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The lawn at Elmwood, sweeping down from the fine old house, first descending into a vale, then rising to a hill, with its stately elms, and green grass, was a beautiful spot; and at sunset, one could scarcely find a more lovely scene. A broad river which swept beneath an overhanging cliff, at the termination of the lawn, gave a romantic wildness to this bewitching place. On the cliff was perched a fairy-like summer-house, surrounded with shrubbery and covered with vines; while tall old elms spread over it their guardian branches, as if to protect it from the fierce winter blast, or summer heat. But although it was a gorgeous sunset, and the rich clouds floated above in fanciful shapes, as if sporting with their images reflected from the river's broad bosom, a young, delicate girl, seated in the summer-house, seemed entirely unmindful of this picturesque scene. She was very young, scarcely fifteen, dressed in deep mourning; and her expressive, though not handsome face was bathed in tears. Grief had blinded her eyes to the beauties of 'land, sky and river,' for the letter which she held in her hand, had 'well nigh broken her heart.'—Though yet a child, she was a wife, and worshipped her husband with childish devotion. She was an orphan, and stood quite alone in life. The letter which she held was from her husband; but not intended by him for her eyes. By careless negligence it had been misdirected, and had thus fallen into her hands.

"In two weeks, dear Frank," he wrote, "I shall be upon the wide ocean. Join me, my friend, in my travels. I shall be gone for years, probably forever. I have no ties to bind me to my home, excepting unpleasant and forced ones. You know, my dear fellow, I was summoned hither from Europe, by my deceased father's illness. He seemed much better after my return, and we had hopes of his recovery. His maiden sister, my good aunt Esther, had resided with him for many years, but on my return, I found added to his family a young girl, the daughter of an old and dearly loved friend, one with whom he had been associated in business for years, but who had lately died in one of the West India Islands, where he had resided for a long while. He left his daughter to my father's care. Imagine my surprise, when soon after my return, my father expressed an earnest desire to see me married to this child. I urged my unwillingness—at last, at last, I refused, when my father, with deep emotion, said that through some unfortunate speculation he had rendered the poor child penniless. He urged—he entreated; at last, I consented, and at his bedside we were married. He lived but a little while afterwards. What was my amazement to find, upon investigating my father's affairs, that my bride's almost princely fortune was uninjured. To gratify his arbitrary wishes, and to unite our two fortunes, my father had devised this plan to gain my consent. Must I consider myself bound? My heart rebels against this unnatural marriage, and I have resolved to leave my country. If I thought her happiness was concerned, honor, duty would point out a different course; but no! she is a shy, unformed child, scarcely old enough to know the meaning of love. My departure will cause no other emotion in her simple mind than surprise, and it may be relief. I have written to her, announcing my departure. Her fortune shall be entirely at her disposal. I have situated it upon her. She shall be her own mistress, and independent totally of my control—free to do as she pleases. Could I see anything in my little bride that I could look forward to love, it would be different; but she is entirely the opposite of all I should wish in woman. She is quite homely, possessing few mental gifts—shy, timid, and I fear stupid. She has been forced upon me, and my wife by name she may be, but no more. Meet me in New York next week, if you have not been beguiled into playing Benedick yourself, and we will commence again our wanderings.

Ever truly your friend,
ROLAND LEE.

Poor Ellen! these cruel words fell like lead upon her heart, and she wept in bitterness of spirit. She had listened to the descriptions given of Roland, by his father and aunt, until her little heart doted upon the idea she had formed in her mind, even before she saw him. They had impressed it upon her that he was to be her husband, and she had prepared her little willing spirit to love him accordingly. She was a child in years and appearance, but not in mind; (timid and retiring, however, almost to a fault; and, painfully conscious of her want of personal charms—which consciousness increased her awkwardness. She looked upon the handsome, agreeable Roland, when they presented him to her, as one to be worshipped, and when they greeted her as his wife, thought earth had no greater happiness. How must her tender and sensitive heart have been shocked to learn that she had been forced upon him, and that the sacred ties which they were bound to bear to her, were to him irksome and hateful, and had driven him forth, a wanderer! But not one thought of anger mingled with her grief. Her loving woman's spirit exaggerated its own deficiencies, to excuse the selfish coldness of the one deemed perfect, and with Helena, she felt

In his bright radiance and collateral light
And I felt comforted, not in his sphere
The mission of my love, this plague itself.

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Has sanctified his relics.

"I am shy, ugly and stupid," she murmured, as those bitter thoughts poured like the lava wave over her sad heart, and with despairing sobs, she added: "Would to heaven I had died with my own dear father!"

"Rie, naughty child, to talk thus," said a voice behind her, and she felt encircling her the kind arms of loving aunt Esther. The gentle old maiden lady soothed and caressed her, and won from her the story of her grief. There is a deal of comfort in communicating one's troubles. Sympathy lightens many a heavy load of care, and so felt poor little Ellen, when at last, after a weary night of bitter weeping, she fell asleep in kind aunt Esther's arms.

A few days after, Roland Lee received, to his surprise, the misdirected letter, enclosed in a short note from his aunt. After alluding to some business affairs of her own, which she wished him to attend to, previous to his departure, she ended with saying:

"The letter enclosed, though not intended for Ellen, has, however, announced to us your departure, and sufficiently explained the cause. As your wife will be deprived of her rightful protector, probably for years, I will endeavor to be a mother to her. We shall, of course, remain at Elmwood. It is needless to add that it will be unnecessary for you to write any farther on this subject, unpleasant to both parties. May you find all the happiness abroad you seek."

He felt annoyed, grieved beyond measure, at his carelessness; and the quiet, cold sentences in his aunt's letter, spoke more reproaches than a letter written full would have expressed. The following post brought him a letter from his friend, Frank Weston, enclosing the misdi-

rected one, intended for his wife. Having finished the two letters at the same time, he had slipped them into the wrong envelopes; thus had the mistake occurred. But it was too late to remedy the fault, and after dispatching a short letter of thanks to his aunt for her kind intentions toward his wife, and a few lines of respectful adieu to Ellen, he sailed for Europe.

Years rolled by, and transformed the impetuous youth into a calm, thoughtful man. He still remained in Europe; at times residing in England, then travelling on the Continent—making short sojourns in the different cities, as his fancy led him. From his wife he never heard; too timid was she to intrude herself upon him. Of her he heard through his aunt. Their days passed quietly and calmly at Elmwood. He had no reason to suppose, from the tenor of his aunt's generally short letters, that his absence caused one sigh of regret. The good old maiden lady's sense of propriety would not permit her to write one word that should induce Roland to imagine this. She thought that Ellen had been coldly and cruelly treated by her nephew—therefore, woman's pride forbade she should tell of the tears shed over her prolonged absence—the flowers with girlish fancy nursed—and the improvements sought both in mind and person, by his innocent young wife, to greet his tardy return. But still he lingered, and his short letters spoke not one word of return, until hope itself almost died out in poor Ellen's bosom.

At first, inclination detained him abroad; but as time passed, and he grew older, there were moments when his thoughts would dwell on the comforts of home; and he was beginning to wish his aunt Esther would write something that would form even the shadow of an excuse for his return, when an incident occurred which renewed his feeling of disinclination, and gave the future coloring to his life. One summer, while lingering idly on the Rhine, chance threw him in contact with a party of American travellers. The winter previous, he had met with them in Paris, and had been so much attracted by the charms of a lady of the party, that honor warned him to shun her society.

