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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 10, No. 50): June 25, 1857

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## THE TWO CALLS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Walk in, elder, walk in. La! you must be tired, take the rocking-chair; warm day."

Thus with elevated voice and gracious smile, spoke Mrs. Timpkins to Elder May, as he stopped at her little cottage door. Elder May was a youthful brother, scarce twenty-four, unmarried, and it is needless to say, seeking for a wife to bless his lonely lot. He was handsome, but seemingly unconscious of his own attractions, a little negligent in his style of apparel, as young, unmarried ministers who are hard students are apt to be, and not quite as attentive to the single ladies of his church and congregation as would have pleased some of the more aspiring portion. He felt that he was on his Master's mission; in his piety he was earnest and devoted. No namby-pamby sentimentalism disguised his labors in the ministry.

But quiet, silent and uninterested as he seemed, he could not deny that there were two attendants on his ministry who pleased him more than the rest; one a handsome, rather showy girl, but who managed to dress nevertheless with marvelous taste, the other intelligent, modest, and very reserved, the daughter of a poor widow, and who kept a little school in her mother's house.

The former was styled in general parlance "the beauty"; the other, "the sweetest girl you ever knew." One could talk well, walk well, sing well, play well and work well; the other was silent, sang seldom, did not play at all, and was so retiring and modest that she was sometimes overlooked.

Our young minister really deserved a good wife. His mother had taught him—oh! jewel of a mother—to wait upon himself, and still more jewel-like, to wait upon her! so he was always apt and ready, and kept his study in exquisite order with his own hands. That study was not a sacred pigeon-loft, where he must sit in lonely and exalted state; he wasted no paper in composition; he did not take a reading book, or a well-written essay into the pulpit, for though nominally his library was his study, his earnest and most effective research, thought and elaboration were in the open fields, streets, lanes, or the rural homes of his parishioners. He found matter enough in the smallest pebble, the isolated grain of sand that adhered to his foot when he came from the sea-shore; the distant sail—the cloud whose airy convolutions proved the divinity of its maker; the lisp of the question of the little child, or the carping quiver of age. Everywhere, in everything, he heard the voices of heaven and saw its angelic ministry.

"Take the rocking chair, elder, do; and let me have your hat; now I hope you've come to dinner. Caddy is making some pies; Caddy makes just the sort of pies you like; she's an excellent cook, Caddy is."

"Thank you, Mrs. Timpkins, but I did not think of staying to dinner; your daughter spoke yesterday of a family of poor children, and as this is my leisure or lazy day, I thought I would call upon them."

"Caddy! Caddy!" cried the stout Mrs. T., hurrying into the hall. Then hurrying back, she said, "She'll be here in a few minutes—oh! wouldn't you like to see this beautiful book sent from the city to Caddy? It was a young gentleman, you see, one of very large firm stationers, quite rich, both of them, that boarded here last summer. Really, he looked very pale when he went away, though he came here for his health you know—Caddy didn't treat him just right; that is, she couldn't help it, you know; you can't make yourself like a body if you can't. You're looking at that painting, that's Caddy's; she's allowed to be quite a landscape artist; and by the way, dear me, there's no end to 'em; by the way, a young man came to teach in the village; he taught Caddy, that is, she took lessons of him, and he liked somebody, you know, and somebody did not like him. Poor fellow! I really pitied him, and so did Caddy's father; but the right one hadn't come along—then, you know, she added, with a conscious look."

The young elder blushed; how could he help it? and wished he hadn't called to inquire for the destitute family.

"I beg your pardon, the tidy has fallen behind you," said Mrs. Timpkins, rearranging the handsome article on the back of the red velvet chair, while the elder, half turning, looked on—"this is one of Caddy's best things of the kind; it was in the fair we had here, just before you came, and Caddy got a silver teaspoon for it; it was allowed on all hands to be the best piece of needle-work in the whole collection, and besides which she put in that vase of wax flowers on the mantel-shelf; some people thought they were more natural than the real ones, and she would have got the prize for them, if the committee hadn't been partial, it's thought, you know. Then there's a little water-color picture; the most beautiful thing I ever saw. It is? I saw it this—oh! and with an adroit movement the handsome piano was opened—"I remember now, it laid here when Caddy was practicing." The picture was not to be found, however, but the grand object was achieved, the piano was open, and while Mrs. Timpkins was looking and wondering, Caddy herself came in. She was so modestly, yet not affectedly glad to see the elder, she did not like to keep him waiting, but when people worked in the kitchen—with a little laugh—they were not always in a presentable state, and some kinds of work could not bear to be delayed.

