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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, MARCH 17, 1853.

NO. 35.

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MISCELLANY.

From the Masonic Mirror.
COMMON SENSE.
BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

One winter night, the great Doctor Franklin was sitting in his library, before a bright wood fire, his legs crossed, his hands folded and his spectacles placed high up on his forehead. The good Doctor, after the labor of the day, was having a quiet chat with some friends, who had just dropped in and who were seated around the fire. As they chatted together, you may remark some of the details of the room—the shelves behind the Doctor's chair loaded with books, the table by his side, covered with letters from all parts of the world—letters philosophical, letters religious, letters political—and on the mantelpiece there are four busts, Galileo, Washington, Newton, and some French philosopher, whose name by this time is quite forgotten. What the Doctor and his friends had been talking about, it is not possible for us precisely to determine, but at the time we enter upon the scene this was the manner of the conversation:

"Nothing like common sense," said the Dr.'s friend—a lean gentleman in black, with an abundant white cravat, and a red nose, the Rev. Mr. Pilkins. And taking hold of the decenter which stood on the table, Mr. P. helped himself to a glass of pure old Madeira. "Nothing like common sense!"

"Certainly—nothing like common sense!" echoed Mr. Firkin, a short man with a round face, and nicely developed corpulence. "I never could abide these mere theorists. Common sense for me!" And the remark concluded with a glass of the rich old Madeira.

The third friend of the Doctor's was tall and broad shouldered, with a great square face, and practical grey eyes—his name, Mr. Potts—a lawyer.

"Visionaries have abounded in every age of the world," was his profound remark, as he helped himself to a glass of the fine old Madeira. "Always half lunatics. Nothing practical about them. For my part, give me the man of common sense."

"Common sense!" echoed Pilkins and Firkin, looking singularly wise. Indeed, to hear them say "common sense!" with such an air or accent of self-complacency and profound reverence, you would have thought that "Common Sense" was the God of some lately founded religion, and that they, Potts included, were the highest of its high priests.

As for the good Dr. Franklin, he pushed his spectacles about an eighth of an inch higher on his fine forehead, took a gentle sip of wine, and then with one of his benevolent smiles, remarked: "Very true, gentlemen. But what is common sense?"

Potts gave the fire a gentle hint with the poker. "Common sense," said he, gravely, "is that kind of sense, which characterizes the best professional people of any particular age."

"Common sense," is the sense of the regular clergy," said Rev. Mr. Pilkins, shutting one eye, as if in the intensity of thought.

"Or, the safest minded men of the mercantile world," added Mr. Firkin, smoothing his fat hand gently over the lower part of his waistcoat, as though his brains lay in that region.

"That's what common sense is!"

The good Doctor was about to speak, for his philosophical face was overcast by one of his benevolent smiles, when the door opened, and the colored servant announced a new visitor: "Gentlemen want to see you, Massaw Doctaw," and then disappeared.

The new visitor, who modestly slid into a vacant chair near the table, was a short, slender man, dressed in a suit of shabby brown, decidedly the worse for wear. There was rust on the steel buckles of his shoes, and the shoes themselves were far gone on the way, that, sooner or later, all shoes must go. His necktie was faded; and—the truth must be told—there was a patch on his right elbow. As for his face, it was a very pale face, that shone with a sort of glassy, abstracted glare, of thin, broad forehead, half hidden by flakes of thin, grey hair. From the way in which Potts, Pilkins, and Firkin looked at the new comer, Potts, and Firkin looked at the new comer, it was easy to see that he belonged to that unfortunate class, unhappily not yet extinct, whom a well-known Chinese philosopher designates "roon devils."

"Cold evening, Mr. Jenkins," said the great Dr. Franklin, in his kind way, at the same time pushing the decenter towards the stranger.

"I know, I believe?" [Jenkins moderately helps himself to a glass of wine.] "You were talking last night, Mr. Jenkins, about some scientific experiments which you have been making. I confess you have interested me much. Will you have the kindness to repeat the result of your experiments to these gentlemen?"

Mr. Potts—Mr. Jenkins. Mr. Firkin—Mr. Jenkins. Rev. Mr. Pilkins—Mr. Jenkins. "Gentlemen, I assure you, that what Mr. Jenkins has to say is very interesting."

Now, Mr. Jacob Jenkins being a modest man, and having some consciousness of the patch on his elbow—to say nothing of that poor sick wife and those three hungry children, all stowed away in a garret, up in Race street—when he began to speak, spoke in a hesitating way, as if overwhelmed by the solemn presence of Potts, Pilkins and Potts. His voice was tremulous, his eye still glassy. He had been making experiments of a scientific nature for years—experiments in electricity, etcetera—and here are some of the results of his experiments, and of his thinking:

"In fact, gentlemen," said Jenkins, growing warm, his voice rising, and his glassy eyes brightening, "before sixty years, by the aid of science, it will be quite a common thing, for gentlemen to make the journey to New York in five hours!"

He was interrupted by a groan—it was the groan of Mr. Potts. From Philadelphia to

New York in five hours! The man is mad! And Pilkins and Firkin groaned by way of chorus.

"Be a little more particular, Mr. Jenkins," blandly said the good Dr. Franklin. "How will this journey be made in five hours? You know it now takes two, often three days."

"By carriages, moving on an iron track, and driven by machinery, which, in its turn, is impelled by hot vapor," promptly replied Jenkins, his eye growing brighter. And in a rapid, earnest way, he went on to describe the details of these iron ways and steam-propelled carriages.

As he continued, the good Doctor listened gravely, but as for Potts, Pilkins, and Firkin, they looked, as though they had been unexpectedly locked up in an Insane Asylum.

"And before seventy years, vessels driven without the aid of sails or wind, but by machinery and hot vapor, will make the passage of the Atlantic in less than fifteen days." Thus went on Jenkins, his eye flashing, and his voice growing deeper and deeper.

"Ha! ha! ha! The passage of the Atlantic in fifteen days!" cried fat, little Firkin, with a burst of hysterical laughter. "Excuse me, Doctor! Excuse me, sir, (to Jenkins), but the thing is too ridiculous!"

"Absurd! gloomily growled Potts."

"Quite lunatic, I declare," was the curt remark of Rev. Mr. Pilkins.

But Jenkins, warming up in his theme, seemed all unconscious of the tremendous presence of Potts, Pilkins and Firkin, looked at the kindly face of the good Doctor, and fairly launched himself away into a sea of improbabilities.

