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Daniel Ripley Wing

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PALISSY, THE POTTER.

It is a London auction-mart, and the sale has just commenced. The lots consist of curiosities and articles of vertu, and after one or two have been disposed of, the master of the hammer puts up a small lot, marked in the catalogue, "unique and costly." It consists of a few specimens of a peculiar kind of pottery: a large vase, a candlestick, and some smaller ones. They are eagerly watched and hotly bid for. The owner of the vase rejoices at the price which has cost him nearly six pounds, while he who wins the candlestick for twenty is hardly less happy.

This vase was made three hundred years ago. It was the work of a Frenchman, who, inspired by genius, fought his way to the mastery of an art then unknown in Europe, except in the Italian. The cottage of the peasant, and the castle of the baron, were almost equally destitute of those articles of utility and luxury which are now within the reach of all. Cups and saucers were as little known as boxes; while plates, dishes, and the endless variety of vessels which may now be had in the simplest ware and the finest porcelain, were then represented only by rude vessels of pottery or stone-ware.

This self-taught potter was Bernard Palissy. He was born in the beginning of the sixteenth century, in the district of Agenois, on the western coast of France. Having learned in his youth the art of glass-painting, he travelled for some years through his native country, acquiring life's various places on his route, and maintaining himself by the exercise of his craft. Beyond this we know very little of him, until, at about thirty years of age, he married and settled in the town of Saintes. Adding to his skill in "verre," a knowledge of mapping and surveying, he was able to provide for the simple wants of his household. Thus a year or two was spent. There then occurred a simple incident, which disturbed the even tenor of his life, and gave a new impulse to energies which had not before been evoked. We give it in his own words: "There was shown to me," he says, "an emblem cup, turned and enameled with so much beauty, that from the time I entered into controversy with my own thought, recalling to mind several suggestions that had been made to me in fun when I was painting portraits. Then seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-painting was only a little patronized, I began to think that if I should discover how to make enamel, I could make earthen vessels and other things very prettily; because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing. And, thereafter, regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of drugs, I began to seek for the enamel as a man gropes in the dark."

Palissy, at this time was not a potter. He could not have made the simplest earthen vessel which served his wife in the cooking of his little household. But his was not a soul that could rest content, with painting on glass the portraits of the good folks of Saintes, or keeping the stained windows of the neighboring chateaux in repair. So he set diligently to work upon the new path to fame and competence which the cup opened up to him. He had been used, in his "verre," to the grinding and mixing of colors, and he began his experiments by pounding all the substances that he supposed likely to make anything; then, purchasing a number of earthen pots, he broke them into fragments, and spread on each one of his different compounds. Constructing a furnace, according to his fancy, as he naively remarks, "for he had never seen earth baked," he heated it to a promising temperature, and put his trial pieces in to bake. The chemicals had not been chosen quite by chance, for many metallic colors were used in glass-painting, and these, with the action of fire upon them, were known to Palissy. Allowing such time as he supposed requisite, he drew out his pots, eagerly looking for any on which the compounds should have melted. But there were none such. The labor had been all in vain, and he was none the nearer to the accomplishment of his object. He did not even know that these mixtures were not the right ones; for he was as much an experimentalist in the construction of furnaces and the baking of earth as in the art of enameling, and it was impossible to tell where his errors lay. To produce a successful result, all the ingredients must be according to rule. Nothing daunted, however, Palissy set to work afresh; and every day found him, at all spare hours, pounding new materials, or constructing new furnaces. For all this time he worked at his old trade to maintain his household, and to supply the materials of his costly experiments. In this manner, to use his own words, "he fouled away several years." Domestic cares increased upon him, and instead of being able to improve the circumstances of his family by a new and more lucrative occupation, he was, to outward seeming, and doubtless in the judgment of his neighbors, fruitlessly expending what was their just inheritance. But such men as Palissy can work against discouragements of all kinds.

After the years thus lost, Palissy began a new series of experiments, at a pottery some miles distant. He hoped, by this plan, to avoid the large outlay on fuel and furnaces which had hitherto drained his slender resources. But alas! disappointment met him here as before; and after several failures, he determined to "take relaxation" for a time, and "comfort himself as if he were not zealous to dive any more into the secret of enamel."

Just at this time a profitable engagement fell in his way. The gabelle, or salt tax was about to be levied in Saintonge, which contained extensive salt marshes, and Palissy was employed by the government to survey and map the district. This occupied him nearly a year, and being a much more profitable employment than glass-painting, he found himself at its close in possession of "a little money." So, with his mind at rest for a time on the subject of daily bread, he resumed his affection for pursuing in the track of the enamel.

This time he had recourse to a glass-house, the furnaces in use there being much hotter than those employed in the potteries. Nearly a hundred different compounds were duly prepared, three dozen earthen pots were bought and broken; and as the appointed time, Bernard's heart once more beating high with hope, repaired to the glass-house. Courage, brave one, the clouds are breaking; and there is promise of the dawn. This time, some of the compounds had begun to melt.

Starting with fresh vigor from this new point, the unwearied worker pursued his researches for two years longer, without gaining another step in advance. At last he began to lose courage; and he despaired of ultimate success, or of any money of the struggle which he had so gallantly carried on. But he did not stand alone in the world. There were those who had shared with him the discouragements and privations of these long years. Doubtless his wife had listened with fond and willing faith when he told her what he hoped to accomplish; how her husband would be sought after by all the nobles of France, and have a share in the honor of his reward. But when a year after year passed away, and no result appeared; when she saw him, neglecting his

trade and expending a large portion of his scanty earnings in drugs, and furnaces, and fuel; when it was no uncommon entry in his journal, "I broke three dozen earthen pots, all of them new;" we cannot wonder if with such things as these came the sickness of hope deferred, or if, in losing heart, the wife lost temper too. More than once the earth had closed upon a little grave, and a seat was left vacant at Palissy's meagre board; but still many little faces clustered there, and their wants were not diminishing with years. It was at least a natural thought to the wife and mother, "Why not abandon these costly experiments which have wasted so many years, when you can maintain your household by diligence and an honest calling?" Palissy began to think he must give up. "One trial more," he said to himself, "and if I fail, I have done with it forever."

The last effort was to be a great one. Upwards of three hundred trial pieces were prepared, and poor Bernard went himself with the man who carried them to the glass-house. The time for drawing out the batch comes, and one piece appears on which the mixture is completely melted. It is set aside to cool, and Bernard watches anxiously. As it hardens it grows white. At length it is cold; it is the long-sought enamel; "singularly beautiful!" to the longing eyes of Palissy. With what joy he turned his steps homeward that day, one can easily imagine.

In possession of the secret, the next question was, how to make use of it. Palissy did not deem the housewives of that day worthy of enamelled cooking utensils, and he therefore disdained to expend his skill on the jars and piggins which the neighboring potteries could furnish. Without ornamental pottery his enamel was useless, so he set himself to make vessels suitable for his purpose, and this labor cost him seven or eight months. These vessels must even be baked, and straightway we find Palissy toiling at the construction of a furnace, such as he had seen at the glass-house. His finances were now so low that he could not procure himself the help even of one man; he had to erect the bricks on his back, to temper the mortar, and to erect the works with his own hands. The first baking of the cups was successful, but the more difficult task was yet to come. For more than a month he worked night and day in preparing the materials of "that beautiful enamel," and carefully applying it on his vessels, he put them in to bake. Six days and nights he watched and fed the fires, but the enamel did not melt. Suspecting an error in the proportions of his compound, he began to grind and pound afresh, and all the while fed the insatiable doubt-melting furnace, that it might not cool.

