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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 11, No. 39): April 8, 1858

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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**A Home Picture.**  
 'Good afternoon, Mrs. Clinton. What have you got that quilt off already? I thought I would run in and help you a little while, and have a good neighborly chat this afternoon.'

'Thank you, Mrs. Roberts; but I hurried and finished it this morning. My husband is coming home to-day, and I wanted it out of the way before he came.'

'Well, that's just like you. You would spoil any man. I would have left it around at least a day after he came back, just to let him see what an inconvenience it must have been to me all the week. Men think that all the trouble in the world falls to their share. I think it is a sort of duty to let them know the truth of the matter sometimes.'

'I do not know that having these quilt frames around in the way a day longer than was necessary—would have added particularly to my own pleasure, any more than to my husband's,' said Mrs. Clinton, smiling. 'And, she added, 'you must not include my husband among those who cannot sympathize with all a wife's trials and vexations. I never desire a better appreciation of my efforts to make home happy than Mr. Clinton ever expresses.'

'Ah, yes,' said Mrs. Roberts, 'you talk like a young wife. You have been only three years married yet. Wait a half-dozen years longer and you will change your views some, I will warrant.'

'It does not take three years to test character, in my opinion. I can assure you I have no fears that your evil prophecies will ever come true. Every year our little home grows pleasanter, and we are enabled to add to our comfort even some luxuries. It is my constant endeavor to make home the pleasantest spot on earth for my husband and my child, and as long as that is my aim I am not at all afraid of my efforts being unappreciated. But please excuse me a minute, Mrs. Roberts, while I change my dress, as I have been too busy to find time all the morning. Will you be kind enough to jog Charles's cradle if he wakes; I dislike to call Margaret, as she is taking to-day.'

In a very short time Mrs. Clinton reappeared, dressed in a plain black silk, with a neat little collar about her neck, and a pretty velvet head-dress adorning her soft brown hair.

'Well I declare,' said her visitor, 'I should think you were expecting a beau; I am sure I could not afford to wear a black silk dress every day. I should think the baby would miss your worked collar pretty well.'

'Well, he has quite a fancy for doing so, but I am teaching him better. When one gets settled, it is an easy matter to put it in the wash and take another, collars are easily done up; and as to this dress, it is the fourth year of good service it has done me, and if I do not put it on every day I am likely to have it on my hands for life. But seriously, I think it is the cheapest dress I can wear for afternoons, besides always looking nicely. It suits my husband's taste too, better than any dress I wear,' she added with a bright smile at her neighbor's vexed face.

'That argument would of course be sufficient in itself.'

'To be sure,' said Mrs. C. still smiling, and determining not to lose her patience by her visitor's obtuseness.

'Well, I must go home, Mrs. Clinton, and leave you to your felicity, but mark my words, it will not last always,' said the envious croaker, as she took her departure.

'Well, I am glad she has gone,' thought the young wife, as a light shade passed over her sunny face. 'I do not believe a word of her prophecies, but one cannot help feeling a little annoyed. I do wish those cars would come, and she looked at the face of the little octagon clock on the wall.'

Only half an hour longer had she to wait, when in bounded the young physician, his face radiant with joy, at reaching home again after a long week's absence, on business in New York. A fond caress and a happy look at the face of the still sleeping Charles, were the first movements, then he sat down in his easy chair, and chatted gaily for the next half-hour, telling her how endless the week had seemed, and what an amount of business he had rushed through, so that he might be home on Saturday evening. 'And,' he continued, looking around on the tastefully furnished room, and at the fair face of his wife and boy, 'this is a little Paradise of a home to come back to, it is not, love. I pitied poor Roberts who came in the same train, when I saw the reluctant heavy step with which he turned his face homeward, and thought too, what a nest he would find there. A horset's nest would be about as peaceful. He looked so sadly at me as I jumped from the platform, almost ready to start on a run for home, so as to get here quicker.'

'Ah Clinton,' he said, 'you have a pleasant home to go to, and I might have; but it is forever so untidy and Lucy so continually fretting that I lose my courage and my patience. I am too proud to say this to every body, but your happiness affects me deeply to-night. I congratulate you, my friend, though such happiness is a stranger to my own roof.' I gave him a strong grasp of the hand as we parted, hoping it might impart a ray of cheer.

'And now, Jenny, if you have anything in the shape of eatables in the house, you will never get a better opportunity to dispose of quite a quantity. I started before dinner time to-day, as I had to stop at a way station, and I looked with perfect contempt on all the trash at the little eating stalls, on the way, as your superior supplies rose up before my eyes. So you see a hasty breakfast at Thompson's is all I have had to keep me in motion to-day except home anticipations.'

A supper worthy the occasion was speedily produced, and ample justice done to it by all parties. Charles was by this time wide awake, and sat up in his high chair at the table, employing all his spare time in crowing forth his delight at his father's return.

My picture is a moral on your notice, choosing rather, that you should draw one for yourself.—[N. Y. Chronicle.]

