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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 19): November 18, 1858

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PASS IT BY.

BY JESSE MAY.

'John!' said Mrs. Jones, as she took off her working apron after washing up the tea dishes, 'let's go over to Smith's, and sit awhile this pleasant evening. I'll treat you to take a short walk after sitting all day upon the bench, and I'd like to have an old-fashioned chat with Mary.'

'To Smith's!' exclaimed the little tailor, with a stare of surprise, as he removed his cigar from his lips, and turned around in his chair to scan his wife's features, as if to assure himself of her sanity. 'And what on earth should we go there for?'

'Why, to make a visit of course, and why shouldn't we?'

'Reason enough, I should think, why we should not, and I'm astonished to hear you propose such a thing. Why, what has come over the woman all of a sudden? and Mr. Jones peered into the face of his wife, and paused for a reply.'

'Well, I'll tell you what, John; I've been thinking about our trouble with our neighbors a great deal lately, and I've made up my mind that it isn't pleasant to live in this way, indulging in bad feelings, and allowing ourselves to say unkind things, and harp upon the old string that ought to have been worn out long ago; and I believe that the best thing we can do, is to let these unpleasant matters drop entirely, and renew our intimacy, and try to avoid quarrelling in future.'

'Well, I'm willing to do so, if Smith's folks want to; but I think it belongs to them to make the first advances—they're the most to blame—and I feel as though it would be a little too much like crawling, to be the first to try to make up. If Smith will only say that he was wrong, and ask me to overlook his fault, I'll forgive him from the bottom of my heart, and we'll shake hands, and be friends; but you know he did use me real mean about those groceries.'

'Yes; I think Mr. Smith was to blame; I have never changed my mind, in the least, as to that; and I think, too, that it belongs to him, as the first offender, to make some acknowledgments to you; and though, as you say, it does seem as if they ought to come to us first, yet I know they never will. Mary never would, anyhow; I know her of old. She's as immovable as a rock. I have heard her say that she believed that the hardest thing in the world that could be required of her, would be to acknowledge a fault, and that, if she once got angry at a person, she did not think she could ever forget it and love that person as well in future. Now, in this state of things, we are only getting more and more estranged, and I am tired of it. I don't feel happy; it seems to me that we ought to do right, whether others do right or not; and I, for one, feel sorry that anything of the kind exists!'

'So do I; but whose fault is it, pray tell?'

'I don't know, certainly.'

'Not ours to begin with, perhaps; but we have helped to widen the breach, and no doubt we have done wrong. I know that I have; it is wrong to cherish such bitter resentment, and to speak so harshly of any one, as we have of them. And John, I don't believe you realize the amount of evil that we have taken into our hearts since this difficulty arose—'

'Why, don't you know that we are getting so that we pick flaws with everything that Mr. Smith's folks do. We envy them their prosperity, and secretly rejoice at their misfortunes; we feel jealous of every movement that they make; charging them with bad motives, and crediting every evil rumor that is circulated about them. Why, I feel, sometimes, as though I had sinned more than they have; I have magnified their faults; I have forgotten my own sins, in looking at theirs; and this morning, when I prayed, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," I was really shocked when I thought what I had asked for. Oh, if God forgives me as I forgive them, I fear I shall have but a small chance of salvation.'

'Mrs. Jones was getting warmed up with her subject, and she sank back in the rocking-chair which she had taken beside her husband, and covering her face with her hands, she sat for some time in silence; but, as Mr. Jones made no reply, she rocked forward, and tapping the floor with her feet, she fidgeted about a moment, and began again:—'

'I know what you are thinking of, John. I know that I have always held you back when you felt disposed to make any advances, and that I have said ten words to your one about Mr. Smith and his wife; but that is my way, you know. What I do, I do with my might; and now that I feel the necessity of exercising forbearance, I want to be as thorough in the good work, as I was active in the evil practice of denouncing everything our neighbors did, suspecting all their intentions towards us, and harping forever upon the injury we had received at their hands. I know that I said I never would cross their threshold again; but "a bad promise is better broken than kept," is a wise old saying, and I'm willing to take back that, and a good many other things that I have said, whether they retract anything or not.'

'But what a triumph it will be to me. We shall virtually acknowledge to the world that the fault lay with us; and I can imagine the patronizing airs that Smith will assume towards us. Bah! I won't do it; it's a little too humiliating!'

'And Mr. Jones arose, and stood with his back to the fire, and looked around him with a dignified air:—'

'I don't look upon it in that light now; said Mrs. Jones. I confess I did, until of late; but it seems to me, now, as though I must do my duty, and then I shall feel happy again. It's of no use, this trying to lay all the blame upon them. We are all to blame. In the first place, it was a foolish quarrel about a few pounds of tea and sugar. You thought he ought to have saved some of his best articles for you, because you had spoken for them before their arrival; and because he did not, we felt hurt, and charged him with showing partiality towards his wealthier customers; and when he denied the charge, you gave him to understand that you did not believe him; that you knew he did not forget what you had said some time before; and you know that must have been provoking.'

'Well, but didn't I know? Didn't Shaw tell me that he heard Smith say that he wished he had more of that sugar, for that I ought to have some of it; but that he always filled out Major Knight's orders, and that was what took the last!'

'Yes; I know we have heard one thing here, and another thing there, and people have not been at all backward in encouraging us in our course toward Mr. Smith. Sometimes I wish we had never listened to a single thing told us about him. It is hard to believe that he has slandered us, as we have heard; and it is hard to feel that we cannot place confidence in those who told us. No doubt it has been the same with one side, that it was with the other. They have said hard things about us. We have done the same by them, until the foolish little quarrel has grown into a serious difficulty, and the first cause is almost forgotten in the throng of bitter words, cold looks, and calling acts of antipathy which have followed. I'll tell you what I think. In the first place,

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Mr. Smith was wrong. It was very natural for us to resent it; but I wish, now, we never had. But what's done can't be undone. You told him what you thought—not, however, till you had told several others, and heard things to aggravate the case. Then, you know, you did not keep your temper very well. Mr. Smith got angry, too, and made some very unkind remarks. We felt injured, and cherished a foolish pride in letting people see that we could show proper resentment when we were abused. Then other people stepped in—not to make peace, but to widen the breach—and we set down everything that came to us as true, often magnifying some slight remark into a hideous insult. And so, you see, we are to blame—very much so. We are all erring creatures; not one of us but has faults, and it seems to me that we ought to consider our own frailties when we feel inclined to censure others—and not pick up every bone of contention that comes in our way, but just pass it by, and think no more about it!'

'Yes—yes—you are right; answered the husband; but the plague of it is, if Smith and I go to talking matters over, we shall just take a circle, and come right round to the starting point, and neither of us will own that we were wrong in the first place. It is of no use to talk it over; it will just be a raking up of all the troubles from first to last, and such affairs are just like a coal fire—the more you stir it, the hotter it grows.'

'Let the fire alone, though, and it will smoulder away, and die out of itself. So, with this trouble; let it go. Say to them, let bygones be bygones, and just drop the matter entirely, and begin where we left off, forgetting that anything of an unpleasant nature has happened. Come, now, what do you think of it?'

Mrs. Jones adjusted her collar, and smoothed her hair with her hand, as if preparing to start. Mr. Jones sat down again, laid his left foot over his right knee, and leisurely picked the lint from his trousers, gathering it into little pinches, and carefully dropping it between the andirons, for they sat before a cheerful wood-fire. He was in something of a quandary. Pride and conscience were struggling for the mastery at his heart; at last he said, 'blame me if I want to have it go all over the village that I acted the penitent, and Smith the magnanimous judge who listened to my humble suit, and granted a merciful pardon.'

