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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUG. 26, 1852.

NO. 6.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

MAXHAM & WING,
At No. 3-1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.
BPH. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. WING.

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If paid within six months, 1.75.
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POETRY.

THE LOVE OF TEARS.

MOTHER! why is it when I trace
The tear which falls on sister's face,
It seems to me so bright and fair
I almost wish 'twas always there;
But when sometimes by soft surges
I've caught the tear in father's eyes,
Those cherishing orbs look'd up so dim,
I've almost thought to weep with him;
Mother! I'm but a maiden young,
Inform my heart and teach my tongue.
Dead brother! child of tender years,
And learn of me the 'Love of Tears';
When sorrow pours, with drops that gleam,
On woman's cheek the crystal stream,
It is a sign by which to tell
The heart that aches will soon be well;
A measure kind from transient grief,
Significant of soft relief.
I'm told that the mist of care
Will rise, and leave the rainbow there;
But when the tears of woman weep
Are seen on manhood's hardy cheek,
They come, like heralds, to proclaim
The storm which shakes the thunder-frame—
The struggle of the fires which burn
Within the bosom's heaving urn—
The rising of the mounting wave
Heart-bound to burst its passion cave.
If e'er 'tis thine, oh! daughter fair,
To watch beside his brow of care,
By every tear which mercy flows,
Deal gently with that heart of storms!

MISCELLANY.

From Graham's Magazine.

MISS HARPER'S MAID.

It had been a day of boisterous excitement. The gravity of the ship had been strangely disturbed. We had "crossed the line" in the morning, and there had been the usual saturnalia on deck. Of these, as I was returning to India, after a sick furlough, I had been only a spectator; but still, when the evening came, and the fun was at an end, I felt sufficiently weary with the heat and excitement to enjoy a quiet causerie in my own cool cabin.

My companions were a bottle of "private" claret, and the "chief officer" of the ship. Now this chief officer was an excellent fellow; I think that I never knew a better. His name was Bloxham. He was about eight-and-twenty years of age, with a round, fresh-colored, but intelligent face; bright, laughing eyes, and the whitest teeth in the world. There was in him a rare union of the best parts of the old and new race of merchant seamen; that is, he had all the openness and frankness, the seamen-like qualities of the old men, without their coarseness and vulgarity; and he had the more refined and gentlemanlike manners of the new, without their dandyism and effeminacy. He was in my eyes the very pink and perfection of a sailor.

We discussed the incidents of the day, and discoursed upon the character and objects of the Saturnalia, or rather, as we agreed, the Neptunalia, which we had been witnessing. I have no intention of describing what has been so often described before. But there is one part of the ceremony on which I must say a few words. Before the unhappy neophyte who was to be initiated into the mysteries of the equator is finally soured in the tub of water, which by a merciful dispensation is made to follow on the beginning and befooling operation of shaving, he is asked by the operator if he has been "Sworn at Highgate." Now, to be sworn at Highgate, is to undertake not to do certain things, when you can do better, as "never to drink small beer when you can get strong, unless" (there is always a saving clause), "unless you like small beer better than strong." I do not remember all the obligations, though they are not many, named in the ritual. But one I have every reason to recollect. Bloxham, with his smiling face and joyous manner, was talking over this part of the ceremony; and when he repeated the words of the Highgate oath, "Never to kiss the maid, when you can kiss the mistress—unless, you like the maid better than the mistress," I could see a significant twinkling in his eyes, which stimulated my curiosity. I asked him what he was thinking of, and he said that he "could believe it very possible to like the maid better than the mistress," and I said so too. "At all events," added Bloxham, "it often happens that the maid is the better worth kissing of the two."

I could see plainly enough from my friend's manner, that I had not got at the bottom of this roguish twinkling of the eye. His whole face was indeed one bright smile, and there was a world of meaning dancing beneath it. I was determined, as sportsmen say, to "unearth" it; so I said at once that I should enjoy my claret all the more, if he would impart to me the relish of a good story. Then I took the bottle off the swinging tray, filled our glasses, and told him to "leave off making faces, and begin."

"Well," he said, making himself comfortable in a corner of my couch, "I must acknowledge that 'thereby hangs a tale.' 'Never kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress, unless you like the maid better than the mistress.'—At the risk of your thinking me a low fellow, I'll give you a chapter of my own experiences, illustrative of this portion of our sailorly interpretation of being sworn at Highgate."

"After the last voyage but one, our good ship went into dock for a thorough refitting, and I had a longer spell at home than I had enjoyed for many years. I would not change this way of life for any in the world; but I was glad for once to stretch my legs fairly on dry land, and see something of green fields, brick and mortar, and my shore-going friends in the neighborhood of Canterbury."

"Among the families in which I was most intimate was that of Mr. Harper. He had made a comfortable fortune by trade, and now was enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in a good house on the outskirts of the city. An only daughter kept house for him; for he was a widower. Now Julia Harper, when I first knew her, was a fine, handsome girl of two-and-twenty; tall, well-made, but on rather a large scale, with bright, restless eyes, and a profusion of

dark hair. She had a great many admirers in Canterbury, some of whom, there is every reason to suppose, admired the old gentleman's money as much as the young lady's eyes, but they met with no great encouragement. Miss Harper, it was whispered, had determined not to marry a Canterbury man. She wished to see more of the world. Her tastes inclined toward the army or the navy; and it was predicted that some fine day a young officer from one of the regiments in garrison, with an eye to the paternal guineas, would succeed in carrying off the prize. Everybody, however, said that she was heart-whole, when I was first introduced to her, and some of my more intimate friends jestingly said there was a chance for me. I confess that I was a good deal struck by the girl. The artillery of her bright eyes soon began to do some execution. I liked her open, bold manner. I had very little experience of the sex, and I thought that her candor and unreserve betokened a genuineness of character, and a truthfulness of disposition, very refreshing in such an age of shams. I think I liked the old gentleman, too—I know I liked his dinners and his wines—I was certainly a favorite with Mr. Harper. Whether he ever contemplated the probability of his daughter and myself becoming attached to one another, I do not know; but if he did contemplate it, and with pleasure, it must have been pleasure of the most unselfish kind, for of all his daughter's admirers, in point of worldly advantages, I must have been the least eligible. However, he had been heard to say, that he did not look for a rich son-in-law, as his daughter would have plenty of money of her own; so, sometimes, I thought it possible that the old gentleman would not close his paternal heart against me, if I were to offer myself as a suitor for the fair Julia's hand, and a claimant to her heart."

"I often met with Julia at the house of mutual friends. I certainly liked the girl; and my vanity was flattered, because, with so many admirers around her, she showed me, as I thought, a decided preference. She seemed to be never tired of talking about it. She wearied me with questions about it; and on more than one occasion said, very unguardedly, that she thought a voyage to India would be the most delightful thing in the world. Of course, I made fitting answer, that with a congenial companion, a voyage anywhere would be delightful; and, more than once, opportunity being favorable, I was on the point of declaring myself, when an internal qualm of conscience arrested the dangerous avowal."

"Affairs were in this state, when an accident befell me which brought matters to a crisis. There was a steep-chase one day in the neighborhood of Canterbury, which I attended on foot. During the excitement of the race, I attempted a difficult cut across the country, failed at a leap which was beyond my powers, and had the misfortune to sprain my ankle. The injury was a very severe one, and I was laid up for many weeks in my lodgings. You have often laughed at me for taking every thing so coolly. I assure you that I did not take this coolly at all. I chafed, indeed, like a lion in the toils; and was continually arresting the progress of my recovery, by putting—in spite of repeated prohibitions—the crippled member to the ground. At last, I began to learn a little philosophy, and resigned myself to the sofa with a groan."

