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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 08, No. 28): January 25, 1855

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 25, 1855.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

F. PALMER, Assistant Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper and is authorized to take advertisements and subscriptions, at the rates and on the terms published in the paper. His office is at No. 10 State St., Boston. J. W. COE, Third and Fourth Sts., Philadelphia; S. W. COE, North and Taylor Sts., Baltimore.

A. T. BOWMAN - Traveling Agent.

THE FOREIGN MILITARY COMPANIES.

Whatever may be the public decision upon the Republican party as a whole, there can be little doubt that its hostility to foreign military companies will be fully sustained. The exclusion is so evident, and commands itself so widely to common sense, that it must command the assent of the ballot-box. Even the Tribune, with all its present hostility to the party, but a few months ago, declared the existence of those foreign regiments dangerous to domestic safety and a violation of national integrity. So, doubtless, thought those companies in Massachusetts which surrendered their organization at the first appearance of Gov. Gardner's message. They knew their dismission was certain the moment old party inferences ceased to protect them, and the public voice was left to a free expression. The absurdity must have been even more glaring to them, with their knowledge of monarchical jealousies and precautions, than to our native born citizens. With both we hope, it is now too evident to be overlooked. The Newburyport Herald, very fully says—

"It is one thing that we receive foreigners to our embrace—that we admit them to military and naval service—as we have accepted the services of Lafayette, Montgomery, De Kalb or Shields—and quite another that we man a ship with them entirely, and call her the Erin, and give her the Irish flag; that we form a company or a regiment of foreigners, one half of whom cannot speak the language intelligibly, have no idea of constitutional liberty or religious freedom, and prefer their national costume to the dress of American soldiers. Neither in heart or in life are these men Americans; nor should they be substituted for, or entrusted with the interests of native born. It is a disgrace to us, that we have been parading in our streets, foreign bands, chartered as American military companies, called Irish Greys, Scotch Highlanders, French Fusiliers, Swiss Guards, and German Jagers, often with their own banners instead of the stars and stripes, and with their own uniforms, and not ours."

The Kennebec Journal not only endorses the propriety of their dismission and permanent exclusion, but defends the measure with most conclusive reasons—

"Such fellowship and association have produced a clanish feeling among them, amounting in many instances to a feeling of hostility and opposition to native born citizens. On election days in our large cities they paraded as a distinct political power, to be courted by either party that expected to triumph, and demanded afterward a share of the offices, entirely disproportionate to their numerical strength, even if their other claims were such as to entitle them to any consideration. Living in a State which has no very large cities, the evil has not been brought in our doors in all its magnitude, but fortunately for the peace and well-being of our country in future the events which have transpired within the past three years, or since 1852, have been of such a character as to give strength and potent influence to American principles, and to wake in every village and hamlet of the country a realizing sense of their importance."

GOOD TIMES COME!—N. York and Boston papers speak decidedly and cheerfully of the improved condition of business and the money market. The crisis seems to be generally regarded as past. The Boston Traveller of Saturday says: "The easy position of financial affairs affords great relief to the mercantile community, and those who have been heretofore pressed for money, can now easily obtain it at greatly reduced rates. There is very little first class paper offering in the street. It adds that 'The stock market is exceedingly lively, and the transactions are increasing in amount.' The N. Y. Evening Post says, 'The banks are taking a good deal more paper, which lessens materially the amount offering through the discount brokers.'"

W. L. A.—The subject of Mr. Allen's lecture before the W. L. Association, was the English Language. He briefly sketched its history, pointed out its beauties, and defended it against the slanders of the pretended admirers of foreign tongues. The storm prevented a full house, but the small and select audience present seemed to accept the lecture, as evidence of the scholarship and talent of the speaker.

On Friday evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall, the question whether violent or active opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law is right, is to be debated by 'a strong team.'

The families of members, with their friends, admitted without tickets. For tickets of membership, apply to J. R. Elden, No. 4 Boutelle Block.

The receipt of No. 8 of "Drew's Rural Intelligence" gives assurance that the course of the paper is onward and we doubt not upward. It deserves a wide circulation. The second number failed to reach us. Can we get one?

