




8-18-1853

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 07, No. 06): August 18, 1853

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 07, No. 06): August 18, 1853" (1853). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 317.  
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THE NEW NEIGHBORS.

"Have you found out who the new neighbor is yet?" asked Mrs. Minikin of her husband as he came home to tea one night.

"No, my dear, I have not; I should hardly know the house was inhabited from any signs of animation it exhibits when I pass."

"I am dying to know who they are. How provoking! Some people delight to foil the curiosity of their neighbors when they move in to a new street, and pretend to be somebody; but I defy them to cheat me. Only look here, Mr. Minikin; see what a nice look-out I have established by turning the blind partly up and putting under my bodkin to make it remain so. Through this loop-hole I have a good view of the drawing-room, the dining-room, the family sleeping rooms, and the guest chamber; now if I could only get a peep into the parlor, I would know them in a few days like a book."

"Like the last novel, you mean, Ellen, eh? What a legacy the grandmothers of our children of women left to her imitative daughters, when she bequeathed to them a curiosity as boundless as the affairs of their neighbors, with all its rules and regulations, and the instinctive capacity to apply them scientifically. Wasn't she a generous patron of investigation in those stupid old days, when every thing was to be learned? Come, Ellen, acknowledge your obligations, and continue your research."

"You are a bear, and must own the same relationship to your mother that I do to mine, and I think an unusual supply of inquisitiveness must have run in her veins from the quantity that has descended to her sons as well as daughters. Now, own up, didn't I see you standing under the chestnut in the corner, trying to look up through the new neighbor's window only last night? Own up, Ed, don't I see it peeping out at the eyes in the side glance you cast at the new neighbor's every time you pass, own up, and then we'll sing the old song proverb, 'Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,' &c."

"It was only to assist your laudable endeavor to keep out of idleness, and ensure myself a good breakfast that I accepted a partnership in the espionage of our new neighbors."

"There, Ed, never call Fanny Fern a thistle again if she does not say the shortest way to a man's favor is through the appetite, or something like it. Don't I always make your coffee with these 'prettiest white hands imaginable,' and the rolls that you said were light as a feather—didn't I make them? Oh, Ed, haven't I some diplomacy as well as curiosity?"

"You are a love of a wife, as ladies say of every new hat they display, you are a jewel of a wife, and I'll wear you outside my heart to cover up its faults as long as you live. I'll help you play 'I spy,' and 'hide and seek,' with the new neighbors, or old, just as you like."

"There, here, quick! there is a carriage stopping at the new neighbor's door."

"No, no, Ellen, you look, and report, while I finish this love of a muffin, made by your prettiest little hands."

"Never mind the muffins, whether I made them or taught Ann, I am bound to discover everything that is to be learned by observation, and the gaudy old gentleman who is laboriously descending from the carriage yonder."

"What does he look like?"

"A brown old parchment; not time worn, or moth-eaten; but handsomely mounted and hung up in the library of some pedantic old antiquarian on purpose for show."

"Does no one come out to give him a welcome?"

"The door is deeply recessed, you know, I do not see any one—yes, yes, I see a very white hand, now a coat sleeve—what luck! There stands the master of the house—I am sure he must be tall, well-formed, fine looking, and well dressed. What a harvest I am reaping!"

"Spin a yarn, Ed; come, let us see what kind of a story you can make out of the gentleman, and no draperies to grace the scene. What would novel writers do, if ladies were to adopt the bloomer costume; with no flowing robes or graceful folds to envelope their heroines, especially if a genteel fainting fit was to be introduced—it would never do for ladies to faint in pantaloons—even old Shakespeare was obliged to shroud his dead heroes in military plumes or flags, and drape his bony ghosts in sheets—ah! Ed, 'twill never do for ladies to show their trowsers if they wear them. This tea is delicious; another cup; there, that will do; thank you. Now for a fancy sketch about the woman haters."

"The old gentleman is deposited at last—gold-headed cane, white hat, buff vest, velvet pants and shaggy overcoat, have been shoved by his muffled feet completely out of sight. I can learn no more at present, the blinds are all down; how provoking!"

"Come, come, the story while I appropriate this last 'corporate investigator' as Joe Chase used to call his fifth cup of tea. Spiteful as you please! ease your mind of all vexations, for cousin Harry and some friends from the country, who are visiting him, are coming here to spend the evening, and I wish to give him, and his unbecoming associates an overwhelming example of matrimonial felicity."

"Company! O, Ed, I have no more time to chat now, I must be up and doing."

"You have nothing to do, *mi cara sposa*, but entertain your once devoted admirer, and now indulgent master, while he composes his countenance into the most complacent expression attainable, wherewith to strike conviction home to the hearts of those incorrigible celibates that our household alliance is the most agreeable of any matrimonial record. Now, Ellen Minikin, listen! and obey! the story."

"Well, which shall I begin with? If I take the old gentleman, which I am inclined to do, first, carry him out to the East Indies, an enterprising young man; bring him back a childless old nabob, I must create a large family of ambitious, time-serving nephews and nieces, which that testament is not large enough to hold; and then, in the little back yard it would be impossible to squeeze the menagerie of crocodiles, flamingoes, and other wild animals; that always travel with such a character from the first chapter of the story to the last. No, that will never do; I must give up the old gentleman any how. Well, the younger one has a local habitation—but a name, Ed, did you see one as the door?"

"No, but I will look; make a dash; and put the name in afterwards."

"Now, to furnish the habitation; I tell you it is utterly impossible to make a decent house of it without filling the presses with full robes, and the drawers with ribbons and laces. We must have little frocks, little caps, little shoes, and the etc. of little lumber that fills up the odd corners of houses, and then we must have the big somebody, and the little somebody to put in them, in order to 'set out' a house comfortably. I tell you, 'lord and master,' I am anxious to arrange a bachelor's domicile."

"Try, try! Harry must have the benefit of a fancy sketch of his own comfort."