"The loss of my liberty was bad enough; but the loss of Julia's society was a hundred times worse. Her father came often to see me, and brought me kind messages from his daughter; but, if I had had no more substantial consolations, I believe that I should have gone mad. Julia did not actually come to see me; but she wrote me repeated notes of inquiry, and often sent me flowers, and books, and other tokens of womanly kindness. The messenger employed on these occasions was Miss Harper's maid."

"Ah! sworn at Highgate," I interrupted; "we are coming to it now. Another glass of claret to improve the flavor of the story."

"He tossed off the bumper I had given him, as though he were drinking devoutly to some lady's health, and then continued with increased animation."

"The messenger employed on these occasions was Miss Harper's maid. She was generally enjoined to deliver the letters and parcels into my own hands, and sometimes to wait for an answer. She came, therefore, into my drawing-room, and if she had occasion to wait, I would always desire her to be seated. The girl's name was Rachel. She might have been old, or ugly, or deformed, for anything I cared, or, indeed, that I knew about her. I had a dim consciousness that she had a very pleasant manner of speaking; but I gave you my word that, after she had been half-a-dozen times into my room, I should not have known her if I had met her in the streets. I regarded her only as an appendage to the fair Julia, whose image was ever before my eyes, shutting out all else from my view."

"This, however, did not last forever. It happened one day, that when Rachel brought me a parcel, I, in my lover-like enthusiasm started up from the sofa, and incautiously planted my injured foot on the ground. The result was a spasm of such acute pain, that I fell back upon my couch with an involuntary cry, and a face as colorless as marble. Rachel immediately stepped forward; and, with a cordial expression of sympathy, asked if she could do anything for me, and proceeded with a light, gentle hand to arrange the pillows under my crippled limb. I felt very grateful for these ministrations, and as I gave utterance to my gratitude, I looked for the first time inquiringly into Rachel's face. Though she bore a Jewish name, she did not bear by any means a Jewish cast of countenance. She had dark hair and dark eyes, it is true—but her face was round, her nose short, and if anything, rather retroussée; and she had the sweetest little mouth in the world. I thought that, altogether, she was a very pretty girl, and moreover a very genteel one. I observed now, what I had never before observed—indeed, had had no opportunity of observing—that she had a charming little figure. Her shawl had fallen off whilst she was arranging my pillows, so that I could now see her delicate waist, and the graceful outline of her lightness form; and there was something in her movements that pleased me better than all. I was interested in her now, for the first time; and was sorry when she took her departure, with the expression of a hope that I might not suffer further inconvenience."

"I hoped that she would come again on the following day, and I was not disappointed. She came with a note and a bouquet from Julia; but, before delivering either, she inquired after me, with—what I thought—genuine concern. I answered kindly and gratefully; and before opening her mistress's note, asked her several questions, and drew her into conversation. The more I saw of her the better I liked her. She was at first a little reserved—perhaps embarrassed; but after a few more visits this wore off, and there was a quiet self-possession about her, which pleased me mightily. I could not get rid of the impression that she was something better than her social position seemed to indicate; at all events, she was very much unlike all the waiting-maids I had ever seen. She came almost every day with some letter or message from her mistress. I looked forward to the time of her coming, and felt duller when she was gone. I thought that it would be very delightful to have such a handmaiden always about me, to smooth my pillows and bring me my meals, and talk to me when she had nothing better to do."

"I was interested in Rachel, and enjoyed her visits; but, believing still in Julia Harper's fidelity, I was faithful to the core myself. But circumstances soon occurred which shook my faith, and then my love began to dwindle. The first of these was a mere trifle—but it was a suggestive one. Rachel brought me one day, a note, and a little bundle of flowers unusually well arranged. I read the note, and to my astonishment there was a postscript to it in these words—'I am sorry that I cannot send you a bouquet to-day; there is positively not a flower in the garden.' I mentioned this to Rachel, and asked whence the flowers had come. She blushed, and said, with some confusion of manner, that she had picked them in the garden, herself."

"The next was something still more demonstrative of the fair Julia's disregard of truth. Rachel brought me a note one day, and a parcel containing a pair of worsted-work slippers which her mistress said she hoped I would wear for her sake until I was able to leave my room. She did not actually say, but she implied that she had worked them for me herself. When I said something to Rachel about the time and trouble Miss Harper—I never said 'your mistress'—now must have expended on them, I observed a very curious and significant expression on the girl's face. I had observed it once or twice before, when I had said something indicative of my confidence in Julia's sincerity. It was an expression partly of pity—partly of disgust; and seemed to be attended, for I could see the compression of her little mouth, with a painful effort to repress the utterance of something that was forcing its way to her lips. I was thinking what this could mean, when a piece of folded paper fell from the parcel; I picked it up, and found it was a bill—a bill for my slippers, which Miss Harper had bought at the Berlin Repository in the High Street. I knew now the meaning of the look. Rachel said that I had got a glimmering of the truth, and I thought that she seemed more happy."

"She had wished me 'good-morning,' and was about to depart, but I told her that I could not suffer her to go. It was, altogether, a deplorable day, what we call in the log, 'squally.' There was a great deal of wind—a great deal of rain; and, just at this moment, the latter was coming down in torrents. After some persuasion she consented to remain. Then I asked her if she would do something for me, and with a bright smile she answered—'Yes.' I had a new silk neckcloth waiting on the table to be hemmed. She took it up, and then turning to me, asked naively how she was to hem it without needle and thread. To this question—for which I was well prepared—I replied, that in the other table-drawer she would find something containing both. She searched, and found a very pretty Russian-leather case, silver-mounted, with all the appliances a seamstress could desire. Then I begged her acceptance of it—said that I had ordered it to be made on purpose for her use, and that I should be bitterly disappointed if she did not accept of it. And she did accept it with undisguised pleasure. And a very pleasant thing it was to lie on the sofa and watch her neat little white hands plying the needle in my behalf. I had been longing to see the hand without the glove, and I was abundantly satisfied when I saw it."

"She had hemmed one side of the handkerchief, and we had conversed on a great variety of topics, when the weather began to clear up, and the sun to shine in at the windows. Rachel rose at once to depart. I said that I was quite sure it must be dreadful wet under foot, and that I was certain she was thinly shod."

"Not very," she said.

"But I insisted on satisfying myself, and would not be content until she had suffered to peep out beneath the hem of her gown one of the neatest little patent-leather slippers I had ever seen in my life. I said that they were very dainty little things, but altogether fine-weather shoes, and not meant for wet decks. But I remembered presently that I had seen in her hand, when she entered the room, a pair of India-rubber overshoes, and I reminded her of them."

"They are my mistress's," she said; I had been desired to fetch them from the shop."

"Wear them," I said, 'all the same—they will be none the worse, and will keep your little feet dry.'"

"But how can I? she answered, with a smile; 'they will not fit me at all.'"

"Too small?" I said, laughing.

"Yes, sir," she said, with another smile even more charming than the first."

"I told her that I should not be satisfied until I had decided that point for myself; and at last I persuaded her to try. The little rogue knew well the result. Her feet were quite lost in them."

"If I have a weakness in the world, my good fellow, it is in favor of pretty feet and ankles; so, when Rachel insisted on taking her departure, I hobbled as well as I could to the window to see her pick her way across the puddles in the Close. I satisfied myself that the girl's ankles were as undeniably as her feet; and she was unequivocally *bien chaussée*. I could not help thinking of this long after she was gone. And then it occurred to me that Julia Harper was certainly on rather a large scale. She had a good figure of its kind, and she had fine eyes; but Rachel's were quite as bright, and much softer; and as for all the essentials of a graceful and feminine figure, the mistress's was far inferior to the maid's. I kept thinking of this all the evening, and after I had gone to bed. And I thought, too, of the very unpleasant specimen of Julia's insincerity which had betrayed itself in the case of the slippers. But it is astonishing how little it pained me to think that Julia might not be really attached to me,

and that our almost engagement might come to naught after all."