**TIMOTHY PICKERING ON WASHINGTON.**  
 Mr. John C. Hamilton, in the second volume of his work on the writings of Alexander Hamilton, his father, replies to the criticisms on his first volume, and gives the following extract from a letter from Hon. Timothy Pickering, written in 1825:

'Informing his judgment of Washington's writings, he had not the necessary data. He has assumed, which is unfounded in fact, that the public papers bearing Washington's signature (and of his private writings he could have been very few) are of his own composition. I undertake to affirm, that scarcely any, or a very small number of them, were drafted by him; and in the most important, the hand of Hamilton, I think, may be discerned—while Hamilton was within his reach. I formed this opinion as long ago as the campaign of 1777, when I witnessed the incessant labors of Hamilton, and of the military Secretary—Harrison—on writing the General's public letters, in which I have reason to believe, I might say to know, that the conceptions, as well as the expressions, were for the most part their own. If the original drafts had been Washington's,

his handwriting (remarkably distinct from all other handwriting that I ever saw) would have appeared in the letters or in the reserved rough drafts. I refer here to all his official letters, during the whole time of his command in the Revolutionary War.'

**Pumpkins among Corn.**  
 In the Farmer of February 6, in answer to certain queries of a correspondent, you express some doubt whether any gain is made by the introduction of the pumpkin into the corn-field. This question belongs to a class in practical farming which can never be settled by theory. Careful experiments, made under different and adverse circumstances, can alone settle them. And it is to these experiments that every intelligent farmer ought to contribute something for the general good.

The question of utility in cultivating corn in the same field with pumpkins, is not by any means raised now for the first time. It is older, to my certain knowledge, than the Missouri compromise, and may date back, for aught I know, to the first bill of corn and the first pumpkin. As a general rule, I am opposed to mixed crops; yet there are exceptions to all rules in farming, and I think this matter of corn and pumpkins is one of them. I would not knowingly do anything to disparage the value of the corn crop, for I hold it to be by far the most valuable grain crop of New England, and indeed of any other country whose climate is adapted to it, and whose soil will not produce wheat as a staple.

I recollect very well that my grandfather had all the old-fashioned prejudice in favor of raising pumpkins, and would plant them among corn, potatoes, and even beans, if the soil was rich enough to hold out any prospect of a crop. My father, on the other hand, doubted the value of pumpkins, and was especially opposed to anything that could, by any possibility, detract from the product of his corn-field. With these opposing views upon the same farm, you will perceive at once that there was a necessity for trying an experiment; for a house divided against itself could not stand four years ago any better than it can now. Accordingly, in the year 1818, I think it was, the corn-field was equally divided by two or three rows of potatoes through the centre, and one-half planted to corn with pumpkins, and the other without. There was no perceptible difference in the growth of the corn, and when the field was harvested there was not a difference of three bushels in the quantity on each part, although the whole field embraced an area of four or five acres. Eleven large loads of handsome pumpkins were considered by my grandfather as a weight of evidence in favor of his theory (or in other words, his side of the cornfield) which could not well be resisted. I believe my father, ever after that, planted pumpkins with his corn.

It seems to me reasonable that a plant so well adapted to the shade as the pumpkin, and one which receives so large a share of its nutriment from the atmosphere, can be planted with corn, without injury to the latter, and without much detriment to the soil. Indeed, it is held by some intelligent farmers that the large leaves of the pumpkin, by shading the ground, and thus preventing the sun from dislodging the various gases which decompose and form soluble matter in the soil to be taken up as food for the growth of plants, are a direct benefit to the land, to say nothing of the value of the pumpkin crop. It is well settled, I believe, that pumpkins, fed out, without the seeds, in moderate quantities, to milk cows, impart a rich flavor to the milk. It is also conceded that they are very valuable in fattening beef. Let them not, therefore, be given up, without some tangible evidence of their inutility.

[N. E. Farmer.]

**THE CHRISTIAN AND THE ARAB.**—Journeying across the Arabian desert, a Christian traveler was taught some things that he did not know before; or, if he once knew had forgotten them. His tent was pitched for the night. His guides, genuine Bedouins, were around him. They sat silently musing, each lost in his own thoughts, when suddenly the sheik exclaimed, 'What strange men you Englishmen are!'

'You so? Why do you think us strange?'

'You never fast,' said he.

'Not often,' replied the traveler laughingly; 'that is when we can get anything to eat.'

The Arab laughed too; that evening we had supper largely from necessity. 'But,' said he, 'it is not part of your religion? You do not pray; you do not give alms; you do nothing.'

This was a home thrust, and my conscience felt it. I had looked upon the poor fellows around me as so bigoted in their faith, and had considered myself so completely in their power, that I deemed it prudent to avoid every topic that might rouse their passions. In my solitary tent at mid-day I read the word of life; but I had concealed with jealous care from my guards the knowledge that I carried about me the 'Christian's Koran,' and when at morning and night I commended myself in prayer to God my Maker, through Christ my Saviour, I had drawn close around me the curtain of the tent, and whispered low and fearfully, lest I should be overheard.

'You have no religion,' said the sheik; 'you do not pray; you do nothing.'

'God forgive me,' I thought. 'The rebuke is not altogether unjust.'

'Now we,' continued my reprover; and he went on bustling to tell what their prophet required of them, and how faithful was their obedience in matters of devotion, charity, and self-denial; and while he spoke I lifted up my heart to God; and sought courage to bear a feeble testimony to his word. When the sheik paused, I put my hand into my bosom, and drew forth my New Testament.

'I have a religion,' I said. 'Would you like to hear what it teaches on these high matters?'

'Certainly; would I tell him?'

By this time the attention of all my guards was directed to me. Their quick, sparkling eyes were fixed fiercely, as I thought, upon me; their dark visages looking more grim by the flashing fire around which they were seated; and their hands were ready to grasp a weapon that would speedily bring down vengeance upon the head of the infidel dog who should dare to blaspheme their prophet.

