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The Eastern Mail.

Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1850.

NO. 36.

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If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
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POETRY.

THE BIRTH OF TRUE LOVE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their newness begin;
When we live in a bright, beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh! 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time,
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first charm of our youth pass by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
Now tastes of the dregs, the dark flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway,
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love must be born of sorrow, 'tis truth as they say,
But the love, born of sorrow, like sorrow is true.

In times full of sunshine, though splendour thy dyes,
Yet faint is the color the flower's shed about;
'Tis the clouds and the mist of our own weeping skies,
That call their full spirit of fragrance out.
So that the glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 'tis only in grief that affection appears.
To the magic of smiles it may first own its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

POPULAR READING.

TAKING COMFORT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Really, this is comfortable!" said I, glancing around the handsomely furnished parlor of my young friend, Brainard, who had, a few weeks before, ventured upon matrimony, and was now making his first experiments in house-keeping.

"Yes, it is comfortable," replied my friend. "The fact is, I go in for comforts."

"I'm afraid George is a little extravagant," said the smiling bride, as she leaned towards her husband and looked tenderly in his face.

"No, not extravagant, Anna," he returned; "all I want is to have things comfortable. Comfort I look upon as one of the necessities of life, to which all are entitled. Don't you?"

"I was looking at a handsome new rose-wood piano, when this question was addressed to me, and thinking about its probable cost."

"We should all make the best of what we have," I answered, evasively, "and seek to be as comfortable as possible under all circumstances."

"Exactly! That's my doctrine," said Brainard. "I'm not rich, and, therefore, don't expect to live in a palace, and have every thing around me glittering with gold and silver; but, out of the little I possess, I shall endeavor to obtain the largest available dividend of comfort. Ain't I right?"

"Perhaps so."

"You speak coldly, said my friend. 'Don't you agree with me? Should not every man try to be as comfortable as his means will permit?'"

"Yes, certainly."

"Of course he should. Some men set a value upon money above every thing else, and sacrifice all comfort to its accumulation. But, I don't belong to that class. Money is a good gift, because it is the means of procuring natural blessings. I receive it thankfully, and use it wisely. You see, how I am beginning life?"

"I do."

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"By this time my observation of things had become more particular, and I saw many evidences of expenditures that indicated, a lavish spirit."

"What rent do you pay?" I asked.

"Three hundred," said Brainard.

"I shook my head."

"Too much?" said Brainard.

"I think so."

"Perhaps it is a little high. But you can't get a genteel, comfortable house, in a good neighborhood, for any thing less."

"As it was my first visit to the young couple, who were but a few weeks past their honeymoon, I did not like questioning the propriety of my friend's conduct to the serious extent he was about involving himself; and so evaded replying to this, except for taking at least a hundred dollars more, and then, himself, than he was justified in doing by his circumstances, he being simply a clerk with a salary of one thousand dollars."

"Rents are high," was my apparently indifferent answer.

"Too high," said he. "A man who wants a pleasant house, has to pay for it. This is my experience."

The subject of conversation was changed. I passed an agreeable evening, at the close of which I left my friend and his lovely young bride in their comfortable home.

What I had seen and heard during the few hours spent with Brainard, made me fear that he was about committing a too common error. His ideas of comfort were not in keeping with his circumstances. Some days subsequently I saw my friend and his wife riding out in a vehicle drawn by a gay horse.

"Taking their comfort," said I, as I paused and looked upon the happy couple.

Not long after, I saw them dashing off again to enjoy an afternoon ride. Next, I met them at a fashionable concert.

"Have you been to the opera yet?" asked Brainard, leaning forward to the seat I occupied just in front of him.

"No," was my answer.

"Then there is a treat in store for you. We go twice, and sometimes oftener, every week. Truff, Benedetti, Rossi—oh, they are enchanting!"

"Rather expensive," I do not return it."

"It does cost something," said Brainard, shrugging his shoulders. "But I think it money well spent. You know that I go in for the comforts of life."

And he leaned back, while I thought I perceived a light shadow flit across his face. A singer came forward at the moment, and no more was said.

"Is it possible," thought I, "in seeking after comfort, to get into the wrong road? I am

afraid my young friends are about committing this error!"

I not only suggested as much to Brainard soon afterwards, but actually presented a serious remonstrance against the course of life he had adopted. But, he only smiled at the fears I expressed, and said he understood perfectly the nature of the ground he was treading. Thus it is with most young persons. Be their views true or false, they act upon them, in spite of all counsel from the more experienced, and in the end reap their harvest of trouble or pleasure, as the case may be. Pride, which stimulates the desire to make a certain appearance in the world, is generally more at fault than a desire to secure the comforts of which my friend talked so much.

I had another acquaintance by the name of Tyler, who was married about the same time with Brainard. His tastes were as well cultivated as those of the former, and his income was as large; yet, in beginning the world he had shown more prudence and a wise forecast. I found him in a small, neat house at a rent of one hundred and seventy dollars. As for real comfort, as far as I could see, the preponderance was rather in his favor.

"This is really comfortable," said I, glancing around the room in which he received me on the occasion of my first visit.

"We think so," replied my friend, smiling. "Nothing very elegant, but as good as we can afford, and with that we have made up our minds to be content."

"If all the world were as wise, all the world would be happier," I remarked.

"Perhaps so," returned Tyler. "Brainard tried to get me into a house like the one he occupies; but I thought it more prudent to cut my garment according to my cloth. The larger your house, the more costly your furniture, and the higher your regular expenses. He talked about having things comfortable, as he called it, and enjoying life as he went along; but it would be poor comfort for me to know that I was five or six hundred dollars in debt, and all the while-tiring beyond my income."

"In debt? What do you mean by that?" said I. "It isn't possible that Brainard has gone in debt for any of his fine furniture?"

"It is very possible."

"To the extent of five or six hundred dollars?"

"Yes. The rose-wood piano he bought for his wife, cost four hundred dollars. It was purchased on six months' credit."

"Foolish young man!" said I.

"You may well say that. He thinks a great deal about the comforts of life; but he is going the wrong way to secure them, in my opinion. His parlor furniture, including the new piano, cost nearly one thousand dollars; mine cost three hundred; and I'm sure I don't need exchange comforts with him. It isn't what is around us so much as what is within us, that produces pleasure. A contented mind is said to be a continual feast. If, in seeking to have things comfortable, we create causes of disquietude, we defeat our own ends."

"I wish our friend Brainard could see things in the same light," said I.

"Nothing but painful experience will open his eyes," remarked Tyler.

And he was correct in this. Brainard continued to take his comfort for a few months, but there was a gradual sinking in the thermometer of his feelings as the time approached when the notes given for a part of his furniture would fall due. The amount of these notes was six hundred dollars; but he had not saved fifty towards meeting the payments. The whole of his income had been used in taking his comfort.

"Why, Brainard!" said I, in a tone of surprise, on meeting him one day, nearly six months after his marriage. "What has happened?"

"Happened? Nothing. Why do you ask?" replied the young man.

"You look troubled."

"Do I?" He made an effort to smile.

"Yes, you certainly do. What has gone wrong with you?"

"O, nothing. And he tried to assume an air of indifference; but seeing me look incredulous, he added—

"Nothing particularly wrong. I'm only a little worried about money matters. The fact is, I've got two or three notes to pay next week."

