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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1852.

NO. 24.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
MAXHAM & WING,
At No. 3 1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.
E. H. MAXHAM. DANIEL WING.

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SHE WILL NOT SPEAK.

"She will not speak," said the little child,
As he stood by the empty bed,
Where no longer the form of his mother dear
Was resting there, and she could not hear
The words that his baby said.

"Get up, mamma, it is morning now,
Mamma, you have slept good while."
Doubtful and anxious I saw him stand,
And he pulled the clothes with his little hand,
Looked upward and tried to smile.

As he said once more, with an earnest voice,
"Mamma, it is time to rise."
But no answer came to his listening ears,
And his heart grew sick, and the gushing tears
Rolled fast from the baby's eyes.

"She will not speak," said the little child,
Who wept as he told him their mother's bed
Was now in the home of the silent dead,
And she could not arise from her rest.

"They lifted her gently away from this bed,
When she ceased from her mourning and pain,
And the form of our own darling mother they hid,
Her sweet face they concealed by the dark coffin lid;
We shall never behold her again."

"They bore her away from the children she loved,
And she moved not—she asked not to stay;
Oh, I saw when they lowered her far from our sight,
In the cold, narrow grave, where it always is night,
Where the darkness breaks never away."

"Then they left her to sleep in her lone forest grave,
With the pale moon of death on her brow,
And they told us her spirit was happy with God,
But the mother we loved lies far under the sod;
We will go to her grave, baby, now."

So weeping they went to the forest grave,
And they called on their mother's name;
But the wailing voices were all unheard,
For the mother beneath them was all unstirred,
And no sound of answer came.

Oh, fearfully calm is the sleep of death;
She awakes not, nor rises from her bed;
And because the dead have a dull, cold ear,
They heard not the step of their mother dear,
Returning from the dead.

AUGUSTA M.

MISCELLANY.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]

"DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND."

BY CARRY STANLEY.

"Now, Phil, do shut up that book," said Florence Imbrie to her brother. "What is the reason that people read in the cars, who never open a book at any other time? You have no consideration in the world for my feelings, and take my banishment to this out-of-the-way place with as much coolness as if it was the most delightful thing in the world. As to going with mamma to visit that stately old dowager, it was out of the question; I should have come away looking like Rip Van Winkle when he awoke from his sleep in the mountains. Oh! the very thought of her chairs makes my back ache. I guess they 'came over in the Mayflower.' Why in the world did mamma bundle me off to the country at this time of the year?"

"She wished to restore your roses after a winter's dissipation; and a summer at a watering place does not do much toward that," was the reply.

"Well, it is too bad. I've made every preparation in the world for Saratoga or the sea-shore, to say nothing of my reception mornings at home. Madame Le Tour has finished me some of the most becoming morning and dinner dresses you can imagine, and as to my bonnets—oh, Phil! you haven't seen that love of a pink bonnet that Levy reserved purposely for me. It is perfectly bewitching. There never was such a wonderful emanation, from a milliner's brain, of tulle and lace, and flowers. Ah! a good milliner must be a poet as well as an artist. That's *par parenthese*. I assure you a dozen wanted it, but Levy said it was my style exactly, and would not sell it. But what is the use of looking like an angel in the country?"

"I suppose that did not prevent you from bringing all those same beautiful things with you though, Flor," said her brother, as he watched with some amusement his sister's half-veiled, half-comical expression.

"To be sure I brought them. They will be entirely out of fashion before I go home; for I believe I am to be buried alive for the summer." And Florence, as she finished, threw herself back in her seat with an air of forced resignation.

For a while the restless tapping of the little hand was still, and her vexed features grew into repose as she watched the sleepy, elderly gentlemen dozing over the newspaper, and the young ladies ungloving their hands to show their rings, and the children munching their apples and gingerbread, and crying by way of interlude. But presently she started up again with—

"I say, Phil, will you put down that book? In what part of Europe did Uncle Robert acquire a taste for pork and cabbage? the idea of any man in his senses settling down in the country is totally incomprehensible. I suppose there will be nothing in the shape of a man one can flirt with. Uncle Robert won't do. He's mamma's brother, and little Frank is not much more than a baby, and as to that Basil Cleveland, he is worse than nobody; this having a handsome man in the room and not admiring one's self, it is an actual punishment. Phil, do you hear me? What a funny thing it must be to have a husband already cut and dried for one. Basil Cleveland! What a pretty name. Did Anne seem very melancholy and very much in love, when you were in Europe together? I shouldn't thank any body for willing a husband to me, if I was Anne. It is something like being a princess though, they are always affianced when they are children, but I think I would just as soon marry you, Phil, as one I had always seen so much of; there's no romance in it. If Anne is not very much in love, and the gentleman is handsome and agreeable, I may condescend to fascinate him a little; that pink bonnet will do it."

And so Florence rattled on, sometimes to her brother's amusement, sometimes to his annoyance, till they reached the depot, where their uncle's carriage met them.

"Really, Anne, this is quite a handsome room; the house is not built of logs, I suppose," was Florence's exclamation soon after her arrival.

"We think the place beautiful," was the reply. "I am—"

"Oh, I dare say," interrupted Florence, "but really, coz, I care nothing at all about the beauties of nature. I have seen Niagara and the White Mountains, and must confess that I think the beauties of art, assembled in the dining-rooms or drawing-rooms of Newport or Saratoga, much better. Now, Anne, child, I like you all very much, but to be candid, I came here because mamma obliged me to. Now, if I was engaged to be married, like you, I should feel it my duty to settle down in some quiet place, to prepare my mind for the awful event. By the way, *cara mie*, when are you to be married? Not soon, I hope, for then there will be no possibility of getting up a flirtation with Mr. Cleveland, when he comes."

"I do not know," replied Anne, gravely; "the subject is never mentioned between us. We are not very ardent lovers, to be sure. I sometimes wish Basil would speak of it, but he neither asks me to marry him, nor releases me."

"Anne, dear, do you love Mr. Cleveland?"

"Don't ask me, Florence," was the reply, as her cousin kissed her good night.

"Well, now, that is rather singular," soliloquized Florence, when left alone. "Why, Anne, you foolish thing, you might as well have told me; for as I am a woman I'll find him out in spite of you, and flirt with your husband elect, too, if you are not too much in love with him yourself;" and with this laudible intent upon the heart of Basil Cleveland, Florence prepared for bed.

The magnificent city belle arose the next day with the full expectation of being ennuied to death; but in some way, she could not tell how, the time never seemed to pass more quickly. It was very strange! No morning loungers in loose coats and buff colored kids dropped in; no representative of Young America, with one arm thrown over the back of his chair, and with his other hand rattling his tiny pearl-headed cane against his peevish teeth, called forth her fascinations and her satire at the same time; no dear young friend stopped "just for a second," to tell her that the Baron Von B—, of the last German expedition, had declared to her that he was dying of love for the fair Florence, or to coax her up to Lawson's show-rooms "before the most beautiful things in the world were sold."

Yes, it was strange; but some how the golden shadows on the waxy grass stole with their rich mellowing influence into her heart, and the perfume from the clusters of white and purple lilacs, and from the velvet blossoms of the brown and orange striped wall-flowers, intoxicated her senses as her ball-room bouquets had never done.

Day after day passed in a kind of dreamy pleasure to Florence; the spoiled girl seemed to have lost half her faults, and her coquetry to have died a natural death. She fascinated all the afloaters at her uncle's with her winning manners and Le Tour's elegant dresses; but, as she told her brother, she thought the air around Ashley had a healthy moral as well as physical tone, as she found it did not agree with a flirting constitution.