'Listen,' I said, as I opened the Testament at the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. 'You speak of almsgiving; hear what my Koran says about alms; and I read under in Arabic the first four verses. Take heed that ye do not your alms before

men, to be seen of them,' etc. When I stopped I looked up, and the dark countenances around me were glistening, but not with anger.

'Good!' exclaimed the sheik; 'this is very good; go on.'

I gathered courage, and read again: 'and when thou prayest,' etc. I read, translating as I went, to the fifteenth verse. Again I looked around me.

'Bismillah! but this is wonderful! wonderful!' exclaimed one to another, stroking their beards; 'wonderful!' and every harsh and forbidding feature was softened down to quiet, calm attention. 'More! more!'

I read on: 'Moreover, when ye fast,' etc. 'Bismillah!' exclaimed the sheik; 'but this is wonderful!'

I needed no further urging. Verse by verse, paragraph by paragraph, I read on to the close of the chapter, interrupted by the exclamations of wonder and approbation.

'Wonderful!' said my worthy friend, the sheik, when I at length closed the book; but this is wonderful! And what good people you Christians ought to be.'

**A Garden on Clay Soil.**

The Ohio Cultivator describes the manner in which a gardener near Columbus, known as 'Old Joe,' made a good garden on forbidding soil:

Joe's garden was originally a compact clay soil, such as predominates throughout a large portion of Ohio, and is the greatest obstacle to successful gardening, especially among farmers and those who cannot afford to do things thoroughly. But not so with our friend Joe. His first effort after erecting a shelter for himself and his flowers, was to trench a portion of his ground two feet in depth, mixing with it coarse manure and other materials to enrich it, and especially to admit air into it. This was a slow and laborious operation, but it was the only true way; and by doing a little at a time, the whole was accomplished without much expense, and the result has been such a healthy growth of his plants and shrubs, and such power to withstand drought, as to compensate tenfold for the labor.

Since the first operation on his land, Joe's favorite application has been saw-dust, half rotted, if to be found, and in its absence, mud of rotted logs from the woods. A good dressing of these materials is spaded into the ground as often as once in two years, at a cost fully double the expense of ordinary manuring.

On my expostulating with Joe, one day, about his free use of saw-dust, and asking for his theory about its effects, he told me it was 'to give the roots a chance to breathe.' This explanation is so sensible, as well as philosophically correct, that I wish it could be indelibly impressed on the minds of all owners of clay grounds, whether fields or gardens.

The great want of our strong clay lands, is not so much the materials for enriching, but to admit the air into them, or, as Joe says, 'to give the roots a chance to breathe.' Let this be done in connection with draining where too wet, and deep ploughing or trenching, and the average products of our gardens and fields would be more than doubled, and the effects of our hot summers and severe droughts would hardly be noticed.

**WHITE SLAVES.**—The Newark Advertiser calls attention to the fact, that Mr. Wright, the wealthy and accomplished Senator from New Jersey, is one of the class whose peer in the Senate, Mr. Hammond, stigmatized, in a recent speech, as the 'white slaves' of the North. Mr. Wright, who singularly enough votes with the South Carolinian on the Lecompton and every other party question, adversely to the interest of free labor, gained his fortune by business-making, and is justly proud of his success in that mechanical business, which he still follows.

'How,' adds the Advertiser, 'does a slave holder dare to speak with disrespect of the dignity of labor? Does he not know that it is held in honor in every civilized country out of the African region of the United States? Why, even the royal princes of Prussia are obliged to learn a trade, as a necessary branch of their princely education. Does our honorable Senator acknowledge, on a review of the past, that he has ever been a 'white slave'? On the contrary, is he not an eloquent and conclusive example of the excellence of free institutions, by which an enviable fortune and position like his could be achieved, and this, not by one man only, but by hundreds and thousands of the best blood of the nation? Mr. Wright is but one specimen of a most numerous class of men, who are every day rising to distinction from the ranks of labor. Slavery, indeed! How insolent and absurd! The Senator from New Jersey, we dare assert, never was a slave till he quitted the factory for the forum, till he gave up his mechanic tools to work in the harness of political drudgery. In this lies the slavery of the northern whites, and not in the labors of the plough, the anvil or the loom.'

**SOW CLOVER SEED NOW.**—We have found no more successful mode of sowing clover, or clover and timothy upon winter grain fields, than to choose a still morning when the ground is a little frozen, and scatter the seed broadcast. It falls in the open frost-cracks, and when thawing takes place, is beautifully and uniformly covered near the surface, and is almost sure to germinate. A good crop of clover, thus sowed, acts partly as a mulch to the grain roots, yields a supply of Fall feed, and is most admirable to be turned under 'keep high' the next year, as one of the best manures that can be applied to any soil.

[American Agriculturist.]

**EARLY PLANTS.—A FIRST RATE WAY TO START THEM.**—A very convenient method of starting early corn, sugar-cane, cabbage, tomatoes, cucumbers, and indeed almost any kind of plants, is the following:—Take an under sod (not too grassy), or tenacious muck and cut into cubes, say two inches each way.

Insert one or more seeds in the center of each, and then pack the pieces closely together and firmly down upon a box of earth, to be kept moderately moist. The box can be set in the cellar on frosty days and nights, and be carried out into the sun at other times. When the seeds are up and transplanting out is admissible, take up the cubes and transplant them to the open ground. This can be done without disturbing the roots, or scarcely retarding the growth of the young plants.

[American Agriculturist.]

## THE HEIGHT OF MY AMBITION.

(From the New England Farmer.)

