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Daniel Ripley Wing

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Original Poetry.

WATCHING.

BY LILY.

Falling now, those solemn voices,
Throbbing forth the midnight hour,
On my ear their echoes find,
Still within my heart their power.
O! would that I were sleeping,
Folded hands and quiet breast,
Would my senses all be yielding,
In the gentle night rest.

But the whole wide world seems pulseless,
I myself—concentrate life,
While thought, varied as existence,
Starts my soul to anxious strife;
Yes! 'twould seem that I were standing
On creation's stage alone—
All its laws and systems working
For the destiny of one.

O! would some note of music,
Or a word—a look—a breath—
Would break the spell that's on me,
Would break the dream of death,
But the finger turns so dimly
And the pictures from the wall
Only look with stern compassion,
And keep firmest silence all.

Then I look upon the patient,
But her rest is quiet now,
Neither from nor smile she speaks
On that calm and passive brow;
Come, my dear, thou'lt faintly whisper
Of the deeds of long ago,
Claim thou, then, my wandering spirit
To some scene of joy or woe.

O! I thank thee, heavenly Father,
For the blessed angel, Sleep,
Who will guard the frail, sweet pillow,
And our nightly vigils keep;
O! I would that I were sleeping,
Folded hands and quiet breast,
Would my senses all be yielding
In the gentle night rest.

Miscellany.

From The New York Observer.

HARRY WILBUR'S WISH.

A TRUE STORY.

'Mother, can't I do something?' said little Harry Wilbur, as he sat one cold, stormy evening during the holidays, looking straight into the bright coal fire which glowed in the little grate stove in his mother's sitting-room. It was a pleasant, cheerful room; a soft warm carpet covered the floor, the curtains, which hung in heavy folds over the windows, kept out every breath of cold air, a little work-table was drawn in front of the fire, at which his mother, in her low sewing chair, sat finishing a garment for Harry.

'Can't I do something?' You would have wondered if you could have seen the serious, puzzled look on his sweet childish face, as he asked this question.

Harry, who was an only child, was accustomed to being much alone with his mother in the evening; for his father seldom left business until after his bed-time. Now Harry often made himself useful to his mother in various little ways—sometimes winding up the spools of cotton in her basket, or holding a skein of silk for her to wind; but his great delight was to get an old garment and rip the seams; and he really thought, at such times, that he was doing a very important work.—Saving time for mother, as he called it.

His father was not rich; but what did Harry know about that? He had never known a real want in his life. A pleasant, happy home, a father and mother to love him better than anything else in the world; and Fido, who now sat with his nose laid affectionately on his knee, as if pleading to be noticed for a pet; what more could a reasonable boy want?

It had been a bitter cold day. The thermometer had stood below zero all day; and now the wind whistled down the chimney, and round the corners of the house, drifting the feathery flakes into every crack and crevice.—Oh! it was a fearful night for the poor, the cold, the hungry, and the homeless; but what had this to do with little Harry's question?—Well! I will tell you; you might have seen him early that morning nicely equipped, with his warm overcoat buttoned up close to his throat; his tipped hat over his ears and mouth, and his cap drawn down over all, leaving only his bright blue eyes for Jack Frost to attack, and his hands encased in a pair of bright red mittens, watching his mother, as she put up a basket of provisions for Mrs. Moore, a poor woman whose husband had died a few months before, leaving her in feeble health, and four children to support.

'Mother, don't you think they have had any breakfast yet?' asked Harry, as he saw various articles of food stowed away in the basket.

'No, my child; Papa went to see them last night, and found Mrs. Moore quite sick, with nothing to eat, and no coal, and no money to buy any with.' Mrs. Wilbur's voice trembled as she said this, for she looked on her own bright boy, and the thought that he might ever know such want and suffering sent a pang to her mother's heart, and from that heart went up a silent, earnest prayer for the widow and the fatherless.

'Mother, do they love God?' said Harry, softly.

'Yes! I trust they do,' said his mother. 'Mrs. Moore is one of God's children, and has taught her own children to love and fear Him; but why did you ask, Harry?'

'I don't know,' said the little boy, hesitating. 'But I'm afraid I shouldn't love Him much if he took dear Papa away, and made us sick, and gave us nothing to eat, or to keep us warm.'