'Now, John,' said the wife, 'which is really most magnanimous, to acknowledge a fault, or forgive one? It seems to me to be the most easy, natural thing in the world, to forgive an erring friend when he takes the place of a penitent. But I know that the proud heart struggles long and painfully with itself, when it feels the justice and necessity of acknowledging a fault; and when it has achieved this victory, it seems to me that it has won higher honors than it has when it obeys its natural impulses, and runs over with forgiveness and tender compassion toward a penitent. We ought not to allow a dread of the scoffs of village gossips to deter us from our duty. Let us do what will please God, and every truly good person. Let us set our own hearts at rest, and feel that whatever others say or do, we will do right. Better be sneered at for a good act, than condemned for a bad one.'

'Well,' said the tailor, 'I wish it was well over. I do feel dreadfully awkward about going over there under the circumstances—'

'But come! We can walk along down that way, and if we do not want to go in, we can just take a stroll around and come home again.'

They were soon equipped for their walk, and looking the door behind them, passed thro' the narrow front yard, and stepped into the street. It was a clear Autumnal evening. The moon shone brightly, and lit up the streets of the village, with a soft mild radiance, and all along upon the sidewalks lay little patches of quivering light and shade, where the moonlight and the shadows of the over-hanging tree boughs danced together, to the music of the wind.

'I can imagine just how everything looks around the old homestead now!' said Mrs. Jones, in a low, subdued tone. 'This is just such an evening as always reminds me of one of the scenes described by Pollett:—'

'It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood; The cornfields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light, Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand; And all the winds slept softly.'

You remember that beautiful description of an Autumn evening, do you not? Oh, how many times, Mary, and I have repeated that as we walked together, up and down the avenue at the Elms, when we were happy school girls. Oh, what visits we used to have; what secrets we confided to each other, and how we vowed eternal constancy! We might have been very foolish and sentimental, but we were certainly very happy. It does not seem possible that we have been estranged so long. How little we dreamed, when we were married and settled down in the same village, that months would pass over our heads without an interchange of kind words and loving smiles. Oh, it seems to me, that I can never entertain an unkind feeling towards an old friend again. Every thing seems so calm and holy around us; why must there be such strife and turmoil within? But isn't that Mr. and Mrs. Smith we are going to meet?'

'Yes, it is! Let us speak to them as if nothing had ever happened. Good evening!' said Mr. Jones, extending his hand towards Mr. Smith.

'Good evening!' echoed his wife, grasping the hand of her old schoolmate, and putting up her lips for a kiss.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith gave a little start of surprise, and betrayed a little embarrassment of manner; but there was nothing of coldness in their answering salutations, and that there might not be an awkward pause after the greeting, Mr. Jones added immediately, 'A fine evening for a walk! We have been speaking of you, and thought some of calling at your house before we went home!'

'Indeed! Well, we will turn back, then. We were only out for a walk. Mary, dear, Mr. and Mrs. Jones were thinking of calling on us. Let us walk back with them!'

'Certainly! Susan has just been telling me, and so they walked through the streets together. As they proceeded, they met a few villagers, who stared after them, as if to assure themselves that their eyes saw clearly. Long before our little party reached their destination, the report was going through the village that 'the Smiths and Joneses had made up, and were good friends again.' I do not know how they would have managed to have filled up the awful pause necessarily occurring between their meeting in the street, and their arrival at Mr. Smith's house, had it not been

for 'the weather,' that dear old friend who has helped so many bashful people, awkward pairs, and dull companies to a topic of conversation; but somehow, they contrived to make the time pass very easily, if not pleasantly, and were at last seated in the parlor before a cheerful coal fire. Hats, gloves, and shawls were laid aside, and then there was a moment of hesitancy on the part of each, and each dreaded an embarrassing state of things; but Jones had 'screwed his courage up,' as he was wont to express himself, and he was not the man to back out, now; so, without waiting for any one else to open the way, he began:—'

'Mr. and Mrs. Smith! my wife and I have been talking over matters to night, and thinking of the estrangement that exists between our families, and we have come to the conclusion that it is as wrong as it is unpleasant for us to live as we have been, and that there is no need of this state of things continuing. We feel that there has been wrong on both sides; we know that we have been very much to blame, and what was at first but a trifling affair, has been magnified, and added to till we have become widely estranged. This quarrel does not end with ourselves; almost the whole village is involved in it; we have each our own parties and champions, and have created a great deal of unhappiness for ourselves and others. I am willing to acknowledge my fault; and now, can we not just let this affair drop, and bury the past, at least all unpleasant portions of it, and be friends once more?'

There was a quick, warm response to this, on the part of Smith.

'I do not see why we cannot,' he said. 'I am willing to do so. I know that I have said aggravating things, and cherished unkind feelings. We, too, were talking of this difficulty to night. It seems to me a good omen that our minds met upon the same topic. Here is my hand, Jones! You're a good fellow; a little hasty like myself, sometimes, but such people like each other all the better, if they do fall out occasionally!'

There was a warm shaking of hands in token of friendship; the two women were already sobbing in each others arms. There was mutual forgiveness, and reunion of hearts, and the good old times were lived over again; and it was long after the village was hushed in repose before the friends separated. Peaceful were their slumbers that night; their dreams were undisturbed by the taints of self-reproach, or the demands of neglected duties.

Years have since glided away; but the two families have never allowed anything to occasion a quarrel between them. They have been tempted, and tried with each others failings. Meddlers have offered their assistance in misconstruing and exaggerating; but they remember a bitter lesson, and their motto is, 'Pass it by!—[Arthur's Home Magazine.]'

WHITEWASHING.—There is nothing, perhaps, which contributes more decidedly to the healthiness of a homestead than whitewash. It is a cheap article, and any one who can lift a brush can put it on. Fences and rough siding as well as the inside of tie-ups, sheds and other outbuildings, and also the walls and ceilings of the cellars, should annually be paid over with a good coat of whitewash. The spring is the most eligible season for the application, as there is generally sufficient leisure at that time before spring work comes on, and as the disinfecting and deodorizing action of the lime will tend to prevent those unhealthy miasms which are generated about most dwellings, by the decay of vegetable matter, and the heat of the vernal and summer sun. The months of October and November, also, usually afford good opportunities to do this work, at intervals between harvesting, draining, collecting muck, &c.

White walls, and long lines of white fences gleaming amid luxuriant and embowering foliage, give to a farm establishment an appearance of neatness and rural elegance and comfort, indelibly attractive to the man of taste, and can in no way be so effectually and economically secured as by giving them a few coats of whitewash. The ceilings of bed-rooms, cookeries, and wash rooms, should also be frequently whitewashed. If the walls are not papered, the brush should pass over them likewise. The lime will not only sweeten the air and prevent epidemical diseases, but fill up the thousand imperceptible cracks which always exist in plastering, and through which more cold air will find its way in a windy winter day, than can be neutralized by many an armful of hickory, maple or white oak.

The whitewashing of cattle and horse stalls, as well as the inside of hog coops and henries, not only renders them more healthy, but prevents the animals and fowls from being infested with troublesome and filthy vermin.

TO MAKE HARD CANDLES OF SOFT TALLOW.—I noticed a request a short time since in the Country Gentleman, for a receipt to make soft tallow hard. I send you one I know by experience to be good. To twelve pounds of tallow take half a gallon of water, to which add three table-spoons of pulverized alum, and two do. salt-petre, which heat and dissolve; then add your tallow and one pound of beeswax; boil hard all together, until the water evaporates, and skin well while boiling. It should not be put in your moulds hotter than you can bear your hand in. The candles look much nicer when the wicks are not tied at the bottom. It is not only a disagreeable task to cut the wick off, but it injures the moulds. Never heat your moulds to draw your candles in cold water.