The fresh compounds being ready, he was forced to purchase pots on which to try it, for his own were all lost by the last failure. These being prepared were put in, and the whole of his remaining stock of wood was thrust into the furnace. Anxiously he watches, but no sign of melting appears. The fire is burning low; what is to be done? He has neither fuel, nor money to purchase it. There was no time to be lost; now or never thought Palissy; so he tore up the palings of his garden, they were soon consumed by the devouring element; but all in vain. Half frantic, he rushed into his house, and bringing forth the tables, broke them in pieces and cast them into the furnace. Still no change in the inexorable chemicals. Once more he appears before his astonished household, and, tearing up the flooring of the little dwelling, consigns it likewise to the flames. His resources, and the demand upon them, were at an end together—the enamel is melted.

"Another such victory, and I am undone!" was the exclamation of Pyrrhus after a battle with the Romans; and in such a spirit, might poor Palissy have spoken of his hard-earned triumph. He had succeeded in producing a beautiful white enamel, but it glistened only on fragments of broken pottery, which were of little account in the eyes of his practical wife. Exhausted by the heat of the furnace, and the excessive labor he had undergone, Palissy turned to enter his dwelling. Alas! it had been dismantled by his own hands; while his wife, she "from whom solace was due," as he touchingly expresses it, had run to proclaim publicly the insane conduct of her husband, and to invite vulgar mockery against him whose sins she should have tenderly covered. Poverty and reproaches saddened him at home, while the finger of ridicule everywhere met him abroad, and for a time his soul fed upon his griefs; but soon again he was up and at work. Having made drawings of such vessels as suited his purpose, he hired a potter to execute his designs, and once more set about the erection of a furnace. His means being quite exhausted, and the potter discharged, he was forced to build it himself, with incredible labor, out of the materials of the former furnace. Borrowing money for the purchase of wood and chemicals, he had now, at length, a fair prospect of success, and confidently reckoned on the proceeds of the batch to clear his debts and give bread to his household. His creditors hastened to the furnace in the morning when the time for drawing out arrived. But alas! alas! an unforeseen misfortune had destroyed all his hopes. The mortar employed in the brickwork had been full of flints, and the intense heat had caused them to explode, while at the same time it had liquified the enamel. The cups and medallions were, in consequence, stuck all over with sharp fragments of flint, and thus, though otherwise very beautiful, were entirely spoiled. Some there were who offered to buy them at a mean price, but Palissy preferred to break them in pieces with his own hands; and then he lay down on his bed in melancholy—not in peace, however, for we hear some hints of malediction added this time to reproaches.

But reflecting that "if a man had fallen into a pit, it would be his duty to endeavor to get out again," Palissy arose at once, and "gaining a little money by painting and in other ways," expelled want for a season from his hearth. Many times more he labored, and saw his work destroyed by some unforeseen mischance. But he was gaining knowledge by these bitter experiences, and gradually approaching the mastery of his art. During fifteen or sixteen years he "battered" on, as he himself tells us, but for the last six or eight of these he accomplished works which had a ready sale, and supplied him with means not only to maintain his household, but to carry on his experiments. Vigorous, indeed, must have been the frame that could endure such labor, and execute the behests of that dauntless spirit. But "sweet of the brain" and "sweet of the arm" had

sapped the strong man in those days of sorrow. He tells us that for ten years together he was wasted and worn to a shadow; but most keenly of all he felt the isolation of soul in which he lived. "I often walked about the fields of Saintes," he says, "considering my miseries and weariness, and wondering above all things, that in my own house I could have no peace, nor do anything that was considered good." True misalliance this—where a noble soul of either sex is mated with one that has sympathy neither for its sorrows nor its aspirations. True solitude—where there is association without companionship, and personal intercourse without communion of spirit.

It is curious to find, in looking at the history of one who lived three centuries ago, that with all the difference produced by the manners of a time so far distant, men and women were very much what they are now. A certain lecture seems a modern thing, and brings up before us the image of Mrs. Caudle; but if the dead could speak, poor Palissy might tell us "there is nothing new under the sun." After recounting the hardships which attended his labors, chiefly because he had not the means to protect his furnaces from the inclemency of the weather; and how, many times, at midnight or near dawn, he went to bed cold and weary, "filled with great sorrow," inasmuch as, having labored long, he saw his labor wasted—he adds: "Then I have found in my chamber a second persecution worse than the first, which make me to marvel now, that I was not consumed with suffering." But we would not deal too hardly with the failing of Palissy's wife; it would have required the devotion of a true-hearted woman to last through nearly ten years of failure and defeat. We will add but one word more, and rest content to leave our fair readers the judgment of her sins. One night, the wind being high, and the rain falling in torrents, Palissy found that the poor but which sheltered his furnace would no longer resist the inclemency of the weather. His precious cups and vases would be destroyed by either cold or wet, and something must be done. Entering the house, he sought about for what might suit his purpose, and failing to meet with anything more portable, he carried off his wife's chamber door! We should be glad to know where is the American woman that would not be indignant at such usage!

Palissy now began to take heart to call himself a potter. No longer weighed down by poverty, he was able to procure assistance in his work, and the nobility of the Province were eager to purchase the beautiful productions of his skill. The name which he assumed for himself was that of "Worker in Earth and Inventor of Rustic Figulines." These figulines were models from nature, of animals, reptiles, and plants, with which he adorned cups or vases. Palissy was an ardent lover of nature; from his youth he had deliriously wandered in the forest, through the meadow, or by the sea shore; nor was it with an uninquiring eye that he gazed upon the wonders they present. He was a close observer and a careful analyzer; and in the beautiful adaptations and contrivances which he everywhere discovered in creation, he devoutly recognized the care which the Maker has exercised for all his creatures, and the wisdom which presides in every department of the universe. So fully did the artist prove himself the naturalist, that as his biographer remarks, "his leaves and other rustic designs are so copied, in form and color, with minute accuracy, that the species of each can be determined accurately. There has been found scarcely a fancy leaf, and not one lizard, tortoise, or beetle, not one bit of nature transferred to the work of Palissy, which does not belong to the rocks, woods, rivers, and seas of France."

We have been so intent on watching the experiments which were carried on by Palissy, that we have not even cast a glance at the affairs of the outer world. Thus it was that Palissy himself would have lived; forgetting, in his study of nature, and his researches in art, the sorrows and distractions of his native land. All minor factions were then being merged into the two great parties of Catholic and Huguenot. And as Palissy stood in the light of his glowing furnace, his soul had burned within him at the thought that other fires were being kindled in France, not for purposes of science or of art, but in the vain attempt to purge the land from "heresy." But while he sought to keep aloof from scenes of suffering in which he could neither restrain wrong-doers nor protect the weak, he yet fearlessly asserted in his own person the right of free speech and free action. We have a touching chronicle from his own modest pen, of the first Reformed Church of Saintes:—"A certain art-act, marvelously poor and indigent, already known to us as a diligent and reverent student of the Book of Nature, met daily with the pains of poverty as himself, to search the pages of that other divine volume, the Book of Life. The small beginning grew; the little one became a thousand; and after a time, the members of the church, leavened with the purifying doctrine of the gospel. Sometimes the members of the little church sat at dead of night to the rending of heaven, and the days grew brighter, and as Palissy tells us, the fields and groves of Saintes echoed with the sweet voices of 'virgins' who delighted to sing all holy things."

The storm came at last, however. It swept over Saintes, and Palissy's home did not escape. He was seized at night, and hurried to a dungeon.

If this had happened in the days of unsuccessful toil, Palissy's name would have been quickly entered in God's Book of Martyrs; but his noble patrons could not afford to let his beautiful art perish. The works which he had in progress for the Constable Montmorency and Duc de Montpensier would have come to an abrupt termination if the hand of the cunning workman had been suffered to grow cold in death. Palissy was appointed inventor of Rustic Figulines to the King and the Constable, and was of course immediately set at liberty.