A beautiful cottage embowered in vines—Just large enough for two?—Where the tangled rays of the bright sun shine In the branches of the willow will; Where the notes of warbling birds resound, At the blush of yonder morn'g so still; Where the little nest of eggs is found In the branch by the window sill; Where the squirrel frisks nimbly in joyful play, At earliest peep of dawn; Where the sky is blue, where the air is free, And green is the verdant lawn. I ask for no mansion with arching dome, Or the mead of high position; For the quiet joy of the cottage home Is the height of my ambition.

Yet I would not live in this home alone, For 'twould far sweeter be To sit with a wife on the low door stone, And 'neath the spreading tree, To read to her when the winter night Falls dark o'er the cottage bow; To wander with her when morn's red light Opens the eyelids of the flower; To meet her with smiles, morn, noon and even, And part with a loving kiss— To make our home an earthly heaven Of purest human bliss.

'Neath the sunlight's glance and the blessed rain, And from earth's own blent fruition, Have upon their holy mission, And choose the rays which best they love From among the glorious seven; Where the warbler bathes in the rippling stream, And sings the sweet notes of peace; Where honors attend the daylight's gleam In the swell of myriad lays; There to live, and to work, for a heavenly life, And the meek, lowly life transition, In this beautiful cot, with my own sweet wife, Is the height of my ambition.

\*And the 'little ones,' of course.

**Seedling Apple Trees.**

From an excellent article in the last Maine Farmer, by Mr. S. N. Taber, an experienced nurseryman, we extract a portion bearing on a question raised in our Club, the past winter. Another source of disease and short lived trees may be traced to the seed and mode of raising.

Most of the nurseries are from seed taken from pomace at the cider mill where all the refuse, crabbed, scabby and imperfect apples are worked up; often too, the produce of diseased or feeble trees. Now, if like produce from such seed? True, they may be so forced in a rich soil and favorable location as to look very nice for a few years, but they will eventually prove as frail as many of the human race who inherit disease and hurry it along by fast living. There are a few orchards now growing which were raised from selected seed, which for permanent growth, hardiness and profit, will compare well with those grafted choice varieties. I am aware that many will object to raising orchards from seedling or natural trees, thinking that there is only a small chance for them to get good or even passable fruit, but the experience of a few will prove that good fruit has been raised, without grafting from seeds selected from choice apples. My attention was recently turned to this subject by some conversation with Dr. E. Kimball of Milo, who stated that he had been acquainted with one or more orchards in N. H., raised from selected seed, in which nearly all of the trees produced good fruit. The Dr. has also proved from his own experiments, in planting seeds from Baldwin or known varieties, that like will often produce like, or something nearly like the original, and that they will prove themselves in five or six years, with care; he wants farmers to investigate the subject, and ascertain by careful experiments the utility of this mode of rearing orchards. Now if we can get good or even passable fruit without grafting, we can have cheaper and hardier orchards—shall lose far less in transplanting or in the seasoning process, and they will continue productive much longer than grafted trees, even if they do not come into bearing so early. There are instances however where seedlings have borne quite young; one I will mention from good authority, where a tree in New Portland bore seven bushels when six years old.

Would it not be well for every farmer to plant selected seeds so as to raise trees enough for his own use, then graft a portion and prove to his own satisfaction what course is best? We all want a few good trees handy, where we can transplant in the busy season without having to go a distance to get them, and then perhaps get them home dry or bruised. Let 'home productions' be our motto.

**ASKING LEAVE TO GAZE.**—The New Haven Register tells this good one. A few nights since, owing to an accident, the Springfield train did not reach Hartford till late, and in consequence, those awaiting its arrival at the station, had a tedious time of it. Among them was a demure-looking Yankee, inclined to have a nap—sinking his feet on the upper round of his chair, he leaned back against the wall, and 'went at it.' He was not fairly under way, however, when he was tapped on the hat by one of the officials, and told that 'sitting up sleeping was not allowed in the Depot.'

'Eh!' ejaculated the astonished sleeper, 'no sitting up sleeping!'

'No, sir—again the rules of the company,' said the official.

'Well I declare,' replied the other, 'this is a mean place! Won't you ask the company if I mayn't gaze?' following up his query with a stretch that put the officious official to instant flight.

A case has been on trial in New York city, for a few days in which the Captain of the ship A Z is charged with having caused the death of one of his crew named Riley. The witnesses testify that the man came on board at Liverpool in good health, the captain sent him aloft to scrape down the main-mast aloft; that he was afterwards beaten with a rope's end; made to walk the deck with a handspike

lashed upright to his back; made to parade with a handspike fore and aft, with a fool's cap on his head, and to salute the moon; that he was hoisted up to the main rigging, where he hung an hour and a quarter with his toes just touching the deck; that he was afterwards placed in a tub and scrubbed with salt water and soda-ash, and put into a galley with hogs; that among other refinements of cruelty, he was stripped and had the ship's hose played upon him five minutes when it was cold enough for the crew to wear mittens; the man being too sick and weak to walk, two of the crew were ordered to march him about the deck. The man died on the 2d of Feb., and was buried the next day.

HARPER'S 'DRAWER' contains many amusing things, among which is the following: A rough countryman walked into Gen. Barnes' office, one day and said:—'General Barnes, I have come to get your advice in a case that is giving me much trouble.'

'Well, what is the matter?'