The elder wondered if she usually worked in an elegant pink morning dress, delicately edged with lace, and how she could keep those fingers, also pink-tipped, so lily-like and white; and her hair so elaborately curled—but it was not his nature to be critical, and he experienced a vague, uneasy feeling, as if he had in some way committed himself, for Caddy was so deferential, and yet so confidently graceful, appealing constantly to him, as if his judgment was necessary to confirm her own opinion. Her mother asked her to play, and she immediately sang a little song with which he had once professed himself pleased. He gazed at Caddy as she sat at the instrument. She was handsome, but there was a hardness about the lines of her face he had never noticed before; and he grew painfully embarrassed when her mother, with a knowing sort of nod, left the room, and he was alone with the capable young lady. Fortunately he had come on an errand, and remembering that time had no more regard for young elders than old sinners, he arose, apologized for his haste, thanked Miss Caddy for her song, and was very anxious, he said, (the lady blushed and looked quite too conscious) to set upon her suggestions of the previous Sabbath, and if she could give him the locality of the family referred to, he would attend to them.

This she did with an air as easy and self-possessed as if it were not covering a great disappointment—for she had really made up her mind that the man had come to propose. From the first she had cast complacent glances at the paragon. Certainly she had given the elder every opportunity that feminine art could devise for a declaration, and if he had been a little less guileless, he might have seen the look through the bait—but as it was, he was not yet caught.

He left Mrs. Timpkins in a musing mood. The breeze from the hills, the golden-hearted June roses, the sweet scent of the clover, the great frame of heaven—the pictured hills and meadows; the hamlet behind with its one diamond-tipped spire—the fragrance, light and beauty of the scene, as if nature were newly born, filled the soul of the gentle under shepherd with sweet, holy, unutterable emotions. It must be confessed that, beautiful as she was, and though her clear ringing voice yet lingered in his ear, he had forgotten Miss Caddy Timpkins. The bright, black eye, unwinking and undrooping, the smooth rosininess of the cheeks, the glossy blackness of the hair, the perfection of the pink wrapper had faded like an evening cloud, leaving no trace behind.

But he loved music, and as he rambled on, a softer voice warbled a merry little air, and he paused to listen. It came from the humble cottage of the widow, whose daughter was "the sweetest girl you ever knew." And while he stood there, screened by intervening trees, for the widow's garden plot was an orchard in miniature, he saw the young girl turn the corner of the little house, and advance toward a certain line that stretched from tree to tree.

Her toilet attracted his attention. The locks were drawn back from a beautiful thought-moulded brow—a snowy handkerchief was loosely pinned over it, and confined under her chin. The arms were bare to the elbow, the sleeves being carefully tucked up. A linen apron, with ample waist and breadth, enfolded her dress, and (softly) it bore the impress of a tub. (Ver one arm hung a white, moist cloth, that, as she quietly unfolded it, the while singing that pretty little melody, and smiling as if much, much happier than a queen, she threw over the mystic line, pinned it with two queer-looking pieces of wood, which I would describe if it were possible for the modern reader to comprehend me, and then—then a genuine blush made her most absolutely beautiful, for she met the grave eye of the young elder, and saw that he had caught her in the vulgar act of hanging out clothes. Her embarrassment, however, was but momentary; in the graceful way that "nature taught her" she came forward, and without one single apology invited him in.

"I am very happy to see you, sir; my mother is not well to-day, and would be pleased I am sure, to talk with you."

She opened the front door, led him into a little room where her mother sat, pale, but still at work with her knitting-needles, and then went back to her labor, taking—"I am not sure but she carried half of the elder's heart with her, such a simple elegance did her manner reveal, though she was all unconscious."

"These little benches, sir, are for Nellie's scholars. She gives up her Mondays to me, sir; you see I am growing old and feeble—"

"You must come in sometimes and see the little folks, sir; Nellie thinks there never were such children."

"How long has your daughter taught?"

"Oh! ever since she was that high," said the old lady, with a gratified look; "she's the child of my old age, sir, blessed God for leaving her, the only one out of ten; and grateful tears filled her eyes. The elder had carelessly opened a book that laid beside him, he seemed struck with something that met and fascinated his vision.

"Whose drawings are these?" he asked, almost impulsively.

"Nellie's, sir; though I'm sure she'd be mortified to have any one see them; she does not know anything about the rules, sir, but she seems to have a love for it; she always had a pencil or a pen in her hand since she was a little thing."

"A pen! Does she write much?"

"Well, Nellie is very shy of having it known," said the widow hesitatingly, "but she does write things that lift my soul almost to heaven. I do wonder sometimes if she can be anything belonging to me. Nellie is not learned, sir. I have wept many's the time that I could not afford her an education such as I felt she should have; but she's something beyond—well, I won't praise my own child," she added, with a blush.

The elder turned a leaf; his eye sparkled with pleasure as he read. He closed the book; there was a light in his glance that had never been kindled before; the little room with its plain deal benches seemed transformed into a temple where thought and genius wove their garlands of immortality. He could hear the rising sound of the water in the kitchen; it was somewhat laughable too—soap-suds and poetry, or would have been to common ears, but to his there was a little sublimity in the union of the poetical with the practical; in this case it was genius soothing the woes and bearing the burdens of age. After some religious conversation with the good disciple, he left her, feeling strengthened, refreshed, and if the truth must be told, an admiration akin to love for "the sweetest girl you ever knew."