Perhaps it is not generally known that tallow from beehives fed on corn or grain, is much softer than when fed on grass or clover.—Therefore the tallow from grass-fed cattle should be hard with the addition of a very little alum and beeswax. In very cold weather much less alum must be used, or they will crack so as to fall to pieces sometimes; and a third more of each should be used in very warm weather if the tallow is very soft. With a little management you can always have hard tallow for summer use where you make all your own candles.—Country Gentleman.

ADAPTABILITY OF ANIMAL MATTER.—Life resists the action of animal power. Friction, which will thin and wear a dead body, actually is the cause of thickening a living one.—The skin on a laborer's hand is thickened and hardened to save it from the effects of a contact with rough and hard substances. The foot of the African, who, without any defence walks over the burning sand, exhibits a thickened covering, and a layer of fat, a bad conductor of heat, is found deposited between it and the sentient extremities of the nerves.

Pressure, which thins inorganic matter, thickens living matter. A tight shoe produces a corn, which is nothing more than thickened cuticle. The same muscle which with ease raised a hundred pounds when alive, is torn through by ten when dead. Life prevents chemical agency. The body, when left to itself, soon begins to putrefy; the several parts of which it is composed, no longer under the influence of a high controlling power, yield to their chemical affinities; new combinations are formed; ammonia, sulphuric, carburetted, and other gases are given off and nothing remains but dust. This never happens during life.—[Transcript and Eclectic.]

DR. LIVINGSTON AND THE COACHMAN.—Long before railroads were invented, the slow-moving coach and muddy highways often tested the patience of both traveler and driver. As the Doctor was passing from New York to Philadelphia, there chanced to be in the stage several young gentlemen, whose dress was better than their principles. As the sequel proves, they, with some of the same character in our day, might learn reverence toward superiors from the youthful Turk. They stopped at an inn, for the purpose of changing horses, and to obtain dinner. These rude young gentlemen conspired secretly to defraud the reverend divine of his meal. The moment the coach arrived, they hastened with all speed to the table, and hurriedly swallowed their dinner. The Doctor, through age, moved but slowly, and had barely time to invoke a blessing and begin his meal, when they arose, and called loudly upon the driver that they were ready to start, and the time was up. 'All aboard!' they lustily screamed. The driver was in the dining-room. The Doctor saw immediately their object, and their triumph at the thought of cheating him out of his meal. With inimitable grace and kindness, the man of silver hair turned to the driver, and said:—'

'I am an old man, and hungry, and can only eat very slowly; will you be so good as to give me time to eat my dinner?'

The generous nature under a rough exterior yielded to the appeal, and said—'

'Yes, sir; you may take as much time as you wish.'

'Thank you, sir; I am glad that there is one gentleman in our number.'

The youths slunk away one after another, feeling that a poor hostler, whom they despised, had administered to them a withering rebuke for their rudeness.

LONGFELLOW. Forney's Press of Philadelphia, scathes the critic of the London Athenaeum for his bungling and unworthy attempt at criticism of Longfellow's works, and introduces the following notice of our poet from the London Critic, which 'stands quite as high as the Athenaeum did in its most palmy days:—'

'Longfellow is, perhaps, the only American writer who stands to the English reading public in anything like the same relation as that held by the most popular living authors of England—Charles Dickens, for example—to the reading public of the United States. Prescott, Bryant, Emerson, Hawthorne, each has a large circle of readers and admirers in this country; but Longfellow alone has achieved the not easily definable but most emphatic and peculiar success, which is embodied in the expression 'popularity.' He has long been the poet of our average 'young people,' cultivated, though not in the highest degree, for whom Tennyson is too enigmatic, and the 'epicurean' too irregular, turbulent, and mystical. He owes his success to his grace, polish, and melody; to his ready intelligibility; to the innocent purity of his sentiment; to his skill in illustrating human action and passion by the introduction of natural imagery; and to his embodiment of a vague religious and ethical feeling in secular and poetic phraseology wedded to harmonious numbers. It is in this last respect that he has distanced the British poet whom in other things he most perhaps resembles, the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope.' Inferior to Campbell in the gifts common to both—feeling, less impassioned, and less concise—Longfellow has participated in the spiritual influences widely dominant with the new generation. Moralists may condemn the overstrained aestheticism of 'Excelsior,' and critics may laugh at the broken metaphors of 'The Psalm of Life'; but in poems like these Longfellow has known how to strike a chord every ready to vibrate in our modern breasts, and to which the Campbells of the past age did not, and indeed could not, appeal.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you never think of it again. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. Do not upbraid her in the presence of a third person, nor entertain her with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant, cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere. Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as she may enjoy. By so doing, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection. Do not, by being too exact in pecuniary matters, make your wife feel her dependence on your bounty. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business and know your income, that she may regulate her household expenses accordingly. Do not withhold this knowledge, in order to cover your own extravagance. Women have a keen perception—be sure she will discover your selfishness,—and though no word is spoken, from that moment her respect is lessened, and her confidence diminished, pride wounded, and a thousand perhaps unjust suspicions created. From that moment is your domestic comfort on the wane. There can be no oneness where there is no full confidence. [Woman's Thoughts About Women.]

OUR DOOR SAVITT.—The fear of the weather has sent multitudes to the grave, who otherwise might have lived in health many years longer. The fierce north wind and the furious snow-storm kill comparatively few, while hot winter rooms and crisp summer suns have countless victims to their deadly influence.

their power. Except the localities where miasma prevails, and that only in warm weather, out door life, is the healthiest and happiest, from the tropics to the poles. The general fact speaks for itself, that persons who are out of doors most, take cold least. In some parts of our country nearly one-half of the adult deaths are from diseases of the air passages, these affections arise from taking cold in some way or another; and surely the reader will take some interest in an ailment through which, by at least one chance out of four, his own life may be lost. All colds arise from one of two causes; 1st, by getting cool too quick after exercise, either as to the whole body or any part of it; 2nd, by being chilled, and remaining so for a long time, from want of exercise. To avoid colds from the former, we have only to go to a fire the moment the exercise ceases, in the winter. If in summer, repair at once to a closed room, and remain with the same clothing until cooled off. To avoid colds from the latter cause, and these engender the most speedily fatal diseases, such as pleuritis, croup and inflammation of the lungs, called pneumonia, we have only to compel ourselves to walk with sufficient vigor to keep off a chilliness. Attention to a precept contained in less than a dozen words would add twenty years to the average of civilized life. Keep away chilliness by exercise; cool off slowly. Then you will never take cold, in door or out.

[New England Farmer.]

THE MISTAKE.—We were at the State Fair at Centralia, in Horticultural Hall examining and taking notes of fruit, when the crying of a boy, seven or eight years old, attracted our attention. He was standing alone between the fruit stands, rubbing his eyes and sobbing as if his heart would break. 'What is the matter, my boy?' asked Mr. Ellsworth. No answer received, except sobs, when he was asked if he wanted one of the fine apples before him.

'No, he does not want an apple,' said a gentleman, evidently his father. 'Stop your crying now, right off.'

'What ails him?'

'Oh, he wants to go among the machinery; we have been there all the morning, and he cries when we come away.'

'I would take him back then,' says Ellsworth.

'We want to see something else besides machinery, and are not going to stay there all day,' and taking the child by the hand they moved off towards the cattle.