Florence often spent half her mornings with Mrs. Willis, the wife of her uncle's farmer, who tried to initiate her into all the mysteries of country housewifery, as Florence gravely informed her she meant to marry a farmer—Many a lesson did she take in baking, pickling and preserving.

One morning at the breakfast table, a letter was handed to Mr. Ashley, which he read, then threw to his daughter, saying:

"Well, Anne, your recalcitrant knight is tired of travelling, and he says he will be here by the second, so we may look for him to-morrow or the day after at the latest."

"Well, Anne," said Florence, "I expect you want to spend the day in preparing your affections for the Prince Royal; so come, Frank, you and I'll go down to help Mrs. Willis make cheese." Aunt Mary, I am almost fit for a farmer's wife already."

And Frank, who was ever ready for a scamper with his beautiful, gay-hearted cousin, ran for his hat, and off the two went, over the dewy grass, down the hill, to the meadowy hollow where the farmer's house stood.

And a jewel of a house it was too, according to Florence; neither very large, nor very new, but neat and comfortable, and beautifully situated, shaded in front by two large oak trees, which waved over a little green lawn that swept down to a clear stream which wound through the meadow beyond. At the back of the house, on one side was a rude trellis work, gay now with the scarlet bean and the velvet flowered morning glories, and at the other a clean, cool, brick shed, where snowy milk pails and glistening pans stood in a row. But the pride of Mrs. Willis's heart was her garden and dairy. The former was gay in the spring time, with flaunting red peonies, and golden-bellied crocuses, and gaudy tulip cups, that would sway and bend beneath the weight of the robber bee; or bright with the promises of green curling salad, and crisp radishes, and red veined beets, and early peas whose blossoms added to the garden's beauty. But now it was fairly gorgeous with hollyhocks, marigolds, and painted peas, four-o'clocks, and little yellow cosmos with their rich brown centre, and all a country housewife's favorite flowers; and fragrant with thyme and lavender, and sage, and chamomile covered with glistening white clam shells, which could not keep the feathery green of the plant entirely down.

As to the dairy house, it was refreshing just to look at it. It was built of stone, over a spring, and was as white as lime could make it. Three large drooping willow trees overshadowed it. Oh! what delicious coolness, when the door was opened, and when you descended the three little steps leading into it. How softly the spring murmured, and how clear the water was, and how the white milk gleamed from the pans, and how temptingly the balls of golden butter looked in the half darkness.

No wonder Florence loved to visit the farmer's good wife.

"Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Willis," said she, on approaching the house, "do let me break up that curd for you to-day."

"Well, so you shall, Miss Florence; I have

just taken it from the press;" and turning the cheese from the vat into her nicely painted tub, the good woman gave Florence a large knife, then disappeared in the cheese-room, to turn her treasures and rub them with cayenne pepper.

Florence commenced cutting the snowy curd into large slices; and in a short time she had a large congregation of the feathered tribe around her; young chickens, who took no thought of their death in the coming winter, and downy, half-grown ducks, who had not arrived at the dignity of feathers.

And now the huge pieces were compressed between Florence's white fingers till they came out fine and flaky, and the little flock around her became clamorous. Good Mrs. Willis would have held up her hands with horror, had she been present, to have seen her cheese diminish so rapidly under her guest's generosity, for she held that "Ingen meal" was good enough any time for ducks and chickens, who could not earn their own living.

Florence went on distributing the cheese lavishly, moralizing over the greedy rabble.—"Here, ducky, ducky, ducky," called she, at last, when she thought the sharp bills of the chickens had the advantage.

And, "here, ducky, ducky," was repeated behind her, as her head was clasped between two strong hands, and drawn back till a kiss was imprinted on her forehead.

Florence, as soon as released, turned in astonishment, and some little anger, to look behind her. A tall, handsome stranger stood there, who seemed as much surprised as herself, and was evidently embarrassed deeply at the liberty he had taken.

"I ask your pardon, madam," he stammered, "I thought it was Anne."

"No, it is not Anne," said Florence, shortly, at once conjecturing it was Cleveland, and assuming an air of cold dignity. "Here, ducky, ducky," she continued, turning away from him, and she commenced throwing out the curd to the ducks with frightful rapidity.

The stranger bowed and departed, and Mrs. Willis coming in a moment after and seeing the retreating figure, exclaimed, "Lor bless me, there's Mr. Cleveland, as sure as I live. He often leaves his baggage at the station house, and walks over, when the weather's fine. I didn't know he was coming so soon."

Florence said nothing about the mistake which had been made, but calling Frank soon after, took her departure.

As she ascended the steps of her uncle's mansion, she espied her cousin standing in the open door.

"Here, Anne," exclaimed she, "I have had the first kiss from your husband elect. But do not be jealous, my dear; he didn't mean to bestow such a surprising mark of esteem on me. He is a tolerably good-looking kind of man, and I think I may possibly find him worth fascinating, with your permission, *ma cousine*."

"Every word which Florence had spoken had been heard by Basil Cleveland, who was standing at an open window, just above her, and giving one short, expressive whistle, he said mentally, with a smile, "that is your game, is it, my Lady Cleopatra? It will take two, though, to play it out, methinks."

Florence determined to commence her attack upon the citadel at once, and Anne saw, with some amusement, her cousin's elaborate dinner costume, when she went to the table, though, as far as Mr. Cleveland was concerned, neither that nor Florence's brilliant conversation seemed to be noticed by him.

He conversed with all more than he did with the fair belle, and as she afterward peevishly observed, "ate his soup, and drank his wine, as if he really enjoyed them."

Several weeks passed with apparently no better success. Basil Cleveland was dressed for, sung for, and talked for, yet seemed to be insensible of it all.

"I declare," said Florence one day to her cousin, "I would rather undertake to make a whole ball-room of New York beaux in love with me, than a man like this Don Basil, who spends half his life in the country, thinking. His heart is like a nether mill-stone. I wonder, Anne, if he likes 'elegant simplicity.' I think I must try that."

And, consequently, Florence's tactics changed immediately; flowers were substituted for jewelry—the most brilliant conversation had now a touch of sentiment in it; the difficult music, which heretofore had been selected to show off her rich *contralto* voice, was laid aside, and simple, touching songs took its place.

Perhaps the new scheme was unnecessary, for a gradual change seemed to be coming over Mr. Cleveland. He more frequently joined the girls and Philip in their walks and rides, occasionally accompanied Florence when singing, and as she thought, sometimes steadily watched her when she was in conversation with other gentlemen.

At last, he said one day, "come, ladies, what do you say to a good gallop this delightful morning. Philip and myself will be charmed to have your company; and, Miss Florence, I have a beautiful little horse, just suited for a lady, which I should feel honored if you would ride."

Florence went to prepare for the excursion, in high spirits.

"What a beautiful creature! What is its name?" asked she, as she mounted.

"I call him Mischief," was the reply.

"Mischief! oh, that is ominous. I am really afraid of him, Mr. Cleveland."

Anne looked astonished, and Philip amused, for they both knew that Florence was an accomplished rider, and afraid of nothing.

But Basil Cleveland retained the little hand longer than was necessary, after he had lifted her to the saddle, as he said in a low voice, "the horse is very gentle, I assure you, Florence. Had it not been so I would not for the world risk your life on him."

He felt the hand he held tremble, and while Florence bent over to caress her horse, in order to conceal the flush which had mantled to her face, he sprang upon his own animal and the party set off.

"Why, Flor, what is the matter with you? Have you taken the vow of La Trappe, that you won't speak?" asked her brother.

