



3-25-1858

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 11, No. 37): March 25, 1858

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 11, No. 37): March 25, 1858" (1858). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 556.
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BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax sat down to dinner at twelve o'clock, of a warm September day. It was rather a tempting meal, for Mr. Fairfax liked good dishes, and Mrs. Fairfax knew how to cook them. The spring chickens—innocent things—were done brown; the baked potatoes had not shrunk in their skins with waiting in a cooling oven; the bread was soft and snowy; the butter hard and golden; and the juicy peach pie, covered with a white napkin which would not hide the tell-tale inequalities of its crust, had been an object of special skill and pains-taking on the part of the young house-keeper that morning.

Mrs. Fairfax had been scrupulously careful to keep the door closed, which led from her heated kitchen into the little back dining-room, as also to see that the windows of the latter, though open, were kept darkened. In consequence of this attention, the little room was not only cool, but free from flies, those pests of the tidy housewife, particularly in early autumn, when the troublesome insects fly low and heavily. Mr. Fairfax sat down to the table, thinking that everything looked very comfortable and inviting, after that hard forenoon's work, and being encouraged by Mrs. F., he presently began to talk.

"Wife," said he, as a sudden thought entered his mind, "have you ever made Mrs. Penfield an afternoon visit?"

"Why, no," responded the lady, in surprise; "I returned her call, you recollect, some time since."

"Yes; but you have not yet been to drink tea with her, and therein you have committed a serious error," said Mr. Fairfax, with great gravity.

"Why so?—how an error?" questioned Mrs. F., with eyes almost as prominent as the undulations of the peach pie.

"I'll tell you, Sarah; I met Mr. Penfield to-day, in fact, worked with him on the line fence all the morning; he thinks we are proud; that's it; proud because we have become the possessors of the big 'Houghton farm,' with a prospect of paying for it, provided our lives are spared fifty years! He didn't exactly say we were proud; but his remarks upon upper-crust farmers, who had to have cushions on their plow-handles, and cane-bottom milking stools, were very significant. He said, too, that he had heard I was going to blind the house; he supposed when folks had 'boughten carpets' to keep from fading, blinds were necessary; but they were not needed on his house, and he was 'glad on it.' He reminded me that my 'short-horns' were just as apt to meet with accidents, or be sick and die, as other cows that cost less, and hinted that women educated in 'boarding schools,' were not apt to be contented with life on a farm, where they were compelled to associate with people who 'hadn't had advantages."

"Dear, dear I!" said Mrs. Fairfax; "anything more?"

"No, that's enough, isn't it? We must set to work to storm this Sebastopol of prejudice; we must eradicate this poison, that is spreading in the veins of our worthy neighbors. Mr. Penfield must not think that we are 'stuck-up.' Mrs. Penfield must not think so. The big farm, the short-horns, the prospective blinds, and 'boughten carpets,' have built up a wall between us, which we must forthwith demolish. And as a first step, Sarah, do you go, this afternoon, and make Mrs. P. a social visit."

"I was intending to can those peaches," suggested Mrs. Fairfax.

"I'll help you in the evening," returned her husband, and the matter was settled.

"Talk on different subjects, in your kind, sensible, and whole-hearted way, and this foolish prejudice will soon disappear," was Mr. F.'s parting suggestion to his wife, as he took his hat and returned to his work.

Mrs. Fairfax washed the dishes, and laid the table again with her husband's supper—he never drank tea in warm weather; covered it closely with a cloth, and darkened the room as before; then changing her calico wrapper for a cool muslin, and shading her face with a parasol, she took her way across the fields, without shawl or bonnet, and before three o'clock knocked at Mrs. Penfield's door.

Before her knuckles had fairly left the door was flung open by Mrs. P. herself, who after a momentary stare of surprise, gave her a cordial welcome.

"Walk in—walk right in, Miss Fairfax; I've been expecting you this long time; I tho't maybe you wasn't going to be free and neighborly with humspun folks like us. Old Miss Houghton used to be real neighborly and sociable. Have this easy chair, Miss Fairfax, and don't look round my house, I beg of you. The flies are so thick, I didn't feel as if it was worth while to clean much this week; and a body can't see out of the windows, hardly, for flies and dirt."

"Of course, at this sweeping assertion, Mrs. Fairfax could not refrain from looking around her. The room was a perfect glare of light, from three large windows, shaded only by their white muslin; and, as might be expected, swarmed with flies; yet no bare evidence of having been recently cleaned, and everything about it was in the neatest possible order.

"It is very pleasant at this north door," said Mrs. Fairfax, anxious to change the dirt subject.

"Yes, our farm is just as nice, we think, as any in the country, though some's larger, and some's older. Sh—shoo! Dear, these flies are so pesterin'! Take this fan, Miss Fairfax. How can you piece dead-quits in fly time? It's all I can manage to do the mending; and that puts me out of patience. Shoo—shoo!"

Mrs. Fairfax smiled, in spite of herself, at this novel style of entertaining visitors.

"They are troublesome indeed," said she, "but persons who are in health, and have the use of their arms, ought to take it philosophically, I suppose. To the sick they are indeed a terrible annoyance. And that reminds me that I heard yesterday that Mr. Goodell's child was ill. Do you know how it is?"

"It's better to day—running round, that all. I had tonsils in its throat, that's all. I was there yesterday; sat by it an hour; kept the flies off while it took a nap. Miss Goodell's children are always being sick, poor little things! Shoo—Miss Fairfax, there's a fly right on your collar—now it's on your nose! You can't enjoy your visit the least bit in the world. I'll get a bush, and go through the house."

Mrs. Fairfax begged her to sit still.

"They do not disturb me," she said. "Speaking of your farm, Mrs. Penfield, how long have you lived on it?"