"And, Doctor, by means of electricity, it will be a common thing for a merchant in New York to converse with his friend in Charleston, almost as though they stood face to face. Thus for instance: A, in New York, will ask B, in Charleston, 'How does cotton rate?' and B, within a minute—yes, within a minute!—will send back his answer: 'Cotton rates fourteen cents a pound?'"

"Why, gentlemen," said poor Jenkins, looking round upon the angry Potts, Pilkins, and Firkin, "the day will come, aye, and within a hundred years, when the thoughts of a man on one side of the globe will be made known to a man on the opposite side, within the compass of three seconds—yes, three seconds—by means of Electricity!"

"Poor Jenkins!"

"This is too much!" sternly said Potts.

"Sir, you are mad!" was the indignant remark of Pilkins.

"Stark mad! Stark mad! Ha! ha! ha!" cried Firkin, with another burst of hysterical laughter.

As for the good Dr. Franklin, he said nothing—his smile was pleasant, but not definite. He changed the position of his legs, took a sip of wine, and said: "Go on, my dear Mr. Jenkins!"

But Jenkins could not go on. The laughter of Potts, the indignant ridicule of Pilkins and Firkin, recalled him from the airy regions of steam-propelled carriages and electric-impulses, down to the common-sense atmosphere of matter-of-fact.

"I will call again, Doctor," he said timidly, as he put on his hat: "the kind request of the Doctor to remain, he modestly but firmly refused. And he left the room, and went home to the sick wife and hungry children, in the garret up in Race street."

"Dreamer!" quoth Potts, as soon as he had gone.

"Idiot!" cried Pilkins.

"Ought to be locked up!" said Firkin.

As for the good Doctor, you could not tell, from his imperturbable countenance, precisely what he thought. There was something like a cloud of sadness upon his brow for an instant, but presently he smiled, and said:

"Carriages going by hot vapor to New York in five hours! Ships crossing the Atlantic by hot vapor in less than fifteen days! And a man this side of the globe telling his thoughts to a man on 'other side, within the compass of three seconds, by means of electricity! Now, don't you think that sounds like madness, gentlemen?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Firkin, "certainly it does not sound like common sense."

Firkin, Potts and Pilkins passed, all their days, for men of sound common sense. They were among that crowd who stood on a Philadelphia wharf, and laughed till their sides shook, at a poor devil named JOHN FITCH, who was about making an experiment of a most ridiculous character—to propel a boat by means of machinery and steam.

What ever became of poor crazy Jenkins, I have never been able to find out, exactly.

But if you will go into the Franklin Library, in the city of Philadelphia, and ask to look at the manuscript memoirs of a poor devil named JOHN FITCH, you will learn something of the manner in which the "common sense" of seventy years ago looked at the whole class of lunatics to which he belonged.

"Nothing like common sense!"—certainly not!

But hark! Was not that the whistle of a Locomotive? And what's this? The newspaper, with an account of the arrival of the steamer from Liverpool, after a passage of ten days! A telegraphic dispatch sent a minute ago by a friend who is a thousand miles away!

"Nothing like common sense!"

IMPROVEMENT IN DAGUERRETYPE.—It is stated in the Charleston papers that a daguerreian artist of that city has recently made an important discovery or improvement in the art of taking pictures. It is a process of enlivening, applied after the picture is taken, by which the impression is permanently secured, and protected from the action of fire, water, or contact of any kind.

Thus protected, and daguerreotype needs no glass, in framing, and may be transmitted, without injury, by mail, to any distance. If this be true, a great addition has been made to the value of the daguerreotype.

HOW TO PREVENT WET FEET.—The Mechanic Magazine says:

"I have had three pairs of boots for the last six years, (no shoes), and I think I shall not require any more for the next six years to come. The reason is, that I treat them in the following manner: I put a pound of tallow and a half a pound of rosin in a pot on the fire; when melted and mixed, I warm the boots and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush until neither the sole nor the upper leather will suck in any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take a polish, dissolve an ounce of wax in a teaspoonful of lamp black. A day after the boots have been treated with

the tallow and rosin, rub over them this wax in turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shines like a mirror. Tallow or any other grease becomes rancid, and rots the stitching as well as the leather; but the rosin gives it an antiseptic quality which preserves the whole.

Boots and shoes should be so large as to admit of wearing cork soles. Cork is so bad a conductor of heat that with it in the boots the feet are always warm on the coldest stone floor.

Rights of Americans Abroad to Worship.

On Tuesday of last week, Mr. Seward presented in the Senate the joint resolutions of the Legislature of New York, concerning the imprisonment of the Madiai family in Tuscany, for the crime of reading the Bible; and the resolutions were referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. This is another link in the chain of influences that seems to be drawing our Government towards a right position upon the great question of the right of worship.

The discussion in the Senate, to which I alluded in a former letter, has made a profound impression here, and throughout the country. Meetings have been and will be held throughout the land, memorials will be poured in upon Congress, and a wholesome and restless public sentiment will demand that our Government shall extend the *Aegis* of her power over the dearest rights of her citizens abroad. It is unworthy of a great, free, and intelligent Government to place a higher estimate upon the purse and the person of her citizen than upon his conscience. If a foreign power robs one of our people of his purse or of any material benefit we demand reparation; but we have permitted our citizens to be robbed, by foreign laws, of the highest prerogatives and privileges of man, and have raised no effective remonstrance. Shall the great Republic longer tolerate this wrong? Shall the American citizen be forced to lay aside "the highest style of man" when he enters a foreign country, or be subject to penal inflictions? We seek no propagandism at the hands of our Government; we simply ask protection for the dearest of the rights of man—a right which our great charter pronounces "inalienable." We simply ask that our citizens, when lawfully resident or travelling abroad, shall be permitted to read God's Word if they please, and to worship God if they please, and as they please. We ask reciprocity; that our people may enjoy at Constantinople, at Rome, at Ava, at Peking, or at St. Petersburg, the same right to worship God which all foreigners enjoy in our country. I would protect the Papist at Constantinople as fully as I would protect the Protestant at Rome or at Florence. The standard of religious liberty is unfurled; let the freemen of this broad land rally round it. Surely the papers that flaunt the title, "The Freeman's Journal," will not acknowledge the misnomer by opposing movement so obviously dictated by every sentiment of liberty and right!—[Presbyterian.