"Well, then, here's the best I can do. To begin with, there is an open grate, with the ashes all over the fender; a cigar box and one

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gas bracket over the mantle; a round table and a big chair; a low bedstead and a ragged counterpane; a threadbare coat thrown over an old trunk that is constantly staring at the door, as if to make one desperate plunge for an airing, or rather dusting, would be an effort well worthy its closing existence; a dressing gown which a new acquaintance would be as likely to address as a cotton gin—

"Don't forget the night-cap, Ed."

"I should as soon forget to freeze the blood in his veins, as this sentinel of his sleeping fancies; were it not for night-caps how long could a bachelor preserve his impregnable citadel from the battalions of rogues and ringlets that besiege his pillow?"

"Are you going to furnish him with brains? what will you put in them?"

"You remember I was father confessor one night to a set of ideas that would just fit such a cranium."

"No tale, pet, this is a fancy sketch. Fill the closets and drawers."

"Fill a drawer, and then play a tune on it. What is there to put in the closets but old slips and worn out boots—the drawers are already full of buttonless shirts and false wristbands."

"Do let the poor fellow have an decent coat, eh, Ed? don't send him into the streets in fringes."

"From his capped head to the toe of his foot, which I protest I can see protruding thro' his underdone stockings, as plainly as I saw that huge pile of old clothes, that kept me darn and stitching for months after we were married; and I am not sure as I have found the end of it yet."

"There is the door-bell; and now, lady-superior, or father-confessor, let me conscientiously avow, that you are the most deluged society I meet, and that you may ever remain so, I will retire to that of this fragrant weed, while you make your compliments to cousin Harry."

"Mr. Minikin, as with a merry glance at his wife, he made his exit through the door just before his visitors entered by another."

Do not imagine for one moment that merry-making was Edward Minikin's employment. He was a sedulous business man, and quite a philosopher in his way. He had been married about two years; had studied his wife's character thoroughly, and had discovered that she was affectionate, amiable, and an excellent housekeeper—that she was pretty and pleasing he had long known—but she had one foible; the mother Eve propensity to a great extent. This he made up his mind to treat with the utmost tenderness, and dexterously avoid any annoyance that might accrue to himself from it. This discovery was made very soon after marriage; but Edward was an odd fellow, and Ellen did not even mistrust that he was in possession of so important a secret, a stroke of worldly wisdom worthy imitation. Instead of attracting her inquiries towards the details of his own business, with which his mind was already weary, or attacking her foible with the pruning knife of argumentative wisdom, he had attempted to lead or let it run into a useful or harmless channel; like a reasonable man he argued that it would have scope; and also, that the most perfect of human characters always have some prominent defect.

An involuntary soliloquy over his razor-strop the next morning after the above conversation, will best illustrate his views: "I am a lucky dog, a right lucky dog in this Ellen of mine—neat as a pin, quiet as a mouse, managing too; that little head can calculate pennies like a multiplication table. Oh! Ed Minikin you are a lucky dog. A little too curious sometimes, —a little too inquisitive, like the night when she wanted to know how old Roby got the Custom House, and Sam Saunders the appointment to Rio. Never mind the curiosity, I'll manage that so as to rest this long head, and happily her kind heart. Kind heart, indeed; no viuperative old maid in Ellen Minikin, only wants to know; and she shall know all I can help her find out. Eh, Ed Minikin, you are a lucky dog—drew a prize and no mistake when you bought the ticket marked Ellen Rose."

"Foolish pedant!" laughed out Ellen who had heard the last sentence; "sitting there a full half hour after the banks are open to complete yourself upon having secured a 'thorn in the heart,' as Harry had the effrontery to call me last night."

"Faith! you did the smart thing by Harry last night; I was right glad to hear it. Never give those solitary old souls any quarter—a regular pitched battle every time you meet—there is sin at the bottom. *Adios mi sposa*—a full budget about the new neighbor to-night."

"Nothing transpired at the new neighbor's that day, or the next, or the next, and quantities, and quantities of speculations were wasted by Ellen Minikin on the supposable causes of this seclusion. The kitchen intelligence office of domestic news, was behind the parlor on the other end of the house. So great had her desire at length become, to learn the what-about of the new comers, that she spoke of them to the ladies that called upon her; but not one item could she get. She could not even discover that meat or meat went into the house; till she finally told Mr. Minikin she should confidently believe that they lived upon air, and vegetated in darkness, did not the old gentleman's portly appearance positively contradict the opinion. There was something very mysterious about them, she feared they were unfortunate, and her ready tears started at the idea. They may be counterfeiters, Harry suggested. More likely to be returned Californians with the real dust, was Ellen's more charitable conclusion."

"At length, one day when Mr. Minikin came in to dinner, he asked Ellen if she saw the doctor's carriage at the new neighbor's door."

"No indeed, what can be the matter?"

"I don't know as anything is the matter. I saw the doctor driving away as I came up the street."

"What, Dr. Edward?" said she, manifesting nausea at the very idea of a pill-box. I fear the poor old gentleman is sick; I am tempted to send over and inquire; perhaps we could do something for him. Poor old gentleman, and nobody to care him!"

"Save your pity, Ed; I assure you the old gentleman has not even the gout, said Mr. Minikin, with a knowing wink."

"Ah! Ed, I see you have found out all about them. Now it is your turn to spin a yarn."

"Not all about them, Ed; but I have heard some particulars. I had forgotten a package of letters that it was necessary should go into the mail this noon, so I jumped into the chair with Dr. Ellis who is an acquaintance of mine, to go back for them, and carelessly inquired

for his patient in the next house. Now guess who they are."

"Don't tantalize me."

"Guess once."

"No, not once; but I'll sit and pout till you tell me."

"Well, then, for the lady—"

"Lady? a lady to begin with?"

"Yes, truly; flowing robes inhabited by flesh and blood, an heiress and a beauty; about your own age, and a mother; to which felicity you have not yet attained, else you would have accurately guessed the cause of her mysterious invisibility."