"Sixteen years, come March, and a deal of hard work we've done on it, that young folks who want to begin where father and mother left off, know nothing about. Shoo! Shoo! Dear, what buzzing! To be sure, we didn't come high as early as the Houghtons did—they were some of the first settlers. I've heard Miss Houghton tell stories that would make your hair stand on end. Shoo!—shoo! They lost a child in the woods once, and it was lost three days. Says Miss Houghton, says she—I declare, there's a fly gone right down my throat—says Miss Houghton, 'That child was

preserved by a miracle, I shall always believe.' He's the one that's riz to be a judge now. There's a Providence in everything. Shoo—shoo!"

"Except flies!" Mrs. could not help mischievously remarking; at which her hostess laughed, and said she reckoned they were created for a trial of patience.

An hour of pleasant chat, interspersed as above, succeeded, and then Mrs. Penfield went to prepare her supper; Mrs. Fairfax, in the meanwhile, looking over some papers, which lay on the table, and which the former lady insisted were so fly-speckled that they were not fit to be seen.

A sumptuous repast followed Mrs. P.'s call to supper. Roast chickens, mashed potatoes, turnips, light biscuits, apple pie, grape pie, pumpkin pie, dough-nuts, cookies, and pound-cake, composed the bill of fare, concluding with every variety of sweetmeats and condiment, among which, as she enumerated, was 'peach sauce that was pared, and peach sauce that wasn't pared,' preserves, pickles, honey, cheese, &c.

With a very red face, cap-strings thrown back over her shoulders, and brandishing a loush bough, which, ever and anon, in spite of her caution, flitted in the face of her guest, the heroine of all these culinary achievements presided, and perched at the head of her table.

"Mercy on us! Flies shut up in the sugar-bowl! Who left the cover off? And I declare, if here ain't one swimming in the cream. Mr. Penfield, try to keep 'em off that pie. Miss Fairfax, have some more butter—you see how our cellar keeps butter—hard as a brick. Let me give you some more, gravy, Miss Fairfax. Shoo! There now!—right square into it, of course; if anybody can live in this house, and not eat flies, it's more than I expect. This plum sauce is four years old, Miss Fairfax; Miss Houghton was always praising my damsons. There now! and with a flirt of her wand, which was intended dextrously to dislodge a fly from her guest's 'plum sauce,' the good lady succeeded in flitting most of the contents of her plate upon the tablecloth.

The meal ended. Mrs. Fairfax wiped her friend's dishes, and after making the tour of the garden, and admiring the cows as they came leisurely up to the barn-yard, she parted with her hostess with much cordiality, and took her way homeward.

"Well, Sarah," said her husband, as she removed the tea-table, and prepared to go to work at the peaches, "What did you see at Mrs. Penfield's?"

"Flies!" demurely responded the lady.

"Indeed! But what did you find to talk about?"

"Flies! was the ready answer.

"You are laconic, really. I venture another question—what did you have to eat?"

"Why, flies, if the assurances of Mrs. Penfield are to be believed. But now, to be serious. I was most hospitably and deferentially entertained, and Mrs. Penfield cooked enough for me to last their family, I should think, a week. The great drawback upon the pleasure of the visit, was her constantly reiterated excuses about the flies. She seemed in a fever lest they should carry me off alive, and made herself apparently miserable in bemoaning the state of things caused by them.

"Pity, when she is really a sensible woman."

"She is both sensible and kind-hearted, and I do not believe a vestige of her silly prejudice remains; at least as far as I am concerned. And I do not think she is vulgar, or essentially a coarse-minded woman; only she is uncultivated, and greatly lacking in correct taste, and a sense of what we call the fitness of things. I intend to invite her here next week, and show her how I do. Perhaps some time she will like to try my way of darkening rooms, and getting supper; who knows?"

"Like enough," said Mr. Fairfax.

(Ohio Farmer.)

PROGRESSIVE AGRICULTURE.—The New York Observer says the following good things of progressive agriculture:

"Under its influence spring up tasty and convenient dwellings, adorned with shrubs and flowers, and beautiful within, the smiles of happy wives, tidy children in the lap of their fathers, broad hearths, and acts as well as words of welcome. Progressive agriculture builds barns and put gutters on them; builds stables for cattle and raises roots to feed them. It grafts wild apple trees by the meadow with pippins or greenings; it sets out new orchards and takes care of the old ones. It drains new lands, cuts down bushes, buys a mower, houses tools, and wagon; keeps good fences and practices soilings. It makes hens lay, chickens live, and prevents swine from rooting up meadows. Progressive agriculture keeps on hand plenty of dry fuel, and brings in the oven-work for the women. It plows deeply, sows plentifully, harrows evenly, and prays for the blessing of Heaven. Finally it subscribes for good reading and pays for it in advance; advocates free schools, and always takes something besides the family to the county fair.

INHER PROVERBS.—By the Cove of Cork.

—Men of straw don't make the best bricks. It is a narrow bed that has no turning.

When money is sent flying out of the window, its poverty that comes in at the door.

The pig that pleases to live must live to please.

One man may steal a hedge, whereas another daren't even as much as look at a horse.

Short rents make long friends—and it holds good equally with your landlord and your clothes.

The mug of a fool is known by there being nothing in it.

You may put the carte before the horse, but you can't make him eat.

Money makes the gentleman, the want of it a blackguard.

When wise men fall out, then rogues come by what is not their own.—[Punch.]

If you are run away with in a carriage, never jump out at the side, but let yourself down over the back. Unfasten the curtain of the top, if necessary, crawl over, put your feet down and sit on the edge, then turn over and rest on your stomach, then lower your feet to the ground and run. You can keep up with the fastest horse for a minute or two, by the help of your hands on the wagon. Then let go, and either stop running, or keep on, just as you please! If you jump out at the side, you will probably break a leg or an arm, or what is at least twice as bad, because you have only half as many—a neck!

[Life Illustrated.]

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1858.

NO 37.



JOHNSON'S PATENT IMPROVED HOG TROUGH.