PAIN, MATRIMONY, AND QUADROONS.—The N.Y. Mirror contains a piquant letter from its editor, Col. Fuller, from New Orleans. The gallant editor visited a full-blooded Mardi Gras fancy ball. After an exquisite description of the ladies at the ball, the writer indulges in the following general reflections on the ladies & the Crescent City, their habits &c., &c.:

"At the risk of being charged with a want of gallantry, I shall venture to state, that the Southern ladies paint like Jabezels. Brows, cheeks, lips, and necks, bear palpable marks of chalk and 'pink saucers.' To an unsophisticated taste, this giving the lie to Nature is simply disgusting; and, in a married woman, should be made by statute, sufficient ground for divorce. I say it boldly, as I intend to leave this evening."

The Quadroon ladies of New Orleans excite both a feeling of admiration and pity—admiration for their accomplishments and beauty—commiseration for the unnatural and unjust condition entailed upon them by the laws of Louisiana. A man cannot legally marry a Quadroon woman, unless he is able to swear that he has black blood in his veins. As many of these women are not only white, but very beautiful and highly accomplished, resistance to their charms is no easy matter; and as love is not apt to be controlled by statute limitations, the consequence of this absurd state of things is readily anticipated. They marry, or place, as they call it, without the sanctions of the State or the benedictions of the Church.

The mother of the Quadroon girl consents to a temporary arrangement, provided her daughter is furnished with comfortable quarters, and a couple of slaves, with a promise on the part of the mock husband to give his little Quadroon a good education.

It is not a very uncommon thing for Northern Bachelors, to say nothing of Northern Benedictines, to be under the necessity of supporting and educating the offspring of this peculiar institution. I have heard of one case, in which a man was so madly fond of a Quadroon, that, in order to marry her, he injected a little black blood into his veins (poured from one of his negroes); and then, the regular nuptial oath, thereby fulfilling the letter of the law. It may seem the romance of the story to add, that the lady had dowsy of three hundred thousand dollars, but in this age of gold the mercenary spirit is an element not to be overlooked; and here the South a bachelor in a ball room is asked to be introduced to a young lady with so many heads of sugar—or so many bales of cotton—or so many well-conditioned negroes. A young lady with more charms of purse than person, overheard an ungallant fellow remark the other evening upon the number of freckles on her face, when she turned upon him with the sharp retort that her father had *degreed* for every freckle."

HARDENING HEEL.—In what little experience I have in the above, I have come to the conclusion not to harden steel properly and be sure of good temper without injuring the tools, it is necessary to heat the water as it is to be heated steel, and I think that if care is taken heat the water to the right temperature, for of drawing the temper. For getting different grades of temper the water should be of different grades of heat. To our machinery I would say in particular, that for their tooling a portion of them, such as taps, reamers, and cutters, they should be heated to a very red color and immediately plunged in about five or six quarts of boiling water, and soon as possible after the tool

has been immersed in the hot water, there should be added to it as much more cold water. I have never seen a tool properly hardened in this form to break in hardening, or to be broken by any fair means while in use.—[Lewiston Journal.

Education.

There is perhaps no subject that commands so much attention in our New England as education. The condition of our Common Schools, the standing of our academies and the superiority of our colleges, are the themes of almost every one, and we pride ourselves upon the fact that wherever a Yankee is found, something above mediocrity in intelligence may be witnessed. And all this is very well. But we seem to neglect the fact, that with all the versatility of a New England education our people are becoming every day more superficial.

Education, like everything else in our country, is measured by its immediate and practical utility. Whatever, in the shortest space of time with the least labor, will produce the greatest quantity of money appears to be the desideratum. Consequently our population is developed in fragments. One man depends upon his muscles, another upon his eye, another upon his ear, &c., &c., for his prosperity. The whole man is never brought out as it should be. In consequence of this we have multitudes of examples of great acumen and skill in one department, while great ignorance is manifested in other matters with every tolerably educated man should be acquainted.

However learned a man may be, he is not properly educated if he fails to know how to act promptly, effectually and wisely in the various exigencies of life. The man who thus can act, is educated, although he knows nothing of languages, the sciences, or the philosophy of life. We will except the latter, for if he acts with wisdom and effect in the exigencies which are continually occurring, he is a philosopher, although he may be ignorant of metaphysics as a science, and ignore the title.

On the other hand a man may be enriched with the profundity of a Plato, and the versatility of a Voltaire, but if he fails when required to act, he is not educated according to the requirements of the nineteenth century. Man is now estimated not by what he knows, but by what he can do. Many comparatively unlearned men of a practical turn of mind have more influence in society than our best scholars, simply because while the latter theorise, the former show an aptness to encounter and overcome circumstances which the scholar attempts in vain.

In this case the scholar is not educated, in the true sense of the word. He has accumulated knowledge, but his mind is not capable of using it to advantage. He knows books, but not men. His pursuits have excluded him from an intimate sympathy with the necessities and desires of his fellow men, and he consequently fails when he attempts to prescribe remedies for the evils which exist. The scholar must never forget that there are two sides to human nature—the contemplative and the active. If in his absorption by the former he neglects the latter, he will find his sphere narrowed, and his labors ineffective.

The objects of early training are simply to store the mind with elemental knowledge and to cultivate habits of reflection and decision. In proportion as the youth is properly educated he will give evidence of ability in his manhood. If his powers have been stunted with over-cramming or if his judgment has been enfeebled by over tasking his memory, the effects thereof will be perceived in the adult. He may be full of learning but he will not have the power to use that knowledge to advantage.

Under a wise system of instruction there will be as much care taken of the individuality of the student as of the branches in which he is instructed. He must be taught to incorporate what he learns into his mental organization. There is no objection to his receiving assistance from others, but that assistance should be comprehended and the essence thereof appropriated. Without this, a knowledge of books is rather an impediment than an auxiliary to success. Our young men should recollect that a true education is that, and that only which will enable them to bear all their forces upon the matters which may affect them in after life. If education does this, it is commendable; but if otherwise then it becomes an embarrassment to its possessor, and fails him in the time of his greatest need.—[Herald.

THE STATE PRISON.—This institution for gentlemen who have been unfortunate in business operations appears to be in its usual flourishing condition. Seventy-three of these unfortunate individuals are now availing themselves of the quiet and wholesome influences of its sequestered retreats, occupying their time principally in contemplation and coddling.