Harry's mother had taught him that he ought to love God for all his goodness to him, and she looked somewhat troubled as he said this. 'At length she said, "But God is doing many things for Mrs. Moore. You will understand this better when you are older. Another time I will talk with you about it, but now the basket is ready—make haste and bring your sled, for this is too heavy for such a little fellow to carry."

This sled was Harry's special pride; it was a Christmas gift from his father; he called it Jenny Lind, and had the name painted in bright letters on the top.

'Now, Jenny,' said he, 'sit still and take this big basket right in your lap, and we will see who will give poor Mrs. Moore her breakfast first; and you, Fido! for shame! to be smelling your neighbor's breakfast! she is your neighbor as well as mine, I suppose.' His mother smiled, and he chatted away, while she tied the basket firmly on.—It was well filled with substantial food, for the children, a few delicacies for the mother, and a bundle of warm clothing.

'And here, Harry, take this and put it in your pocket, and be sure and not lose it.' Tell Mrs. Moore it is an order for half a ton of coal; she must send her little boy round to Mr. Munson's with it. And tell her when she is better, I will try and get some sewing for her; do you think you can remember all this?'

'Oh yes,' said Harry, who had been listening attentively; and away he started, with Fido, now leaping by the side of him, now bounding in front of him, and the next moment almost lost in a drift of the light feathery snow.

'Well, my boy, how did you find Mrs. Moore?' said his mother, as she rubbed his little red fingers, and laid his cold cheek against hers, while he could hardly keep back the tears in his eyes.

'Oh, mother, his cold toes and fingers quite forgotten, if you could only have seen how glad he was! She said God was so good to her just then, when she thought she must starve or freeze. And I thought, mother, lowering his voice, "I did see how God did some things

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1856.

NO. 43.

THE MISSION OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. H. P. ANDREWS.

'You're mother's darling!' and the girl-mother, for such indeed she was, clasped her boy to her heart and wept upon his noble brow and rosy cheek tears of wildest joy.

He was, indeed, a fine little fellow, in whose beautiful features were clustered the charms of three golden summers, and his mild blue eyes, beaming with love, was wet with sympathetic tears, as he lay on his mother's heart, with his chubby arms around her neck, and his glowing cheek nestled close to hers.

Willie was playing in the warm bow-window of the snug little parlor, and the young mother was sitting listlessly with her hands folded in her lap, and her work by her side, thinking of the joyous past. She thought of her happy childhood, of her pleasant home and loving parents. She thought, too, of the freedom of her girlhood, when she gathered with the gay and thoughtless, herself the happiest of the happy. And as she contrasted the past with the present, so full of care and anxiety, and labor, and as she glanced out upon the future, and saw increasing cares, and anxieties, and labors, she could not help weeping tears of sorrowful regret. Her weeping arrested the attention of her little son, and he looked up, wondering to see his mother's grief and look of sorrow; and throwing down his mimic horse, he ran to her side and clasping his loving arms around her neck, said, in his sweetest tones,

'Don't cry, dear mamma, Willie loves you. Does mamma love Willie?'

'Your mother's darling!' was the gushing response of maternal affection; and in a moment the 'spirit of evil' was gone—exorcised from the mother's heart by the sweet tones and and twining arms of her cherub boy. And in the wilderness of her returning joy she thought she would not exchange her condition as the mother of that little one, and the wife of her noble-hearted husband, for the throne of a kingdom. And what magic power had so changed her in a brief moment from deep despondency to exulting felicity? We answer—love's witchery.

The mission of the child is emphatically a mission of love; and it is well-nigh impossible for a family of little ones to gather daily in the home circle, without producing positive, and indeed, sometimes wonderful results by the influence of their simple affection. The hearts of the parents will be affected by the love of their children, and often, like the young mother to whom we have already alluded, they will find the whole current of thought and feeling changed in a moment from deep dejection and sadness to real happiness, by the simple, earnest love of their prattling little ones.