'There I did you see that?' asked Ellsworth, 'that boy will be satisfied with nothing else but machinery. If he was my child I would go with him and stay there until he was satisfied. That man is not fit to be a parent, he does not understand the nature of that boy.'

We assented, and following the course taken by them, sometime after, both from sympathy with the child and curiosity to study more closely the character of the parent, we found them in the north-western part of the Fair grounds examining the stock—the boy still sobbing; the father drawing him along by the hand in no careful manner. We predict that boy will leave his father before he is of age, and if the father lives, he will one day wish he had known the boy better.

[Emery's Journal.]

THE STRUGGLE AND THE VICTORY.—'Johnny,' said a farmer to his little boy, 'it is time for you to go to the pasture and drive home the cattle.'

Johnny was playing ball, and the pasture was a long way off; but he was accustomed to obey, so off he started without a word, as fast as his legs could carry him.

Being in a great hurry to get back to play he only half let down the bars, and then hurried the cattle through, and one fine cow, in trying to crowd over, stumbled and fell with her leg broken.

Johnny stood by the suffering creature, and thought to himself, 'Now what shall I do? That was the finest cow father had, and it will have to be killed, and it will be a great loss to father. What shall I tell him?'

'Tell him,' whispered the tempter, the same tempter that puts wicked thoughts into all our hearts, 'tell him you found the bars half down, and the creature lying here.' 'No, I can't say that,' said Johnny, 'for that would be a lie.'

'Tell him,' whispered the tempter again, 'that while you were driving the cows, that big boy of Farmer Brown's threw a stone, and hurried that cow so that she fell.' 'No, no,' said Johnny; 'I never told a lie, and I won't begin now. I'll tell father the truth. It was all my fault. I was in a hurry, and I frightened the poor creature, and she fell and broke her leg.'

So having taken this right and brave resolve, Johnny ran home as if he was afraid the tempter would catch him, and he went straight to his father and told him the whole truth. And what did his father do? He laid his hand on Johnny's head and said, 'My son, my dear son, I would rather lose every cow I own, than my boy should tell me an untruth.'

And Johnny, though very sorry for the mischief he had done, was much happier than if he had lied to screen himself, even if he had never been found out.

[New England Farmer.]

A POPULAR ERROR.—One of the most common and fatal mistakes made by ardent friends of education, is the indulgence of unreasonable hopes, and the maintenance of extravagant views as to what they can effect by the means of it. It is often supposed that great results can be produced in a single term of twelve or fifteen weeks. Both teacher and committee aim at this rapid mode of manufacture. True education is that which aids the slow and healthy growth of the mind—the incorporation into it of principles and the formation of tastes and habits, the full value of which will appear only after mature years have developed their tendencies. The highest and best parts of education are incapable of exhibition. The show made at the close of a term is well enough to amuse children and their fond parents, but is often like that of newly dressed pleasure grounds, adorned with trees and shrubs fresh from the nursery, having a show of vitality in the foliage, though as yet drawing no sap from the root. Such frost-work of the school room is soon dissolved, and generally passes away with the occasion. All attempts at such premature results of education are entirely useless, and yet our system of employing teachers by the term, renders it almost necessary for a teacher who is ambitious of distinction, to lay his plans for that kind of superficial culture and mechanical drill which can be produced in

a few weeks, and shown off as evidence of marvellous skill.—[Pres. Sears.]

Too Pleasant to Work

'Do you see that fellow, vagabond as he is?'

'Do you wish to know what made him so?'

'Yes—what?'

'He and I used to go to school together when we were boys, said a gentleman, 'and he was a scholar when he did go. But when a good day came, it was always 'too pleasant to study,' he did not want to be cooped up in school such weather, he said, so he would dodge school, go down to the wharves, or lounge in the fields, nobody knew where.'

At last I thought it would be mighty fine to do as he did; so I told my mother when she bade me split my wood and be off to school, that it was 'too pleasant to work; I was sure it was. Nor was this the first time I had thrown out such an opinion.'

'Too pleasant to work!' she cried; 'that is precisely what pleasant weather is made for. How fast the grass will grow to-day. What a store the bees will lay up in their hive. Do you hear the mill grinding corn? The miller, I dare say, can't keep his hopper full. Do you hear the carpenter's hammer? They house will be clap-boarded before sun-down. Pleasant weather is the weather to work, and the pleasantest the better. The good sun seems to say, 'I give you cheerfulness and courage; go on while it is day.'

My mother turned the drift of my thought, and our wood-pile did seem to look more inviting under a July sky than a north-east storm, and the axe did swing right royally to the tune of the robin on the cherry tree. Then my arm felt strong, I suppose because it had a purpose in it.'

After that I took his opinion, and I had mine. As you may suppose, he left school shamefully ignorant. A printing office refused him on that account. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker. The I and I often met on our way down to town, he to his trade, and I to mine.

'Where now?' I asked, when he turned off from a straight course to the shop.

'O, it is too pleasant to work, Charley,' was the old answer; and in the middle of the forenoon he was likely to be seen pitching clogs on the common, or loafing on the shady side of a maple.

When he was a journeyman, and began to earn wages, he appeared anxious to do better, and make up for lost time; and his friends thought he would be something after all. I met him one day dressed in his Sunday best, moving by, not on his way to his business.

'Where now, Ike?' I asked.

'Oh! Charley, do you suppose I am going to peg shoes to-day? Not I; too pleasant to that, and he was off.'

And now what is he? A finished, hopeless, friendless loafer, eating bread he never earned, wearing clothes he never paid for, sleeping no one knows where, a burden to nobody greater than himself. I never saw a boy trying to shirk his duties because 'it's too pleasant to work,' but I think he is taking his first step in the cracked path of good-for-nothingness, by whose side there are so many open bars, the worst of which is the bar-room; much of it is down hill, and at last it enters into the road to eternal ruin.

'Too pleasant to work,' it is too pleasant to be idle, truant, purposeless boy. Just as if the mill stream should lay back and stagnant in the swamp, instead of sweeping through the meadows, foaming over the rocks, and pulling all the mill wheels with a rush and a gush that says everything astir.

No, no; don't let the boys ever think it 'too pleasant to work,' if they have work to do, and I hope they have.'

STONE HOUSES.—A letter from Florence, in the Providence Journal, makes special mention of the solidity of Florentine houses. They are built of stone and last for centuries. A configuration would be next to impossible. The city could hardly be destroyed by fire. In few houses is there sufficient combustible material to make a blaze great enough to communicate to the adjoining house. The ceiling of the first story is almost universally a brick arch. These arches, in some houses, are also carried through all the upper stories. The floors are in every case of brick, ground to different degrees of smoothness, or of cement, handsomely painted in imitation of marble. Wherever it can be done, plaster is substituted for wood, as in the casing of doors and windows, or other kinds of ornament. What, by our mechanics, is technically called 'furring,' is unknown there.

Whoever goes to Italy, as many do, expecting to find the principal part of the buildings of marble, will be disappointed. Marble structure form the rare exception instead of the rule. Full ninety per cent. of the buildings of Italy have stuccoed or plastered exterior walls. This is true of Naples, Rome, and Florence, and it is of Munich, Dresden, and Berlin. No country of Europe, with the exception of France, is so well supplied with



## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 18, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 119 Nassau Street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be directed to Messrs. S. M. W. & Co., Eastern Mail, Waterville.

## From Our Own Correspondent.

CAMBRIDGE, 6th Nov., 1858.

