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BY CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.

"No, by Jove," said Harry Vane, tilting his feet upon the window-sill, and gracefully removing a fragrant Havana from his lips for the purpose of exhaling a cloud of the perfumed smoke. "I wouldn't marry a jealous woman if she was heiress to old Astor. I tell you, Walter, it wouldn't do for my wife to be jealous. This being eternally constant to any one little bundle of lace and divinity is an utter impossibility to a man of my constitution. I have a natural taste for variety, do you see; and the most I want of a wife is to keep house for me and take care of things, and give me a little leisure to make myself agreeable to women-kind in general. When nothing more agreeable turns up, why of course then she can have the privilege of entertaining me, which with the consolation of knowing that her husband is the most accomplished lady-killer in town, will, I take it, be ample compensation for all her services in my behalf. But you see if she was any ways jealous she might not think so."

"It would be possible, I should think," said Walter Everett, "that she might be inclined to disagree with you. I should think any woman who loved you, would naturally object to such an arrangement."

"Oh, pah! I, Everett, that proves you to be a novice. Don't you know that love in a female heart is made up of just two elements, vanity and self-sacrifice. Just give a woman a husband she is proud of, and you—or, that is, she might not be able to, but a man of my accomplishments can coax her into anything under the sun. Wait till I marry, I'll show you how to manage a wife. I'll show you how to unite all the freedom of a bachelor with all the privileges of a Benedict."

Walter smiled and puffed away at his cigar in silence.

The two young men were clerks in a large mercantile establishment down town. They occupied the same room in their boarding-house, and were generally on very close and intimate terms. Perhaps it may not be necessary to inform the reader that Harry was something of a coxcomb, though he was by no means as immoral as might be inferred from his own account of himself. This Walter knew, and he could therefore listen to his occasional strains of gasconade with the utmost serenity, even though perfectly aware at the time that the speaker entertained serious ideas of finally bestowing the ineffable honor of his name and protection upon a certain little cousin of his own, Miss Susie Stanton. That his confidence went so far as to lead him to conceal from said young lady the sentiments so frequently expressed, we cannot vouch. Indeed, the writer rather has the idea that the two frequently talked over in private this unfortunate failing of their mutual friend, and studied frequently to devise some method of reducing the proportions of Harry's organ of vanity.

Nothing very effectual was accomplished during the courtship, however, and in due process of time Mr. Harry Vane entered the state of matrimony, under the full conviction that his loving Susie possessed not one spark of jealousy; and that her overweening affection for him would lead her to accept whatever attentions it might please him to bestow upon her with unfeigned gratitude and joy; and to preserve a discreet silence in regard to whatever she might see in his outgoings or incomings that was peculiar or mysterious.

To do Susie justice, she was not naturally of a jealous disposition; but besides her innate amiability in that respect, she had a little bit of that shy, womanly pride, which made her resolve that she wouldn't be jealous. No, indeed, she would never be pointed at as a jealous wife; neither should Mr. Harry Vane have the pleasure of insinuating that he managed his wife; that she was duly instructed and trained at home, to look conveniently in the other direction, whenever he chose to open the invincible battery of his fascinations upon any unsuspecting young female. No, no; the little lady was quite too "cute" for that.

It therefore happened that whenever at ball or party, Mr. Harry Vane made himself particularly agreeable to any lady, Mrs. Harry Vane also cultivated the same individual. If Mr. Harry Vane only danced with the young lady, or escorted her out to supper, Mrs. Harry Vane contented herself with the most amiable inquiries after said young lady's health, and gracious hopes that the family at home were quite well; if Mr. Vane danced twice or thrice with the young lady, Mrs. Vane straightway invited her to call, and intimated that she should very soon give herself the pleasure of visiting the young lady; and if matters went still further, and Mr. Harry Vane indulged in a *tele a-tete* in the corner, or a moonlight promenade upon the piazza, Mrs. Harry Vane immediately fixed a day, and asked the young lady around to tea.

At home, too, if Mr. Harry Vane exclaimed with enthusiasm, "By Jove, but that Miss West has a splendid figure." Mrs. Vane replied with equal enthusiasm. "She has indeed; and she danced admirably." Or if Harry remarked that "Araminta Waters was decidedly the handsomest woman at Mrs. Morgan's party," Susie added, gently, "That rumor said she was as amiable and accomplished as she was handsome and fascinating." By this sly way of fighting fire with fire, she had succeeded in extinguishing a half-dozen glowing penchants in the bosom of her liege lord; while at the same time the uniform sweetness and amiability of her own conduct, could not fail to deepen the admiration and respect which Harry had possessed for her when he married her.

So it went on for a year or two, and Susie found herself a mother. After that things seemed to mend a little, but baby's charms soon lost their power, and Susie's trial took another form. Her loving heart which was constantly, though quietly, watchful of Harry's slightest movement, was wounded at its most sensitive point. Harry frequently left home without inviting her to accompany him, or even informing her of his destination. Much as her anxious fears were startled by this new shadow upon her domestic peace, Susie had the discretion to say nothing, but meanwhile to double her assiduity in winning him to home pleasures. All her efforts availed her little, however; at least one evening in the week he continued to spend away from her. At first she was afraid he might be entering upon some course of dissipation, but careful observation soon convinced her that whatever sin might be laid to his charge, the love of liquor was not one; and as drinking forms an ingredient of nearly all forms of dissipation, she finally came to the conclusion, that as of old, his wandering incontinent heart was straying after some new light of female beauty. It is possible that at this juncture she may have taken her cousin Walter into confidence.

One beautiful morning in July, Harry seemed in no hurry to go down town. He lingered reading his newspaper after breakfast till nearly nine o'clock, and then dressing himself carefully in his handsomest suit of white linen, carefully bade his wife good morning, and strolled carelessly up the street, instead of going down it, toward his place of business. The quick perceptions of his wife had noticed a strange disquietude in his manner all the

morning, and she smiled a quiet smile to herself, as she stood before the mirror in her own room, arraying herself in her most becoming walking costume; for Mrs. Harry Vane was going out too.

She fitted a dainty pair of gaiters to her pretty foot, and tightened the fastenings of her sweetest pair of kid gloves, put on her most bewitching bonnet, and then took the last glance in the mirror to assure herself that there wasn't on all Broadway a sweeter or more captivating little woman than Mrs. Harry Vane. "He has good taste, at any rate," she soliloquized, "and that is one consolation." But the little half-sigh which closed the sentence intimated that it wasn't so very consoling after all.

After her own toilet was completed, baby was dressed in his richest and most spotless robes, and Bridget was entrusted with the precious charge and bid to follow her mistress. Down the street tripped the little lady, taking the shortest way to the foot of—street, North River. There lay the steamer with flags flying, and whistle blowing, just ready to convey a band of happy excursionists down the bay. Mrs. Harry Vane tripped lightly over the gang-plank, followed by Bridget and baby, and the next moment it was withdrawn, and the gallant steamer with its gallant company was fairly under way. Mrs. Vane ascended leisurely to the promenade deck, and there, apparently very much to her surprise, discovered Mr. Vane sitting in most attentive proximity to a handsome and showy young lady, who was evidently quite the slave of Mr. Vane's fascinations.

"Why, good morning, Harry," exclaimed Mrs. Vane, in her sweetest and most cordial tones; "this is indeed a delightful surprise. I had not anticipated the pleasure of your company; after you went down town, I happened to notice the advertisement of the excursion, and baby has seemed so ailing lately, that I thought it might do him good to take the salt air, so I dressed myself as quickly as possible and hurried down here."

What could Mr. Harry Vane say in reply to this most amiable and wife-like greeting? Mrs. Vane was not at a loss however to fill up the pause which his hesitation occasioned.