By the report of Mr. Bennett, the Warden, who is quite attentive to these retired gentlemen as they desire, we learn that thirty-nine of his former inmates have been discharged by limitation—eleven have returned to the world by grace of the Governor and Council—one has left without passport—two have been placed in the Insane Hospital—and one has been discharged on a "writ of error"—making thirty-nine in all. This report is for the period between May 1st, 1851, and December, 1852.

The number of convicts has decreased fourteen; but during Dec. and Jan. it was expected that nearly twenty would be added. The crimes for which the seventy-three were sentenced are as follows: Larceny, forty-five; Arson, three; Burglary, two; Forgery, one; Murder, three; Manslaughter, five; Rape, two; Assault with intent to kill, one; Adultery, three; Shopbreaking and Larceny, three.

The physical health of the convicts has been good. At the present season, only ten of them are employed in the lime quarry—twenty-seven are shoemakers, eleven wheelwrights, six blacksmiths, four tailors—the remainder are cooks, waiters, washers, &c. One only in solitary confinement.

After speaking of the general good health of the prisoners, the Warden makes the following remarks:

"It is a common remark from visitors, 'how rugged and healthy the prisoners look; they must be kept too well or they would not so quickly return after being at liberty.' I would merely add that they cannot have many luxuries for eleven cents per day, which is about the cost of keeping them."

The case of prisoners returning to crime is not their good treatment while in prison. It is not from a want of training when young. In

the reformation of an old convict, I have but little faith. They are diseased! If you put a stop to crime you must begin with the young. The farm school will do much for this; but if all the boys sent there are like those sent to this prison, they will have much to do to reform them, for they are as old in vice as the oldest convicts.

If you would reform the vicious you must commence early. Take for example the orphan asylum, at Bangor, carried on by a few benevolent ladies, who go about looking up the destitute and fatherless children. They are probably doing more for the prevention of crime than all other means used in that city.

There is one boy now in this prison who was brought up to steal by his father. At the age of eight years his father would accrete him in stores in the daytime, to let him in for the purpose of robbing at night. He was sent to this prison at twelve years of age as a notorious thief. He left this prison and was out but a short time, when he was sent back with a sentence of fifteen years. Which is most to be blamed, this boy or the society where he lived?

On visiting many of the jails in this State, the past season, I found many boys from nine to fourteen years of age as inmates.

In one of them I found nine congregated together with some old convicts—one of whom had spent two years in this prison, and gave me more trouble than all the other prisoners.

While this state of things exists you will never want for subjects to fill your prisons."

The Warden contracted in '51, with Messrs. Carr and O'Brien, to furnish the labor of thirty shoemakers, at thirty cents per day—the same that is paid for convicts' labor in the N. Hampshire State Prison. Three thousand dollars were received for this labor during the last year. The whole income of the prison for the period embraced was \$11,916.78. The disbursements \$8,872.01. This account is exclusive of salaries.

In treating upon the subject of returns for the convict's labor, the Warden says:

"It is asked by many, why cannot the Me. State Prison pay all the expenses, including the officers' salaries as well as many other similar establishments are represented to do? I would say to such, that the only way any prison can flourish, is in the sale of the labor of the convicts by contract. All the reports which I have seen, show this fact."

The Maine State Prison is badly located for this purpose. There are no purchasers of labor in this part of the State.

Place this prison in the vicinity of either of our large cities, and all the available men would command from forty to fifty cents per day. This is what they obtain in Mass., and in many other prisons near large manufacturing cities.—[Kennebec Journal.

Well Answered.

During a recent debate in the Maine House of Representatives, while the subject of the public lands was before the House, a member from Kennebec accused Mr. Sewall, of Oldtown, Kennebec county, of being a tactician in legislation, whereupon Mr. Sewall remarked that "it was not a little curious that a Kennebecer should complain of tactics! Why, the gentry of this region were famous the Union over for their superiority over other communities in the element of which the gentleman had complained. All were familiar with the story of a Kennebec emigrant, on his way to the West, who, with his covered wagon and family endeavored one nightfall, to secure entertainment for himself and his family. 'Where are you from?' asked the man applied to.—'From Kennebec.' 'Well, I can't take you in,' said the suspicious host. The man journeyed on. 'Where are you from?' demanded the second householder. 'From Kennebec.' 'No.' And so the poor man wandered on, giving the same answer to similar inquiries, until at length, finding his own nativity a continuous and repelling burthen, he answered, 'From anywhere on the face of the earth except from Kennebec!'"

Mr. Paine, of this city, thought it required superlative assurance on the part of the gentleman from Penobscot to assign such powers of strategy to Kennebeckers; and proceeded to illustrate the subject as follows:

"Kennebec tactics! Mr. P. could not better illustrate the difference in this particular, between Kennebec and one other quarter of the world, than by setting off against the gentleman's anecdote another. It was a familiar fact that the only region in this State as yet visited by the Rapping spirits was Penobscot county. And not long since a credulous citizen of that community consulted one of the media with a view to determine the condition of a departed friend. The spirit replied that the man was in hell. 'And what kind of a place is hell?' asked the anxious inquirer after truth. 'Hell,' said the spirit, 'is a place a little worse than Argyle, but not so bad as Oldtown!'"

This was a clencher, and decided the question of respectability instantaneously.—[Hallowell Gazette.

Our readers may remember a boy whose wonderful mathematical powers were the subject of universal newspaper comment a few years since. His name was Safford. He is now, we understand, still at Cambridge, under the direction of the college professors. They saw him soon after his remarkable faculties were noised abroad, and desirous to secure for him a harmonious development of his powers, and a wise physical as well as mental culture, they sought and obtained the charge of his education. He has been for some years under their tutelage, and is said to be fulfilling all the promise of his childhood. He is engaged with Prof. Pierce in verifying some of the profoundest calculations of La Place, and his talents are not confined to one specific department, but are remarkable throughout. The public, who were struck with the first announcement of his wonderful precocity, will look with a great deal of interest to his advancing maturity. Many a child prodigy has turned out nothing more than an ordinary man. Indeed, a remarkable infant is ordinarily a diseased one, and its very precocity only gives token of its early blight.

Such a boy as this of whom we are speaking, developing more and more with passing years even unto manhood, would almost give us new ideas of the powers of a human soul.

[Lewiston Journal.

WHO OUGHT TO GO TO CALIFORNIA?—A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican writes thus from California, in answer to the question, "Who ought to go to California?"