"Alec" thinks that if the hands of the town clock will not point to the time of day, they ought to point at the man who is paid for taking care of them—if there is one.

Gov. Barker of N. H. has appointed Hon. John S. Wells, of Exeter, U. S. Senator, in the place of Mr. Morrill, deceased. Mr. W. is the brother of Hon. Sen. Wells of Portland.

Speaking of the report of Gov. Gardner, in dismissing the Irish companies, the Boston Journal says—

"The doctrine that there should be no company composed exclusively of foreigners is not a new one. When Mr. Everett was Governor, he dismissed the Montgomery Guards, the only foreign organized military body then in existence in Massachusetts."

The Age of Chivalry.

The following faithful estimate of the boasted Age of Chivalry, and beautiful tribute to the memory of the Maid of Orleans, we meet with in a report of a recent lecture by J. R. Lowell, given in the Boston Traveller.

Where was the 'golden age'? That was the question which he commenced by asking. It was fifty years ago to every man and woman of three score years and ten. He did not doubt aged Adam babbled of the superiority of the 'good old time, forgetful in his enthusiasm of the fatal bite which set the teeth of all his descendants on edge. He told how much larger and finer the apples of his youth were than those to which his great grandson on his knee was giving a preliminary polish. His manifold great-grandson saw the good time far in front, in that galaxy of golden pippins of which he might eat as many as he liked without question. Thus none of us knows when Time is with him; the old man saw only his shoulders and the inexorable wall in which youth and beauty and strength were borne away from his arms into oblivion, and the boy observed these arms stretched out with gifts like those of St. Nicholas. Thus we had never present good, but the juggler life baffled us, making us think that the vanished ring was on the left or the right hand, in the casket of memory, the future or the past, but showed us at last that it was in our own pocket all the time. So we might all ways listen with composure, when we heard of golden ages which had passed away. Burke pronounced the funeral oration on one of those, the Age of Chivalry—the period of poetical romance. Ruskin even was an ardent knight errant, and tottered on his demipike saddle, ready to break a lance with all comers, determined that windmills and dragons should not go about their business till they did justice to old Dulcinea, and joined his lament. But what did we learn from the old romances but that all the old heroes were already dead?

When did Roland and Oliver live, Arthur and Tristan, and Lancelot, and Caradoc Break-Arm? In that golden age of chivalry which was always past. Undoubtedly there was a deal in the institution of chivalry that was picturesque, but it was noticeable in old countries where society was still picturesque, that dirt and ignorance, and tyranny have the chief hand in making them so. Fenimore Cooper thought the American savage picturesque, which he probably would not have done had he lived in those days when it was necessary to take out a policy of insurance on his wig or scalp before going to bed. The tourist looked with delight on the eagle sailing in smooth-winged circles on the mountain air, sparkling back the sun in the morning, like a belated star, but what did the lamb think of it?

It was true that the investiture of the knight was a religious ceremony, but this was due to the church, which in the age of brute force still maintained the tradition of intellect and conscience. His vow was like that of a god parent to a God Child. The only virtue they had any respect for was an arm stronger than their own, Christian or infidel. It was hard to tell whether those old knights most preferred to break a head or the Ten Commandments. [Laughter.] They looked upon meeting a rich Jew, with 52 sound teeth in his head, as something providential, and they exercised their dental surgery upon him for their profit or amusement; then put into some chapel a painted window, with some Jewish prophet upon it, to show their piety. [Laughter.] They outraged and robbed their vassals in every conceivable manner, and if they were very religious they made restitution on their death beds, giving a part of the plunder when they could keep it no longer, for masses to be said for their souls, and thus contributing to be their own heirs in the other world. [Applause.]

Their robber castles were a terror to all decent people, nay every knight himself was such a castle on horseback, so walked about with mail, that he was impugnable in arms against the half-naked serfs who were now and then goaded to insurrection. The single order of Jesuits had produced more heroic souls in a century than all the orders of chivalry, but such things only served to show that man was always paramount to the things of his own contriving; that any institution would yield itself to the compulsion, the charm of a noble nature, as sculptors tell us that there were found some times forms so beautiful that the drapery put on at random seems to love them, and answers every grace with glad sympathy. [Applause.]