"This lady is a friend of yours, I presume; introduce me to her, Harry; and turning to the lady, Mr. Vane's circle of friends, previous to our marriage, was so very extensive that I have not even yet made the acquaintance of all of them. I hope, however, to know them all in the course of time, for nothing gives me greater pleasure than to entertain Harry's friends. Your name is—? I didn't quite understand."

"Miss Wentworth," replied the lady, bowing stiffly.

"Ah! yes, Miss Wentworth; I do not recollect hearing Harry speak of you; but it is all the same; my memory is very treacherous, and indeed he might have mentioned your name, casually, you know, a dozen times; and still I might have forgotten it. But bless me! where is the baby? Bridget, come here."

Bridget answered the call; and placed the blue-eyed little wonder in the arms of its delighted mamma.

"Mamma's precious little darling; was it warm? so it was; mamma will take off its ugly hat, so it will. There, does it see its papa-pa; there, so it does; and knows him too; precious angel. See, Miss Wentworth, see how well the little darling knows its father; and if it isn't four months old yet?" And Mrs. Vane danced the chubby, red-faced little thing up and down in Mr. Vane's face, and asked enthusiastically, "Didn't Miss Wentworth think he was just the image of his 'pa'?"

There were several Harry's acquaintances on board, by whom the affair was thoroughly understood; and it was not long until the story passed from lip to lip, and smiles and titters, and jokes at poor Harry's expense, circulated in every direction. Mr. Vane excused himself as speedily as possible from the society of the ladies, and walked moodily below to the stern of the boat, and there stood contemplating the fast receding shores of Manhattan.

"What am I to do?" he soliloquized; "to blow out at her as I would like to, would only raise a row and circulate the story; and I can't get rid of her, for the boat won't put back, I suppose, on my account. Gad! if the water wasn't so infernal hot, I'd drown myself. To bring that red-faced little imp along too. It is a pretty child enough though; of course, it couldn't be anything else and be my child; and she looks deuced pretty herself, too, to-day. She's a vast deal prettier than Madge Wentworth ever was—the baggage. If I ever get safe out of this scrape, catch me risking my reputation for another bold flirt like her!"

Meanwhile Miss Wentworth, who possessed a deal of womanly tact in her way, had overcome in a measure, the embarrassment of her first meeting with Mrs. Vane, and had entered very affably into conversation with her. The baby, as if determined to do its part, was as sweet-tempered as its mamma, and cooed and laughed, and spat its hands, to the infinite delight of Miss Wentworth, who was, or pretended to be, exceedingly fond of pets. Mrs. Vane's amiability was perfectly irresistible, and when Mr. Vane returned, he found the two ladies on the best possible terms.

When the dinner-bell rang, Mrs. Vane called to Bridget to take the baby, and rising, exclaimed, "Mr. Vane, give your arm to Miss Wentworth," at the same time appropriating the other to her own use, and we will hurry into dinner. This stiff breeze gives one such an appetite." At dinner, Mrs. Vane's first attentions were given to Miss Wentworth, and the least failure upon the part of Mr. Vane, who told the truth, was a little absent minded, to observe the wants of that young lady, was reprimanded by Mrs. Vane.

"My dear, Miss Wentworth will take some more turkey; Harry dear, help Miss Wentworth to some of these delicious peas. Miss Wentworth, allow me to assist you to some of this sauce, I assure you it is delicious."

After dinner, the two ladies, with the baby, retired to the ladies' cabin, and Harry enjoyed an hour's immunity from the society of either. He retired at length to his Havana. Let us hope that its fragrance served, in some measure, to calm his troubled mind.

It was nearly dark when the boat arrived at the foot of—street on her return. Harry called a carriage for the ladies, and directed the driver to No.—street, his own residence.

"Harry, my dear, how can you be so impossible? We must see Miss Wentworth home first by all means. She has been complaining of fatigue for these past two hours, and I must

protest against her being driven a mile or two out of her way upon my account."

Harry was obliged to acquiesce, and Mrs. Vane had the satisfaction of leaving Miss Wentworth at her own door, and bidding her a most affectionate farewell, with the hope that she had enjoyed the day, and would experience no inconvenience from the fatigue it had occasioned her.

Ten minutes later, Harry Vane was stretching his weary limbs upon a sofa in his own quiet parlor. Mrs. Vane bustled about and prepared a most delicious tea for her loving lord. At first his vexation betrayed him into a few unamiable remarks; but the real tenderness of Susie's manner, as she handed him the smoking cup of Bobea upon the lounge, and soothed and petted away the headache which oppressed him, silenced his irritability, and won him back to good humor.

That was the last of Harry Vane's wanderings. The name of Miss Wentworth was never mentioned in his house; and save his penitential confession, made that night with his weary head lying upon her bosom, "Susie, I have wronged you; will you forgive me?" To which her only answer was a kiss of peace and trust, and a glance more eloquent than any speech, there was no allusion to his faults.

Susie is grey-haired now, and her failing strength is supported by the tenderness of grand-daughters; and it may be that to these she sometimes repeats the story of the woman who wouldn't be jealous.

A YANKEE.—The Boston Olive Branch having called the editor of the N. Y. Atlas a Yankee, the Atlas man gets off the following:—

But we own up to the Yankee, and feel no little pride in it; But we didn't hail from Old Berkshire, exactly. We have dropped pumpkin seeds, and have eaten hasty pudding and milk in New Hampshire, and have ploughed, mowed, reaped, and logged it in the state of Maine. We have fished for minnows with a pin-hook, and carried our bread-and-butter to school; and we have seen log-driving on the Kennebec river; and we have coaxed a club-footed girl to slide down a hill made slippery by the fall of the pine leaves, on her feet, for the fun of seeing her catch her toes, and roll over and over, and we have gone into the swamps with two yoke of oxen and a bob-sled, when the snow was five feet deep, and felled trees, and 'twitched' logs all day, and went home at nightfall to 'bean-porridge hot'; we have been to a few prayer-meetings, that's a fact, and we've been to 'huskings,' too, and 'apple-pees' and 'raisings,' and militia musters."

We have helped make cider, and have afterwards set 'a-straddle' of a barrel, and sucked it with a straw. We have sat up all night in a saw mill, and have eaten up all night with a 'gal.' We have a high opinion of Johnny-cake and 'sassengers,' and we have frequently had a finger in the making of the latter; we have eaten our share of godfish and potatoes, with pork scraps, and we guess we've licked a proportion of 'lasses candy, and also boys; we have pulled flax for nine-pence a day, because we had a sick headache, and couldn't go to school, and have had teeth pulled with a piece of strong thread; we have traveled over the fields in Spring with a maul, knocking about the what-you-call-'ems, and have popped corn in the ashes; we have turned the grindstone all day to sharpen a new axe, swapped jack-knives, broken steers and colts, set traps for skunks and woodchucks, 'tapped' our own shoes, 'licked' the schoolmaster, robbed the milk-pans of the cream, and laid it to the catkilled into the apple 'sauce,' hooked the loaf sugar, and numberless other things, 'too numerous to mention, but for particulars of which see small bills."