The elections, this way, were conducted with more than the usual good humor. The zeal for education—generating mushroom schools, houses, over which had time allowed for mechanical symbols, the shamrock and the harp might have been emblazoned—has subsided to a rational fever. In Cambridge we had some spirited movements among the Juniors. The class had six among them, (in color republican) legally entitled to vote; they, fortified with this legality as a fixed fact, were not to be daunted by visions of chimeras born of litigation, and so sallied forth at twelve o'clock, high noon, in regular file toward the Lyceum Hall, and on reaching the building, opened, and waited for the redoubtable six to come forth, and then escorted them up to the ballot-box. Young America forever!

We are in the full blast of lectures. Dr. Huntington is lecturing at the Lowell Institute. The lectures are the same he delivered last year in New York.

Booth, the son of the late actor Booth, has been some weeks at the Boston theatre. I saw him in Shylock last week, and thought that he supported the character well, with perhaps a little overacting in the third act, and a too persistent display of the whites of his eyes. Shylock is eager to desperation, to be the Jewish Nemesis for two thousand years of oppression. Hatred and revenge have drunk up in him all the milk of human kindness. Spite of his bloodthirstiness, I think the character grand as Milton's Satan. The house was not so well filled as it should have been. I wonder if another generation will not have to pass by, before Shylock appears on the boards, will be enjoyed as our fathers and grandfathers enjoyed him. We have the traditions of Kemble, Cooke, and Keen, acting too close upon us. We fancy we see the dark half Italian face of Keen flashing with significant expression, and that we hear the voice with its extraordinary range of tones—gauged by musicians as ranging from F below the line to F above it, the natural key of it a note lower than Talma's—vibrating with exquisite delicacy, or piercing the ear in the shock of passion, with its hard guttural tone, till every nerve thrilled, and veteran actors and actresses faltered. Be it as it may, scenic displays, melodramatic pieces, music, etc., draw as well as the impotent deer-stealer's plays.

We had a heavy frost last night, and are busy gathering in some of the latest gifts of autumn, quinces, cranberries, nuts, etc., against the needs of the family festival, which, I see, is appointed for the same day in Maine and Massachusetts. So, while I think of it, let me tell you, fail not, Dio valente, to drink on that day, my health, in a glass of Adam's ale, at the time of noon when the turkey is on the board, and the plum-pudding an expectancy. I will "not look for wine" but return the courtesy in the same innocent beverage. So may the sons of Maine increase, and their days be long in the land.

ABSENTER.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY.—This excellent school closes its Fall term to-day. Among other exercises, Rev. Mr. Hawes will address the Philanthropic Society in the evening, at the Academy. The annual Catalogue, just published, shows the number of pupils for the Fall term to be 114. The institution has never been in a more prosperous condition, and under the continued care of its present popular Principal and his excellent assistants it promises to secure still better tokens of public favor.

The thorough improvement of the Academy building adds much to the pleasantness of the school. An item of this improvement is a fine bell, which should be named as a donation from John Ware, Esq. Probably no school in the State gives more marked evidence of thorough and successful efforts in the work of sound and practical education; and few are receiving better encouragement from an appreciating public.

JACK ROOST has been busy with us of late—bridging the streams for the benefit of the boys, who are having glorious sport on the ice, these clear cold days. Early in the week we heard of persons crossing the river above Kendall's Mills on the ice, and with us the visible water is reduced to a narrow strip in the channel. No more snow yet, though the promises are good that the boys and girls shall have a sleigh ride at Thanksgiving.

At Bangor an embargo was laid on the shipping for a day or two, and we learn that the Androscoggin is frozen over at Brunswick. At the South and West winter has come earnestly; the report giving six inches of snow in Illinois, with a goodly quantity at Cincinnati, N. York, Boston, White River, Junction and through the country generally. A Boston paper asserts that such an example cannot be found since 1820. In the neighborhood of Boston the ponds are frozen over and covered with merry companies of skaters.

A FROST.—A rare specimen of peacocking may be seen at the saloon of Mr. Lestelle, to which the lady artists of our village are invited to "take a look." It remains to be seen whether any of them has produced a better one

## OUR TABLE.

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL.—This publication, which at its first inception was thought to be of little account, that it was thrown in as a sort of make-weight by the managers of the Association, has grown to be one of the most prominent features of the institution, and rivals in attraction the premium engraving, of which all are sure, and the paintings and statuary, which of course you have but small chance of obtaining. This and the engraving are two choice birds in hand, well worth all the money paid; and though you may not be lucky enough to secure one of the more valuable ones "in the bush," you have still made a good investment. The December number has two large beautiful steel plates—Cleopatra Applying the Asp, and The First Pair of Boots—with numerous well executed wood engravings, including several fine portraits and some charming landscapes. A poem by T. B. Aldrich, beautifully illustrated, will also be found, with much other literary matter, of interest both to the artist and general reader.—Published by the Cosmopolitan Art Association, New York, at \$2 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Christmas for the Rich and Christmas for the Poor, in the December number, are two charming designs on steel, nicely chosen for the season, and suggesting a lesson we all should learn, a splendid fashion plate follows, with a slipper pattern in colors, and numerous smaller designs. Of the reading in this number we will only say that it is as good as usual, and invite attention to the Christmas stories, Jessie Moore's Journal, Margaret's Home, The Little Store, and the plum pudding and poetic receipts. This number closes the year, and now is the time to subscribe for the new volume; if a married man, you will in this way be sure to please your wife and keep her in good humor for a year to come; if a single one, and present it to the lady of your affections, and you will hardly fail to open a door in her heart by which you may enter. Try the experiment during the approaching holiday season.

The Lady's Book is published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.—The next little volume containing these celebrated papers has been issued, according to promise, by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, and can be found at Mathews'. Through the medium of the Atlantic Monthly, in whose pages they first appeared, these delightful papers have become so well known, that they now need praise from no one; and it is only necessary to say that in the present shape they are more convenient and accessible, and that the volume is enriched by spirited sketches of the prominent characters.—The Landlady's Daughter, The Young Fellow called John, Our Benjamin Franklin, The Port Cuck, &c.—by that eminent artist, Hopkin. The only one of these we are inclined to find fault with is that of the Schoolmistress, who at first a charming woman, has rather more endowment than we were looking for in the tall, sorrow-stricken young woman who first won the Autocrat's pity and then his love—but she may not have sat for her picture till after the walk down the Long Path had filled her heart with joy, and gladdened the inner, wrought out heart and freshness to the outer woman.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—The October number of this organ of the Free-Thinkers has the following table of contents: France under Louis Napoleon; Indian Heroes F. W. Newman and his Evangelical Critics; Travel during the last Half Century; The Calas Tragedy; Realism in Art, recent German Fiction; Outbreak of the English Revolution, 1642; Contemporary Literature.

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

GOOD NEWS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.—All younger dom will rejoice to learn that Mayhew & Baker, of Boston, have just published four numbers of 'Home Pastime, or the Child's Own Toy-Maker,' eight more of which will be issued in season for the holidays. They are designed on a stout card board, and can be cut out and put together by the parents or older brothers and sisters. They are entitled Charles's Wheelbarrow, Frank's Sledge, Miss Hattie's French Bedstead, and Tom Thumb's Carriage, and will prove a great fund of delight for the little ones. Knowing that there is a crop of boys and girls down east this year as well as in Massachusetts, the publishers have kindly furnished Mr. C. K. Mathews with a full supply for their accommodation, and these beautiful toys can now be found on his counter.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

## Chess as an Educator.

Messrs. Editors.—In the previous number of the Mail, the game of chess presented its claims to you and to your readers, as a trainer of the intellect. The suggestions were offered in much weakness but if the remarks, lead to an examination of the subject, my great object will be accomplished; for, chess is a game of Truth, and like it, challenges investigation. Permit me now to say a word on the MORALS of chess; or to offer it to you as a moral educator. Premising, however, that the last and present number, though in form addressed to gentlemen, include the ladies; for, I can see no reason why the intellect and morals of woman should not receive the same improvement, as those of man, from the same causes.