Sir Philip Sydney, who was the type of chivalry, grew up under other influences, the same with Lord Herbert of Chertbury, and with the incomparable Bayard, of whom it was told in his praise, that after the storming of Breteuil he respected the honor of the daughter of the lady in whose house he quartered. Those ladies had nursed him until the healing of his wounds, and the Italian novelist called it an act of singular courtesy on the part of the knight. [Laughter.]

But what form was that which rose before us, with features in which the gentle and forgiving reproach of woman is lost in the aspiration, the fervor of the martyr? We knew her, for she was the whitest lily in the field of France, with virgin heart of gold. That knightly heart, that most saintly spirit, in which even battle looked lovely—that life so pure, so inspired; so humble, stood there forever to show us how near womanhood always is to heroism; and that human nature was true to eternal instinct when it painted faith, hope, and charity with the countenance of a woman. [Applause.] Every age was an age of gold to those who would do justice to those heroic spirits who were respected in their own. But womanhood must be dressed in silk and miniver to suit knighthood. The course of the knight of the peasant girl it trampled under its foot, or might he say, its swinish hoof? Poor Joan of Arc!

The chivalry of France sold her; the chivalry of England subjected her to outrage, whose flames cooled the martyr's fire; and the king who saved, the very top of French knighthood, was toying with Agnes Sorrel, while the fagots were kindled round his and his kingdom's deliverer in the square of Rouen. A statue stood there now, where her ashes were cast into the Seine, but the steeple monument was a fountain at its base, the best emblem of her innocence and inspiration, drawn not from court, or castle, or cloister, but the inextinguishable depths of the old human heart, and Heaven common to us all [Applause.]—an emblem that a devoted life was a spring to us in all times, from which we might drink the holy waters of gratitude and inspiration. He confessed that he could not see so well through that latter scaffold raised in Paris the smoke from that martyr's fires. Compared with that woman, the Marie Antoinette for whose sake Burke lamented the downfall of chivalry, was only the daughter of a king. He (the lecturer) was glad that chivalry was understood, and he would rather subscribe for a heavy, ugly monument to keep it down, than should for any scientific effort for its resurrection. [Applause.] Civilization would trip over its two-handed sword, and get tangled with its long epaulets. [Applause.]

Fashion and Christianity.

The following is the conclusion of an article contributed to the Bangor Courier by a lady who calls herself 'one of the guilty.' It may induce some good people, who are in prosperous circumstances, to set patterns for their poorer neighbors and followers a little less expensive.

This, it would seem, is what was expected of a person 'professing godliness' in Paul's day, and the principles of the Gospel no less demand it now. But how is it? Even in the house of God, on His holy day, who would be judging from dress, and general conformity to the customs of worldly society—to draw the separating line between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not? Never will the writer forget the sad and bitter feelings of a friend on attending church for the first time after an absence of many months occasioned by ill health. The world with its fashions, its external trappings, had, in a sense, lost its hold. She had known little and cared less, for the customs and fashions of the day; and from such a stand point,—going out from a seclusion and retirement of several months,—the view was saddening, heart-sickening, soul-burthening.—Must I, she said to herself, 'bow myself with the rest to this tyrant god, fashion? Must I permit him to bear away over me, and in his rampant pride and power, to trample me, soul and body, in the dust, and ride triumphant over my prostrate being, if it pleases him? Yes,' says the practice of my fellow citizens, 'or you lose caste!' And so it is, in very truth.

Is not this *theology*? A conscience-searing, heart-hardening, mind-betraying, soul-destroying servitude? Why are Christians so bound by this? It would be difficult for one alone to rise and cast off the fetters; but when so many feel the burden, and acknowledge the folly, why will not Christian females make a universal, vigorous, desperate effort to unshackle themselves? The middle class, or the poor, cannot well begin the work. If some of the wealthy, who feel the burden and the folly of such a useless expenditure of money, of precious time, of God-given thought, would set the fashion, which they can do in this way as well as any other, we believe that an innumerable multitude would instantly arise and follow their example, with shouts of thanksgiving and songs of deliverance. In the house of God at least, there need not be some little return to the 'customs of the old time,' when women adorned themselves with 'modest apparel?' On the day which the Lord hath made, in that sacred place, in that holy presence, ought we not to dispense with 'brothered hair, and gold, and pearls, and costly array?'