This was in 1572, the date of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Another year or two the potter, carried on the practice of his art at Saintes, and then removed to Paris. The Palace of the Tuilleries was then in course of erection for Catherine de Medicis, and he was employed in its decorations. All that we know of the remaining years of his life is, that he was a collector of all sorts of interesting objects, and a lover of science and literature as could be found in the precincts of Henry the Third's riotous court, he delivered a course of lectures in which he propounded his discoveries in science, his own rich collection of specimens serv-

ing him for illustration. He continued this practice for many years, and in 1580 published some of those lectures, together with a treatise on agriculture. Two other volumes from his pen had before, at intervals of some years, issued from the press. The first, a medical treatise, is lost; the others, which remain, prove Palissy to have been far in advance of his age, and establish his claim to many discoveries in chemistry, geology, and natural history.

During his years of court favor, as in his rustic retirement, the Huguenot potter fearlessly avowed his religious opinions. It was the fashion to patronize poor Master Bernard of the Tuilleries, and for a long time he stood unharmed. But in the year 1585 a royal edict was issued, which made death the penalty of exercising the reformed faith. The noble old man, then seventy-six years of age, had served the crown for forty years, but was forced to abandon for the Bastille the laboratory which his genius had enriched with gems of art. Yet, even the rude hands which spared not tender virgins, hesitated to strike Palissy. He had passed three years within those gloomy walls when he received one day a visit from the king.

"My good man," said Henry, "you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen, my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion amidst the executions and the massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women, (fair girls, guilty of heresy,) and you;—they are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also, if you will not be converted."

"Sire," answered the old man, "the Count de Maurever came yesterday, on your part, promising life to the two sisters. They replied, as well as for the honor of God, you have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you, who have said, 'I am compelled.' This is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have a part in the kingdom of heaven, will teach you to talk royally. The Guises, all your people and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay."

The sisters were burned as the king had said, but Palissy was spared the fiery trial. After four years of captivity he died in the Bastille.

COLD FEET.—Cold feet are the nemesis to the depth of multitudes every year; it is a sign of imperfect circulation—of want of vigor of constitution. No one can be well whose feet are habitually cold. When the blood is equally distributed to every part of the body there is generally good health. If there is less blood at one point there is a coldness; and not only so, there must be more than a natural at some part of the system; and there is fever, that is, unnatural heat or oppression. In the cases of cold feet, the amount of blood wanting there, collects at some other part of the body which happens to be weakest to the least able to throw a barricade against the intruding enemy. Hence, when the lungs are weakest the blood gathers there in the shape of a common cold, or often spitting blood. Clergymen, other public speakers, and singers, by improper exposure, often render the throat the weakest part; to such, cold feet give hoarseness, or a raw, burning feeling, most felt at the bottom of the neck. To others, again, whose bowels are weak from over-eating, or drinking spirituous liquors, cold feet give various degrees of derangement, from common looseness to the diarrhoea or dysentery; and so we might go through the whole body; but for the present this is sufficient for illustration.

If you are well let yourself alone. But to those whose feet are inclined to be cold, we suggest: As soon as you get up in the morning put both feet in a basin of cold water, so as to come half way to the ankles; keep them in half a minute, rubbing vigorously; wipe them dry, and hold them to the fire, if convenient; in cold weather, till every part of your feet as dry as your hand; then put on your socks or stockings.

On going to bed at night draw off your stockings, and hold your feet to the fire ten or fifteen minutes, till perfectly dry, and go to bed. This is a most pleasing operation; and fully repays for the trouble of it. No one can sleep well or refreshingly with cold feet. All Indians and hunters sleep with their feet to the fire.

Never step from your bed with the naked feet on an uncarpeted floor. Have known it to be the exciting cause of monia of illness.

Wear woolen, cotton, or silk stockings, which ever keeps the feet most comfortable; do not let the experience of another be your guide; for different persons require different articles; what is good for a person whose feet are naturally damp, cannot be good for one whose feet are dry. The donkey who had his big feet lightened by swimming a river, advised his companion, who was loaded down with a sack of wool, to do the same, and having no more sense than a man or woman, he plunged in, and the moment the wool absorbed the water, increased the burden many fold, and bore him with it to the bottom.

Halt's Journal of Health.

WHAT DID THE CLOCK SAY?—The clock upon the tower of a neighboring church tolled forth slowly, and solemnly, the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face, asked:

"Mother! what did the clock say?"

"To me," said the mother, sadly, "it seemed to say, gone—gone—gone—gone!"

"What, mother! what has gone?"

"Another hour, my son?"

"What is an hour, mother?"

"A white-winged messenger, from our Father in heaven, sent by him to enquire of you."

"To me, what we are thinking and feeling?"

"Where has your good mother?"

"Back to him, who sent it, bearing on its wings, that word so pure and white, when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words, and deeds, while it was with us."

"Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?"

"Reader! what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing up on high for you?"

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. X.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, FEB. 5, 1857.

NO. 30.

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

FROM THE GEMMA OF IRLAND.

There is a land where beauty will not fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye;
Where true hearts will not shrink or be dismayed
And love will never die.
Tell me—what land would go
For I am burdened with a heavy woe;
The beautiful have left me all alone;
The true, the tender, from my path have gone,
And I am weak, and fainting with despair;
Where is it? Tell me, where is it?

Friend, thou must trust in Him who trod before
The desolate paths of life;
Most bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow, and toil and strife.
Think how the Son of God
These thorny paths hath trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for the appointed woe.
Think how the Son of God
Where no man comforted nor cared for him;
Think how he prayed, unaided and alone,
In that dread agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend, do not thus despair,
Christ, in his heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer.

THE DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY JONATHAN WILDER.

As sweet as the chiming of soft silver bells,
So sweet be the strain that in melody tells
Of souls without guile that from earth take their flight,
Exchanging its shadows for glorious light.
As, in the mild spring time, when Zephyrus breathes
Through the daisies all gaily with blossoms and leaves,
The white petals fall, in their freshness and bloom;
So innocents sink to rest in the tomb.
Weep not for the lamb,—safely folded above;
The Good Shepherd leads them,—they rest in his love;
He giveth them life that can never decay,
And joy as unfading as infinite day.
West. Literary Messenger.

The Man with the Bundle.

You have met him? Barly, broad-shouldered, a little careless both in dress and gait, as if conscientiously opposed to precision of any kind; and his face—from the shining curve of the smooth-shaven chin to the gleam of gold spectacles that sit astride his nose—beaming with an exhaustless good-humor. About 5 P. M. is his hour, when you can generally see him heading as if homeward, and carrying thitherward a brown paper-enveloped parcel. From long familiarity with this feature of his personality, we had come to designate his other-worldly anonymity, as "the man with the bundle." It may have been imagination on our part, but as we met him the other cold after-noon, his face seemed so absolutely radiant with the heat of general benevolence, that we thought the thermometer at the corner of Milk street went up two degrees as he passed. We determined to make an effort to know more about him.

To-day, our desire was gratified. Turning into Marsh's, to purchase the goose-quill-own between our fingers—we can't abide mineral pens—who should be standing at the counter, closing, at the same instant, the lid of a magnificent writing-case and a bargain for its purchase, but our radiant-faced friend.

"To what address shall we send this?" said the clerk, with a tone and manner indicating extreme respect.

"Nowhere," responded the purchaser, "all ways carry my own bundles."

"Yes, sir, but this is heavy, and it will be a pleasure to us to send it." "Young man," replied the other, "I always love to take something home at night, to show my wife and children that I haven't forgotten them while at my business, and I wouldn't give a pin to make anybody a present, without I carried it into the house myself. I want to see 'em, take it. Besides, sir, I never allow anybody to be bothered by sending things home for me that I can carry myself. I began life by lugging about parcels as a dry goods man's boy, and many's the weary mile of sidewalk I've trudged to carry a yard of ribbon, or a paper of pins to somebody too proud or too lazy to carry it for themselves. I haven't forgot my old thoughts, and what's more, though times have changed with me since then, I ain't ashamed to be seen in the streets with a bundle."