This invention has received the most universal commendation wherever exhibited. All confess that no article has been more needed—or none invented that more fully meets the wants of those interested. In short, it is an article that everybody, that keeps hogs, wants, needs, and will have, because it is the most convenient, economical, neat and durable one that can be used. It is the most economical, as it prevents all waste of food and keeps it clean. It is made of iron, and so arranged, that, once up, it is a permanent fixture, not liable to get out of order; is convenient and neat, because you can feed without coming in contact with the hog or filth of the pen, and can shut your hog away at pleasure, and remove the feed, if necessary, as clean as when put into the trough.

For sale in Waterville by HIRAM P. COUSINS and WEBBER & HAVILAND.

FROM A GARRET.

A LONDON LYRIC.

Dear wife, the crowded, bustling street,
I fear the rich despite my cost;
Pride scorns too, Kate, that cotton dress,
On which you know, Kate, how I dote.
A landscape with its sun and sky,
If 'neath the gods we see the play,
If 'neath the gods we see the play,
If 'neath the gods we see the play.

And, best with that, oh, are we poor?
What is the West End mansion but
Our home—'tis quite four stories high
Our two white-curtained windows are
A landscape with its sun and sky,
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whole farm in a thorough system of cultivation?

The acknowledged causes of unprofitable farming are not exhausted, and it is a proper subject for the examination of the farmer. Let him look into the matter, and see why and where he has failed.—[Country Gentleman.]

A REASON WHY CANALS SHOULD BE CROOKED.—I was surprised to find that this Mahmoudieh canal, although cut by the present Viceroy at an enormous cost of money and of human life, through a country perfectly flat, is as winding in its course as a path through a labyrinth. On asking Demetri, our dragoman, if he could explain the cause of this, he answered me by a story—for he has a story ready for almost every occasion. The very same question, he says was lately put to Mahmoud Ali by a French engineer travelling through Egypt. The Pasha, after a moment's reflection, said to the engineer, 'Have you ever seen rivers in Europe?' Yes, sir, many, was the reply. Are they straight or crooked in their course? 'They are generally crooked, Sir.' Who made the rivers? 'I inquired the Pasha. They were made by Allah,' said the astonished engineer. 'Then, sir, concluded the Pasha, triumphantly, do you expect me to know and to do better than Allah?' The engineer had no reply to make to this strange argument, so he took his leave and went his way.—[Hassan. By the Hon. C. Murray.]

A WOMAN'S GROWTH IN BEAUTY.—If women could only believe it, there is a wonderful beauty even in growing old. The charm of expression arising from softened temper or ripened intellect, often amply atones for the loss of form and coloring; and, consequently, those who could never boast either of these, latter years give much more than they take away. A sensitive person very often requires half a lifetime to get thoroughly used to this corporeal machine, to attain a wholesome indifference both to its defects and its perfections—and to learn at last what nobody would acquire from any teacher but experience, that it is the mind alone which is of any consequence; that with good temper, sincerity and a moderate stock of brains—or even the two former only—any sort of body can in time be made useful, respectable, and agreeable, as a travelling dress for the soul. Many a one who was absolutely plain in youth, thus grows pleasant and well-looking in declining years. You will hardly ever find anybody, not ugly in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person after middle life.

So with the character. If a woman is ever to be wise or sensible, the chances are that she will have become so somewhere between thirty and forty. The natural good qualities will have developed; her evil ones have been either rampant subdued, or have outgrown her like rampant weeds; for however we may talk about being 'not a whit altered—just the same as ever'—not one of us is, or can be, for long together, exactly the same; no more than that the body we carry with us is the identical body we were born with, or the one we supposed ours seven years ago. Therein, as to our spiritual change and renewal; if this ceased, the result would be not permanence, but corruption. In moral and mental, as well as physical growth, it is impossible to remain stationary; if we do not advance, we retrograde. Talk of 'too late to improve'—'too late to learn,' &c. Idle words! A human being should be improving with every day of a lifetime; and will probably have to go on learning through all the ages of immortality.

TWO NOBLE ACTS.—Charles Bodman, Esq., an estimable citizen of this city, was recently called to Baltimore by the death of a relative, who bequeathed to him cash and property to the amount of sixty thousand dollars, and also a valuable slave. The cash included ten thousand dollars in bank. This bequest, as will appear, was worthily bestowed. Mr. Bodman having relatives in Baltimore, who had by accident been reduced to needy circumstances, took immediate steps to relieve their wants; and on the 26th of February the Hon. Charles F. Mayer of Baltimore, was under the direction of our worthy fellow citizen, executing the necessary papers, transferring the whole property—real and personal—with the exception of the negro, for their use and benefit. The slave will be brought to Cincinnati to be made free. Thus the hearts of old friends have been made glad; the inestimable gift of freedom is about to be bestowed upon a slave; and we are afforded the privilege of recording these noble acts of a true and worthy man.

ON A VERY HIGH FENCE.—Petitions have been addressed to the Pennsylvania Legislature, for a law prohibiting free negroes from coming into that State. Some of the free States have already passed laws to this effect, and in others the subject is now pending. At the same time several of the slave states are making endeavors to secure, by legal enact-

ments, the expulsion of all free negroes from their limits. Now if all the slave States except their free blacks, and all the free States receive them, what is to be done with them? Where are they to go? That is the question? [Journal of Commerce.]

