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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 11, No. 06): August 20, 1857

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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A YOUNG LADY.

Every one old enough to leave the nursery, has possessed of a correct pair of eyes, must have observed that there are two species of ladies in the world; of the one kind, scattered here and there, there may be found specimens varying in age from the blooming teens to the quiet, shadowy years that mark the utmost boundary of human existence; of the other species, comparatively few examples are to be seen that are thirty years old, and much the greater portion of them are but little more than infants at heart.

Of the former I have nothing to say more than that it comes to me that the presence of the one, whether she be old or young, handsome or plain, would be sufficient to cause the bitterest spirit to fall newly to love with the life she illustrates and the earth she adorns.

At present Miss Eliza Jones, a young lady of the latter kind, particularly engages my attention. Eliza is undoubtedly young in years, and when she comes to be, she will leave off being a lady even in her own estimation; for the ladyhood (permit me thus to speak) which is her ladyship, is an ephemeral of the shortest day, a sunny day that can sport on its little pool only, while it is by the sunshine of youth, but which is not sufficient vitality to live through the first of life's shadowy years.

Notwithstanding Mr. Jones's girlhood, she has a maturity of judgment which ought to be considered far more becoming than the precocious poetic "tune" and faculty of the Misses Davidson, the better understands the economy of living. I mean the general economy of it, that is, her parents who have had considerably more than double her experience. In this, as well as in numerous other facts of a similar nature, she finds a higher law that justifies her in dispensing with the old-fashioned injunction, *Honor thy Father and thy Mother*; indeed, she insists that her parents shall respect and obey her; but as yet her success is not perfect. Her doing mother who seldom leaves the kitchen and the sewing room so, as by intemperance and comparison with others to know her own value, she has coerced into submission. But her father, a sturdy mechanic, remotes countenance, even after several violent quarrels and a few threats of excommunication.

Notwithstanding Mr. Jones will not heed the pretty new law. "Parents obey your children," he loves his daughter, as fathers in general have a habit of doing, however ingratitude and undutifulness may mar the character of their offspring. He begins too to understand her; and so, with resolution and patience, endeavors to correct such errors of thought and faults of feeling as by means of his ignorance of the tendency of external influences upon her natural inclinations, have been permitted to develop themselves in her.

On a recent Saturday night, returning from his labor, Mr. Jones found Mrs. Jones quiet with the extra duties that Saturday brings to her in her circumstances who like to make Sunday a sabbath. Our young lady was invisible.

"When does Bridget come back?" he inquired after supper, observing that the drooping of the muscles of his wife's face made her look three years older than she did last Sunday.

"Not until next Saturday," answered Mrs. Jones, unconsciously drawing a long breath.

"Where is Eliza that she is not helping you?"

"Oh, she is in the parlor; she is too delicate to help me," she answered in all seriousness.

"Too delicate! In reason's name, how came she too delicate to assist her mother? God never made any one too delicate for the duties he requires of him—or her."

There was an abrupt energy in these last words of her husband that smote painfully on Mrs. Jones's tired nerves, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Now that's too bad," exclaimed her husband, tenderly pitying her, for a sensitiveness of which he, by experience, knew nothing.

"But never mind now, dear; I'll help you to do the dishes."

And he caught up the towel, determined to amuse his wife by his awkwardness as he believed, he by his assistance. Ere long, the harmless grotesque exploits of his great blundering fingers among the graceful or fanciful shapes of china and glass, all conquered with an appearance of perfect simplicity and earnest endeavor, awakened smiles and then laughter.

Before these operations were finished, Eliza, in search of a lamp, tilted her appearance. Her face, ladylike sense of propriety not seeming at all disturbed by witnessing her father's unbecoming addition to his day's work, he thought it possible she might not have observed it.

"Eliza, do you see your mother has a new assistant?" he asked, in a tone that suggested a hint more than was said.

"Ah! I said Eliza, with an indifference which certain queer person of my acquaintance could pronounce as becoming to the heart of young lady as the odor of the *Lotus fluitans* of the basin of a blue violet."

"Now, Eliza, you shall be a young lady, if I can bring it about. Let us begin at the top of the page, and when we have gone over all the items here, we will turn the leaf."

"Your sitting, pinching toes!"