Time would fail to enumerate the evils resulting from the present conformity to the world among Christians in the matter of dress. We will take one case, and there are many others. A young female, dependent on her daily toil for the means to feed and clothe herself, has struggled from girlhood to obtain her education, denying herself in luxuries of all kind, that the mind might be fed, disciplined and strengthened. Her mind is rich in native and acquired wealth. She is a sincere and loving disciple of the Savior. In the church, at the communion table, she is acknowledged as one of Christ's members; consequently here she is one of us; for 'we are all one in Christ'; but in social society, even in gatherings where all meet on common ground, she often feels herself repulsed, put down, merely on account of her circumstances in life. 'The bond of Christian fellowship' does not prove strong enough to ensure Christian sympathy in every day life. With heart and intellect better fitted to enjoy and appreciate all that is refined and elegant, good and true, in the polished Christian circle, than many who are made welcome there; she is often left out, forgotten altogether, or if admitted, made to feel, in various ways, that she is out of place, for the sole reason that her limited means—said, forsooth, her Christian principle—forbid her coming up to the 'prevaling style' in dress and outward adornment. She does not realize in silk and satin, nor sparkle in gold and pearls, nor display so costly fur as they; yet she is one of those to whom angels minister; and whom Christ is not ashamed to call his brethren. These things do not pass unnoticed by the world. They look on, and deridingly they say, 'Behold these Christians love one another!'

This pride and life below; but should there not be a total difference in principle and action between this class of persons, and those who are seeking a better country, even an heaven? Should not the followers of Christ 'come out and be separate' from the world, and the singular' it need be? And should not the barriers which a difference in worldly wealth creates between them, be thrown down; or at least a stile built over them, that as 'members one of another,' they may meet on the broad, common basis of Christian sympathy may embrace each and all who bear the image of our common master?

Why are not more of the Portland daily papers taken here in Waterville? By the Advertiser, the only one we see, news is received six hours in advance of the Boston dailies, and this, with the fact that a full report of the Boston and New York markets is given, we should suppose would ensure it a large circulation among our business people and 'men on change.' In point of interest to a Maine man, the contents of the Advertiser must possess a great advantage over those of the Boston penny dailies. It is for sale, at Matthews, bookstores, and Carter's Periodical Depot.

THE WEATHER.—This, under our present state administration, is most glorious, and will reconcile many a disappointed one—made so by the severity of last winter—in a further residence in the good old State of Maine.

Since our last paper was issued, we have had some snow; but it was immediately followed by a warm rain, so we are now left with scarcely enough to hide the ground from view. The travelling must be quite rough, as it is made up of about equal portions of ice and bare ground.

YELLOW BOYS VS. YELLOW MEN.—Wendall Phillips locates the following anecdote in Portland: A merchant engaged in the West India trade, appeared at church on Sunday having with him in his pew a strange man, a mulatto. A neighbor very anxiously inquired of the merchant why he took a negro into his pew. He replied that the 'negro' was one of his best correspondents in Hayti. 'Ah, yes,' was the response, 'but he is a colored man!' True, replied the merchant, 'but he is worth a million of dollars.' 'Indeed!' replied the other, 'can't you introduce me?'

OUR TABLE.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1855. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A copy of this well known annual, so useful to the scholar and the business man, has been sent us by the publishers. Its well known character renders it unnecessary for us to make a long enumeration of its contents, but apart from the Almanac matter proper, it is full of information relating to the government, finance, legislation, public institutions, internal improvements, and resources of the United States, and of the several States. A valuable paper upon Atmospheric Electricity is furnished by Prof. Joseph Lovering of Harvard University. For sale in Waterville by C. K. Matthews.