I have watched the man of business as he returned, care-worn and weary, from his struggle with the world—his spirit irritated by constant friction, and his heart full of doubt and distrust; and as he entered the door of his sunny home, and met the cheerful smile of a kind wife, and felt around his neck the twining arms of his little ones, and received their kisses, and heard their words of love, I have marked the sudden change which thrilled through his whole being.

How quickly did that care-worn being give place to the beaming of reciprocal love! And the rushing of the flood of day through the opened shutters of a darkened room is not more happy or immediate in its effects than was the flooding of his darkened heart with the light of that domestic scene.

A moment before and the world seemed to him all gloom. Selfishness was his ruling passion. Men promised as she dictated, and at her vile promptings broke their pledged faith. He had well-nigh lost his confidence in humanity, and was almost ready to declare that love was but a phantom, and friendship but a name. But those little ones came and climbed upon his knee, and nestled lovingly in his arms, and their magic fingers crept down to the secret door of his heart and touched the mystic spring, and almost before he was himself aware of the change the hidden fountain was gushing forth, and words of affection and of blessing came leaping from the heart to the lip, and clamoring for utterance. How different now appears that very world which, a moment since, wore the dark pall of sadness! Its hill-tops are all crowned with brightness, and the cheerful light presences even down into the gloomy valleys and chasms away the darkness. The very clouds are fringed with the golden beams of the sun which is shining brightly beyond them.

The dark veil of sorrow, which sometimes folds us, is confined by so minute, so trivial a fastening, that the clumsy fingers of the world's proffered kindness can not find it. The bright, beaming eyes of childhood's love alone can dissolve the little pin with which the 'spirit of evil' had secured the dark covering; and when the thick veil falls off, these little cherubs are looking straight into our eyes, and glancing the sun light of their radiant smiles away down into our hearts, and saying, just as plainly as happy looks can say, 'That's the way to do it; now be happy!'

Just look in upon that mother toiling amid the almost endless duties of a numerous family. If she had ten pairs of hands, and ten heads to guide them, she could keep them all busy; but, alas! she has not. Her own hands must do all, and her own tired and often confused brain must preside over all—holding firmly the helm of the domestic bark, however severe the storm through which it may be called to pass. And just in the very midst of some delicate enterprise, when head and hands, and heart are all busy, and everything depends upon the uninterrupted continuance of the work—then is the cry of baby, calling lustily for assistance in a voice which will not be denied! What is to be done? But little rosy-cheeked Ella has heard baby's cry, and dropping her doll away she flies to the crib of the little one.

'Hush! darling, sister'll stay with Charley. Poor, dear mamma's very busy; she has to work very hard for us, and we must love her dearly, and try to be very good to her.'

And the little girl, in the fullness of her love for her mother, climbs up into the crib with Charley and hushes his crying, and brings back the smile to his handsome face, and his eyes are sparkling with pleasure. And that mother hears the simple language of her child's love, and think you it does not lighten the burden of her toil? It has touched a chord in her maternal heart, whose music is sweeter far to the soul than the loudest anthem of the world's praise and admiration.

'Father,' said a little boy 'of six, as he opened his large, hazel eyes and looked up to his father, who was standing at the side of his little bed, "father, let me kiss you." And the strong man dropped a tear as he bowed down to that poor little sufferer and felt his emaciated arms twining about his neck, and his hot, feverish breath upon his cheek.

'O how I love you, father!' and the little boy hung upon his neck, and the kneeling man trembled with suppressed emotion.

'I shall soon be gone, dear father, and then what will you do without your little boy?' This was too much for the heart-broken man, and he sobbed aloud.

'O you must not die!' groaned the agonized parent.

'Yes, dear father, I must; and I think I shall die very soon. But I'm not afraid to die; for the bright angels will come and carry me to heaven, just as mother said they did little brother; and then I shall see Jesus, and dear aunt Mary, and little brother, too—and I shall be an angel then, shall I not, father?'

'You're an angel now, my darling boy,' and the father smoothed back the golden curls from his fair brow, and thought he had never looked upon aught so lovely.

'O no! I'm not an angel now; but I hope to be when I die. But, father, will you promise me one thing?'

'Anything, my child—what do you wish?'

'Then, dear father, please don't drink any more rum; it makes mother cry so much—you won't will you?' and again he threw his loving arms around his father's neck.