Farmers—especially Western farmers—who know how it goes to settle a new country, farmers who have boys and girls to help carry on business—to all such, the country holds out the surest prospects of prosperity and wealth. All men and women can command enormous wages, and are sure of constant employment and good pay. Men and women of refinement, who wish to uncivilize themselves, who want to get away from the sound of Church bells, away from suppers at the "Tobacco Ware-house," and from sewing societies, and the like, for the benefit of parsons in country villages; who want to hear thunder "as it thunders," to play with the lightning, to sleep in wet blankets, to travel over deserts, to ford rivers, to shoot antelopes and chase buffaloes; to climb mountains and learn to eat bacon and beans with a relish, let all such come to California, by way of the Plains—and if they can dig in the mines, quarry stone, make brick, cook, wash, bake, iron, chop, run a saw mill, a dray or a hand cart, they are on the sure road to affluence. There is another class of persons to whom the journey overland, and the country, hold out strong inducements. It is to all nice persons troubled with dyspepsia, gout, ennui, laziness, or who have acquired a love of romance by too much novel reading—to persons dissatisfied with everybody and everything—eternal grumblers, who feel that they ought to have been consulted when the world was made—to all such it is recommended that they travel to California overland with ox teams—and take the first steamer back to the States. It is a certain cure."

DEEP AND EARNEST THOUGHT.—It is a rare attainment to get the power of close and consecutive thinking. No man can do it but with great pains. It is one of the great ends of education and mental discipline to confer this power.

2. The romances and other trash of the teeming presses of our day are hostile to this habit. The excitement of fiction is pleasurable. Deep thought requires pains-taking, and self-denial. Thousands had rather sail over the sunny seas of romance, and under its bright skies, even though they reach the port penniless, than to encounter adverse gales and rough waves, though the rich cargo shall be the recompense.

3. But deep and earnest thought, the power and practice of it, is of vast advantage in many ways.

It secures sure and great advances in valuable knowledge.

It strengthens and invigorates all the mental powers. It causes the mind to take large and comprehensive views of things, by enabling it deliberately to gather all the facts and principles pertaining to any particular subject and to view them in their various relations.

It gives amazing power to all moral subjects. "I thought on my ways, I took heed unto thy testimonies."

Deep and earnest thought is the parent of deep religious emotions. The unthinking can never feel deeply.

Deep thinking exerts great power over conscience. It sharpens its discernment—makes it a better judge and a bolder and wiser reprover.

Deep thinking quenches sinful passions.—"He did not think." Through such an aperture have the waters rushed that have sunk some of the noblest ships that have ever sailed on the sea of life.

Lord Shaftesbury has replied through the London Times, to what purports to be a reply of American Ladies to the Address of the women of England on the subject of Slavery. That reply was undoubtedly a hoax. It was a thing heard of on the other side of the water first. But his lordship thinks it worth while to answer the document, because it contains many things susceptible of contradiction. Lord Shaftesbury says, in substance, that if all were true that is charged by the American ladies against England, it would be nothing to the purpose. But that, instead of being true, most of the specific charges are false. The condition of the working classes in England, for instance, he says, was never better than at present, and really requires but little improvement to make it equal to that of the same classes in the United States, not only in respect to their physical condition, but also in respect to schools and churches, which are rapidly multiplying throughout the Kingdom. Even the condition of the seamstresses in London, Lord S. says, is vastly better than represented. The factory classes, he says, are active, prosperous and happy, with abundant work and good wages, and in respect to the dwellings of the agricultural and other laborers, he says immense improvements have been made and are still in progress, both in country and in town.

And, "the long and short of the case," says his Lordship, "is this:—We have had, and still have, in England many evils, but we are now doing our best to remove them. They have had, and they still will have, in America a great evil, which they not only will not endeavor to remove, but they make it daily worse, (witness their Fugitive Slave Law), reviling, moreover, and persecuting every one who ventures to jog their memories on things of vital importance to the temporal and eternal interest of the human race."

THE TIME TO CHOOSE.—Mrs. Chishelm says the best time to choose a wife is early in the morning. If a young lady is at all inclined to sulks and slatterns, it is just before breakfast. As a general thing a woman don't get on her temper till after 10 A. M.

Men never look slovenly before breakfast—no indeed! Never run round vestless in their stocking-feet, with dressing-gown inside out; soiled handkerchief hanging by one corner out of his pocket; minus dicky; minus neck-tie; pantalon straps flying at their heels; suspenders streaming from their waistband; chin shaved on one side, lathered on the other; last night's coat and pants on the floor, just where they hopped out of them; face snarled up in forty wrinkles, because the chamber fire went out; and because it snows; and because the office boy hasn't been for the keys; and because the newspaper hasn't come; and because they smoked too many cigars by one dose, the night before; and because they lost that bet, and can't pay the Scot; and because there's an omelet instead of a chicken leg for breakfast; and because they are out of sorts and shaving snags; and out of cigars and credit; and can't any how get their tempers on

MISCELLANY.

Natural Supernaturalism.

"Deep has been, and is, the significance of Miracles," thus quietly begins the Professor; "far deeper perhaps than we imagine." Meanwhile, the questions were: What specially is a Miracle? To that Dutch King of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle; who had carried with him an air-pump, and phial of vitriol, ether, might have worked a miracle. To my horse again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do not I work a miracle, and magical "Open sesame!" every time I please to pay two-pence, and open for him an impassable Schlabbaum, or shut Turnpike?

But is not a real miracle simply a violation of the Laws of Nature? Ask several; whom I answer by this new question:—What are the Laws of Nature? To me perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these Laws, but a confirmation, were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its Material Force.

Here too may some inquire, not without astonishment:—On what ground shall one, that can make Iron swim, come and declare that therefore he can teach Religion? To us, truly, of the Nineteenth Century, such declaration were inept enough; which nevertheless to our fathers of the First Century, was full of meaning.

"But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that she be constant?" cries an illuminated class. "Is not the Machine of the Universe fixed to move by unalterable rules?" Probable enough, good friends; nay, I too must believe that the God, who ancient, inspired men assert to be "without variableness or shadow of turning," does indeed never change; that Nature, that the Universe, which no one whom it so pleases can be prevented from calling a Machine, does move by the most unalterable rules. And now of you too, I make the old inquiry: What those same unalterable rules, forming the complete Statute Book of Nature, may possibly be?