Nellie happened to be at the clothes-line as he went out; she had not altered her attire or the fashion of it, but with a true, womanly independence felt that she looked just right for her work. He smiled as he gazed at her sweet, frank face, exclaiming almost involuntarily, "poets are born not made."

Nellie started, gazed at him while a soft crimson mantled her cheeks; her eyes fell, and her good morning, sir, came faintly from her lips. And when her mother told her what conversation had passed at the interview, she was child enough to burst into tears.

"Oh! mother, mother! I must seem so ridiculous to him!"

"In mercy's name, why, child?" asked the old lady, in alarm, peering over her spectacles.

"Oh! mother, it looks as if I left it there on purpose to be seen—this foolish poetry—these silly sketches; and here—oh! dear, dear—here he is himself—that head is his; I sketched it yesterday; what must he think of me; and she hid her burning face in her hands."

"Well, if he don't think well of you, darling, he'll be the first one," said her mother, soothingly, "and as to seeing his own face, he knows, or I could have told him, that you draw everybody—come, come, don't you worry but what the minister will think as well of you as anybody else—maybe better, she innocently added."

It wasn't six months from that day before Nellie poured out tea at the paragon breakfast-table, three cups, one for herself, one for her mother, and one for the young elder, who made the happiest-looking husband that ever was seen. It is said that to this day Nellie writes poetry, while Caddy Timpkins is yet single, and boasting of the matches she might have made. [Peterson's Magazine.]

VOL. X. WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1857.

NO. 50.

## RESTLESSNESS.

BY FLORENCE WERT.

Down in the harbor the ships lie moored,  
Weary sea-birds with folded wing—  
Anchors dropped and sails secured,  
Yet on the water they rock and swing,  
Lock and swing,  
As though each keel were a living thing.

Silence sleeps on the earth and air,  
Never a breath does the sea-breeze blow,  
Yet like living pendulums there,  
Down in the harbor, to and fro,  
To and fro,  
Backward and forward the vessels go.

As a child on its mother's breast,  
Cradled in happy slumber, lies,  
Yet, half conscious of joy and rest,  
Varies its breathing, and moves, and sighs,  
To and fro,  
Yet neither wakes nor opens its eyes.

Or it may be, the vessels long,  
For almost human they seem to me—  
For the leaping waves, and the storm-wind strong,  
And the fetterless freedom out at sea,  
Out at sea,  
And feel their rest a captivity.

So, as a soul from a higher sphere,  
Fettered down to this earthly clay,  
Strives at the chains which bind it here,  
Tossing and struggling, day by day,  
Day by day,  
Longing to break and live away.

Strive the ships, in their restlessness,  
Whether the tide be high or low—  
And why these tear-drops, I cannot guess,  
As down in the harbor, to and fro,  
To and fro,  
Backward and forward the vessels go.

## A New Hampshire Judge's Charge.

John Dudley, of Raymond, N. H., who was for twelve years Judge of the Superior Court from 1785 to 1797, had not only no legal education, but little learning of any kind. But he had a discriminating mind, a retentive memory, a patience which no labor could tire, an integrity proof alike against threats and flattery, and a free elocution, often uncouth, bold, clear, and expressive, with a warmth of honest feeling, which it is not easy to resist. His ideas of law may be inferred from the conclusion of one of his charges to the jury, which I once heard my father repeat. It was somewhat in this style.

"You have heard, gentlemen of the jury, what has been said in this case by the lawyers, the rescals! but I won't abuse them. It is their business to make a good case for their clients; they are paid for it; and they have done in this case well enough. But you and I, gentlemen, have something else to consider. They talk of law. Why, gentlemen, it is not law that we want, but justice. They would govern us by the common law of England. Trust me, gentlemen, common sense is much safer guide for us—the common sense of Raymond, Epping, Exeter, and the other towns, which have sent us here to try this case, between two of our neighbors. A clear head and an honest heart are worth more than all the law of all the lawyers. There was one good thing said at the bar. It was from one Shakespeare, an English player, I believe. No matter. It is good enough almost to be in the Bible. It is this: 'Be just and fear not.' That, gentlemen, is the law in this case, and law enough in any case. 'Be just and fear not.' It is our business to do justice between the parties, not by any quirk of the law out of Coke or Blackstone, books that I never read and never will, but by common sense and common honesty, as between man and man. That is our business; and the curse of God upon us if we neglect or evade, or turn aside from it. And now, Mr. Sheriff, take out the jury; and you, Mr. Foreman, do not keep us waiting with idle talk, of which there has been too much already, about matters that have nothing to do with the merits of the case. Give us an honest verdict, of which, as plain common sense men you need not be ashamed."