She looked up, and her eyes met those of Basil Cleveland fixed upon her. In truth, the gay girl was totally subdued. She had fully made up her mind, whilst putting on her riding dress, that she would play the timid young lady to perfection; that Mr. Cleveland should adjust her reins times without number; that her stirrup strap should be too long or too short; in fact, that he should never leave her

side; but now she rode on silently, almost feeling as if she wished to escape from the very man, whom, but an hour before, she had been devising plans to keep by her exclusively. She longed to be at home in her own room, to examine into the multitudinous feelings of her own heart, which was very much like Pandora's box, with hope at the bottom. But then came the question, "can he have been trifling too?" after which a long reverie was ended with; "I came very near being caught in my own trap, I vow."

"Very near!" Poor Florence, it had only been "very near," had things ended there, but when her eyes again met his in dismounting, and her hand was again detained for a moment, she said to herself, "surely he must be in earnest."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

Dr. Franklin's Opinions on Music.

The following letter on music, by the Philosopher of America, is from the "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin, L. L. D., by his Grandson, W. Temple Franklin, 1818."

"In my passage to America, I read your excellent work, the 'Elements of Criticism,' in which I found great entertainment. I only wished you had examined more fully the subject of music, and demonstrated that the pleasure artists feel in hearing much of that composed in the modern taste, is not the natural pleasure arising from melody, or harmony of sounds, but of the same kind with the pleasure we feel on seeing the surprising feats of tumblers and rope dancers, who execute difficult things. For my part, I take this to be really the case, and suppose it the reason why those who are unpractised in music, and therefore unacquainted with those difficulties, have little or no pleasure in hearing this music. Many pieces of it are composed of tricks. I have sometimes, at a concert, attended by a common audience, placed myself so as to see all their faces, and observed no signs of pleasure in them during the performance of a great part of what was admired by the performers themselves; while a plain old Scotch tune, which they disdained, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to play, gave manifest and general delight.

Give me leave, on this occasion, to extend a little the sense of your position, that 'melody and harmony are separately agreeable, and in union delightful'; and to give it as my opinion, that the reason why the Scotch tunes have lived so long, and will probably live forever, (if they escape being stifled in modern affected ornament) is merely this, that they are really compositions of melody and harmony united, or rather, that their melody is harmony—I mean the simple tune sung by a single voice. As this will appear paradoxical, I must explain my meaning. In common acceptance, indeed, only an agreeable succession of sounds is called melody, and only the co-existence of agreeable sounds, harmony. But since the memory is capable of retaining, for some moments, a perfect idea of the pitch of a sound, so as to compare with it the pitch of a succeeding sound, and judge truly of their agreement or disagreement, there may and does arise from hence, a sense of harmony between the past and present sounds, equally pleasant with that between two present sounds. Now the construction of the old Scotch tune is this, that almost every succeeding emphatic note is a third, a fifth, an octave, or, in short, some note that is in accordance with the preceding note. Thirds are chiefly used, which are very pleasing concord. I use the word emphatic to distinguish those notes which have a stress laid on them in singing the tune, from the lighter connecting notes, that serve merely, like grammar articles in common speech, to tack the whole together.

That we have a most perfect idea of a sound just past, I might appeal to all acquainted with music, who know how easy it is to repeat a sound in the same pitch with one just heard. In tuning an instrument, you can as easily determine that two strings are in union by sounding them separately, as by sounding them together, for when sounded together, though you know that one is higher than the other, you cannot tell which it is. I have ascribed to memory the ability of comparing the pitch of a present tone with that of one past. But if there should be, as there possibly may be, something in the ear, similar to what we find in the eye, the ability would not be entirely owing to memory. Possibly the vibrations given to the auditory nerves by a particular sound, may actually continue some time after the cause of those vibrations is past, and the agreement or disagreement of a subsequent sound become, by comparison with them, more discernible; for the impression made on the visual nerves by a luminous object will continue for twenty or thirty seconds. Sitting in a room, look earnestly at the middle of a window a little while when the day is bright, and then shut your eyes, the figure of the window will still remain in the eye, and so distinct that you may count the panes. A remarkable circumstance attending this experiment is, that the impression of forms is better retained than that of colors; for after the eyes are shut, when you first discern the image of the window, the panes appear dark, and the cross bars of the sashes, with the window frames and walls, appear white or bright; but if you still add to the darkness in the eyes by covering them with your hand, the reverse instantly takes place—the panes appear luminous, and the cross bars dark; and by removing the hand they are again reversed. This I know not how to account for.

Further, when we consider by whom these ancient tunes were composed, and how they were first performed, we shall see that such harmonical succession of sounds was natural and even necessary in their construction. They were composed by the minstrels of those days, to be played on the harp, accompanied by the voice. The harp was strung with wire, which gave a sound of long continuance, and had no contrivance like that in the modern harpsichord, by which the sound of the preceding could be stopped, the moment a note began. To avoid actual discord, it was necessary that the succeeding emphatic note should be a chord with the preceding, as their sound must exist at the same time. Hence arose that beauty in those tunes, that has so long pleased, and will please forever, though men scarce know why.

That these tunes were originally composed for the harp, and of the most simple kind, (I mean a harp without any half notes but those of the natural scale, and with no more than two octaves of strings, from C to C), I conjecture

from another circumstance, which is, that not one of those tunes, really ancient, has a single artificial note in it, and that in tunes where it was most convenient for the voice to use the middle notes of the harp, and place the key in F, then the B, which if used, would be a B flat, is always omitted by passing over it with a third. The connoisseurs in modern music will say that I have no taste; but I cannot help adding, that I believe our ancestors, in hearing a good song distinctly articulated, sung to one of those tunes, and accompanied by the harp, felt more real pleasure than is communicated by the generality of modern operas, exclusive of that arising from the scenery and dancing. Most tunes of late composition, not having this natural harmony united with their melody, have recourse to the artificial harmony of a bass, and other accompanying parts. This support, in my opinion, the old tunes do not need, and are rather confused than aided by it. Whoever has heard James Oswald play them, in hearing his violinello will be less inclined to dispute this with me. I have more than once seen tears of pleasure in the eyes of his auditors; and yet, I think even his playing those tunes would please more, if he gave them less modern ornament.

I am, &c., B. FRANKLIN.

Lotteries.

The P. M. of West Genesee, in this State, sends us a circular, or paper, purporting to come from the house of McIntyre, in this city, which is filled with lottery schemes to be drawn at different times, and remarks that we have stated in the *Dispatch*, 'that there is a law prohibiting all lotteries in this State, and that there is no office for the vending or disposing of tickets, in the State.' We have stated that there is a law prohibiting the drawing of lotteries and the vending of tickets in this State; but that, nevertheless, the vending of tickets for the Maryland and Delaware lotteries was carried on in more than a hundred different places in this city. In fact, more than two-thirds of the money-brokers are engaged in the business, many of whom reap rich harvests, and in time, retire from business, join some aristocratic church up-town, move in the best circles, respected and esteemed, and enjoy the luxuries of their ill-gotten wealth with the best of Christians, and without any scruples of conscience at all. They apass wealth, repent at the eleventh hour, and are hale fellows well met, in Church as in State.

For the information of our friend, the P. M., we will state that there are two houses in this city from which these circulars are issued—two swindling houses—of which the parties are irresponsible men, and who have repeatedly been cited before the public authorities to answer for misdemeanor, but who have, up to the present time, escaped conviction. From these houses the country, and more especially the State of New York, has been flooded with these schemes of lotteries to be drawn in the States of Maryland and Delaware, and extraordinary inducements are held out to the uninitiated, to buy whole packages of tickets at a time. How they manage to get these circulars through our post office is more than we are able to tell, for by law it is a criminal offence to even drop one of them in the post office, whether sent to a subscriber or non-subscriber. Possibly, post master Brady might throw some light upon the subject.