'God helping me, I will not!' groaned the weeping man.

'And you will pray to God every day, and go to meeting with mother, and try to meet me and little brother in heaven—won't you, father?'

'I will,' was the quick response of the penitent parent.

'Thank you, dear father; mother will be so happy, and I'm so glad!' and the little boy sank back upon his pillow, exhausted by his last effort but very happy. Love had conquered, and the departing spirit of the happy, dying child bore up to the shining ones above the glad news of a sinner saved from sin.

Man seems to have been created to love and to be loved; and seldom are circumstances so forbidding, or the heart found which is so fully under the dominion of sin as wholly to antagonize the influence of true affection. And the more simple this love, the less it seems to be the birth of selfishness or the dictate of passion, the more welcome is it to the heart of others, and the more readily will they yield to its power. And where shall we find affection so simply pure—so wholly sincere, as in the heart of childhood? When they look up to us, and their loving eyes seem to read our very souls, how full of confidence is the look! What an entire absence of all distrust! And when the little girl throws her arms around her younger sister, or springs to the proffered embrace of her elder brother, she makes them feel that they are loved purely—loved for themselves alone.

We may distrust the profession of the world, for it often deceives us. It is full of hypocrisy—full of double dealing and insincerity. But the heart of the little child has never been baptized in the unwholesome waters of selfishness. It reveals itself as it is; and the streams, which issue from it are but the outpourings of the soul's fountain. And when the parents, at the close of the active duties of the day, wearied and perplexed with care and trouble, sit down at home and shut out the world, and their children gather around them, and they listen to their prattle, and mark the animation of their glowing features and sparkling eyes, how can they help yielding to love's witchery; or shut out from their own hearts the influence of so much unselfish affection and gladness? Says Young:

'He who hath no children does not know what love means.'

And there is much truth in this hyperbole; for the love which our little ones, looking up from their weakness and helplessness, awake in our hearts, has no counterpart in any other of the many affections of the soul. It is a type of the heavenly that cannot be counterfeited.

Surely there is committed to the child a mission of love, and unless drawn away by the false and sinful, or thwarted by unyielding coldness or wicked cruelty, the child fulfills that mission. He comes forth into being loving and causing others to love. Like the vine that sends out its tender shoots and creeps onward till it finds something around which it may entwine, so the affections of the child are going out in quest of some object to love—some beating heart full of earnest feelings, or perhaps, hiding within its deep recesses, unsealed fountains of kindness and affection—around which it may entwine its plant tendrils, till the icy seals are melted and the hidden waters come gushing forth, clear and sparkling as the mountain spring.

'Mary,' said a father playfully to his little daughter, a child of five years old, 'you are not good for any thing.'

'Yes! I am, dear father,' she replied, looking thoughtfully and tenderly into his face.

'Why, what are you good for, pray tell me?'

'I am good to love you, father,' was his earnest answer, as she threw her tiny arms around his neck and gave him a kiss of unutterable affection.

And do you not think that love was returned? Could such hallowed, unselfish affection fall upon the parent's heart and awaken no answering emotions? Surely not.

Not is it alone in the home-circle, where gather the fond ones and the loved, that children exert the influence of their heavenly mission; but out in the cold world also, like flowers growing by the wayside, or beneath the thorny hedge-row, or in the narrow glen, they spring up in our way, winning our smiles, and opening our hearts, and cheering our spirits, and blessing us with the sweet fragrance of their innocent, unselfish love.

The Buffalo Express gives the following as the speech of an attorney in that vicinity, in the summering up of a case where the value of a cow was at stake:

'Gentlemen of the Jury: in the month of January last, when the cow of my client left the home of her calf-hood, she walked erect and with a firm step, her hair was straight and she was as sleek as an otter. But gentlemen of the jury, in the month of February last, when the sky was black, the old cow had no hay in her rack. And gentlemen of the jury, in the month of March last, that most ticklish

of all months among cows, where was the cow? Why, gentlemen of the jury, in the month of April, that most beautiful of all months, when the birds begin to flit from branch to branch, and the little lambs to wag their woolly tails, and all nature all around looks gay, where is the cow? Why, gentlemen of the jury, she who once walked so erect with a firm step, whose hair was straight and was sleek as an otter, had not only begun to reel and to fro, but to totter and at last she died. And gentlemen of the jury, died for what? Why because she had no more to eat—and for this my client demands a verdict at your hands of twenty-five dollars.'