"Does it take two gentlemen and a lady to take care of one baby, if so I shall never dare to bring one here, Ed."

"Is your curiosity satisfied? if so I'll discuss this plate of pudding, and be off in search of a baby jumper which my forecasting wisdom plainly indicates will soon be needed to entertain the new neighbor's baby."

"Who is the old gentleman?"

"A sort of Dominic Sampson, with rheumatism in his knees, instead of gout in his toes. The lady has taken charge of him out of gratitude for kindness manifested towards her, in her childhood. And last, but not least, the other gentleman nurse, shall I introduce him?"

"Unimportant."

"Mistaken again. He is the pith of the household; the marrow of their mirth; their very bone and sinew, is this husband."

"I am interested in all good husbands; tell me all about him."

"He is an editor—"

"Delightful! You grow very amusing—an heiress marry an editor; that is a pleasant joke."

"Such a pleasant joke as editors do not often have played upon them. Is my story becoming perfectly bewitching? Could you give up Blank House to hear it?"

"You know, Ed, I would give up anything to listen to you. How came it about?"

"No matter now, I have something else to tell you. Elle, do you remember little Lucy Howard that used to live with her grandmother in the hollow, about half a mile from the village on the west road?"

"Ask me if I remember the sisters who were rocked in the same cradle with me—ask me if I remember Edward Minikin that used to walk with us every night to the top of the hill, then wait and watch with me till Lucy went into the house, and then trudge to the other end of the village, saichel in hand, to deposit this very burden that has mounted his shoulders for life. Do you know anything about her, Edward? I would give worlds to see my old playmate again."

"Do you remember Master Bishop, that ducked her head in the frog pond because she would not tell who stole his raw hide, and made verses about his old cocked hat?"

"To be sure, and some of Fred Mansfield's too, I reckon; Money to let—money to let—in an empty pocket I'll let, I'll let."

"Do remember a short poem I read you one day in a New York paper when we were at the springs last season, which you complimented, and which I told you was written by poor Fred Mansfield, who fitted for college under Master Bishop, with only two coarse shirts to his back, and had now become one of the most popular writers of the day?"

"I take, I take, tell me how it came about while I am putting on my bonnet and gloves."

"Why, Ed, where are you going? Every body is at dinner."

"If they were going to bed, I would go and see Lucy Howard's baby. Do tell me how that studious, awkward, witty, tormenting tease, Fred Mansfield, came to marry pale little Lucy Howard, and how she came to be an heiress, and how they made up the old feud with the old Master Bishop?"

"I do not know how Fred Mansfield came to marry Lucy Howard, perhaps he kept track of her, as Ed Minikin did of Elle Rose when her father moved to the city, and he was sent to the other side of the world to college; perhaps he met her accidentally during a several years' residence in New York, where he acted as editor of a journal, and she lived among relations who claimed her after her grandmother's death. But I do know how she became reconciled to old Master Bishop. He ascertained through an advertisement her right, through her grandmother, to the large property she inherited, and was the means of establishing her claims to it. Now, Ed, give me credit of satisfactorily unraveling this impenetrable mystery of the neighbors."

"You have not told why they are so mysteriously invisible."

"Simply because the baby is teething and the house unfurnished."

"It is all delightful; such dear old friends, and a little out of the common way, too. Who would thought of my mistaking a superannuated pedagogue for an East Indian nabob! Heiresses and teething children are everywhere; but a lucky editor! that is a 'cat in a strange garret!'"

"Mrs. SWISSHELM, in her Saturday Visitor, proffers the following suggestions, to Working Men as to the ways and means of commanding a fair reward for their labor. It is not the whole truth, but very true so far as it goes, and eminently worthy of attention."

"We have long known an unfailing remedy for all the ordinary oppressions of Capital. We have a prescription which if well shaken and regularly taken, would cure the evil which strikes, as they now occur, do only aggravate. It is, 'In time of peace, prepare for war.'"

"If our laboring men, before making war on employers, would only build unto themselves fortifications and lay in stores, they could stand any length of siege. The way to do this is for every man to live on half his wages, or less if possible, until he buys and pays for an acre of ground, fences it, builds on it a house large and close enough to shelter himself and family from a winter storm. This is his fort. Then let him take all the time he now spends in taverns and other lounging places to lay in a store of ammunition and provisions, in the shape of useful knowledge gleaned from books and papers, and grape-vines, trees, potatoes and cabbage growing in his enclosure. If he plants every foot of it with something pleasant to the eye and good for food, no tyrannical employer can starve him into any degrading submission. It is extravagance and improvidence, and nothing else, which keeps the laboring classes in the power of Capital. We know very few capitalists who have not become so through a self-denial and perseverance which poor men scorn to use."

"We know men who, on the wages of a

common laborer—seldom more than 75 cents a day—have lived comfortably and accumulated property, while thousands earning twice that sum live 'from hand to mouth,' and are starving if a week out of employ."

"Our impression is, that the majority of these would not be one bit better off if they got ten dollars a day—that in fact they would be more likely to prosper on fifty cents. Those people who need a contribution to sustain them when unemployed a month, are generally those who know nothing of the value of money, but calculate to spend all they get, b. that little or much; consequently, an advance in their wages is sending their money to beer-shops and cigar establishments, or fancy stores. Before any man can be independent, he must learn to live within his income, be that little or much."

"When he has fixed himself in a homestead, with the cellar well-filled, and a bit of ground to raise his cabbage, and some spare change in his pocket, he can afford to strike any system of oppression he has a mind to; but as long as he prefers indulgence to self ownership, he ought to be a slave, if any body who can take care of him will only take the trouble to do it."

"We would live on mush and molasses, and dress in flip calico, all the days of our natural life, rather than live by sufferance; and in daily danger of starvation, or be compelled to work how and when somebody pleased, whether we liked it or not. 'Make unto yourselves friends of the unrighteous mammon'—save your money, thereby your independence."

