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Daniel Ripley Wing

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OUR TABLE.

other debasing and corrupting influences which have been brought to bear upon weak, venal, or needy members of Congress. I was deeply impressed by the silent but eloquent testimony of this fact, when the drawers of Pendleton's desk were opened yesterday, and numerous bills relating to schemes before Congress, were exposed to public view. The misery and wretchedness and degradation, inflicted upon men and families by these bills are appalling, and even the imperfect disclosures which have reached me accidentally, exhibited a state of morals in Congress which would astonish the country if exposed. Some of these gamblers, and others who are concerned as capitalists with them, are openly employed as lobby agents, from their supposed ability to control votes through obligations incurred by members, and the fact is one of common town talk, that their tables are the daily resort of a large class of such voters, in preference to the hotels. Strange as it may seem, the influence has so ramified that it was feared, at one time, in the early stages of the Kansas struggle, last session, when the house was nearly equally divided, that the scale would be turned by a turn of the screw upon particular members who were known to be in the power of the gamblers. It may well be asked where are we drifting, when such things can be, and go unrebuked.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 25, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 110 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.
S. R. NILES (successor to V. B. Palmer) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by ad.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be directed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

FARMER'S CLUBS.—It is now time to commence the winter meetings, and we believe that most of those who joined in these social "good times" last year are glad the season has come when they are to be resumed. We have heard many inquiries from Winslow and Waterville, as to the time of calling the club meetings; and we heard that the Norridgewock club, which is one of the most enterprising in this section, was to commence some weeks ago. The Waterville Club will hold its first meeting on Friday evening of next week, Dec. 3d, at Town Hall, so we are requested by the President to announce. Winslow will doubtless commence about the same time; and those who feel interested in having an agreeable and successful course of winter meetings, should take pains to be present on the first evening, at which time arrangements are to be made upon which the interest of succeeding meetings will very much depend.

There ought to be several more clubs in this section. Benton and Clinton should have them; Fairfield should have two or three, in different sections of the town; there should be one at W. Waterville; and in short, no town or locality, where a dozen farmers live within convenient visiting distance from each other, should be without one. They are not only profitable in disseminating facts and information in regard to farming, but their social character is exceedingly agreeable and useful in promoting acquaintance and kindness among neighbors. They bring to memory our fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers—and the memory of our ancestors is always profitable, either by way of warning or example! A mutual interest in the same object promotes sympathy; and sympathy develops kindness and love, which are the corner stones of christianity. The great deficiency of New England character is said to be in the social department. It grows out of sheer selfishness—they can't afford even to love one another without pay! They see good in receiving, but never in giving. In these clubs we cast our little stock of information into a common fund, and before we are aware, we find ourselves general partners in what is actual property; and as each one can take out more than he puts in, the Yankee habit is hit upon the head! This is an enterprise that "pays," and the big Yankee heart is rendered soft and mealy. The philosophy is more true than honorable, but who will say it is not better than none? We go in for the entire winter course of club meetings, and advise every Yankee farmer to take hold and help make them a "paying concern."

WINTER.—We are now surrounded with all the characteristics of a Down East winter, except severe cold. Up to Monday evening the weather for some days had been very pleasant, though not warm enough to thaw out the ground, or to permit the gathering of cabbages, celery and such vegetables as had been "caught out." On Tuesday morning it commenced snowing, and after twenty-four hours the result was good six inches of snow. So we now have good sleighing with a general disposition in young and old, for work or play, to improve it. It is too moist to drift much; and in addition to meeting our prediction of sleighing for Thanksgiving, the promise now is for a good time to devote to purposes of industry and profit.

NEW DIVISION.—A Division of the Sons of Temperance, was organized at Norridgewock on Monday evening, with the following list of officers:
M. Oram, W. P.; S. D. Lindsay, W. A.; Chas. Page, R. S.; J. N. Sheaf, A. R. S.; W. H. H. Withersell, F. S.; H. K. Sawyer, T. S. B. Withersell, C.; E. H. Webb, A. C.; J. Shorey, I. S.; A. Page, O. S.; C. B. Vaughan, Chaplain; M. P. Hale, P. W. P.

