper court.'

The Superior Court was to meet in Columbia in May, and the latest accounts received by the government were dated the 28th of that month, by which it appears that the matter was still pending in the Court of Appeal.

The present question was not a novel one, but required very delicate handling. No subject led to a greater diversity of feeling or difference of opinion than that which related to the mutual obligations affecting the federal and provincial governments. The most energetic remonstrances had been addressed by the noble lord, the member for Tiverton, on this very subject; and he (Lord Stanley) believed that a relaxation had taken place in the law in one of the States of the Union. He had also every reason to believe that in time, public opinion would procure the abrogation of laws, which, although they were carried out in one of the most intelligent countries of the world, were nevertheless a disgrace and a scandal to civilization. (Hear, hear.)

THE AZTECS.—The hearing in Philadelphia in the case of the 'Aztec' children, brought before the Police Court by a writ of habeas corpus, has resulted in a refusal to surrender the children. The testimony went to show that the children were no more Aztecs than their exhibitors were; but were the children of parents who lived in the village of Jacota, San Salvador, and were given up to one Remendo Silva, the present applicant for them, by their parents, to be educated and exhibited. Being prevented from carrying out, personally, his purposes, Silva appears to have disposed of the children to his brother-in-law, Mr. Salaza, and he to have surrendered them to the parties who now control them. The parents learning how matters stood, demanded the