[From Putnam's Monthly.]  
AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

Blithe little Moll! her cheeks are like rose buds,  
The sunset lips parted, bright eyes open wide!  
So she comes tripping through the orchard glades,  
And, bare feet, seeking out the brooklet's side.

And plashing, dashing through, the little maiden  
Climbs up the sunny slope of hazel hill,  
Toward a friendly elm, with wild vines laden,  
And clustering grapes, awaiting her sweet will.

And thus she swings upon the branches bending,  
And stands thus, 'mid the wreaths of frost-touched  
One strong festoon, an airy foot-hold lending,  
And raying sun-beams crown the woodland queen.

On hair, and brow, and rounded nut-brown shoulder,  
The sunshine seems to fall for pure joy's sake!  
And as she glances upward, that grown bolder,  
Comes to her lip, its thirst for dew to slake.

The autumn breeze drifts back the cloud of ringlets,  
And backward flutters the bright scarlet dress—  
Like for a Gipsy Hebe ready winged,  
Than Hebe's own glad beauty, hers no less!

So, sweetheart, Moll! blithe Moll! like wild bird swing,  
A lift upon the swinging, clustering vine,  
This picture of your youth, for ever clinging,  
Shall bring youth back—this Hebe shall be mine!

The editor of the Portland Eclectic, in the course of an essay upon the ladies, tells the following instructive tale, which we commend to our accomplished lady readers:

"We once knew a 'young lady,' who lived in style. Her parlors were elegantly furnished, and her dress was always of the latest fashion. She had her piano, and her teacher, and she played Italian music charmingly—in all the exquisite graces of life she was faultless. She had a rich voice of sentiment, too, and could talk philosophy, or could discuss standard authors at pleasure. Of course she read novels—in fact, a large portion of the day was devoted to that interesting and instructive class of polite literature. She was also somewhat industrious, for she could occasionally work elegant embroidery. With an abundance of curls floating over her neck in beautiful profusion, a fine form, hands white and elegant, large powers of conversation in the usual drawing-room style, she was followed by the young men of taste. Yet somehow she never got married. The beaux flattered around her like flies over a pot of honey; but they were very careful not to be caught as those other insects are apt to be. Their attentions were never so particular as to require some friend of the family to demand what were their intentions. This was no fault of the young lady. She was in the market as plainly as though she had inscribed on her forehead: 'A husband wanted—for particulars inquire within.' But the husband never came; and we believe that at this day she is a disconsolate old maid."

"What was the trouble? Step with us into the kitchen. That fair woman with the red face is the servant of the house. Well, that woman is our charming young lady's mother! She never saw her daughter's 'callers'; if by accident she should drop into the parlor while visitors were present, she would listen out again with an embarrassed manner, looking as though she had committed an offence, while her own child's face would be suffused with blushes."

"Now take a walk with us, in that workshop, to see that hard working mechanic! The wrinkles are hardened upon his face; and the grey hairs are thinly sprinkled over his head. He looks anxious, and as though his heart-strings tugged some deep sorrow and mortification. He is the father of the beautiful 'young lady,' and his hard earnings for many years have been absorbed in the expensive luxuries that her admirable taste has craved. He, too, is excluded from the society of his own daughter."

"She moves in a circle above her parents and in short is ashamed of them. They live in the kitchen, she in the parlor; they drudge, she reaps the fruit. She has no pulsation of gratitude for all this. She despises them, and in fashionable gatherings is among the first to curl her pretty lip at 'low mechanics,' provided she can do it safely."

"Is she a true lady? No—ten thousand times—No! We object to her accomplishments—to her manners—to her taste in dress. We took upon and admire such just as we do a superior statue of Venus. As a work of art it is beautiful; but, nevertheless, it is insensate marble, having no soul, being of no use in practical life, and good for nothing but to look at."

"The beauty of the mind is true beauty; and the affectionate daughter, who nestles herself lovingly into the hearts of her parents—who makes her mother her companion and confidante—who not only works with her mother, but takes the heaviest burden upon herself, —but takes the true lady. She may never have struck a note on the piano, yet her house is melodious with harmony such as angels sing. Her exterior may be humble, but her interior is clothed in the vestment of immortal beauty. There are many young ladies whose whole character is on the surface. Dress, manner, accomplishment are all external. They have no depth of thought, no heart. They are 'out

doors." When the scorching fires of adversity burn beneath the surface, there is no protecting wall upreared within. The whole becomes but a heap of ashes, though it may retain the outward semblance of humanity."

The true lady cultivates the higher nature. She is religious, but not fanatical; courteous, but not fawning. Reposing serenely upon the arms of her Heavenly Father, and associating with unseen angelic spirits, she meets the storm with calmness, and accepts it as a disciplinary mercy. Her sympathy ever pulsates to the cry of suffering, and her hand is open to relieve. She is beautiful at the bedside of the sick, beautiful at the hour of her departure into the world of spirits, and transcendently and eternally beautiful in Heaven."

That is a true lady.

Management of Children.

The doctrine of an eminent writer, (of a generation now nearly gone) that a child should be reasoned into obedience, had, in its day, more of a misleading efficacy than might have been thought possible; and many a parent was induced to believe that a child should be taught to give its obedience not because it was obedience, but because the thing ordered was reasonable; the little casuists and controversialists being expected to see the reason of things as readily in real life, as in the dialogues between Tutor and Charles. The common sense of mankind has now made an end of this doctrine, and it is known now, as it was before the transit of that eminent person, that obedience—prompt, implicit, unreasoning, and almost unconscious—is the first thing to be taught to a child, and that he can have no peace for his soul without it.