THE DECAY OF THE ASIATIC RACES.—The Friend of India, by far the ablest of the papers in India, some months since had a very able and eloquent examination of the hitherto dominant races throughout the whole continent of Asia. It showed that all were sinking away from inherent and circumstantial reasons. It says:

"All history shows that indigenous Asiatic races require the direction of a dominant class. Industrious, hardy, and with many of the qualities essential in the development of civilization, they seem to lack social force. India was in the days of Aurangzeb what she was in the days of Ram. China is now what she was a thousand years ago. The Greek rayahs of Turkey are what the Greek peasant was in the days of Cautaneze. Their numbers do not materially change. They do not advance, and need the directing force of a progressive race. It remains but to speculate the races to whom this high function must be assigned. They must be Europeans, for Europeans alone have acquired the necessary superiority in arms. Of Europeans the English and Russians alone display capacity for the permanent administration of subject peoples. It is to their hands that we believe Asia to be entrusted. The advance of Russia will be checked by no humanity and few scruples. That of England may, but she obeys the irresistible impulse the more thoroughly for her occasional recoil. Year by year, the two powers close in toward each other; and if the future may be predicted from the experience of the past, another century will see this quarter of the globe governed from London, Washington, and St. Petersburg."

Deputy U. S. Marshal Stanley arrested on Tuesday last, George Burnham, a stage driver, charged with robbing the mail between Augusta and Belfast, where he was driving. He confesses to having taken one hundred dollars, and implicates other parties, who he says showed him how to break the locks. Letters were found upon him with the seals broken, and the contents abstracted. He is now in jail awaiting examination. Burnham formerly drove from Bangor to Cherryfield, and the Bangor Whig thinks has hitherto enjoyed a good reputation.

Just after his *coup d'etat* in 1851, the emperor of France used these words in conversation, as reported by an American correspondent of the London Times:

"My life presents four phases. The first comprises the follies of my youth, such as the expeditions of Strasburg and Boulogne; these served to make me known. The second is my presidency; the third, my dictatorship; and the fourth will close with my fall, beneath the assassin's blow."

GO ASK MY MOTHER.
BY N. STONE.
You tell me you love me! I fain would believe
That you tell me but truth and would never deceive;
You offer to me your heart and your hand,
To make me the mistress of houses and land;
And often you tell me how happy our life
Would glide away, if I'd be your wife!
You've asked if I'd wed you again and again,
But go, ask my mother, I'll answer you then.

I'm but a young lassie, and little I've learned
Of the ways of the wide world, for good or for harm;
As the soft clouds of summer float calmly on high,
So soft and so calm my young days have gone by;
But little I've seen of the troubles of life!
But little I know of the cares of a wife!

On the wisdom of age I fain would depend;
Go—go ask my mother! I'll answer you then.
My mother is kind, and she loves her young Kate;
She has cared for me, toiled for me, early and late;
She has fed me and clothed me when but a week child;
She wept when I wept, she smiled when I smiled.
I would not grieve her, I'd never be content
For another to leave her, without her consent.
I love you, 'tis true, above all other men;
But go, ask my mother, I'll answer you then.

They tell me you're rich, but 'tis little I care
For the wealth that may vanish away into air;
For the wealth I've never married, the sooner I'd stay
By the side of my mother till life's latest day!
I they say you are good, kind-hearted and true,
And faithful in all that a good man should do;
I love you for that, above all other men,
But go, ask my mother, I'll answer you then.

Inhumanity Punished.
It has been stated that a slave-ship recently succeeded in landing on the shores of Cuba several hundred Africans. It was added that the smallpox had broken out virulently on board, and that it was spreading on shore like an epidemic. The incident is parallel in its general features, with the more general historical statement, that the yellow fever, whose ravages have at times been so fearful in Southern cities, and have reached the North in one or two memorable instances, was similarly introduced into our country. Such retribution has been common. Macaulay, in describing the state of England in the seventeenth century, remarks that 'the prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and every disease. At the assizes, the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock, an atmosphere of stench and pestilence, which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery, society looked with profound indifference. It would be interesting to inquire, if any inquiry less searching than the revelation of the Last Day could inform us, how many of the diseases by which society has been infected have originated, or have been aggravated, by indifference to evils which a prevailing sympathy, a true Christian 'fraternity' of feeling, might have relieved."

One of the most acute and suggestive of contemporary divines, the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, published a remarkable discourse during the visitation of the cholera in 1849. He reckoned that other plagues which have invaded Christendom, rebukes upon Christian nations for their supine neglect of the heathen. Heathenism, he said, tends to debase men physically as well as morally. Under its influence the breed of men becomes feeble. Disease becomes virulent and epidemic; and from the tropical regions, where man has been left so long festering in abominations, the cholera comes to warn us that we are all brethren, and that if we will not recognize our brotherhood by the communication of benefits, we shall feel it in the community of suffering. We quote from memory; but though we may do no justice to the author's admirable diction, the thought is one that abides with us. It recurs whenever we notice the incessant labor of theorists to dispute the Scriptural doctrine of the unity of the human race. Over all the fabrics of specious reasoning comes a voice borne by every wind of heaven, telling of human sin and human sorrow, and it finds an echo within, teaching us that we all are brethren, partakers of a corrupted nature from a corrupted head. The mysterious unity of guilt has its counterpart in the tie that makes us feel, in one way or another, in the action of sympathy or in the enforced participation of sufferings, our kindred to those degraded nations. We cannot sever the bond if we would. We may withhold from them the good we ought to render, but we cannot prevent the evil we slight from visiting us with death.—[Examiner.]

CREATING THE DEVIL.—Squire H., living in the town of A., was a man in easy circumstances, with everything enough in doors and out. In his yard was a huge pile of wood, sawed and split, and sufficient in bulk to keep a dozen families through the winter, with enough more where that came from.

Across the street from Squire H. lived Mrs. W., a poor widow woman in straitened circumstances, with four mouths to feed and four little bodies to warm, besides her own. Squire H. doted on his big wood pile, and was in the habit of taking a peep at it through the closed blinds of his window before retiring at night. One night he saw a female hanging around the pile, and opening the door partially to get a better view, saw her stoop, pick up a large armful, and start off. She had not proceeded far, however, when she stopped short, and he overheard the following: "I cannot steal—the eye of God is upon me;" and down went the wood, and she walked off a few steps, and stopped again: "I have not a stick of wood in the house, the weather is bitter cold, and my poor children are freezing. The Squire has enough, and will never miss it." So saying, she filled her arms again with the coveted fuel.

Again she started, and again hesitated—"What! steal? I never did such a thing, and God forbid that I should do it now!" and down went the wood upon the pile again. But the thought of her suffering brood brought her once more to the pile, and she filled her arms the third time with wood. Once more she started, and again turned back: "I will not steal—I will trust in God; and if it is His will we'll perish together." So saying, she threw down the wood upon the pile, and the Squire saw her enter her dwelling, and close the door. He retired to bed, but slumber was slow in visiting his eyelids. He thought of the poor widow and her suffering children, and perhaps when he slept he dreamed of them.

Early the next forenoon Widow W. was surprised to see the Squire's four ox team, loaded with wood, haul up in front of her dwelling, and the Squire commence pitching it off.

"What's this, Squire H.?" said the astonished and half-frightened woman: "I didn't order that wood, and God knows I can't pay for it."

"It's yours, and all paid for, ma'am," sung

out the Squire, tugging away at a big log; "you cheated the devil last night!"

The poor woman insisted that there must be some mistake about it.

"I tell you it's yours, for cheating the devil last night," said the Squire, "and there comes a man to saw it up, split it and pack it away in your wood house."

The widow began to "smell a rat," and stammering her thanks to the Squire retreated into the house. She wanted for no more wood that winter.