"You have!"

"Yes, and what is more, I haven't the means to lift them."

"That's trouble," said I, shaking my head. "It's trouble for me. O dear! I wish my income were larger. A thousand dollars a year is too little."

"Two persons ought to live on that sum very handsomely," I remarked.

"We can't, then; and I'm sure we are not extravagant."

"I spent the evening with our friend Tyler, last week," said I.

"Ah? and how is he?"

"His salary is the same as yours, and he told me that he found it not only sufficient for all his wants, but that he could lay up a couple of hundred yearly."

"I could not live as he does," said Brainard, a little impatiently.

"Why not?"

"Do you think I could be cooped up in such a pigeon hole?"

"The house he lives in has six rooms, and he has but three in his family—your own number, I presume?"

"I have four," said Brainard, interrupting me.

"Four?—on five hundred?"

"Yes, we have a cook and chamber-maid."

"My wife won't brought up to be a house-hold drudge," said Brainard, contemptuously.

"Your house has ten rooms in it, I believe?" said I, avoiding a reply to his last remark.

"It has."

"But why should you pay rent for ten rooms, when you have use for only five or six? Is it not a waste of money that might be applied to a better purpose?"

"Oh, I like a large house," said my friend, tossing his head, and putting on an air of dignity and consequence. "A hundred dollars difference in rent is a small matter compared with the increase of comfort it brings."

"But the expense doesn't stop with the additional rent," said I.

"Why not?"

"The larger the house, the more expensive the furniture. It cost you a thousand dollars to fit up your handsome parlor?" said I.

"Yes, I presume it did."

"For what amount did you give your notes?"

"For six hundred dollars."

"On account of furniture?"

"Yes."

"Tyler furnished his parlor for three hundred."

There was another gesture of impatience on the part of my young friend, as he said—

"And such furnishing!"

"Everything looks neat and comfortable," I replied.

"It may be for them, but it wouldn't suit us."

"Whatever is according to our means, should be made to suit us," said I, seriously. "You are no better off than Tyler."

"Do you think I could content myself in such a place?" he replied.

"Contentment is only found in the external circumstances that correspond to man's pecuniary ability," was my answer to this—

"Which, think you, is best contented?" Tyler in a small house, neatly furnished, and with a hundred dollars in his pocket; or you, in your large house, with a debt of six hundred dollars hanging over you?"

There was an instant change in my friend's countenance. The question seemed to startle him. He sighed, involuntarily.

"But all this won't raise my notes," said he, after the silence of a few minutes. "Good morning!"

"Poor fellow! I felt sorry for him." He had been buying comfort at rather too large a price. The more Brainard cast about in his mind for the means of lifting his notes, the more troubled did he become.

"I might borrow," said he to himself; "but how am I to pay back the sum?"

To borrow, however, was better than to let his notes be dishonored. So Brainard, as the time of payment drew nearer, and nearer, made an effort to get from his friends the amount of money needed. But the effort was not successful. Some looked surprised when he spoke of having notes to meet; others ventured a little good advice on the subject of prudence in young men who are beginning the world, and hinted that he was living rather too fast—None were prepared to give him what he wanted.

Troubled, mortified and humbled, Brainard retired to his comfortable home on the evening before the day on which his note given for the piano was to fall due. Nearly his last effort to raise money had been made, and he saw nothing but discredit, and what he feared even worse than that, before him. Involved as he was, in debt, there was no safety from the sharp talons of the law. They might strike him at any moment and involve all in ruin.

Poor Brainard! How little pleasure did the sight of his large and pleasant home give him as it came in view on his return home. It stood, rather as a monument of extravagance and folly, than the abode of sweet contentment.

"Three hundred dollars' rent," he murmured. "Too much for me to pay." And he sighed deeply.

He entered his beautiful parlor, and gazed around upon the elegant furniture which he had provided as a means of comfort. All had lost its power to communicate pleasure. There stood the costly piano, once coveted and afterwards admired. He had bought it as a marriage present for his wife, who had little taste for music, and preferred reading or sewing to the blarneyings of sweet sounds. And for this toy—it was little more in his family—a debt of four hundred dollars had been created. Had it brought him an equivalent in comfort? Far, very far from it.

As Brainard stood in his elegant parlor, with troubled heart and troubled face, his wife came in with a light step.

"George!" she exclaimed on seeing him, her countenance falling and her voice expressing anxious concern. "What is the matter? are you sick?"

"Oh, no!" he replied, affecting a lightness of tone.

"But something is the matter, George," said the young wife, as she laid her hand upon him and looked earnestly into his face. "Something troubles you."

"Nothing of any consequence. A mere trifle," returned Brainard, evasively.

"A mere trifle would not cloud your brow as this was clouded a moment since, George."

"Trifles sometimes affect us more seriously than graver matters." As Brainard said this, the shadows again deepened on his face.

"If you have any troubles, dear, let me share them and they will be lighter." Anna spoke with much tenderness.

"I hardly think your sharing my present trouble will lighten it," said Brainard, forcing a smile; "unless, in so doing, you can put some four hundred dollars into my empty pockets."

Anna withdrew a pace from her husband, and looked at him doubtfully.

"Do you speak in earnest?" said she.

"In very truth I do. To-morrow I have four hundred dollars to pay; but, where the money is to come from, is more than I can tell."

"How in the world has that happened?" enquired Mrs. Brainard.

Involuntarily the eyes of her husband wandered towards the piano. She saw their direction. Her own eyes fell to the floor, and she stood silent for some moments—silent, but hurriedly thoughtful. Then looking up, she said, in a hesitating voice—

"We can do without that." And she pointed towards the piano.

"Without what?" asked Brainard, quickly.

"The piano. It cost four hundred dollars. Sell it."

"Never!"

"Why not?"

"Don't mention it, Anna. Sell your piano? It shall never be done."

"But, George?"

"It's no use to talk of that, Anna; I will not listen to it."

And so the wife was silenced.

A little comfort had the young couple that evening in their finely furnished house. Brainard was silent and thoughtful, while Anna felt the pressure of a heavy weight upon her feelings.

How different was it in the smaller and more plainly attired dwelling of Tyler. There was comfort, and there were peace and contentment, his smiling hands.

On the next morning, Brainard found it impossible to conceal from his wife the great anxiety he felt. She said very little to him, for his trouble was of a kind for which she could suggest no remedy. After he parted with her at the door, she returned and sat down in one

of the parlors to think. The piano was before her, and back to that her thoughts at length came. It was not only a beautiful instrument, but one of great excellence. Often had it been admired by her friends, and particularly by a lady who had several times expressed a wish to own one exactly like it in every respect.

"I wish you would let me have that piano," the lady had said to her not a week before; and said it as much in earnest as in jest.

"I wonder if she really would buy it!" mused Mrs. Brainard. "I don't want so fine an instrument. My old piano is a very good one, and is useless at father's." Oh! if I could only get George the four hundred dollars he wants so badly!

And she struck her hands together as her thoughts grew earnest on the subject. For more than an hour the mind of Mrs. Brainard gave itself up to this idea. Then she dressed herself and went out. Without consulting any one, she called upon the lady to whom reference has been made.