We must not forget that man was made out of clay—but woman out of man. Indeed, Nature had more experience when she made woman—

"Her pretence hand she tried on man  
And then she made the lesson O!"

So, ladies, you need not despise these numbers; you are not above improvement.

The first virtue and one without which no man can excel in chess, is PATIENCE. To lay plans, and to meet opposition, both in life and in chess, require patience. To wait your opponent's movement, delayed with or without cause, and always varying in a compound ratio of his quickness of perception and skill in execution, both in life and in chess, requires patience. To be defeated in your best laid plans, and to bear it with courtesy, both in life and in chess, require patience. I will only add on this head that a failure in this virtue is a forerunner of ill success, in the game of chess and of life.

The next virtue is PERSEVERANCE. Some great French writer defines genius—to be Perseverance. You may not agree that this is the whole of genius, but you will not deny that perseverance without genius (in the popular sense of this word) has effected more on this earth than genius without perseverance. This life lesson is taught at the chess-table; and I hazard nothing, perhaps, in saying, that more problems and games are solved and gained at chess by perseverance than are discovered and won by unaided genius. Still, in chess as in life, our lowest bow is made to the possessor of both. All politicians pay homage to Webster; all chess players to Morphy.

SELF-CONTROL is a necessary corollary from expelling chess. No man ever gained a victory over a problem or his competitor, at a trial of skill in chess, by getting into a passion. Nor only this. No man or woman can indulge

in vanity, loquacity, conceit, pride, or any inordinate self-esteem, while studying and playing this game, without the hazard—nay, the certainty—of losing with a wiser rival. Is it not just so in life? No man can indulge even his inventive powers, or a fine fancy, or poetic imagination, without first counting the cost. His flights of genius must be subdued by reason, or he may—he will receive at the board a check—perhaps a check-mate! Is it not so with our life duties? checked for our excesses by Nature, and if this is unheeded, checked by Death.

From chess we learn the importance of "sober second thoughts"—of sobriety—of GRAVITY. Chess has no humor or wit. It is as grave as Geometry; has no more wit than Euclid; no more humor than Calvin's Institutes. It is a grave study and teaches gravity. Is not this an important element in life-action? You may laugh (if impolite enough,) when you win, but not when you play. Even here, in victory self-control teaches a higher lesson than applying a trumpet to your mouth. So in life, we may learn by this game to bear prosperity without elation, and defeat without despair.

As I perceive the chess club of Waterville is composed of fine young men—some married, others bachelors—will the former permit me to suggest the importance of their QUEEN in both is necessary for success. What plan can you devise in chess, in which the Queen is not essential. Any? No, Unity then is here taught. The Queen, if true, may check you in life. Listen to her. It may prevent your being check-mated. In the game, what could you do, if your Queen were by some miracle to turn against you? So in life, let the wife sympathize with you in all things. In sickness, we all grant she is a "ministering angel." But woman's character is not changed by your illness; it is only developed. I do not see why we men wait for the spasms of neuralgia or rheumatism, to test a wife's sensibility. And to the single men, I with all modesty suggest: as you value a Queen in chess, so estimate your future Life Queen.

AN AMATEUR.

P. S.—Should any of the members of the Waterville Chess Club, from reading these numbers, derive either pleasure or profit, the writer begs them to put it down to the credit side of the running account between them and a stranger, who has received, for some weeks, so many distinguished marks of courtesy and kindness from their officers and members.

OYSTERS.—Freeman's oysters always follow closely upon the proclamation for Thanksgiving—perhaps to show that at least one public functionary can "shell out" something new and fresh. But unlike the proclamation, they are attacked by no party cliques; everybody is after them, and everybody is satisfied with their quality. Their regular appearance at the first snap of winter, sends a glow of consolation to chilling hearts throughout Down-Eastdom. The press everywhere chronicles it with the comets, State elections and sea-serpents; and Freeman is as well known in his bivalve diocese as is the Grand Turk in his harem. His annual advent took place yesterday, and cargo upon cargo will now be distributed from his vessels in Portland, in answer to orders addressed to "J. Freeman, 85 Federal street."

SAXE.—The papers report Mr. Saxe as reading his poem "Love," at the South-west, to full and admiring audiences. The Chicago papers speak of it in very high terms. He is to give it in several places in Maine, Portland and Bangor among others. He seems to be exchanging his "Love" for money in most loving, but unlovely manner.

SLAVEHOLDING CONVENTION IN MARYLAND.—The 'grand result,' of the Convention of slaveholders lately held in Maryland, was the passage of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That free negroism and slavery are incompatible with each other, and should not be permitted longer to exist in their present relations, side by side, within the limits of the State.

Resolved, That prompt and effective legislation upon this subject is absolutely essential to the interests of the people.

Resolved, That although this Convention has not sufficiently considered the premises to enable them to recommend any particular plan to the action of the next General Assembly, yet they are satisfied that public sentiment is prepared for and desires relief from the evils under which we are now laboring, which relief, in the opinion of this body, can only be obtained by a general expression of feeling from the people of the State in general convention assembled.

Resolved, That in view of the above, the members of this body, citizens of the Eastern Shore, a section which has suffered more than any other from the influences of abolitionism from abroad and free negroism in our midst, deem it right and proper to call upon the brethren throughout the State, not as slaveholders or as non-slaveholders, but as citizens of the Commonwealth, to meet them in general convention in the city of Baltimore, on the second Wednesday in June, 1859, for the purpose of devising some system, to be presented to the Legislature of Maryland at its next session, having for its object the better regulation of the negro population of this State; each county and the city of Baltimore having the same representation which they now have in the Legislature of the State.

Resolved, That a committee of seventeen persons be appointed by the chair to draft an address to the people, setting forth the grievances under which we labor in reference to the matter above indicated.

Another resolution declares that the alternative which must be presented to the free negroes is, to leave the State or be reduced to slavery.

IN JAIL ON SENTENCE.—The Farmington Chronicle says:

"There are now lodged in jail in this village on sentence, five criminals. The 'lion' of the drive is Rundlett, who will in a few days probably be removed to his more permanent home in Thomaston. The second in crime, if we are to judge by the length of sentence, is Albert W. Green of Phillips, convicted of larceny, and sentenced to six months in the county

jail. Then we have John H. Perkins of Chesterville, sentenced ninety days for assault and robbery, and George Bean of this village to sixty days for an assault and battery, and Hiram Jenkins of Chesterville, to thirty days, for house breaking and larceny. Quite a show!"

THANKSGIVING BALL.—The Bangor Eagles, we notice, will open the winter campaign with a grand Fireman's and Civic Ball at Norumbega Hall on Thanksgiving evening, Nov. 25th. The Band engaged for the occasion embodies some of the best musical talent in the country, and as whatever the Eagles undertake they do with all their might, the opening Ball will no doubt be a rouser.

TRADERS.—See advertisement of R. C. Jewett, Bangor, in another column. Molasses from the East, we suppose will be found just as sweet as though brought from the West.

"THE RAKE'S PROGRESS."—This great moral panoramic painting of M. Andrieu's, is now on exhibition at Bangor, and attracts crowds of delighted visitors. We are getting impatient for a sight of it.

The city marshal of Worcester, Mass., was accidentally shot, last week, and died on Saturday.