PROPAGATION OF FISH.—I have eight ponds upon my farm stocked with forty-five kinds of fish, among which I have one pond of trout. They grow more rapidly in a pond where well fed than in streams. I have also some in a cask, and they are so tame that they will come to me at the sound of a bell and eat from my hand.—There is no reason why fish-growing cannot be made profitable. My gold fish are very gentle and flourishing, but are not esteemed for food. They are, however, very ornamental. I have one pond devoted to pike, which are extremely voracious, but have become quite docile. They pair about the 1st of April, and deposit their eggs, and never look after them again until the young are hatched, when the old pike devour their own offspring. Their favorite food is frogs. I think a small fish-pond would produce a greater profit than a ten acre field well cultivated. The yellow-perch is also a good fish, and does well in my ponds. Sometimes perch die from bursting their bladders in shallow water in warm weather. The striped bass I have also succeeded in growing in fresh water to advantage, notwithstanding it is a sea fish. The common shad is the most interesting of all of my fish. They spawn about 45,000 eggs each, and would multiply to great extent if not destroyed. I have succeeded in growing shad in fresh water, and have had them grow five or six pounds in a single year. In fact I think the shad endures but a single year. A shad eats by suction and never bites at a hook. I have also a variety of fish from the great lakes, all of which are in a flourishing condition. I deposited in one pond 3,000 eels, and have succeeded in raising them by feeding them with salt, as they are only found naturally in situations where they have access to the ocean. I am satisfied that the eel is oviparous, notwithstanding the contrary opinion has often been advanced. The sense of smell in fish is generally very strong, and the sense of hearing is also well developed. The sight is also very keen in some species, though they cannot see in turbid water. The sucker is acutely sensible to touch. Their taste is the least delicate of any of the senses, since some of them devour food indiscriminately without regard to quality. Fish for food are always in the finest condition when full of eggs. After spawning, they deteriorate very rapidly. Fish food is proved to be nutritious and wholesome by the healthy condition of fishermen's families. I have not been able to domesticate codfish in fresh-water ponds. I intend, however, to continue experiments. It is an interesting fact that the common school fund of Massachusetts owes its origin to the codfishery. I expect to be able to domesticate the tench, the physician fish of the race, its slime serving to heal wounds in other species. There is no difficulty in transporting fish ova from one part of the country to another, nor in hatching the young fish.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

SMART CHILDREN.—A writer in Blackwood's Magazine thus discourses on the habit of trying to stick 'book larin' in the heads of children while they are yet 'babies':

"How have I heard you, Eusebius, pity the poor children! I remember you looking at a group of them, and reflecting, 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven, and turning away thoughtfully, and saying, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

A child of three years of age! What should a child three years old—nay five or six years old—be taught? Strong meats for weak digestions make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery rhymes. "I would say to every parent, especially to every mother, sing to your children; tell them pleasant stories; if in the country, be not too careful lest they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes; earth is very much akin to us all, and in children's out-of-door play soils them not inwardly. There is in it a kind of consanguinity between all creatures; by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our first substance, and beget a kindness for our poor relations, the brutes."

Let children have free open air sport, and fear not though they make acquaintance with the pigs, the donkey, and the chickens—they may form worse friendships with wiser looking ones; encourage familiarity with all that love to court them—dumb animals love children, and children love them. "Above all things make them loving—then they will be gentle and obedient; and then, also, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children will be brought up lovingly at your knees, will never shut their door upon you, and point where they would have you go."

One result of the religious revival going on in this county is said to have been apparent in some of the converts—before that, 'hard cases'—who were called before the grand jury to testify in liquor cases. In former cases these same witnesses had been afflicted with what is a very common infirmity in liquor cases, a bad memory. Whether this bad memory sprang from love for bad rum, or was an effect of 'rot gut,' the physicians have not determined, but with conversion and the leaving of their cups, their memory has wonderfully strengthened, much to the horror and confusion of liquor sellers.—[Newburyport Herald.]

NO MAN CAN BORROW HIMSELF OUT OF DEBT.—If you wish for relief you must work for it, economize for it. You must make more and spend less than you did while you were running in debt. You must wear homespun instead of broadcloth, drink water instead of champagne, and rise at four instead of seven. Industry, frugality and economy—these are the handmaids of wealth, and the sure sources of relief. A dollar earned is worth ten borrowed, and a dollar saved is better than forty times its amount in useless gewgaws. Try our scheme and see if it is not worth a thousand thanks and valuations here.

Two of our boys, (writes a western friend) Hi Angel and Dick Walker, emigrated to the wilds of Minnesota. During the long winter evenings, they went to work and made up a lot of axe-helves. Being 'raw hands' at the business, the helms were anything but saleable. Going to the nearest town, they tried in vain to dispose of them at the different groceries and stores. There was but one shop left, and Hi, giving Dick instructions, went in alone. Inquiring of the shopman if he had any helms he was informed that he had not. Blustering up, he inquired why he did not keep such things, and told him to buy the next dozen he came across, and put them one side for him. After he had been gone some time, Dick went in and sold the helms. The shopman is undoubtedly keeping them."

THE POOR.—Give me all the needless ornaments worn to church, on the first day of next week, and I will give every poor family a comfortable house; and then give me annually, the sums usually spent for ornaments and extra raiment, purchased chiefly to be shown at church, and I will supply the real wants of all the poor, through the year.

The pride, extravagance and waste of one class of people, would furnish the other class with all the comforts of life.

The Knickerbocker has a good story of the resources of trade, when a fellow is in a tight place:

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MANAGEMENT OF THE STY.—The fame of the pig as a manure maker is great, but we doubt if he is half appreciated, even in his forte. He is commonly fed with richer food than other domestic animals, and the manure is found to be stronger than that of any other quadruped. The old method of treating the pig was to let him run upon the common, or in the pasture during the summer and put him in the pen only two or three months before he was slaughtered. The sty was merely an ample pen, with a poor hovel for his shelter by night. For lack of material to work over, he thrust his snout into the hard soil of his pen, turning it over, and every stone and bone in it, within a foot of the surface. The result perhaps was a cord of well washed manure, to each pig. This method is still very popular in many parts of the country.

But our best farmers have a better system of management. The pig is considered in the light of a worker, as well as a gentleman of leisure, and his snout is turned into a farm implement of very great value. As a disintegrator of soils, it excels both the plow and the harrow. The sty is mainly covered, with the exception of a small yard where the animals may have the sun, and take exercise. The covered and uncovered parts are kept abundantly supplied with muck, or coarse sods, which are reduced to a fine powder in a short time. Sometimes the sty occupies a part of the barn cellar, beneath the stables, and the pigs are made to do the work of composting the stable manure with muck, and loam. It is done in this way much more thoroughly, than it can be done with fork and shovel.

With this class of farmers 'pigs in clover' has become a figure of poetry, for the pig never smells their clover fields, though he has plenty of clover, and other green succulent fodder in his season. They cannot afford to waste the manure, and to lose his services upon the compost heap. No flesh is wasted in chasing after nuts in the forest, or grass and weeds upon the common. Pigs kept in stys, and furnished with muck, can easily be made to average four hundred pounds of pork, and eight cords of manure at a year old. If a farmer falls below this standard he is not living up to his privileges.—Am. Agriculturist.

'OLD VIRGINITY NEVER TIRE.'—If the scene of the following item, which we cut from the Wheeling Intelligencer, was located anywhere save in Virginia, we should doubt its truth. As it is, we credit the tale fully. The Intelligencer says:

"We saw yesterday, going up toward the upper ferry, a team of four animals—a horse, a pony, a mule and a bull. The horse had the harness, the pony was blind, the mule was lame and the bull had no provision for fly time. In the wagon which was an ordinary one, there sat a white man, a crippled nigger and a tame skunk frantically bound with a wisp of straw. The white man held the lines, the skunk held its own, and the nigger held the team, and they all moved forward. To make this worthy of its place, it is essential to say that it is true."