"Mrs. Aiken," said she, coming at once to the point, "you have often remarked that you would like to own that piano of mine. Were you really in earnest?"

"In earnest? Certainly I was." Mrs. Aiken smiled, at the same time that a slight expression of surprise came into her face. "It's one of the finest instruments I ever touched."

"It's for sale," said Mrs. Brainard, in a firm, business-like way. "So there is a chance for you to call it your own."

"For sale? Why do you say that, Anna?"

"It's too costly an instrument for me to own. My old piano is a very good one: quite good enough for all my purposes."

"But this is your husband's wedding gift, if I remember rightly."

"I know it is; but the gift was too costly a one for a young man whose salary is only a thousand dollars a year."

"Then he wishes to sell it?"

"No indeed, not he."

"And would you sell it without consulting him?" said Mrs. Aiken.

"Such is my intention."

"He might be very much displeased."

"No matter: I would soon smooth his frowning brow. But, Mrs. Aiken, we won't discuss that matter. The instrument is to be sold. Do you want it?"

"I do."

"Very well. Are you prepared to buy it?"

"Perhaps so. It cost four hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"What is your price?"

"The same."

"Then you make no deduction?" said Mrs. Aiken, smiling.

"I wouldn't like to do that. It's as good as new. If I sell it, I want to be able to put in my husband's hands just what he paid for it."

"Oh! then you want the money for your husband?"

"Certainly, I do. What use have I for four hundred dollars?"

"You've come just in time, Anna," said Mrs. Aiken. "I arranged with my husband to meet him this morning at his store, to go and look at some pianos. But if yours is really for sale, we have no occasion to take any further trouble."

"It is for sale, Mrs. Aiken. Understand this."

"Very well. When do you want the money?"

"This morning."

"I don't know about that. However, I will see Mr. Aiken immediately."

"Shall I wait here for you?"

"You may do so, or I will call at your house."

"Do that, if you please."

"Very well. In an hour, at most, I will see you."

The two ladies parted.

When Mrs. Brainard left his house that morning, he felt wretched. Where—how was he to get four hundred dollars? To go to the party from whom he had bought the piano, and confess that he was not able to pay for it, had not been the thought for a moment. But if the note was not paid, what then? Might not the instrument be demanded? And how could he give it up now? Or worse, might it not be seized under execution?

"Oh, that I had never bought it," he at length exclaimed, mentally, in the bitterness of his feelings. And then he hid himself for the expected declaration.

Nearly the whole of the morning was spent in the vain attempt to borrow the needed sum. But there was no one to lend him four hundred dollars. At length, in his desperation, he forced himself to apply for a quarter's advance of salary.

"No doubt," said he, within himself, "that the holder of the note will take two hundred and fifty dollars on account and give me time on the balance."

About the ways and means of living for the next three months, after absorbing his salary in advance, he did not pause to think. He was just in that state of mind in which he could say, with feeling, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Unhappily, his effort to raise money by this expedient, failed. His application was received coldly, and in a way to mortify him exceedingly.

Half desperate and half despairing, Brainard started for his home about one o'clock, his usual hour for dining. What was he to do? He turned his thoughts to the right and to the left, groping about like a man in the dark. But no light broke in upon his mental vision.

"It will not do to meet Anna in this way," said he as he approached his own door. "I left her with a troubled countenance in the morning. Now I must force an assumed cheerfulness."

He entered, and was moving along the passage, when Anna came through out of the parlor doors to meet him, and drawing her arm through his, said, in a lively tone:

"Come, George, I want to play for you a favorite piece. I've been practising it for the last hour."

And she drew him into the parlor, and taking her seat at the piano, commenced running her fingers over the keys. Brainard stood and listened to the music until the piece was finished, trying, but in vain, to feel an interest in the performance.

"How do you like that?" said the wife, with animation, lifting her sparkling eyes to the face of her husband, which was serious, in spite of all he could do to give it a better expression.

"Beautifully performed," replied Brainard. "And do you really think so?" said Anna,

as she arose, and leaning on his arm again, drew him into the next room.

"Certainly, I do."

"Did you think the instrument a little out of tune?" asked Anna.

"No; it struck me as being in better tune than when you played last evening."

"It's a fine instrument, certainly, I prize it very much."

Brainard sighed faintly.

"Oh! How about your four hundred dollars?" said Anna, as if the thought had just occurred to her. "Did you get the money?"

A change was apparent in the manner of Brainard.

"No, Anna," he replied with assumed calmness.

"Do you want it badly?"

"Yes, dear. I have four hundred dollars due in the bank to-day, and every effort to obtain the sum has failed."

"What if I lend it to you?" said the young wife, looking archly into his troubled face.

"You!" he exclaimed, quickly.

"Yes, me. Would you take it as a very great favor?"

"The greatest you could do me just at this time."

"Very well. Here is the money."

And Anna drew a purse of gold from her pocket, and laid it before his eyes.

"Anna! What does this mean?"

And Brainard reached his hand to grasp the welcome treasure. But she drew it quickly away, saying, as she did so:

"Certain conditions must go with the loan."

"Name them," was promptly answered by the husband, into whose face the sunshine had already come back.

"One is, that you are not to be angry with me for any thing that I have done to-day."

"What have you done?"

And Brainard glanced around the room with an awakening suspicion.

"I want your promise first."

"You have it."

"But, mind you, I am in earnest," said Anna. "So am I. Now make your confession."

"I sold the piano."

"What!"

There was an instant change in the expression of Brainard's face.

"Your promise. Remember!" said Anna, in a warning voice.

"Sold the piano!"

And he walked into the next room, Anna moving by his side.

"Yes! I sold it to Mrs. Aiken for four hundred dollars. I had my old instrument brot over from father's. This is as good a piano as I want, or you either. I should think, seeing that you perceived no difference in its tones, from the one I parted with. Now take this purse, and if you don't call me the right sort of a wife, you are a very strange man; that is all I have to say."

Surprise kept Brainard silent for some moments. He looked at the piano, then at his wife, and then at the purse of gold, half doubting whether all were real, or only a pleasant dream.

"You are the right sort of a wife, Anna, and no mistake," said he, at length, drawing his arm around her neck and kissing her. "You have done what I had not the courage to do, and, in the act, saved me from a world of trouble. The truth is, I never should have bought that piano. A clerk, with a salary of only a thousand dollars, is not justified in expending four hundred dollars for a piano."

"Nor in having so much costly furniture," said Anna, glancing round the room.

Brainard sighed; for the thought of two hundred dollars yet to pay, flitted through his mind.

"Nor in paying three hundred dollars for rent," added Anna.

"Why do you say that?" asked Brainard.

"Because it's the truth. The fact is, George, I am afraid we're in the wrong road for comfort."

"Perhaps we are," was the young man's constrained admission.

"Then the quicker we get into the right way, the better. Don't you think so?"

"If we are wrong, we should try to get right," said Brainard.

"It was wrong to buy that piano. That is your admission."

"Well."

"We are right again in that respect."

"Yes, thanks to my dear wife's good resolution and prompt action."

"It was wrong to take so costly a house," said Anna.

"I couldn't find a cheaper one that was genteel and comfortable."

"I'm sure I wouldn't ask any thing more genteel and comfortable than Mrs. Tyler's house."