We thank our friend for sending this circular, for it gives us an opportunity of again warning the young men and youth of the country against this pernicious, ruinous, and worst of all gambling speculations. And above all, we warn them to beware how they risk their money with the men from whom these circulars emanate. In dealing with fair men, you would have about the same chance of drawing a prize that you would have of finding a needle in a hay-stack—in dealing with the unprincipled men, your chances would be lessened. In conclusion, we would say if there are any among our friends who are bound to run extraordinary risks whether or no, we advise them to send their money to parties with whom they are acquainted, either as business men or friends, and who will give them what little chance there may be of getting even 'hawk.'—[Brother Jonathan.]

A Scolding Wife.

Got a scolding wife, have you? Well, it's your own fault, ten to one. Women are *all* naturally amiable, and when their tempers get crossed it's the men that do it. Just look at yourself as you came home last night! Slamming doors, and kicking everything that laid in the way, right and left—because—well, you couldn't tell for the life of you what it was for. Suppose you'd been laying your face under embargo all day to those who cared nothing about you, smiling and hemming and hawing, and wanted to get where you could enjoy a little superlative ill-nature.

No wonder your wife was cross, getting supper with a baby in her arms! Why didn't you take the baby, and trot it, and please it? Room was all in confusion—why didn't you put it to rights? You want a little rest! So does your wife, and she gets precious little, poor woman. You are at your shop—walking briskly through the sun-bine in this bracing weather—reading the paper; meeting friends and acquaintances; sitting cozily in the office. She is at home with clinging arms dragging about her neck, loving, but still wearisome at times. She is dependent upon the call of a neighbor for a little break up in her monotonous life, or the opening of a window upon a stunted yard for what fresh air comes. Wake up, man alive, and look into this matter! Put on your best smile the moment your foot touches the door-step. Treat the littered room to a broad grin, and your wife to a kiss. Give the baby some sugar-plums, and little Bobby a new picture-book to busy his bright eyes with. Tell that poor, tired-looking woman that you've brought her a nice book to read, and that you're going to stay at home evenings. Our word for it, apologies will be plentiful, supper will come on like magic, everything will have an extra touch. At times there will be something very like tears in the good woman's eyes, and her voice will be husky when she asks you if your tea quite suits you. Of course it will to a charm.

It may be a little silent that evening. You miss the complaining tone, the scolding and fault-finding; but your loss is her gain; she is thinking of the long past, but considers upon the whole that she is a happier woman to-night than she ever was in her whole life before.

Give the new plan a fair trial. Gradually

as you return you will find the house in perfect order. Old dresses will be remodelled, and your wife appear as good as new. Home will grow more and more pleasant, and the brightest smile upon your features during the day will be a reflection of the thought that evening is coming with its pleasant chat of wife and little ones.

Scolding wife, indeed! If you men did as you should, wouldn't such a wife be an anomaly?—[Boston Olive Branch.]

GOING HOME.—Once a fortnight our city is crowded with a host of the sturdy and industrious miners on their way home to the Atlantic States. The red shirts and wool hats are to be seen in every street,—all impatiently awaiting the departure of the steamer which is to carry them back to their anxious and expectant families. But a glance at a miner's countenance suffices to tell how his hopes have been realized in this country, and whether he has been well rewarded for his labor. The one who has worked assiduously, lived economically, and been temperate and steady, who has made good wages and carefully saved them with a view of buying a farm, or entering into permanent business of some description, reveals at once in his countenance the satisfaction enjoyed, and the bright prospects he has in the future. If he is a young man, some old neighbor's bright-eyed daughter may have won his heart, and the thought of returning and claiming her as his partner for life cheers him in his labors, and makes him the more anxious to leave. If he is a man of family, the very thought of returning to a loving wife and children, with a well-filled purse, the fruits of honest industry,—is depicted in his countenance, and shows itself in his every action. How unfortunate it is that there are not more to greet the hearts of their parents and families, with a good account of their labors and adventures. But of the thousands who arrive here, disease and dissipation have their victims; and in no country on the earth do their ravages tell with so great effect as in this. Many ardent and impulsive beings, who came here with high hopes, and in expectation of realizing a competence for, after years, have been stricken down by disease and rendered objects of charity, or swallowed in the whirlpool of vice. But there are many who have happily avoided the Scylla and Charybdis, and who every fortnight through our streets, preparatory to their departure for the Atlantic States. While many are so anxious to return, there is no small number who do so with unaffected chagrin and regret.

[San Francisco paper.]

A YANKEE'S IDEA OF HEAVEN.—A writer in the *Times* has been giving some conversation with a queer old fellow down in New Hampshire:

"Nowe," said the old man, "I've got my own idee about heaven, and I don't believe that we shall be forever and ever attendin' prayer meetins and singin' psalms—it would be prayin' monotonous. I don't think that death is anythin' but a kind of change of place. Nowe, for instance—we'll suppose we four have all started from New York to Boston; that ere gentleman come from a high-toned family; these ere are from a down-town tavern, and I am from the Five Pints. When we get to Boston, this ere gentleman will go naturally to the Revere House, these ere to some other middle house, and I shall go strait to Ann street, or the Five Pints of Boston. So I think it will be when we journey off to 'other world—we shall go strait to the same sort of things we liked here. Don't you think so?"

"But I'll tell ye a story, to show ye what I think of future punishment. My next neighbor in Lynn, Zach Cornish, had all his hens hooked by a feller, about two years ago. The feller's name was Jose Jonsing, and he run away to California. Wall, this year he cum back with sights o' money. 'Tother day Zach comes to me, and sez he, 'Mr. O. Jose Jonsing is cum back agin from California, and I want to prosecute him for them hens,' sez he, 'he stole from me two years ago.'

"Wall," sez I, "Zack! I wouldn't, nowe. In the first place, it'll be rather hard to—prove. Then," sez I, "Zack, Jose Jonsing will be published for that har heretaker."

"Why? how?" sez he.

"Why," sez I, "I believe Jose Jonsing will be wantin' to steal hens for all eternity and will never find 'em!"

TO MANAGE A REARING HORSE.—In the British Sportsman we find the following hint respecting the management of a rearing horse, which strikes us as being worthy, as it is easy of trial:

"Whenever you perceive a horse's inclination to rear, separate your reins and prepare for him. The instant he is about to rise, slacken one hand, and bend or twist his head with the other, keeping your hands low. This bending compels him to move a hind leg, and of necessity brings his fore feet down. Instantly twist him completely round two or three times, which will confuse him very much, and completely throw him off his guard. The moment you have finished twisting him round, place his head in the direction you wish to proceed, apply the spurs and he will not fail to go forward; if the situation be convenient, press him into a gallop, and apply the spurs and whip two or three times severely. The horse will not perhaps be quite satisfied with the first defeat, but may be disposed to try again for the mastery. Should this be the case, you have only to twist him &c., as before, and you will find that in the second struggle he will be much more easily subdued than on a former occasion; in fact you will perceive him quail under the operation. It rarely happens that a rearing horse, after having been treated in the way described, will resort to his trick a third time.

ANSON G. CUESTER, of the Buffalo Express, thus gracefully responds to the congratulations of his brother editors, on his recent marriage:

"It is proper by this time that we should engage in the pleasant duty of acknowledging the various congratulations we have received on all hands, concerning the recent change which Time has rung above our head. The greetings of our friends and conferees have fallen pleasantly upon us, the which we place in our heart of hearts with exceeding joy. The new way blazes with beauty, and rings with gladness—and these earnest wishes add to its embellishment; and lend many a grace note to its melody. We can no answer make but thanks; yet shall these be hearty as a mother's blessing."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A REQUIEM FOR THE OLD YEAR.