DANGER, AS TO OUR SABBATH.—The fact that America has a universal Sabbath for the poor as well as the rich, is in most instructive contrast to the following picture of Europe, given by a correspondent of the 'Times':—

'After a careful observation and experience in foreign cities, I am justified in this conclusion:—The Sunday is a day of leisure to the moneyed classes of society, to whom all must be made easy, and a day of

Suppose that \$250 per slave should be the average compensation allowed to every Southern State for emancipation, it would require the income from the public lands for nearly three years. In case she should follow the example of Missouri at an interval of only a year, about \$15,000,000 over and above the revenue from the national domain, that space, would have to be raised for her. If the current expenditures of the government were properly economized a sum equal to this balance, might be saved from the other sources of revenue. If the annual expenses of the government were limited to \$60,000,000, a surplus averaging \$20,000,000, a year might be realized up to the end of the century, from customs and duties alone. This surplus might be loaned to the emancipation fund, from Public Lands, should it be needed in any year, to pay off such a State as Virginia. Thus it might be seldom, if ever, necessary for the nation to borrow money for carrying on this great work of gradually extinguishing slavery. Even in case of such a necessity, it would greatly elevate political morality and promote national economy and virtue, even to be in debt, under the necessity of saving money, for some grand re-productive enterprise.

The Free States can afford to be not only just but generous to the South; their commercial, religious and political partnership with it in sustaining slavery having been most intimate and extensive. They have had the handling of all the great staples of the South, Cotton, rice and tobacco have constituted their currency in trading with Europe. In this they have mostly paid for their importations of foreign goods, which they have again sold to the South; thus making large profits from their various transactions in slave-labor produce. They have doubtless realized more than half the wealth that sinews bought and sold have ever earned in America. They would, with the same certainty, share equally with the South in all the increased wealth and prosperity which emancipation would bring to that section of the Union.

Compensated Emancipation is the only way by which slavery can be abolished, without entailing upon the North an incalculable pecuniary loss. There is a great number of persons, of great intelligence and influence, who think the restriction of slavery to its present limits would grow into compression, and compression produce plethora, and plethora work out the death of the system. Or, in other words, the number of slaves would become valueless for want of increased area on which to spread them. This result, if possible, must be very distant, for there is room enough within the present boundaries of slave territories for fifteen millions of slaves, with as many of them to the square mile as in South Carolina. But remote or near, this anticipated result of restriction involves the absolute certainty of a long, and complete financial breakdown in the Southern States. Those entertaining this idea must suppose that the whole pecuniary value of the slaves would be destroyed; that the planters and farmers of the South would have nothing but their exhausted lands, and accumulated debts with which to commence the system of free labor. How would they pay for that labor, black or white? What would become of the African population released from bondage under such circumstances? Those who owned the land would have no capital wherewith to pay them wages, and without working for wages, how could they feed, clothe and shelter their families and in the end buy land for themselves? And who could insure the damages which the North would incur from such a condition of things, even for five years in the Southern States?

The dissolution of the Union, that desperate and fearful method of abolishing slavery, which a few persons of acknowledged talent and personal worth recommend, would be ten times more disastrous to the Free States than the results of compression and plethora. It involves a terrible and bloody struggle between the slaves and whites, in the latter are the South as conquerors of the soil as well as their former masters. If we had the heart only to estimate the pecuniary bearings of such an event, who could estimate the calamity of such a revolution to the North? But suppose that the victorious millions of negroes should not proceed to such extremes, but merely fight their way across Mason and Dixon's Line, and distribute themselves equally among the Free States, betwixt to each 200,000. What welcome would Illinois, with its Black Law, give to the quota of this colored population assigned to her? What would liberty loving Massachusetts say to the ingress into her borders even of 200,000 of this great Israelitish army from the land of bondage?

The peaceful extinction of slavery by Compensated Emancipation, is the only mode by which it can be effected in harmony with all those objects and interests which should be so dear to the heart of an American Christian and Patriot.

E. B.

ONE OF THE BOYS.—The Rev. H. W. B. a distinguished clergyman of Brooklyn, was taken on a stage sleigh from the depot in W. (a New-England town, where railroad communication then ended), to B., a place fifty miles distant, where he was to lecture that night. It was a warm February day; the sleighing was splendid. B. was on the box beside a young driver; the teams, of four horses each, were perfection, and the result was that the fifty miles were got over in something like four hours—pretty good railroad time on some tracks. But it didn't do the teams of horses any good, and when, some days after, knowledge of their condition came to the proprietor of the line, he called up that particular driver (Sam) and asked how he had come to drive his horses that day at such a rate. "Well," said Sam, "I had one of the boys on the box with me; he wanted to see 'em go, and I put 'em through."

FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.—Gentlemen of the jury, the Scripture saith—"Thou shalt not kill." Now, if you hang my client, you transgress the command as sick as a goose, and as plump as a goose egg in a loafers' face. Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen or by an humble individual like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client having killed a man! But if you hang him you will also be murderers. Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow to-day? Who, freemen? Who in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word no one of you has a bowie-knife. No, gentlemen, your pockets are odoriferous with the fumes of cigar cases and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but, hang my unfortunate client and the scaly alligator of remorse will gallop through the internal principles of your animal viscera, until the spinal vertebrae of your anatomical construction is turned into a railroad for the grim and gory goblins of despair. Gentlemen, beware of committing murder! Beware, I say, of med-

dling with the eternal prerogative! Gentlemen, I adjure you, by the unmanituted ghost of temperate sobriety, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the name of woman, the main-spring of the ticking time-piece of time's theoretical transmigration, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the love you have for the esculent and continental gusto of our native pumpkin, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the American eagle, that whirled the universal game-cock of creation, and now is roosting on the magnetic telegraph of time's illustrious transmigration, to do no murder! And lastly, if you expect to wear store-made coats; if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you; if you ever expect to wear boots made of; if you ever expect to wear hats made of; and, to sum up all, if you ever expect to be a small end of humanity, whittled down into indistinguishability, acquit my client and save your country!

The prisoner was acquitted, of course.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . MAR. 25, 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 law. His offices are at Seely's Building, Court street, Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore; S. M. PETERSON & 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 payment.

Citizens Meeting.