"That pigeon box!"

Brainard spoke in a tone of contempt.

"Why, George, how you talk. It's a perfect gem of a house, well built and well furnished in every part, and big enough for a family twice as large as ours. I think it far more comfortable than this great barn of a place, and would a thousand times rather live in it. And then it is cheaper by a hundred and twenty dollars a year."

A hundred and twenty dollars! What a large sum of money. Ah, if he had a hundred and twenty dollars in addition to the four hundred received from Anna, how happy he would be. These were the thoughts that were flitting through the mind of Brainard, at the mention of the amount that could be saved by taking a smaller house.

"Well, Anna, perhaps you are right. Oh, dear!"

"Why do you sigh so heavily, George?" asked Mrs. Brainard, looking at her husband with some surprise.

"Because I can't help it," was frankly answered.

"You have got the money you needed?"

"Not all."

"Why, George! Didn't you say that you had only four hundred dollars to pay?"

"I didn't say only."

"How much more?"

"The fact is, Anna, I have two hundred dollars yet to raise."

"To-day?"

Anna's face became troubled.

"No, not until day after to-morrow."

The young wife's countenance lighted up again.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, thank Heaven, that is all. But how the payment is to be made, is more than I can tell."

Dinner was now announced.

"I shall have to turn financier again," said Anna, smiling, as she drew her arm within that of her husband, and led him away to the dining room.

"I'm a little afraid of your financiering," returned her husband, shaking his head. "You might sell me next as a useless piece of furniture."

"Now, George, that is too bad," replied Anna, looking hurt.

"I only jested, dear," said Brainard, repairing the little wrong done to her feelings with a kiss. "Your past efforts at financiering are admirable, and I only hope your next attempt may be as successful."

Two days more past, during which time neither Brainard nor his wife said anything to each other about money, although both their thoughts were busy for the most of the time on that interesting subject.

Silently sat Brainard at the breakfast table on the morning of the day when his last note fell due. How was he to meet the payment? Two hundred dollars! He had not so much as fifty dollars in his possession, and as to borrowing, that was a vain hope. Must he go to the holder of the note, and ask a renewal?—He shrank from the thought, murmuring to himself:

"Any thing but that."

As for getting the required sum through Anna, he did not permit himself to hope very strongly. She had looked thoughtful since their last interview on the subject, and, at times, it seemed to him, troubled. It was plain that she had been disappointed in any efforts to get money, that she might have made.

"That she, too, should be subject to mortification and painful humiliation," said he, as his mind dwelt on this subject. "It is too bad—too bad! Oh, to think that my folly should have had this reaction!"

Anna looked sober as Brainard parted with her after breakfast, and he thought he saw tears in her eyes. As soon as he was gone, she dressed herself, and taking from a handsome jewel-box, the present of her husband, a gold watch and chain, a bracelet, a diamond pin, and some other articles of the same kind, left the house.

Two hours afterward, as Brainard sat at his desk, trying to fix his mind upon the accounts before him, a note was handed in bearing his address. He broke the seal, and found that it enclosed one hundred and seventy dollars, with these few words from Anna:

"This is the best I can do for you, dear husband. Will it be enough?"

"God bless her!" came half audibly from the lips of Brainard, as he drew forth his pocket-book, in which were thirty dollars. "Yes, it will be enough."

"There is no comfort in owing, or in paying in this fashion," said the young man to himself, as he walked homeward at dinner time, with his last note in his pocket. "There will have to be a change."

And there was a change. When next I visited my young friend, I found him in a smaller house, looking as comfortable and happy as I could have wished to see him. We talked pleasantly about the errors of the past, and the trouble which had followed as a natural result.

"There is one thing," said Brainard, during the conversation, glancing at his wife as he spoke, "that I have not been able to make out."

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Brainard, smiling.

"Where the last one hundred and seventy dollars you gave me came from?"

"Have you missed nothing?" said she archly.

"Nothing," was his reply.

"Been deprived of no comfort?"

"So far from it, I have found a great many new ones."

"And been saved the trouble of winding up and regulating that pretty eight day clock, for which you gave forty dollars?"

Brainard fairly started at his wife's words, as he turned to the mantle, and, strange to say, missed, for the first time, the handsome time-piece referred to by his wife.

"Why, Anna, is it possible? Surely that hasn't been gone for two months?"

"Oh, yes, it has."

"Well, that beats all."

And Brainard restrained his chair.

"You've been just as comfortable," said the excellent young woman.

"But you didn't get a hundred and seventy dollars for the time-piece?"

"No. Have you lost no other comfort?"

"Think."

Brainard thought, but in vain. Anna glided from the room, and returned in a few minutes with her jewel box.

"Do you miss any thing?" said she, as she raised the lid and placed the box in his hands.

"Your watch and chain!"

Anna smiled.

"You didn't sell them?"

"Yes."

"Why, Anna! Did you set no value on your husband's gifts?"

There was a slight rebuke in the tone of Brainard. Tears sprang to Anna's eyes, as she answered:

"I value them less than his happiness."

Brainard looked at her for a few moments with an expression of deep tenderness. Then turning to me, he said, in a voice that was unsteady from emotion:

"You shall be my judge. Has she done wrong or right?"

"Right!" I responded, warmly. "Right! Thank Heaven, my friend, for giving you a true woman for a wife. There is some hope now of your finding the comfort you sought so vainly in the beginning."

And he has found it—found it in a wise appropriation of the good gifts of Providence, according to his means.

A machine has been put in operation in Cuba for the manufacture of cigars. It rolls them so fast, that one machine can give occupation for six men in the way of tipping and clipping them. Now, if they can invent a machine to smoke them, instead of a human machine, the invention will be perfect.

Those two celebrated divines and scholars, Drs. South and Sherlock, were once disputing on some religious subject, when the latter accused his opponent of using wit in the controversy. "Well," said South, "suppose that it had pleased God to give you wit, would you have done?"

At a printer's festival, old bachelors were toasted as "Quads"—only fit to fill out the blank lines of society.

MISCELLANY.

[From the New England Farmer.]

How to Live Prettily in the Country.

It is possible that the leading word at the head of this chapter is not sufficiently comprehensive and emphatic to express all that is intended in what we here say of the farmer's wife in relation to good living. Admitting that to be the fact, it is not easy to decide what is living prettily, if it be not the fruition of the best fare at a very moderate expenditure. But, however excellent may be the smoking viands on the farmer's table, when duly prepared, much would be added to the zest with which they are received, if more attention were paid generally to the table furniture. It cannot be denied that a nice clean tablecloth, a supply of comely dishes, spoons, cutlery, knives and forks duly arranged, not only impart a relish for what is in the dishes, but make an impression that the family live prettily. Cheap as such articles are, it is surprising that they are not more abundantly provided. On the other hand, if the table furniture is in a ruinous condition—if it has been cast upon the table in wild disorder—if the whole indicates a sad estrangement from needful purifications, a relish for the repast is greatly impaired.

