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MAKING CHILDREN SOMETHING

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I have
something to say, and all so little sized
—smiling, that I don't know how to begin,
—I almost dreaded to begin a sort of journal of my
day's experience, I suppose I may as well
begin now, for this is the second night of my
—staying alone. You can't imagine what a wild idea it
—was but in the first night I was alone.

el, and by her heightened color and the specks of flour on her apron, I saw she had been at work in the kitchen. She shook hands with me as though I were some friend, when Uncle Wentworth said who I was, and went with me hither to the tiddest little bedroom you ever saw, telling me just as though she had been my mother, to put all my things away neatly, showing me where; and when I was through, to come to her in the kitchen. There was no carpet on the floor, which was very white, and the bed-spread and the curtains were white, but I had my dresses hung up, and my other things in the bureau very soon, and hearing some one opening in the yard, I raised the window, and put my head out a little, and saw coming down a straight walk, which was carpeted with tan-bark, Uncle Wentworth, and a young man having a scythe swung over his shoulder. He had in a broad-brimmed straw hat, gray trousers, and a shirt of white and blue, called "maisonade" with the waist with leather straps. I drew my head in a little when I saw him, but not so Uncle Wentworth, who smiled me and called out aloud, for I was upstairs, "he said, 'Annie, this is my boy, Cliff. You must get out and help him now to-morrow.' It was such a funny introduction, that I felt my face all burning red, and I tried to answer the polite salutation of the young man, for he took the straw hat quite off and bowed so low, that his broad chin

"I asked why she didn't call me, and she said she knew I was tired and sleepy, and that I would soon learn their way, and she complimented me by saying I seemed very smart and clever." I tried to atone for my shyness, and to be as good as she had thought me; so I told her the most I let me sleep so late again—that I was too tired for my board, and would begin then. I hope Uncle Wentworth did not know I was sleeping so late, he might think badly of me! Well, of course, would not think of me at all. I breakfasted on milk, honey, and then having put my room in order, went with Maria to the garden, where we picked a basket of currants, and another of green beans, and all around, sitting in the shade of a tree, prepared them to cook. It is not homesome here as I thought it would be, as all the very thing seems happy and busy; bees, and birds, and butterflies, and chickens, and even old women the busier of all. It was noon before I dreamed of it, and Aunt Margaret said it was time to set the table, which she showed us how to do, telling me I was "hindy," and that work seemed to come natural to us. If I like her more and more, she is so kind to everybody, and working seems to be like play to her, bread, cakes, just right, and everything to just where she wants it. She says to make her work in the first place, and then have a place for everything and

the gay, sunny street without, and that part of the forenoon comfortably cool, at first, but the last part of the visit was not amenable to satisfaction, and a little compelling the young ladies now-a-days making it a point of principle not to be thwarted in any thing not even in wearing their loose gown to please the old folks, when they rose poor Dick, and intend to please themselves, while conquering this beautiful but thoroughly gay, the visitor makes an unexpected meeting with a clank which calls her to the grave.

I cannot give further space in illustrations to stress the animation of the garden, but will observe the principle for the thoughtfulness and observant—*Get cool slowly!* After any kind of exercise, do not stand a moment at a street corner, for any body of any thing; not at an open door or window. When you have been exercising in any way whatever, winter or summer, go home at once, or to some sheltered place; and however warm the room may seem to be, do not sit at once part of your hat and cloak, but wait a while, some five minutes or more, and lay aside one by one at a time; this settling, a cold is impossible.

Notice a moment: when you return from a brisk walk and enter a warm room, raise your hands; the forehead will be moist; let the hair remain a few moments, and feel the forehead again; and it will be dry, showing that the cool-

tyranny, however, is by no means without its defenders. The ancient craft is in danger, and all who love it rush to the rescue. Blackwood, the *Edinburgh Review*, and the *Quarterly* all elaborate the "liberal press" and the "middle classes" with hearty good-will. In reply to this question, "whence have come our dangers?" it commands that they are owing to the reduction in the army and the economy of expenditure incurred on successive governments by public opinion and the liberal press; and also, argues that there has been an failure to have the door of the aristocracy, as here figured, as at the time of the Reformation, but there has been too much liberty in the department, intended to the diffusion of the sense of the middle classes." This is refreshingly cool!

Seeing all this clamor and commotion a person unacquainted with English history, and having only the example of continental nations before his eyes, would naturally infer that England is on the brink of a revolution, and that aristocracy is the greatest danger. But such a conclusion would be a very erroneous one.