"I am afraid that if I dreamt at all about female beauty that night, it was less in the style of the mistress than the maid. Morning came, and with it an eager hope that I should see Rachel in the course of the day; but she did not appear. I never kept such long watches in my life. I got horribly impatient. I left my couch, and seated myself at the window, with a sort of forlorn hope that I might see Rachel pass; but I saw only a distressing number of clumsy feet and thick ankles, and no one remotely resembling Miss Harper's spicy little maid. Night closed in upon me savage as a bear. But the next day was a more auspicious one. Looking prettier than ever, Rachel came with a note from her mistress. I was in no hurry to open it, you may be sure. I asked Rachel a great number of questions, and was especially solicitous on the score of the wet feet, which I feared had been the result of her last homeward voyage from my lodgings. She had by this time habituated herself to talk to me in a much more free and unembarrassed manner than when first she came to my apartments; and the more she talked to me the more charmed I was; for she expressed herself so well, had such a pleasant voice, and delivered such sensible opinions, that I soon began to think that the mental qualifications of the mistress (none of the highest, be it said) were by no means superior to those of the maid. Indeed, to tell you the truth, my good fellow, I was falling in love with little Rachel as fast as I possibly could."

"This day, indeed, precipitated the crisis. We had talked some time together, when Rachel reminded me (I thought that there was an expression of mock reproachfulness in the little round face) that I had not read her mistress's letter. I opened it in a careless manner; and had no sooner read the first line, than I burst out into loud laughter. 'Bravo! Rachel,' I exclaimed. 'You are a nice little messenger, indeed, to carry a young lady's billets doux. You have given me the wrong letter.' She took up the envelope, which had fallen to the ground, and showed me that it was directed to 'Edward Bloxham, Esq.' 'All the better,' Rachel, I said; 'but this begins 'I am so delighted, my dear Capt. Cox.' Hurrah, for the envelopes!'"

"I looked into Rachel's face. It was not easy to read the expression of it. First she seemed inclined to laugh—then to cry. Then she blushed up to the very roots of her hair. She was evidently in a state of incertitude and confusion—puzzled what course to pursue. I folded up the letter, placed it in another envelope—not having, of course, read another word of its contents. What was the cause of Julia's excessive delight I am not aware up to this moment; but I could not help asking Rachel something about Captain Cox. One question led to another. Rachel hesitated at first; but at last, with faltering voice and tearful face told me the whole truth. She said that she had felt herself, for some time, in a very painful and embarrassing situation. She recognized her duty to her mistress, who had been kind and indulgent to her—but she could not help seeing that much which had been done was extremely wrong. She had all along been ashamed of the duty on which she was employed, and had more than once hinted her disapprobation; but had been only laughed at as a prude. She had often reproached herself for having been a party to such a fraud which had been practiced on me. She had not at first fathomed the whole extent of it; but now she knew how bad a matter it was. The truth was, that Miss Harper had for some time been carrying on something more than a flirtation with Captain Cox. But her father disliked the man, who, though very handsome and agreeable, bore anything but a good character—and therefore Julia had acted cautiously and guardedly in the matter, and had feigned an indifference which had deceived Mr. Harper."

"When I first came to anchor at Canterbury, Captain Cox was on 'leave of absence'; and, as he had gone away without making a declaration, it had appeared to Julia that an overt flirtation with me in the captain's absence—something that would certainly reach his ears—might stimulate him to greater activity, and elicit an untractable avowal. Her flirtation with me was intended also to impress on Mr. Harper's mind the conviction that she was really attached to me; and he ceased, therefore, to trouble himself about Captain Cox. He liked me, and he encouraged me, on purpose that the odious captain might be thrown into the shade. Such was the state of affairs at the outset of Julia's flirtation with me. But Rachel assured me that I really had made an impression on the young girl's heart, though she had not by any means given up the gallant captain."

"I asked Rachel how this could be—how it was possible that any heart could bear two impressions at the same time. She said that she supposed some impressions were so deep and ineffaceable as others. At all events, she believed that to Miss Harper it was a matter of no very vital concernment whether she married Captain Cox or Mr. Bloxham; but that she was determined to have one or other. The fact is, the girl was playing a double game, and deceiving both of us. All this was very clear to me, from Rachel's story. But she told me it was her own belief that Julia would determine on taking me, after all—and that for the very excellent reason that Captain Cox was engaged elsewhere. At least, that was the story in the town since his return to barracks."

"Poor Rachel shed a great many tears whilst she was telling me all this. She said that, having betrayed her mistress, she could not think of remaining with her. She was decided on this point. With warm expressions of gratitude, I took her little hand into mine, and said that I would be her friend—that she had done me inestimable service—that I was glad to be undeceived—that the little incident of the flowers and that of the slippers, had shaken my belief in Miss Harper's truth—that altogether my opinions had changed, and that I knew there were worthier objects of affection. Then I spoke of her own position; said that of course her determination was right; but that she would confer a great favor on me, if she would do nothing until she saw me again. This she readily promised; and it was agreed that on the following day, which was Sunday, she should call on me during afternoon service. I pressed her hand warmly when I wished her good-bye, and with greedy eyes followed her receding figure across the Close."

"She came at the appointed hour, looking prettier and more lady-like than ever. She

was extremely well-dressed. I shook hands with her and asked her to seat herself upon the couch beside me; and then asked her, laughingly, 'What news of Captain Cox?' She said there was not the least doubt that Captain Cox was engaged to be married to a lady in London; and that Miss Harper, on the preceding evening, not before, had been made acquainted with the fact. I then asked Rachel what the young lady had said on receiving back her letter to the captain; and learnt that she had been greatly excited by the discovery, and had been very eager to ascertain how much of the letter I had read. When Rachel told her that I had read only the words, 'I am so delighted, my dear Captain Cox,' she somewhat recovered her spirits; but this morning she had pleaded illness as an excuse for not coming down to breakfast, and had not since left her room."

"There was at this time, lying unopened on my table, a note from Miss Harper, which had been brought by her father an hour before. I asked Rachel to give it to me, saying, 'Now let us see, Rachel, whether any new light is thrown upon the subject.' I think her hand trembled when she gave it to me. I opened and read—

"My Dear Mr. Bloxham:—Very many thanks to you for your promptitude in returning the note, which, stupid little bungler that I am, ('not so very little, is she, Rachel?' I paused to remark) 'I sent you by mistake—I am very glad I had not sent the other to Captain Cox—for, although it does not much matter if one's letters to one's acquaintance fall into the hands of one's friends, it is not at all pleasant if one's letters to one's friends fall into the hands of one's acquaintance. I wrote to Captain Cox only to tell him how delighted I was to hear of his engagement—for he is going to be married to a Miss Fitz-Smythe—a very lady-like girl, who was spending some time here with the Maures; and was really quite a friend of my own.'"

"I had not patience to read any more. I knew it to be all a lie. So I tossed the letter into the middle of the room, and said, 'We have had enough of that.' I was ineffably disgusted. One thing, however, was certain; that Julia Harper, with her £15,000 was now to be had by me for the asking. But I would not have asked, if the money had been told over twenty times."

"I had other views for my humble self.—Rachel, I found on inquiry, was the daughter of a Mrs. Earnshaw, the widow of an officer in the Preventive Service. The widow's means of subsistence were slight, and her daughter had obtained a situation as, what people called Miss Harper's maid."

"My good fellow, I can hardly tell you what happened after this; I have a confused recollection of having looked inquiringly into Rachel's face, read whole chapters of love in it, then threw my arms round her waist, pressed her fondly to my bosom, and whilst I untied her bonnet-strings and removed the obtrusive covering from her head, said to her, 'We sailors have all been sworn at Highgate—all sworn never to kiss the maid when we can kiss the mistress—unless we like the maid better than the mistress! and heaven knows how much I do!'"