And here, again, they met on the beautiful shores of the Rhine—under the clear skies and beaming sun, and the spirit of beauty beaming over all. He had fled from her fascinations, when to again he was thrown in her path. The party received him cordially, and expressed so much pleasure at meeting with the lady herself, and her own situation, contributed to this fancied security. She was a widow, and devoted to the memory of her husband, though from the natural turn of her disposition, sprightly and joyous. Every one loved her, but she treated all gentlemen alike, excepting that she displayed to those whose society she professed, the bewitching frankness of a sister—she was as gentle and lovely to all. She was a dangerous woman was Emily Reed, though she was unconscious of the peril of her charms, and guileless and innocent as a child; and her soft blue eyes gazed up with such gentle lovingness from under the delicate veined lids, that the beholder could not help acquitting her of the charge brought against her by many of her sex. Who could look at that clear, open brow, with the beautiful hair that seemed in its way luxuriance, as if it would delight to cluster round that lovely face in caressing, wowing curls, but by its mistress bound in rich braids, modestly and severely back—her dark, plain dress, rejecting all ornament, and manner that seemed to say, "I have a heart overflowing with kindly feelings for all; but my love—my purest and most sacred feelings, are buried in the grave." Who could mark all this, and believe Emily Reed a flirt—a coquette?

Roland's friends in Europe knew of his marriage—he had never concealed it—but as he never spoke freely on the subject, they were left to their own imaginations, to conjecture the cause of his separation from his wife. Agreeable, young, handsome, rich, an honorable and highly-bred gentleman—surely, the wife must be to blame. So they argued; and warm sympathy was felt by all, for his peculiar situation. So near right is the world in its conclusions. It argues pro and con most sagely; then with the utmost confidence imaginable, settles down upon a conclusion the very farthest from the truth.

Summer passed; and when winter came, it found Roland still lingering near the lovely widow. The travelling party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Winters, who were Mrs. Reed's cousins, their two or three young children, and some other gentlemen and ladies, who, like themselves, were people of leisure and means. They went and came, as it pleased them; and at one time might be found enjoying the galleries of Paris, at another loitering through the beautiful Rhine—or gazing on the wild mountain scenery of Switzerland. Unfettered in movements as Roland was—master of his own actions—this charming child, independent of the attractions of the fair lady, just suited his fancy. He gave himself up to the witchery that surrounded him, and silenced all upbraidings within his breast.

"Nonsense," he would say in reply to this "still, small voice," within, "I need not imagine myself in love, because I prefer the society of a lovely woman. She evidently cares nothing for me, beyond friendship; therefore, I do not endanger her happiness by the indulgence, and I am surely the master of my own feelings sufficiently to restrain myself within bounds. I am forbidden by honor to love. I will regard her as a sister."

And thus he reasoned.

At last, wearied with this unsettled life, for a time so fascinating, Mr. and Mrs. Winters longed for the comforts of home, and announced themselves to their friends as "Homeward Bound." After their departure for America, and the consequent breaking up of the pleasant party that had so long continued together, Roland became wearied and felt that his foreign residence had lost all interest. He grew restless and unhappy, and sought by change of place to place, to fill up the void caused by their departure; but in vain; every spot was associated with them; and he found himself listening for the musical voice and laugh that used to ring in his ears; and wishing for the tiny hand that was wont to greet him with such sisterly, heart-warm welcome. After a few weary months he followed them. He knew that Mrs. Reed had resided with her cousins, who were as brother and sister to her, ever since her widowhood, and eagerly did he seek

their home on reaching New York. How he rejoiced to find himself warmly welcomed by them. It is so pleasant to find oneself remembered by absent friends, when one has to contend with the renewing of the dearest domestic relations as rivals.

"You see," he said to them the morning after his arrival, as he took a seat at their sociable, home-like breakfast table, "I could not remain abroad after you all left. I felt lost."

"And the children fretted so after cousin Roland; indeed, we all missed you," said Mrs. Winters, whose mother's heart always warmed towards him; for the children were exceedingly fond of him.

"Emily, Mary and I wished over and over again for you after we left Europe," added the husband. "You seem as a brother to us, Roland. I am so glad you have come."

Roland cast a hasty, earnest glance at Emily; but the same joyous, sunny smile beamed on her face; and her blue eyes shone with the same frank, open look full on his, as she united in their friendly greetings; and she said playfully, as the children clung joyfully around him.

"I am right glad cousin Roland has returned, to keep you little elves in order; you are many times too boisterous for cousin Emily, and mamma."

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed inwardly, "she is free! I am yet at liberty to be with her, and yet he was not happy. At times he would feel vexed and wretched, when he contrasted her cool, unimpassioned manner with his own. "Unreasonable creature, that I am," he would say, after such moments of unhappiness, "to wish her otherwise would be to separate us—I would be forced to fly from her so soon as her heart warmed towards me. Ah! why did we not meet when we were both free!"

A gay season followed, and with Mr. and Mrs. Winters, by the side of his Cousin Emily, as the children had taught him to call her, he was to be seen at parties, balls, and operas. And what did the world say! Just nothing at all. Many had forgotten, or had never heard of his marriage, and almost every one imagined, from the close intimacy that existed between him and the family, that he was a near relative.

On the following summer, he was again their companion, as they travelled through the beautiful northern scenery of their country. Together he and Emily lingered around the romantic scenery of Lake George. They visited Canada—the walled city of Quebec seemed to carry them back to Europe; and they lived over again in fancy the first days of their acquaintance, when they had met on the Rhine. They breathed the fresh breeze on the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, gazed with lovely eyes; and as by moonlight they sat on the deck of the vessel, heart speaking to heart, watching the foaming, glittering waves, that seemed to follow the pale moon's course, they both gave themselves up to the dangerous luxury of the present. He gazed on her beaming beautiful face, and as her rich voice swelled out in lovely melody upon his ears, he felt that friendship was too cold a name. With what rapture did he hail the falling of Emily's soft blue eyes, when he first noticed their sinking under his ardent, loving gaze. He forgot the high, honorable resolves he had made, to leave her, so soon as he could detect the slightest alteration in her manner towards him—not he only now pined for the certainty of her love, and in wild anxiety hung around her.

"I will be free—I will annul my marriage," he at last said. "My wife may, like myself, love another, and in this spirit he wrote to her—the first letter he had addressed to her since their separation. He frankly confessed his love for Emily, and threw himself upon her generosity. "Our marriage," he wrote, "was but a mere ceremony. I was forced upon you in your childhood. I have always considered you free; and have been ready at any time to annul the tie between us, whenever your own heart should make a choice. The retiring delicacy, which I remember so characterized you in your childhood, may have deterred you from requesting this. I therefore ask it first. Your answer will decide my future happiness or misery."

The scene at his father's death-bed rose in fancy before him, as he despatched this letter—that delicate girl whom he had sworn to love and protect; his father (seemed, to his imagination, to gaze reproachfully upon him; and gentle Aunt Esther looked sadly. But the joyous voice of Emily rung out with sunny glees, and those heavenly blue eyes no longer beamed coldly upon him, but their lids fell, as if overpowered with the weight of loving consciousness, and these reproaching memories faded. How could he imagine the deep and hopeless grief that cold letter might cause to the isolated girl, who had allowed no rival to interfere with his cherished image in her heart, more dangerous than a bird or flower.

The summer was well high past, but our merry party, though with faces turned homeward, still lingered around the beautiful scenery of Trenton Falls, as if bewitched with the lovely place, and unable to break the spell which Nature had thrown over them. One day Emily and Roland rambled unconsciously, far beyond the rest, in following the succession of falls. There were moments when Roland, with fearful jealousy, doubted the certainty of her love; but it was when her joyous laugh rung out merrily, and playful badinage fell from her rosy lips. On this day she had seemed in one of her wildest, maddest moods, and with reckless glees, she had chatted, sung aloud, and laughed, as if independent of all feeling.