John Bull is not such a revolutionist—he has a more excellent way of carrying his point in England, and, at the most, is only a political reformer. He has no temples on the altar of achieving another of those conquests from the aristocracy which they know well how to grant in time to save themselves from more

One of our excellent girls are fit to be married, until they are thoroughly educated in the deep and profound mysteries of the kitchen. See to it, all ye who are mothers, that your daughters are all accomplished by an experimental knowledge of good house-keeping.

Congress begins to bestow special care upon the agricultural interests of the country. In the general appropriation bill we find an item of forty thousand and seventy-seven dollars to reimburse the Patent Office Fund for the amount therefrom paid out for seeds and the collection of agricultural statistics. It will be remembered that the clerk in charge of the Agricultural Bureau made a Visit last year to Europe to familiarize the stock of seeds for distribution. We need, we understand, have been deluged with great liberality to every part of the country.

[National Intelligencer.]

In order to grow wiser, perhaps we should do better than recur to the little parable spoken some time since, on the borders of Wales; by an itinerant preacher of the Evangelical Alliance. "I was going towards the hills," he said, "early one misty morning. I saw something moving on a mountain side so strange-looking that I took it to be a monster. When I came nearer to it, I found it was a man. When I came up to him I found he was my brother."

A RURAL SONG.
BY N. STONE.

The sky above him, the fresh swelling breeze
 Swept and sweetly among the old trees,
 Were at his feet, look up smiling and gay,
 Meeting the plowman along his glad way.
 The plowman's shrill whistle is heard from afar,
 Of a heart free from sorrow and care;
 As a lark at the morning's first dawn
 Flashes and speeds the bright plowshare along,
 So does not the summer's sun sultry and high
 Obscure the dark clouds that sweep o'er the sky.
 He is ne'er wearied, his heart is ne'er sad,
 He is contented, bright hearted and glad.

side and valley re-echo again; — NO 1

are all billing in robes of gay green,
 the woodlands glance back the bright summer
 when;
 the lowing herds range o'er the pastures so
 the sparrows in flocks flit away o'er the len-
 gth of the vale.
 "The swallows' shrill whistle, 'tis music more
 of joy or flute, or the gay claspnet;
 the wren's contented, so heartsome and gay,
 the cuckoo's o'er the hills and the valleys away;
 the woodcock's shrill whistle, I hear it again,
 on the hillside I wake the glad strain;
 the plow and the fresh mountain air,
 the whistling of the wind and the mountain air."

England is in the midst of a crisis. T

...the ministry resign, and the army has been cut off, and the ... abroad for soldiers to fight ... generals have shown themselves in ... and her statement becomes worse ... department of the government has ... winning in the case of trial ... have been the national ... and endurance, and the ... depression of business, and the ... among the poor. The mob ... the breach of the heart ... the leaves in the streets. John B ... that ending all his grumbling, is a ... animal, is at last aroused to act ... public meetings and sends up a ... condemnation of the war and the ... prohibition of practical statements ... of routine and red tape.

If, whence have come these dangers
in reply, thunders against the pri-

[illegible]

...not only the example of continental

to his eyes, would naturally infer that he is on the brink of a revolution. If slavery in the greatest danger. If secession would be a very erroneous move. Bull is not fond of revolutions—more excellent way? to carry his point and to rid, as Roosevelt says, of the revolution, but her people are on the verge of achieving another of those colossal victories, which they know so constant in time to save themselves from

WATERVILLE... MAR. 29, 1855.

ALARM OF FIRE.—An occasional alarm is

BOUNTY LANDS.—The attention of persons having claims under the recent Act of Congress granting bounty lands is directed to the advertisement of A. L. Richardson & Co., Boston, in our paper today. They have considerable experience in this, as well as in other business, and have superior facilities for transacting all persons dealing with any risk on having their claims promptly faithfully attended to.

BY LIST.

Oscar of a Kiss.—Polly Copley, in Falmouth, has been fined \$17.46 for kissing Mrs. M. Clark against her will. Upon the Don Juan of the Springfield Republican, indignantly says:—We know, damnable, over

The most effective engraving we have in Punch for a long time is in the last page. It represents a scene in the Crimea, and

his feet, injured by actual measurement of feet, and slid on his back some thirty feet farther. He was stunned for a time, but suffered no permanent injury. (Ando to *Advertiser*.)

From the back of his hand he drew a whip made of several strands cord with knots at regular intervals, with which he used to lash the hands of his captives in such a way as to make the blood leap from them. It seemed to give him great pain to inflict this punishment, and I have seen him weep when he called the names of his victims.

[illegible]