"After the lapse of two or three weeks, and very delightful weeks they were, too—Rachel Earnshaw became Rachel Bloxham, and I the happiest husband in the world. I have got the very best of little wives, and never, I assure you, for one moment, though we have little enough to live upon, and I cannot bear these long separations, have I deplored the loss of Miss Harper and her fifteen thousand pounds, or regretted that I availed myself of the saving clause, when I proved that I had been sworn at Highgate."

Ann Victorious over Judah.

These children were about seven years old, and lived in a village in Mass. They attended the same school. Judah was a boy of mischievous disposition, and seemed to delight in tormenting little Ann. He would pick her with pins, pinch her, push her down, knock her books out of her hands, and try to frighten her by threatening to knock her down and kill her, and in every way try to vex her, and make her unhappy. He generally took opportunity, while on the way home, to torment her."

One day Ann came home crying bitterly, with her dress disordered, her bonnet knocked out of shape; Judah had knocked her down, and told her he would kill her. The parents said nothing to her about Judah at first, but soothed her and comforted her feelings. At the dinner-table, after Ann had got over her excitement and became pleasant and calm, her father said to her—

"Ann, how can we go to work to overcome Judah's temper and ways? I do not like to tell the teacher of the wicked boy. She would whip him, and perhaps that would make him hate you, and treat you worse. Do you wish to have him whipped?"

"No, sir," said she.

"Do you feel angry with him, Ann, asked her father, 'and wish to make him suffer?'"

"No, sir, I am sure I do not," replied Ann.

"But he seems to hate you, and to delight to torment you," said her father.

"I do not hate him, nor wish to have him tormented," answered the generous, little girl.

"What shall be done," continued the father, "to make him a better boy? I do not like to have him go on tormenting you so. Something must be done. Can you tell, Ann, what to do?"

After a few moments reflection, Ann said—

"I should like to give him something if I had anything to give."

"Could you not give him one of your little books?" asked one sitting by.

"May I, father?" asked Ann.

"Yes, my dear daughter," said her father, "you may give him anything you please, which you have to give."

She selected one of her little books, well stocked with pretty pictures, and carried it to school. As she went along, she walked with a firm and joyous step, and looked very happy, as if she felt sure she was about to get the victory over Judah's wicked temper and actions that afternoon. She seemed to feel sure Judah would never hate her, and treat her wickedly any more after that day."

Soon as school commenced, she went to the teacher and asked, 'May I speak with Judah?'"

"What do you wish to speak about?" inquired the teacher.

Ann looked red, and answered, 'I want to speak to him; please ma'ma let me.'

'Yes, said the teacher, 'you may speak to him.'

She went to him, reached out the book, and said, 'Would you not like to have this book?' He hung his head and looked ashamed, but took the book, turned over the leaves and looked at the pictures.

'Is it for me to keep forever?' he asked.

'Yes,' answered Ann, kindly, 'I want to give it to you to keep.'

He said no more, but kept the book and Ann went to her seat."

When school was done, he put his book under his arm, and ran home, to show his present to his parents. He has never troubled Ann since, and never will.

I know every child will detest the conduct of Judah in tormenting his kind and generous-hearted little school-mate, and will admire the forgiving, noble conduct of little Ann."

This is a sweet and pleasant way to settle all our difficulties and conquer all our enemies. I should think everybody would treat their enemies kindly, if it were for nothing but the pleasure of it. Ann could not have felt so cheerful and happy, if she had been the means of getting Judah whipped.—[Lincoln Miscellany.]

Sumptuary Laws.

One of the most common objections urged against the enforcement of the anti-liquor Law is that it is sumptuary, or that it interferes with the right of a man to eat or drink what he pleases. The objection seems to be two-fold—first, that it is a violation of natural right, and second, that it is impracticable. Without entering upon a consideration of the question whether a man has a moral or civil right to eat or drink whatever he pleases, or whether a prohibition in this respect will be effectual to prevent men from eating and drinking whatever they please, we beg leave to dissent from the main proposition involved in the objection."

This proposition involves the error that the anti-liquor Law is designed to regulate the appetites of men. This is a fundamental and palpable error. The main proposition which is asserted by the Law is that the community is exposed to danger by the unlicensed sale of intoxicating drinks. Against this danger the community claim protection. The Legislature admits the claim, and grants the protection asked for, by the passage of a law which forbids the sale of intoxicating liquors except by agents appointed for the purpose by the several cities and towns. Does the law conflict with private interest? So does the law which forbids gambling, stealing and larciniousness. But have not the community the right to legal protection from these evils because there are those who make a livelihood thereby?

Let us take a case in point. The practice of racing on the Hudson river has just resulted in another most fatal catastrophe. It is for the interest of the owners of the boat to reach the successive landings in advance of a rival. Heavy bets upon the speed of the respective boats may be pending. Some of the passengers even, may be interested in the result, or excited by the race. The boiler becomes overheated; the boat takes fire, and many valuable lives are suddenly destroyed. What is the result?

Does the community say the owners of the boat had a right to race, and that any law against racing would be a violation of that right? Besides, no law will prevent the desire to race. No restriction will rather increase the evil? No! common sense says, and the public say, the thing is a notorious evil, the lives of the community are endangered; those who caused this destruction of life should be indicted for murder—a stringent law should prevent the evil! Who would think of questioning the propriety or possibility of enforcing such a law, if passed?

This we conceive to be exactly our position with reference to the anti-liquor Law. It is not for the purpose of taking away a man's inalienable right to make a beast of himself, if he sees fit to do so; it is not to prevent a man from making gain from a traffic which is replete only with misery and death to those who uphold it; but it is to protect the community from the combined evils of pauperism and crime, that the Legislature has passed this law. The principle is acknowledged in almost every law upon our Statute Book. The moment the rights, comfort or safety of the community are endangered, that moment the Law steps in with its prohibitions and its penalties, and the violator is punished."

The grand question then is, does the interest of the community demand this Law? If so, let the law be enforced. The community have a right to protection. If a man's desires, or appetites, or interests, interfere with the public safety, there cannot be a rational question raised as to which should yield.—[Cambridge Chronicle.]

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FRUIT IN SUMMER.—"The Water Cure Journal says, in regard to the use of fruits and vegetables:

"There is a very simple rule for guidance in this matter. Always select ripe full-grown roots, and mild-flavored, well-ripened fruit, and then eat them freely, at meal times, of course. If this is done the only restrictions necessary to impose on the quantity concern the pulse rather than the stomach. The best anti-cholera, anti-dysentery, anti-diarrhea, anti-bilious, anti-fever, and anti-all-kinds of summer complaints specific on earth, is an abundance of good fruit."

This accords with the best experience."

THE STING OF A BEE.—In most cases the person stung can instantaneously obtain relief by pressing on the point stung, with the tube of a key. This will extract the sting and relieve the pain, and the application of *aqua ammonia* (common spirits of hartshorn) will immediately remove it. The poison, being of an acid nature, is at once neutralized by the application of this penetrating and volatile alkali. A small quantity introduced into the wound on the point of a needle, or fine nibbed pen, and applied as soon as possible, will scarcely ever fail."

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MISCELLANY.

LIZZIE IN THE MILL.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Many years ago, in a pleasant village of New England, lived the little girl whose story I am about to relate—Lizzie Stone, the only daughter of the miller.

Lizzie was a child whom everybody loved: not only because she was so pretty, lively and intelligent, but for her being so sweet, gentle and peaceable—so truly good. Lizzie had two brothers, a few years older than herself, who were very fond of her, and of whom she was very fond. These three children always went to school and to church together, and played in perfect agreement.