"These rocks remind me of castles, do they not?" she exclaimed, and without pausing for answer, she continued, thinking her cousin close behind her: "I could almost imagine at times, that I see flying buttresses—Ah! Mary, do you remember those fine old ruined castles on the Rhine?"

She turned for an answer and found herself alone with Roland—the rest were far behind. To break the awkward pause, she said carelessly: "do you remember our visits to the Rhine?"

Associated as that portion of their intercourse was, with the dearest recollections in his mind, he felt impatient at her indifferent tone, and answered passionately—

"How could I ever forget the place or time where we first met! But his impetuosity was calmed, as he saw her face crimsoned with blushes, turn from him, and he felt her hand tremble in his, as he held it, while guiding her along the narrow foot-path—the reckless, gleeful spirit vanished, as the consciousness of love

transformed her into the gentle, trembling woman. In silence they continued their walk. A bend in the stream just above the fifth fall, shut off the lower view, and as they turned the bend, Emily stood entranced; they had never gone so far before in their wanderings up the stream, the waters being too impetuous. The mountains rose on both sides, with trees towering to heaven. Roland felt exhausted; the dark, fearfully deep waters rolled quietly at their feet, while behind them from the topmost height of one of the rocky castellated mountains, a tiny stream came playfully dashing and foaming down, as if in mimicry of the glittering impetuous fall beneath. Not a sound could be heard, but the rushing dash of the waters—they seemed as though they stood alone in creation. "Ah! ever thus," he exclaimed with passionate earnestness—"Life has no greater happiness than this." Then impetuously he poured out his tale of deep, wild love, and besought the shrinking Emily, who with anguish buried her face in her hands—to give him one look of love.

"Mr. Lee—Mr. Lee," she at last said: "your wife—you surely forget your situation—can you love me and yet seek to render me miserable by this avowal?"

"Not so, dearest," he replied, "I hope to be able to approach you unbound by any ties."

"How so?" asked Emily, in surprise—"is not your wife still living?"

With the accents of pleasing love, he told her all the events attendant on his marriage, of which he had never spoken to her before—and his late proposition made to Ellen for a divorce. Mrs. Reed shook her head doubtfully, as he concluded, and said in sad tones: "Ah, we have been very wrong to give ourselves up to this infatuation—But, added she, seriously, as her lover endeavored to pour out anew his expressions of devotion—until you are indeed free, Roland, we must part. Nay, do not urge me to alter this determination. This avowal of yours—our mutual knowledge of each other's love, thus confessed, would render us guilty in our hearts."

"He implored, but in vain; Mrs. Reed was immovable; and they parted. In a neighboring city, he awaited with anxious impatience an answer from Elmwood, and eagerly he broke the seal of a letter, which at last reached him, directed in Aunt Esther's well remembered hand.

"I do not upbraid you, Roland," wrote his aunt, "for your conscience surely will at some time, when too late to repair the wrong you have done. For years has your isolated wife looked forward for your return; for your approval has she studied and trained her mind worshipping the very recollection of you—Imagine, then, how the proposition of divorce must have affected her gentle, loving spirit. Bowed to the earth as she is, she wishes to see you once more, and entreats with all the earnestness of a fond heart that cherishes no anger, to leave the poor comfort of dying your wife. Selfish as you must be, you cannot deny this little request. A few months, you can surely wait, to be freed from the ties with which you are unworthy of being bound. Little as I desire to meet with you, under present circumstances, Roland, yet for my adopted child's last comfort, I urge you to hasten to Elmwood."

He was filled with the deepest remorse, as he hastened to comply with his aunt's request. He reproached himself, again and again, as the image of his pale, dying wife, and the beautiful Emily, rose before him; and he felt almost distracted as he thought of the double misery he should be the cause of inflicting on these two lovely beings. Grieved and distressed, he felt, as his carriage drove up the long avenue leading to Elmwood; and in the shadow of evening the tall elms seemed to bow in mourning over the old house. All was dark and quiet, around and within; the very servants that greeted him seemed stifled with sorrow.

"She is dying," murmured the sorrowing Roland; and anxiously he gazed into his aunt Esther's face, as he met her in the hall. "Take me to her instantly," he exclaimed. The state, the old maiden lady led him to her apartment, and left him at the entrance. In silent anguish he knelt beside the fragile, delicate form extended on the couch, and dreaded to see that pale, weeping face, which lay buried in the cushions—he trembled to behold this struggle in a woman's breast, between deep, deep love, and woman's pride. "I have deeply wronged you, dear Ellen," he at last murmured. "Pardon me, I beseech you; with your last words lighten the wretched burden of remorse, that will hang over me to my grave."

She raised her head from the cushions, and as she turned towards him, he saw, instead of the dying wife, the joyous, sunny features of Emily Reed. She burst into a merry laugh as she exclaimed:

"I have won you, dear Roland, may I not die your wife, dearest?"

The laugh was re-echoed, and Roland almost imagined himself in a dream, as he saw himself surrounded by Mr. and Mrs. Winters and Aunt Esther, who had been anxiously awaiting the denouement to enter. They all explained merrily the ruse that had been so successfully played upon him; and Roland no longer reproached his father, as he gazed on his lovely, bewitching wife, who looked up lovingly while his arms encircled her.

"You were surely pardonable," she said, mischievously, "for wishing to be relieved from a silly, stupid, ugly wife."

"I have been well punished, dearest, for those treasonable words," he replied; "and on your lips will I impress my earnest prayers for forgiveness."

ONE VACANT CHAIR.—We were talking a few days since with an esteemed friend of ours, who was reared after the good old New England fashion, and with whom "Thanksgiving," as a matter of course, is an institution, a day of family reunion, of domestic and social rejoicing. He is a man of noble sympathies, and a big heart. In speaking of the coming Thanksgiving day, a cloud passed over his features, and a tear gathered in his eyes. "I have," said he, "for many years gathered my family around me on that day. All my children have sat with me at my annual feast, and it never occurred to me that it could be otherwise. We ate, drank, and were merry, without thinking that a change must one day come. But that change has already come. At our annual banquet this year there will be one vacant chair! It was a sad, sad thought. Sorrowful memories come clustering around the heart at the

mention of that 'one vacant chair.' The pleasant features, the happy smile, the cheerful voice of the loved and the lost come like a vision of sweetness from the sorrowful past. The pale still face, the marble brow, decked with the garlands of the grave, follow, and the eye dims with tears as the vision vanishes away, and the palpable presence only is left of that 'one vacant chair.'

And so it is, and so it will be always. Year by year those that we love drop from around us. Some are snatched away by death, going down in the bloom of their beauty to the city of the dead. Some swing out into the great world, and are borne by the currents of life far away from us. The day of annual re-union comes; we gather around the yearly banquet, we look for the cherished faces, we listen for the loved voices; but the heart swells, and the big tear trembles on the eyelids, for there, in the midst of that cherished circle, in the very place where one who nestled fondliest in our affections used to sit, is 'one vacant chair.'

We who sit at the head of these family feasts should never forget that one day we shall be absent from the banquet. The time will surely come when we shall cease to occupy a place there. We know not when the vacancy may occur, but as surely as time rolls on, as surely as human destiny is sweeping onward and onward, always towards eternity, so surely will the day of our departure come; and struggle as we may, resist as we may, as all the aggregated energies of nature may, we must pass from among the living, and leave behind us for the next gathering 'one vacant chair.'—[Albany Register.]

OUR COUNTRY.

A THANKSGIVING SONG.

Our Country! 'tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand
She bounds the desert Atlantic o'er.
And nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies;
In nature's mildest grandeur dressed,
Emmell'd with her loveliest dyes.