THE SCALPEL.—Not having seen anything of this spicy medical quarterly since August, we feared we had lost it entirely; but the January number on our table shows that Dr. Dixon and his magazine both still live. This 'Expositor of the Laws of Health and abuses of medicine and domestic life,' always furnishes us with a treat. In addition to the great amount of useful and valuable information for the people, in regard to the laws of health, which may be found in its pages, it furnishes, in its sketches of Medical Practice, more attractive reading than that given us by the novelist. And then the Dr.'s sharp thrusts and hard hits at the humbugs of the day, regular and irregular, are very amusing to disinterested lookers-on, however uncomfortable the unfortunate victims may feel. The Dr. is doing a good work, and deserves to be well sustained and encouraged in his enterprise. The Scalpel is published quarterly by Sherman & Co., New York, at \$1 a year, or twenty-five cents a number.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—No. 356 we were not fortunate enough to receive, and the publishers will say us their great obligation if they will forward it. No. 357 has a very interesting article on the Lost Arctic Voyagers, from Household Words, a paper from the Economist, on the True Purpose of the War, graphic Personal Recollections of Christopher North, The Seven Poor Travellers, a Christmas Story, or set of stories by Dickens, with many shorter articles, and some choice poetry. Published weekly by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at 50 a year, and sent free of postage to any part of the country.

The following will be circulated for signatures and all papers friendly to the sentiments expressed, are invited to copy.

The undersigned, citizens of the United States of America, believing that the Government in the legitimate offering of Ignorance and Wickedness in the Government, and that Education is the only remedy for the former, and a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures the best remedy for the latter, pledge ourselves and our sacred honors, each to the other, to our Country and the World, that, each in the exercise of his own judgment, we will use every means to provide for the education of every human being in our land, and encourage the reading of the Holy Scriptures, consisting of the Old and New Testaments; and we further pledge ourselves never to vote for any candidate for office, whether county, state or national, who will neither subscribe to the sentiments above expressed nor practically enforce them in the discharge of all official duties which he may be elected to perform.

BLACK LIST!

We have a few 'hardened sinners,' among our subscribers, who will find their names in the black list, if they do not call, and see us immediately. 'A word to the wise is sufficient' as for the fools and knaves let them suffer, as they will.

OUR AUTOGRAPH.—We are ready now to furnish our friends with specimens of this, at the bottom of receipts for the amounts they severally owe us. These are tight times, good friends, and the printer bath urgent need for all you owe him.

BRETHREN OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS IN MAINE.—Permit us to invite your serious attention to the subjoined advice from the New York Tribune. After reading it, sit down to your books, and reckon up what you have lost by giving credit to distant advertisers; and then, letting bygones be bygones, let us register a solemn vow, 'and seal it on the book,' hereafter never to give credit to advertisers abroad of whom we know nothing—and especially such as deal in patent medicines. Let them pay in advance or negotiate for their advertising through our authorized agents. Who will say amen to this?

SWINDLING ADVERTISERS.—A Country Editor asks us to pillory two business concerns in this city which advertise extensively in the country papers and refuse to pay their bills. We don't feel justified in taking the risk of libel suits in the premises. The swindlers may deserve all the wrath which our country patriots want to pour out on their heads; but why don't they require payment in advance and so block the game of these high-flyers? If anybody should cheat us in the way indicated, we should take excellent care never to mention the circumstance. Brother publishers, if anybody wishes to advertise in your columns, just ask him to put down the cash. That is a sure cure for such abuses as our friend feelingly complains of.

EARTHQUAKE.—On Tuesday evening of last week, about half past six, a slight shock was felt here, and the same was noticed in most of the towns of this State, as well as in N. Hampshire and Vermont. At eleven o'clock on the same evening a second shock was noticed in some quarters, and the Portland papers, a little ahead of the rest of the world, speak of a third shock some days later.

BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—This body is in session at Augusta, but we get no report of its doings. The Farmer is of the opinion, that no Farmer's Convention will be called this year.

S. & K. R. R.—The rails are all down from Augusta to Kendall's Mills, and the iron horse crossed the bridge at Rock Island on Saturday evening last for the first time. Its appearance here was greeted with the hearty cheers of the delighted citizens, to which the engine responded with its shrill whistle, and together they made a jubilant uproar, so loud that for once Old Ticonic was compelled to 'sing small.' The cars commence regular trips over the finished portion of the road in a few days.