WHO WANTS A SLIPPER?—We have a light, second hand sleigh, which we will sell, cheap for cash, or we will exchange it on fair terms for wood or country produce.

The Atlantic Bank, Portland, is now redeeming its bills.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—With the December issue of this excellent magazine, which has just come to hand, the second volume of seven numbers is completed. Its contents are as follows: The Ideal Tendency, The Hour before Dawn, The Sister Thomas Jefferson, A Bundle of Irish Pennants, The Jolly Mariner, Suggestions, Bulls and Bears, Spirits in Prison, Punch, The Subjective of it, All's Well, The Birds of the Pasture and Forest, The Minister's Wooing, The Autocrat gives a Breakfast to the Public, Literary Notices.

We have only had time to cut the leaves, glance hastily through its pages, and read hurriedly the Autocrat, and an article, aimed at Spiritualism, but this hasty examination shows us that a rich treat is in store for us when we have leisure for it. With the next number a new volume will commence, in which the Professor is to take the place of the Autocrat. He comes highly recommended for the place, (to adopt the Autocrat's own style, when, as reporter, he sits poked "in at the gentlemen of the newspaper press," and, following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, will no doubt win golden opinions from the highly intelligent, we might add, intellectual, educated, refined, and cultured, but we don't wish to exhaust the catalogue of circle of readers, to whom the Atlantic goes every month, greeting.

The "Atlantic Monthly" is published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year; five copies for \$10. Call at Matthews', buy the December number and order the work for the coming year.

LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE.—This monthly, notwithstanding the hard times closes the year in very prosperous circumstances; and now the publisher, full of hope for the future, announces his arrangements for the new year. Among other leading attractions a new novel by Miss Townsend is promised, entitled "Wald and Sea," which is said to be a charming story, and one, that will furnish a rich treat to the readers of this magazine. Increased care will be given to all the departments of this work, so as to make them as highly instructive and useful as possible to all classes of readers. As heretofore, there will be a Mother's Department, a Boy's and Girl's Treasury, a Housekeeper's Department, a Health Department, and a Fashion Department. Each will contain matters specially appropriate and valuable to mothers and housekeepers; and it will be found in all respects a home magazine. The low price of this monthly brings it within the reach of every household. Only \$2 a year, or two copies for \$3; and in clubs of four, at \$1.25 per annum. Address T. S. Arthur & Co., 323 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—The Oct. number of this Quarterly has the following table of contents:—Memoirs of the Court of England during the Regency, 1811—1820; Report of the Trial of Madame St. Edinburg, June, 1857; History of Ancient Pottery; M. Galtier's Historical Memoirs: Contributions to the Philosophy of Vision: The Earls of Kilmore and their Ancestors: Studies of Homer and the Homeric Age; Guy Livingston or Thorough; The London Cotton Plant; The Edinburgh Review and Mr. Froude's History.

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 \$2 per annum; any two Reviews \$3; 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 discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be 24 cents a year for Blackwood; and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

A GEM.—Beyond the local interest which attaches to the following little poem, from the fact that the subject of it dwelt among us while in the flesh, it possesses poetic merit that will commend it to readers of good taste, who we know will thank us for copying it from the Ladies' Repository.

A MEMORY.

BY REV. H. C. LEONARD.

I see her now—in form and face,
The harder life of life to bear,
But fine in mould and mildly fit,
From radiance of her smile fair.

We deemed her frail—but not in soul;
In strength of grace and truth she walked;
And never gloved in star or coal,
Such light as charmed us while she talked.

A child of song, such notes she wove,
Her fingers touching magic keys,
It seemed a hymn when she strove,
Her web, rich figured lands and seas.

Her partings were of highest art;
Great Haydn's splendid primal scene,
Great Handel's awful grander part,
Mozart's "Dead March of Saul" between.