The notion of setting up the reason to be the pivot of humanity from the cradle forwards, belongs to a generation of fallacies, which have returned to the dust from which they came; but it included one error in theories of education which will be found to belong to many that are still extant: the error of assuming that the parent is to be perfect. Under the reasoning regimen, what was to happen when the parent's reasons were bad? And in like manner, with respect to many less unnatural systems which are recommended as if they were of universal applicability, the question may be asked, will most parents be competent to give effect to them? And, bearing in mind the not inconsiderable number of mankind who labor under imperfections of the understanding or other disqualifying defects, I believe we shall find that a few strong instincts and a few plain rules, are all that can be appealed to for general guidance in the management of children.

That first and foremost rule of exacting obedience, is so far from being subject to the condition of showing reasons, that I believe a parent with a strong will, although it be a perverse one, will train a child better than a parent of a reasonable mind, tainted by infirmity of purpose. For as 'Obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams,' so an authority which is absolute by virtue of its own inherent strength, is better than one which is shaken by a reference to ends and purposes, and by reasonable doubts as to whether they are the best and most useful."

Not will the parent's perversity, unless it be unkind or ill-tempered, occasion the child half so much uneasiness in the one case, as the child will suffer from those perversities of its own which will spring up in the other. For habits of instant and mechanical obedience are those that give rest to the child, and spare its health and temper; whilst a recalcitrant or dawdling obedience will keep it distracted in propensity, bringing a perpetual pressure on its nerves, and consequently on its mental and bodily strength."

To enforce this kind of obedience, our most efficacious instrument is a clear and determinate manner; because with children at least this is the most significant expression of an authoritative will. But it is an instrument which those only can employ who are authoritative by temperament, for an assumed manner or one which is not true to the temperament, will be of no avail. Those parents who are not gifted with this temperament and this manner, must needs, if they do their duty, have recourse to punishments; of which, in the case of most children, those are best which are sharp and soon over. And let not the parents think that by a just and necessary amount of punishment they run any risk of impairing the child's affections. The risk is far greater of impairing them by indulgence. A spoiled child never loves its mother; never at least with the same measure of love as if it were unspoiled. And there is in human nature an essential though somewhat mysterious connection of love with fear, which, though chiefly recognised in the relations between man and God, is also discernible in the relations between man and man, and especially in those between parent and child. Love in either relation is deepened by some degree—not oppressive or too disturbing—some slight degree of fear; and the very truth of the text, that 'perfect love casteth out fear,' shows that fear must be there before the love is made perfect. Therefore the parent who shrinks from inflicting just and proper punishment upon a child, deprives that child not only of the rest to be found in duty and obedience, but also of the blessings of a deeper love."

It is selfishness on the part of parents which gives rise to undue indulgence of children—the selfishness of sacrificing those for whom they care less to those for whom they care more; and the selfishness of the parent for the child will invariably produce selfishness of the child for himself. A spoiled child is never generous. And selfishness is induced in a child not only by too much indulgence, but even by too much attention. It will be most for a child's happiness and well being, both present and to come; that he should feel himself, in respect to comforts and enjoyments, the most insignificant person in the house. In that case he will have his own resources, which will be more available to him than any which perpetual attention can minister; he will be subject to fewer discontents; and his affections will be more cultivated by the occasional token of kindness which a contented child will naturally receive in sufficient abundance, than they would be by continual endeavors to make him happy."

And if by continual attention to making him happy will not produce happiness, neither will continual attention to making him good produce goodness. For if the child feels that there is some one incessantly occupied with his happiness and goodness, he will come to be

incessantly occupied with himself. Something must be left in a spirit of faith and hope to Nature and God's providence. Parents are the instruments, but they are not to be all in all. Room must be left for some liberty of action, for many an untended impulse, for self-reliance, for temptations and trials, with their natural results of victory with self-respect, or defeat with remorse. By such treatment the child's moral nature, being simply exercised, will be seasonably strengthened; and when he comes into the world as a man, he will come with a man's weapons of defence; whereas if the child be constantly watched and kept out of harm's way, he will come into the world a moral weakling. I was once present when an old mother, who had brought up a large family of children with eminent success, was asked by a young one what she would recommend in the case of some children who were too anxiously educated, and her reply was: 'I think, my dear, a little wholesome neglect.'

[Henry Taylor.]

## Pioneer Life in New England.

Rev. Dr. Winton, of Antrim, N. H., has just published a history of that town, in which the following picture is given of the 'manner of life of the early settlers of that town, from one hundred down to fifty years ago.'

"To many of the conveniences and comforts of life, the hardy generation then on the stage were strangers. Their dwellings were log houses; without glass, ill fitted to exclude the cold. Had it not been for roaring fires, kept up in winter in the huge fireplaces, fed continually by great logs, which they were glad to be rid of, the inmates would have suffered."

Wood and timber were so abundant, that the faster they would consume them the better. Their farming utensils were clumsy: their clothing homespun and coarse, but durable; the men wore tow shirts, striped woolen frocks and leather aprons. The best suit of coarse woolen cloth was reserved for the Sabbath and special occasions, and lasted year after year. In winter they wore shoes, excluding the snow by a pair of woolen leggings, fastened over the mouth of the shoe by strings. Boots were rare; great coats and surcoats rare still. A pair of boots would last a man many years."

In summer neither men or women wore shoes at home; on the Sabbath the women often carried their shoes in their hand to save wear, till they came near the meeting house, when they would put them on. They were clad, when engaged in their work, in a short gown and petticoat of some coarse material, with a striped apron, calicoes being thought quite a dressy article. The household furniture was rude and coarse; carpets, sofas, pianos



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.... AUG. 18, 1853.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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## TRAVELING AGENTS.