"But out your foot!—Ah! those look pinching, and he passed his substantial fingers over a shapely leg, to the top, the action causing Eliza to wince. "No," he continued, "they're not stings; they give color, and other things likely to do a ray your strength and beauty before your days are half spent. Take them off and put them under the wash-bowl. I'll go up to Ellenwood in a few minutes and get another pair."

"Eliza, wondering and doubting, obeyed."

"Hints of fine linen, according to your taste."

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The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XL

WATERVILLE, MAINE... THURSDAY AUG. 20, 1857.

NO. 6.

Studying.

At last! that is better than idleness.

What have you been studying?

History, philosophy, or mathematics?

No answer.

Suppose it comes nearest mathematics.

I approve of mathematics; the study of

mathematics is a good discipline for any one.

What is the best division of the sciences

have you most highly given attention to?

Why, why? I believe it is a formula.

How to be a lady.

Very good, my daughter! Just what I

should wish you to learn. You are studying

the higher mathematics, to be sure. I have

long been of opinion that the faithful and un-

prejudiced pondering of certain old books that

have come down to us from the old Hebrews

will develop as the examples of the true lady

and the real gentleman as any course of train-

ing. I greatly regret my own early neglect of

them, for I am confident a familiarity with

their thoughts would have rendered me more

courteous.

This is not a Hebrew book.

Well; I don't need good hints may be ob-

tained from other authors. From what vol-

ume did you get this formula?

From Fanny Fiddlestick's Fashionable

Figures.

H'm! Allow me to see it. Perhaps I can

assist you about it.

Oh, I will assist me. That's just

what I wish, and away flew Eliza, while an

imaginary lace bonnet and a new parasol that

had blossomed out of her father's purse danced

in the air before her and bubbled against

each other, until the ivory cupid standing tip-

toe on the tip and peeping down the ribs, ma-

liciously thrust an arrow through the gossamer

curtain, when the whole bonnet rolled up like

a handful of morning mist, condensed itself into

nothing as quick as though it had been an en-

tire deluge of aqua fortis.

As there was now nothing in the way, she

carried the open pamphlet straight to her

father. He glanced at it, and remarking that

it looked like a cook's receipt, returned it, re-

questing her to sit near him and read it aloud.

So, her heart palpitating with high hopes and

happy anticipations of Eliza's heaven in Sum-

mer Street, she took a low chair and sat by

her father's knees while she read the directions

for compounding a young lady:—

Take 1 teaspoonful of bonnet;

1 hegehead of hoop;

1 2 omnibus of flounces;

With much parasol as can be conveniently

placed on a dime;

1 pair white kids—get those that are scented

with the Spirit of Martyrdom;

Hints of fine linen according to your own

taste.

Royal purple, to the extent of your means;

Rainbow, to the extent of your credit;

Jewelry, to the extent of your disingenuous-

ness towards others and your disrespect for

yourself.

While carefully mixing the foregoing ingredi-

ents add

1 pair of soft, white hands

2 feet in reduced circumstances;

1 smooth, pretty face, bright, and shining

with vanity varnish.

When all these are properly compounded,

sprinkle the mixture with a summer shower of

Lizzie's Extracts, and set in the sun on the

sidewalk.

N.B. It is always desirable that there be

in the immediate vicinity a pair of loose broad-

cloth sleeves with yellow kid digitate termina-

tions.

Well, what else? inquired Mr. Jones, as

Eliza passed and looked up to him with a wait-

ing, pained expression.

That's all, answered Eliza, in a low tone.

Impossible! Let me see it.

Eliza handed him Miss Fiddlestick's pam-

phlet.

So it is, to be sure, said he; these, then,

are all the requisites for a young lady. Take

courage, my child! take courage! Some of

these you already possess, and I will assist

you to obtain the others, and more, too, if you

wish. I will be with you in a few minutes.

Oh! dear father! I do wish, and the tone

was different from that in which she made

the inquiry about Lizzie.

Yes, yes; you shall be a young lady, if I

can bring it about. Let us begin at the top

of the page, and when we have gone over all

the items here, we will turn the leaf.

Your sitting, pinching toes!

But out your foot!—Ah! those look pinch-

ing, and he passed his substantial fingers

over a shapely leg, to the top, the action

causing Eliza to wince. "No," he continued,

deceitly and any pitying and happy impres-

sion received from your presence in my house.