I have made the judge speak good English, which he did not very often do. This 'ere plaintiff, and 'that 'ere defendant,' them lawyers' and 'these 'ere witnesses,' were expressions that fell often from his lips; yet, it was observed, that when warmed by his subject, his language, always forcible, became suddenly accurate and ever elegant, so naturally is correctness, as well as eloquence, the result of clear thought and earnest feeling. It will not excite surprise that such a judge carried the jury with him. Indeed when fairly under way there was no stopping him. He tramped down and ran over everything that stood before him, and came out always first at the goal. He had been from 1775 to 1784, during the whole period of the Revolution, one of the Committee of Safety, the most efficient of governments. Quick to feel and prompt to act, he was a resolute, strong-minded man, intent on doing substantial justice in every case, though often indifferent to the form and requirements of law. "You may laugh," said Theophilus Parsons, who practised for many years in our courts, "at his law, and ridicule his language; but Dudley is, after all the best judge I ever knew in New Hampshire." To have received this praise from Judge Parsons, Dudley must have been, on the whole, not ignorant of law, nor inattentive to its substantial requirements.

"Justice," said Arthur Livermore, speaking to me of Dudley, before whom he had himself practised, "was never better administered in New Hampshire than when the judges knew very little of the law."

[Life of the late Gov. Plummer.]

BETTER THAN THAT.—Talking of Sidney Smith's cool idea of taking off his flesh and sitting in his bones, as being the highest imaginable degree of airy comfort now-a-days—"I can better that," said Covertop.

Covetop roamed with us, in the days when, with his hat on, his house was thatched, and on rising in the morning, he always roofed his house, as the first step to his toilet, looking very like a gentleman in Georgia uniform the while. Hence his sobriquet.

Better what?

"Sit in his bones, I can better that."

"Impossible! How?"

Why, said Covertop, gravely, "I'd knock the marrow out and have a draft through."

A WORD FOR THE PURITANS.—One of the most quoted hits at the Puritans is the remark of Macaulay, that their opposition to bear-bating was 'not on the ground that it gave the bear pain, but because it gave the people pleasure.' Now Mr. Macaulay, (says Brown, who is not a Puritan,) suppose you have judged correctly of the motive of the Puritans' hostility to bear-bating, were the Puritans in the wrong? To relieve the question of all prejudice, let us take it, for the purposes of this trial, out of the Roundhead and Cavalier atmosphere, and inquire about Spanish bull-fights. Why do moralists everywhere and of all sects denounce that sort of amusement? Is it in pity of the bull? or even of the half-brute who goads him on to battle? Is it not that to find pleasure in cruelty to man or beast depraves the mind and hardens the heart of the spectator? That's the point, Mr. Macaulay, and the Puritans were right. Never mind the bear—he could bear it (excuse the pun) much better than the people, who grew urbane and brutal while they rejoiced in the agonies of Bruin. [Post.]

AMUSING OUR MINISTERS.—How shall the ministry amuse themselves—keep up their health and spirits—drive dull care and dyspepsia away—and save their congregations from the pangs of occasional separation when the foul fiend, bronchitis, takes them by the throat and drags them, with carpet-bag and salary attached, over the damp ocean and away from all the duties and delights of home?

This is our own statement of an idea which has sought expression and solution more than once during the anniversary meetings. Perhaps we do not word it properly—very likely, for the real question is one of serious and weighty import. The ministry exists by Divine appointment, and the hopes of the world gather around its efficiency. It has labors of great magnitude, trials continued and depressing, sorrows deep and not to be shared on earth. And yet the joys of the work are peculiar and assured from on high. So far, then, as the distinctive lot of the ministry is concerned, we may lay it aside as fully equal to the common lot, since it would be wrong to doubt that He who takes note of the falling sparrows will neglect those whom he has peculiarly called to spread his word on earth.

But this leads us to take a human and common-sense view of the minister's taking a human and common-sense care of himself. His bodily and mental system require more recreation. Very well! let him take it. It is a free country as regards amusements or the participation in them by the different professions. There is no need of taking public action on the matter—of wrenching this and resolving that in a long series of conventions. If any minister wants recreation, let him go right out into the fresh air and help himself. There may be yet some fools—as there always were—who will profess to be shocked at a minister's acting like a man. But we take it upon us to say that the great bulk of the community is completely ready, and would be extremely happy to see every minister enjoying any kind of legitimate recreation suited to his character, years and needs as man. He need not drive a fast horse in order, as Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, to get his exercise in an 'abnormal way'—he need countenance no amusement (not even 'javelin throwing,' as Beecher recommends), which has dangerous or doubtful tendencies. But whatever as a man of sense he thinks necessary and becoming to him, he need have no hesitation in adopting. But let him do it naturally and confidently; otherwise—like the German baron who tried to improve his vivacity by jumping back and forth over chairs—he will only get the labor to himself, while the amusement will be wholly on the side of the spectators.