For such negligence there is no excuse. The excuse usually given, that none but the members of the family are present to witness it, is about as satisfactory as it would be for all the members of the family going to the table with unwashed hands because none but themselves are present to witness the indecency.—It is a species of domestic economy with which we have no fellowship; that a family live like pigs when by themselves; and that all their efforts for good cooking, table furniture, and good fare, are to be produced only once in three or four months, when visitors are present to witness the display. We think families should have respect for themselves, for each other, as well as those who occasionally partake with them. Such as make all their efforts in dress, or furniture, or in the culinary department, to please the eye or to secure the applause of strangers and doubtful friends, become miserably paid for their toils. They live for others, and not for themselves. And this they do, not on principle of Christian charity, but for a breath of popular favor, as empty as the wind. A very large portion of family expenditures, particularly in what is called fashionable life, is made wholly on this principle, for others to gaze upon—perhaps to ridicule; and not for the comfort or benefit of those who make them.

Allusions have been made, in other parts of this work, to the articles of clothing appropriate in the country; but it may not be amiss to refer to it here, as one of the main features in living prettily. To dress neatly at all times, and yet so as to occasion no pecuniary outlay incompatible with the ordinary means in rural life, requires good taste and good management of a high grade, especially in the female head of a family. The mother who can clothe her children, as well as herself, in a style of comeliness—always in a condition to be seen by strangers without mortification, and without an expenditure to embarrass her husband—deserves of him and of others, high commendation. This is one of the most valuable accomplishments of the housewife; and nothing in a greater degree contributes to the end made the subject of the present chapter. Where we see a family of children decently clad, tidy, and of good breeding, especially in the more humble walks of life, we impromptu exclaim, They must have an excellent mother! The country district school, with its forty or fifty little boys and girls, attired in the manner described, furnishes the best specimens of the healthful simplicity, and the good domestic economy, in rural locations. Here the farmer's wife may gather laurels of unfading beauty and verdure in comparison with which the jewels and the costly attire of the lady in the ball-room are contemptible and worthless. And, indeed, what are the fashionable accomplishments of the lady of rank—her music, her drawing, and her fluency in French, to the ability of the farmer's wife, to rear up sons that will be eminent statesmen and divines, and daughters that will hold the highest position in society?

While the farmer's wife is doing thus much towards living prettily, we have a few things to add for the farmer himself to do, in this good work. Who is to see that the Sunday wagon, which is to take the family to church, and now and then appears on a holiday, is free from mud and dust, and has been duly honored with a coat of varnish? The farmer himself, or his sons, if he have them of sufficient age. Who is to see that the court-yard and garden fence is in good repair, and made white with paint? Not the farmer's wife, but the farmer himself, or some one under his direction. Who is to see that the family mansion and the various out-buildings have been properly regarded; the hinges and fastenings all sound; the paint kept bright; the windows free from broken glass; and no loosened weather-boards to become Eolian harps to the rats and mice, while the family is asleep? It need not be said, that this is the duty of the male portion of the household. Let not the male reader be displeased, if one more question be propounded on this subject. Lastly, then, whose duty is it to see that the walks about the mansion be made clean and hard, and the grounds contiguous to it be relieved from nuisances of every description?—Surely, this is not the work of the farmer's wife, nor of his daughters. He should himself see that this is done. Hence, let it be said to the reader, male and female: Do respectably what is here set forth, and when the minister, or the doctor, or your relatives from the city, make you a visit, they will say to you in sincerity and truth, How prettily you live!

JOHN L. BLAKE.

ORANGE, N. J., Jan. 30, 1850.

To Young Women.

Some one hath said, that "matrimony is with women the great business of life, whereas with men it is only an incident," an important one, to be sure, but only one among many to which their attention is directed, and often kept entirely out of view. Now, this difference gives the other sex a great advantage over you; and the best way to equalize your lot, and become as wise they are, is to think as little about it as they do.

The less your mind dwells upon "lovers and matrimony," the more agreeable and profitable will be your intercourse with gentlemen. If you regard men as intellectual beings, who have access to certain sources of knowledge of which you are deprived, and seek to derive all the benefit you can from their peculiar attainments and experience—if you talk to them as one rational being should to another, and never remind them that you are candidates for matrimony—you will enjoy far more than you can by regarding them under that one aspect of possible future admirers and lovers. When that is the only absorbing thought, you have not the proper use of your faculties; your manners are constrained and awkward, you are easily embarrassed and made to say what is ill-judged, silly and out of place; and you defeat your own views by appearing to a great disadvantage.

However secret you may be in these speculations, if you are continually thinking of them, and attaching undue importance to the acquaintance of gentlemen, it will most certainly show itself in your manners and conversation, and will betray a weakness that is held in especial contempt by the stronger sex.

Since the customs of society have awarded to man the privilege of making the first advance towards matrimony, it is the safest and happiest way for woman to leave the matter entirely in his hands. She should be so educated as to consider that the great end of existence—preparation for eternity—may be equally attained in married or single life, and that no union but the most perfect one is at all desirable. Matrimony should be considered as an incident in life, which if it comes at all must come without any contrivance of yours; and therefore you may safely put aside all thoughts of it till some one forces the subject upon your notice by professions of a particular interest in you.

Lively, ingenious, conversable, and charming little girls are often spoiled into dull, bashful, silent young ladies, and all because their heads are full of nonsense about their beaux and lovers. They have a thousand thoughts and feelings which they would be ashamed to entertain; and their pre-occupation with a subject which they had better let alone, prevents their being the agreeable and rational companions of the gentlemen of their acquaintance, which they were designed to be.

Girls get into all sorts of scrapes by undue pre-occupation of mind; they misconstrue the commonest attentions into marks of particular regard, and thus nourish a fancy for a person who has never once thought of them but as an agreeable acquaintance. They lose the enjoyments of a party, if certain beaux whom they expected to meet are not there; they become jealous of their best friends if the beaux are there and do not talk to them as much as they wish; every trifle is magnified into something of importance—a fruitful source of misery—and things of real importance are neglected for chimeras. And all this gratuitous pains-taking defeats its own end! The labor is all in vain; such girls are not the most popular; and those who seem not to have thought about matrimony at all, are sought and preferred before them. We may add the advice that young women, even if never married; there is nothing respectable, while there may be much happiness in the condition of an old maid.

Greek and Latin.

A writer in the Edinburgh Review, who agrees pretty nearly with Sydney Smith in his views of education, thus ridicules the rage for classical studies in the English Universities: "We deny ourselves what is indispensable that we may procure what is superfluous. We act like a day-laborer who should stint himself in bread, that he might now and then treat himself with a bottle of January strawberries. Cicero tells us, in the offices, a whimsical anecdote of Cato the Censor. Somebody asked him what was the best mode of employing capital. He said, to farm good pasture land. What next? To farm bad pasture land. Now the notions which prevail in England respecting classical learning seems to us very much to resemble those which the Roman entertained with regard to his favorite method of cultivation. Is a young man able to spare the time necessary for passing through the University? Make him a good classical scholar. But a second, instead of residing at the University, must go into business when he leaves school. Make him a tolerable classical scholar. A third has still less time for snatching up knowledge, and is destined for active employment while yet a boy. Make him a bad classical scholar. If he does not become a Platonist or a Buchanan, he may learn to write nonsense verses. If he does not get on to Horace, he may read the first book of Cæsar. If there is not time even for such a degree of improvement, he may at least be fogged through that immortal vestible of learning, 'Quis docet? Who teacheth? Magister docet. The master teacheth.' Would to Heaven that he taught something better worth knowing."