BY INEZ.

A requiem for the old and waning year,
 Passing from earth to-day;
 Let it be wailed mournfully and clear,
 Yet let an undertone our spirits cheer—
 "Not wholly passed away."

'Tis not the sighing wintry winds alone
 That chant a requiem here;
 But in the desolate branches' silent moan,
 And in the falling sunlight's voiceless tone,
 The mournful numbers flow.

Fade, fade from earth thou worn and weary one,
 Linger not feebly here;
 The brightness from thy darkened path is gone,
 The lightness from thy drooping wing is flown,
 Fade, fade thou weary year.

O linger not where storms and tempests dwell,
 Where all we wail and weep;
 There is no music in the breezes' swell,
 And whispers from Time waiting spirits, tell
 Thy home is with the dead.

Yet shall the shadow of thy glistering plume,
 The perfume of thy breath,
 Float round us in the hours of twilight gloom,
 And Memory shall hover o'er thy tomb,
 The conqueror of Death.

Fade, fade from earth thou worn and weary one,
 Thy journey long is o'er;
 Above thy grave the sighing storm shall moan,
 And every wintry wind, one requiem tone
 Shall breathe, "No more—no more."

MISCELLANY.

The Theater in Hartford.

A petition is circulating in Hartford Conn., remonstrating against the license of theaters in that city. It is drawn up with great ability, and argues the question of their utility at length. It traces the history of the theater from the heathen world, thence to Greece, next to Rome, thence to England and the European continent, and lastly to this country, the first theater here having been established in Boston, in 1750; and shows that it has everywhere been attended by the three great vices of inebriety, licentiousness, and gambling. The memorial argues against the possibility of an improved and refined stage. It concludes its argument by saying:

In the nature of things a reformed stage is as impossible as a reformed tippling house, or a reformed brothel. They are dreamers, who imagine that in a community where the most virtuous and intelligent half of the people avoid the theater and condemn it for its inseparable corruptions, and where brave numbers of those who have no religious scruples to deter their attendance, will, nevertheless, stay away for reasons of taste and chastity, a theater can be sustained whose attractions shall solicit only the virtuous and classic mind. Experience has demonstrated that a reformed and irreproachable theater cannot live even under the smiles of royalty. Neither Boston, nor Philadelphia, nor New York, has, or can have such a theater. Experience has demonstrated also, that in a small city, like Hartford, none but a most corrupt and pernicious stage can possibly support itself so long as a majority of the people remain virtuous and Christian. A theater may corrupt a moral community as a cancer or a zangrene may penetrate the healthful flesh. But a virtuous community has never yet reformed a corrupt theater. It is a demonstrated and irrefragable proposition that the theater must be what it has been. To anticipate, then, for Hartford, or for any other city in Christendom, a theater with chaste and classic plays, with pure and temperate actors, without its three inseparable satellites, the brothel, the drinking saloon, and the gamblers' table, is to overlook the history of centuries and believe what one desires or dreams. Having traced the annals and witnessed the character of the stage since its origin among the Bacchanal rites of Paganism, and having the testimony of all ages, countries and climates to its uniform and unchanging effects, the undersigned deprecate in the most serious terms, and dread with the most profound apprehension, the introduction among us of this mother of the three destroying vices. And they implore the members of the Common Council, as intelligent students of history, as the parents of sons who are to grow up among Hartford institutions and Hartford seductions, as the conservators of public morality, trustees of the best interests and guardians of the highest destinies of the city, to say, what so many heathen legislatures have seen reason to say before that a corrupt, irresponsible and incorrigible institute like the theater—an institute that has led in its train for twenty centuries, and has led round the world, the three vices that have ravaged society wherever they have gone—shall have no welcome and no licence in Hartford.

* THE BIBLE.—How comes it that that little volume, composed by humble men in a rude age, when art and science were but in their childhood, has exerted more influence on the human mind and on the social system, than all the other books put together? Whence comes it that this book has achieved such marvellous changes in the opinion of mankind—has banished idol worship—has abolished infanticide; has put down polygamy and divorce; exalted the condition of women; raised the standard of public morality; created for families that blessed thing, a Christian home; and caused its other triumphs by causing benevolent institutions, open and expansive; to spring up as with the wand of enchantment? What sort of a book is this, that even the winds and waves of human passions obey it? What other engine of social improvement has operated so long, and yet lost none of its virtue? Since it appeared, many boasted plans of amelioration have been tried and failed, many codes of jurisprudence have arisen, and run their course, and expired. Empire after empire has been launched on the tide of time, and gone down, leaving no trace on the waters. But this book is still going about doing good, leavening society with its holy principles; cheering the sorrowful with its consolation; strengthening the tempted; encouraging the penitent; calming the troubled spirit; and smoothing the pillow of death. Can such a book be the offspring of human genius? Does not the vastness of its effects demonstrate the excellency of the power to be of God?

CALLING NAMES.—The following extract from an able article by Rev. Dr. Bacon, of the Independent, embodies a great deal of sound sense, as well as two apt and amusing anecdotes:

There is much efficacy sometimes in attaching an odious or unpopular name to those whose influence we would resist or whose reputation we would impair. The name may have no definite meaning in the popular mind. It may be a name with which the people are not at all familiar and which therefore cannot be strictly said to be unpopular; but even in such cases a hard name may be very effective as a stigma, if uttered with a suitable tone and emphasis. It often happens that such "calling names" is far more convenient in controversy than any other argument.

Every body has heard of the two reasons

which a Dutchman of the last age, somewhere on the banks of the Mohawk, offered for giving his vote against De Witt Clinton, that eminent statesman being then a candidate for the office of Governor. "He digged a big ditch right through my farm, and besides, he's a Clintonian." The honest Dutchman had no very definite idea of what was meant by Clintonian in the party slang of the day, but he felt that, when he had so stigmatized a man whom he disliked, he had given the best of all reasons for voting against him.

There is a story, not quite so ancient, of a New England pastor, who, at his ordination, was examined at great length by the council, not without some suspicious evidence of familiarity with such writers as Coleridge, Tholuck, and Neander. Not long after his ordination, while visiting from house to house, to make himself acquainted with his flock, he called upon a good lady, who evidently had some burden on her mind in regard to her new pastor. She expressed her personal satisfaction with his ministrations. She had been instructed and edified by his sermons; "but oh!" said she to him, with a look of pain and fear, "they do say that you agree with Mr. Leander." "Somebody, zealous for the truth, had undertaken to stigmatize that young pastor, and so to impair his influence with his people. The name of the saintly Neander had been used in connection with his name, as a term of reproach, and that good lady, without knowing what was meant by it, or even what it was, had been convinced by the tone and emphasis with which it was uttered, that there was some terrible meaning in it.

This kind of logic is much used in theological and ecclesiastical controversies. Call your adversary a Pelagian, and unless he retorts upon you by calling you something worse, and something that sticks better, his arguments are all answered. Call him an Antinomian or a Fatalist, and many who do not know the difference between Antinomianism and Antimony, will believe that he denies some essential principle of the Christian faith. Call him a Neologist or a Rationalist—call him Swedenborgian—call him a Mystic or a Campbellite, and ten to one he can make no answer that can relieve him of the stigma. Make some ingenious quotations, showing that on a certain point he seems to agree with William Law, or Jacob Behmen, with Spinoza or Crispin, with Thomas Aquinas or George Fox, with Count Zinzendorf or "Mr. Leander," and perhaps you will have put him into a completely helpless condition. It is a very easy way of arguing; it requires no depth of thought, and no great reach of learning.