Rich Prairies decked with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad Lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting each clear trembling star,
And mighty Rivers, mountain born,
Sweep onward dark and deep,
Thro' forests where the bounding fawn,
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dream-like beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fulsome pour,
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And sent to seize her generous store,
Her prowess no tyrant's hilling brand.

Great God! we thank thee for this home—
This boundless birth-land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come
And breathe the air of Liberty!
Still may her flowers-untampered spring,
Her harvest wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till time shall fold his wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

Lime and Plaster.

Very much has been written within the present century on the application of lime as a manure. Many a theory has been advanced and abandoned; but it has been only by the slow process of experiment that anything has been ascertained of its real value. Different seasons have been found to produce different results from its application.

The soils in your county are exceedingly deficient in lime, especially your upland, rocky and sandy soils. The rocks beneath your soils are generally of a different character from the soil overlying them. The slate rocks of this county are filled with lime, while the soil above them has been formed by the decomposition of granite rocks which have been swept over them from the north. But as an offset to this deficiency, you possess within reach inexhaustible beds of mussel mud, oyster shells, limestone, quicklime and plaster, which can be obtained at a comparatively cheap rate. As with potash, so with lime; it abounds in granite, and is set free by its decomposition.

Much of the difficulty that has hitherto existed in explaining the action of lime, has arisen from a too limited view of its office. We are apt to regard its influence simply in the discharge of a single duty, instead of a complication of duties.

Without attempting to give you infallible rules, for the use of a substance apparently so simple in its results, permit me to call your attention, as briefly as possible, to some of its effects on your soils.

Lime acts both mechanically and chemically. If you put quicklime on your stiff clay soils, in connection with an abundance of manure, you will find its effects manifest at once, in rendering it looser. This action is purely mechanical, and can readily be tested by any person possessing a wet garden spot. Limes should never be put on any soil unless accompanied with manure, except where a large amount of vegetable matter already exists in the soil. Without the latter, it rapidly exhausts any soil.

It might be proper to notice here one great law of nature, that wherever vegetable matter accumulates in a temperate and moist climate, its tendency is to decay and form acids. Consequently, your low lands, your meadows, your peat and much bog, are saturated with vegetable acids, which are injurious to vegetation. Now, lime, whether caustic, slaked or unburned, has the property of neutralizing all of these acids, and rendering them either harmless or valuable to the growth of plants. You may now see its indispensable value in mixing it with manure for the purpose just mentioned. Much of your land is in a condition to produce sorrel, which contains oxalic acid in its composition. Land in such a condition, well manured, can with safety receive a large supply of lime. It absorbs the noxious gases, arising from the decomposition of vegetable and animal matter, and rendering them the most valuable food for plants. It promotes the decomposition of the necessary mineral elements for the growth of plants. Potash and silica are set free by its action more readily than by any other element within our reach. Silica, or sand, is dissolved by its action. Coarse vegetable matter is decomposed by it. It absorbs and retains carbonic acid from the atmosphere, from which the woody fibre of plants is formed; thus rendering the air around and above as available as a manure.

Most cultivated plants require lime in their composition, but in different proportions. Twenty-five bushels of wheat, including grain, straw and roots, require but 13 lbs. If you raise a ton of turnips, you make use of 6 lbs. of lime, while a ton of clover would take from the soil 33 lbs. of lime.

The effects of lime are often the most visible after the first year. As vegetable and animal matter are decomposed more rapidly in soils by the use of lime and other alkalis—more of these than are actually necessary for vegetation, is an injury to the soil, by exhausting it of its elements in the form of gases and salts, which escape into the air, instead of becoming food for plants, or are washed out by the rains.

Some of the compounds formed by the combination of vegetable acids with lime, are sparingly soluble in water, as the carbonate and humate of lime. Consequently they remain more permanently in the soil, while other compounds, as the acetate of lime, are readily soluble, and are washed out of the soil, or all taken up as food for plants. Vegetable and animal matter must be decomposed into simpler combinations before it can become food for plants, and lime is the cheapest substance within reach of the farmer to effect that object.

Probably no substance has so perplexed the scientific farmer as the use of Plaster; and I shall speak with some caution on so cautious a subject. In some portions of the county, sulphate of lime (plaster) exists in the soil. It has long been found of great value in the cultivation of the potato and clover; acting probably as a retainer of moisture in the cultivation of the former, and entering into the composition of the latter. On the upland, rocky soils in the northern parts of your county and in Oxford county, its effects are sometimes surprising. Some have supposed that its principal advantage to clover arises from the sulphur it contains, and it must be allowed that there is some plausibility for such an opinion. More experiments are necessary on this point. One thing is certain, that where land already contains vegetable acids, its application is injurious. The safe rule seems to be, plaster on upland, where there is no sulphur or acid, with, or without manure, and slaked lime either on uplands or lowlands, with manure. Its application to the surface of your worn out pasture lands as early in spring as possible, is a subject worthy your serious consideration. The best results have followed its use in Massachusetts. Sprinkle it over your manure heap to absorb the escaping ammonia. Add it to your compost heap. Put it around your apple trees and over your garden, if it be too dry. Spread two bushels to the acre on that piece of clover, and you will, in all these cases, receive in return a handsome interest. Although its influence is soon felt, yet it is one of the most permanent in its character, for it requires no less than 500 parts of water to dissolve one of plaster. No person ever saw an unsuccessful farmer who judiciously applied lime and plaster to his soil.—[Dr. True's Address before the Cumberland-Agricultural Society, in Portland, Me.]

Hints to Strangers in New York.

Beware of hackmen and cabmen. If you are going to a hotel, take the regular coach, which belongs to the hotel to which you wish to go.

Beware of all steamboat, railroad or hotel runners. Always purchase your tickets at the office of the company, and thereby secure the genuine. Those hotels which send out runners, are the resort of pick-pockets, gamblers, who also represent the runners.

Beware of mock auctions. You will find them in all parts of the city. They can impose upon you, if you give them a chance;—therefore, shun them, and do not enter, for wiser men than you have been 'feced.'

Beware of those gentlemen who are ever ready to show 'strangers' their beautiful city. Give them the cold shoulder, if you would escape being robbed.

Beware of all pocket books that may be picked up and handed to you as the finder is obliged to leave the city, and if you will give him ten dollars he will leave it with you, and you can find the owner and claim the reward, or keep it. If you open it you will find that it contains nothing but counterfeits and imitations. Always decline them, and you will not get 'sold.'

Beware of all vendors of 'silver polish,' watches, 'knife-sharpeners,' and an article for taking the impression of leaves, &c.; as they are all humbugs, and you will find them so if you purchase.

Beware of pick-pockets. By using a remarkable amount of precaution you can escape their 'light fingers.'

Beware of looking or acting 'green' in the city, and the sharpers will not pounce upon you. Carry your head up, and walk along as though you belonged there. Do not stare at every new sight, and gaze into the windows.

Exchange.

ABSTEMIOUS DIET.—Many cases of illness, both in adults and children may be readily cured by abstinence from all food. Headaches, disordered stomachs, and many other attacks, are often caused by violating laws of health, and in consequence, some parts of the system are over-loaded, or some of the organs are clogged. Omitting one, two, or three meals, as the case may be, gives the system a chance to rest, and allows the clogged organs to dispose of their burdens. The practice of giving drugs to clear out the stomach, though it may afford the needed temporary relief, always weakens the system, while abstinence secures the good result without doing any injury.

Said a young gentleman to a medical practitioner, in Philadelphia, "Doctor, what do you do yourself when you have a turn of headache, or slight attack?"

"Go without my dinner," was the reply.

"And if that does not cure you, what then?"

"Go without my supper," he replied.

"But if that does not cure you, what then?"