THE THIEF AND THE KING. A Hindoo thief was once convicted and condemned to die, but upon the following expedient to escape the penalty of the laws: He sent for the jailer, and told him he had a secret to disclose to the King, and when he had done so he would be ready to die. The King sent to know what the secret was. He told him that he knew the art of producing trees that would bear gold. The King, accompanied by his prime minister and priest, came with the thief to a certain spot, where he commenced his incantations. The thief then produced a piece of gold, declaring that if planted, it should produce a tree, every branch of which should bear gold; but, said he, this must be put in the ground by a person perfectly honest. I am not so, and therefore pass it to your Majesty.

The King replied, "When I was a boy, I remember taking something from my father, which, although a trifle, prevents my being the proper person. I pass it therefore, to my prime minister."

The latter said, "I receive the taxes from the people, and as I am exposed to many temptations, how can I be perfectly honest?—I therefore give it to the priest."

The priest pleaded that he received the sacrifices, and was equally exposed. At length the thief exclaimed, "I know not why we all four should not be hanged, since no one of us is honest!"

"The King was so pleased at the ingenuity of the thief, that he granted him a pardon."

"LOUDER." A colored man lately went up to our Post Office, and putting his nose close up to the delivery box, cried out to Davyport, "Louder." The Clerk, supposing the negro to be deaf, and that he was making a request of him to speak louder, so that he could hear, asked him in a very loud tone, the name of the person for whom he wanted the letter.

"Louder!" cried the negro.

"What name?" yelled the Clerk.

"Louder!" again bawled the negro, who now supposed the Clerk to be deaf.

The Clerk took a long breath, and with all his might, again bellowed out in the negro's face, the same question, "What name?" This was done in so loud a tone, that the echo seemed to return from the far off hills.

The negro started back in alarm, shouting at the very top of his lungs, "Louder, sir! Louder, I told you Louder! my name is sufficient!"

"Oh! ah! oh, ho!" said the Clerk, "your name is Louder, eh? Didn't think of that—here's your letter, Mr. Louder, here's your letter!"—[Boston Times.]

At a very excellent hotel, not a hundred miles from our parts, there were one day short of a waiter, when a newly arrived Hibernian was hastily made to supply the place of a more expert hand.

Now, Barney, says mine host, mind you serve every man with soup, any how.

Be dead I'll do that same, said the alert Barney.

Soup came on the start, and Barney, after helping all but one guest, came to the last one. 'Soup, sir?' says Barney. 'No soup for me,' said the guest. 'But you must have it,' said Barney, 'it is the rules of the house.' 'Blast the house!' exclaimed the guest, highly exasperated; 'when I don't want soup, I won't eat it—get along with you.' 'Well,' said Barney, with solemnity, 'all I have to say is just this: it's the regulation of the house, and not a drop else you'll get till you finish the soup!'

The traveller gave in, and the soup was gobbled.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAR. 28, 1850.

MR. A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

Think of it, Boys!

'What'll you ask to print this?' said a light and boyish voice at our elbow a short time ago. We looked at the boy, and then read the paper. The former was a slender little fellow of fourteen, with mild features and modest manner, and the latter was a notice to the public, that this boy was henceforth permitted to take care of himself, without the restraints of parental control, or the obligation to contribute his earnings to support his father!

Well—this was nothing new. We have seen many such notices, and so have the boys who may read this.

'And what do you intend to do for yourself, when you have your time?' we inquired.

'I shall work out till I earn enough to pay father, and then I'm going to learn a trade.'

Here, boys, was a short story from which you ought to learn something. How many of you earn enough to support yourselves, to say nothing of paying your father fifty or an hundred dollars besides? Think of the boy who has all the luxuries and comforts and securities of home,—with the privileges of an education, and the safeguard of parental love and counsel; and compare his chance with that of the little fellow who is even glad to work hard for a year or two, among strangers and without sympathy, that he may secure the poor privilege of taking care of himself! If you expect this last boy to do anything in the world, how much more ought to be expected of you, with all your advantages? If you send two boys out to catch fish, and give one a 'pin-hook' without bait, and the other a spring-hook and nice minnies, which ought to catch the most fish?—and which would you complain of most, if neither caught anything? Just so with you, if with all your advantages, you do no better in the world than the boy who never had any help.

But there are several classes of you boys—we mean in respect to your advantages, and what people have reason to expect of you. The boy we have mentioned represents such as are cast out upon the world to look out for themselves. They have so little opportunity for getting an education, that when they grow to be men they generally have to get along as they can without one. Some of them foresee the disadvantages they must encounter without education, and manage to secure it by extraordinary efforts—such as Franklin and Sherman are known to have made.

Another class consists of such of you as have good homes, good parents to advise and assist you, and time and opportunity for getting a good common education. Those who improve these advantages as they ought to, and fall into no bad habits, generally make respectable men. And why shouldn't they?

There is still another class;—those who not only have the advantages mentioned, but who are above the necessity of doing anything but attending school, and spending money. They need not work to earn money, because their fathers have earned it for them. They have a very easy time, and more advantages than both the other classes for becoming distinguished and useful men.

Now, boys, which of these classes do you think produces the largest proportion of the great and good and distinguished men who generally take the lead of things in the world? You would probably say the one last mentioned; but old and wise men who have watched this matter for a great many years, say this is not the case. The history of great men shows that even the first class we have mentioned, with all its disadvantages, produces many of them; but that the second class has a greater proportion than either of the others. The reason is very plain. Success, in almost every pursuit, depends on the energy and determination with which it is sought. The son of rich parents does not see the necessity of exerting and cultivating the energy necessary to secure eminence. So, with all his advantages he falls short of it. The boy who contends against extreme poverty, generally neglects his education until it is too late; and thus he has very great disadvantages to contend under. He must make greater efforts in order to succeed as well as others.

So you see, boys, the very best position in the world from which to start, to be a great and distinguished man, is the one most of you occupy—neither too rich or too poor. From this class came Webster, Wright, Briggs, Clay, and a large proportion of the distinguished men in our country. They saw the need of great efforts, and they made them in season—so that they enjoy their reward before old age has taken away their relish for it. You can do the same if you will; but it requires a firm resolution and hard work, to make it sure.

No untidy or lazy boy ever turned out to be much of a man.

FARMERS!—Bear in mind, when you order Agricultural Implements, choice Seeds, &c., that Messrs Gwynneth & Tolman, 27 Market Square, Portland, offer all these articles on as good terms as you can get them in Boston or elsewhere.

You had rather spend your money in your own State than in any other; and we assure you that they will sell you what you want, on better terms than you can find by going further. Their assortment is large and good.

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LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The following extract of a letter from the gold region, has been kindly furnished us for publication by William G. Dinsmore, by whom it was received.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 29, 1850.