"Yes, sir, but this is heavy." "No matter, I'm strong," and out he went, with such a glow on his face, that one could imagine it lighting up the now dim sidewalk, rolls ahead, as a locomotive-burner illuminates its track.

Another well known street face passed him in the door coming in. Purchasing a congress knife, the new comer said in a sharp and dictatorial tone, "send it to my house. (No fifteen hundred and something Washington street) immediately; I shall want it as soon as I get home."

"Two different men," suggested we, as the clerk closed the door after him.

"Very," was the reply. "The man with the bundle is Mr. . . . the honest owner of hundreds of thousands, and there never was a subscribing agent, yet he didn't get his name for something handsome. The other man (puffed last week—) all there was of him to fall—and isn't worth his salt, but he had rather take the commercial disgrace of failure at any time, than the social disgrace of being seen in the streets with a bundle."

"Two different men, indeed! We shall take off our hat the next time we meet Mr. . . . on the sidewalk. Long may he live and carry bundles, to make people happy."

Congregationalist.

GOKE TO DINNER.

Back in fifteen minutes. That notice stands on your office door.

You gourmandizer! you epicure! you great pig! Also, you lean, scrawny, wizzled, anxious-looking old thing? You poor, irritable, raucous, snappish fellow?

My gobbling friend, eating is not a process whose operations and results are wholly confined within the stomach, as flesh is put to see and soak within an iron pot. It tells on muscles and vital, and brain and nerve—upon mind and soul. Fifteen minutes! Fifteen minutes is time enough to eat one cracker in and drink a glass of water; and see the mass you are pitchforking into your countenance, as if you thought a harpy was watching to match it from you!

How dare you bolt those chunks of meat, all soaked with 'gravy,' and that greasy, sodden pie, and hot cakes, and hissing mud-colored coffee, and then, while your miserable, overworked stomach is calling for all the possible nervous energy of your system to help it struggle in its tyrant's task, jump headlong to your dark, close counting-room, and demand that some nervous energy from the same source to engineer your brain and eyes in the absorbing exertion of making money!

Imprudent, how dare you?

Well, poor fellow, it's of no use to scold at

you, after all. Pity is much more appropriate to your sad case. Who would be such a juiceless, dust-complexioned, dried up husk for all your money, or all every body's else? It is but a maimed soul and a deformed body that you have acquired under that regimen. And when your old, cracked, shabby constitution quite breaks up, and you die prematurely—wretched man, who knows what miserable fate you will have incurred by your years of still money-grubbing, and that intensified course of mad aggressions and unwholesome meat-chunks and hot grease and drink all ablaze?

Life Illustrated.

TRADING WITH JOHN CHINAMAN.—A tradesman in San Francisco, one of a firm whose business it is to sell fish-hooks, cod-lines, rope's ends, and other odds and ends, writes home the following anecdote:—"One day, a John Chinaman, followed by a train of about ten of his countrymen, ranged tandem fashion, entered the establishment, and after peering around for a few seconds, exclaimed: 'Cotton seine twine—got him?'

'Yes!' was the answer. 'How much taken?' 'One dollar a pound.' 'Um! give fifty cents!'

'Get out!' said the junior partner, with a menacing gesture, and John Chinaman departed, followed by his tail, and his countrymen. The train passed and re-passed the door several times, and at length re-entered. 'John! looking around as though he had never been there before, again inquired: 'Cotton seine twine—got him?'

'Yes!' 'How much taken?' 'One dollar a pound!' 'Um! give seventy-five cents.'

'Get out!' cried the excited partner, and the Chinese population departed as before. The wild goose procession paraded past a few times and then re-entered. The spokesman, after gazing around some time, lifted up his voice a third time, and thus he spoke: 'Cotton seine twine—got him?'

'Yes! ! !'

'How much taken?' The salesman whispered to Patrick, the porter, to hand him a cleaver. This had, he grasped the astonished Chinaman with his left hand, and raising his cleaver with the right, exclaimed: 'One dollar a pound! ! ! !'

John gave one look at the cleaver, another at the face of the salesman, and yelled out: 'I take one hundred pound!'

The bargain was thereupon closed. So much for moral suasion.

GREEN TEAS.—Rev. Dr. Whitworth says in a long letter from Fow Chow, China, published in the Missionary Advocate for January:—

"Several American ships are lying in port, awaiting the arrival of green teas. The English, who love the leaf unadulterated, have taken the first cargoes of the season, and speed homeward with them. The Americans are green enough to prefer an infusion of Prussian blue, rendering that article so scarce and high in the vicinity of the 'green teas,' that the natives can hardly afford to use it on the 'ventions' of their verandahs. If some hundreds of good ladies, who go with their heads tightly bandaged a day or two in each week with sick headache, and whose only remedy is 'green tea,' would abandon the use of 'green tea' altogether, they would find in the remedy itself the cause of the disease."

A SALAMANDER SAFE. A large dry goods establishment was recently burned down in Cleveland, O., when one of the large fire-safe manufacturers of New York, who knew they had one of their articles in the building, wrote on and requested the proprietors of the ruined store to state how their safe had withstood the conflagration. The answer was as follows: "Gentlemen, your safes are wonderful. Nothing can surpass them for protecting books and papers, though they have some unfortunate opposite effects. One of our clerks, on Saturday, bought a Shanghai rooster, and at night, unknown to us, put it for safe keeping in the safe. That night our establishment was destroyed by fire, and the safe and its contents were exposed to a tremendous heat for thirty-six hours and at the end of which time it was hoisted out red hot. As soon as possible, it was opened, and you may judge of our surprise, when we found within it the Shanghai rooster, leaning against the ledger frozen to death."

Porter's Spirit of the Times.

A NEW HEDGE PLANT.—We see the common barberry bush recommended as a suitable plant for hedging, and we concur in the recommendation. It is a very hardy plant, and grows freely from the sea shore of New England to Canada. It is not a tree, but a bush, and rarely gains a height over eight feet. It is full of prickles, and is never eaten by cattle, and we should think would never be broken through. It grows thick from the ground, and, in good land, will be large enough for a fence in five or six years. The fruit of the barberry bush is a bright scarlet berry, half or three-fourths of an inch long, of the diameter of a small pipe stem, and is esteemed by some persons a valuable fruit for mixing with others less acid, it being extremely tart. The bushes have a very pretty appearance, when the fruit is ripe. It is to be hoped that its virtues as a hedge plant will be fully tried.

REVENGE OF A CHINAMAN.—A shop-keeper in the California diggings, employed a John Chinaman, whom he had once ill-treated, to paint him a sign in Chinese characters, in order to get custom from the "long-tails." But when the sign was put up for the expected customers, although many approached the placard and read it, all without exception passed by with broad grins on their faces. "Suspecting that all was not right," he took down the mysterious sign, and endeavored to obtain a translation. This he found a difficultly in getting, every Chinaman to whom he showed it refusing to satisfy him, and merely answering with a grin. At length by the offer of a bribe, he arrived at the secret. The offending advertisement, on being rendered into English, was as nearly as possible, as follows:—"Buy nothing here, shopkeeper don't deserve it!"

THE SPANISH COINS, and the new currency law are causing our traders some trouble. No fixed rule seems to have been adopted in regard to their circulation, some taking them at their denominational value and others refusing to do so. We think the quarters may well be suffered to pass at their full rate, while four-pennies and nine-pennies may be taken as 5 and 10 cent pieces;—otherwise the quarters will all go into the hands of the silver smiths who offer 25 cents apiece for them—and be

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, ... FEB. 5, 1857.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this Paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office are at Seely's Building, Court street, Boston. Tribune Building, New York; N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore.