It happened that one sunny summer afternoon they had a visit from two little girls, their cousins, who lived about a mile distant. They had a wild, joyous time. They played in the yard, in the barn, and all over the house. Mrs. Stone, who was a kind, pleasant woman, looked on and laughed, if she did not mingle in their sport. She got them a nice, early tea by themselves; and when the visitors, after the last merry game, were about leaving, she said to Lizzie—

“Your brothers will go home with Alice and Celia. You may go with them as far as the mill, but be sure you stop there, and come home with your father.”

As the cousins set out, laughing and frolic-ing along, Mrs. Stone stood in the little front porch of her cottage, looking after them as they went down the lane, and thinking what handsome, and above all, what good children they were. She smiled at Lizzie's affectionate way of taking leave of her, though she was to be gone for so short a time. Lizzie never parted from her mother, even for a half-hour, without kissing her lovingly, and bidding her good-bye in a voice as sweet and tender as the cooing of a dove. Now, as Mrs. Stone went into the house, she said softly to herself, “it is nearly ten years since God gave me that child, and she has never yet caused me one moment's sorrow.”

The cousins played so much along the road, and stopped so often to pick flowers and berries, that it was nearly dark when they reached the mill. Then, when the girls came to part, they had yet so many things to tell to each other, so many invitations to give, so many good-byes to say, it was no wonder they lingered awhile.

It seemed that Lizzie could not let her cousins go. She parted from them, in her loving way, so many times, that her brothers grew a little impatient, and George, the eldest, said—

“Why, sister, I don't see but that Ned and I will have to help you in your kissing, or you'll never get through.”

Then Alice and Celia, blushing and laughing, broke away from their cousins, and ran fast down a little hill towards their home. The boys soon overtook them, and Lizzie, after watching the group awhile, and thinking how good God was to give her such amiable cousins, such noble brothers, and such dear parents to love, turned and went into the mill. She found it going, and was almost frightened by the din it made, and by the darkness; for night was fast coming on. She called her father's name, and no answer, but the machinery made so much noise that she did not hear. Thinking that he had already gone, she turned to go home alone. She took a way she had often taken safely, over the fence, by the great water-wheel. But to-night she was bewildered—lost her footing, and fell off on the wheel, which whirled her down, crushing and tearing her in a shocking manner! It happened just at that moment, her father thinking that Lizzie had been sent to call him home, stopped the mill, and began to search for her. Led by her cries, he came to the wheel, and there found what had occurred.

“Are you badly hurt, my daughter?” he asked in great grief and terror.

“Yes, father. I seem to be all crushed to pieces, and I cannot stir; but I shall live till you get me out. Leave me here, I have no help.”

The neighborhood was soon roused, and many men hurried, with saws and axes, to the mill. But they found that only one or two could work at a time in cutting away the strong, heavy timbers, and that it would be some hours before Lizzie could be taken from the place where she was held so fast, and crushed so dreadfully; and they said that to move the wheel backward or forward might kill her at once!

When Mrs. Stone came one of the men let down a light into the wheel, so that she could see her poor child. When she saw Lizzie's white face, and the bleeding arms held toward her, she shrieked and cried bitterly. But Lizzie called up to her as sweetly and cheerfully as she had ever done in her life, and said—

“Don't cry, mother! They will get me out before long; keep up good courage and pray to God for me.”

And so she continued to talk, hour after hour, while the men kept cutting and sawing at the great timbers; so she cheered and comforted her parents, and her poor brothers, who then too had come to the mill.

Once her voice grew very low and indistinct—then it ceased altogether; the doctor looked down, and said she had fainted away, and they sprinkled water upon her. As soon as she revived, she began again to say comforting things and to beg her mother and brothers not to cry. She said she did not suffer as much pain as at first, and that she was sure she should live to be carried home.

It was midnight when the last timber that held her was sawed away, and a workman lifted her gently up, and laid her in her father's arms. The pain of being moved caused the poor child to faint again, and she did not revive until she had been carried home. When she opened her eyes, she found herself on her own little bed, with her dear father and mother and brothers at her side.

The doctor carefully dressed Lizzie's wounds and gave her some opium to make her sleep; but he told her father and mother that she could not possibly get well. When he heard the dreadful words, Mr. Stone groaned and covered his face with his hands; and, for a few moments, Mrs. Stone leaned her head on her husband's shoulder and cried. Then, lifting her eyes, and clasping her hands, she said, “thy will, O Lord, be done!” and went and sat down calmly by Lizzie's side, and watched her till she slept.

The poor little girl remained sleeping most of the next day. She would often wake and ask for water; but she then seemed hardly to know where she was, or who was with her. Her cousins, Alice and Celia, came to see her; but she did not recognize them, and they went away, sobbing bitterly.

Early in the night, however, she awoke and seemed better. She knew all about her, and smiled at them, but said she must leave them, and go to a better world very soon. She told her father that she wanted to hear him pray once more; and Mr. Stone knelt down by her bedside, and asked God to take safely home the little daughter He had given them, and thanked Him for leaving her with them so long.

Then Lizzie said to her mother, “will you just sing me one verse of the hymn I love so much, ‘Jesus sought me?’” Her mother tried but she could not, for weeping; and Lizzie said, “never mind, where I am going, there is beautiful singing. Yet it seems to me, I shall hear no voice so sweet as yours, mamma. Why do you cry? Only think, mamma, if I should live, now, how crooked and sickly I should be! I might be a poor hunchback, and give a great deal of trouble and sorrow to you all. Will it not be better to bury up this crushed body, and let the pleasant grass grow over it, and have a new, glorious body, such as the angels have?”

As she spoke these words, she smiled and did not weep; but when, afterwards, she asked for a faithful house-dog, and her pretty Maltese kitten, and they were brought her, she burst into tears. “Good-bye, old Bess! good-bye, Kitty!” she said. “I cry, mamma, to part from these, because I never, never shall see them again; for they have no souls, poor things! But you and papa will come to Heaven before many years, and you too, brothers, if you are good boys.”

A little while after this, she said, “Georgie, give me love to Alice and Celia, and tell them I am glad I kissed them so many times last night. Eddie, take care of my flowers; and boys, don't miss me too much in your play.”

After lying very quiet for some moments, she spoke, and said—

“Mamma, are the shutters open, and has the morning come very brightly?”

“No, my daughter,” her mother answered, “it is still dark night.”

“Oh, then,” said Lizzie, “it must be the windows of God's beautiful palace I see, with the pleasant light shining through. I am almost there! Good-bye, mamma and papa; and brothers, good-bye!” And, with a smile spread over her face, Lizzie stretched out her arms, looked upward, and so died!

When Lizzie lay in her coffin, that smile was on her sweet face still—brighter and purer than the white roses that lay upon her pillow; and Mrs. Stone tried not to let her tears fall upon it; for she said, “God has taken back a little angel He lent to me for a few years, and why should I weep for my happy, happy child?”

AN EXCESS OF JEWELRY.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from Newport, R. I., very properly censures the practice in which he says the ladies there indulge, of wearing enormous diamond rings at morning calls or on the occasion of evening parties. Newport, we fear, is not the only place where this fashion is carried to excess. Of late years the wearing of jewelry, in season and out of season, both by matrons and unmarried females, has increased vastly in the United States. It is an indication that the growing wealth of the people is not accompanied by a corresponding refinement; but that love of vulgar show, the low pride of ostentation, takes the place of a pure and elevated taste. If a gentleman of the old school were to come to life, and visit the opera on a benefit night, or be present at a fashionable party, he would think he had strayed among pawnbroker's wives and daughters, until he was informed of the truth. The emulation with fashionable dames now-a-days, so far from being, as with the Spartan women, to excel in household virtues, is to wear the largest diamonds. And in this ambition they forget fitness, beauty, taste, everything but the mere vulgar desire to shine. To be gracefully and elegantly attired, in short, is secondary to the desire to be sort of jeweller's walking show-card.