BALTIMORE MURDERERS.—The rowdies of Baltimore appear to be the worst in the country, and the scenes which have been enacted in that city for some years past, have been disgraceful beyond any of the outrages and murders which have occurred elsewhere in the civilized world. A writer attributes the evils which have occurred to the clubs, organized from the off-scouring of society, composed of the vermin, which, like rats, infest every civilized community. He adds:

"London and Paris abound with them, but judge and jury do their duty there, and the gibbet and the penitentiary keep down the nuisance. I assert that our cities are perilled and our country disgraced by these handfuls of common ruffians, whose lives are idle, whose habits are abandoned, and whose passions run riot. This is the vital point, and let me adduce testimony to corroborate it. Go with me to the Baltimore jail. In a room well lighted and aired, and surrounded by some dozen of the same stamp, we find Henry Gambrell, convicted last Friday of blowing out the brains of policeman Benton, just ninety weeks since. He is a stripling, scarce twenty-one years of age. Tall, slim, pale; his countenance denoting dissipation, and his air that of a loose, disorderly youth.

This boy, Gambrell, kept a drinking saloon, and has cohabited with a loose woman for the last two years. He is the son of a respectable tradesman, has brothers and sisters, one of great beauty, just married. One of his brothers is on bail for arson, as already mentioned. This juvenile assassin was called the pet of the 'Plug Uglies,' and his influence amongst them arose chiefly from his drinking saloon being a place of rendezvous. Going into another room of the jail, similar to the last, we find here Peter Corrie, who assisted Corrie in murdering policeman Rigdon last Friday, at seven o'clock in the evening. He is a short, thick-set man, twenty-five years of age, his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, displays a brawny arm covered with black hairy hair, his eyes, bright with a malignant expression; his high cheek bones and compressed lips, impart something sinister to his face; a butcher by trade, but for years past given up to drunken dissipation, and without occupation or means.

That fellow, sitting there on a low stool, in a blue check shirt, without vest or coat—light brown hair, gray eye, pale face, with an expression of brutal malignity revolting to contemplate—that wretch is Marion Croppie, twenty-three years old, a 'Rip Rap' by profession, and a drunken rowdy by calling, no trade or means of livelihood, but those of robbery and murder. He turned round as I spoke to him, but stuck to his stool. There was a cool indifference, a stolid nonchalance in his air that astonished and shocked the beholder.

I breathed freer when I got again in the fresh air and away from contact with these wretched criminals, who but yesterday were the revered leaders and foremost knights of the new orders of modern chivalry."

EFFECTS OF PHOSPHORUS ON MATCH-MAKERS.—From an address delivered by Dr. J. R. Wood, we learn some interesting facts regarding the effects of phosphorus on those who are employed in match-making. The New York Evening Post has the following statement in regard to this subject:

"It is not an uncommon thing for match-makers to lose the lower and sometimes upper jaw. It appears, however, that only those suffer who have decayed teeth. So important is this latter fact that the government of Erfurt has passed a decree, saying that no person having decayed teeth shall be allowed to work in lucifer match factories, and in a match factory in this city no workman is allowed to return to his work for a week after the extraction of a tooth. It had been thought that the fumes were unhealthy also to the general system, but it appears that the operators are as healthy as those of Lowell or Lawrence; the disease attacking only denuded bones. It more often affects the maxillary than other bones, and the inferior rather than the superior. The pain in the jaw, which ushers in the disease, is generally mistaken for toothache. The disease, in the first stage is chronic, and may be indefinitely prolonged with little inconvenience to the patient.

THE PHILANTHROPY OF COMMON LIFE.—One of the most practical and equally devoted and impressive religious writers of the present day says:

There are those who, with a kind of noble but mistaken aspiration, are asking for a life which shall, in its form and outward course, be more spiritual and divine than that which they are obliged to live. They think that if they could devote themselves entirely to what are called labors of philanthropy, that would be a glorious record—and so it would. But let me tell you that the million occasions will come, say, in the ordinary paths of life—in your houses and by your firesides—wherein you may act as nobly as if all your life long you visited beds of sickness and pain. Yes, I say, the million occasions will come, varying every hour, in which you may restrain your passions, subdue your hearts to gentleness and patience, resign your own interest for another's advantage, speak words of kindness and wisdom, raise the fallen and cheer the fainting and sick in spirit, and so often and assuage the weariness and bitterness of the mortal lot. Those indeed cannot be written on your tomb, for they are not one series of specific actions, like those of one who is technically denominated philanthropy. But in them, I say, you may dis-

charge offices not less glorious for yourselves than the self-denials of the far-famed sisters of charity, than the labors of Howard or Oberlin, or than the sufferings of the martyred host of God's elect. They shall not be written on your tombs, but they are written deep in the hearts of men—of friends, of children, of kindred all around; they are written in the secret book of the great account.

## The Next Congress.

The Congressional Elections have been held in all the free States except Minnesota, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. The number of members chosen is 152, of whom 111 are Republicans, 41 are democrats. The free States yet to elect have eleven members, and should their representation remain as it is, the Republicans will have 118 members, or exactly one-half of the House, without counting Oregon's member, should that community obtain its majority during the coming year. The democrats now have two members from Connecticut, and 2 from Minnesota. It is quite probable they will lose two of these, which would raise the Republican number to 120, and leave the democrats but 116 Representatives, even if they should succeed in defeating all the Southern Americans. It is possible, though not very probable, that the democrats may carry one of the New Hampshire districts, but on the other hand they may lose both Connecticut members and both Minnesota members. Should Connecticut and Minnesota go with the Republicans, and New Hampshire remain with them, they would have 122 Representatives, or eight majority over all others, as the House now stands in point of numbers.

Of the 41 democratic Representatives chosen, 17 are from five slave States, and ten more slave States have yet 73 members to elect.—Those ten States are now represented by 63 democrats and 10 Americans. If there should be no change in the delegations, the democratic strength in the next Congress would be 104, without allowing the democrats one member from any of the free States that are yet to elect their Representatives. But the democrats will carry half the districts now represented by Americans, and so have 109 members at least, and perhaps one or two more, without counting the Oregon member, who may be present or assigning to them a member from either of the four free States that hold congressional elections next year. It is possible, therefore, that the democrats may have 115 members, supposing them to lose no more in the free States, and to carry seven of the ten Southern districts yet in possession of the Americans. This would put the House in the following order:—Republicans, 118; democrats, 115; Americans, 3. The probability, however, is, that the Republicans will gain three more members, which would give them 141 in all; but there are several of those claimed for them upon whom it would not be very safe to bet large sums, and whose course will probably be determined by the example that Mr. Douglas shall set them about twelve months from this time. If, therefore, the democrats should carry every Southern district, as some people think they will be able to do, the House of Representatives may yet be theirs by a very small majority. It is the Douglas element that creates the difficulty, and which disturbs all calculations. It is our opinion that if Mr. Douglas should be reconciled to his venerable mother, the democratic party, and be received back to her bounteous bosom, with the understanding that he is to be the favorite on the Charleston course of '60, such men as Schwartz, of Pennsylvania, Adrian, of New Jersey, Davis, of Indiana, and one or two others, members-elect of the next Congress, would become as good democrats as ever they were, even in the estimation of the democratic party itself, which they say they never have left.