S. M. FETTERMAN & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Black List, Chapter 2d.

Moses C. Hale went from Kennebec; and from Columbus, Ohio, ordered the Mail. Having occasion to leave Columbus, he left us to find him if we can. So we advertise for him. Probably he did something meaner than his treatment to us, and had to run away. We have several cases like this, and shall advertise them in due time.

T. J. Hutton, who went from Waterville a very decent man, had the Mail sent to him in Pennsylvania till we got tired of doing so. He won't pay; and if he comes back his old friends may look out for him. Another man, who went out in his company, is no better than he; but we spare his name for the sake of his relations here.

Mr. —, of Bingham, can have another week in which to save himself from a place in this list. He need not be told that after taking our paper six or seven years without sending us even a dollar, he must either pay or do worse. Mr. J. S. Keef, of the same place, is informed that we have received such an account of him that we have struck his name off. Our bill of nine dollars can be had for nine cents, by any of his neighbors. Mr. G. Rowe of the same place, is ditto to Mr. Keef.

Andrew McLuer, Shirley has removed "somewhere," says the P. M., leaving his account unsettled. Whoever finds him will find a fellow who took a paper without meaning to pay for it. He had better be "nowhere" than be known to his neighbors.

Wm. Strong, was a worthy young fellow in Kennebec, but is good for nothing at Lowell. At least, he pays no attention to our bill, and probably don't mean to pay it. If he lives as long as he wants to, we shall get hold him, after many days. He is welcome to this notice, as several of our papers are read in Lowell. It may teach him a lesson of honesty.

Clinton and Winslow in particular, and others in general, in chapter third.

Opening of the S. & K. Railroad.

The festival at Skowhegan, on Tuesday last, was not only one of triumph to the Stockholders and friends of the road, but of unbounded praise to the citizens of Skowhegan, whose whole-hearted hospitality met the warm commendation of a hungry multitude. If they cherish their railroad as they do their friends, their hospitality will be fatal to its progress—it will stop with them a long time.

The special train arrived between 2 and 3 o'clock, with from 800 to 1000 visitors; who suddenly called for "creature comforts" was most sumptuously met from tables spread in the freight depot. Though the crowd completely enveloped and concealed the tables, they continued to diffuse their luxuries in great variety till the entire multitude said enough! That they were presided over by very fair samples of the beautiful women of Skowhegan, we only infer from the fact that His Excellency Gov. Hamlin, as well as most of the other speakers on the occasion, took special pains to compliment them in good round terms. For us, we only had the testimony of good brown bread and coffee; from which we venture to declare that the Governor was right.

Speeches were numerous and to the point; all agreeing in commendation of the zeal and enterprise which has led the way to the present festival; and abiding in just compliments to the skill of the civil engineer, A. W. Wildes, Esq.

The ball, which closed the night as well as the festival, gave opportunity for some hundred "acts" of light fantastic toe to burden themselves with all the exercise which a day of good living might render necessary.

For ourselves, we confess to the weakness of loving our neighbors vastly the better for this touch of their lachrystris. They have not only a good railroad and a beautiful village, but their hearts are as big as a Cheshire cheese.

LEAVE AT KENDALL MILLS.—There is to be a rare good time at Bunker's Hall, Kendall Mills, on Friday evening, the 13th inst. Whether it is to be in the good St. Valentine, whose annual visit was long ago announced for the 14th, is matter of no consequence; as the young ladies of the Kennebec are well known to care no more for St. Valentine than for St. Patrick. When they go in for a time, St. Valentine and Leap year have notice to clear the track or be run down—and we understand such notice to be given on this occasion. Tableaux, Valentines and Vocal Music are no part of the "and-so-forth" intended to call up the spirits of Terpsichore, Shakespeare and Dan Tucker. All these, and more too, "are they not written in the bills?" The programme embraces a "free supper," by which we doubt not they really mean something to eat, though the tickets for the whole entertainment are put at only 25 cts. We have no risk in promising a rare time to all who attend this levee.—We have several times tested the skill of the folks up there, in arranging matters for everybody's enjoyment, and are sure they know all the ingredients to be combined. We may safely bespeak tickets for a few car-loads from Waterville. If Bunker's Hall is more than full, Bunker's Hotel is a good resort in the ascending scale—from good to better.

LOOK! at the advertisement of F. H. Getchell, and see where Spanish quarters are worth as much as any others. They also pass for their fair value at several other places. Don't suffer a loss on them, ye who are fortunate enough to get them.

OUR TABLE.

JOURNEY THROUGH TEXAS; or, a Saddle Trip on the South-western Frontier. With a Statistical Appendix. By Frederic Law Olmsted. 12 mo., pp. 216. New York: Dix, Edwards & Co. 1857.

This work, a copy of which is forwarded to us through Whittemore, Niles & Hall, of Boston, is by the author of two very pleasant books—"Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England," and "A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States."—of which last work it may be said to be a continuation. Like that, it is a record of the author's experience and observation during a tour through a portion of our country blessed with the "peculiar institution," and though he displays a candor and fairness in his statements that even commands the admiration of the friends and advocates of that institution, his testimony tells powerfully against slavery and shows in a strong light its blighting influence upon the prosperity of the country, and the social, moral and intellectual condition of whites and blacks—masters and slaves. The work is written in a familiar and attractive style, and the pictures of southern life and manners, while very graphic, are doubtless correct and lifelike. It is not so much a record of opinions, as a collection of facts and hints, from which they are to be formed; though in a "Letter to a Southern Friend," prefixed to the volume, the author draws certain conclusions which will be assented to without hesitation by all candid readers. The work is marked with certain extracts, which we shall present to our readers soon, in the meantime we invite everybody to examine the work at Mathews's.

PURMAN'S MONTHLY for February comes promptly to hand from A. Williams & Co., Boston, and can be had of Johnston & Carlton, at their bookstore opposite the Post Office, Waterville. The following is the table of contents:—New England Wreath of the Olden Times—Miles Standish; A Lullaby, A National Drama, The Rhine Castle, the Boston Ladies' Reception of Washington, The Old Adobe—a romance perhaps, Memoirs of George Sand, 3 more chapters of Witching Times, Southern Literature, and the usual supply of Editorial Notes, which though last, are by no means least. The biographical sketch of Miles Standish is the first of a series, and is full of interest; the article on Southern Literature is a scorching, but it will do good. If you wish for something good to read—meat for strong men—buy Putnam; if you want a picture book purchase something else.

LADIES' REPERTORY.—No magazine of the Atlantic cities surpasses this in the beauty of its engravings, or presents a purer and more wholesome literature. "The City of San Francisco," and "Nancy Hart, a Heroine of the Revolution," in the February number, are illustrations of which the publishers may well be proud, as they are full of its well filled pages, which are considered to be a Christian literature. Published by Swornsted & Poy, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—The contents of the January number, of the first of a new volume, are as follows:—1. Scenes of Clerical Life.—No. 1. The Sad Fortune of a Reverend Man. 2. Mrs. Barrett Browning—Anecdotes. 3. The Abolition of the Three Gifts.—Part 8. 4. New Facts and Old Fancies about Sea Anemones. 5. A Christmas Tale. 6. Routine. 7. John Deacon's: A Quaint Character. 8. Maid Barbara. 9. European Politics.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 51 Gold Street, New York. Terms of subscription:—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 00 per annum; for any two Reviews \$5 00; for any three Reviews \$7 00; all four Reviews \$9 00; Blackwood's Magazine \$8 00; and Blackwood's and three Reviews \$9 00; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10 00—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the United States will be twenty-four cents a year for "Blackwood," and but fourteen cents a year for each of the Reviews.