Friend Dinsmore: As I have written to you before, and endeavored to give something of a description of the country here, I will omit a repetition and proceed to give you my opinion of this immense humbug. You probably read a great deal in the papers of the day, about the fortunes that are made here, and perhaps you may occasionally see something which will lead you to think that some may be disappointed, and fail of acquiring so much wealth, and in as short time as they anticipated. Now I will freely say to you that I never knew how to appreciate comfort till I came to this miserable place; but now when I am where that luxury cannot be obtained, I can look back and torment myself with the reflection that I was once happy and did not know it. However, I yet hope to see my native land again, and if I do, I really think that I shall never again be tempted to leave a good business to try my luck in California. You can have no adequate idea of the sufferings to which we are exposed, and I will only say that I, although I have enjoyed good health, a boon which is denied to many here, would not be hired to undergo the hardships which I have experienced for all the wealth which California is said to possess.

Business is now very dull here, and I think I can safely say that there are thousands here who would be rejoiced to work (quite as hard as you and I used to in Boston,) for their board. John Outignon, who you know left a good salary, and myself with five others are keeping what we call Bachelor-Hall, and we are getting along first rate (commonly speaking.)—John thinks as I do in regard to this speculation, and we are bound to make the best of it, but if business should revive next season we shall give it a fair trial and then bid farewell forever to this country. You may expect us home next Fall if we live. I don't know as it is necessary for me to give you any advice about coming here, but I will ask a favor of you and that is, will you try to persuade Chas. to stay where he is, or if he must emigrate, tell him by all means to go to the Arctic Highlands in Greenland in preference to coming to the gold mines of California. You may think it strange that I am so prejudiced against this land of promise, but you must know that promises are not very valuable unless they are fulfilled, and California can never pay but a small per cent. on the responsibility she has assumed.

I said that I wished you to persuade Charles not to come here. I have heard that he is intending to come, and it is not because I do not wish to see him or you that I advise you not to come, but because I love you both too well to wish you to make the sacrifice. I do not think it necessary for me to say any thing more on this subject, so I will leave it, hoping you and Charles will profit by my warning.

I have not said anything about the fire which we have had here for the reason that I presume you have read about it in the papers. I remain as ever your sincere friend,

Wm. I. W.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Farmer's Bank.

MR. EDITOR: In looking over some of the back numbers of the Albany Cultivator, I came across the following, entitled 'The Farmer's Bank': if you think it would interest your readers, please print it.

Every farmer may effectually be his own banker if he chooses. He has the right, he has the power, he has the means at his own command; and by the exercise of this right, this power, and these means, he can be benefited far more than by any investment of capital in the banks now in use. The bank I allude to is the Farmer's Bank of manure, located in his own barn yard. This is a bank that can never fail; can never be insolvent. He subjects himself to no protests; he lives in no fear of a suspension of payment; he needs no bolts, bars, or locks, to secure him from the midnight robber. There is no cashier, to tell him, when he presents himself at this bank for means to carry on his farming operation, that a discount is required to grant him a favor, or to tell him his endorser is not good or sufficient. He is not confined to a limited number of days with a little grace beyond it; and when he draws his check, he has no fear of being told by the President, the Cashier, or Mr. Teller, that there are no funds placed to his credit.

Then let every farmer, if he has not done so already, securely arrange his barn-yard in such a manner that none of the deposits can be squandered until he removes them himself. If the farmer owns stock in this bank, he suffers no perplexity or anxiety of mind that he may not have an annual dividend declared of less than the lawful interest of his money, but he can rest assured that his dividend will be the real substantial of life to his pockets and family, viz.: pork, butter, cheese, money, &c.—The Farmer, who may be justly styled the corner stone of our republic, can be benefited, essentially benefited by his own bank, the Farmer's Bank of manure.

A FARMER.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE for April—a good number—has been received. Whoever wants good reading at a low price, cannot do better than to invest a dollar—which pays for a whole year, twelve numbers—in Holden's Magazine. Subscriptions received by C. K. Mathews, who will also furnish single copies.

THE 'JOHN MARSHALL.'—This old favorite of the travelling public has commenced her trips for the season, between Portland and Boston,—as will be seen by the advertisement in another column. She is in first rate hands, and is said to be doing honorable service in a very acceptable way. The fare is but \$1, which is probably much the cheapest conveyance that can be had between the two cities.—The John Marshall is in good condition, and

probably as safe a boat as can be found. She may safely calculate on receiving a visit from her old friends on the Kennebec the present season.

MELANCHOLY. Our readers will recollect a paragraph in our paper, a few weeks since, mentioning the intrepid conduct of Miss Sarah F. Chipman, in leaving the ship California, in which she had embarked with the family of her brother-in-law, and returning to the shore in the pilot boat. Every body must admire such courage in a young lady of 18;—but the sequel is peculiarly melancholy. Miss Chipman was several hours in the boat before reaching the wharf, during which time she became badly chilled. She proceeded to the American Hotel, and the next day took the cars to return to her home in Waterville. Feeling seriously unwell, she stopped at Newburyport and applied to Dr. Atkinson, a relative of her father, for medical aid. The family kindly detained her, and the next day she was taken severely ill of lung fever, of which she died on the 23d inst. Her remains were brought to her afflicted family by the cars on Tuesday, and yesterday her funeral was attended by many sympathizing friends at her father's house. Such is the termination of the little romance which has secured so wide a circulation through the public press.

[Mr. Chipman wishes to express, in behalf of himself and family, his strong gratitude to the family of Dr. Atkinson, for the affectionate attention and kindness shown the deceased during her sickness. In declining other compensation, that at last secure the blessing of the good Samaritan.]

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE.—Sartain—who is always in advance of his competitors in time as well as talent—issued his April number a fortnight ago; it contains twelve engravings, and the usual amount and variety of reading matter. It can be found at Mathews's.

THE BEST STORE—or at least one of the best, in Portland or elsewhere, for the purchase of all kinds of copper and brass work, including fire frames, and castings of all metals, is said to be that of T. HAMMOND, Jr., 18 Exchange Street. The enterprising proprietor has taken infinite pains to prepare for answering all orders in a most acceptable manner; but in brass and copper work, of all kinds, he is able to satisfy the most fastidious. The most beautiful specimens of fire frames, and other brass work, to be found in Portland, are from that establishment. Mr. H. has orders from all sections of the State, which he answers at very moderate prices, relying rather upon extensive business than great profits. Longley's Express gives particular attention to orders from this section to Mr. Hammond—all of which are always promptly attended to.

LOOK CAREFULLY, all ye who intend to make your Spring purchases in Portland, to our list of Portland advertisements. The very best houses in the city will be found there, and none will need look further. There is evidently a determination, among the best houses there, to sell goods even at a sacrifice sooner than see good customers pass on to Boston. No doubt there is a chance for country dealers to secure great bargains. At least, all who go that way should stop and inquire.

"THE ORGAN," in the purchase of which the ladies of our village society, and many others interested in the Baptist Church and Society—have shown so commendable a zeal for a year or two past, issued its first notes last Sabbath.

CAMPBELL'S DEFENCE OF THE NORTH.—In a speech delivered by Mr. Campbell of Ohio a few weeks since, he frequently brought southern members to their feet. In reference to the assertion of Mr. Clingman, that the slave states were the most enlightened, the most civilized, and the most happy people in the Union, Mr. Campbell went into a comparison of statistics, and showed that Ohio, a young state, with about the same white population of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, had 1,815 more colleges and schools, and educated in 1840, 131,000 more children than all these States together. He said he would descend to Counties, and would take one from the intelligent and happy district of the gentleman, (Mr. Clingman,) who had commenced the comparison. He had selected the County of Buncombe, believing, from the great number of speeches which had been made for many years here and elsewhere, for the benefit of her people, that they were by this time the most enlightened. He showed that this county with a white population of nearly 3000, had just the same number of schools that the free negroes supported in nearly every district in his (Mr. Campbell's) district, namely, the whole of one school!