Father! and she dropped the parasol on

the floor, and her head on his knee. Mr. Jones

gently stroked the dark hair of his daughter,

and read on.

Rainbow, to the extent of your credit.

No matter about that, said Eliza, in a low

voice.

Why don't you want some rainbow?

From the quantity mentioned, I should judge

it to be a very important ingredient in a well

made up young lady.

Don't need any more.

Rainbow, to the extent of your disingenuous-

ness, &c.

How deceitful are you? inquired Mr. Jones,

gravely.

Eliza drew from her fingers three showy

rings, and unsupervised a plated breastpin, all of

which she laid on the table.

If you prefer not to answer, perhaps you

can manage that part of the affair as well alone;

only remember that your jewelry is not re-

quired to exceed in amount your irreverence

for yourself. He resumed the reading.

1 pair soft, white hands.

Put your hands on my knee.

She obeyed mechanically, and he took her

unused fingers in his.

Ah! my daughter, they are roughened by

wounding your father's heart—pallid with

daily abuse of your mother's feelings. They

are beginning to be grimed with doing fash-

ionable chores for Satan.

She took one hand away from her father

and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

2 feet in reduced circumstances.

Mathematically speaking, your feet are re-

duced to their lowest terms; so that is all

right.

1 smooth, pretty face, &c.

Look up, and let me see your face.

Eliza wiped her eyes, and lifted up her

head. Her lips quivered and her brow was

agitated.

Now, I thought when I saw you in Wash-

ington Street to-day, that you had a perfect

pretty face. But if you go on in this way

long you will have some expression in it, some

lights and shades of feeling; you will then

be spoiled, so that Miss Fiddlestick will not

allow you to be a young lady, and Mr. Chooses

Gander will share promiscuous and sugar plums

with somebody else; and no man will regard

you much, except some such a nobody as your

father, or some fellow who yields to the hum-

drum instinct of home-making, and would

choose you to share his home. So I advise

you to calm yourself as soon as possible, if you

wish to be one of the Fiddlestick ladies—and

I'll turn the leaf.

I don't want to be a Fiddlestick lady.

Don't turn the leaf.

What then? What will you be?

I don't care what I am, if only you won't

talk.

Oh, daughter! answered Mr. Jones in a

more natural tone, as he held her hand in one

of his, and with his other stroked her smooth

hair, "you have been a naughty girl, as unfeel-

ing as a little heathen, sacrificing to a doll-

shaped idol nearly all those lovely qualities

that make one winsome as a daughter, valu-

able in friendship, or charming to the thoughts

of a real lover. I do not like to see these

tears, but I would rather you should weep than

prove yourself heartless.

Oh, father! interrupted Eliza, "don't think

I have been as bad as you say, she sobbed

passionately—and yet I have; but I did not

think."

I can easily believe that. But if you will

now begin to think and begin to be, if you

will exist as a womanly reality and not as a

waken pretence, you will make your parents

so happy that they will quite forget this little

feint of a year or two. Nor need you

fear that the faithful approbation of your own

materials of life, your earnest living in such

circumstances as you find surrounding your-

self, will prevent your seeming a fine woman,

a real lady. The rose-tree is rooted in the

dusty earth, and exposed to the glare of the

sun; yet its beauty is nothing which has been

superinduced upon its own natural growth;

the charming blush and breath about it are

but the outflowing of its own modest, quiet,

regular action. Be you quite refined at heart,

and you will be unmistakably ladylike in ap-

pearance.

But, while I am moralizing, Ellenwood will

be fastening his shutters; and he lifted his

daughter from her drooping posture as he rose

to leave.

Kiss me my daughter, and try again!

[EVENING GAZETTE.]

THE FINE OLD YANKEE GENTLEMAN.

BY JAMES A. VALENTINE.

I'll sing you a good old song, that you haven't heard of late.

Of the fine old Yankee gentleman, of a fine old Yankee state.

Who then had lived from childhood's years, contented with his fate.

While silver hairs were clustering round his honest pate.

Like a fine old Yankee gentleman, one of the present time.

Like a fine old Yankee gentleman, one of the present time.

Like a fine old Yankee gentleman, one of the present time.