F. B. WELLS, Esq., formerly of Waterville, but now of the firm of Hyland, Cummings & Wells, New York, has been re-appointed Consul at Bermuda, and arrived at Hamilton, as we learn from the Royal Gazette, on the 2d of December.

Brother Littlefield of the Clarion, with characteristic humor, insinuates that our late earthquake was caused by the copious libations of bad spirits to which our common mother has been recently treated by the friends of the Maine Law.

THINGS IN CALIFORNIA.—A letter to the National Intelligencer says, under date of Dec. 15th, 1854:

'California is now about the worst place for any other men than bankers and capitalists, laborers and servants. The intermediate classes are scarcely earning a subsistence; many are in utter destitution. Rents have on an average fallen 45 per cent., and will settle down to less than one-half of what they were a year since. Wages are already down 40 per cent; salaries 50 per cent. In these changes there must be great losses to some and suffering to others. Real estate is positively unsalable; and since I commented this letter, I have heard of reduction of rents that positively astonish me. The men who have been rich here, and who now are penniless from that fallacious belief that things could never change in California, are neither 'few nor far between.'

THE WHITTLING PROPENSITY.—In passing the new Post Office yesterday morning, we smiled at the exhibition on its door posts of the 'whittling propensity' of the universal Yankee nation. A long splinter had been cut off by the unlucky jack-knife of some Yankee boy; we said Yankee, for men born and brought up in foreign climes have no such propensities.

With the Yankee boy it is different. He can not see a newly planed board but he must try the sharpness of his jack-knife upon it. He cannot see a smooth painted white wall, but he is in agony until he can deface it with his pencil, or carve his name on it with his knife. This is no exaggeration. It is a universal fault, and acknowledged throughout New England, or wherever the stream of Yankee enterprise or energy has flowed. You see it wherever a new building has been erected, a new fence put up, or a new bench or desk or breast work made. If he drives a bargain, the Yankee must whittle while it is in progress; if he sits for social converse in the open air, he is not easy unless his jack-knife is in operation. Every desk of his school room, bears witness to this propensity. Every public building shows its uncontrolled existence. Even the House of God is not free from the desecration of the Yankee boy's whittling genius, and its pews and seats bear testimony of its exercise. It is said of some men, that they were born with a silver spoon in their mouths, and of others, with a wooden one; but the Yankee had no spoon at all—he was born with a jack-knife in his mouth.

The girls manifest the same proclivity of character. They scribble on the white walls which they cannot cut lest they should cut those delicate fingers. Look at a bevy of Yankee girls in a cemetery which taste and art have ornamented! What a propensity do they exhibit for pulling up flowers; breaking the affectionate testimonials of respect planted by the sorrowful living, on the graves of the dead; and carrying off whole loads of branches of evergreens, for no other purpose but to gratify that propensity for destruction which is a characteristic of the race.

It is otherwise in foreign countries. The public yards in cities are not obliged to be watched to prevent such depredations—the flowers that grow and bloom on the graves of departed friends are considered sacred, and are passed untouched. Who ever heard in Europe of sanding the desks of rooms devoted to College Lectures with pounded glass, so as to prevent the knives of the students from defacing them? Yet it has been done frequently in America. Who ever saw the names of silly boys and girls written on the clustering stone pillars of the Gothic lanes abroad? Yet the Christian churches of New England are filled with such abominable specimens of Yankee folly.—[Hartford Courant.]

SAMUEL APPLETON.—Once at an exhibition of a menagerie, the attention of the kind-hearted old man was attracted by a crowd of boys, trying to catch a glimpse of the animals through the seams of the tent. 'How much,' he asked of the door-keeper, 'will you take to let them all in?' A bargain was immediately made, and by this wholesale operation, the happiness of a hundred or more penniless boys was secured for the afternoon. With the bluff heartiness that marked his deportment, there was not only a general benevolence, but sometimes a peculiar delicacy of conduct, which showed that his nature was marked by the finer shades of sentiment. By his will he left a large amount of property to a favorite nephew. The nephew died, and it was represented to Mr. Appleton, by his legal adviser, that if he left his will as it was, that part of his estate would go to persons who were not at all related to him, and in whom he could not be supposed to have any particular interest. Mr. Appleton, after maturely considering the matter, replied, that he had concluded not to alter his will; that he believed his friends in another world knew what he was doing here; and he should be sorry to have his nephew see that the first act relating to him after his death was to divert from his nearest relations the legacy intended for him.—[North American Review.]