RELIGIOUS REVIVAL IN NEW YORK.—The churches in New York are enjoying quite an unusual season of religious awakening. A prayer meeting has been held daily for sometime past, and is largely attended by all classes. A New York correspondent of the Boston Journal thus describes the scene:

The rule of New York is to allow clerks and others to have from 12 to 1 o'clock for refreshments, and this hour is allotted by these young men to this daily prayer meeting. They come with bank books in their hands—pencils behind the ear—memorandum books just peeping out of their pockets, and other marks of trade about them, and join heartily in the service. Carmen and wagon men drive up their teams to the curbstone, in their frocks, with the marks of their employ on them; come into the meeting—join heartily in the song of praise—kneel down and pray, and then pass out, jump on to their teams, and drive off to their work. All classes are here. Sometimes a clergyman leads the meeting, and sometimes a layman. Among the audience now fifty ladies may be seen. The first month not one was in the house, and the singing was wholly by the men. But one by one the ladies dropped in, and now a part of the house is set apart for them; and their voices blend with and soften the harsher voices of their brethren. The merchant from his store, the mechanic from his shop, the carman from his cart, the clerk from his desk, the lad from the errand, the lawyer from his brief—all may be seen in this place of daily prayer. But several other places have been opened for the same purpose.—The John street Methodist church, the Ninth street Reformed Dutch church, the Madison avenue church and perhaps some others.

SUBLINE PASSAGES.—An obscure Scotch peasant, calling on business at a gentleman's house in Edinburgh, saw a bust of Shakespeare, and these lines from the Tempest inscribed beneath it:

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yes, all which it inhabits shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, ... MAR. 4, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. 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 office is at 200 Broadway, New York. N. W. CORNELL, Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia. S. M. PATTERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

WOOD.

Those who propose to bring us wood are requested not to delay, as the sleighing may compel them to disappoint us when it is too late to supply ourselves elsewhere.

Waterville Farmer's Club.

A full meeting, as usual—at the house of Mr. Arba Penny. "The winter keeping of stock" occupied the evening, and was continued for further discussion. Mr. Josiah Morrill believed the best use of corn-fodder was to feed it to sheep. This was a new idea to some, and was carefully looked at. He said they would eat it closer than his neat stock, and that it kept them in as good heart as the best of hay. Several members stated their different modes of taking care of their stock; when the Chairman introduced as a visitor Mr. Vaughan, of Norridgewock. Mr. Vaughan is a zealous farmer, and is engaged on an ordinary farm, in working out and demonstrating the theories he has conceived by extensive travel and observation. He stated his system of farming, and detailed his process of producing fertilizers. His leading ideas are, the restoration of worn out soils by deep plowing and thorough stirring; and the manufacture of dressing from the resources of the farm, instead of buying foreign fertilizers. To the defense of these he brought a good array of science, common sense, and practical demonstration. In a few years he had brought a poor farm to more than double its productive-ness, merely by careful attention to the means possessed within itself. His fixtures for saving manures were described; and though ingenious, they were neither expensive or difficult of construction. Every waste straw and any bone was made to contribute to next year's harvest, and substances which had no merit in themselves, were converted into absorbents of the virtues of other substances.—Mr. Vaughan alluded to the necessity for the more general diffusion of agricultural science among farmers; and took occasion to express his decided dissent from the popular idea of an agricultural college. He proposed a substitute, for which he said he was not partial, but had no faith that the benefits anticipated from the proposed college would ever be realized, even if the measure was adopted. We heartily endorse his views on this last point, and earnestly hope the scheme of an agricultural college will find no further favor with legislation, till it shall have been fairly examined and demanded by the farmers themselves. When this is done, then let the college come, if come it must—but to find its descent more rapid than its rise; while the first and the loudest in its condemnation will be the farmers at whose demand it was instituted.

The club voted their thanks to Mr. Vaughan—continued the same subject of discussion, and accepted the invitation of Mr. John Mathews, Jr., to meet at his house on Friday evening of this week.

Winslow Farmer's Club.

The meeting was well attended last week, and the conversation relative to the profit of farm stock was animated and interesting. It was finally voted that sheep yield the farmer the greatest net profit of any stock kept. Various estimates were presented showing different opinions and modes of keeping stock. Mr. John W. Drummond advocated high feeding, especially for neat stock. A pair of yearling steers would cost him over fifty dollars; though past prices, under favorable circumstances, would pay for raising at this rate. Few others estimated the expense so high.

Mr. Benj. Furber thought well of sheep for farm stock, and thought they might be kept for a dollar and a half a year. This estimate agreed with those offered by others, though Mr. Charles Cushman thought it rather low. Statements of several flocks showed large profits, counting two dollars for the expense of keeping.

It was the opinion of several that a horse cost the raiser very near one hundred dollars at four years old. There was considerable difference of opinion in regard to the profit of raising horses—one estimating them the most profitable stock be raised, and another feeling pretty sure of a dead loss on each. Nobody seemed disposed to disparage the cow, except by giving the sheep a rank above her.

We cannot detail all the good things said and good hints given, but we venture to say that all present went home feeling a little better "posted up" than when they came; and we believe that these meetings next year will find them better prepared to make correct estimates.

Rev. Mr. Shepley was chosen chairman for the meeting last evening, which was appointed at the house of John W. Drummond.

THE NEW ENGLAND BARDS, whose style of singing is said to be similar to that of the Hutchinsons, are to sing in Portland next week. Why cannot they come this way? We are actually suffering for some good music.

PORTLAND PRICES.—Family butter is quoted wholesale in Portland at 15 to 18 cts.; store butter at 14 to 15 cts.; dried apple, cord 6 to 8 cts.; cheese 9 to 10; mackerel, No. 1 10.50, corn .75; rye 90 to 1.00; oats 40 to 45; hay 10 to 12; lamb 10; molasses 19 to 25; potatoes 50 to 62.

SHOPS.—Wholesale buyers are referred to the advertisement of Bred & Tukey, Portland, in another column. Their house is highly spoken of by such as have dealt with them.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The March number, for which we are indebted to C. A. Mathews, contains the following articles:—The Catacombs of Rome, The Nest, Eben Jackson, Amours de Voyage, A Welsh Musical Festival, Cornucopia, My Journal to My Cousin Mary, Thy Payche, Dr. Wichers and his Pupils, Beauty The Grindwell Governing Machine, Saints and their Bodies, By the Dead, Aaron Burr, The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Child-Life by the Ganges, Music, Literary Notices. There is no falling off in this work, and the number before us is well up to the mark.

Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year. For sale at Mathews's.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The illustrated articles in the March number are—Augustus Tholuck, The Cordilleras and the Andes, Hungary, Revolutionary Heroes—Anthony Wayne, Spring, A Visit to Wyoming Monument, Copies of Modern Paintings. The number is well filled, as all issues of this work are, and the illustrations are of rare merit, and we have often spoken in their praise. The copy of a modern painting, though, is certainly faulty in execution; and to fully realize it one needs only contrast its hard, stiff lines with the softness, grace and beauty of "Spring," a few pages back. The National is published by Carlton & Porter, New York, at \$2 a year. It is very cheap and very good, and it ought to take the place of many an inferior work that now circulates among the people, particularly for family reading.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—Nos. 718 and 719 are most excellent. The long articles are—George Sand, Waterville, Ben Jonson, The Acts of the Apostles, Hindoo Missions, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Journal of Thos. Ricks, Esq., Kitchen Physics, The Hawker's Literature of France, Poet St. Anne's Hill, Sir Philip Francis and Pope Ganganelli, A Bridal Procession of Princesses, The Earthquake at Naples. The poetry is choice, and the short articles will all be read with interest. There is much cheap reading in the market, but the reading furnished in Littell is not only cheap but of most excellent quality, and of durable value.