REV. HOBART RICHARDSON. A. T. BOWMAN.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

## Spirit-Rapping and its Vagaries.

Your correspondent, Spirituelle, makes a flaunting display of words about my precedents warranting no faith to expect a candid investigation of the vagaries of distempered imaginations, or courteous language in so doing.—Spirituelle, in this betrays a defective judgment, the legitimate offspring of a morbid impressibility and ductility which is the life blood of all the different isms and humbugs of this extraordinary age, that succeed each other with a rapidity as surprising as the gullibility of thousands who consider themselves wise.—Spirituelle very courteously reminds me, in parenthesis, that I differ from Prof. Faraday, when I say that leaving the impiety and rascality of these rapping and writing performances out of account, the *puerility* of them is enough to stamp *humbug* on all their operations. A certain class of minds must be deluded by mystery. If the mist and darkness be removed and the monster they had wondered at is shown in the sunlight, a stomp, they will straight-forth rush into some other dark corner and see another. In former days, we learn of men as profound in learning and piety even as Prof. Faraday and Spirituelle, becoming duped by some popular delusion. The learned and pious Prof. Dwight, lawyers and judges certified in the most confident manner to the wonderful virtues of Perkins' metallic tractors in relieving pain. It was at length discovered that pine rods could be substituted with equal effect, if the patient did not know it. In England the nobility embraced it, and an infirmary was established in which the tractors alone were used; and more than five thousand cures were reported within a short time after it was opened. Its advocates predicted in the most confidential manner, that within twenty years the old drugging and bleeding system of practice would be entirely abandoned. A fifth of that period had not elapsed before Perkins, with his tractors and infirmary, ceased to be spoken of, but with contempt, and they lie only in the records of imposture, a monument of the facility with which men impose on themselves and others. Does not the early history of this tractorism bear some resemblance to that of the favorite isms of the present day? I doubt not the latter part of its history will have a still closer resemblance to the latter part of theirs. Already is spiritualism and its offshoot, spiritual rappings, at a discount.

But this delusion, *religious system*, as Spirituelle has the impudence to dub it, is hardly worth a long article but for its influence on a certain class of men. It is no uncommon thing for men to be deceived by their senses, men of intelligence may be thus deceived, and instead of adding importance to the subject on which they err, only show the weakness of human nature. Still less uncommon is it for men of moderate minds to become insane on some predominant hobby. Millerism, as well as tractorism and the jerks, furnishes an analogy to the phenomena of the Spirits. Its votaries believed they felt and saw the physical signs of the earth's dissolution. They had the evidence of sense to themselves, but this imposed no obligation on men to investigate their vagaries. Dr. Taylor it was who 'discovered' and 'indorsed' that 'detached vitalized electricity' was the cause of the spiritual manifestations; but unfortunately for the school of theology to which Spirituelle belongs, the spirits declare that the Roman Catholic religion is the best. Your correspondent, says Spirituelle, is thrice dead and plucked up by the roots, but still claims an investigation and complains of public opinion and public journalists forbidding his letting in the 'light upon his system,' and 'probing errors grown rank with age' and asks for a fair review of the doctrines and doings of spirit rappings and writings. Now Spirituelle and his friends are not the first who have deceived themselves in this way. The famous feat of his Satanic Majesty in the time of our fathers with the Bible and key is analogous. So, too, the 'divining rod' by which many a good man pointed out his beds of ore and hidden springs, operated on the same plan, a perverted nervous system.

I can assure Spirituelle that I belong to none of the new fangled systems of religion for which is claimed the insinuating title of progress, and whose leaders talk largely of old systems grown rank with age.—I am not even a Swedenborgian, and hence, probably my ignorance of spiritualism. We read of a class whom God 'gave over to believe a lie,'—all such are they who strive to uproot principles eternal and unchangeable which they have been wrought out and beautified by the accumulated wisdom of twenty centuries. To a system of religion of such a character I profess to belong, a system abused but not crushed—trampled upon, but still undestroyed—and conscious of its immortality laughs at the puny efforts of its foes.

## Medicines.

A BAD USE OF GOOD TOOLS.—A correspondent of the Bangor Democrat is out with a Bible defence of rum drinking.

## HAGAR'S FAREWELL.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

'Twas thus mine own self made me what I am!  
'Twas thus mine own hand, proud Sarah, gave me up,  
Thy trembling bosom, to thy husband's arms!  
I never asked his love—I wished it not—  
I feared ye both, for ye were not your slave?  
I was an orphan, friendless and forlorn—  
A stranger among strangers, and a slave!

My master seemed to love me, and my heart  
Expanded in the warm and blissful light  
Of his affection. Fond and foolish heart!  
Would that his torpor ne'er had passed away.  
Joy, like the swelling buds of early spring,  
Swelled in my bosom. Peace her dove-like wings  
Spread o'er my head, and promised long to stay.  
Oh, false and fatal peace! What has a slave to do  
With Love or Joy?

The dream of hope is passed, and I depart  
To hide from thy vindictive hate, thy jealous wrath!  
Yet in my secret bosom's core I bear  
One ray of comfort, which shall strength impart—  
It was not Abram's will that drove me hence!

Alas! Oh, Abraham!  
Hath God forgotten mercy? Must I go?  
Why did He suffer me to love thee so?  
Must all the bleeding tendrils of my heart  
Be rudely wrenched and torn from thine apart?  
Why didst thou teach my soul no law to own—  
No love to seek or suffer and no love to own?  
That blessed love, whose steady, cheering light  
Hath strengthened me, and made my pathway bright;  
The only ray in all my thorny way  
Of life, must I fragment bloom from me decay!

I may not curse thee, Sarah, God has blessed  
God! who to Hagar grants no peace nor rest.  
But wherefore should thy helpless handmaid know  
This dreadful agony—this crushing woe?  
Hath Ishmael mocked? were I leave in his hand,  
Say, had I thine upon his crushing woe?  
Such blasting, scorching fires of vengeance shed?  
Or, hadst thou deemed it righteous punishment,  
If he and thou, cut from home, were sent  
In yon vast, howling wilderness to rove,  
No eye to pity, and no heart to love?