Letter from Ethan Spike.

HORNBY, April, 1856.

MR. EDITORS:—We are all sinful, accountable creatures—to day we grow up like a green bay horse planted by the water rivers—to-morrow we are cut down like Jonah's gourd-stick. Mortal critters is made subject to vanity and none can tell the day thereof. I believe all the fore-goin is scripiter and in my situation, very eddyfin.

It did seem to me that I was not proud—that I was kinder bum proof agin all airthly vanities, an that I could stand any amount of bluish onners a generous publick could bestow,—but taint so. I've been weighed in the balance an kicked the beam. I do believe I'm as proud as a Cock-turkey with a new set of tail feathers. The sudden an unexpected manner in which I rise, perhaps accounts for it. As Sinsinatty was called from the plow, so was I tuck from chopin fire wood to my present dizzy situation. Ef I'd been kinder boosted up by degrees—ef I hadn't ris right up at wunst—'twould a bin different. As tis, taint so.

My feelins is ondescribable, twomooltoons, amblyous an fast risin. All my vitals seem to be singin conicak songs—conspicuous among which is, 'Hale Kerkumby.' All round my hat 'an the 'Rogue's march.'

I want ter know what I'd best do bout so-shaytin with the neighbors. I dont want to be hard on them, but it seems sort of proper that a body should magnify his offis. It sartly stags to nater an reason both, that thar should be a leetle difference between a parson elevated by a spontaneous outburst of the sovryn will to high places in the perlickat Judy-Nature an civil ambiguity, an a common every day fellar critter. Leastways them is my sentiment, an I should like to git your ideas on it. Cos ef a fellar aint ris by gitin into offis whats the use gitin into it anyway? My idee others has bin that offis should looked up to, an in course, ef you look up to the offis, you naterally take in the incomburence of that offis with the same look.

But, as I said, I don't want to be hard or unjust. I only want a proper line of demarkation between powers that be and powers that beant. As yet I haven't done much about it. I've bin kinder actin up with Patience Pillsbury lately, but as her father's never been in offis—though he was candiate for hog reed twice, an run down both times, I felt I couldn't do less than let her know that I was a heap of difference between Mr. Spike an E. Spike, Esq. So other night comin out of meetin, I hope to holler of that ere gal didn't come right up an hitch on to my arm just as though she'd a nateral oncaleenat right. I just drew up to my full staturary. 'Marm,' said I, 'aparently you ar mistaken in the individuality says I.'

'Lord, Eban,' says she, 'what do you mean? don't I know you?'

'Ef you do,' says I, 'the acquaintance aint mootual—I don't know you anyhow!' So saying I shook her off, and was marching off as dignified as General Crimeah, when that farnal gal flew at me just like a settin bin, and ef Ben Peabody hadn't smothered her with his hat, my two eyes would have gone for it, sartin. As tis my face looks though I bin fightin a match with a wild cat and come off second best.

Republiks aint half so ongrateful as I used to think they was. Wantin offis and gettin offis is altogether different. In the fast country I used to think everything was wrong an cussed everybody, anow everything looks just about right, and I love all my fellar critters everywhar, exceptin of course that ere scratching gal, niggers, an them as don't vote sourside.

Curos how modes' merit is sure to be faound sooner or later, taint in its nater to lay hid long, though twas considerable time afore mine sprouted so as to be seen an noticed. But its all out now, I'm appreciated; I'm a magnatary of the land; I'm a pillar of State; a prop of the constitution an one of the main stays of the etarnal perladum of hewman indurance.

I wish I was more meekier, but its no use. I can't be. Perhaps some that ar daown in the common crowd may think its proper easy to be meek, but ef they ever find themselves in my situation, (I hope they wont till I get a better) they'll be rather apt to find it easier to preach than praytise.