'Suppose, now,' said the client, 'that a man had a fine spring of water on his land, and his neighbor below him was to build a dam across a creek running through both their farms, and was to back water up into the other man's spring, what ought to be done?'

'See him, sir, sue him by all means,' said the General, who always became excited in proportion to the aggravation of his client's wrongs. 'You can recover heavy damages, Sir. It is a most flagrant injury he has done you, Sir, and the law will make him pay well for it, Sir. Just give me the case, and I'll bring the money from him; and if he hasn't a good deal of property it will break him up, Sir.'

'But stop, General,' cried the terrified applicant for legal advice, 'it's me that built the dam, and it's his neighbor Jones who owns the spring and he's threatening to sue me.'

The keen lawyer hesitated but a moment before he tackled ship and kept on: 'Ah, well, Sir, you say you built a dam across the creek. What sort of a dam was that, Sir?'

'It was a mill-dam.'

'A mill-dam for grinding grain was it?'

'Yes, it was just that.'

'And it's a good neighborhood-mill, is it?'

'So it is, Sir, you may well say so.'

'And all your neighbors bring their grain there to be ground, do they?'

'Yes, sir, all but Jones.'

'Then it's a great public convenience is it?'

'To be sure it is. I would not have built it but for that. It is so far to any other mill, Sir.'

'And now you tell me that that man Jones is complaining, just because the water from your dam happens to back up into his little spring, and he's threatening to sue you. Well all I have to say is let him sue, and he'll rue the day he ever thought of it.'

**KANSAS.**—The Kansas correspondent of the Tribune furnishes the following items:

There are now no less than twenty-seven weekly and two daily papers published in Kansas. The two latter belong to Leavenworth. Though small in size, they seem to be quite enterprising, and what is more, appear to pay. They are known respectively as the Times and Ledger. Both are opposed to the Lecompton Constitution; but the latter is the less radical of the two. These two sheets, though to a smaller degree than the Republican and the Herald of Freedom, of Lawrence, undoubtedly represent two branches of the Free State party. The latter, or the minority, are desirous of peace at a most any price, while the former or the majority are unwilling to accept it at any real or fancied seeming sacrifice of principle. To harmonize these two divisions is the design of the new constitutional convention.

Leavenworth City at present boasts of a population of 10,000, although I am inclined to think this estimate to great by at least one fifth. It is unquestionably, however, the largest and most business-like town in the territory. Its location, as most of your readers are aware, is on the Missouri, about 500 miles above the St. Louis. Though at one time the population was largely pro-slavery, it is now radically free State by at least ten to one. A year ago there were 80 slaves, or negroes held as slaves, in the city. Now there are but about twenty. Its present Mayor is the Hon. Henry J. Adams, one of the most unflinching friends of freedom in Kansas.

Of the 100 delegates elect, at least 60 are understood to be anti-Minnesotan—that is, opposed to the location of the State capital at a place whose chief attractions, on microscopic examination, have been found to consist of one spring of muddy water, and its euphonious name.

**WM. H. SEWARD.**—The following 'first rate notice' of Mr. Seward of New York is by a Washington correspondent of a New Orleans paper. The writer is speaking of Mr. Seward's recent speech on the Lecompton Constitution:

'I have a passion for Seward. He comes up to my idea of Rodin in the Wandering Jew—the most delectable devil that was ever drawn by human pen—so cool, so clear-headed, so indomitable, so relentless in the pursuit of his fiendish purposes. Seward traverses the seemingly tortuous, but really straight line of his ambition with the unerring certainty of footsteps that characterize a rope-dancer, never missing a step, and keeping his eagle eye steadily fixed on the goal before him. The balance pole by which he preserves his equilibrium, is that cool, big head that bulks out above the narrow shoulders. If he becomes our next President, and disunion does not immediately follow his election, I will wager that he will so beautifully honey-fuggle both South and North, that the people will pronounce him one of the best Presidents we ever had. But I begin to think there is little danger of his obtaining the nomination. He is too great a man, that is if he is a man, and not a devil.'

**CENTRAL AMERICA.**—A writer experienced in the Colonization of Central America, by the white races is as idle a dream as that of Africa, or any tropical region, as far as the labor in obtaining the productions of the soil is concerned. Of Nicaragua and the other States on the Isthmus, he speaks as follows:

'Persons who are even accustomed to clear away heavy timbered land in the United States can scarcely form an idea of the densely deep impenetrated growth of trees, with underbrush and parasites interlaced, which reaches from one end of the Atlantic coast of Central America to the other. The clearing of such land is to white men 'labor in vain,' and the natives never will attempt it. I would say to all whom flaming prospectuses of interested parties—most of them never having seen the country (they eulogize so poetically—might tempt to emigrate. 'Stay at home; this is not your place, unless you are directly employed by a home company, and at very good wages, such as will pay you for the wear and tear of your life.' Farmers have but little chance of success, laborers less, mechanics none at all; speculators can try their luck in Wall street.

On the Atlantic side of the Isthmus, from Cape Gracias to Panama, the thermometer varies during the year from 65 to 90 degrees. There is said to be more rain here than on the Pacific side, the rainy season setting in about May, and ending in December. The climate is not what you would call sultry; but it is enervating, and fevers are more or less prevalent along the coast. The American of a Southern State is sooner overcome by the climate than such as live in a more northerly one, those living the further north standing it the best; but all, after a few years, give in, become pale and bilious looking, and so accustomed to have the fever that they look upon it as a mere matter of course.