They stand written in our Works of Science, say you; in the accumulated records of man's Experience? Was Mad with his Experience present at the Creation, then, to see how it all went on? Have any scientific individuals yet dived down to the foundation of the Universe, and gazed everything there? Did the Maker take them into his Counsel; that they read His group-plan of the incomprehensible All, and can say: This stands marked therein, and no more than this? Alas, not in anywise! These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where we also are; have seen some hand-breads deeper than we see into the Deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

Laplace's Book on the Stars, wherein he exhibits that certain Planets, with their Satellites, gyrate round our worthy Sun, at a rate and in a course, which by the greatest good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in detecting, is to me as precious as to another. But is this what that name "Mechanism of the Heavens," and "System of the World;" this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Herschel's fifteen thousand Stars per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of moons, and inert balls, had been looked at, nick-named, and marked in the Zodiacal Waybill; so that we can now prate of their Whereabout; their How; their Why; their What, being hid from us as in the slightest Inane?

System of Nature! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite infinite depth, of quite infinite expansion; and all Experience thereof limits itself to some few experienced centuries, and measured square miles. The course of Nature's places, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us; but who knows what deeper courses these depend on; what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicyle revolves on! To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its native Creek may have become familiar; but did the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and Periodic Currents, the Trade winds, and Monsoons, and Moon's eclipses; by all which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (unmiraculously enough) be quite over-set and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his Creek this Planet Earth; his Ocean the immeasurable All; his Monsoons and Periodic Currents the mysterious Course of Providence through Eons of Eons.

We speak of the Volume of Nature; and truly a Volume it is, whose Author and Writer is God. To read it! Dost thou, does man, so much as we know of the Alphabet thereof?—With its Words, Sentences, and grand, descriptive Pages, poetical and philosophical, spread out through Solar Systems, and Thousands of Years, we shall not try to read. It is a Volume written in celestial hieroglyphs, in the true Sacred writing; of which even Prophets are happy that they can read here a line and there a line. As for your Institutes and Academies of Science, they strive bravely; and, from amid the thick-crowded, intricately interwoven hieroglyphic writing, pick out, by dexterous combination, some Letters in the vulgar Character, and therefrom put together this and the other economic Recipe, of high avail in Practice. That Nature is more than some boundless Volume of such Recipes, or huge, well-nigh inexhaustible Domestic-Cookery Book, of which the whole secret will, in this wise, one day, evolve itself, the fewest dream.—[Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle.]

Since writing our article on 'Rhabdomyancy,' or the art—of it is an art—of finding water beneath the surface of the ground, by means of a "divining rod," as it is popularly termed, we have received several communications upon the subject, and among others, one of considerable interest, from a respectable professional gentleman of this city. Our attention has also been directed to a communication published some time since, in the Haverhill (Mass.) Republican, by Dr. J. R. Nichols, a gentleman well known for his scientific attainments. Dr. Nichols has examined the subject and satisfied himself that there is no charlatanism in the alleged gift of discovering streams of water by the divining rod, but that the power is actually possessed by some individuals. He gives the results of some experiments, of a highly satisfactory character, made in his presence by a clergyman of high standing, from a distant part of the State.

Some experiments are mentioned by Dr. Nichols which tend to show that the attraction is due to electrical influences. He says that by the conducting medium is cut off by interposing a silk handkerchief between the point of the rod bent downwards, and the stream or attracting influence below, the rods instantly fly back. So if the operator is insulated, the attraction instantly ceases; connect him with the earth again by passing a chain from one foot to the ground, and the attraction is again felt. Let the point when bent down be connected with a delicate galvanometer in such a way that the current will pass across the needle, and the latter will be deflected several degrees. Place in each hand a piece of oiled silk, so that the hands may be insulated while in contact

with the instrument, and it will remain entirely passive, though it may be directly over the attracting influences.—[Boston Journal.]

ANECDOTE.—Old mother Bender was pious, but poor. In the midst of her extreme want, her trust and confidence were in God. It was late one chilly night, in the autumn of the year, that two rather wild young men were seen passing near her cottage on their way home.—One of them had under his arm some loaves of bread, which he had procured at the village store. A faint light flickered from mother Bender's casement. Said the one who had the loaves, to his companion, "Let's have some fun with the old woman." "Agreed," said the other. They approached the house, and peeping in at the window saw the old lady upon her knees by the hearth, where a few embers were smouldering in the ashes. She was engaged in prayer. They listened and heard her offering earnest petitions for bread. She was entirely destitute of food. In furtherance of their fun, one of them, with the loaves, climbed softly up the low roof of the cottage, and dropped one loaf after the other down the chimney. As they rolled out upon the hearth they caught the old lady's eye, and in the fullness of her heart she exclaimed, "Thank the Lord—bless the Lord for his bounty." "But the Lord didn't send them," shouted a voice down the chimney. "Yes he did," she cried undaunted; "the Lord sent them, but the devil brought them."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE...MARCH 17, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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Rev. H. H. Richardson is our Agent for procuring subscriptions and making collections for the MAIL. He is now in the field, especially for collecting, and those who wait for his visit must not find fault that his bills are made at \$2 a year. We have repeatedly given notice that we must do so, when we have to pay an agent for going about to collect. Those who pay at the office, or send by mail, within the year, are charged but \$1.50—which is more to our liking than two dollars through the hands of a collector.

The Injunction Violated.

When Mr. Smith consented to read his "Home-made Rhymes" before the Lyceum, he probably thought the injunction contained in the last line would pass for law. He should have known that we are as sensitive on the point of compulsion as Falstaff himself; and that having put out in a proper corner for "takin' notes," we can't afford to lose our labor. Admitting that

"No Goldsmith lives in solemn mirth To celebrate the village—"
we see no reason why we should decline the Gold because he refuses to be the Smith. So here is our report:

HOME-MADE RHYMES.

Though home-made rhymes, will rarely fail To cause the wretch who makes them, At times hearts may seem to quail, Yet frowning seldom breaks them.

Then let me try, with filial pride, To write the memory's last, To rescue from oblivion's tide Some fragments of the past;

The past is our great teacher now, Whose wisdom we may learn, By that stern light we guide the brow On to its future hour.

And as life's voyage we pursue, And o'er its billows, jog, Our gratitude to him is due Who truly keeps the log.

The stream that from the mountain springs, As oceanward it glides, Sweeps from its shores the thousand things That float upon its tides.

While some their buoyancy retain, Or drift again ashore, Few may arrive to float in vain, And sink to flow no more;

And so the thoughts and acts of men, Born on the stream of time, Float for a little space, and then, Surcharged with Lethean wine,

The little incidents of life, That pass by as we go, Only the great in art or strife Survive their natal day.