The facility with which people "call names," without the slightest idea of their meaning is well illustrated in these two stories, but better still by the following, told by the late Judge Gaston, of North Carolina, one of the best and ablest men our country has ever possessed. It relates to the old party times when Federalism was a party nickname:

"An old farmer had removed from North Carolina to Tennessee. Returning after some years to his former residence, he was conversing with one of his old neighbors about the politics of the district. 'I suppose,' said he, 'you all go in for Major A. for Congress, as you used to.' 'Why no; we don't like the Major as we did.' 'Why, what has he done?' 'They say he's turned a Federalist.' 'A Federalist! What's that?' 'Why, I don't know, 'zactly, but I allow it ain't a human.'

GLORIOUS 'LIBERTY.'—The New York Tribune says there are 8000 hotels, drinking saloons and dram-shops in that city, and the amount expended in them is amazing, almost exceeding belief. If the sales average \$10 each, which is a very low estimate, the amount will be \$80,000 a day, \$240,000 a month, and \$2,800,000 a year.

New York is a very free city—the people there enjoy the largest liberty. They are troubled with no Maine Law; the grog-shops can control the ballot-boxes, and a city Government and Police that would shut up the Gambling Saloons, the Peter Funk Auction rooms, the Grog shops and Houses of ill fame, would be hurled out of office at the very next election, as dangerous to the freedom of the people. We often hear it said that the Maine Law is a bad law—it injures the cause of temperance, and does great mischief. Well, New York has no such law, and probably will not have very soon. There, then, we may see the better state of things which exists by the absence of such a law, than can be found in our New England towns and cities, where the grog shops are shut up. The paragraph we have copied above will show how New York is not injured by the Maine Law—may, how enviously she is benefited by an opposite state of things.

Instead of a tax of \$28,000,000 per year paid to the drinking saloons and dram-shops of New York, we have no doubt the average sales in each will equal \$50 per year; in which case, the grog-shops suck in \$140,000,000. So much paid for Liberty—the profaned name of Liberty!—[Gospel Banner.]

FUN AT BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—We had intended to visit the sea-calf which is delighting the amateurs of Barnum's Museum; but time failed us, and we were unable to answer the questions of many of our readers concerning this amphibious wonder, when a conversation, overheard by us at the theatre, suddenly enlightened our ignorance. The dialogue was between husband and wife. The husband had just entered. The lady, who had remained alone during the entire first act, asks the reason of this neglect.

The gentleman excuses himself. He had been to see Barnum's Seal. Nothing can be more dull. "Imagine, my dear, the animal speaks!"

"Speaks? what! the seal? In English?" "No! but a dragonian interprets the words of the animal, which are understood by a French gentleman, professor of the Phoca language."

The lady begs him to explain.

"It is thus: the French interpreter says to the English interpreter, 'Attention! here are spectators—let us begin the exercises.' 'Ladies and gentlemen,' cries the English interpreter, 'the Sea-Lion is about to speak.' The seal, who has just received a blow from a switch upon his muzzle:—Wrrroohu!"

"What does he say?" inquires the public. "He has exclaimed papa, in French," answers the French interpreter. The American translates and the spectators applaud. Very soon, the seal remarks that his Carnac has an idea of using the switch again, and—Wrrroohu! he bellows.

"He says manan," shouts the Gallic translator; "Mother," cries the American. The public applauds again; up goes the switch, the terrible Sea-Lion rears himself in his tub! the keeper throws his arm about the neck of his pupil—they embrace! Grand tableau!—[Funch U. S. Courier.]

CURE FOR THE CROUP.—Dr. Forbes, of Boston, relates, in a late number of the Medical Journal, a case in which a severe attack of croup was cured by the application of sponges wrung out of hot water to the throat, together with water treatment, which he describes as follows: "Soon after making the first applica-

tion of sponges to the throat, I wrapped the child in a woolen blanket, wrung out in warm water, as a substitute for a warm bath, and gave twenty drops of the wine of antimony in a little sweetened water, which she swallowed with difficulty. I persevered in the application of hot, moist sponges for an hour, when the child was so much relieved that I ventured to leave it. These applications were continued through the night, and in the morning the child was well."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE..... DEC. 30, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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[For the Eastern Mail.]
Tobacco—its habitual Use an Immorality.
 Evil practices which have become extensively prevalent and which find their support in the depraved appetites of men can be corrected only by enlisting the public conscience in the work of reform. In this way, mainly, has the temperance cause been carried on to its present state of prosperity.

Many persons who are addicted to bad habits have sufficient strength of moral principle to abandon such habits, when fully convinced that they are wrong. This fact affords the philanthropist encouragement to agitate questions of reform.

That the habitual use of Tobacco is an immorality, is a proposition susceptible of ample demonstration. Even though the occasional use of this narcotic, like other poisons, may be serviceable, as a medicine, in some extreme cases, its habitual use can no more be justified on this ground, than the habitual use of alcohol, opium, or antimony. Any practice which gives strength and predominance to the appetites tends to degradation, and is therefore an immorality.

Self-denial is an essential principle of virtuous life. This results from the antagonism of inclination and duty, appetite and conscience, which forms a universal characteristic of human nature. The use of tobacco, as it generally prevails, is a form of gross and confessedly needless self-indulgence; it is therefore directly at war with virtue.

The appetites belong to the lowest department of man's nature; they are possessed in common with brutes, and were designed to be subordinate to the judgment and conscience. The creation of an artificial appetite is a palpable violation of the laws of our nature, and necessarily renders self-control more difficult and strengthens the tendency to evil—a tendency sufficiently formidable, under the most favorable circumstances. But when an artificial appetite has been acquired it soon assumes a complex character and becomes a passion; and then, in the language of Dugald Stewart, "In proportion as this passion is gratified, its influence over the conduct becomes the more irresistible, till at last we struggle in vain against its tyranny. A man, so enslaved by his animal appetites, exhibits humanity in one of its most miserable and contemptible forms."

Illustration of the debasing effects of tobacco may be found in abundance around us; the profane, the violent, the licentious and the abandoned are almost invariably addicted to the use of this narcotic. The use of tobacco necessarily does injury to others, and is therefore an infringement of the golden rule; it is doing to others as we would not have others do to us. The odor of this noxious substance is naturally offensive and to some persons is exceedingly annoying and injurious to health. The sight is no less offended by the disgusting impurities of this practice—the superfluity of nastiness flowing directly from the use of the weed. The destruction of those delicate principles of true politeness, which scrupulously avoids the slightest unnecessary injury to others, is a serious injury to our moral nature, and a wrong to our neighbor.

Tobacco has strongly acid properties and an exceedingly pungent odor. According to the best medical authority it is a poison; and when taken into the stomach it acts powerfully upon the nervous system and enters largely into the circulation, deranging the functions of life, and passing off with the breath and insensible perspiration. The person who uses this narcotic is, therefore, perpetually surrounded, not only with a noxious odor, but with a poisonous malarial. Persons of delicate health are necessarily injured when exposed to this pestilential atmosphere.

Multitudes of females, especially wives, who from their situation in life are compelled to endure this disgusting annoyance, have become the innocent victims of this vile practice, and gone down to a premature grave, or are lingering in feebleness.

But the evil does not stop here. According to a well known law of our nature, both physical and mental disorders become hereditary. The disgusting fumes of this abominable narcotic not only offend our senses and pollute the air we breathe, but the deadly taint poisons the fountains of life and descends from father to son, inflicting an inevitable and terrible curse upon posterity.

The use of tobacco is therefore an immorality and an evil of stupendous magnitude. The trade in this article can no more be justified than the trade in ardent spirits. The subject deserves the attention of every philanthropist.

TEMPERANCE.