Published weekly, in numbers of 64 pages each, by Littell, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year, and sent free of postage. Single numbers, 12 cts.

LONDON QUARTERLY.—The January number has the following table of contents:—Difficulties of Railway Engineering, The History of Peasants, Tobias Smollett, Wilshire, Church Extension, Sense of Pain in Man and Animals, Wondrous Animals and its Manufacturing Establishments, Our Indian Empire.

ENGLISH REVIEW.—Contents of January number:—Prospects of the Indian Empire, Milman's History of Latin Christianity, Scottish University Reform, The Angel of the House, The Addition and Pitt Addition's Memoirs of Bossuet, The Hawker's Literature of France, Lord Overstone on Metallic and Paper Currency.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription:—For one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; for any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for "Blackwood," and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL YEAR BOOK FOR 1858.—This is a volume of about 25 pages, issued by James Robinson & Co., Boston, and filled with educational statistics—of national institutions and those of individual States. It is a valuable work and very convenient for reference.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOLMASTERS for March will please the young folks, with its pleasant stories, in prose and verse, its lively dialogues and selections for declamation. This is a nice little work for schoolboys, with whom it is very popular. Published by James Robinson & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

THE HORTICULTURIST for March, full of valuable information for the fruit grower and all who are engaged in tilling and beautifying the earth, is at hand. Not the least valuable portion of the work is the pictorial department, with its specimens of fruit, designs for buildings, lots, garden ornaments, &c., &c. No nurseryman or gardener can afford to do without it. Published by Robert Pearson Smith, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year; colored edition \$5.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The engravings in the March number are—"Nutting" and a portrait of H. B. Stowe—both of great excellence. It is not easy to see how so many costly engravings can be given in this work with the present low price, for no magazine in the Atlantic States can compete with it in this department. The purity and excellence of its literature, too, are beyond question; and the denomination under whose direction it is published may point to it with pride and satisfaction as an instrument of great good in its elevating and refining influence upon society. Published by Swormsted & Poes, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year.

ILLUSTRATED PAPERS.—From the Periodical Depot of J. S. Carter we have received Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper for Feb. 27, containing a splendid four-page engraving of the Monument erected to the memory of Washington by the State of Virginia, accompanied by a full account of its recent inauguration, with portraits of the authors of the ode, poem, and oration, on the occasion; a portrait of John Washington Farmer, the New York Philanthropist, with an interior view of his soup establishment on Ludlow street—some comic engravings, &c.

From the same place we have Harper's Weekly of same date, containing a portrait of Speaker Orr, two illustrations of the Royal Marriage Ceremonies, three capital sleighing pictures, a natural scene in Pennsylvania, the American Horse Farmer performing before the Queen, portrait of Bishop Waugh, Comicallities, &c. Also, a copy of the Irish Miscellany, a new candidate for popular favor, published in Boston, and designed primarily for sons of the emerald isle, but portions of it will be of interest to Yankees.

From our Traveling Correspondent.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

February 24, 1858.

Messrs. Editors: Thinking a few stray waifs from this the commercial capital of Canada may not be uninteresting to your readers, I take the liberty of penning a few notes to you.—Our journey hither from Waterville was very pleasant, and interesting. At Danville Junction we took the broad and elegant cars of the Grand Trunk Railway. Toward night we passed the White Mountain region; Mt. Washington rearing aloft its snowy head to the clouds. Between seven and eight we reached Island Pond, spending the night with Mr. G. C. Waterhouse, who keeps an excellent house at this Point. At early morning we bade adieu to Island Pond, and in less than an hour we passed from Uncle Sam's jurisdiction to that of her gracious majesty, Queen Victoria. At 11 o'clock we reached Longueuil, the terminus of the Grand Trunk road upon the eastern side of the St. Lawrence. Here we left the cars, and taking a cutter, were soon transported across the river and safely landed at the St. Lawrence Hall. Montreal possesses many objects of interest to the stranger and wayfarer; the summer, of course, being the pleasantest season of the year to visit this section; though it is not unpleasant dressed in winter garb. The streets are alive with sleighs of every description, the merry bells making glad music to the ear. Among the many points of interest, the French Church or Cathedral of Notre Dame is not the least attractive. It is probably the largest edifice of the kind on the continent. I will not, however, attempt a description of

the city at this time. I perceive by the Maine papers that you are making efforts in your legislature to establish a rail road to the Aroostook county, inviting by grants of land emigration to that section. Quebec would be a good point to solicit emigrants from the old country, as many thousands land there every year, and of the best class; and if the advantages of the eastern part of your state were properly set forth, I am confident the current of emigration would set in this direction, it being so easy of access and the facilities for getting there from Canada so great. The Grand Trunk road has established agents at all the principal points in the old country, giving emigrants all the information and aid they need in coming to the new world, and the cooperation of this road would be of vast value to Maine, could it be secured. Resp't yours, TRAVELLER.

Maine Legislature.

Resolves against repeal of fishing bounty have been adopted in the Senate unanimously. Bill to change the location of Skowhegan Bank has passed to be engrossed, in the Senate.

A Bill has been reported in the Senate in aid of the Aroostook Railroad Co., and a resolve providing for an amendment of the constitution, so as to enable the State to loan its credit to said Road. Also a bill to amend the charter of the Augusta Water Power Company, (granting a toll.)

The Normal School Bill was lost in the House by a vote of 78 to 38.

Bill relating to marriages and their solemnization passed to be engrossed in the Senate on Thursday.

Bill to secure the safety of railroad passengers was under consideration on Tuesday.

A Joint Special Committee on the removal of the capital has been appointed.

The following are the resolves introduced in the House, relating to Kansas and Slavery: Resolved, That the people of Maine are unalterable in their devotion to the Constitution and the Union, and demand of the national administration an immediate return to the principles on which the constitution was framed and by which alone the union can be preserved.

Resolved, That the Missouri compromise was a solemn compact between the free and slave States; that its perfunctory breach in 1854, deserved, as it received, the universal condemnation of our legislature and people, without regard to party, and such remains the unchangeable conviction of the State.

Resolved, That the reign of the late territorial government in Kansas presents a record of villany and violence unparalleled in modern history, unfolding a gigantic plot to force African slavery upon the freemen of that territory by the barbarous and bloody edict of a foreign legislature, sustained throughout by the administration with its army and territorial judiciary.

Resolved, That the recent message of the president of the United States is a falsification of the history of Kansas, a libel upon the free people of that territory, and a deep disgrace to the American name and to the office once filled by Washington.

Resolved, That the president's confession that the late foreign territorial government in Kansas would have been overthrown by the people long before its annihilation in October, unless he had upheld the usurpation by military power, reveals the complicity of the administration in the execrable scheme of governing Kansas by a minority sustained by federal bayonets, setting up a military despotism to "crush out" the free state majority and the sovereignty of the people; and his estimate that a standing army of "at least two thousand regular troops" was necessary to maintain the equilibrium of parties in that territory, measures the magnitude of the free state majority—so enormous as to equal in effective power "at least two thousand" of his best troops.

Resolved, That the president's astounding assertion that "Kansas is at this moment as much a slave state as Georgia or South Carolina," is a monstrous heresy, the slave power's latest commentary on the doctrine of popular sovereignty, and a suggestive example of the operation of the Kansas-Nebraska bill.

Resolved, That since this is his interpretation of the constitution and the law, the people of Maine demand of the president his practical recognition by an immediate withdrawal of the federal army, the territorial governor and the infamous judiciary, that the "State" of Kansas may be left, like Georgia or South Carolina, to the government of "State" officers and to the protection of a "state" militia.