Whatever may be the difference between this side and the Pacific—and I am told it is striking—there can be but one opinion expressed by those who have seen and lived in the towns and on the Atlantic side of Central America: that emigration cannot be even successfully forced to open up the resources of the country sufficiently to make it desirable for the operations of American industry and enterprise.'

**In a Hurry.**  
 BY AUNT ALICE.  
 I have for a neighbor a little, bustling woman, who is 'always on the jump,' to use her own expression, and yet accomplishes very little, considering the effort she makes. Now this little woman (we will her Mrs. Allbright), has for 'help' a girl called 'Massey,' and Massey cannot be hurried, but she can be flurried, and the more she is driven in her work, the more confused she becomes. Massey is from no particular State, or country, but has lived 'all round.' She says she wants to tell me her history in full some day, if Miss Allbright ever gives her time to breathe, but her many trips across my back yard are of the flying order, and as Mrs. Allbright usually stands at the fence to hurry her on, she makes such wondrous haste that her errand is only half accomplished before she feels that 'time's up.' Let me describe, if I can, one of her breathless, hurried calls, made a few days before Thanksgiving.

I had just stepped to the door one morning to look at the wintry aspect without. The snow had been falling all night, and was quite deep, but now the bright sun had come out in all its splendor, and the unbroken surface of the pure white snow was perfectly dazzling. As I stood there a moment admiring the cold but brilliant scene, I observed a female figure climbing over the back fence. The red, half bare arms holding that old blue shawl so tightly over the head, told me at once that it was 'Massey,' and no one else. On she came floundering through the snow, while Mrs. Allbright, true to her old post, stood at the fence, ever and anon exclaiming at the top of her voice, 'Hurry, Massey, hurry, I can't stand here all day waiting for you!'

Massey crossed the yard with long strides, and bounded in at the open door, almost upsetting me, for, blinded as she was by the sun and snow, she did not see me until she was in my arms, which were outstretched to keep her off. Without stopping to apologize, she shook the snow from her skirt, and began to tell her errand. I say began, for she never ended anything, and her breathless, panting manner almost took my breath away. She seemed to feel that her mistress was at her elbow, and that she must not pause to breathe. I cannot hope to do justice to her eloquence. Not a colon or even a comma could be squeezed in between her rapidly uttered words. She stood in the door, thus preventing my closing it, and began:

'Old Miss Allbright she sent me over in the biggest hurry case as how this is Thanksgiving week and we've got so much to do we can't do nuthin' and her old man's not to hum and not s'pect to be and no men folks to do the chores and so she sent me to ax yer as how if you will please mum to lend her your little shears for the old gobbler's leg to be cooked for Thanksgiving' and no man about to cut his head off and so if yer will jist let her have the little shears a spell to—'

'What, to kill the turkey with?' I here interrupted.

'Oh, bless my soul no mum but we be in such a hurry and don't know what to do first case the old cow she got in tother night and et up all the fresh pumpkins and that string of dried ones that old Miss Allbright fetched all the way from old Connecticut five years back got all et up with the mice in the top cupboard and there's holes in that stuff as big as my hand and we can't find the gimberlet to fix it and now if yer can let me have the littlest shears you've got I'll jist—'

'Mend the hole with them, I suppose,' said I, hoping to help her out.

'Deary me no mum but Miss Allbright's near about froze a stinkin' at the fence and so much work as we have got to do with all them folks about to do naughtin and not a t







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paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.  
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

**POST OFFICE NOTICE-WATERVILLE.**  
DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10:11 A.M. Closes at 10:00 A.M.  
August 10 10:10 " 10:00 " 4:15 P.M.  
September 10 10:10 " 10:00 " 4:15 P.M.  
October 10 10:10 " 10:00 " 4:15 P.M.  
November 10 10:10 " 10:00 " 4:15 P.M.  
December 10 10:10 " 10:00 " 4:15 P.M.  
Office Hours—from 7 A.M. to 7 P.M.

**FACT, FUND, AND FANCY.**

A SCRIPITUAL SUM.

Here is a sum in addition for you to work out.

It will require diligence and care, and admit of no wasted time.

Add to your faith virtue;

Add to your virtue knowledge;

Add to your knowledge temperance;

Add to your temperance patience;

Add to your patience godliness;

Add to your godliness brotherly kindness;

Add to your brotherly kindness charity.

The answer is—For if these things be in you and ye shall make them, ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.—2d Peter, i. 5-8—Christian Index.

The Ledger says: "We are informed by a President of one of our leading railroads out of Boston, that the business done on all the roads was scarcely ever so small as at the present time."

The American horse tamer is astonishing the Frenchmen at Paris still more, if possible, than he astonished the English. Three hundred members of the jockey clubs met to see him test his power over a nation so famous for its horses, and who are under no obligation to kill him. Mr. Tany set himself up for an hour with the animal, and then rode out on his back, and showed him to be so, Tany and greeted him with perfect enthusiasm.

NAT. EPIGRAM.—Logan, the comedian, once lent his watch to a lady as he was going on the stage. She placed it in her bosom, and on returning it to him, it was found to have been stolen from the moment she took charge of it, whereupon L. presented her with the following neat epigram:

My watch, my lovely friend you say, Stop on your way, and lend it to me—The trinket on your bosom lay, and held its breath in ecstasy."

DOY. MARRY YOUR COUSIN.—From ten to twenty per cent of deaf mutes are the children of cousins.

Father, how many days are there in 1858? said young Hopeful to his paternal ancestor. "Why 365, of course," was the reply. "No there isn't; forty of 'em are Lent."

The Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Knowledge in Spain, have just decided that the best food for calves is their mothers milk.

To kiss a rosy-cheeked girl, and find your mouth filled with Venetian red, and the girl grown suddenly pale, is truly awful!

N. S. Stimpson, who has been for some time imprisoned in Astoria, on a charge of setting fire to his own house and barn, was tried last week in the Supreme Court, and acquitted.

Rev. Charles Smith, of the Shawmut Avenue Orthodox Church, has requested his Society to reduce his salary from \$2500 to \$2000, having recently come in possession of a fortune by the death of a relative.

THINK ought to be such an atmosphere in every Christian church, that a man going there and sitting two hours should take the contagion of heaven, and carry home a fire to kindle the altar whence he came.

Too good to be lost. A gentleman from Buffalo says that he has ceased to hate the Douglasses in Congress, who support Leecompton, and only pity them. To their supporters at home, who are under no obligation to degrade themselves, and have nothing to gain by it, he applied the exclamation of Dumas, when he caught sight of his kindred in the "Red Rover": "Heavens! I would be obliged to you—Abney Jour."

Mr. John Matthews, senior, died at his residence on Silver street this morning, at the age of 75 years.

THE TRIUMPH over the defeat of the administration on the Leecompton bill, of which our readers have all heard, is echoed from all sections of the free States, and must give courage to the friends of freedom everywhere.

With a clear majority of eight in the House, and a majority that has held out in spite of the great efforts made against it, it need not be feared that all the powers of the administration can carry any measure embracing the principles of that odious bill. They are signally defeated in the very first strictly party conflict, and on the very battle field on which they won their way to power.

WHERE IS ZEKIEL? That famous Dorking hen, belonging to Mr. J. B. Clifford, of this town, gives the Doctor another trump, and clinches the challenge by sending to our table her entire spring litter of one dozen eggs.

One of these weighs just one quarter of a pound, and measures eight and a quarter by six and three quarters inches. The dozen weigh two pounds, notwithstanding the drawback of counting the "titman." Madam Dorking begs her competitor to take into consideration her age and previous labors, assuring him that though she expects to be beaten in cackle, her sole reliance is upon her works.

[P.S.—The Farmer brings the following, just in season for Madam Dorking to utter her last cackle, with the full conviction that she has driven the obstinate Doctor "out at the little end."]

THE GREATEST LITTER OF LITTLE EGGS.

"We have not heard from Ephraim and the Tonic cacklers, this winter. Times are hard, and eggs small. But in this line there is a venerable Winthrop hen who boasts of having seen ten summers that will beat the whole Maine rooster small eggs. She belongs to our neighbor Thaddeus Buzzell, who informs us that, although her age and infirmities did not allow her to compete in big eggs, she made up the deficiency by laying a litter of funny small ones. One of them that we saw measured just half an inch in diameter, and 17 of them were contained in a glass tumbler. Have you a ten years old biddy that will beat this?"

THE REVIVAL.—The Boston Journal of Saturday says, "It is concurrent testimony of all with whom we have conversed upon the subject, that the religious interest in this city is all on the increase—deepening and extending itself among classes which have not heretofore reached, and leading many who have been considered as almost beyond the influence of any of the ordinary means of the Gospel, to the prayer meeting and thence to the inquiry room where many of them profess to have yielded their hearts to Christ. The meetings during the week have been well attended."

THE KANSAS BILL, AS PASSED BY THE HOUSE. The Crittenden substitute, as it is called, is a voluminous affair, but its actual provisions are simple. It provides that the Constitution shall be submitted to

the white male inhabitants of the Territory, resident there three months, and qualified to vote by the laws of Kansas. If the majority approve, then Kansas is to be admitted as a State by proclamation of the President. If the majority disapprove, then a convention is to be called to form a new Constitution, which is to be submitted to a like popular vote.

The New York Herald, gives the following opinion concerning the bill:—

"The Senate, we suppose, will refuse to concur—the House will insist, the Senate will refuse to recede, a committee of conference will be appointed between the houses.

Brought to that pass, we presume that the committee will find it impossible to agree upon any half-way compromise, and thus both the Senate bill and the House bill will fall through.

In the mean time the people of Kansas have been holding another Convention, and while the two Houses are squabbling over their respective bills a new Constitution may be laid before them, direct from Kansas by the express train. What then? Why, really, it would seem from present appearances, that the two houses will be further off, from any agreement than they were last Christmas."

**Items of Foreign News.**

INDIA.—Details of the Indian news from Bombay to the 24th of Feb. adds nothing of importance to the telegraphic advices, but gave rise to the hope that decisive intelligence would be received by the next mail.

It was rumored that Nana Sahib was wandering about the country with a few followers, in the last extremity of terror and despair.

The cannonade was expected to open on Lucknow on the 22d of Feb. Numerous successful encounters with bodies of mutineers are reported.

CHINA.—The blockade of Canton was raised on the 10th of Feb. The Americans and Russians had joined the English and French in a demand on the Chinese government.—Letters of the four plenipotentiaries had gone up to Shanghai, and by the middle of March it would be known what line China takes.

FRANCE.—Perrigny's resignation of the English Embassy has been accepted, and Duke de Malakoff (Pellissier) had been appointed his successor.

It is reported that Wolewski had experienced another check on the subject of refugees. It is said that he applied to the Portuguese government to expel some French refugees from Lisbon, and that he met with a direct refusal. Commercial affairs throughout France continue greatly depressed. It is said that an hour before the Emperor's arrival at the opera, on his recent visit, all the houses on the Rue Lepelletier were searched by the police.