THE SCHOOLFELLOW.—This magazine for the little folks is a most admirable work, and as excellent in its way, as "Putnam," by the same publishers, is a wider—but not a nobler—field. It is no rehash of old stories, embellished with worn out pictures, but the contents are fresh, sparkling and original, and the engravings, which are new, are remarkably spirited and beautiful. In the February number, which we have just received from A. Williams & Co., Boston, its young readers will find something interesting about Leoburg; The Battle of Blenheim, with original illustrations by McDonough; part 2 and 3 of The Fool Spirit; more of Round-the-World Joe's yarns; an interesting talk about Noise; instruction in Gymnastics, &c., &c., with Evening Amusements, in the shape of "nuts to crack." Published by Dix, Edwards & Co., New York, at \$1 a year. For sale by Johnston & Carlton, Waterville.

PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.—The February number has the following table of contents: Silly Novels by Lady Novelists, Discovery of the Northwest Passage, American Change of Names, Frederick Perthes—or Life in Germany from 1789 to 1843, My Brother Robert, A Low Marriage, New Biographies of Montaigne, Sir John Ross's First Love, Passages from the Diary of Margaret Arden, Uncle George, A Wilderness of Wild Ducks, English Queens of France, Showers of Fish, Letter Writing and Letter Writers, Mr. Thackeray on the Four Georges, Hood's Pen and Pencil Pictures, This includes several excellent stories, but does not include a long list of short articles and much good poetry in the number. Published by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year, and sent free of postage.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.—No. 27 of this popular series of juveniles, just received from A. Williams & Co., Boston, special agents for the sale of Harper & Brothers' publications, is entitled Vernon; or Conversations about Old Times in England. It portrays graphically, the habits, manners and customs of the people of England in the olden time, and is illustrated with a profusion of engravings, many of which are transcripts of rare and curious ancient pictures. It is written in a style pleasing and attractive to children, and is full of instruction for both old and young. For sale by Johnston & Carlton, who have on their counter all the best periodicals and literary novelties.

A Novel Surprise Party.

MESSRS EDITORS.—You will doubtless give your readers an account of the visit of the Stockholders &c. of the Som. & Kon. Railroad Co. to Skowhegan, and their cordial reception and sumptuous entertainment. But there was one occurrence not in the bills, and which I believe, did not fall under your notice.

It was a "surprise party" in the true sense of the term, reversing the usual proceedings in such cases, the guests being the ones surprised, and not the host.

On the arrival of the return train at Winslow Depot, Hon. Joseph Eaton, the President of the Company, invited those who left the train to give him a call at his house. Though entirely unexpected, the whole Company, of some forty or fifty persons accepted the invitation, and proceeded at once home with Mr. E. Here another surprise awaited us. We had hardly laid aside our hats, bonnets, &c., (for the ladies took a prominent part in this Stockholders' meeting) when we were summoned to the tables which groined under their load of substantial and delicacies. After the splendid entertainment at Skowhegan, it was quite a venture for Mr. E. and his lady to attempt another such day. But they did, and with perfect success. As successful as the dinner was, it was nevertheless surpassed by the supper.

Our cold-water men surrendered to Mrs. E.'s tea and coffee, and the precepts of physicians were slightly lost sight of in our discussion of what was set before us. At ten o'clock, after two hours of pleasant social chat, we separated for our homes with the feeling in the heart and the saying on the lip of every one, that however much we had enjoyed our ride, and entertainment at Skowhegan, this surprise on the part of Mr. Eaton was the climax of the whole.

This occasion must have given particular pleasure to Mr. E. The object for the accomplishment of which he has labored so incessantly and ardently is at last achieved. He was denominated by one of the speakers at S. as the "Railway King," and well has merited the application. Without disparagement to others, it can be truly said that to his exertions, this enterprise owes its so speedy success. The road, notwithstanding its numerous and expensive bridges, has cost less per mile than almost any road in New England; and it is thoroughly built, especially that part between Kendall's Mills and Skowhegan, which was built under Mr. E.'s personal supervision.

With the high prices of all the materials used, the almost unexampled stringency of the money market, and the prior severe claims on the people for Railroad building, this enterprise must have failed but for the financial ability, the indomitable energy, and shrewd management of the President of the Corporation.

WINSLOW.

[For the Mail.]

MESSRS. MAXHAM & WING.—Your Augustan correspondent has kindly favored us with the names of Senators who voted in favor and against the expenditure of supplying the legislature and its officers with the Thrice-weekly Age and Journal during the session of the Legislature. Will he have the goodness to continue his favors through the same desirable channel and inform us who voted in favor of adjourning over from Thursday to Monday for the purpose of attending the Railroad celebration, at an expense of more than twelve hundred dollars to the State. Economy is commendable and so is consistency.

We merely stated what was reported to us by a person who resided in the immediate vicinity of Waterville, and who had no reason to doubt, but on the contrary, from the subsequent admission of the Mail, we were led to believe were true. We are well aware that most journals are anxious that unfavorable reports, affecting the interests of their place, should not be circulated, and we cannot blame them. But it makes but little difference whether there be seven or seventeen cases in Waterville. The fact is, the Small Pox is there. [Skowhegan Clarion.]

We must conclude our veracity is on the wane, when our most positive denials are taken for "admissions." The Clarion's are reports were utterly untrue, and so we assured him; whereupon he coolly turns round and quotes us as endorsing his veracity! If this be an "admission," nothing short of knocking his brains out could be counted a contradiction. But he explains all by exhibiting his own code of morals, when he says he "cannot blame" us for lying for the "interests of our place!" No wonder he doubted our report if he supposed we were hired to lie for the "interest of the place." We can now see why he has, for more than three weeks, neglected to give notice that the small pox exists in Skowhegan! We have seen nothing about it in the Clarion, though we are positively assured, by a sister and daughter of two of the patients, that such was the fact three weeks ago. Does the Clarion conceal this fact "for the interest of the place?"—or is he waiting for "seven" to become "seventeen"? We don't ask the Clarion to inform his readers of this fact for by his own confession he would not do it against "the interest of the place." O, friend Clarion, what a narrow platform is that you stand on! Why not tell the truth boldly, and thus learn to believe that others may do so?

RAILROAD BLOCKED.—Brunswick, Feb 2.—Owing to the snow storm followed by a heavy fall of rain, which froze last Saturday night, the Kennebec & Portland railroad track is covered with solid ice the whole length of the road. An engine and snow plow which started from Bath early this morning, arrived here about 4 o'clock this afternoon, after having cleared the track by this means. Three engines and snow plows started from Augusta, but got off the track badly. No further attempts have been made to start a train as yet.

The ice embargo not being removed, passengers and mails at Portland for Augusta, were on Tuesday forwarded over And. & Ken. road to Winthrop and thence by stage.—There has been no detention on the back route, except on Monday, when the train did not leave Waterville for Portland till half past 12 P. M. in consequence of the non-arrival of the Bangor train, and was therefore about an hour late on its return trip in the afternoon.

QUERY.—Shall there be a meeting of the Waterville Fremont Club about this time, or shall some of its duties be discharged in a less formal way? Can any of its officers answer?

SMALL POX.—We were right last week, according to present appearances, in the conclusion that this disease is nearly subdued. Only a single case of varioloid has since been reported; and as our neighbors have become convinced that the bugbear has been sadly magnified, the activity of our streets is more encouraging.

There have been no more deaths, and all who have been sick are either out, or nearly ready to go out. If proper caution is taken in cleansing, the disease need spread no further.

The Augusta Age has, as yet, seen no reason to doubt that there are five hundred cases of small pox in Waterville. We trust it continues to read the Clarion.

"Alec" says that no coward or fool was ever known to have the small pox; and advises all who are "shaking in their shoes" to straighten up and come forth in their right mind.

BOLD.—A man was knocked down and robbed in State street, Portland, on Monday evening last.