Resolved, That the Lecompton constitution was conceived in fraud and brought forth in contemptuous defiance of the popular will and in mockery of the professions of the Kansas-Nebraska bill by which alone the inquiry became possible. Maine enters her solemn and indignant protest against the stupendous swindle.

Resolved, That those members of congress who, at the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, professed a belief in its avowed principle of popular sovereignty, are now loudly called upon to vindicate the sincerity of their professions by repudiating the Lecompton constitution in which that principle has been shamelessly betrayed.

Resolved, That if that constitution shall be finally forced upon Kansas against the solemn remonstrance of its people, then, in the opinion of this legislature, they will be justified in resisting it at all hazards and to the last extremity; and in so righteous a struggle the people of Maine are ready to aid them both by sympathy and action.

Resolved, That the people of Maine have just cause for gratitude and pride that they are now fully represented in both branches of congress by men who, entertaining and maintaining sentiments and principles in harmony with an immense majority of their constituents, require no specific instructions from this legislature. While their past course meets our approval, it affords us the surest guarantee that they will, to the extent of their ability, strive to avert from our country the impending danger by resisting to the end the attempted outrage of forcing upon the free people of Kansas a slavery constitution that they abhor and in the formation of which they have had no part.

Resolved, That the governor be requested to forward a copy of these resolves to the governors of the several states and territories, to be laid before the legislatures thereof, and to each of our senators and representatives in congress, to be laid before the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

THE TIMES ARE HARD.—and it behooves all to make their purchases carefully that a

little money may go as far as did a good deal when it was plenteous. We would therefore invite the attention of household economists—to that portion who have many little feet to equip—to the boots and shoes manufactured by Mr. W. L. Maxwell, with metallic tips to protect the toes. The first cost is a little higher, we know, but they wear enough longer than those made in the ordinary way, to ensure their purchase by those who look carefully to the end from the beginning. See advertisement.

For the Eastern Mail.

'How are you, Old Fellow?'

This unchristian, ungentlemanly, unmanly, and under some circumstances insulting salutation was addressed in a loud voice, over the street, to a gentleman somewhat past the meridian of life, as he was passing from the depot to his boarding house in this village, by a young man with whom he had had a very short acquaintance.

The salutation was unchristian, because true christianity requires courtesy towards all men. It was ungentlemanly because the true gentleman is affable and polite to all.

It was unmanly, because he who has true manliness will always salute others as he wishes to be saluted himself, and probably the young man would have been offended with being answered with a similar disrespectful reply.

It would have been insulting, but for the fact that no one can insult another unless he knows at least half as much as the person whom he strives to insult.

If this should meet the eye of the young man, it may serve as a gentle admonition to him, that if he wishes to prosper in the world, civility is an investment which will always pay; a stock in trade upon which no one was ever known to fail. What if a man has passed to the other side of fifty, and does not wear so good clothes as some young men, and has had some what of the beauty and elasticity of youth pass away; you had better stop young man, till you ascertain that his friendship is entirely valueless, before you call him *old fellow* in the street. It costs us nothing to be civil—incivility has cost some a fortune.

S.

DRAMATIC.—Mr. Adams, whose dramatic and poetical readings are advertised for this evening, has met the highest encomiums of critical audiences in Portland, where he was induced to repeat them by urgent invitation. He is mentioned in high terms by all the Portland papers, and we feel assured that those who hear him to night will be gratified that they did so. The Advertiser says of him: "His readings were admirable, especially those portions selected from 'The Merchant of Venice,' and they drew much applause from the audience. Mr. A. has shown that he possesses all the talents required to reach a high station in the histrionic profession. We hope he may be induced to favor us with some further readings."

The army bill has been defeated in the Senate.

Robert J. Walker remains firm in his opposition to the Lecompton Constitution.

A destructive fire occurred at Saco on Tuesday morning. A large amount of property was destroyed, including the printing office of the Union and Journal.

PATENT HOG TROUGH.—A very ingenious construction has been patented by Mr. Johnson, and is offered for sale by Hiram Cousins, of this place. We need not describe what we hope every farmer will see; or point out advantages that are sufficiently plain. It will prove a "labor saving machine" to the owner, a blessing to all good wives who in an emergency have to feed the hogs, an excellent economizer to all, and a real blessing to piggy himself, as he finds it standing between his nose and the chimes of a swill pail. We venture to say it will pay for itself as often as a hog is fatted from it; and to one who is addicted to profanity, and has a just appreciation of a certain ancient "swine story," it should be considered indispensable. Those who have not examined it, (nor seen brother Drew's famous "porringer,") can see a sample at Elden & Herriek's.

FIRE.—The dwelling house of Mr. John Sturtevant, near the Crommett bridge, was burned on Friday morning, the fire breaking out about 2 o'clock. The furniture was partially saved, the loss being about \$100—value of the buildings about \$400, on which was an insurance of \$250. It is not known how the fire originated.

SNOWSTORM.—Tuesday brought one of the best snowstorms of the season; though the accompanying wind made a bad distribution for sleighing. It has cleared off warm, and if other things prove favorable we anticipate great advantage to our woodpile.

THE INVESTIGATION STIFLED.—Mr. Speaker Orr's Kansas investigating committee met again on Wednesday evening, February 24. Mr. Leitch being absent, the committee was dead locked, 7 and 7. All resolutions looking to inquiry were lost by the votes, with the exception of one, calling upon Calhoun for the information which he voluntarily communicated to the Senate Committee on Territories, or, rather, to the majority of it. Not a solitary inquiry beyond this, it seems, is to be permitted. The House might as well have allowed the matter to go to the Committee on Territories, of which Mr. Stephens is chairman, as to this select committee, upon which the Speaker has placed this same Mr. Stephens, backed by a party majority. It is the same thing, under another name. The whole object of the special reference is defeated.

The committee adjourned for one week, and might as well have adjourned *sine die*. It is clearly the intention to procrastinate in the House, until the Lecompton bill is sent down from the Senate.

[Washington Republic.]

HOW THEY PUNISH DRUNKENNESS IN FRANCE.—We find the following paragraph in one of our French exchanges:

The Mayor of Douai has just published an order that persons who get shamefully drunk in public houses, and the proprietors of such establishments who allow them to become so, shall be fined and imprisoned. It appears that of late years drunkenness has become remarkably prevalent in the north of France.

Three Kinds of Farmers.—Our Neighbors, Jones, Smith and Johnson.

Within the range of our daily vision, are two farmers who represent two distinct classes of agriculturists. Farmer Jones' aim and end in all his operations is to secure present profit, regardless of the future. His house needs repairing and painting, not only for appearance sake, but also for its preservation; but as that would take something at once out of his pocket and yield no immediate return, he concludes to let it go, for this year, at least. So with his barns and out-buildings. He constructs them out of the cheapest materials and in a hasty manner, satisfied if they answer for the present, to let the future take care of itself. Hence we see his foundations giving way after the first year's frost, and his buildings leaning at all angles; the doors, hung by leather or old rusty iron hinges, breaking down; the siding, imperfectly nailed on, blowing off; and the floors made of thin and poor lumber, breaking through. His fences are in the same predicament. Wanted only to answer for present use, they are patched up with old and rotten lumber, and are constantly breaking down and exposing his crops to the incursions of hungry cattle. His mode of tillage proceeds on the same principle. Draining, manuring, subsoiling,—he has little faith in them, certainly no further than he thinks they will bear on the present year's crops. Skinning, is his style of farming; this requires no outlay for an uncertain future: all that he gets out of the land is so much clear gain. And he carries out this principle in his general style of life. His education suffices for the wants of to-day; so he will not take the trouble to inform himself against the demands of the future. Hence, books and papers containing solid and useful instruction are banished from his table to make room for those affording entertainment only. He manages to get along with his present character as a man and citizen; so he don't care to build up a reputation for integrity, generosity, intelligence and virtue. Alas, too, perhaps he cares only for the trifles of the present life, regardless of the grander scenes of eternity!