We do not oppose the use of diamonds and pearls, altogether, as some persons might imagine from these remarks. A few diamonds, judiciously worn, look well, on proper occasions, on married women. But young girls rarely or never improve their appearance by the use of these dazzling jewels; and, as a general rule, the simpler the costume of a woman in her teens the better. American females are usually pretty, up to the age of twenty, when they mostly begin to fade. Consequently, at this period of life, there are but few women in an elaborate attire who do not injure; a simple white dress, or a rose-bud in the hair, is frequently all that is required; and more only spoils that combination of youthfulness, grace and modesty, which it should be the highest ambition of the girl to attain, because, if she did but know it, it is her highest charm. Instead of this, however, we see gay females, scarcely freed from the nursery, wearing enormous jewelled ear-drops, or sporting on the finger a diamond ring as large as a quarter of a dollar. Sometimes, too, ladies pretending to be well-bred, descend to receive a morning visitor of their own sex, glittering like a jeweller's case, with all sorts of costly gems. In all this, we repeat, there is neither refinement nor elegance, but simply vulgar ostentation. Female dress has ceased to be a means of beautifying the person, or displaying the wearer's taste, and has become, instead, a mere brag of the husband's or father's wealth. We are sick of the low-bred fashion.

PHILADELPHIA LEDGER.

A MISTAKE OF THE NEWSPAPERS.—We have seen it often stated that if a person falls by accident into deep water, he will float and not sink if he lies still and does not lift up his hand. The reason given is, that the head, having so much cavity or air space in it, will keep above water, and thus prevent the body from sinking. This is certainly not correct. No person can float in deep water unless he has learned to do so by a great deal of practice. It is true that the body is more buoyant in salt than fresh water, but no person who cannot swim will float two minutes in sea or river; he will sink, as we have seen in more than one case. All our young men should learn the art of swimming; it was part of the education of the early Romans, and should also be of the young men of our Republic. [Scientific American.]

HAPPY HOMES.—Let it be our object to multiply the number of virtuous and happy homes. The domestic hearth is the seed-plot of a noble and flourishing commonwealth. All laws are vicious, all tendencies are to be deprecated, which increase the difficulty of diffusing through every rank the refined and holy influences which are cherished by the domestic affections. Reckless speculation among capitalists, disturbing the steady and uniform course of employment, and its sure counterpart improvidence and debauchery among workmen—are the deadliest foes of the household virtues. In how small a compass lie all the elements of man's truest happiness, if society were conducted in a rational and moderate spirit, and its members, of every class, could be restrained from vicious indulgences and pursuit of phantoms. A marriage contracted with thoughtfulness, and cemented by a pure and faithful love, when a fixed position is gained in the world, and a small fund has been accumulated—hard work and frugal habits at the commencement of domestic life, to meet in time the possible demands of the future family; a dwelling comfortably furnished, clean, bright, salubrious and sweet; children well trained, and early sent to school; a small collection of good books on the shelves; a few blossoming plants in the window; some well selected engravings on the

wall; a piano, it may be, or a violin, or flute to accompany the family concert; home made happy in the evening by cheerful tasks, mutual improvement, exchanged at times for conversation of friend and neighbor, of kindred taste and congenial manners—these are conditions of existence within the reach of every one who will seek them—resources of the purest happiness, lost to thousands, because a wrong direction is given to their tastes and energies, and they roam abroad in pursuit of interest and enjoyment which they might create in rich abundance at home. This is no romantic, visionary picture. It is sober, accessible possibility, such as even now, under the pressure of adverse circumstances, is realized in the homes of not a few working men who have learned the art of extracting competence from narrow means, and maintain genuine respectability in a humble station.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE..... AUG. 26, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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Have a Care, Farmers!

In all the stories we ever read, the word “honest” is the adjective to qualify “farmer,” the world over. We are not going to say whether this is right or wrong. “By their works” we are to judge not only the farmer, but every lazy lubber who does not work at all! Dishonesty is a weed that grows on all soils, and the farm will hardly escape its share. Let us be the judge, reader, for we grew there too.

But of all the “policy” that characterizes every class of men, honesty has long had the reputation of being the best. Everybody says so, and everybody else says amen! We admit the fact. Now we come to the point. There is one piece of policy common among farmers, that seems to us neither good, better or “best,” though we are not going to declare it anything but honest. We allude to the policy of running down the market for their stock before they get ready to offer it for sale! The merchant never does this with his goods, though possibly honesty may sometimes tell him he ought to. The manufacturer does not resort to artifice to bring down the market while he is getting his wares ready to offer. The farmer seems to be the only monopolist of this left-handed policy.

“How are your oats coming on?” inquires the butcher by way of feeler.

“Not a great crop,” answers the farmer, though conscience may tingle his ear a little at the assertion.

“And how is your hay?” inquires butcher, looking carefully up to the sun, to appear indifferent to the answer.

“Not half a crop,” says the farmer—“hardly pay for getting in; hay'll be fifteen dollars a ton before next spring.”

“Hum!” says butcher, as he turns away. “he stretches his story the wrong way for his own pocket; but—I guess I'll hold up about prices; for if hay is ever so plenty, this kind of talk will bring cattle into market.”

So it goes, from one to another, and even from one farmer to another. One sets the crop at two-thirds, another at one-half, and some at a third—all striving to see which can cut it down to the shortest crop. Very soon everybody thinks the crop a great deal shorter than it really is, because everybody has heard everybody say so. What is the object? The man who hopes to have a little hay to sell thinks he is acting shrewdly; when, in fact, by frightening his neighbors to sell their stock he cuts off the market for his hay. By the time the cattle and sheep are fat enough for market, prices are at the lowest point, everybody is half crazy with anxiety to sell, and the buyer has it all his own way. The farmer has only to thank himself for being in a great deal worse “fix” than there was any need of. He has even overstrained veracity to cry down a market that he will be compelled to enter.

Now, we are not arraigning the farmer.—We are only opening the way for a word of wholesome caution. Keep cool!—save everything that will answer for fodder, and then watch the market. Get everything fat you can, even if you do not sell it. This is one way to save hay. Fat cattle are more easily kept than lean ones. There are numerous “ifs” to be disposed of yet. If we have rain soon—if we have good fall feed—if we save the corn-fodder uninjured by frost—and if we have an open winter and an early spring, those who hope to sell hay for fifteen dollars a ton will fail to get ten. The oat and corn crops are extra good, and neither were so last year. Potatoes promise better than usual. Beef and mutton bring good prices at Boston, and everybody will sell who can. Economy will “get up early” in regard to the consumption of fodder,—and the end will be better than you hope!

In good earnest, we have seldom seen the farmer's chance better than this year. Those who have raised corn and other bread stuffs can sell them at good prices. Those who have not can buy for “cheap as dirt.” The rich can have little fear of poverty—the poor no fear of hunger. Cheer up then; stop grumbling; learn to be thankful; look on the bright side of things. Resolve to “deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly before God,” and our word for it, you will find your condition, present and future, a vast deal better than you anticipate. Try it and see, if you doubt.

THE SEASON.—The drought still continues and grasshoppers are doing destructive work, not only upon grass, but upon almost every other crop. Fields of carrots and turnips have been eaten completely to the ground, and even corn and oats are suffering the most injurious

trimming. Unless we have rain soon, fall feed will be entirely cut off.

Department of Agriculture.

We have received a pamphlet containing a proposed bill for the consideration of Congress, establishing an Executive Department, to be called the Department of Agriculture. The author of the bill is Worthington G. Snethen, Esq., of Washington, a gentleman who has evidently paid much attention to the subject.—The following synopsis of the bill is from the Philadelphia Inquirer:

“Mr. S. proposes that there shall be a new department, to be denominated the Department of Agriculture, over which there shall preside a principal officer, to be called the Secretary of the Department of agriculture, and that in said department there shall be four chiefs or heads of bureaus, and the titles of such bureaus shall be as follows:

1. Bureau of the Science and Practice of Agriculture.
2. Bureau of Agricultural Chemistry.
3. Bureau of Agricultural Mechanics, Manufactures and Commerce.
4. Bureau of Agricultural Statistics.