A bubble on the bubbling brook, A wave upon the sea, His history in a little book, They're all that man can see.

Poised with a bubble-full of pride, Or driven to high estate, To one degree we all subside, The little and the great.

As when the eye runs o'er 't historic page And notes the wonders of age-by-gone age, Sees only spots with walls and cities crowned, Or only fields for warlike hosts renewed, And only Caesar stained with human blood, Or only Noahs getting up a flood, Or only Solon promulgating laws, Or Alexander's conquering wars, Or foolish Tarquins cursed with foul desire, Or cruel Neros fiddling at a fire, So do the chronicles of our goodly town Mark men and things most worthy of renown. There, Irish Hill, where combatants were bred To take their share of the sword and the spear, Right lend me to the poet's halcyon reign, For ram and frole, law and alewives famed— The master plain, like Marathon of old, Where Greek and Persian met in distant bold, For though ten thousand men were never slain In single combat on this little plain, The martial prowess that was here displayed Commanded more than a single battle made, What once was Moore's Yard, on the Eastern shore, Though rare moose had left it long to roam, In college parlance now is made to seem, The sacred bank of the goodly stream, The shaded walks along the Hayden Brook, Where lovers strayed and lovers pastimes took; But here, lest fancy in her mazes roam, Right lend me to the poet's halcyon reign, For ram and frole, law and alewives famed, A living tale that glows on the mind.

Who ever thought that memorable night When Old Ben Rose called Mark Winn out to fight? Or how the boys, to imitate the men, Rushed for Mark and then for uncle Ben— As each stood forth the champion of his clan, And the boys, in the ring, were all in a van, The ground was chosen and the ring described, The combatants with val'rous plumes piled; The village police, as in duty bound, To guard the ring, were all in a bound. All gaudy, being, and back-bowed blows Were strident forbidden, both to Winn and Rose. That each his fate with honor should abide, Of his prize, legend, legend, legend, legend, Enough to take each other's blows, they saw, Without again being pummeled in the law— For law did much abound— from the spree To the real deed, legend, legend, legend, legend, Not would they thus their cherished honor stain, Men fought for glory then, and not for gain.

What, though no warrior from the field of gore His sword returned with laurels of glory? Put a many a hero of a martial glory! Has won his laurels on a muster day! What, though we count no sage in classic lore? Put a many a hero of a martial glory! How worthless fame, how poor ambition's lot, If master Dymond's car can be forgot! What sage is more than he whose skill to rule The village school, and the village school? What though no Goldsmith lives in solemn mirth, To celebrate the village of his birth? Where modest merit meets no envying eye, And does not make the poet or the man.

Who can suppress a glow of village pride, That o'er his brow in charger's mane? Such high-born chivalry his soul imbued, As o'er the plain his regiment he viewed; And though he drenched no field in human blood, Yet manly spirit in deadly conflict stood, His spirit soared as high, his mind as fair, His plume was waving as lofty in the air, His war-like eye as piercing in the view, As though he ruled the field of Waterloo, And taught the tactics by which fields were won, Like some great Bonaparte or Washington.

There's one exploit the chronicles proclaim, Will prove the Colonel worthy of his fame: That he was once off, as a spirit, to the fray, With great elation upon a training day, And though it ended in disaster dire, It showed the soldier's grit and martial fire. And though he was once off, as a spirit, to the fray, It showed the soldier's grit and martial fire. And though he was once off, as a spirit, to the fray, It showed the soldier's grit and martial fire.

When brave young Gideon with chosen few Of Israel's sons the Midian camp o'erthrew, A spirit moved him to the unequal strife, And threw his heavenly mantle o'er his life; But not the same that scattered Bala's host, Gid's was the spirit of "Thy Kingdom come," Sherwin's the spirit of New England's hum; But Gid's was the spirit of the olden arm, Was never puffed by a false alarm.

The drum had ceased to beat, the fife's shrill note Upon the summer breeze had ceased to float; The martial glory of the day was o'er, And mused grew, where it might dwell before, His troops dismissed, and he took his way Along the margin of Ticonic Bay; And such just then the tenor of his mood, As if he had been a soldier of the olden day, Who, when the drum had ceased to beat, The fife's shrill note Upon the summer breeze had ceased to float.

What now on earth shall young ambition strive To reach the south-to-land's proud summit ridge, Since General Puff and Alcoholic aid Are side by side in cold oblivion laid? In vain may eloquence in lofty strain Invoke the memory of the great plain, In vain the minstrel may resume his lyre To strike some grand patriotic fire, All in vain each futile act he tries, For steam will never from cold water rise, E'en 't Tom and Jerry, trophies nobly won In valiant fight, ere glory's race was run, Have often foundered on the Ticonic shore, Have oft rebounded from Ticonic shores, Whilom proclaimed when muster day was come, That glorious day of gingerbread and rum, Wake the old "Foghorn" from out its midnight slumber, In cheering plumes of patriotic thunder, No more content to rust upon the ground, Where though not peaceful silence reigns around, Have gone to hail in other lands afar, The virgin glory of a rising star.

But forty years of animal production, And reform seems to be called for in life, Great in their aims, and greater in their strife, The change of men, of manners, and of caste, Has scarcely left a vestige of the past. The oaks, and pines, in proud parental forms, Have grown to the crown of the living oaks, And swept away the ground where once they stood Is spotted o'er with shrubs and underwood, Or trained by art around the garden border, There blooms the crimson rose and scented flower. Just such a tale our history portrays, Of those illustrious men of other days, Who braved the battles of the great life, Great in their aims, and greater in their strife, Cut down at last by time's supreme decree, They're left the ground for such as you and me, And the vigor some are like the olden days, Some kinder trunks from out their parent roots, Some slender saplings of a foreign growth, Transplanted mostly from a sunnier south, Some like the rose and the living oaks, On shadowy soils the dandy-flower grows, In vain we seek the olden days, The old simplicity of village life.

Instead of huckings, quiltings, spinning bee, We now have picnics, dances, and levees, And true as dogs and Empires have their day, So true the races flourish and decay, And just so true that while this blessed twain Is growing up, the folks are growing down, True to the ground, and true to the ground, Than 't restoration of rum and powder, Rekindle glory, nourish martial pride, Nor longer float upon the downward tide, Secure the town's renown, and the living oaks, Then glory will revive, and not till then.