Scarcely a whole one either, for there were scholars attending it to the enormous number of ten! He was here interrupted by Mr. Ashe of N. C., and asked to enter into the statistics of crime. Mr. Campbell said, with great promptness, "I think it likely the statistics will show more persons in Northern Penitentiaries than in Southern. The reason is obvious.—We punish those who are guilty of crime, while you let your rascals fun at large. At least we have lately had pretty good evidence that such is the fact! This home thrust created a great laugh and sensation in the Hall. And Mr. Campbell resumed his seat amid cries of exultation, "go on, Campbell go on."

EL DORADO.—Wonders sure will never cease; the indomitable spirit of the Yankee nation is bound to thrive and stick out like a green bay tree. Twelve days ago a raging fire swept the eastern side of Portsmouth square, burning every building it touched to the ground. Last evening the sound of a musical band fell upon our ears, we looked, and lo! a spacious and pretty building stood upon the corner of the square. There was a sound of revelry by night. Lights flashed from the windows and doors, the chinking of coin, the clinking of glasses, the busy hum of voices, and the 'fort, tort, tort!' of the cornet or piston was all reality. No conqueror had entranced the senses, but the strong arm of man had caused El Dorado to spring like the what-d'ye-call-it from the ashes, as Mrs. Skewton would say.

Barber, I think this towel has been in use long enough.

It has been used more than six weeks, and no one ever found fault with it before!

Trial of Prof. John W. Webster, at Boston, on the charge of the murder of DR. GEO. PARKMAN.

Our readers will not, of course, expect a full report of this interesting trial. The size of our sheet would not admit of it. We can only present such a summary of the testimony as will give an idea of the ground upon which the jury may base their verdict, whatever that verdict may be.

Mr. Clifford, Attorney General, after the jury was empanelled, stated what he expected to show against the prisoner. The following is a brief outline of his address, and embraces the substance of a great portion of the testimony on the part of the prosecution:—

They should offer testimony to show that Dr. Parkman was alive and well on the morning of Friday the 23d of November up to 10 minutes before 2 o'clock, when he was seen to enter the Medical College in Grove street; and this, from his particular habits, of being punctually at home at a certain hour, gave his family alarm.

They however waited till the next morning before they made any public movement. On that day a general search was commenced. The police were engaged in it. Notices were published in the evening papers, of Saturday, calling the attention of the public to the general facts. Rumors of his having been seen were rife. They were traced, and found to be entirely unfounded.

The entire police of the city were brought into requisition, and large rewards were offered; but, when the rewards brought no tidings of his having wandered away, that hope vanished, and deepened into certainty that he was not in the land of the living.

On Sunday his family learned from Dr. Webster that he had been in his company between the hours of 1 and 2 o'clock, on the 23d of Nov. The search was continued through the week, Monday, Tuesday, and up to Friday.

The river was dredged; the yards and the dwellings in the western part of the city where Dr. Parkman owned property, were searched. On Monday and Tuesday there was a search at the Medical College. That search was a formal one, no suspicion being yet in the minds of the police against the prisoner.

On the 30th of November, in the vault of a privy, connected with the chemical laboratory occupied by the prisoner, a portion of a human body was found, and with it certain towels, marked with the name of the prisoner. On that day, also, was found in the grate of the furnace, pressed into the cinders, certain bones, parts of mineral teeth, and pieces of gold. On Saturday there was found in a remote corner of that laboratory, in a place where it had been noticed before, but not examined, a tea-chest, in which was discovered, imbedded in tan, the thorax and chest of a human body, with a hunter's knife, and a piece of twine.

These remains were submitted to competent medical and scientific gentlemen, and found to correspond in every particular with the body of Dr. George Parkman, so far as they were parts of a body. There were missing the head, arms, both feet, and the right leg from the knee to the ankle. The evidence would satisfy them that they belonged to a person of the age of Dr. Parkman, that these peculiarities corresponded with those of that gentleman.

But then, they should put in evidence in this case that, of the bones found in the furnace, not a fragment was found that duplicated that found in the vault and tea-chest, showing that all constituted portions of one human body. There would also be some evidence that would indicate the probability that some of the bones found in the furnace were fractured before they were put into the furnace.

Then, they would have submitted to them some mineral teeth found so near the bottom of the furnace that they took the cold air, which would be identified as the same that had been made for Dr. Parkman by a dentist in this city in 1846, and he would state the grounds upon which he identified them.

The thorax found in the laboratory would be shown to have been perforated near the heart. It would also be shown that to these remains had been made chemical applications of strong alkalis. It would also be demonstrated that they were not the remains of any subject for dissection, first by the fact that there were no injections into the veins of any preservative substances, and in the second, that the janitor was required to account for all such bodies.

If Dr. George Parkman was murdered, then the question arose, who murdered him? In respect to this question, the government would offer testimony to show the relations between the prisoner since 1842, when certain pecuniary transactions commenced between them. It would be observed that the prisoner was so much embarrassed that all his personal property was under mortgage to Dr. Parkman. Dr. P. was a man of large property, accustomed to make loans. He was liberal, but exact. In 1842 he loaned the prisoner \$400, and took his note, which remained unpaid at maturity, when Dr. P. took a mortgage of all the prisoner's property, including a cabinet of minerals, to secure the note and further advances made.

It would appear that after this, the prisoner had made a proposal to Mr. R. G. Shaw, to advance him money on the cabinet of minerals, because he was in distress. Mr. S. did advance \$1200. Subsequently Dr. Parkman learned of the conveyance of this cabinet of minerals to his brother-in-law, and he was highly incensed, regarding it as a fraud, and that, from this time, he pursued the prisoner as a debtor in whom he had lost confidence.

The lectures commenced on the 7th of Nov., and on the 9th Dr. Parkman called on Dr. W., and insisted on the payment of his debt. Dr. Webster requested him to wait, as he had not received the money for his tickets. It would appear that Dr. Webster had received a considerable part of his pay.

On the 12th, Dr. Parkman called on the paying agent, to ascertain how matters stood. He called again on the 14th, and threatened a trustee process, and sent a message to Dr. W. that he was a dishonest or dishonest man. On the 19th he called again on Dr. Webster, and declared with great decision that something must be done. The next day Dr. Webster wrote him a note. On the day previous to the alleged murder, Dr. P. rode out to see Dr. Webster at Cambridge.

On the 23d of November, Dr. Webster called at the residence of Dr. Parkman, and made an appointment to meet Dr. P. at the Medical College, to come to his rooms at 1 o'clock, and to receive his pay.

The lectures of Dr. Webster were Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday; and therefore the longest leisure that he had was from Friday to Tuesday. It would be shown that he remained at his rooms on Friday till a late hour, and that he was there again on Saturday and Sunday, and that the doors that were usually left open, were fastened.

Dr. P.'s friends were making an anxious search for him, on Saturday, and made publication in the evening papers. It would appear that Dr. W. held peculiar relations to the