Sich hyalutin emotions rise continuously in my bumass, sich patriotic swellins and heavins; why ef I had the toungs of Greeks an Jewsharp, with saundin brass an finker symbols I couldn't give em expression more'n that I was stoan blind. Sometimes there's a blazin feeling comes over me, and I long to do something for my country. At sich times it raly seems ef I should catch a fellar sayin or doin anything agin the constitution, I'd pitch into him like 76 I e, ef I didn't think he could lick me.

I'd kill a mexican in a minit!

The press has done the handsome thing in noticing my permotion. I ollers went in for ontramelled presses, I shall now go deeper. I was the orther or anyhow I orter bin, for its my sentiments, of the tiner commencing.

Here shall the press the people's rights maintain, The lion beat the unicorn, &c. &c.

I am proud of the press, proud of my country and proud of myself—I hooray for all three—long may they wave!

I haint eagerly defined my position on many of the exaytin topics of the day, but believin that a publick caricatur, which I know am—haint no business to keep his ideas ropped up in a napkin; I hereby ortherise you, as my regular organ, to say that I hold myself ready to answer all questions, perlickat norrill an religious—provided I aint asked to commit myself for agin anything perlicker.

I suppose the news of my elevation haint had time to get to Yoorope yet. As I shall naturally be anxious to know how they feel

about it in the old world, I hope you'll publish what the furrin papers say. 'Not that I keer greatly, for ef they go for peice, very well; ef they want war I shall be round. Respectively yours, E. SPIKE, Esquire.

THE PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM.—The Providence Journal, in the course of a somewhat lengthy notice of Prof. Hare's recent work on Spiritualism, makes the following remarks relative to the advance and present position of the belief:

The importance which modern spiritualism has attained in the United States and in Europe, exceeds that which any other philosophical or religious system or delusion, as some prefer to call it, ever reached in so brief a period as that which has elapsed since it first came into notice. Unlike psychology, the science of the soul, which from its abstruse nature, only interests metaphysical or deeply religious minds, this modern spiritualism has been seized upon by all classes. The learned and the ignorant, the christian and the infidel, the thoughtful and the giddy, have alike been affected by it, and it is now asserted in the journals enlisted in the cause, as well as in the work before us, that the number of believers in the philosophy of spiritualism exceed two millions in the United States. It is also stated that no single religious sect issues so many newspapers and periodicals as this, and to show the zeal which animates the leaders, we have seen the announcement of a monthly journal to be published in Wisconsin, an exponent of the philosophy and phenomena of spiritualism to make a volume of 600 pages, for one dollar. Publication societies have also been organized in New York, Boston, and elsewhere; and more than two hundred volumes of books connected with the subject have already been issued. In England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, the subject is attracting the attention of the learned, including the clergy and men of science; many books have been published on it in London. When it is recollected that this has all been accomplished in about six years, it will be acknowledged that there is no parallel to it in the dissemination of any religious system which history records.

THE RICHEST POPULATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Plymouth Memorial pays its neighbors of the town of Provincetown the following compliment:—

Massachusetts is cited as the foremost and best example of what a State of good blood can make out of a bad locality. But within Massachusetts herself is an example of examples, a wonder of wonders, compared with which the usual instances fade into insignificance. Pick out the dreariest, bleakest, most sandy and unproductive spot within her limits—the place where no native flower grows, and no natural stream seeks in gradual descent a path to the sea—where there is neither pasture, nor tillage, nor rock, nor ice, but only desert land beneath and desert sea before, where there are no animals save the burrowing fox, no birds save the wild gulls of the deep. 'Tis easy to fix the place, for the description answers but one—the extreme end of Cape Cod. And yet that jumping-off spot, fitly barren, the farthest removed from all connection and acquaintance with the rest of the world, that synonym of poverty and waste, Provincetown, is in proportion to the number of inhabitants, the richest town in Massachusetts.

GOING WEST.—Thousands are now resorting to this fancied panacea for their discontented lot at home. True the chances are numerous in a new country, but it is only with a vigor and application that ought to bring forth and content at home, that they can be turned to profit. Those who can do well at home can ordinarily do so anywhere, and the reverse is also true. It is a wise providence for our country that has implanted the westward tendency in our eastern population, to open up the great west, but whether this change is conducive to the happiness of the individual thus removing is another question.