The bill further provides that the deputy postmasters of the United States shall officiate as agricultural agents in their respective localities—that an agricultural chemist shall be appointed for each county, and that the Secretary of the Department shall cause to be prepared annually, a schedule of questions to be propounded to each head or employing agriculturist in the United States and Territories thereof; and the questions shall be framed in such manner that the answers thereto shall exhibit the following information, on the first day of January, in every year, namely:

The entire quantity of land occupied by each head or employing agriculturist in the United States, whether as a farm, a plantation, or a garden; the market value or price per acre of said land, including the stationary improvements thereon; the relation in which said head or employing agriculturist stands to the lands, whether as a proprietor or a tenant thereof; the number of acres of said land, according to the most careful estimate, in forest, in marsh, under the plough, under grass, tillable, unutilized, and lying waste; the number of acres of said land, according to the most careful estimate, which may be regarded as flat, river-bottom, alluvion, hilly or rolling, mountainous and valley; the character of the soils of the said land, according to the usual mode of describing them, as wet or dry clay, light or heavy sand, wet or dry marl, light or heavy loam, et cetera, and the estimated number of acres of each kind of soil, as nearly as may be; what plants, shrubs and trees are cultivated and cultivated by the said agriculturist upon the said lands, and what plants, shrubs and trees grow in a wild state thereupon.”

Mr. Snethen also proposes a bill for establishing an Agricultural School in the County of Washington in the District of Columbia, to be called the United States Agricultural Academy, with a model farm and plantation attached thereto. Five millions of dollars are required for establishing the “Agricultural Department” and two millions for the “Agricultural Academy.”

Going Ahead.

The result of the late singular transactions connected with the Bangor Railroad promises to be highly favorable to the enterprise. The most determined efforts are in progress at Bangor, and in other places on the route. At this place, on Tuesday evening, forty thousand dollars of the stock were taken by some half dozen individuals. The thousand-and-one reports in circulation may be true or false—or both—but that the late strange transactions will lead to the prompt construction of a railroad between Waterville and Bangor we have but a shadow of doubt.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The afternoon train of the A & K Railroad, on Friday last, ran over a pair of oxen, smashing several platform cars that had been pushed before the engine. The oxen belonged to Mr. William Marston, and were both killed. They got up on the track by breaking down or jumping over the fence.

MYSTERIOUS.—Coroner Hayford was called to hold an inquest on the body of a girl, twenty years old, found in the river on the Brewer side to-day. It proved to be the body of Henrietta Freeman, whose parents now reside in Backstop, formerly in Orrington. There were no marks of violence about her person, and the jury accordingly found that she came to her death by her own act. She was of handsome face and feature, of correct habits and unspotted virtue. No reason has been assigned for the act. The person with whom she was living says she was generally absent one or two evenings in the week, when she attended meetings in the neighborhood.—[Bangor Mercury.]

TWO SABBATHS.—At Westley, R. I., is presented the very singular feature of two Sabbaths every week. Almost one half of the inhabitants are Seventh Day Baptists, who keep Saturday with great sacredness, and on no account will do any work. The remainder observe Sunday as a holy day, and as studiously avoid all labor. The result is that on Saturday a portion may be seen going to church, a part of the stores are closed, and some of the factories are short-handed or closed entirely. On Sunday the same thing is to be observed. A part are engaged in worship and acts of devotion, while their neighbors are busily at work, and public worship is disturbed by the din of business and the noisy bustle of the crowd.—Both parties appear strictly conscientious, and live peaceably together, although the partial observance of two days is very annoying and inconvenient.

FIRE.—The brick store in Canaan Village, belonging to E. & W. Tuttle, and occupied by Mr. Geo. S. Lewis, was totally destroyed by fire on the 7th inst., together with all its contents. Mr. Lewis lost about \$1500 worth of goods, about half of which is covered by insurance. There was also an insurance of four hundred dollars on the building, in the Great Falls, N. H. Company.—[Skowhegan Clarion.]

FRENCH CLAIMS.—In the House, on Thursday, Mr. Bayley made a question of order connected with the priority of business. Some time since, he said, the French Spoliation Bill was received from the Senate, and he wished to know its present condition, as the subject excited a vast deal of interest in the country. The Speaker replied, the bill, in his opinion, is in the fourth class, and will be the first business in order if that class shall be reached, and not otherwise.

Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad.

The Company of the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad was duly organized under the charter, and the rules and regulations by which the company were to be governed fully agreed upon, and under these rules the legal records were commenced and have been continued up to the present time. All the affairs and transactions of the company went on satisfactorily until the annual meeting in this city on the 13th of July last. The legality of that meeting is not called in question. At that meeting the Directors were solicited to conclude a contract for the building of the road at an enormous sum, and which would probably cost the company nearly half a million dollars more than it rightfully should do to complete the road. To this proposition the Bangor Directors, the chosen guardians of the stockholders and of the welfare of the company, gave their emphatic and decisive negative. Then came the scramble to remove those Directors from office, in a hurry. At a stockholder's meeting immediately held, persons were voted for and declared elected as Directors in direct and palpable violation of the rules by which the company had previously agreed in their by-laws to be governed, and without even an attempt to change those rules.

The by-laws required that every Director should be a stockholder, but instead of this requirement being complied with, four out of seven of the persons declared elected were not stockholders. This was one fatal step which haste and will and grasping purpose led the few stockholders into.

The next movement was an adjournment of the stockholders' meeting to Portland. The by-laws gave the whole control of the time and place for stockholders' meetings, except the annual meeting, the time for which is fixed by law. But in utter disregard of the by-laws the two or three Portland men violently assume the power, and undertake to remove the meeting from the place fixed by the Directors to a place a hundred miles distant, and not within forty miles of the location of the road! Such a step as this cannot be justified by necessity, and must anywhere be held illegal and void. We stake the whole of our reputation as a “legal gentleman” upon that. It has recently been decided in this State that in case of an adjournment of a debtor's hearing from the place prescribed by the notice issuing from summons, although such adjournment was made with the concurrence of magistrates, debtor and creditor, rendered the discharge of the debtor invalid. With such a decision by our courts, is it to be supposed that they would sanction the adjournment of a meeting to a place one hundred and thirty miles distant? The thing is impossible.

Another difficulty occurs, in the fact that at the illegal adjourned meeting there was neither President or Clerk present, and no reliable record could be made. The President and Clerk were in this city. They had with them the records. They had been chosen to office in good faith—had discharged their duties faithfully—had disposed of large amounts of stock to the people here, and they appealed to those stockholders, and to others, whether they should relinquish all control of the charter, or whether they should follow the line of the law, and hold to the charter and organization of the company then in their hands. Subscribers to the stock, and the whole community almost as one man, only here and there an exception, insisted upon holding to the organization and charter by every legal means. The community here were indignant at the course which had been taken by the Portland gentlemen, and were ready and are ready to sustain the Bangor Directors in the course which they have taken. The question of the legality of such action on the part of the Bangor officers of the company has been submitted to high legal authority in New England, and has been declared by that authority as strictly within their powers under the law. And their course will be sustained by a majority of the stockholders whenever a legal meeting of stockholders shall be held.

We regard the action of the Portland gentlemen, in this matter, as a most flagrant usurpation of power, and we rejoice most heartily that it has been resisted and will be resisted by law and equity and by the principles of a common righteousness among men, and we venture to say these will accord with the unanimous moral sentiment of the people here regarding this matter.

The course which the pretended company in Portland have published that they wish to pursue, of causing the road to be constructed from this city to Augusta is the merest sham, and most ridiculous nonsense, and absolute humbug. There is no legal company, and of course without that the whole matter fails and falls, and vanishes into its own nothingness.—[Bangor Whig.]