SUICIDE.—On Tuesday last, two lady boarders at a house in the rear of 29 Gough street, having become tired of life and all its sorrows, determined to 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' and to this end purchased a half ounce of arsenic, and dividing it between them, swallowed the deadly poison. On Wednesday morning they were taken with vomiting, which continued until yesterday, when one of them, named Rosetta B. Reed, expired. The other girl, whose name is Sarah, alias Henrietta Livingston, was still living last evening but with little prospect of recovery. Miss Reed was about 17 years old, the daughter of Mr. Chas. Reed, of Ashuelot, N. H.; and had, it is said, been deserted by a sea captain to whom she was betrothed. Miss Livingston came from Brunswick, Me., or Bangor, but refuses to disclose the names of her relatives. She is about 22 years old.—[Boston Atlas, 22.]

EFFECTS OF CLOSING THE PORES OF THE SKIN.—Some scientific experimentalists in France recently conceived that, by obstructing the perspiration of the skin, and thereby preventing the dispersion of animal temperature by evaporation, they would be enabled to produce internal fever at will. To satisfy themselves on this question, they covered a rabbit with an impermeable coat of varnish, but the result failed to satisfy their expectation. Instead of an increase of temperature, the heat of the body quickly diminished, and in one hour and a half the animal died of asphyxia. In the last century many ladies of the French and English courts died from the same cause.

Mayor Wood has issued his ultimatum to the liquor sellers of New York. He says to them: 'If your shops are open, or you again sell liquors upon Sunday, I shall resort to every legal means at my command to close your establishments for the sale of liquor, not only upon that day, but for every other day in the week.' The Mayor talks as though he means what he says.

Jeremiah Mason said, 'unless a man occasionally tax his faculties to the utmost they will soon begin to fail.' President John Adams said to Mr. Quincy, who found him reading Cicero: 'It is with an old man as with an old horse, if you wish to get any work out of him, you must work him all the time.' These two rules, so far as intellect is concerned, contain the secret of a green and vigorous old age.

The hard times have stopped three of the New York theatres, two of the Saco factories, and several newspapers, including Dodge's Museum.

Wood is only ten dollars a cord in Boston.

Graduating.

A TRUE STORY.

'There, Mary Jane, go out of the kitchen. Don't pare those apples. Your hands will get stained. You know Mr. Polycarp will come this evening, and wish that Polka that he gave you.'

'Well, but mother, I was taking a little exercise.'

'Oh, if you want exercise, just put on your gloves, and go in the garden and tie up that geranium the wind broke last night; that's far more agreeable employment than to be over the cooking stove. I would not have your complexion injured like your cousin Julia's for the world! The other day I was at her house to dinner, and she took me into her pantry to see a whole baking she had done with, her own hands that morning, and you would have thought, so just to look at her face—as red as a rose. I told her it was a shame for her to get so heated, and she blushed even redder, and said 'her husband was so particular about his cooking.' I really wonder if ever there was a man who was not?'

'Polycarp is not in the least, mother; for he says in his own delightful manner—

'How gently down life shall our sweet shallop glide, As I live on the water, and nothing beside.'

So saying, Mary Jane ran out of the kitchen from which she had often been expelled before. Her mother had been accustomed to attend to everything herself. 'It came naturally' to her she said. All her appointments were well ordered, and in proper style. Her judgment in matters of pastry as unerring as Aunt Chloe's in Uncle Tom's Cabin, and as for her darling daughter, she always thought, 'Let her take her freedom now, by-and-by she will come under the yoke, and have enough over to wear her down.' And so the thoughtless mother allowed the pleasant season of girlhood to pass away, sending her to dancing schools to secure ease and grace, and to calisthenics to preserve health, when she ought to have taught her to dance over the house with a dumb-bell, and kitchen calisthenics in place of dumb-bells.