But what would be proper recreations for the clergy? We are precluded from answering this question, by having referred it to every minister's own judgment and good taste—the cultivation of which faculties, should there be room for it, is not a bad recreation. But it may be suggested that in the very line of professional duty there are not wanting opportunities of good physical exercise. When the Rev. Sylvester Judd, the excellent author of 'Margaret,' made his pastoral visits, he often pushed one of his children along with him on a wheelbarrow—mingling the duties of a pastor and father in a somewhat primitive, but decidedly beneficial method. But suppose the minister walks alone, surely he might step a little more lightly, shake the hand of his neighbor more energetically and converse with more heartiness—all in the way of exercise. Even in the pulpit, might he not on rare occasions, strengthen his bodily system without detriment to his usefulness, by speaking with a greater variety of modulation and freedom of gesture, even talking at times, extempore, as other earnest men do?

But ours is not the duty of making further suggestions in this direction. We have a hearty sympathy for the clergy on this seemingly slight, but actually important matter. But we do think the question lies wholly with the ministers themselves, and that whatever improvement, course they conclude to take will be cheerfully ratified by public opinion. [Boston Journal.]

High prices are relative, rather than absolute. The New York Tribune says: "It is not long since a ton of flour would have bought a ton of sugar in this city; now four tons of flour will hardly buy a ton of sugar. Many a farmer in Ohio or Indiana has paid the proceeds of five or six bushels of wheat for a weekly newspaper, whereas he now pays for a better paper with the proceeds of a single bushel of wheat. Once a thousand bushels of wheat would not buy a Bible; now a single bushel in this city will pay for three or four Bibles."

Let us all comprehend, then, that an article is not necessarily dearer to-day than formerly, because the price is higher. It may cost twenty-five per cent more money, yet be actually cheaper than when sold at the lower price. If gold increases faster than the property or products which it measures, prices must rise still higher in the average, though certain articles may simultaneously be cheapened."

Edward J. Hawkins was hung for murder in Estill County, Kentucky, last Friday. On the day of his execution he a letter, from which we make the following extract, to the Louisville Democrat, to correct several "inaccuracies" which had appeared in its statement of his life:

Your next error is—that all my wives are alive; one of them, young beautiful and lovely as she was, committed suicide on account of the enormous deception I had practiced upon her. Your next error is—that I numbered my murdered victims by the half dozen; I have only murdered four persons in my life. I have married the six women as stated in your article. I hope you will correct the above named errors, or give this piece a place in your paper."

## THE LOST.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The drifting rain came o'er the Western hills,  
The air was dim with spray;  
To thronging rivers swell the simple rills,  
The roaring torrents drowned the grinding mills,  
The mist obscured the day!  
She trod with nimble feet the beaten track,  
Up, up, the mountain's steep,  
Along the dingle deep, nor looked she back—  
'Twas in her train the frozen rain  
Leaped in a cataract.

The sheep were on the hills—her lamb, her pet—  
She called his gentle name;  
And thro' the flying drifts, and cold, and wet,  
The heaving mist wound 'round her like a net—  
She vanished as a flame.

The avalanche burst from the mountain's side  
And crushed the mighty trees.  
Hail down the chert in seas a deadly tide!  
And men grew pale, and on the pale  
Rang curse and prayer allied.

From night the morning came; the red rose flush  
Lay round the highlands bleak,  
And in the dreamy air there reigned a hush—  
And on the distant scene there was a blush—  
Like shame on anger's cheek!

But never home came lamb or maiden more,  
Adown the mountain's steep;  
But fighting men from sleep, when tempest roared,  
Her voice calls clear on night's dead ear—  
The lamb's name as before.

ELEGANT MANNERS.—What elegant manners young Mr. Diddle has!

"Has he, indeed, Miss Amanda Jane?"

"Why? How?"

"Oh, he knelt so gracefully and handed me my bouquet that I dropped last evening; and he made such a nice bow when he gave me his seat in the car, the other day."

"Yes, ma'am; and in that same car, a poor, sickly woman carrying home some soiled clothes to wash, had stood tottering and trembling close at his knees for a dozen squares—"

"Good manners! and he smokes cigars in the street. I caught such a whiff the other day over his shoulder as almost made me sick, and quite made me angry. How has a man a right to let tobacco smoke out of his mouth into my face, any more than to spit in my face? Good manners would teach Mr. Diddle, if he must practice a dirty habit, to do it in some obscure corner where he will not offend the decency and the sense of his betters."

Good manners, indeed! Your paragon stands before the fire with his back to it, his legs and his coat-tails spread out in a way that is certainly not elegant, and is hardly fair to the rest of the company."

My dear Amanda Jane, true good manners are the overflow of an inner fountain; not a mere shiny varnish. To be sure, the outside finish is necessary as well as the inside material. But those manners can't be called 'good' that break down when they have only an old woman to be shown off to, instead of a showy girl; or that permit glaring public rudeness, and would make up for it by a much more private formality."

Amanda Jane, better not marry such a 'good-mannered' man as that! All the manners he has wouldn't keep him from cursing his wife for her face if he should be vexed. Selfish, shallow, false! Judge of manners by the nature, as well as the form.

[Life Illustrated.]