To those going out into the country of the setting sun, the following is recommended for their attention:

'But do not fancy the West a new Eden, nor suppose that migrating thither will insure you against trouble or misfortune. On the contrary, you must go resolved to work hard and endure more privations than you ever did before. Your house will probably be a log cabin, and rather a poor specimen of that order of architecture, if you attempt to settle on land of your own; you will probably have the ague the first or second season, and should go prepared to treat it intelligently and effectively; you will find yourself in want of many things that you never needed before. And, amid all these trials, you happen to be blessed with such a wife as Job had, or with any one who is not hopeful and reasonable, you will have urgent need of all Job's ample stock of patience.

Millions live and die in mean cabins, without fruit or shade, or many of the cheapest comforts of life, who would have long since enjoyed them all if they had firmly resolved that their first location should be their last, and let the new pioneers pass and settle beyond them. Take time to make your choice of a home, and when you have made it abide by it.

It does not make half the odds you may suppose whether you locate in one State or another. Iowa and Kansas are just now the favorites; but grumblers and annoyances will be found in these as well as elsewhere.'

GODWIN, the great temperance orator, made these remarks in a recent speech of his:

'It was told me in England that it was necessary for a lady who wished to travel through Europe, to always be accompanied by a gentleman, to prevent her from all rudeness, and actual insult. I told them that here, in the United States, a lady could travel from Maine to Louisiana, and be treated with the greatest politeness. (Applause.) Now ladies, I have frequently noticed that when—especially in public assemblies—some of you have been offered seats, which, as a matter of courtesy, should occupy, instead of politely saying, "I thank you sir, for your kindness, you have dropped into the vacant seat, with an apparently offended air as much as to say, "you impudent puppy you!" Now ladies, the next time a gentleman offers you a seat, if you will put on one of your prettiest smiles, and say, "I thank you, sir," depend upon it, a man can stand all night, and never know, he has any legs!'

CAUTION.—On Sunday afternoon last, two children in the eastern part of the city, indulged freely in blowing soap-bubbles through an old tobacco pipe, which had been used for a long time without cleaning. After two hours' amusement of this kind they were both seized with vomiting, accompanied with symptoms of excessive collapse; acute inflammation of the stomach supervened, and on Tuesday morning the boy died. The girl still continues very low, but hopes are entertained of her ultimate recovery. The children were undoubtedly poisoned with the essential oil of tobacco received into the stomach in the manner indicated above. It is well known that a very small quantity of this article taken internally will produce death. [Bangor Mercury.]

Poetry.

THE SOULS OF THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES MACKEY.

"Who bids for the little children—
Body, and soul, and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without a stain?
Will no one bid, I say, England,
For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good ends,
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid, I bid, and bid again,
For their souls so pure and white,
Fever, and pain, and sorrow,
Their bright young eyes shall dim,
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid, and bid again, and bid,
For their souls so pure and white,
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Portland Advertisements.

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THE LATEST BINDING IN THE STATE.

Where you can have Made, Magazine, Pamphlet, in fact any and every kind of Book, from a folio bible to a child's primer.

Bound in Styles to suit your own tastes.

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Orders for Binding may be left with MAXIM & WING, at the Eastern Mail Office, Waterville.

ALBION WITHAM,

CHOICE FARM & GROCERIES.

Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Cigars, &c.

No. 192 Fore Street, Portland.

R. L. DAY,

Wholesale and Retail Paper Warehouse.

No. 21 Exchange Street, Portland.

(CONSTANTLY ON HAND, all sizes and qualities of Wrapping, Binding, Handkerchiefs, and all the articles of Manila Paper, House and Ship Sheeting, tarred and untarred—also, a large assortment of Fancy, Colored, and Glazed Papers, &c.)

Plated, Britannia and Japan Goods.

—SUCH AS—

Cutlery, Forks, Spoons, Tea-Pots, Tea-Trays, &c.

Together with LAMPS of every description.

LANTHERNS, WICKS, &c.

NOYES, WESTON & CO.,

General Commission Merchants.

FLOUR, CORN, PROVISIONS &c.

JOSEPH C. NOYES, 111 1/2 Block, Commercial St.