I curse thee not, yet in thy sheltered home,  
Where Hagar never more may come,  
(If in thy breast there beats a human heart,  
Which heaven, loved and cherished as thou art!)  
Thine must be many a keen, remorseful pang,  
Sharp, stinging as the serpent's venom fang,  
As midnight dreams, or fancy's pictures wild,  
Show thee the friendless wanderer and her child.

Look up, my child;  
It is thy father's hand upon thy forehead now,  
The hand, all powerless to protect thee now,  
That points thee to the wild.

Kneel at his feet once more;  
What he has shadowed forth, he will spread  
O'er thy devoted and defenceless head,  
His blessing, boy, improve.

And now, Oh, Ishmael,  
Let us depart! I have no mansions here!  
Blest be his life, the desert dear  
Befits us well.

Oh, Abraham, farewell!  
The bitterness of death is almost over!  
Farewell, kind master, faithful guide, fond lover!  
I know, Oh, and thou wilt not dare regret me,  
But, can the father of my child forget me,  
Where'er I dwell?

Can he forget that in the desert dreary  
There we were one who fought our weak and weary;  
Homeless, forlorn, a sad, heart-broken stranger,  
Exposed to want and fear and every danger,  
A mother with her child!

Thou wilt remember me!  
I see it in the gleam upon thy streaming,  
I know it by the tears so swiftly streaming,  
And by the clasp of that dear hand now pressing  
Upon my head in voiceless, fervent blessing!

We shall remember thee!  
And for thy harsh decrees,  
Oh, best beloved, I will upbraid thee never;  
But through despair, and want and anguish, ever,  
I will be true to thee!

I go, I go, the dream of hope is o'er;  
Hagar shall vex thy heart and eyes no more.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

In reading the account of Commencement in the Mail, it was a matter of surprise to me that no allusion was made to a gross and inexcusable fault in a part of the audience. It has become so extreme and shameless as to deserve the severest public reprimand. President Anderson, on Tuesday evening, was compelled to administer a rebuke which might well have blistered the fair cheeks of many, whose chattering volubility ought before to have blistered their tongues. Yet, even during the reading of the poem, as well as the next day, the offense was repeated. Is it not time that those who assume to be young ladies should learn that on a great literary and public occasion they are not, what many of them were to all intents and purposes, all back—an edifying spectacle ranged along the gallery—or all tongue, a sound of vanity? Why do they need to be taught, that though entitled to the floor, to see and be seen if they will, they are not entitled to fill all the space with their buzz? The excessive annoyance to speakers, and to hundreds whose desire and right it is to listen undisturbed, need not be described.

The writer hopes and believes the offenders could not be chiefs of our own village. It was known there were females present of delicacy, courtesy, and culture, who took an interest in the parties and orations, and who were mortified for their sex.

Let the public sentiment determine that next year there shall be reform, and it will come. It would be well for those who have charge of the arrangements to provide a police, to go where they might be needed in the audience, marked by suitable badges and having ample power to preserve order and quietness. It may be gently hinted also that the moving of the processions at earlier hours would greatly promote the comfort of the occasion; as hundreds can testify, who waited and sweated for hours in an August sun, or a crowded house.

A. B. C.

PROLIFIC.—Three Crops in a Year.—If not of fruit, at least of blossoms. Upon a dwarf pear tree which we set out this Spring, the blossom buds had already made their appearance at the time of transplanting, and large numbers of blossoms soon showed themselves, but dried up, without producing fruit. These were succeeded, after a few weeks, by a second full crop, the most of which we clipped off. The tree then commenced growing vigorously, throwing out shoots from 12 to 20 inches in length; and now at the present writing, there can be seen on one of these new shoots, a small cluster of buds, nearly ready to blossom, while a few pears, from the second crop of blossoms, are growing by their side, though so late in their appearing that they will not be likely to come to maturity. In our limited experience with fruit trees this is without a parallel.

COUNTY MASS TEMPERANCE MEETINGS, are soon to be held all over the State. One will take place at Skowhegan, Aug. 16th; New Portland, Aug. 17th; Dover, 22d; New Dixmont, 24th; and at Waterville Aug. 25th. See notice of this last in advertising columns. Rev. Isaac Kallach, of Rockland, Rev. Zenas Thompson, of Augusta, B. D. Peck, and others will address the meetings in the Western part of the State; and Hon. Neal Dow, Warren Vinton, Phillip Weaver, and others, those in the Eastern part.

## Cousin Sally's Account of Commencement.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

DEAR JAKE—I felt so worked up about your printing that letter I write you about the tea-party, that I thought I wouldn't never write to you again; but we had such a good time to Commencement that I can't hold up, no how. More'n six weeks ago all the gals begun to get ready. I sent to Portland by Phillips and got a new set of curls, and Dr. H. put me in two new teeth; and you wouldn't thought I was more'n twenty years old. Taking my bonnet, and neck, and waist, and wrists, I had about thirteen yards of ribbon all made into bows. This was to show off Tuesday evening—for you know that's about all the chance the village gals have to be seen. Next day everybody from out of town is crowding and jamming round, so that there ain't much chance for nobody else.

Well, the time come after a while, and we begun to turn out. I and Dolly Jane, and the two Fairface gals was about the first that got into the meeting-house. At first, we thought we'd sit up gallery, but after a while we all went down below and turned a whole pew full of fellows out, and sat down and chatted awhile; but pretty soon we got sight of a couple of the Sophomore class fellows, way up by the organ, with one of the College street gals and them two gals up to the Depot that you used to like so well, and we all hands pulled up stakes and squeezed round till we got back into the gallery.

'Hullo, how are ye, gals?' says Jo Longnose, says he—for Jo and young Spike was there, and another fellow with checkered trousers, with his two sisters. So we all huddled up together a spell, till folks begun to jam in pretty thick. Spike had plenty of peanuts, and the checkered trousers fellow a lot of lozengers out of his store—and we joked and laughed, and hollered, and fanned one another, and pinched one another, and Spike pulled my curls, and we pulled his whiskers, and all cracked peanuts, and—well, 'twas the greatest time you ever did see!