Let it be remembered that the adjourned meeting of citizens, to consider the practicality of moving some enterprise for using the water power which has been so long neglected, takes place on Friday evening. The committee appointed at the former meeting will be ready to report; and it is to be hoped that the croakers of all classes, old and young, will be present, to be convinced that their croaking, more than anything else, has been the obstacle to the enterprise now contemplated. If this effort fails it will be because the same difficulty remains in the way. Waterville holds within herself all the elements of extensive business; but while her water power remains unimproved, and her capital is sent abroad to build up other places, her labor and business enterprise are driven away to foreign fields. The few of our young men who remain to hope for a change, look for it to come rather from some foreign godsend, than from the natural home-energies and facilities of the place; and the result is mutual fault-finding and lack of confidence among the different classes of our permanent population.

Now let us come and reason together, and see if it is not better to unite the energies of all classes—the labor, the enterprise and the capital of the place—in a generous and confident effort to better the condition of ourselves and of each other. The day for making Lowell and Manchester in New England has gone by, and gigantic manufacturing enterprises are no more to be born in a day; and in our honest opinion it had better be so. Let the combined, careful and vigorous energies within us lay the foundations of great enterprises, and trust their growth to time and the natural demands of trade. Put in the cautious dollar to-day, nurture it with labor and enterprise, and add to all the three as they mutually encourage and develop each other. Thus their growth is healthy and their foundation permanent. Foreign capital will never thrust itself upon the tender mercies of a people who dare not use their own. Let them show their own faith by their own works, and outside co-operation will take courage. This has never been done in Waterville. When told of our extraordinary natural advantages for business, the foreign capitalist inquires why we make no use of them ourselves; why we furnish capital for three banks, comparatively little of which is used in our own business, and permit these extraordinary chances to pass unimproved. Certainly, it is the highest folly to expect these enterprises to be moved till we move them ourselves. Have not our own citizens long since reached this conclusion? so that when great plans have been marked out on paper, to be sold to foreign speculators or capitalists, they have been looked upon almost contemptuously at home.

It is useless to charge the fault upon each other. The owners of water power may have been deluded as to its value; but so have others as to the removal of difficulties in the way. No one class can be expected to run all the hazard. Capital demands the encouragement and sympathy of energy and skill, and these in turn the co-operation of labor and industry. All these forces must be combined, and brought to bear upon the object aimed at; and without this union of effort, we see no reason why Waterville will not begin the next century with its boundless manufacturing and other business facilities standing just as they stand to-day—a matter of rebuke abroad, and of shame and self-condemnation at home.

Let everybody, then, come to this citizens' meeting, prepared to forget the past in all but the wisdom it teaches, and begin upon a new rallying point of union in all classes. Let capital, skill, enterprise, labor and experience, all be represented, and prepared to join in a vigorous effort to give to the business interests of our village an onward movement. When can it be done, if not now?

The Steamer Empire State, one of the Sound boats, ran upon a ledge of rocks off Matinecock Point, Long Island, on Wednesday morning last. The passengers were all saved without accident, and the freight, it was thought would not be seriously damaged.

We have received a copy of the able speech, recently made in U. S. Senate by Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, of our State, and shall try to find room for some extracts next week.

BARK ADRIATIC.—This famous vessel, which under the command of Capt. Durham, recently slipped away so nicely from the French authorities, has arrived safely at Savannah.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April, with an inviting table of contents, has been handed us by E. K. Mathews, of whom copies can be obtained. The following is a list of the articles:—The Handred Days, My Journal to my Cousin Mary, Amours de Voyage, The Catacombs of Rome, Happiness, The Pure Pearl of Diver's Bay, The Story of Karin, The Abbe de L'Espe; Who is the Thief? Telling the Bees, Persian Poetry, The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, Sandalwood, Mr. Buchanan's Administration, Literary Notices.

Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The Italian Peasant Boy is the title of a spirited sketch engraving in the April number of this excellent magazine, which also contains a handsome colored fashion plate and numerous patterns and ornamental designs. The literature of the number is of a high character, and will exert a refining and elevating influence wherever it goes. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.—The April number opens with a Trip to Australia, with numerous illustrations, including a beautifully colored frontispiece; the other illustrated articles are:—Anecdotes of Eleanor of Aquitaine, The Bat and its Habits, City of Corfu, The Palm Tree, Natural History of Brazil, and Buried Alive. A great amount of reading on a great variety of subjects, dished up in many different ways, will be found in the number. The fashion department, with its splendid colored plate and numerous patterns and designs, its full reports and valuable hints, will satisfy ladies that this is high authority in matters of taste and dress. Published by Frank Leslie, 13 Frankfort street, New York, at \$3 a year.

LADIES' WREATH AND PARLOR ANNUAL.—The April number of this periodical, which closes a volume, has a pretty steel engraving.—The Rose—A colored flower plate, and the usual amount of good reading. This magazine is edited by Mrs. Mary A. Dennison, and each number contains 36 octavo pages, a fine steel engraving, a beautifully colored flower-plate, and occasionally music. Its pages are filled with choice reading, entirely original. It is published monthly by John F. Scovill, 8 Spruce street, New York, at \$1 a year.

From our Traveling Correspondent.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL, Montreal, March 15, 1858.