Boarding schools and 'Mons. Lons' on the piano, graduated Miss Mary Jane as a bewitching belle, at least, so her mother thought, and Polycarp, a fashionable silk merchant, who felt that some of his newly imported goods, would show favorably on her elegant person, so he took her to wife, and steered their 'light sail' into the fashionable current, down the river of life, not dreaming of such vulgar words as 'concealed snags, or quicksands matrimonial.' The elegant trousseau, fine furniture, and beautiful apartments were all delightful to Mary Jane, as long as the wedding cake and frosting lasted. To be sure, an odious Irish girl had to be introduced into the new kitchen department, and the bright range and marble slab—much too pretty for them to ruin and deface, her mother said, but the lovely accommodations did not turn out the 'lovely cakes my mother baked.'

Everything went wrong, as Mary thought, and her pretty plump arms, covered with bracelets were often thrust into the coal scuttle, when the Irish Miss had allowed the fire to go out, just at the wrong moment. Mary told her cousin Julia afterwards with many tears, her troubles.

'You know it's the fashion for ladies to go to market, and so I had a fine new basket given me by Polycarp, and little Pete carried it for me, and we went down to market for the first time, such a din to be sure! I did not dare to move for fear the horses would throw me down. The butcher, with his greasy apron on, asked me 'what pieces I would have,' and I said as timidly as possible, 'a small piece of the fore shoulder, if you please,' and he laughed right in my face, just as you are now doing, Julia, and the butcher man gave me rancid butter, and the chickens I selected turned out tough old hens, and Polycarp says 'I shall make a pretty piece of work with the marketing.' I wish you could see his face, Julia, when he comes home hungry to dinner. I can't convince him that vegetables are harmful in cholera times. I really believe he would revel in this pantry, she continued, following her cousin into the well-furnished larder, 'the way that plate of cakes would disappear would caution you not to admit him again. I believe verily the poor man has not had an agreeable meal since we were married. If it were only to play mazourks or dance a polka, or schottische, or cotillon, or do some of those lovely things, how easy it would be. Who would have thought when I graduated at Mrs. Mulligan's, that all my French and Italian would be thrown aside so quickly for this tormenting housekeeping!'

Julia was exceedingly amused at this peep behind the rose-colored curtains of her cousin's domestic life, but she consoled her as well as she was able with promising to give her lessons in 'domestic economy' as a sequel to her other accomplishments.

'My daughter is walking into the tall mathematics,' said a gentleman to me the other day. 'Trigonometry, Conic Sections!' She graduates at P—, with the first honors this year, after a three years course.'

'Oh! dear! I sighed, 'all very well, but how in the world will they aid her in trigonometrically cutting out a baby's frock, or comically paring the pastry round a pie?'—[Cleveland Herald.]

THE GALE OF Friday was severely felt along the coast. Steamer T. F. Sear was out in it, lost an anchor, drifted about two or three hours and was finally beached near Owl's Head. At Rockland the damage by the gale, including line loss, is estimated at \$50,000.

Letters by the Canada state that Mr. Mason, our Minister at Paris, although not dead, was in a very critical condition—one half of his body being paralyzed, and his brain badly affected.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Martin Chaney, porter at the Codman House, Portland, was found dead in an outhouse attached to that building on Saturday morning last.

A railroad riot occurred on the Buffalo, Bradford and Goodrich Railroad, on Saturday, 20 miles from Buffalo. A party of laborers, who had not been paid regularly, spiked down the switches and took up one or two bridges, and subsequently fired upon a force sent to protect the road, killing one man and wounding several. Two or three of their own number were also wounded, and a dozen taken prisoner.

NUMERICAL AND CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—The Massachusetts House of Representatives has instructed its Committee on the Judiciary, to consider the expediency of reporting a bill making convents or nunneries and Roman Catholic Schools, as open and free to public visitation and inspection as Protestant institutions.

OPERATIVES.—Our present Governor, Mr. Morrill, is the manager of a Woolen Factory, and a farmer; is the President of the Senate, Mr. Mussey, is a practical mechanic, conducting a machine shop and iron foundry in Bangor, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. Perham, is a farmer amongst the bears of old Oxford, making the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose. What will the lawyers do?—[Rural Intelligencer.]