It is not very probable that the next Presidential election will devolve upon the House of Representatives; but such an occurrence is neither impossible, nor so improbable as it is generally supposed to be. It is for the interest of the democrats to have the battle decided in the House, should they not have capital chances of success for the people. They will be sure to have fourteen of the Southern States, and California and Illinois, and they may have fifteen Southern States; and the admission of Oregon would give them another State, while it would not increase the number necessary to a choice, which would be 17 with Oregon, or without her. The number of States is 32, and may be 33, and in either case 17 would form a majority. With all the Southern States, (and the gain of one member in Maryland would secure the State for them,) the democrats would be sure of success in the House without the election of another Northern member to that body of their faith. The opposition made to Mr. Douglas by the Republicans of Illinois prevented the gain of opposition members there, and has caused its delegation to retain its democratic character, which may prove an additional reason for making Mr. Douglas the next democratic candidate for the Presidency. One way or another, that Illinois quarrel may turn out to have been a very singular and important affair. Had it never happened, the democracy would have been without hope; as it is, perhaps they'll drive their foes to that region which, according to Dante, those who enter leave hope behind.

The next Senate will contain 35 democrats, 24 Republicans, 2 Americans, and Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Broderick. There will be one vacancy, it is supposed, in the Minnesota delegation, owing to the wrong-doing of the democratic Governor of that State, who will not call the Republican Legislature together to elect a Senator in the place of Gen. Shields, whose term of service will expire next March. The whole democratic majority in the Senate, conceding Mr. Douglas and Mr. Broderick to the democrats, counting Oregon in, and claiming the new member from Minnesota for the Republicans, will be 12—rather a large figure in a body that numbers only 68 members; but seven of the democratic members will be from States where their party has just met with great defeats. Were the States to be represented in the Senate according to their political positions, the democrats would have but 34 members, including two from Illinois and two from Oregon, while the opposition would have 32 members, all but two of whom would be Republicans.

The Senate, in the event of no choice being made by the Electoral Colleges of Vice-President, would elect that officer, voting by the head. This would secure the election of the democratic candidate, who would become President, if both Electors and Representatives should fail to choose that officer, a very remote contingency, we admit, but which has twice come near to happening in our history. A democratic Vice-President would be chosen by the Senatorial votes of States which would have cast their Electoral and popular votes for his opponent—thus does our system work; and so completely do its requirements command the respect and obedience of the people, that not a citizen of the States thus misrepresented in politics would so much as dream of resistance

to the constitutionally-expressed will of the constitutional organ of the government.

[Boston Traveller.]

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.—The case of the State against George Floyd for the homicide of Wilbert Sargent in Ellsworth, in July, was tried at the recent session of the Supreme Court at Ellsworth.

The testimony showed that Deft. was a young man of good character and peaceable disposition hitherto, that at the time he was attending a singing school with a young lady with whom he was returning home after school in the evening, she having hold of his arm till he was attacked by Sargent. Sargent was intoxicated at the time, and greatly incensed with the Deft. for a supposed insult offered him not long since and at the time threatened that he would kill the Deft. He followed along with, behind and forward of Floyd and the lady with whom he was going home. Augustus Sargent and one Stackpole were with the deceased, to assist him home, and see that there was no mischief done, and kept near him all the time, but did not see either strike, though Sargent lingered five days, when the wound, in connection with his intoxication, proved mortal. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty on the indictment for manslaughter.

CONDITION OF THE MORMONS.—The army correspondent of the New York Tribune, writes—

"On or about the 10th of June, Mr. I. Justice, one of our party, was despatched by Mr. Lander to Salt Lake City, for men to build the Pacific wagon road. On the 22d day of August, Mr. Justice reached camp with fifty men, principally Mormons, with one or two discharged soldiers or teamsters. Of the fifty men there are only five Americans. The Mormons are Swedes, Danes, and Englishmen, all the most illiterate men I ever met with.

"The majority of the Mormons we have with us are much embittered against Brigham Young, Esq. From them I learn that Young has eighty-six wives and forty-nine children. The ages of his wives vary from seventeen to thirty-five, or thereabouts. Some of his children are marriageable. His eldest daughter was married a short time since. His son, who is about nineteen, will not marry, but is a wild young fellow. One of our troops possesses no less than seven wives. I gazed upon the man, when he told me this, with a look of great surprise. He asked me the cause of it. I told him it really surprised me to see a man who had impudence enough to tell me he had what belonged to six other men. I told him I considered him a wholesale thief and a brute. He said it was 'kind a brutish,' and I would think it so for certain if I should ever visit his house.

"What is the reason?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," said he. "Woman is a strange critter; it makes no difference if you have a hundred on 'em, they all will want your affection at one time; but you see it can't be done."

He then informed me that his house contained but three rooms; one was his parlor, one a large bed-room, and the other his kitchen and eating room. The bedroom held three large beds, and the room was pretty well arranged. He said he was getting tired of their quarrels with one another. I told him such was my opinion also, as he appeared to be very thin and meagre.

"In our whole flock of Saints, on their arrival at this camp from Salt Lake, not one of them had a suit of clothing fit even for the poorest slave or beggar, and their appetites were surprisingly good. Col. Lander immediately clothed them, and gave them good provisions, and, after a short rest set them to work. They began lustily, and are now ranking among our best workmen. After the work's completed, or, rather, when winter sets in, the Mormons will return to their homes, and in the spring will meet us and finish the road completely. They depend more on Uncle Sam's gold than they do on Brigham Young's promises, be they Mormons or not."

NIAGARA FALLS.—THE ROAD TO TERMINATION POINT FALLEN AWAY.—We learn from the Hamilton Spectator that constant change, the law of nature, reigns too at Niagara. Every year the outlines of the wonderful cataract change, as the mighty waters slowly but surely wear away the channel, carrying in their embrace now a small fragment, then a huge mass of rock into the chasm below. Years ago, our readers will remember, Table Rock yielded to time, and at successive periods pieces of it have fallen. On a visit to the Falls a day or two since, we observed another change has occurred, melting, at least, a passing notice. Every sight-seer must recollect the path which, commencing below the brink of the ravine on the Canadian side, almost opposite Prospect House, leads beneath Table Rock, and which those who desire to go "under the sheet of falling water," used to traverse in their water-proof habiliments.

It led to Termination Point, as a spot a long distance under the cataract was called, and the adventurer who dared air and flood to reach it, blinded by spray, deafened by the terrible roar which the beating of a million tons of water on the rock below produces, used to receive a certificate of his having accomplished the feat. The oldskins are yet in requisition, the guides yet demand and receive their fee, and the certificates are yet given. Termination Point, too, may exist. But no more being can visit it. It never could be seen from the shore-end of the cavernous funnel—side rock, the other water, and the fact a composition of both—which led thither. And the path to it is now cut off. The road along which one used to grope has fallen away. One can still walk about a yard under the cataract, but there the hardest and most courageous must pause, no further foothold is afforded, and another step would lead one to an intimate acquaintance with all the mysteries, which were forbidden us to know. Ere long, doubtless, now that the stratum of soft rock below has fallen and been pounded to clay, the upper mass will fall. And then another step will have been taken in the slow and tedious career in which Niagara has eaten its own way back from Queenstown, and is, if geologists say true, to wear itself away somewhere above Old Pawa.

Great uneasiness exists in Ireland with regard to the formation of a new order of religious societies, which are spreading over the country, and whose members bind themselves not to divulge their plans to the priests. They are supposed to derive inspiration and money from America.

In connection with these societies the projected visit of the New York Irish Regiment to Ireland is looked upon with suspicion, and the Dublin Evening Mail calls the attention of the government to the subject.

The London News says there has been no further indications of improvement in the Atlantic Cable since the receipt of a few intelligible signals already noticed. Shares are quoted at \$30 a 2360.

This is the season of the year to use Winslow's Soothing Syrup.