SWITZERLAND.—According to a Swiss paper, the affair of the refugees is nearly terminated. It is proposed to the Federal Council to give fixed residence in the interior, or to expel 41 persons. Among the Frenchmen 12 had already left for England.

SPAIN.—A telegram from Madrid says several ships of war were being fitted out for Havana, and demonstrations against Vera Cruz were spoken of.

ITALY.—The discontent in Austrian Italy is said to be daily increasing.

RUSSIA.—A despatch from St. Petersburg says that Russia is watching with great interest the relations of England and France.

The Russian navy is to be fully manned and ship building largely increased.

Russia had no intention of accepting English and French Consuls in the Black Sea. All suspicious vessels on the Circassian coast will be seized.

TURKEY.—The Alexandria correspondence of the London Times says that Mr. De Leon, U. S. consul at that place had returned from the mission he undertook to Syria, in connection with the outrage on a family of Americans residing near Jaffa, the details of which have already been published. The Turkish authorities yielded to the indignant remonstrances of Mr. DeLeon, and arrested four of the parties connected with the outrage. They had all been convicted, and were lying in irons, awaiting confirmation of the sentence from Constantinople.

FROM WASHINGTON.—New York, April 4.—The Washington correspondent of the Herald Saturday night says:—"I understand the President will appoint commissioners to proceed to Utah to endeavor to induce the Mormons to yield obedience to the laws, in order to avoid, if possible, the shedding of blood, and that Gov. Powell, of New York, and Major Benj. McCullough will be the commissioners."

Negotiations are now going on between the United States and England for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The Senate and House Committee on Foreign Affairs will shortly, by a decided majority, recommend its immediate abrogation. The English government professes to have no concessions in Central America.

There is no truth in the report that the President contemplates sending a bellicose message to the Senate in reference to Spanish affairs.

Washington, April 4.—It has been ascertained from an authentic source that there has been no acceptance either conditional or unconditional of volunteers for Utah, or other service, under the bill now pending before Congress.

The current rumor that the President designs a reconstruction of the Cabinet is without foundation. The members composing it are known to be harmonious on the general policy of the administration and friendly in all their relations.

FIRE IN FOXCROFT.—We learn from the Observer that on Sunday noon 21st ult., the barn of Daniel Mansfield, about one mile from Foxcroft village, was totally destroyed by fire. A horse, calf, the hay and farming utensils were burned up with the barn. The house of Dea Joel Pratt near by narrowly escaped destruction.

COL. BENTON.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Times gives the following interesting account of the sufferings and declining health of the veteran Senator:—"Col. Benton is about closing his long and eventful career. He is almost the last of the old veterans of the men who were in the height of their glory during the days of Jackson, and who made the whole country ring with the echo of their contending blows. He has been confined to his room for the last few weeks. In the pleasant weather of February he was often to be seen riding slowly upon his splendid black horse, along the avenue, keeping near enough to the sidewalk to enable him to recognize and return the courteous salutations of the many friends he was sure to meet. But he soon became too feeble for this, and was scarcely ever out of his chamber. Now he is confined to his bed almost entirely, suffering a great deal of pain, but bearing it with characteristic fortitude, and in spite of all work, working incessantly at what he styles his magnum opus, the abridgment of the Congressional Debates. He has completed the work nearly to 1850, and says he only hopes to live long

enough to bring it down to the present time. His familiarity with the more recent discussions of Congress renders the labor comparatively easy, and three or four months of comparative health would enable him to bring it to a close. But it is very doubtful whether this will be vouchsafed to him. He suffers from an internal cancer, and it may end his life at any moment. He is cheerful, resolute as ever, and especially glad to see his friends. His indomitable courage is conspicuous in the incessant vigor with which he continues to work. His review of the Dred Scott decision was written under intense suffering, and in spite of pain he persisted in having every proof-reading ready for the mail by which his publishers would expect it.

**NOTICES.**

Dr. Livingston and the Sewing Machine.—The following notice is published in the Standard, New York, dated March 27th, 1858.

"We must first divide the Sewing Machine into two classes, the hand and the treadle. The hand machine, as it is called, is a simple, elegant, and useful machine, and is well adapted for domestic use. It is the only machine that can be used by the blind, and it is the only machine that can be used by the lame. It is the only machine that can be used by the aged, and it is the only machine that can be used by the young. It is the only machine that can be used by the rich, and it is the only machine that can be used by the poor. It is the only machine that can be used by the free, and it is the only machine that can be used by the slave. It is the only machine that can be used by the white, and it is the only machine that can be used by the black. It is the only machine that can be used by the Christian, and it is the only machine that can be used by the infidel. It is the only machine that can be used by the good, and it is the only machine that can be used by the bad. It is the only machine that can be used by the honest, and it is the only machine that can be used by the dishonest. It is the only machine that can be used by the virtuous, and it is the only machine that can be used by the vicious. It is the only machine that can be used by the pure, and it is the only machine that can be used by the impure. It is the only machine that can be used by the clean, and it is the only machine that can be used by the dirty. It is the only machine that can be used by the beautiful, and it is the only machine that can be used by the ugly. It is the only machine that can be used by the strong, and it is the only machine that can be used by the weak. It is the only machine that can be used by the brave, and it is the only machine that can be used by the coward. It is the only machine that can be used by the noble, and it is the only machine that can be used by the base. 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