FLOWERS FOR FARMERS.—Flowers for farmers! What have they to do with such things? Of what use are they? They will not help me pay for that new ten-acre lot, nor to buy that new carriage and harness, nor to get that new sofa and carpet for the parlor. No, no; let the flowers go. Drive the plow, and hoe, and scythe; sharpen the axes, and let us cut down all the old forest trees in sight, which do nothing but shade the highway and the pastures, and had much better be turned into bank-bills. And those useless posy-bushes Sarah has got in the front yard had better be grubbed up, and currant bushes set in their place, or some kind of vegetables grown there; something, at least, that will help to feed the family. Then, perhaps, we shall get on.

Please sir, not quite so fast. Possibly you have not thought enough about this matter on all-sides. Let us take it up and air it a little. Brother farmer, what do you live for? What is the object of your thoughts and labor? If it is not the highest and best of all objects, viz:—to be right and to do right towards God and man—perhaps it is the next best thing, viz: to be happy yourself and to make others so. Well, does it make you really happy to deny yourself and your family rational enjoyments, to strip your house within and without of every luxury and ornament, in order that you may lay up a few more dollars and cents? If so, then hang your harness in your wife's parlor, and turn your daughter's flower-beds into a kitchen garden, and enjoy yourself!

But if this can possibly make you happy, it will hardly be so with others. See your little children wandering about the premises, searching for flowers; they are never so happy as when they find a buttercup or violet. Should not that simple and natural taste be gratified? If they had a little garden of their own, where they might dig and plant, and water, and indulge all sorts of childish fancies, would they not be happier, and would they not in after years have pleasanter recollections of their childhood's home, and fonder recollections of you? They must have amusements of some kind; would you not rather they should be innocent and healthful? You wish them to be happy and contented at home; should you not try to make their home attractive?

A CHARGE AGAINST THE CLERGY.—The editor of the New York Examiner comments severely upon a recent article in Harper's New Weekly, which accused the Northern clergy generally of prostituting their pulpit to politics. The Examiner says: "This is a fair question, and we make no objection to its discussion. But we have a right to expect something better from a journal claiming the position of Harper's Weekly than such a statement as the following: 'For the last three years, through the discussions growing out of the Kansas Nebraska act, the recent presidential struggle, and the Dred Scott decisions, a large portion of the clergy of the Northern States have been actively engaged in the political warfare, and have acted really, if not avowedly, as most efficient advocates of one of the great political parties of the day.' We have some knowledge of 'the clergy of the Northern States' and we unhesitatingly deny that 'a large portion' of them have been 'actively engaged in the political warfare,' or that they have been the 'advocates' of one of the great political parties of the day." We have seen from week to week the religious journals of this country, nearly all of which are edited by ministers, and we do not know of more than three, out of the whole number, that have identified themselves with any political party, on have attempted to instruct their readers how to vote; and we do not believe a hundredth part of Northern ministers have made themselves conspicuous in any 'political warfare.'

As citizens of a free country, they may have used the right of suffrage, and expressed their political preferences in their social intercourse with their fellow-citizens. Further than that, with a very few exceptions, the clergy of the Northern States have not gone."

A PERTINENT QUESTION BY A CANADIAN FILLIBUSTER OF 1837.—The following letter, published a few days since in the Summit Beacon, contains matter that is not a little suggestive. The writer of it was well known as a Canadian fillibuster, or—according to the phrase of the time—patriot; and was doubtless, in every respect, as brave, as disinterested, and as firmly devoted to the enlargement of the area of freedom and the spread of the principles of republicanism as Gen. Walker himself. He was defeated after an ill-devised and badly managed expedition; and forced, out of respect to the integrity of his skin, to a sudden and not very graceful retreat—thus making the parallel between the two cases still more striking. He was prosecuted, and it seems, that in that case, it was deemed necessary for our national judiciary to make some voluntary demonstrations of zeal against those who had been so inconsiderate as to commit a breach of the Law of Nations; and it is not surprising that he feels a little curiosity to know whether or not the same feeling of abhorrence for similar offences still exists in the bosoms of the arch conservators of the peace of the Union and the world. The editor of the Beacon introduces the letter as follows:

Having heard that Gen. Bierce had written a letter to Judge McLean, we asked a copy for publication. We give it below:

Akron, May 29, 1857.

HON. JOHN MCLEAN.—I see by a telegraph dispatch of yesterday, that Gen. Walker and staff were approaching the city of New Orleans on a steamer from Nicaragua. In the latter part of 1837 and fore part of 1838, because I sympathized with the patriots of Canada, in their struggle to sever their connection with England, and annex to the United States, you thought it an offense so gross in its character as to require a special charge to the grand jury—and you even filed, with your own hand, a precept for a writ to be served on me for violating our laws of neutrality.

For this I have no fault to find—but I am looking with a somewhat curious eye to see whether you will pursue those engaged in annexing slave territory, with the zeal you did those engaged in trying to annex free territory to the Union—or whether, as in the case of raising troops in Cincinnati, to go to Texas, they can leave the United States, organized for war—with the flag of a foreign nation flying above them—provided they go to aid slave propagandists.