THE BOSTON MEDICAL JOURNAL gives the following simple and economical apparatus for overcoming bad odors and purifying any apartment where the air is loaded with noxious materials:

"Take one of any of the various kinds of

globe lamps—for burning camphene, for example—and fill it with chloric ether, and light the wick. In a few minutes the object will be accomplished. In dissecting rooms, in the damp, deep vaults, where vegetables are sometimes stored, or where drains allow the escape of offensive gasses; in out-buildings, and in short, in any spot where it is desirable to purify the atmosphere, burn one of these lamps.—One tube, charged with a wick is quite sufficient. This suggestion is really worth remembering for the comfort of a sick room, because it is easily accomplished, agreeable, and more economical for purifying than any process now known.

Mr. Judd's Lecture.

"The Law of Kindness" was the subject of Mr. Judd's lecture before the Waterville Lyceum on Thursday evening last. Like all Mr. Judd says, it was a very pleasant matter to listen to. Indeed, we went home feeling wiser and better for having heard it; and so we continued to feel till we attempted to embody our advancement in a tangible, practical system. Then we found ourselves exactly where we left the lecturer—and this, he said, was where Barnum was—namely, "nowhere." The man who attempts to tear down old systems should be prepared to substitute new ones. To pull his friend from a leaky boat, without throwing him a spar to cling to, comes so near involving responsibility for his death, in case he is drowned, that the difference is "nowhere!" If Christ was indeed a non-resistant, then the man who finds fault with the church for not being what Christ was, should be willing to trust to practical non-resistance himself. Mr. Judd gave the command of the Saviour to "resist not evil" a very satisfactory non-resistant interpretation. It was not possible that any Christian should gainsay it. It must be so—Why, then, was not Mr. Judd somewhere?

The Maine Law was cited. Mr. Judd was in a quandary here. An offender against public morals might be legally restrained. A burglar might be arrested. But having the offender in our hands, it became a nice point what we should do with him. For once, at least, the lecturer was troubled for words. Christ told the woman to "go and sin no more"; but whether we should therefore tell the rumrunner to "go and sin on," or permit him to go, knowing that he was determined to sin on, was not so plainly a part of the Christian law. Indeed, Mr. Judd was a little more "nowhere" in relation to the Maine Law than Barnum was in relation to Jenny Lind. Why was the Maine Law cited, rather than any other law against violators of public morals or personal rights? Mr. Judd could countenance the arrest of the gambler and the destruction of his implements, his "property," by law. Then, why spare the implements of the seller of intoxicating drinks? Is he less guilty, or less hurtful to society? Not that the lecturer was really bold enough to suggest this—for his discourse consisted mainly of suggestions—but he did suggest a query whether the Maine Law was entirely "kind" enough towards the liquor seller.—Doubtless all steadfast friends of the law have had in their minds the same queries; but unlike Mr. Judd, have decided them in the affirmative, instead of leaving them "nowhere." If it was his aim to weaken the confidence of his hearers in the Maine Law, he by no means complain that he attempted to effect his object by insinuation, instead of open argument. The latter would have been without effect, while the former may have led some to suspect a rat where they actually saw only a meal.

The lecture, as we said, was an exceedingly pleasant one, and was listened to with evident admiration. With a little more boldness, it would have been as useful as it was pleasant. Had the speaker indicated the same faith in his interpretations that he required of his audience, that audience would hardly have failed to reduce some of his "suggestions" to practice.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a private letter from a young lawyer in the West, who has formerly resided among us.

DAVENPORT, SCOTT CO., IOWA.,
 December 9th, 1852.
 I think I wrote you last from St. Louis. After stopping there a short time I took a steamer for Quincy, Ill.—staid there a few days, then started up the river to Keokuk, in Iowa—then along up the river to this place—was intending, on arriving at K., to go into the interior of the State to Fort Des Moines; but 'old winter' came 'bagging' about even while I was at Quincy, in the shape of a fall of near a foot of snow, and it made the travelling into the interior so bad that no rational man would risk his neck.

From Quincy to Keokuk, in the south-east corner of this State, I came by steam; thence to Burlington, a distance of forty miles, by stage, or rather by a 'thing' which here they call a 'stage.' The roads—oh! shade of Mac-Adam, be merciful! Of that forty miles, the first ten was a plank road, and we went swimmingly; the remaining thirty, they call a mud road, the name usually applied here to roads not planked. 'Mud!' just call it mud, muddy, muddier, muddiest, take the aggregate of all those, and multiply that aggregate by five, and you will reach a fractional part of the sober truth. Why, we were all compelled to get out of the carriage at least a dozen times to walk over the 'bad places!' and four times we had to pry the 'waggin' out of the mud holes with rails. Once the 'thing' turned over, down a steep embankment; but it happened during one of our walking excursions, so we escaped injury. And yet, with the exception of a short time in fall and spring, these roads are among the best in the world.

From Burlington I came to this place by steamboat—though I was at that time too sick to go out of doors with safety—landed here at Davenport, on the 'sunset side of the Father of Waters.' This is a pleasant town—has a city charter

two years ago, it had 1800 inhabitants, now it has 3800. The population of the county (Scott) has increased about commensurate with the city, which is the county seat. The country round about is mostly prairie, and is said to be among the best farming sections in the West.

A railroad is now completed a distance of sixty miles this side of Chicago; next season it will be extended the remaining distance across the State of Illinois, striking the Mississippi river at Rock Island City, opposite this place, and connecting with the city ferry, as at East Boston. When that is done, there will be a direct line of railroad communication from this place to Waterville, Me. The Lake Shore Road is already completed in Ohio, whereby a connection is had with the N. Y. & Erie Road to Dunkirk, N. Y.; and from Cleveland, Ohio, westward, the road is now said to be completed to Chicago, Ill., and thence, westward, sixty miles as stated above. When finished to this place, Waterville and here are only four or five days apart.

Real estate is high here—rents consequently high. Money is worth from 20 to 35 per cent. Guess I could loan \$500, this week at 2 1/2 per cent. per month on the best security, if I had it. One who has the means can make money by 'shaving notes' almost as fast as he pleases.

Take it through the country generally here, Lawyers are thick as sunbeams in a cloudless day—to be found on every corner, 'grow on every bush,' are cast in every mould, are hatched in every nest. As for their attainments, it may with safety be said that nineteen twentieths of them can write their names correctly; about nine tenths can tell, by guessing twice, 'who was the first man'; three fourths of them seem to be aware that once upon a time, there lived such a man, as Blackstone, the other, when his name is mentioned, think that some mineral in the western states is alluded to.—About half of them can write a 'dunning letter,' when they have a 'form.' One fourth can 'draw up papers' in legal transactions with tolerable accuracy. One tenth can manage a case in court, after a fashion. One twentieth may be classed as pretty good lawyers. Whenever a log cabin is raised anywhere in the wilderness or on the prairie, with a fair prospect that another one will some time or other be raised in the neighborhood, forthwith some one of these disciples of the 'legal Goddess' migrates thither, dreaming that thereabouts will soon be a city. Well, then, we who are a new comer must do one of two things, to wit: either go into the wilderness, as indicated above, for the sake of being one of the very first, and thereby 'take time by the forelock,' or go into a city or town which already swarms with these harpies, and by 'patient endurance' fight 'em off the track. We prefer the latter; and for a man of genuine spunk, if in addition he has a goodly quantity of 'gab' and 'gag,' 'tis not a very long operation. Here, there is but one old established lawyer who can be called a good one; and he is elected to Congress for the next term. His business must then be divided among the smaller craft, and if we conclude to stop here, we shall try hard to 'crick our ear in' and talk as loud and as wise as the rest of them.