In my last I made a few remarks regarding the influence of the Grand Trunk Railway in securing emigration to the Aroostook from the old country. In that connection it may not be out of place to briefly set forth the great advantages the Province of Canada has received from that road. There is some opposition in Maine against that State's loaning her credit in favor of the Aroostook Railroad for fear of establishing a precedent. To those that do not or will not rightly understand the question a great hue and cry is raised, if the State helps to build the road it will be ruined. Taxes will be increased, and all that sort of thing. The narrow ideas and contracted policy of Maine, has driven thousands and tens of thousands of her sons and daughters away, to seek a living elsewhere. And now when sensible men, who feel an interest in the welfare of the State, propose a feasible plan whereby emigration from Canada can be stayed, and emigration to Maine can be influenced, it is going to help this or that city, and dog in the manger like, the cue we must oppose it. Let but these everesting croakers turn their gaze towards Canada and candidly trace out the rise and progress of the Grand Trunk Railroad from its first inception up to its present condition, they will perceive that through the fostering care of this Province, that that road has become one of the most gigantic enterprises of the age. The Province of Canada loaned the road originally sixteen millions dollars, and at the last session of Parliament so well satisfied were the rulers of Canada of the great benefits Canada had derived from the Grand Trunk Road, that they waived their lien upon it virtually giving to the road all the money they had advanced. The opening of and developing the boundless rich resources of Canada, converting dense forests into smiling villages, dormant quarries of iron, slate, manganese, &c., into sources of wealth and use, giving outlets for various avenues of trade, and adding millions upon millions of actual wealth to the country, ought to satisfy any reasonable mind in Maine, that the investment by Maine of two or five millions of dollars in the Aroostook road would prove of incalculable advantage to that State. To manage and carry on so stupendous an undertaking as the Grand Trunk Railroad of Canada requires men of brains, knowledge, and experience. In the General manager Walter Shanly Esq., they have a gentleman every way worthy to fill such an important position. A practical engineer, a thorough business man with large ideas, he is fully competent to manage the trust reposed in him. In their selection of Superintendents, there being five upon the whole road, none but the best men have been selected. The conductors all gentlemen, in fact, all the attaches of the road understand their business and faithfully do it. One very important post in connection with the Grand Trunk R. R. is the general ticket agent, who has charge of the whole arrangement of ticketing all over the United States, Canada, and the old country. This department superintended by J. Hardman Esq., is ably managed to the most minute details. The general agent, Capt. Wm. Flowers, of Bangor, Maine, is too well known in your section to need any commendations, but the high esteem he is held in, and the unlimited confidence that is reposed in him by the road, must be gratifying to all his friends, and their name is legion.

Spring business is opening here in Montreal, and the prospect is, as soon as navigation opens, business of every description will be good.

Respectfully Yours,

TRAVELLER.

EFFECTS OF THE 'ASSASSINATION SHELLS.' In the official process against the conspirators who recently attempted the life of Louis Napoleon, the terrible effect of the three shells which were exploded is stated as follows:

The Imperial carriage was literally riddled; it was struck in different parts by 76 projectiles. One of the horses, struck in 25 places, was killed on the spot, and the other was so severely injured that it was obliged to be killed afterwards. Several splinters went into the interior of the carriage. It has been judiciously ascertained that 156 persons were struck, and the number of wounds, according to medical reports, amounted to 511. In this long list of victims were comprised 21 women, 11 children, 13 Lancers, 11 Garde de Paris, and 31 police agents. Besides the two horses of the Imperial carriage, 24 belonging to the Lancers were struck, two of which died on the spot, and three more the next day.

Western Correspondence.

Chicago, March 5th, 1858.

DEAR MAIL:—Since my last letter to you, we have held our city election, and we have bearded the enemy in his den. The home of Douglas has again given her vote for the Republicans. We have elected John C. Haynes, a Clay Whig, Mayor, by 1167 majority, and the balance of the ticket by 200, electing 8 Republican aldermen to 2 Democratic. I know the good old Republicans of Maine will respond to us "You have done nobly." Never was an election more hotly contested, and nobler won.

Having travelled over the States of Michigan, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota, since I wrote you, I thought a few notes about those would be interesting to your readers.

Michigan.—This State has been much neglected by the emigrant. This State which was the terminus of the West, a few years since, is now the half way station. And every eastern man who intends to go West, does not think of stopping short of Iowa or Minnesota. This state presents many inducements to the settler. The price of land is far below the more western States, ranging from \$1.50 to \$10 per acre, and are accessible to railroads and plank roads, and surrounded by good improved farms. The soil is rich, productive, and easily cultivated; climate mild and country healthy. Settlers would receive great benefits by choosing Michigan as their future home. Those hardships, which the earlier settlers always endure, they could, in a measure be rid of. The roads, churches, school-houses, and colleges are all built, and lands can be purchased with all these advantages. I learn that taxes are low, compared with other States.

Illinois.—Being a resident of this State, I cannot yield the preference to any other. Our soil is rich, and no richer can be found on earth. The soil is four feet deep, pure, garden soil. The State is settled with a thrifty population. Railroads are running over the State in all directions, giving the farmers good markets and bringing them near this city, the great market of the West. Good improved farms and thriving villages are upon each road, making mechanical labor in demand in the numerous villages and cities. In southern Illinois, the climate is genial and like Virginia. This portion of the State is fast settling since the railroads have opened to them a market. Just now, owing to the financial embarrassments, farming is not so good and prosperous as it was last year; but this is not alone for Illinois. It extends over the whole West, and will not last long.

Iowa.—The climate, though cold in winter, is in the highest degree healthful. The character of the population is good and no better can be found; consisting of substantial, hard working farmers, who have a stake in the good order and progress of society. They have first class prairie lands, which can be bought for \$1.25 to \$12 per acre. The soil is deep and loam, easily tilled and very productive. Good water is abundant, timber enough, wood \$3 per cord and coal 10 cts. per bushel. The State is fast coming up to Illinois as to railroads, churches, school houses and other seminaries of learning; and is fast increasing in population, having increased 25 per cent. in three years. The best route is through Chicago, to Iowa City, and then by stages to any part of Central Iowa.

Wisconsin.—This State is blessed with more water and timber, than the State I have mentioned before. There is no difference in the productiveness of the land. Climate is good and very healthy. Farming lands, improved, are worth from \$20 to \$40 per acre, cows \$15 to \$20, oxen \$100, sheep \$2. If you are coming to this State (if by water), stop at Milwaukee, and railroads lead in all directions from this point. If by railroad, come to Chicago, and then go as you please. Four different roads run into the State from here.

Minnesota.—is like Wisconsin as to health, soil, water and timber, and is fast filling up with good New England settlers; and will soon vie with any of her sisters. Soon a railroad, will reach St. Paul, and open a communication with the whole world.