Well, I forgot to say 'twas about as hot as a lime-kill, and we couldn't stand it huddled up so, no how; so Bill says he—for Bill was there, with that tall Man Friday of his—says Bill says he, 'Gals, let's view these ain't nothing but country fellows, of just no breeding at all, and I'll put you all through 'em like a thousand of brick in just no time.' So Friday put his arm right round my waist, ribbons and all, and the rest of 'em took 'twas gals apiece in the same way, and about as quick as I can tell it, we was all in front of the gallery looking right down onto the hull on 'em below.

Well—all this time the procession hadn't come down from College. We'd been there pretty well on to two hours and a half, sweating and cracking peanuts, and trying to let the folks from abroad know that the fellows and gals of Waterville knowed what's what, and had as good right to Commencement as the best on 'em. What the matter was with the procession nobody couldn't tell. Some said that the Rev. Mr. Straightback had forgot to put cologne on his hankercher, and had to go home and get some; and others said the marshal had forgot the blue ribbon that belonged on that stick he carried; but I knowed that couldn't be, for that bit of blue ribbon had been the main thing in his mind ever sense he come to College. I could told 'em at once that 'twas agreed on beforehand by the hull class, so that they could have a good long spell with the village gals in the gallery; and they did have it too, till the old codgers below had sweat themselves about half to death.

But bimeby they got along. 'Twas jam and jam, puff and puff, down below and up gallery too; and we hadn't time to see who was who till the minister begun to pray.—Then we took a view, and sure enough!—about the hull of the village gals that was anything was right there among our gang. And about every fellow that dressed well, and that we ever took any notice of, was there too. 'By jingo!' says Spike says he, 'if we ain't all here, the hull on us!' And so we was, sure enough. There was about six of the best gals on College street, some on 'em sisters and some that wasn't; four of them hull teamers on Silver street; four of the real topnots of Elm street; and the latter, part on 'em sisters too, with about as many brothers thrown in to boot to make out a bargain; Miss Wiggins and the two Misses Quakerly; two or three of them gals that live about as much on one street as together, and that fellow that's always at their elbow. Then there was tother Jo, cause he's always round. I asked Jo where Miss Ringlet was, and he said he reckoned she was missing for the first time in her life, and I guess so too. 'There was a gal with terrible black hair and eyes, that I didn't know, and a fellow about all whiskers, that she didn't know.—There was a mess, and a batch beside, I tell you.

Well, 'twas a pretty smart prayer, but not half long enough for our confab, and when 'twas done we all turned *posteriore*, as one of the students called it, to the hull house below. 'D—I take the hindmost,' says the whisker man, 'them that's below must look out for themselves.' Then they set up such a laugh, though I couldn't exactly see the joke, though I reckon the folks below did, for they all looked up.

But now comes the worst thing of the hull. We was right in the middle of our good time, joking, snickering, laughing and cracking peanuts, when all at once the hull house was silent as a mousetrap—all but us, and this was about the first time we could hear ourselves.

'Look here, you gals up there in the gallery,' says somebody below; and we looked round, and President Anderson, the oration man in the pulpit, was looking right up square at the hull on us. Look here, says he, 'if you'll just stop your jaw for about thirty min-

nits, till I get through, then you may go on with your blab!'

My gracious me! Every eye in the house was pointed right at us! I thought my soul should split!—and some of the topnots of Elm street looked as though they'd sink through the floor! O cousin Jacob, tell it not in the streets of anywhere under the sun! To holler right out in that way, to almost every gentle young lady, as a body may say, in the hull of Waterville, and about all the genteel fellows on Pious Hill! What will the Down Towners say? I wish to gracious my foot had been in that man's mouth; and I guess it wouldn't stomp harder than his impudence stuck in our crops, neither!

Well, Jacob, I guess you may know our sport was over. Commencement was done, from that very minute. The hull of the next day there wasn't more'n half on us showed our faces. We sat there, to be sure, till the poem was over, but we didn't hear two words—nor nobody didn't hear two words from us, the hull on us.

So no more at present

[For the Eastern Mail.]

P. S.—I like to forget one thing, Jake. Of course you'd know somebody went home with me that night. That's a matter of course with me. Well, there was a tall, slender, kind of schoolmaster looking young man, that talked and laughed with me, and I with him; but we didn't know one another from Adam. Just as the poem was done he said he'd like to see me home—and says I, yes. So we went along, arm in arm, just about as close as I cared about till we got clear up beyond the Elmwood, when all of a sudden says he, 'My name is 'H' and I will thank you for the favor of yours.'

'H.' says I, stopping pretty sudden; and letting go of his arm—'not the Mr. 'H' that writ that piece about the tea party?'

'Exactly the same,' says he, smiling about a foot, and making a bow enemaot to the ground.

'Well,' says I, and I guess I made a pretty low curtsy, 'My name is Cousin Sally!'

I went home alone the rest of the way—only looking back once, to see his heels make dust in Elm street.

NURSERY INCANTATIONS.—The Boston

Pathfinder having published a form of mystic words, under the above head, with an inquiry where it came from and what it meant, is answered by a correspondent, who is of the opinion and correctly, too, we think, that they belong rather to juvenile than to nursery literature, and gives the following explanation of their use, and also some new readings:

In the region where I was reared, these titles of poetry were always used by the boys to designate the one who should begin the play. The whole company was disposed in a line, and one boy, stepping out in front and pointing to each boy in his turn, applied to him one of these mystic words. The boy who received the line word stepped aside and the process was repeated. This continued till only one boy remained, who was the butt or mark for all the rest to commence the fun.

But these words, as you have them, are not exactly as I used to hear them. Perhaps it is only a variation of the same dialect—another reading (as in Shakespeare), and a different verse. The boy who recited the line word stepped aside and the process was repeated. This continued till only one boy remained, who was the butt or mark for all the rest to commence the fun.

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