"Go without my breakfast. We physicians seldom take medicines ourselves, or use them in our families; for we know that medicine is better, but we know we cannot make our patients believe it."

Domestic Receipt Book.

METHODIST CHURCH NORTH AND SOUTH.—The complete and satisfactory settlement of the bitter and protracted controversy as to the division of the Methodist Church property between the Northern and Southern sections of that denomination has been officially announced. The precise terms of settlement will not be made public until after the withdrawal, by consent, from the law courts the suits thereon pending; but, it is understood, that the property is to be equally divided between the North and South. It is also intimated by parties professing to be well informed on the subject, that there is a good prospect now of a complete reunion of the Methodist churches.

A PRACTICAL ABOLITION LECTURE.—Last Friday, William A. Clay left this city with a company of thirty men—all 'tough, hearty and rugged.' They are going to cut hard pine in the Southern part of Georgia. They are employed by a Southerner by the name of McKee, who finds free labor much cheaper than that of his slaves. The wages of this company vary from 25 to 30 dollars per month, and expenses paid.—[Gardner's Fourth.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE: DEC. 8, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Seely's Building, Court-st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut-sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette-sts., Baltimore.

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Local Agents.

Persons wishing to subscribe or pay for the MAIL, can do so by calling on the following persons:

J. C. WHEELER, CHANN, 1. B. TOZER, W. Waterville
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A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent

Sleighs, and Sleighrides.

Those who complain of northern winters forget the delights of sleighriding. No sight under the sun presents a stronger idea of social comfort than a sleigh-load of men, women and buffalo skins. A fig for your "sunny south," with its fog, sweat and mosquitoes! We thank God it cannot be imported into Maine. Thus far this winter, the want of snow has deferred the music of the sleighbells, though everybody's ears are aching to hear it. But everything is ready to improve the first white flakes that fall. At Maj. Marston's manufactory, the other day, we counted more than—we can't tell how many, fine sleighs, "ready and waiting." From attic to basement there is no lack; though they have been distributed to agents and dealers all over New England, and into the Provinces. We saw one made to order for his honor the mayor of St. Johns. It is not gaudy, but substantial—like the Major's sleighs generally—and in its ornamental painting, by Mr. William Bates, it is exceedingly chaste and beautiful. Mr. B. may venture a broad challenge for competition in this branch of painting. Maj. Marston's sleighs are extensively known, from Canada to—as far as the blessing of snow is known; and have a good reputation for substance and durability. In this they show for themselves; though when the show is wanting the proof abounds.

We long to see the snow drifts. There is such a waste of horse-shoes, wagon tire and patience, that the philanthropy of Waterville sleigh makers is deeply touched. Dea. Stilson, with his accustomed benevolence in this department, is prepared to do his share in giving an air of comfort to our northern winter; Mr. Hill is anxiously watching the clouds, in hope of a storm; and the scores of 'subs' and 'small jobbers' are ready with their contributions to the common demand. When the snow does come—and it never yet failed—it will find a most prompt market.

The New Organ.

At the Congregational church, gives full satisfaction to the lovers of good music. It is one of Hubbard & Ware's manufacture, and of power more than competent to the house. By removing their gallery, and locating the organ and choir upon a platform about two feet above the floor, opposite the pulpit, the society have greatly improved the pleasantness of the house, having at the same time increased the value of the back pews probably enough to meet the expense. They have also substituted a furnace in the basement, for the old plan of warming by stoves. They have now the most comfortable and pleasant house of worship in this vicinity.

Ordination.

Rev. W. W. Lovjoy, who took the place of Rev. Mr. Gardner as pastor of the Universalist church in this place, is to be ordained on Wednesday the 14th inst. We are not apprized of the particular appointments for the services, but understand that the clergy and brethren of neighboring churches are generally invited to be present. Sermon by Rev. Ch. S. Skinner, of Cambridgeport, Mass.—Services commence at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Congregational Singing.

The experiment of congregational singing has been ventured upon, to a limited extent, in the Baptist church in this place. The closing piece is to be sung by the congregation, in connection with the choir. Like the peace principles of Christianity, its success depends upon being trusted in full faith, with no resort.—Throw the responsibility upon the congregation, and it will be sustained. If they merely 'try it awhile,' as Jonathan tried 'experimental religion,' we can hardly exercise 'saving faith' in the result—though it may be favorable.

To Flour Dealers.

We call attention to the card of Mr. Edw. C. Lowe, who has opened a wholesale establishment near the Depot of the A. & K. Railroad, for the sale of flour, grain, pork, and various articles of heavy merchandise, to country dealers. The connection of Mr. Lowe with the freight department of the railroad, for three or four years past, has given him an extensive acquaintance with dealers; and we venture the assertion that those who know him will be pleased to deal with him. Pledging himself to sell at Portland prices, with addition of expenses thence to Waterville, he offers strong inducements to the traders of the Upper Kennebec to save a journey to Portland or Boston. With present facilities of transportation from the West, Mr. Lowe can hardly fail of an extensive business.

"YOUNG BEPPO."—This beautiful animal, which took the first premium of the North Kennebec Society, at its late fair, is offered for sale. He is a full-blooded Durham, three years old, and probably the best bull within the limits of the society. He is owned by Warren Percival, Esq., of Vassalboro', who having turned his attention to sheep, offers him for sale for a very moderate price. He is kind

and docile, and well trained to the yoke. This is a rare chance for stock growers in want of a fine animal of this breed.

Boys and Candy Shops.

A correspondent, who claims to have passed through Waterville, Kendall's Mills, and other villages in our vicinity, sees several objectionable features in the candy shops. Some of his expressions are not precisely to our mind, though it must be confessed there are some grounds for his complaints. He thinks the keepers of these shops too often allow them to become lounging places for boys, whom they permit to listen to profane and obscene language and vulgar stories. Parents cannot, or do not, always protect their children from contact with these vices, and the keepers of such shops should feel that they are to some extent responsible for wrong influences exerted upon those from whom they receive patronage. The hints of our correspondent are very proper, and should have attention; for though boys may buy candy with the same propriety that men buy oysters and cigars, they should, if possible, be excluded from learning all the follies and vices that men have learned.

Lincoln Academy.

The catalogue of this school, just printed at this office, indicates a high degree of prosperity. It is located at New Castle, and has recently passed under the charge of Mr. Henry M. Pierce, late of this place, and a graduate of Waterville College. The number of pupils at the Fall term was 132. The Lincoln Democrat speaks in highly complimentary terms of the good management and growing prosperity of the academy. The graduates of Waterville College have generally made successful teachers. Close application and thorough training qualify them for communicating to others what they know themselves.

HARPER'S AND PUTNAM'S MAGAZINES, for December, are promptly received through Messrs. Moody & Fellows, who have them for sale.

We have a compound of sleighing and wheeling; wheeling having the preference, but light sleighs answering well on the back roads. The present thin fleece of snow fell on Tuesday, closing with a light sprinkling of rain, and freezing during the night. The mingled music of sleigh-bells, and wagon wheels gives strong impress of the struggle between Autumn and Winter. General sympathy is on the side of Winter. Vive la Greybeard!

A correspondent at Kendall's Mills writes to us as follows:

I saw in a newspaper this morning, an account of a little girl at St. Louis losing her life by getting a bead in her ear, which could not be extracted. I write to say that any such extraneous substance can be taken from the ear by the rebound of warm water, thrown forcibly by the aid of a four ounce syringe. B.

Congress.

The first session of the 33d Congress commenced on Monday last. Linn Boyd was elected speaker, and J. W. Forney clerk. We expected the message in season for a synopsis in our paper this week, but it has not come.—Political parties stand—democrats 159, whigs 71, free soil 4.