We mentioned yesterday that a portion of the stockholders of the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad had undertaken in Portland to organize that Company anew by the choice of officers. We deem the whole matter an abortion, but as a matter of curious history in railroad affairs we publish the following list of officers from the Portland Advertiser:

Directors.—John A. Wood, Phineas Barnes, John A. Poor, Henry B. McCobb, Allen Haines, of Portland; Geo. W. Stanley, of Augusta; Geo. W. Chamberlin, of Carmel.

The Board of Directors was organized on Monday, as follows:—John A. Poor, President; John M. Adams, Clerk; Woodbury Storer, Treasurer.

The Advertiser has the grace to say that the most efficient measures have been adopted to put the road in progress.

We look upon this organization and these “efficient measures” and the advertisement for proposals as so much bluster and bragadoia for the purpose of forcing the real Company here to some offer of compromise, but the thing won't work—no compromise will be offered or accepted. Bangor intends to take care of herself, and if her people can only get enough excited the road will be built in a short time.—Bangor is like the western man who said that his ordinary weight was a hundred and eighty, but when he was real mad he weighed a ton. Now, if Bangor just gets mad enough the road goes, and no mistake.—[Bangor Whig.]

BONNEY CONVICTED.—Horace Bonney, who was convicted of counterfeiting before the District Court in this city, last spring, and the verdict set aside and a new trial granted, was again tried before the Supreme Court now sitting in this city, and found guilty by the jury. The Counsel for defence, it is understood, will carry up the case on exceptions.

NEGRO SHOT.—A gentleman named Ball, overseer for Edward T. Tayloe, residing in King George county, Va., finding it necessary to chastise a field hand for insolence or idleness, attempted to do so in the field, when the negro resisted, and gave the overseer a severe beating. Mr. Ball mounted his horse and proceeded to Mr. Tayloe's residence, and informed him of what had occurred. Mr. T. in company with Ball, repaired to the cornfield, to which the negro had returned, and demanded to know the cause of his conduct. The negro replied that Mr. Ball had attempted to whip

him, but he would not submit to it. Mr. T. told him he should, and ordered to cross his hands, and directed Mr. Ball to take hold of him. Mr. B. did so, but perceiving that he had drawn a knife, told Mr. Tayloe of it, who immediately sprang from his horse, and drawing a pistol from his pocket, shot the negro dead at his feet.—[Richmond Times.]

Terrible Calamity.

No sooner is the public ear somewhat relieved from the daily notes of horror attending the burning of the Henry Clay,—than another catastrophe comes flying on the wings of the wind, still more sanguinary, as to the loss of life, than the first. The horrible account comes to us in this shape:

ERIE, N. Y., Aug. 20.—The steamer Atlantic, at 2 o'clock this morning, came in collision on the Lake with the propeller Ogdenburg, and sunk in half an hour. The Atlantic had on board five hundred passengers, 250 of whom were lost. The remainder succeeded in getting on board the Ogdenburg with nothing on but their night clothes, and brought in here this morning. It is believed that all the crew of the Atlantic were lost, with the exception of the captain and first mate. A dense fog was prevailing at the time. The passengers were all in bed, and the Atlantic was in charge of the first mate. Immediately following the collision the utmost confusion prevailed among the steerage and deck passengers, a very large proportion of whom were Norwegian emigrants. Many of them, in their terror, jumped overboard instantly. Capt. Petty vainly attempted to calm their fears, by assuring them that there was no danger, hoping to keep the steamer on its course and reach port in season to save them—but the water gained so fast on the efforts of the crew that by the time she had proceeded two miles from the spot where the collision took place she was found to be rapidly sinking. The fires in the engine room were extinguished by the rising water, and a scene of terrible confusion followed. The emigrants who could not understand a word spoken to them, added horror to the scene by their cries and exhibition of frantic terror.

The cabin passengers and all others who could be made to understand the exhortations and orders of the captain and officers, remained comparatively calm, and provided themselves with chairs, settees and beds, all of whom were patent life preservers which buoyed them up in the water, and they were thus saved. Great numbers of the emigrants jumped overboard in their terror, without any provision for their safety, and thus rushed on to certain death. The fog was a sad hindrance to the efforts made by the propeller and taken to Erie.

From the best information we can gain, we are led to the belief that not less than THREE HUNDRED lives are lost.

ERIE, N. Y., Aug. 20.—P. M.—The steamer Clinton has returned from the wreck of the Atlantic. She reports her entirely disappeared and sunk in 25 fathoms of water. She was valued at \$80,000 dollars, and not insured.—9 of the crew and 125 of the cabin passengers are known to be lost.

THE DISASTER ON LAKE ERIE.—Buffalo, Aug. 21st.—Among the lost, it is feared, are the following: Mr. Field, wife and two children, of New York; Mr. Frost, Boston; Mr. Lake and Mr. Fairbrother, Albany; Homer Carley and sister, East Randolph, Vt.; Mr. Lefever, Troy; Mr. Huntley and wife, Albany. At the inquest held last night, at Erie, on the body of a little girl, name unknown, the first mate of the propeller Ogdenburg, among other things, testified that at about half past one he saw the steamer. “We had two lights at the cross-trees, and another in front. When I saw her, three miles distant, we were steering for the Welland-canal, and I judged from her course, we should pass half a mile north of her. Upon nearing her, she appeared to be making across our bows. I now ordered the engine stopped. This was about ten minutes before the collision. Seeing that we were likely to strike together, I ordered the engine to back; shouted as hard as I could, our whistle being out of order.

“In about ten minutes we struck, the bow of our vessel striking her between the forward gangway and wheelhouse, larboard side. Did not see or hear any person on board the steamer when we struck. The Atlantic was under full headway. After ascertaining that our vessel would not sink, we went to her relief, although we did not see any signal of distress or hear her bell ring. Upon nearing, we heard the cries of persons on board and in the water. Afterwards, made a circle of a mile in circumference about the wreck, and think we got on board all living persons who were in the water and on the steamer. We took, probably, two hundred off the steamer, and one hundred from the lake.”

Great excitement exists at Erie, against the parties connected with the steamer Atlantic, and at a meeting of the survivors a series of strong resolutions, condemning the inefficiency of the so-called life-preservers, the want of boats, &c., and calling for the arrest of the officers of the vessel, were adopted. Captain Petty of the Atlantic remains in a dangerous condition. The second mate of the Atlantic, in his statement, says he saw the propeller's lights about two minutes before the collision and put the wheel a-port and kept her off.—Was within four miles of the shore, and gave orders to steer for it. He gave details of subsequent proceedings, and said if the propeller had put her wheel a-port when he first saw her, the Atlantic would have cleared her.

ASTONISHING THE ROGUES.—Constable Clapp, of Boston, has a peculiar way of astonishing the rogues who fall into his hands. On Saturday, at the Providence Depot, he stepped up to a young man, and with great familiarity said, “How do you do?” “Pretty well,” returned the person addressed; and after looking at the Colonel a moment, continued, “But I don't recollect you.” “Your name is George Curtis, isn't it?” “Certainly.” “I thought so,” said the Colonel, “and where are you going?” “Oh! I am going to New York.” “Well,” said the officer, “I guess I would not go to-night,” and without further preliminary walked him off to the lock-up, there to await the arrival of the City Marshal from Providence who had given information by telegraph that Curtis had committed a larceny. This is what they call “being struck by lightning.”

KISSING FOR MONEY.—A young man was arrested on Saturday for kissing all the women, against their wills, that were sitting around the Park Fountain. We forget how many he kissed—perhaps a dozen or so—before he was brought up standing by a young woman, who boxed his ears and handed him over to the police. Women like to be kissed well enough; but they don't like to be kissed on speculation, and this mercenary rascal was doing it to make some pennies from a crowd of