I have seen a good many settlers in this State from the State of Maine; all happy, healthy, and satisfied with the home of their adoption. Brothers Maxham & Wing, you will never be satisfied of the splendor and greatness of the north west until you come and view us as we are, see our broad prairies with the waving corn and wheat bowing to the sun, and filling our barns, and garners to overflowing. Come on, brothers, and see us as we are, and you will never regret it. I should be pleased to show some of the Watervillians, something that will cure their sore eyes.

Yours, truly,

B. W. R.

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURERS.—would do well to look at the advertisements of Messrs. Breed & Tukey, Portland, Shoe and Leather Dealers, as they appear in the Mail from time to time.

FATHER HILLS.—The great number of our citizens who have listened to the lectures and illustrations of this worthy man, would not excuse us if we allow him to leave without an expression of their hearty commendation of his efforts. This approbation they have repeatedly voted at his meetings, and great numbers have given their signatures to very decided endorsements of the philanthropy and usefulness of his labors. He not only manifests a zeal that indicates a consciousness that truth is his object, but his audience see that his teachings are practically useful in the the various relations of life. We believe he is doing good, and to a degree that falls to the lot of but few men; and that therefore his object should give him a passport to the good offices of good men and women wherever he may go. Sound mor-

ality, correct principles, and true christianity are in all his teachings—and the purification of society, and the good of mankind necessarily result.

SCHOOL MEETING.—The annual meeting in Dist. No. 1, on Monday evening was tolerably full, thanks to an article in the warrant proposing the purchase of stoves for the two brick school houses; and this, we think, would indicate the propriety of always having a "bone to pick," in order to secure a good attendance. After choosing Wm. Dyer for Moderator, H. B. White was re-elected Clerk, Prof. S. K. Smith Agent, and to the Classifying Committee of last year—Rev. Mr. Wood, Rev. Mr. Leonard, Rev. Mr. Green, Prof. S. K. Smith—was added Prof. Lyford. It was not thought best to procure the proposed stoves, but the Agent was instructed to purchase new stoves and funnel. In answer to an inquiry, the Agent stated that a good deal of injury was done to the school houses, every year; but with the best efforts of himself and the teachers, very little of it could be traced home to the perpetrators. On the whole it was concluded that the property of the district fared no worse than other property—public or private—similarly exposed. If this conclusion is just, it reveals a bad state of things, and the parents of the district would do well to resolve themselves into a committee of the whole to bring about a reform.

FARMERS' CLUB.—We have been unable to report either Winslow or Waterville, for the past week, from our own observation. Though nothing interests us more than their meetings, some things attract us stronger. Both clubs are arranging to adjourn to next Fall, and both have taken steps for distributing among their members a variety of subjects for experiments, to be reported at the meetings next winter. This is an excellent plan, and cannot fail to be profitable. There is no point more neglected than carefully managed experiments in the various departments of the farm. The Waterville Club meets on Friday evening with Dr. Porter; and as this may be the last meeting, we hope to see a full one.

LIGHT.—Naturally, physically and spiritually, light seems to be gushing upon the world. The latest invention, and one that seems to promise to be permanent, is "Jones' Kerosene Lamp," for burning the coal oils which are now coming into general use. It is sold in this place by Stephen Frye, at whose store we advise all who are looking for light to call and examine it. We propose to try it, and shall then report further, whether it excels everything else as much as a slight examination would seem to promise.

THE WEATHER.—Sleighing has made its exit, probably for a period of six or eight months. Wheeling rough, but tolerable. Clear sunny days, sharp nights, and genuine March winds, complete the chapter of the weather for several days past. We predict a forward Spring.

THE LEGISLATURE.—This body will probably adjourn on Saturday or Monday. The Railroad bill, subjecting railroad corporations to the power of Commissioners appointed by the governor, in cases of dispute, has passed the House by a majority of 29. Notwithstanding this decided majority, it was predicted the bill would fail in the Senate.

The Insolvent bill is not yet disposed of, but will probably fail to become a law.

The Liquor bill has passed the Senate; and a correspondent of the Advertiser asserts that he knows "for a fact" that the ultra temperance men in the House are entirely satisfied with its provisions in its present shape. The bill is said to be almost exactly like that of '53; the only material difference being the application of the imprisonment penalty to the second instead of the first offence.

THE LEVEE, which so charmingly entertained a large audience at Town Hall last evening will be open again this evening, at the usual hour. The ladies have been most strikingly successful in the pleasantness and originality of their programme, and we cannot doubt that the house will be again crowded.

We are happy to be able to exhibit in another column of our paper a cut of the Patent hog's trough, to which we called the attention of our readers a few weeks since. This invention really seems to be what the patentee claims for it. By all odds the cheapest trough that can be used—as well as the most convenient—emphatically what has always been very much needed and what must find a ready sale in proportion as it is seen and its true merits tested.

A committee at Bangor pronounce the Davenport Boys humbugs, and say that their wonderful exhibition is simply a clever feat of legerdemain.

FATHER SAWYER.—This venerable clergyman lies very ill at Bangor, and but slight hopes are entertained of his recovery.

A fire occurred in the dry goods store of Silas C. Hatch, in Bangor, on Sunday evening last, and damage was done to the amount of \$12,000.

A 'Business Man's Prayer meeting,' is now held at Appleton Hall at 1 o'clock P. M. every week, continuing all an hour.

FAST DAY.—Gov. Morrill has appointed Thursday, the 15th day of April next, to be observed as a day of public humiliation, fasting and prayer.

KANSAS.—The bill admitting Kansas under the Lecompton constitution passed the Senate on Monday by a vote of 32 to 25. The prospect of its defeat in the House looks better and better every day; but much time will pass before the final vote on that body.

Grabb, the prison guard at Alton, Ill., who was so badly stabbed by the convict, was alive on Thursday, and hopes were entertained of his recovery. Hall, the convict is dead.