On Tuesday several bills, motions and resolutions were presented; among which were, a bill granting land to California for a railroad from San Francisco to Oregon; a resolution of thanks to Capt. Ingraham for his conduct in the Koszta affair; notice of a bill ceding to Ohio the public lands within her borders.

After considerable discussion upon the subject of electing a chaplain, the House finally decided to elect a chaplain for the entire Congress, and deduct his compensation from the salaries of the members.

Foreign News.

By the Europa, at New York, Dec. 6th, the following news from the seat of war has been received:

The intelligence of the retreat of the Turkish army beyond the Danube is now officially and fully confirmed. This retrograde movement was not preceded by any fresh collision of the two armies, and the passage of the river was effected with order, and without interruption.

The Turks at Satt evacuated Kalarache and Giurgevo, but continued to hold Kalafet and the villages around it with 25,000 men. The latter corps was receiving reinforcements from Widdien and Sophia.

The state of the weather, and the improbability of being able to defeat the Russians at Bucharest, together with the desirability of not being beaten with the Danube in his rear, were the causes inducing Omar Pacha to retire.

Accounts from the seat of war are contradictory. Reports are current of a Turkish and Russian defeat, which are about equally balanced so far as regards reliability; but there is no possibility of ascertaining the truth. It seems most probable that no decisive action has been fought since the last advices.

Nothing more recent has been received from the Principality, but all the previous successes of the Turks in Europe and Asia are confirmed.

The Sultan officially announces that he will himself take the field at the head of the army in the Spring.

A new note is said to have been proposed by the European powers, but neither the Czar nor the Sultan will listen to it.

The course that Great Britain will take in the matter is kept secret.

Direct French correspondence says that Napoleon is collecting troops between Strasburgh and Marseilles, so that he can send off in less than five days, if necessary, one hundred thousand men for service.

A great sensation has been caused at Constantinople, by the issue of a notice from the French Consulate, inviting tenders for the supply of provisions to the French fleet in the winter in the Black Sea. This indicates an intention on the part of the fleet to cruise there; and it was said that the Russian ambassadors at Paris and London had orders to demand their passports, should such a movement take place.

In alluding to the inadmissible pretensions set up by the French and British consuls

against the annexation of the Sandwich Islands to this country, the Washington Union says of Mr. Severance's reply to that protest:

The answer of the American commissioner Mr. Severance, is a full and conclusive reply to those pretensions, and we have no reason to doubt that his sentiments will be cordially approved by the Administration.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

"Line upon Line."

We plead guilty of a weakness in regard to excursions of all kinds except those of the imagination. We delight in Picnics, enjoy sleighrides, and can look upon a Tea Party with feelings of infinite complacency. But Picnics are dangerous experiments and there is generally a preponderance of the 'cry' over the 'wool.' Sleighrides, too, are seen to better advantage in the abstract; the theory in July is better than the practice in January. For ten degrees below zero will freeze up every sunny sentiment, unless one is riding with an Esquimaux dandy. Tea Parties, moreover, are often disgraced by 'Grab-boxes,' and (we blush to add it) even cake and ice creams have been openly introduced upon such occasions—things which the twelve apostles never had at any of their social gatherings. But a Fishing excursion is made up entirely of dirt and pleasure. It combines all the advantages of the Tea Party, the Sleighride and the Picnic; and connected with it is no fuss, no freezing, and no 'Cousin Sally.' You start with the hope of enjoyment and you come back with the certainty of it.

Now, although the office of Historian is not at all adapted to our habits, yet we propose to give a short account of a Fishing Excursion that occurred last summer; 'all of which we saw, and part of which we were.'

Be it known, then, that sometime in the month of August an Expedition of this sort was contemplated. Lines were obtained; angle-worms were in great demand; and China Pond was fixed upon as the scene of enjoyment. Our party consisted of several noticeable characters. There was our friend who writes M. D. after his name and dilates so extensively on the blessings of Allopathy; and then there was our classical friend who has a fondness for quotations and a tenderness towards 'fine cut tobacco'; and then our high-pressure friend who told strange stories about the Mississippi river, and of whom strange stories were told in regard to his experience in Poker; and there was our sea-faring friend who had once been to Boston in a steamboat and consequently regarded himself as one of the elect in marine matters; and finally, there was our musical friend who looked so good and sung such a beautiful bass.

As for the females, (we beg their pardon for not giving them the precedence) there was the young lady who always laughs, and the young lady who never laughs—the former was extremely practical and the latter decidedly romantic. And then there was the young lady who didn't wave her handkerchief, and the young lady who did.

We started about one o'clock, and it was a magnificent afternoon in the opinion of our classical friend, who quoted something about the 'bride of the earth and sky.' After about an hour's experience of the rocks and hills, which render the 'Gold Coast' such a delightful farming country, we arrived at the pleasant little village that was our destination. Our surprise may be better imagined than described when we saw far down the Pond the white sail of the boat that we came to seek. There it was out of hailing and almost out of sight. Our sea-faring friend remarked that we were on a lee shore; our high-pressure friend declared that our boiler had burst; the doctor said that he had rather lose three poor patients whose executors couldn't settle his bill; our classical friend quoted 'my bark is on the sea,' and our musical friend finished by saying that our cake was all *Doe*, a pun which, in justice to us all, we observe, was not even smiled at.

Soon, however, we mastered our disappointment, for we were quite philosophical when we heard that another boat could be obtained, and walked down on the shore to find it—we found it; an old flat-bottomed 'gundalo' full of suggestions relative to the transportation of cattle; a large wheel adorned the stern, which as our sea-faring friend said, 'all ships were accustomed to carry'—the same young man, after a long investigation reported to the company that there was no tiller in the scow and therefore an embarkation was unsafe. Dr. Lanet replied that the report was 'manifestly unintelligible,' whereupon the practical young lady laughed, the romantic young lady sighed, and our classical friend briefly attended to the stern nature of the pun. After a long discussion, in which everybody joined and which nobody heard, we pushed off and anchored about ten feet from a tan yard. We were all prepared for fishing and a great devastation was made among the angle worms. 'Poor creatures!' said the romantic young lady, 'how they writhe upon the hook.' 'Yes,' responded our musical friend, who was guiltless of sentiment, 'they do squirm a little'; and this atrocious remark greatly displeased the aforesaid lady, who addressed no more of her conversation to him. 'Perhaps,' observed our high-pressure friend, 'they don't enjoy this kind of sport so much as we, for in fishing it makes considerable difference which end of the line you are at.' After a while we cast our lines in tanbank bay, as our classical friend said, but no fish came to salute us. We waited patiently, and long. It seemed as if they never would come. Faces began to lengthen. A crisis was rapidly approaching; an awful pause succeeded, but soon the silence was universally broken: 'This line of business,' said our musical friend in a tone like the 'deep, deep C,' 'this line of business doesn't chord with my feelings.' 'Yes,' replied the practical young lady, 'it rather flat and even the fish don't bite sharp.' 'This is dolce far niente,' said our classical friend, as he looked about for a match, for he had filled his megerchaum:

'Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes decay!
The romantic young lady. 'It's worse than playing Poker with a dummy,' said our high-pressure friend. 'I'd rather take a Homoeopathic powder,' said the doctor. 'I guess,' said the sea-faring young man, 'that our medical friend has been practicing here.' Another silence ensued, until the last named individual's countenance was lighted up with a 'Ra of hope,' as our musical friend said. 'O! pull that gentle strain again,' exclaimed he, as he leaped over the gundalo, and up he pulled a bridled Porch. The spell was now broken and the sport began. The tanbank was marvelously productive of eels and our scow soon swarmed with them. We had apostolic luck. At last some one caught a miracle of a fish—one that looked as though he had been parboiled, fried and salted, and afterwards thrown back into the Pond; he appeared to be in the last stages of consumption, and we wondered what he was. Our sea-faring friend insinuated that it might be Davy Jones, and our classical friend intimated that it was the same fish that Jonah swallowed, but neither of these ideas met with much encouragement. The M. D., with a great deal of gusto, dissected him, and after a long deliberation pronounced him to be an abnormal species of Hornpout, whose peculiar physiognomy was probably caused either by accident or design, or by some hereditary disease. This opinion was accepted by the company except the sea-faring individual who clung with tenacity to his former conviction and in a loud tone declared that he knew the difference between the Topsail-yard and a Hencoop. As we had incidentally caught enough white Perch for supper and had seen quite enough of the elephant, we changed our position, for the Sailboat had now returned. We embarked again: our sea-faring friend took the helm and gave the order 'push off.' He was disoeyed at once, for we were fast in the mud. Then came a Babel of tongues—we shouted, we screamed, we yelled; and had our arms been equal to our lungs we should have pushed the town of China into the Kennebec river. At length we were afloat—the sheet was hauled aft and the dangerous tanbank weathered; 'an operation that was only performed,' said our nautical friend, 'by the skill and courage of the helmsman.' We sailed on through the little blusterings of the mimic waves until the sun had enlarged and sunk far away in the burning West, behind the yellow grain and the green orchards; and the clouds began to fade and pale with a glory like that on the cheeks of a maiden who is pausing for a moment on the bank of the cold river. We sat in silence while

"Twilight drew her curtain down
And pinned it with a star,"
and watched the planets as they rolled out of the leaden gloom; and when the wind had almost died away and the noises of the busy land had ceased, we fancied that we could hear their chanting their solemn hymn at the creation of some newer world. It matters not what we said or thought during that quiet hour, for, when our boat grated on the sand, although we felt as if awakened from a pleasing dream, the charm was not all gone.

There is no need of describing the supper that awaited us at the Harlaem Pond House, and the appetites with which we greeted it, and how we wandered forth in the cool evening when the moon 'came rippling up the silver strand of cloud,' and the songs which were sung and the applause received. All these are delightful facts and who of us has forgotten them.

And now, gentle reader, what time we arrived home is no concern of thine. It is enough for you to know that we arrived safely, and that during the whole day only two catastrophes occurred—a handkerchief was lost and a parasol broken. And if you have thoroughly perused this authentic History you can conclude, first: that we are going again, and secondly, that you have wasted five minutes.

CONVICTION OF A CLEVERMAN FOR MURDER—HIS SUICIDE.—It will be remembered by many that Rev. George Carawan was arrested in November, 1852, for the murder of Mr. C. H. Lassiter, in Washington, North Carolina. Lassiter was a school teacher, and boarded in Carawan's family. The motive for the murder was jealousy of too great familiarity between Lassiter and Carawan's wife.—The fact of the murder by Carawan was proved by letters written by him in jail, in which he tried to get a friend to hire off, or make way with, the principal witness against him. The jury, after a protracted sitting, brought in a verdict of guilty, and the Judge ordered a recess of the court for an hour. As the crowd was leaving, the prisoner suddenly drew two pistols, one of which he fired at Mr. Warren, the counsel for the State, and with the other shot himself through the head, killing himself instantly. The ball of the other struck Mr. Warren on the breast, just above the heart, but fortunately glanced off and left only a slight wound. Carawan, who is described as a fine-looking man, maintained his self-control throughout the trial, his wife and three children accompanying him to and from the jail.

ACCIDENT AT A FIRE.—In Gardner, on Wednesday, while endeavors were being made to extinguish a fire that had caught in a barn, a son of J. G. Donnel was seriously injured by the falling of a large door. The poor little fellow was pinner in the gallant little Volunteer Company, and was in the act of directing the stream upon the hay mow, when the accident occurred.

THE PLOT TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The opera house plot to assassinate the Emperor Louis Napoleon, which was generally regarded at the time as a humbug, turns out to have been a veritable attempt upon the life of the Emperor. The trial of twenty-seven of the persons implicated in the plot was going on at the last accounts from Paris, and the evidence developed the details of a regular conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor, who evidently had a very narrow escape. Attempts were to be made at various places, the Hippodrome, and the entrance of the Opera Comique being appointed as the most favorable. Seventy or eighty desperadoes had conferred; and it is rendered probable that the general secret association to which they belonged held communication with revolutionary exiles in

England. The Emperor was to be shot, his body dragged through the streets, and the Republic to be proclaimed. One of the culprits—a remarkable man—when asked by the President of the Court whether he approached close to the Emperor's carriage, near the Opera Comique, answered: "Mon Dieu, yes; I was within a foot of him. I had only to stretch my arm and shoot him dead, but I waited for the signal, and it was given too late."

A MASTER PIECE OUT-DONE. We have lately supposed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was the Ultima Thule in its line, and that nothing had been or would be invented which could surpass it in its fine points of excellence as a medicine. But we are confidently assured by those competent to judge on the subject, that Dr. Ayer's new Pills excel in high medical artistry even that widely celebrated embodiment of his skill. He has succeeded in making them not only pleasant to take but powerful to cure the large class of complaints which require a purgative remedy.—[Lancaster Argus, Ky.]

Sold in Waterville by J. H. Plaisted.

A CONTRAST.—The National Era, published at Washington, has no reason to speak well of the present administration, beyond a sense of justice. That sense of justice leads it to draw the following contrast between the conduct of business in the executive departments now, and during the administration of Mr. Fillmore:

"Since the advent of the administration of Mr. Pierce, one thing is noticeable, especially in the various departments. The clerks and heads of the departments are working men, attentive to the duties of their offices. There seems to be no place for drones and idlers. It was the fault of the former administration, so far as our observation extends, to sometimes keep men in office who notoriously neglected their duties. They drew their salaries regularly, and the work which they should have done was foisted upon some good natured fellow clerk. All this has changed. Each clerk is expected to do the duties of the desk to which he is appointed, and censure or removal follows neglect. This is right. Favoritism formerly procured appointments without regard to fitness, and consideration often kept a person in office after his incompetency or inattention to business was demonstrated. A new order of things, we are pleased to say, is inaugurated. Sinecures are abolished, and he who will not work is not expected to feed at the public crib."

CLEARED OUT—EVIDENT BRIBERY.—Our readers probably remember an extraordinary case of abduction which occurred in this city in September. Turner, the victimized party of that transaction, with Curtis, who so luckily escaped the villains, had been in Portland from the commencement of the present session of the Supreme Court for the purpose of making complaint before the Grand Jury, and yesterday they were summoned to appear to testify with reference to a complaint against Henry Winslow for selling liquor to them. They were to be in court at three o'clock in the afternoon; but when that hour arrived, and Turner and Curtis had not, circumstances made it very apparent that they had been bribed to flee the city, with a view of relieving both the abductors and ransomers from, as they and their friends saw, an unpleasant and remediless, but well-deserved punishment. In this, as in the other case, Turner and Curtis have shown themselves to be exceedingly chivalrous persons. They left the Casco House, where they had been stopping, without paying their bills.—[Portland Advertiser.]

A LEGACY TO PRESIDENT PIERCE.—There has been considerable conversation in certain circles relative to the will of the late Charles G. Atherton, and the disposal of his property. The document was opened last week, and after leaving a handsome competency to his wife, he gives eight thousand dollars to President Pierce, and the balance of his property, upwards of one hundred thousand dollars, he has divided equally among sixteen cousins, whom he has named, omitting those who are already provided for, and bestowing his bounty on those who required it.—[Boston Mail.]