AN EXCELLENT APPOINTMENT.—We observe that the Governor of Maine has nominated MARK H. DUNNELL, Esq., of Norway, Superintendent of the Public Schools of that State. Apart from Mr. Dunnell's political claims, which were second to those of no other one of the seventy thousand good and true Republicans of Maine, he brings to the duties of the place qualifications beyond those of a merely political orthodox. A gentleman of edu-

cation, ability and practical experience in school teaching, distinguished by his judgment, success, and sound common sense views, no less than by his mental accomplishments, he is eminently well qualified to discharge with credit to himself and usefulness to his native State, his important and responsible duties.

[Boston Atlas.]

The Better—and Worse.

"There's no such word."
"There is."
"Want to bet on it?"
Again—
"You can't do it."
"What'll you bet?"

How many such phrases are uttered daily: What'll you bet? Want to bet on it? Bet you five dollars. Bet you a "bottle of wine." Bet you a hat. A "bet" is the regular proceeding at horse-races, and in the sweet circles of the "fancy" and "sporting men;" it is a very common practice in politics and business. But that's not all. With a large number of silly or mistaken people, a "bet" is a final argument even in ordinary conversation or discussion. They have more money than brains and so they look to their money to do their reasoning. They think that if they are only ready to "back their opinion," they are pretty sure to be right. We have in mind a wealthy gentleman who used to discuss horticultural questions, and clinch his argument by offering to deposit five hundred or a thousand dollars, if his opponents would do as much, the total stake to go to the one decided to be right. This is usually unanswerable, if not conclusive; for few writers on gardening have such a "little amount" by them to risk on the name of a pear or the sex of a strawberry.

How idiotic? As if a man's money made any difference about his being right! It does, however, by the betting argument, for that takes it for granted that no man will decline to gamble on his opinion unless he is conscious of being wrong. Or the only alternative is a confession—supposed to be humiliating—of poverty.

Aside from the ridiculous folly of pretending to prove a point by such an appeal to the dollar, there is a broader and more important principle involved. You bet and win. You did not earn the money. It will do you no good. You lose—you feel that the amount is to be taken from you without an equivalent, and you are instantly irritated by the unfairness of the transaction. In either event you are a gambler; you have so far enervated yourself in the ranks of perhaps the most pernicious army of scoundrels that was ever let loose on earth. It is a small amount doubtless, but the principle is involved. Risking money on pure chances is always wrong and foolish; it is always gambling; always contrary to expediency and social truth and the universal law of Right.

Argue if you please. If you don't know enough to argue, hold your tongue. If you are wrong, confess it like a man. But don't bet like a fool!—Life Illustrated.

MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF A DENTIST IN NEW YORK CITY.—We find in the New York papers of Sunday morning the following particulars of the murder of Dr. Harvey Burdell, a prominent dentist of that city.—The Herald says:—

"A very dreadful tragedy was enacted at the house No. 31 Bond street, either on Friday night or very early yesterday (Saturday) morning, that resulted in death of Dr. Harvey Burdell, a dentist who practiced there. The body of the deceased was found in the room of the deceased, on going to the above named boarding house yesterday morning, found, at a little after 8 o'clock, the body of his employer lying upon the floor of the bedroom dead, and surrounded with clots of coagulated blood. Much alarm naturally existed, and Dr. Francis was called in to make a post mortem examination. He found that Dr. Burdell had been strangled by a ligature applied around the throat, and that the murderer had inflicted besides fifteen deep wounds with a sharp instrument on his person, any one of which was almost sufficient to cause death alone.

An examination before the Coroner was immediately commenced, which, so far, has not in any way elucidated the mystery. A woman named Cunningham, who kept house for the deceased, testified that she had been privately married to him. They quarrelled at times, but not seriously. To this woman, if her marriage is authenticated, a portion of his property will descend.

IMPUDENT EULOGY.—It is a very good custom in Congress to deliver a few set eulogies on the character of a deceased member. But when gross reflections upon the living are interwoven with the praise of the dead, the whole design of the thing is subverted and turned into mockery. This was done in remarks by Mr. Savage of Tennessee, in his remarks upon the late P. S. Brooks, as witness the following abominable sentence: "The world has approved of the stabbing of Caesar by Brutus in the Capitol, and so will after generations approve the act of Brooks in striking down Sumner in the Senate Chamber."

The man who, in view of the strange and impressive death of Mr. Brooks, could utter words like these, is not to be envied either in his opinions, his feelings or his taste. It is no wonder that the Massachusetts delegation, and a large number of the other Representatives, left the room. It is but just to say, however, that Mr. Savage was not one of those selected by the friends of Mr. Brooks to speak on the occasion. We trust it is the last expression of personality in regard to this unhappy affair. Let the grave cover every thing of the kind in oblivion.—[Port Ad.]

THE CONDITION OF NATIVE AFRICANS.—We learn from the accounts of Dr. Livingston's labors, as a missionary in Africa, says the European that "far beyond the confines of civilization, where its vices have not penetrated, the true negro faculty possess an unexpected intelligence and great capabilities for refinement and improvement. Many of this despised race accepted with readiness the truths of Christianity, and all expressed their willingness at once to trade with the white man. North of twenty degrees south latitude—supposed to this time to be an arid, burning desert—lies an immense territory, which are now told possesses a pleasant and healthy climate, and a soil well watered, covered everywhere with a network of rivers, many of which are large and deep, and never dry up. Here, some of the most fatal diseases among Europeans are unknown.

THE RURAL DISTRICTS EQUAL TO ANY EMERGENCY.—A countryman went to the Lowell Post Office, a few days since, with a bank bill for a dollar's worth of postage stamps; the clerk wanted specie, and he straightway returned with four Spanish quarters; and these being also denied admittance, except at a discount, he came a third time with a hundred coppers, and in very copperish look of exultation. Being informed by the official behind the window that coppers were not a legal tender to a larger extent than three cents at a time, the man from the rural districts coolly

purchased a single stamp, and repeated the operation till his persecutor caved and took in the remaining cents in a lump, much to the internal satisfaction of the individual outside.

[Springfield Republican.]

Rev. I. S. Kallach.

The Boston papers of Saturday evening, contain the following report of a committee of the Tremont Street Baptist Church, which was unanimously adopted by the Church, together with resolutions declaring their determination to stand by their pastor.

The Evening Journal says: "While we think it due to himself and the public that Mr. Kallach should court a legal investigation of the serious charges which have been made, we are happy to receive an assurance that his future action in the premises will be governed by the advice of gentlemen in whose sound judgment the community have confidence."

At a full meeting of the Tremont street Baptist Church, the following report and resolutions were unanimously adopted: "The committee appointed by the Tremont street Baptist Church to examine into the charge which has been made against their pastor, the Rev. I. S. Kallach, have attended to their duty and beg leave to report:

1. They find this charge has been freely circulated in a paper denominated by a respectable journal of this city as a filthy sheet, which has given itself an infamous notoriety as the scurrilous defamer of good men's names.

2. That the evidence by which this charge is said to be supported, is not such as to entitle it to credence. It is unlikely and contradictory. Dea. Richardson, of the First Baptist Church of Boston, and J. Warren Merrill, Esq., of the Baptist Church of Cambridge, two gentlemen of the first respectability and unquestioned veracity, testify that the two accusing witnesses made certain statements to them of the affair, and then and there declared that they stated all that they knew and saw, and yet these same witnesses have since sworn to much more aggravated and essentially different version of the affair. The testimony of men who are found guilty of falsehood in their own relation of the matter, is not sufficient to convince your committee that their pastor is guilty, without positive, or the strongest circumstantial evidence. Positive evidence there is none. What then are the circumstances?