Childhood's Meridian.

The first meridian of childhood used to be in the old-time school-house. That rude deep mark in the well worn floor.

And have you forgotten its use? Many a time has it been deepened with a nail—Many a time has it been inked with eyes been stealthily—between the Master's lowering looks—directed towards it. Why, it was the first meridian to us. Don't you remember how, inquisitive the sun used to be in those summer days? In the forenoons, the doors were set wide open, and there upon the old floor, like a piece of rare brocade, lay a broad carpet of sunlight. Then at noon it looked in at the south windows, and as those long summer afternoons waned away, it flung a milder beam in at the west window beyond the Master's desk, and streamed in yellow glory along the floor. How we watched the lengthening ray, as it crept—so slowly!—towards the meridian our childish hands had made. Nearer and nearer still it came, as the sun went down. There was a little bustle among the little people; there a putting away of the little books in little piles, and attention was divided between the sunbeam on the oaken floor and the cloud upon the Master's brow. He was in a brown study. Perhaps he was thinking of the time when he was young, though we never entertained the idea that he was ever other, than we saw him. Did he see the sun, we wondered; would he keep us a minute too long, we thought. He draws a great round silver watch from his pocket—the watch we had marvelled at so often, and glancing at it, says, "school's dismissed!" Did you ever see a family of young squirrels desert a falling tree? Then you saw us, as pouring through the entry, eddying and whirling in its corners like a brook in a spring freshet, we burst away into the broad, mellow sunlight, and like the swallows over our heads, dashed this way and that, exulting in our new freedom. But that watching the route and rate of a sunbeam, some of us have done, many's the time, since then. It's poor philosophy but genuine human nature, after all.

Perhaps though, it wasn't a Master we had, but a 'school-ma'am'—Bless her blue eyes!—but fewer frowns, and gentler words, a watch not quite so large, are the inventory of the difference. How we 'bounded' about the States, as if we had been made of gum elastic, every one of us; how we went up the Multiplication Table, like so many kittens up a flight of stairs; how we 'cyphered' regularly through Decimals every winter, and then went back to pick up the wounded and missing; how we spelled each other down, and went up to the head and down to the foot, and one pace forward and one backward; how we stood on one foot because we laughed—on all fours because we whispered.

And the girl in heavenly blue calico just matching her eyes, that sat in the corner—she grew beautiful and married and died—and the boy who sat beside you, went away to the wars and never returned—and the sunbeam is creeping towards the meridian still, and school is pretty much all dismissed. —[Chicago Journal.

MR. CRITTENDEN'S POSITION.—We regard the speech of John J. Crittenden in the Senate on Wednesday last, as settling the fate of the Lecompton swindle. It will not of course avail to arrest its passage in the blind, unreasoning Senate, which is pledged and firmly bound to all measures of a pro-slavery bearing; but its moral strength will chiefly be manifest in the House, where a number of American Representatives from the South hold the balance of power, and where alone rests the hope of doing justice to an outraged people, and averting the horrors of civil war, by crushing this most foul conspiracy against the first principles of civil liberty, and the peace and prosperity of the whole country. We do not think that all the patronage of the Federal Administration wielded as recklessly and as corruptly as Mr. Buchanan is now wielding it, backed by all the chicanery and artful management of such dexterous parliamentarians as Speaker Orr, and Al. Stephens, can avail to force this gigantic swindle through the House. On no test vote yet have the Lecomptonites been able to show a majority, and their cause is growing weaker day by day, just in proportion as the moral sense of the people is aroused. One month's longer postponement of the final vote, will leave the swindle party in a clear minority, and they will then have the odium of defeat stamped on their ineffectual efforts to violate the rights of a sovereign people, and to ruthlessly disturb the peace of the whole country.

All honor to Senator Crittenden, a Southern man and a slave-holder, for his stern and indignant refusal to be made a party to this conspiracy against liberty, for the supposed benefit of a sectional interest! All honor, we say, to the noble old Kentuckian for the gallant and magnanimous stand he has taken! The weight of his name and his influence will turn the scale in favor of the rights and liberties of a heroic people, and he will be remembered with gratitude and veneration by all true lovers of freedom, long after he shall have retired from the stage of political action, and gone to his final and honored rest. Thrice noble is the Southern statesman, who, at this epoch of excitement and prejudice, has the nerve and the courage to stand forth in the defense of the right, regardless of the claims of party, or the clamorous demands of a sectional interest! Honor then we say to John J. Crittenden, the illustrious survivor of that class of statesmen, who once made the name of Whig the pride and glory of countless thousands of American freemen! —[Portland Advertiser.

AN ALLEGED ENGAGEMENT.—Among the spectators at the Boston Museum last week, to witness the tragedy of 'Jane Shore,' was an affectionate pair of lovers, who had visited the theater evidently not for the purpose of seeing the play, but to pass away the time in sentimental proximity.—In other words, in 'courtship.' A young looking fellow immediately behind them seemed much delighted with their fondness, and that the audience might not be in doubt concerning that of which he was convinced, he took from his seat a large placard, which he placed on their shoulders, (they were so near that this could be done.) On the placard was printed in large letters the word 'Engaged.' The net was seen by many, and 'brought down the house.' —[Boston Journal.

ANOTHER VICTIM.—How many and how distinguished are the victims of intemperance! Most of the newspapers have noticed the lamented death of Freeman Hunt, one of the best writers on financial matters in the country. Few, however, we imagine are aware of the facts recorded in the following paragraph from the New York correspondence of the Boston Transcript.

Poor Freeman Hunt, who was nobody's enemy but his own, and an enterprising, kind-hearted man, died last week. Those cognizant of the peculiarities of his case—his abstinence and indulgence in regard to intoxicating drinks, and his heroic efforts for self-control, will find it more a subject for medical consideration than moral reproach.