The Portland Examiner, in reference to the action of the Legislature soon to assemble, in the election of Governor, says that there is but one straight-forward, open course to be pursued by every liberal democrat in the legislature; and it is to make no bargains, to spend influence and votes in whatever direction, and upon whatever men and candidates, that will most weaken the advocates of the Maine Law, whether whigs, Morrill men, Pillsbury men, or temperance men; and in the direction and upon the men that will most strengthen the opponents of this law.

LANDING OF FILLIBUSTERS IN SONORA.—Private advices received at Washington yesterday from Mexico on the 17th ult., state that the government had received official notice of the landing at the port of Lapa, Lower California, of an armed body of men, amounting to 200, from San Francisco. They took possession of the town, and put the commanding general in prison. They also declared Lower California independent. The invaders carried a banner with two stars, which is supposed to mean Lower California and Sonora. The news reached Mexico on the 17th, and created an immense excitement; and it was thought that Santa Anna would take advantage of the circumstance to proclaim himself Emperor.

A WOMAN TRIED AND CONVICTED OF TEACHING A COLORED SCHOOL.—Mrs. Margaret Douglas, was tried at Norfolk, last week for violating the laws of Virginia, by teaching colored children to read and write. Mrs. D. when arrested kept a school in Norfolk, and her daughter kept a school in Norfolk, and children under their tuition. They were both indicted for the offence, but the daughter, it is said, subsequently fled to New York. The lady defended herself in Court, and examined several prominent and respectable witnesses, showing that the practice of teaching blacks had been sanctioned by the customs of the members of the different churches in the city in having Sunday schools for that purpose. It did not appear from the evidence of any of the gentlemen, called upon by Mrs. Douglas, that they had actually seen negroes taught from books in any of the Sunday schools of that city, but the fact, as stated by them that nearly all of the negroes attending the Sunday schools could read, gave rise, the Norfolk papers say, to a violent suspicion; that many of the citizens of that place 'had been guilty of as flagrant a violation of the law as could be imputed to Mrs. Douglas and her daughter.' The lady admitted the truth of what was charged against her, but denied that she knew she was violating any law. The jury, on Friday, found the defendant guilty, and fined her one dollar. The Judge in passing sentence according to the statute, will condemn her to imprisonment for not less than six months!

PROGRESS OF THE AGE.—Among other startling announcements, that of communication between England and all part of India in ten days has been made. It seems that the

railroad from Ostend to Trieste, a length of fifteen miles, will be completed within twelve months from this time. Letters, parcels and passengers will occupy but little more than two days from the shores of the channel to those of the Adriatic; four days will take them thence to Egypt, and by aid of the railway from Alexandria to Cairo, which is now rapidly advancing, they will be within thirty-six hours afloat on the Red Sea, and in twelve days afterwards be landed safely in Bombay, within three weeks of leaving London. Within this date the electric telegraph, now preparing to be laid across the Mediterranean, will have reached Suez, and four thousand miles of wire, which have already reached Calcutta, will connect every great town in India with the port of Bombay, so that before the year 1856 expires London will have communication by electric telegraph in ten or eleven days' time with every part of India, and by steamer and railroad in twenty-one days with Bombay.

QUATTLEBURY.—The Governor of South Carolina in his last message solemnly avers that South Carolina must hereafter exist as a military people. The history of our country for the last ten years affords abundant proof that as long as the Union exists, there is to be no peace to the slaveholder. An eternal warfare against his rights of person and property under the associated influence of the people and the States of the North, and the central power, has been solemnly and deliberately decreed. For this reason it is essential that the community of which he is a member, should be prepared at any moment for any emergency.

When people have nothing else to occupy them they play martyrdom. Delicious are the airs of injured honor and virtue which such men take. They will not be comforted. They never feel happy save in the luxury of woe.—It is always observable that when gunpowder rhetoric is highest, military performance is lowest. The soldier is a man of few words. He does not talk blood and thunder at the above South Carolina rate.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

REWARD OF MERIT.—The San Francisco Commercial Advertiser, the editor of which was recently defamed in the election in that State, very coolly remarks upon the occasion, that the people don't appreciate editors. They nominated four at the late election, apparently for the pleasure to be derived from defeating them. These were selected from the four quarters of the State, in order that the people's disapproval of the whole tribe might be considered a general thing. Skillman, of the Shasta Courier; Upson, of the Sacramento Union; Lull, of the Commercial Advertiser; and Lewis, of the Los Angeles Star! Served them right. In the first place, they have no business to be editors, and in the next place they have no right to run for office. Whether they have a right to live is doubtful; that some people would like to kill them is sure. Gentlemen editors, "Republicans are ungrateful." You know that modest merit is never appreciated, and that full many a flower is born to blush unseen. Plod along, then, in the way of duty—receive the curses of the sovereigns meekly, and snap your finger at all offers for place or position. Some tell you that "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." Don't be misled by them. We have seen it tried. Lay not that flattering unctious to your soul. 'Tis the voice of the syren endeavoring to wheedle you into another canvass. Serve God, eschew politics, and edit your paper.—[Dollar Weekly Times.]

KOSZTA.—The Boston Bee, in announcing the arrival of Koszta, says:

"Koszta has not the elements of a lion." He is a plain, unassuming man, apparently about 40 years of age, possessed evidently of considerable firmness, but of no more than average mental power and intelligence. The impression one brings away is, that he is a stern, solid man, but of little brilliancy or fire."

CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.—The New York Times gives a few words of advice for parents who have children at school, which are so appropriate that we adopt them as our own:

Your little ones are dear to you,—about as dear, perhaps, as the apple of your eye. Their success at school is near your heart. Of course, you will do nothing to interfere with it. You are anxious to help them along,—provided helping them will not too seriously tax you.—You know as well as we know, it can be done efficiently at cheap cost,—pardon us for refreshing your knowledge on the subject with a few hints.

Keep them regularly at school. Absence of a day is bad. They lose one day's lessons. They drop a stitch by the means. It deranges the teacher's plans, and makes it easier for the absence to occur again. Better suffer a great inconvenience than keep them home a day.—Better spend several shillings and some hours, and do errands yourself than keep them home to ruin them.

Be sure they are punctual. Ten minutes in the morning does you no good, and much much harm. Arrived at the school-room ten minutes too late, they disturb the punctual, lose an exercise, provoke the teacher, and cultivate a miserable habit of procrastination. The matter of habit is the great objection though. In after years it sticks to a body like a boy to a runaway bare-backed horse, and the harder one runs to be clear of it, the closer it hugs him.

They have lessons to learn out of school.—Let it be a religious duty that they learn them well. By this the teacher judges of your interest in their progress. If they always go prepared on these home-lessons, he is careful that they get well on in their school-lessons.—He feels that he is watched, he is interested for their children; and whether he means it or not—knows it or not—he labors more faithfully for their advancement. If the evidences are that they pay no attention to them at home, he does his duty mechanically, and only hopes for the best.

Sometimes you are a little at leisure. Once in a great while you don't know what to do with yourself. Then, we pray you, besigh yourself, and give up an hour to visit the school. Make, suddenly, your appearance in the room where they are reciting. You will see whether the room is a meanly ventilated, close and stifled pen, or a room fit for a half-fledged immortal to grow in; by whose side they sit; whether they look tired, weary and languid, or as if they were careful to learn, and doing well; whether they are associating with lads or lasses fit for their company, or breathing impurities and contracting evil habits, unawares, daily.

Try it a month, if you are now doing it, and accept our pledge that before the 30th day is up you will see a most marked improvement in your little folks' scholarly habits and attainments, and that you will come to a conclusion that your teacher is one of the best in the world. If you have ever paid much attention to such things, you will be surprised to see still further, you will wonder how much more he will do if he discovers that his efforts are recognized and appreciated.