3. Mr. Kallach left home on the evening of the 5th day of January, with a mutual friend of himself and wife who was visiting at their house; stopped at the hotel in East Cambridge entirely ignorant of its reputation; introduced himself as the lecturer before the Lyceum, and called for a private sitting room where he might arrange his notes. After the lecture he went into the room again to rest and wait for his carriage. And it is charged that here, in an exceedingly exposed room, with a door partially pried open, that he might be watched, and with the door leading into the main hall unfastened, he was guilty of the crime alleged. The circumstances are improbable in the extreme, for detection was almost certain, and an opportunity for committing the crime charged against him almost impossible.

4. The manner of making the charge is of the most suspicious nature.

Why did not the base paper allude to make the charge immediately? Why was an anonymous letter sent to Mr. Kallach, and a correspondence requested? Why did his accusers wait until Mr. K. had gone on a distant journey, which had been planned weeks before, and then when he could not reply, assail and vilify him? And why not sustain the tardy charge with evidence accompanying? Why publish a part and tell the public more would follow?

In conclusion, your committee are convinced that Mr. Kallach has been the object of a base conspiracy to ruin his reputation, as anonymous letters of a threatening character have been received by him for several months past and that, in at least one instance, money has been demanded of him as the purchase of his safety; that he has been watched and pursued by men bent on his destruction; that his enemies chose what they evidently supposed to be auspicious time to effect it; that his bold position and earnest words have excited the wrath of those who have so unparisngly denounced, and who have received and circulated the charge alleged with flendish exultation; that Mr. K. has not the reputation of having abandoned, by hastily retreating and boldly confronting his accusers; and that his conduct, according to his accusers' testimony, was one of the most open and unsuspecting kind, he not having exercised that discretion in his movements that a wicked man would have exercised.

In view of all these considerations and from evidence in possession of your committee, they believe him innocent of the crime charged against him.

All of which are respectfully submitted.

[Signed] H. G. SWAIN, WM. W. KETCHUM, TIMOS DODGE, R. H. NELSON, C. DREW.

January 30, 1857.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. French of Eastbrook, while hunting—on Friday last week, was shot through the head with buck shot, killing him instantly. He was mistaken for a deer by Mr. Thomas Murek of Hancock, who was out in the woods hunting. How many such accidents must happen, before hunters will exercise more care while pursuing their sports? [Ellsworth American.]

A slight idea may be formed of the size of the cold between Boston and Newton yesterday morning, from the fact, as a veracious man informs us, that the steam from the locomotive of his train froze solid in the air, and, with the steam from other trains thereto added, a beautiful and useful canopy is formed, and remains thus protecting the track from any future fall of snow, until warm weather—Even the noise of the whistle is frozen, and will be heard when melted.—[Boston Post.]

OUR HARBOR.—While all the harbors as far south as the Potomac, (Portland excepted), are sealed up, it is not publishing our own shame to speak of Penobscot Bay. On Monday Mr. Dennett of Castine, crossed to this place on the ice. The memory of the old-time inhabitant runneth not back to the time when this bay was so completely sealed up. A gentleman from Rockland declares that the open sea is not visible with a glass from White Head. This is rather tough. A few walrus and white bears about Monhegan would make it quite Arctic. Unless there should be soft weather and a southerly gale, navigation will open late in the spring. The new barque Laura Russ which went adrift in the gale and was brought back, is in the ice some miles below the town.—[Belfast Journal.]

The Rockland Democrat says that on Friday evening, 23d inst. about 8 o'clock, Capt. Spinyay, a resident of Illinois, but recently on a visit to his native State, started from

Freedom village alone to walk to his old homestead, about four miles distant, and was found Saturday morning within about two rods and a half of the door, upon his hands and knees, with his head in the snow, frozen to death. He was a man of temperate habits, and by following his tracks no trace could be discovered that his strength failed till within a short distance of the place where he was found.

TOM PAINE TO WASHINGTON.—Under date of September 20th, 1792, a person calling himself an American Citizen, wrote a letter to Gen. Washington, which contained these words:

"And as to you, Sir, treacherous in private friendships, and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be troubled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor—whether you have a abandoned good principles, or whether you ever had any."

The writer was Tom Paine, then in France. This letter and others similar to it, have until recently been suppressed in the published life and writings of this notorious individual.

PROGRESSIVE CHEESE.—An Eastern man writes us that a stage driver, by whose side he was riding on the box a few weeks ago, told him the following story as they passed a lurching looking farm house, and the old farmer lounged about the door. The driver said:

"A Boston trader called at that house some time ago to buy cheese, but when he came to look at the lot he concluded not to take it, it was so full of skippers. As he was going off, the farmer said to him, 'Look here, Mister, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?'"

The trader took another look at it, and seeing more and more evidence of its being alive, replied:

"Well, let it be a day or two longer, and I guess you can drive it right down!"

THE BITERS BADLY BITTEN.—The contemptible practice of "horning," or serenading with horns, tin pans, and other discordant instruments, newly married people, is still too prevalent in this country. One took place in an adjoining town last week, in which the "horners" got the worst of it. A lady, who had been the housekeeper for some years of a respectable physician was married to a gentleman residing some distance away. While she was making preparations for the wedding, it came to her ears that a party of young fellows were making ready to serenade the wedding party with tin pans and horns. She applied to the doctor for a preventive dose of prescription. He gave her a plentiful dose of opium, which she mixed in a cake designed for the unwedded guests.

The night of the wedding cake, and with the tin-pan serenaders. The marriage ceremony had scarcely been performed before the ears of the bride, bridegroom and guests were saluted with the most hideous sounds from without. The Doctor thought it was best to invite the outsiders in and treat them to stop their noise. He accordingly appeared at the door and politely invited the serenaders to come in. The invitation was accepted, and the bride with a degree of magnanimity altogether unexpected, proffered the wine and cake with her own hands. They all parook and went quietly away, ashamed of what they had done—conquered by kindness. They had scarcely reached their respective homes before they were seized sickness at the stomach. The Doctor who had put up the prescription, had a dozen calls at once, and all his patients appeared to be affected in a similar manner.—As he knew what the malady was, he was of course gave himself no uneasiness. A thorough emetic in no doubt had a salutary effect, and the patients felt better after ejecting the bile which had caused their first uneasy symptoms. The verdict of decent people in the neighborhood where this took place was in favor of the bride.

[Rochester Union.]

There is a pleasant little tale about Sir Allen McNab. He was once traveling by a steamer, and, as luck would have it, was obliged to occupy a state-room along with a certain full-blooded Yankee. Both gentlemen arose early in the morning; and, while Sir Allen was dressing, he was astonished to behold his inquisitive companion making thorough researches into his (Sir Allen's) well-furnished dressing-case. Having completed his examination he proceeded, while the chieftain remained in the perfumed astonishment, coolly to select the tooth-brush, and therewith to bestow upon his scrubbing. Sir Allen said not a word, but kept up a divil of a thinking. When Jonathan had concluded the old Scotchman gravely finished washing himself, silently set the basin on the floor, soaped one foot well, and, taking the toothbrush, applied it vigorously to his toes and toe-nails.

"You dirty fellow," exclaimed the astonished Yankee, who had watched every motion, "what the mischief are you doing that for?" "Oh," replied Sir Allen, coolly, "That's the brush I always do that with!"

THE FIRE IN AMHERST COLLEGE.—The following extract from a letter dated Amherst, Jan. 20, gives some particulars of the fire at that place: "We had yesterday, raging storm; no mails left that place. About half past 8 o'clock P. M. there was a cry of fire. The North College was all in a blaze. The wind blew almost a gale. So fierce and rapid was the conflagration that several students in the east entry, escaped with difficulty, and one had to be taken from the fourth story by a ladder, as the stairway was in flames before he knew it.

The Society of Inquiry, which occupied rooms in the building, have lost their extensive and valuable museum, containing curiosities from all parts of the world, contributed by missionaries; and which can never be replaced—a part, however, was saved in a damaged condition."

FIFTY BELOW.—