THOMAS H. WESTON, 111 1/2 Block, Commercial St.

JOHN H. CUTLER, 111 1/2 Block, Commercial St.

AS NEW RECEIVED

Genesee and St. Louis,

Canada and Southern Extra, FLOUR,

Mixed and Super, and all the best

Cod and Pollock Fish,

Mackerel, Herrings, &c.

New and Old, and all the best

Cheese and meat, Pork, Lard,

Dec. 19.

Southern Corn and Flour.

7500 BUSHELS Yellow CORN.

400 Bbls. Extra and S. F. FLOUR, for sale by

N. O. CRAM,

Commercial Street, PORTLAND.

E. HAMMOND & CO.,

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS,

190 Fore-st., Portland.

TAYLOR'S PATENT BRUSHES, and all kinds of Machine Brushes to order.

THE Best Assortment

MILINERY GOODS.

To Farmers and Gardeners.

YOUR attention is called to the Manures manufactured by the

Loft Manufacturing Co., from the bones of the Shaks and

Prizes of New York City, and from other sources, called

POURDRETT AND TAFEL.

POURDRETT is composed of two-thirds night soil and one-third

decomposed vegetable fibre. It is composed of three-fourths

night soil and one-fourth No. 1 Peruvian Guano.

These manures are cheaper and better adapted for raising

corn, potatoes, and other crops than any other in market.

It can be put in contact with the seed without injury, and

causes corn and wheat to come up sooner, ripen two weeks

earlier, and yield one third more, under any ordinary, and in a

superior of the Cut Worm.

A young lot of 100 Tafen, will manure an acre of corn

in the fall. Tafen 1/4 cent per lb. - Poudre 2/10 per lb. or

\$1.10 for any quantity over 7 bbls., delivered on board

free from any charge of cartage or cartage.

A complete containing every information, sent, postpaid, to

any one sending their address to

THE LOFT MANUFACTURING CO.,

60 Courtland St., New York.

UNITED STATES

Life Insurance, Annuity and Trust Company

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

CAPITAL, \$50,000 DOLLARS.

CASH PAYMENTS EXCLUSIVELY.

NO PREMIUM NOTES AND NO ASSESSMENTS.

STEPHEN R. CRAWFORD, Pres't.

CHARLES L. IMLEY, Sec'y.

PLINY RISK, Acty.

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The "Mixed System" of Life Insurance adopted by this

Company and the best English Office, secures all the

advantages of the Stock and Mutual Systems. The

Premiums are paid in Cash, on demand, or deducted

from future Premiums, at the option of the policyholder.

CALIFORNIA LIFE INSURANCE, and Permits for AUSTRALIA, AFRICA

AND THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, reduced rates of Premium.

New England Branch Office, No. 18 Congress St., Boston.

Corner of Post Office Square, a few doors from State

Street, in building formerly occupied by Dr. H. H. Heath, Esq., Agent, S. F. Plaster, M. D., Medical Examiner.

Dr. E. F. WHITMAN,

OCCULIST AND AURIST,

No. 116 Court Street, Boston.

Also, Inventor and Manufacturer of

INVISIBLE EAR TRUMPETS.

Artificial Ears made and inserted at Short Notice.

PAIN KILLER!

DR. HENRY HUNT was cured of Rheumatism in the Neck

after three or four days and nights of intense suffering, by one

bottle of the Cramp and Pain Killer. The Cramp and Pain Killer

was long afflicted with SPINAL COMPLAINT. After being

reduced to the verge of death, he was cured by the

Cramp and Pain Killer. At another time a few applications

entirely cured him of an exceedingly bad Rheumatic affection

in the back.

A young lady, 15 years of age, daughter of John W. Sher-

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New York, Portland, Montreal & Quebec

STEAMSHIP LINE.

Connecting with the Grand Trunk Railroad.

THE 1st class steamers CALEDONIA

and WESTPORT, one year old, 600

tons, built in London, and PORTLAND

and NEW YORK every Saturday, at 2 o'clock P. M. until further

notice.

The proprietors are determined to make this the cheapest

and most reliable line between New York and

Quebec, and to make it the most reliable

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