Over the hill yonder, lives farmer Smith, an entirely different sort of man. Can it be that he and Jones both descended from Adam? He eyes have a good deal of the telescope in them, being very much given to look into the distant future. He thinks, plans, dreams and talks of time to come. He is going to be a grand farmer, one of these days. When he gets his plans all matured, and when he gets them all, or half of them executed, won't people open their eyes and say he's a long-headed man, that farmer Smith, a man of bottom, a genuine "brick"? Won't they?

To his very bones, he believes in draining, and that thorough draining. To prove it, he has been at work for two years past, on a range of sand hills, cutting trenches down their sides four feet deep, and laying them with pipe earth a long distance at great expense. To be sure, he has never caught his drains delivering much water yet, but they are sure to do so by and by; the principle of draining is a good one, and is certain to show grand results at a future day. Subsoiling is another article in his creed. And he is proving his faith in it by subsoiling plowing a twenty acre lot of meadow land which has a surface soil of virgin mould some two or three feet deep, resting on a porous substratum of gravelly loam. His neighbors look over the fence and shake their heads, and tell him they think he had better use first the rich soil on the surface, before going down after that near the center of the earth; or if he is trying to loosen up the subsoil so that his crops can send down their roots deeper, he needn't trouble to do that, for his clover and other crops already strike their roots lower than the point of his deepest plow. But he looks wise, and lets them talk on; he thinks they who plow shallow, are shallow men; they have no thought for the future; they have not read of the grand results of subsoiling. One of these days, perhaps, they or their children will see something.

Need we tell anything more about farmer Jones? How he builds stone fences six feet broad at the base, so as to have them durable; how he is now laying wide and deep the foundations of an immense barn, which it took him five years to plan; and how these and his other schemes for the future are on so grand and costly a scale that they exhaust his present means of living comfortably, and keep him continually in debt? He is a large hearted man, and has large ideas, but he rides his hobby to death.

As we have observed the ways of these two men. James and Smith, we have often thought, what a grand thing it would be "mixed together," and so form a new product, such as we found in a third neighbor, Mr. Johnson! Mr. J. does not manage his farm for present profit only, but so as to secure immediate returns, and yet provide for the future. He constructs his buildings in a sufficiently durable manner, and then keeps them in repair. He drains and subsoils only where such operations are needed, and will pay at once and in all time to come. He does not crop a piece of land without restoring the fertility taken from it. He manages his grain and grass fields, his orchard and his garden so as to reap present benefit and still greater returns in the future. And while Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones left alone will come to poverty, the two combined in Mr. Johnson would prosper, first and last.—[American Agriculturist.]

READING ALOUD.—There is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman or a lady in a hundred can read so as to please the ear, and send the words with gentle force to the heart and understanding. An indistinct utterance, whines, drones, nasal twangs, guttural tones, hesitations, and other vices of elocution, are almost universal. Why it is, no one can say, unless it be that either the pulpit, or the nursery, or the Sunday School, gives the style, in these days. Many a lady can sing hymns with considerable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading is by far the more valuable accomplishment of the two. In most drawing-rooms, if a thing is to be read, it is discovered that nobody can read; one has weak lungs, another gets hoarse, another chokes, another has an abominable sing-song, evidently a tradition of the way in which he said Watt's hymns when he was too young to understand them; another rumbles like a broad-wheel wagon; another has a way of reading which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no sort of consequence, and had better not be listened to.

ANOTHER FIRE.—Last Wednesday, about noon, Turner's Fire was discovered to be on fire. When first discovered the smoke was pouring out of the roof in huge volumes and the fire, which had caught in the attic from a defect in the chimney had got well under way. The engine was soon on the spot, and after some delay, occasioned by the bursting of the hose, the water was brought to bear upon the fire, and soon put it out. Damage about three hundred dollars. It was insured.

[Som. Telegraph.]

Parental Advice.

A venerable-looking man was sitting, eagerly conversing with his daughter—a beautiful young lady about 21 years of age. With deep anxiety, and an imploring look, the father said, "My dear Jane, this is too much for your mother. She has devolved it on me. I do hope you will think better of this matter."

"I have thought of it, father. I don't know what you mean in thus opposing my happiness. No one can say that Henry is a drunkard."

"True; but every one may see that he is fast becoming so."

"Did any one ever see him intoxicated?"

"Perhaps not; but he is the companion of those who think it no sin to be so."

"Their excesses will be a warning to him."

"If there be truth in the past, it is more likely that he will become the victim of similar excesses."

"A regard to his character will prevent that."

"If regard to his character do not lead him to avoid their company, it will scarcely save him from their vices."

"But he is a member of Dr.———'s church. 'Ab. how many have been torn out only out of the church, but from the pulpit itself, by that damning vice!'"

"But he loves me, and will not do anything which will place me in a false position."

"How long will you love you, my dear Jane, when you come between him and the gratification of his appetite, remains to be seen."

"I have no fear of that."

"Oh, it is that very want of fear that makes me tremble! Are you resolved, and will you not even in deference to me, think of it again?"

"I have thought of it, father, and I am resolved."

It was not anger. It was not pity.—It was not grief. It was not disappointment. It was them all in one, that smote that poor father to his inmost soul, and with a groan of anguish, such as is possible only to fathers in such circumstances, he said, "God's will be done. Oh, Father! if thou hast called me, like Abraham, to offer her in sacrifice to thee: but to give her thus to pass through the fire to Moloch! Thy will be done. I'll try."

But the scene has changed and we are thrown six years forward in the daughter's history. Henry and she were married, and all went well for a time. Gradually, however, she exhibited, he staggered home, not caring as he was wont, to conceal his condition. His wife, who had waited till midnight for him, simply said, "You are late to-night, my dear."

"And can one not be a little late without being thus taunted with it?"

"Oh, I did not mean to say anything amiss."

"I am not bound to know what you mean. I know what you have said."

"But what have I said to offend you, my dear?"

"Jane," he said sternly. She started, for she felt that that was not her name. "Jane, I am tired of this. I have endured this too long, and he raised his closed hand. "Oh, Henry!" he cried, "You will never—H—p. Oh,—it was the first time. She did not believe he would do it. She was deceived. He did it, and slamming the door behind him, escaped into the street."

Again the scene has changed, and seven years more have now passed over them.—Character! Church membership! Regard for his once beautiful wife! Set the bramble against the fire. Drink led to neglect of business—neglect of business led to bankruptcy—and bankruptcy to still deeper drinking.—The fashionable house in—terrace shrank into a low hotel in—lane. The eldest daughter, a sweet little girl of ten years, too frail for such a sudden transition, withered and was mercifully taken home, and the cause of all became a hopeless mania, while his wife was left not a widow. Death only makes widows. Drink does more.

The scene is changed again. Broken-hearted, wasted, and abused, the poor woman is sitting with her face buried in her apron.—It is her mother who is pleading with her. "My dear Jane, you must not lay this to heart. "Oh, don't call me your dear Jane! Call me a devil, for the manner in which I have cruelly wronged the best of hearts with anguish undeserved."

"We must not speak of desert, Jane. If either of us had our desert, where should we be to-day?"

"But I have been so bad. Oh, mother, this kindness will kill me! How can you ever forgive me?"

"Because I hope to be myself forgiven. You love your own child. Only allow me the same privilege."

"But I can never face my father. He can

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