Most respectfully,  
L. V. BIERCE.  
Hon. J. McLean, Justice S. C. U. S.

HONOR AMONG THE FALLEN.—It is hard to quench the last spark of goodness in the breast of woman, and if the world would often say as did the Nazarene, "Go thy way, and sin no more," there would be less of human misery. We cite the following from the Chicago Tribune, and commend it to the notice of those for whom the erring are objects only of scorn. Let them remember that if this girl had been lost, little censures would have fallen upon the villain who ruined her, yet who would have been secure in secrecy, while the world's obloquy would have been for the victim.

A few days since a young Canadian lady, about thirteen or fourteen years of age, came to the city from Canada, for the purpose of meeting her father, who had been to the west on business, and put up at the Tremont House. Not meeting her father as she had anticipated, she became uneasy. At the Tremont House she met a man who gave his name as G. D. Black. This wretch represented to her, that a public hotel was no place for her, and that he would procure a private boarding house for her till she could find her father. She acceded to his proposition, and the villain gave her the following letter to a woman named Kate Howard, who keeps a house of ill-repute at No. 110 West street:

DEAR MADAME.—You will confer a great favor on me by keeping—In your house, and you can do as you like with her. She don't know where I am sending her to. Be kind to her, and tell her I will give her five dollars a week and board. I have took all her money from her. If you will give her some dry clothes to put on her, I will pay you for them. I will call on you in a week. Keep—

Thus this infernal ruffian planned the destruction of an innocent young girl, but he was doomed to be disappointed. When the girl presented herself at Kate Howard's, that woman, to her honor be it said, asked her if she knew to what kind of a house her pretended friend had sent her. The girl answered no. Kate said, "He has sent you to a house of prostitution, and I am the keeper of it, but I have not forgotten that I was once an innocent child like yourself, or that I once had a mother as perhaps you have, and I will protect and defend you, outcast and fallen as I am. Come out of this den at once. It is no place for the like of you." Suing the action to the world, the woman took the poor, friendless girl to a respectable German family in the neighborhood, and paid for her board and lodging out of her own pocket. In the morning she sent for one of our detective police officers and placed the girl in his keeping, and yesterday she was restored to the arms of her father.

TREATMENT OF ASTHMA.—The following is given in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, by Dr. Stillwell, as an efficacious remedy for the above disease. He says:

"I have administered the hydrate of potassa in this disease with most decided temporary and permanent relief. Employed in 5-grain doses three times a day, the effect is immediate and marked. Of the rationale of its effects I am ignorant; but the administration of the remedy is followed by a discharge of the viscid mucus, attended with an amelioration of all the most urgent symptoms. In hay asthma, rose fever, and cases analogous to true spasmodic asthma—caused by certain perfumes, vapors, &c.—this remedy produces the same relief. That hydrate of potassa possesses a specific influence upon the air passages I think is undoubted, and I am prepared to learn that it will be found one of our most efficacious remedies in 'pseudo-membranous croup,' to disengage the false membrane after the inflammatory action has been reduced."











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**PAINT STOCK,**  
CONSISTING IN PART OF:

Pure Ground White Lead,	Prussian Blue,
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Colors Vermilion,	Do. Ground,
Turquoise do.	Do. Burnt and Ground,
Ground Verdigris,	Pera do Sienna
Paris Green,	Gum Shellac,
Chrome do.	Stone Yellow,
Drumhead Green,	French do.
Colors Scarlet,	Red Lead,
Whitish Vermilion,	Litharge
American do.	White Vitriol,
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Also, a good assortment of

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CHEAP FOR CASH.

**Farmers' Boilers.**  
FROM 12 to 60 gallons, set in stores, can be used in Homes or  
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Late Agent of U. S. Patent Office, Washington, under the Act  
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Grants an extensive practice of upwards of twenty years  
in the United States, and in all the Kingdoms of Europe, as  
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PROOF, AND SUCCESS IS THE BEST PROOF OF ADVANCEMENT. The inventor, however, is not to be discouraged by the reason to believe, and can prove, that no other offices of the kind are the charges for professional services so moderate. The inventor, however, is not to be discouraged by the reason to believe, and can prove, that no other offices of the kind are the charges for professional services so moderate. The inventor, however, is not to be discouraged by the reason to believe, and can prove, that no other offices of the kind are the charges for professional services so moderate. The inventor, however, is not to be discouraged by the reason to believe, and can prove, that no other offices of the kind are the charges for professional services so moderate.

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**Teas! Teas! Teas!**  
The choicest and best selected, Black and Green Teas, coming  
direct from HONG KONG, and SHANGHAI, PEKING, CANTON, and  
NINGYONG, at  
B. W. FLATT'S.

**GARDINER FLOUR MILL.**  
THE Proprietors having secured their winter's stock of  
SUPERIOR WHEAT, now offer for sale, wholesale and re-  
tail, fresh ground.