Should I conclude to remain in this State, 'tis not for what the State is now, but for what it will be in twelve or fifteen years from now. My own impression is, that in fifteen years Iowa will be in advance of what Indiana or Illinois now are; and that it will press fast upon the track now occupied by Ohio. The character of its soil and productions; its position as regards the trade and immigration from the lower Mississippi; and also its relation to the East when that railroad communication is complete; its past and present increase of population, all appear to me to indicate that 'tis bound to be among the first States of the west, at no very distant day.

Superior Flour.

Some of our readers, who are accustomed to associate with the printer's bread a vivid idea of sawdust, may be unwilling to receive our judgment touching the quality of fine wheat flour. Let such remember that a bear with a bullet in his shoulder will detect the smell of powder quicker than if he had been tamed in a powder mill. We have been tasting for a few days—sparingly of course—various kinds of bread made from flour ground at the new flouring mill at Kendall's Mills. Messrs Page, Bodfish & Newhall, having procured in New York a supply of superior white Genesee wheat, are prepared to fill orders to any amount, ground in the nicest manner at their mills.—We have tried this flour carefully, and find it compares well with the best brands sold in our village. We advise others to buy it. Our enterprising neighbors should be encouraged—especially when the buyer can make a clean saving of money by the experiment, and eat better bread into the bargain.

The Water-Cure Journal,
 Published in New York, by Fowlers and Wells, will do good in such families as have more faith in good health than in the Doctor. A club is now forming at the P. O., to obtain it for fifty cts. a year. Apply forthwith, and save ten times the amount in Doctor's bills.

New Year's Presents
 Look at Moody & Co's. list of beautiful books and other fine things, designed for the approaching New-Year. Don't forget the little pleasant courtesies appropriate to that occasion.

The Hutchinsons give a Concert at Appleton Hall tomorrow evening, at which all the lovers of music will be present of course. See their notice, in another column.

We call attention to Dr. Clay's advertisement, in another column.

THE LEGISLATURE will commence its session on Wednesday next. The election of Governor and U. S. Senator will doubtless render the first part of the session highly interesting.

THE MAINE FARMER has put on an entire new suit for New Year's—thus making itself a standing argument in favor of "high culture."

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS. A paper with the above title is to be published on the first of January next, by Messrs. Barnum & Beach, New York. It will be published weekly, and will comprise sixteen large pages, filled with original and selected letter press contents, of the highest literary standard, and with a great number of large and handsome engravings. No pains or expense will be spared to produce the best illustrated newspaper in the world, an acceptable first-class companion, and an ornament to the American press. The Illustrated News will be a faithful and beautiful pictorial history of the world, in which scenes and events in this and other countries, sketches and views in all parts of the globe, portraits of public men, scenes in our national capital, autographs and biographies of eminent characters, and all matters of general interest to the community, will be found promptly illustrated. In addition to the illustrations equal care will be bestowed on the news department. The Editorial department will be placed under the charge of several of the most able writers in the United States. The publishers will also from time to time present gratuitously to their regular subscribers, large and handsome engravings, suitable for frames, issued in the very best style, and drawn by the very best artists of the United States, which will form a collection of pictures alone worth much more than the cost of their subscription.

TERMS.—One copy, per volume, (six months) payable in all orders in advance, \$1.50. Four copies, \$5. Ten copies, \$10. We shall notice the work with more particularity on the reception of our regular exchange.

FIRE IN MILO.—On Friday morning the dwelling house and out-buildings of Mr. Bragdon, were consumed by fire, with all their contents, including a cow and hog. The inmates barely escaped with their lives. Mr. Bragdon is in California. We understand there was a small insurance on the house, in the Penobscot Insurance Company. It is said that the family are left in rather a destitute condition, and we hope that the good people of Milo will, as they always have done, assist the needy. [Piscataquis Observer.]

TRIAL FOR SELLING CIDER.—The case of Deacon Hollis, of Braintree, Mass., for selling two quarts of cider in violation of the liquor law of 1852, came before the Court of Common Pleas, Judge Bischof presiding, in Dedham, on Thursday. Deacon Hollis defended himself. The case was given to the jury in the forenoon. At a late hour Friday afternoon they sent word to the court they had not agreed, and there was no probability that they would agree.

FRENCH INTERFERENCE.—The New York Herald of Thursday understands from a captain in the French Marine, who arrived from St. Domingo, that there is a fleet of the Emperor's army in the undisputed possession of the harbor of Samana. It is further announced that it is the intention of Louis Napoleon to send all the necessary reinforcements to keep the prize he has secured; and there is not the slightest doubt among the French residents of the Island, that the ground taken by the Emperor will be defended by the whole force of the Empire. The rumor therefore of Louis Napoleon's meddling with transatlantic affairs it seems is being confirmed.

HAYTI. We are requested by Capt. R. C. Dennis, who has recently returned from Port-au-Prince, to state, for the information of those who have lost friends there the present season, that in no foreign port do foreigners receive more kindness and attention in sickness, from the natives, than at Port-au-Prince. He says it is a fact beyond dispute, that the natives of Hayti are kind, affable, and polite, that no people are more hospitable, even towards Americans, from whom they have not in too many instances received kind treatment. Their mode of living is also much more refined than is generally supposed. Capt. D. says that four families out of ten at Port-au-Prince have their pianos in their parlor, dress in as good style, and stand as well in point of morality and virtue as many people in this country who despise them. Souloque, the Emperor, he says is a fine looking man, the sight of whom would at once disprove the foolish stories so often circulated in the papers in relation to him. He is strictly temperate, not even indulging in the use of wine. Capt. Dennis also pays Mr. G. F. Usher, the American Consul, a high compliment for the faithful and attentive manner in which he discharges the duties of his office. [Boston Journal, Dec. 4.]

ROMAN INTELLIGENCE.—A letter has recently been received (says a late English paper) from Rome, which states that "a short time since, a disciple of M. Robin was in Rome, and among his conjuring tricks he ranged his wife's eyes, placed her in another part of the theater, and asked her what he had in his hand, when it was made, and other similar questions. This trick, so common in England, was thought so wonderful in Rome, that when the Pope's Vicar heard of it, he suspended the performance, although the announcement had been stuck up all over the city. The conjuror was also called before His Eminence, charged with being in league with the Black Gentlemen below, and threatened with all sorts of things. The poor man, to get himself out of the scrape, was obliged to divulge the secret of the trick; after which the performance was allowed to be continued. I mention this that you may judge of the intellectual state of the Eternal City.

LIABILITIES OF RAILROADS.—The heavy damages assessed upon several of our railroads recently, for injuries sustained by passengers, will be a caution to such companies in time to come, and possibly may have some effect in preventing further accidents. Not a railroad in this vicinity has escaped. The New York and New Haven was mulcted in damages to the amount of \$3,600 for injuries sustained by Mr. Parrington in a collision of the cars.—Damages were recovered from the Harlem Railroad Company, to the amount of \$2,300, by Mrs. Williams, for the loss of her husband, who was injured on the track. The sum of \$2,100 was awarded to Mr. Van Name, for injuries received on the Hudson River Railroad, from a collision; and \$1,500 was recovered of the Western railroad, by Mr. Draper, for a broken leg, occasioned by being thrown from his wagon by a horse frightened by a locomotive.—[Journal of Commerce.]

The greatest pleasure connected with wealth consists in acquiring it. Two months after a man comes into possession of a fortune he feels just as poor and fretful as he did when he worked for "four-and-six" a day.

In those days, when a belief in the gods and demi-gods sat easy upon "the lively, subtle Greeks," Diagoras of Mantine took his wooden Hercules and putting him into the fire, bid him perform his thirteenth labor—boil the philosopher's pot! There is nothing better than this in Joe Miller.