Ye heedless boys unlearned in ancient lore, Ye little know what tells your father bore, Behold the stumps in all the fields around, With sturdy roots that cover half the ground, So true the races flourish and decay, And just so true that while this blessed twain Is growing up, the folks are growing down, True to the ground, and true to the ground, Than 't restoration of rum and powder, Rekindle glory, nourish martial pride, Nor longer float upon the downward tide, Secure the town's renown, and the living oaks, Then glory will revive, and not till then.

As great La Mancha's Knight, with valor fraught, The bloodiest battle of the windmill fought; So fought our chief, with more than valor drunk, And gallant port, the battle of the skunk; Then left the field his conquest to complete, With something worse than blood bespattered o'er; And such the fate of every well bred mind Who fights with reptiles of the thimble kind; The cheerful fall of the puppet's string, In course alone will worst the gentleman; And this adventure of our Colonel, learns A truth which general history confirms.

That gains his memory's last, To rescue from oblivion's tide Some fragments of the past; The past is our great teacher now, Whose wisdom we may learn, By that stern light we guide the brow On to its future hour.

And as life's voyage we pursue, And o'er its billows, jog, Our gratitude to him is due Who truly keeps the log.

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Oh could I in Homer's numbers sing New Ben Rose's story!

"Hector and Achilles of the ring, As broad to breast, and broad to story, Like those bold chieftains at the siege of Troy; As well our epic claims a Grecian tongue As those heroic deeds that Homer sung."—Twas Greece and Troy—Pig Point and Irish Hill—The Spartan Leuty—and another gill! And now behold, in quick succession sped, Blow follows blow on each devoted head, Like thunder's falls upon the hollow floor, Or claps of thunder mingling in roar. The sounding blows high in the air resound, Till distance blends them in a common sound. Then, heedless of the courtesy of fight, They clinch and tumble, then they gouge and bite; And long they tussle in each other's hug, From right to left from right to right and tug— While cheering shouts both to Rose and Winn, From friends still doubtful which would first give in. The Pig Point hero proved the better stout, And old Ben Rose cried out "Enough, enough." And now the shouts that round the circle ran, Proclaimed the triumph of the village clan: In exultation all the people say, "Mark Winn's the man, Pig Point has got the day."

Such sports as these enlarged our young ideas, And taught us to look on other sports with joy. The seed from which such fruitful harvests spring Was scattered thick and broadcast from the ring. And you can wonder that such boys should be In manhood, heroes of the first degree; The soul-inspiring element we breathed Was bold antagonism in glory wreathed. Not less our trust, but with still greater grace, The Gospel they could say "wagner peace." The gem of heroism was here displayed On training days, by boys in black cockade, O for a breath to touch each other's side, They were not like your grown up soldiers now; Each breast with valor filled for high enterprise, Worthily the fabled heroes of the skies.

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Field Drivers—J. S. Craig, G. H. Eaty, J. Hubbard, W. Chipman, W. Golder, J. H. Drummond; S. Bacon, G. D. Pullen, C. Wheeler, Jr., S. Kimball, H. B. White, J. Moor, Jr., J. F. Hanes, G. Wentworth, C. Burgess.

The Finance Committee, through their Chairman, S. Heath, Esq., made a detailed report, in which the various affairs of the town were set forth in a very lucid and acceptable manner. Following this came the usual report of the Selectmen.

On motion of J. Stackpole, Resolved, that the Auditors of Accounts be required to make a full and thorough examination of all the expenditures of the town, and all outstanding claims, up to the 20th of Feb. of each year, and cause the result of their examination to be printed on or before the first day of March annually, for the use of the town.

Voted, to raise \$1800 for support of schools; \$1500 for the support of the poor, and \$3500 to pay outstanding debts and current expenses. On motion of J. Stackpole, Resolved, that the Selectmen be Commissioners of Highways for the year ensuing, with power to contract for the repair of highways for a term of one, three or five years, at an expense not exceeding \$2500 per annum, excepting new roads.

I. S. Johnson and S. Kimball were appointed to act with the Selectmen as Road Comrs. Voted, to authorize school districts to choose their Agents, and the Selectmen to appoint measurers of wood and bark.

Voted, to raise \$200 for the Fire Department and to pay for ringing bell in East Village—and \$50 for the same in the West Village. The several roads contemplated in Articles 11 and 12 were accepted. Voted, to include Stephen H. Butterfield in school district No. 6; and to set off Richard Ricker from No. 10, to No. 6.

The Superintendent School Com., by their Chairman, Rev. Mr. Thurston, made a detailed and very able report, which was accepted. The Articles contemplating the division of the town and of school district No. 1, were severally dismissed.

Voted, that the thanks of the town be tendered to the Finance Committee for their able and satisfactory report; also, to Geo. C. Alden and others for the efficient discharge of their duties as Field Drivers in clearing the streets of cattle and swine.

Voted, to instruct the Selectmen to commence suits of law against all persons within the bounds of Ticonic village for letting swine run at large, and to give all fines so obtained to the complainant.

Holing a Rumseller.

A few days ago, constable H. F. Crowell, of this town, was sent to arrest a violator of the Maine Law in the town of Rome, by the name of Warren. The offender had sworn not to be taken alive, and a large band of worthy associates stood pledged to help him keep his oath. The Constable pocketed a pair of handcuffs and a revolver, and with one or two assistants proceeded to execute his warrant.

Finding the door fastened against him, he demanded admission in the name of the State that made the Maine Law. This failing, he called to his aid an ax and opened the door. Here he found himself vis-a-vis with an old "76 broadsword in the hands of the culprit, who threatened to make a hole through him if he entered the door. The Constable showed the revolver and the culprit showed his heels.

Slipping out by a back way, his pursuers temporarily lost the track. After a brief quadrangle, they found he had taken refuge under the house—crawling into a hole too small for an honest man to follow. Constable C. invited him in vain to come out; and finally concluded that having duly holed the "critter," nothing remained but to dig him out! Marking carefully the position, and taking a stand directly over it, in the room above, he sent the point of an iron bar crashing through the floor close to the ears of the prisoner, that was to be. This was close work! and he began to realize himself a beast in good earnest. Crash went the iron bar again—and crack went the floor! This was too much. The violator of the law cried for quarter, and agreed to unknown and surrender. The treaty was made and executed, with the addition of a pair of iron bracelets not stipulated therein; and the culprit taken to West Waterville and fined according to law.

Though this is not a solitary case of holing a rumseller, it is the first literal and successful attempt to dig one out.

Map of our Village. Mr. J. B. Præside, of N. Y. City, is now in this