Like a fine old Yankee gentleman, one of the present time.

Like a fine old Yankee gentleman, one of the present time.

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Like a fine old Yankee gentleman, one of the present time.

Like a fine old Yankee gentleman, one of the present time.

Like a fine old Yankee gentleman, one of the present time.

Like a fine old Yankee gentleman, one of the present

without venetian or physician in favor of those. Hear the testimony of the ladies themselves. We are not a fighting man, but how we should like to challenge the wretch who gambles at being crowded on the pavement by those blasted creatures and their hovel. Why gentlemen, to say a word to the other sex, if the fashion should become universal and permanent, doctor bills would be shorter, doctors would pine, our homes would be happier, and our wives and sisters would be to their

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elsewhere. The testimonials of the editors of the following papers are
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AND ABILITY, he would add that he has abundant evidence of the
 value of his system, and can prove, that no other office of the kind
 affords the chance for professional success. The testimonials of the
 immense practice of the subscriber during twenty years, and the
 fact that he has enabled him to accumulate a vast collection of specimens
 and official decisions relative to patents. These, besides the
 testimonials of the highest mechanical works and the testimonials
 of patent agents, given in the *Foreign States* and Europe, will
 render him able, beyond question, to offer facilities for obtaining
 patents.

All necessity of a journey to Washington, to procure a

TESTIMONIAL.

"During the time I occupied the office of Commissioner of Patents, I. H. Haddy, Esq., of Boston, did business at the Patent Office, as Solicitor for procuring patents. There were few, if any, persons claiming in the Patent Office, before me, before the Patent Office; and I never knew any who conducted their business in a dishonest manner. I never knew any one with more skill, fidelity and success. I regard Mr. Haddy as one of the best informed and most skillful Patent Solicitors in the United States, and have no hesitation in securing inventors to him, and in recommending him to others. I never knew any one that they cannot employ a person more competent and trustworthy, and in procuring their applications in a prompt and secure for them and early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office.

EDWARD BURNS,
Commissioner of Patents.

FROM THE PRESIDENT COMMISSIONERS.
October 17, 1887.—During the time I have held the office of Commissioner of Patents, R. H. Mason, Esq., of Boston, has been extensively engaged in the transaction of business with the Patent Office as a solicitor. He is thoroughly acquainted with the law and the rules and practice of the office. I regard him as one of our ablest and most successful practitioners with whom we have had official intercourse.
R. H. MASON,
Boston, Jan. 1, 1887. 1226 Com. of Patents.

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THE choicest and best selected Black and Green Teas, com-
 prising **OLD HYSON, YOUNG HYSON, OODONG and**
NINGYONG, at **B. & W. FLATTS.**

Form 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. **ESSEX** Farm
 contains 106 acres of good land—well watered, both sides of
 pastureage—is over 10 rods wide in front—lay in good soil and

of the best of the country, including a large fenced-in tract of 25 to 30 tons of hay, and a large tract of 10 tons to ten or three years, and have plenty of pasture, there is nearly 12 acres of oats or meadow, which will cut 20 tons of hay, by replacing the same on the brood, in order to grow it in the spring, and which will be but little labor. Buildings of all kinds on the farm necessary for the purpose, and they are now, including in good style, and conveniently arranged, a large house 20x36-1/2, 10x17 feet, including wood shed, and 11 stories high—barn 60x84 feet. Cold farm is situated in Clinton county, near Hunter's Mill Village, and three fourths of a mile from the farm, for more definite description apply to the owners on the premises.

April 20, 1887. 51tf

DOE & MICHAELS.

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For sale by **B. & W. PLATT**

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OF EVERY VARIETY,
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spring and store furniture for sale, in
May and June. Send for a list.

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Warranted and authorized for ancient E. Coffin's Patent
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TO obtain the desired object of placing before the public a reliable article, we have subjected this wine to the most careful and complete analysis which we place the victims of this nefarious trade, (for whatever purposes the purveyors really may be recommended, that this is entirely free from any adulteration whatever. Its purity cannot be questioned, and a thorough analysis has been made of all the ingredients, and the following Certificate, a copy of which accompanies each bottle.

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This undershoe has made every man's feet
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At Boston and New York prices, Piano Cases, with guarantee, Boston, 1890.
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