**Double Extra, Extra, and Family Flour,**  
Put up in 25 lbs. and 1-2, 1-4 & 1-8 bags.  
The above being the best quality of wheat selected when  
and always warrant, we feel confident will give satisfaction.  
Also, Feed of all kinds, constantly for sale.  
Gardiner, Me, Nov. 29, 1856. JOHN B. NUTTING.

**CARPET HALL,**  
Over the Boston & Maine Railroad Depot.

HAYMARKET SQUARE, ----- BOSTON.  
 The undersigned (Successors to Wm. F. TENNY & CO.) call  
 on purchasers of  
**CARPETS**  
 At retail, a complete and most desirable assortment, comprising  
 every variety of fabric and quality, of both ENGLISH and  
 AMERICAN manufacture. Also a splendid stock of FLOOR  
 OIL CLOTHS, (from 2 to 24 feet in width,) Cocoas and Vellours.  
 Mattings, Burs, &c.  
 We respectfully solicit a call at this large, long-established  
 and well known Warehouse, from all in want of this kind  
 of goods, and wishing to secure the best and lowest cash prices.  
 DAVIS, WRIGHT & CO.  
 GEO. F. DAVIS. SAM'L T. WRIGHT. Wm. F. Tenny & Co.

**Farm for Sale.**

As we are unable to labor, and one of us intends to change climate on account of ill health, we will sell our Farm and Farming Tools very low at the first opportunity. Said Farm contains 106 acres of good land—well watered, both field and pasturing—is over 91 rods wide in front—lays in good shape. The crops to be conveyed to the buildings—and is well fenced in from 25 to 30 tons of Hay, and can easily be made to contain 60 tons in two or three days.

There is nearly 12 acres of valuable meadow, which will cut 15 to 20 tons of hay, by repairing the dam on the brook, in order to overflow it in the spring, and which will be but little labor. Buildings of all kinds on the farm necessary for farming purposes, they are new, finished in good style, and conveniently arranged. The main house 36x26-1, 40x17 feet, including wood shed, and 3 stories high—barn 50x31 feet. Said farm is situated in Clinton, one mile from Hunter's Mills Village, and three-fourths of a mile from the depot. For a more definite description apply to the owners on the premises.

April 20, 1897. 41th DON & MICHAELS

**Newly Arrived!**  
CHOICE brands of Double Extra, Superfine and Fancy Flour  
for sale by **B. & W. PLATT**

**GERMAN RAT & ROACH**

**WARRANTED IN EVERY INSTANCE**  
**PRICE 25 CENTS.**

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kins sole agent in Bangor, No. 1, Kenduskeag Bridge.  
 Sold in Waterville by G. H. ADAMS & CO., Wholesale  
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**Celebrated Scales,**  
 OF EVERY VARIETY,  
 34 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.



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A full assortment of all kinds of weighing  
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rates. Railroad, Hay, and Coal Scales set in any part of  
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**Sheathing Paper.**  
TARRED and untarred, for sale at E. Coffin's H  
ware and Stove Store, Main st., Waterville.  
COTMAN HANNETT

**SHIRAZ'S SALE.**  
KENNEDY, ESQ., TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public  
June 5, 1857. The auction, to the highest bidder there-  
on Saturday, July 11th, 1857, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Fair  
House, in Clinton, in said county, now occupied by Wm. W.  
mouth, all the right, title and interest that George Hunter  
Haines Hunter, or either of them, have and to the following  
described most valuable estate situated in Clinton to-wit: to

ty, and described as follows, to wit—One undivided half part of all the buildings, and the land on which they stand, situated in the northerly section of the David Hunter farm, so called, owned by said David Hunter, and now occupied by said David Hunter.

48 O. E. McFADDEN, Deputy Sheriff

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KENNEBEC, ME.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, Wis., on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1857.

GEORGE W. PRESSY, GUARDIAN OF  
THE ESTATE OF W. KENTHILL, vs. said court.

A true copy, Attest—J. HUSTON, Register

**NOTICE.**—For a valuable consideration, I hereby release and quitclaim unto my sons, SMON and ALFRED NELSON, their heirs and assigns, the remainder of their minority, I shall claim none of their earnings and pay no debts of their contracting after this date.

(Signed) SAMUEL NELSON.  
49

Waterville, June 10, 1867. Witness—PAULIAN FRANKLIN.

**FORECLOSURE.**

**BENJAMIN F. SOULE**, on the eighth day of March A. D. 1867, mortgaged to Joseph G. Pearson, of Honesdale and Lot with

As now lived, named as above, century, by was sent to  
Gronette's Mill, at the John Cool lot, Western, by land of  
G. Eiken, Northern, by land of H. Branch, Eastern, by  
of Joseph D. Fearson, being one-half acre, more or less,  
the buildings standing thereon. Said mortgage has been  
signed to me, and I claim the same to be void, the said  
having been broken.

EDMUND BRANCH

1. Pangor, June 16, 1857. 1. And I have of the same I had

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