Beethoven's broad and sombre views,
From robust with shapes of every name,
So rich with rarest, strange hues;
So worthy of eternal fame.

And so her copies were sublime,
With figures grand, and colors deep;
They faded not for the lapse of time;
I know them still, though she doth sleep.

A GOOD MOVE.—Three removes, it is often said, are equal to a fire; but this, we apprehend, depends on circumstances. By the removal of the Scribner stable from the corner of Union and College sts., to make room for the Deacon Talbot House, now standing on Main st.; and by the removal of this last to make way for a large and handsome mansion, to be erected the coming season by Gen. Smith of Anson, under the superintendence of our neighbor, Mr. J. P. Blunt (who in the Plaisant and Appleton houses has shown himself an artist of great ability and good taste) two great improvements in these two localities will unquestionably be wrought. Gen. S. is a native of Waterville, and the morning of his life was spent here. Now that the sun has passed the meridian and the shadows begin to lengthen, he doubtless finds it pleasant to return to his old home from which he wandered in his youth.

We are glad to chronicle these evidences of life in our midst, and only wish that we could, with the large houses, see a score of smaller ones built every year, to accommodate a gradually increasing population, profitably employed in connection with an improvement of our great water power.

"MY AFFINITY."—If we have, among our readers any individuals tainted with the mischievous "free-love" notions, now so rife in the land, we advise them to read carefully the story with the above title, commenced on our first page this week. Having no room to spare, we have taken the liberty to omit a few of the opening paragraphs—not absolutely necessary for the development of the writer's main idea—and this gives the story an abrupt beginning, which it does not have in the magazine from which we copy.

PORTLAND SAVINGS BANK.—An exhibit of the affairs of this institution appears in our advertising column this week. The Portland papers speak in the highest terms of the integrity and ability of its management, and the number of depositors, and the large amount deposited, show that it possesses the confidence of the community. We ought to have such an institution in our town, but as we have not, it is well we have a reliable and safe one so near.

CHEMICAL FIRE-EXTINGUISHERS.—Where savings are scarce, or it is an object to avoid a fire, this article, manufactured by Bishop & Prescott, Newport, will be found a great convenience, in kindling fires at any time—summer or winter. For forty cents, says the accompanying circular, you can kindle 144 fires, which shows that the article is not dear. In what we say we are completely disinterested, for although Mr. Dyer, who has them for sale, left two packages with us, we told him we would burn them right up, and we shall.

GRAND DIVISION, SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—By the Quarterly Journal just published, we learn that this Order is in a very flourishing condition. Its numbers 1533 contributing members. Receipts for the quarter \$584.03. Amount on hand, \$876.93. Initiations last quarter 219.

Two deaths occurred in Portland last week, occasioned by the use of fluid lamps; in one instance the fluid took fire while a lamp was being filled near a light, and in the other the lamp was accidentally broken.

The "Stanley House," in Augusta, is at present unoccupied in consequence of some misunderstanding between the owners and the lessee. [Since satisfactorily arranged.]

LET THE GUILTY TREMBLE!—The Board of Railroad Commissioners are to meet at Kendall's Mills, on the 7th of December next, to settle the difficulties existing between the Somerset and Penobscot Roads.

BOR'S, LOOK OUT!—Now is the time for skating accidents, and the boys must be careful. We notice that a little son of A. W. Wildes, Esq., of Skowhegan, had a very narrow escape from drowning on Friday last.

A MEXICAN CITY.—A passenger by the overland Pacific mail gives his impressions of the Mexican city Messilla in New Mexico, as follows:

We left Franklin at 5.49 A. M., on Thursday, the 30th, for Messilla, our route leading through the valley of the Rio Grande and the Messilla, which are always known as fertile. Six miles further on we came to Messilla—but not the Messilla which I pictured in my imagination as the thrifty town of a fertile valley. True, the fields were growing with the weight of heavy crops, the dikes or irrigating canals were abundant, and the soil had every appearance of being capable of producing anything that the wants of man might desire or his labors bring forth; but the people, mostly Mexicans, were squalid and dirty—the houses were built of adobe and sticks, looking more like miserable dog kennels than human habitations, on the outskirts of the city. The people seemed to luxuriate in the filth, and basked in the sun with all the complacency of overfed animals. How different, I thought, would be this valley were it peopled by a few of our steady eastern farmers; I could not but conclude that Providence knew just the right place to put the lazy men to keep them lazy and the industrious ones, to keep them industrious. Here is a vast valley, whose soil will yield, but for the planting, two crops a year; and yet it does not seem to bring forth a tithe of its productiveness, because its people are lazy and indolent, and prefer to live in mud houses and bask in the sunshine when, by a little labor, they might live in palaces with eastern magnificence. In Messilla city the houses are little better than those on the outskirts. There are about 3000 inhabitants, and I never saw such a miserable set of people in my life. A few speculating Yankees live here, and are making fortunes rapidly, by their enterprise in keeping stores. They get what prices they please for what goods they please. Lumber is \$200 per thousand feet; and everything else in proportion, except grain and hay, which are comparatively cheap. But the people are obnoxious to the view and I was as glad to get out of Messilla as I had been anxious to get into it.

THE EXTENSION OF SLAVERY.—Much attention has been attracted to a late speech of Senator Hammond of South Carolina, at Barnwell Court House, in that State. He was formerly a disunionist; he now retracts that opinion; he believes that the balance of power in the Senate in favor of slavery is irretrievably gone; he does not believe in the extension of slavery in Mexico and Central America, but is of opinion that the South can still control the Government by holding the balance of power between the contending factions of the North. In regard to the re-opening of the Slave trade he says:

"We have it proposed to reopen the African slave trade, and bring in hordes of slaves from that prolific region to restore the balance. I once entertained that idea myself, but on further investigation I abandoned it. I will not now go into the discussion of it, further than to say that the South is itself divided on that policy, and from appearances, opposed to it by a vast majority, while the North is unanimously against it. It would be impossible to get Congress to reopen the trade. If it could be done, then it would be unnecessary, for that result could only be brought about by such an entire abandonment by the North and the whole world of all opposition to our slave system, that we might safely cease to erect any defenses for it. But if we could introduce slaves, where could we find suitable territory for new slave States? The Indian Reserve, west of Arkansas, might make one. But we have solemnly guaranteed that to the remnants of the red race. Everywhere else, I believe, the borders of State have reached the great desert which separates the Atlantic from the Pacific States of this confederacy. Nowhere is African slavery likely to flourish in the little oasis of that Sahara of America. It is much more likely, I think, to get the Pacific slope, and to the north in the great valley, than anywhere else outside of its present limit."

MURDER WILL OUT.—A few years since a citizen of Alabama, whose name is suppressed by the papers, committed a cruel murder, but on trial for the crime he escaped, owing to some line being drawn in the evidence. Public opinion was against him, and he soon after left, and took up his residence in Atlanta, Georgia. It is recently related of him, that after having experienced the most terrible agony for many months, he procured a barrel of whiskey, and excluded himself from the society of man, where, solitary and alone, he plunged into the deepest and most thorough state of intoxication, drinking, it is said, a quart of the "fire water" at one draught. In this gloomy and miserable condition he lingered through the lapse of two or three months, and finally did, in the most intense mental agony, calling

upon the bystanders to take away from him beside the victim who had so long haunted his memory and agonized him in his dreams.

NEW AND FATAL EPIDEMIC AT ALBANY.—A malady, that has recently appeared in Albany, N. Y., is creating consternation in every grade of society. The Troy Times describes the symptoms as at first resembling ordinary influenza, and finally becoming almost identical with those of "black-tongue." Suppuration takes place, and the gatherings become very extensive before the fatal result supervenes. Children, between seven and fifteen years old, are most commonly attacked, but adults also have suffered. Some physicians say that the disease is a type of the malignant erysipelas which prevailed extensively in Western New York some years ago.

The Albany Express says: "The malady now prevailing as an epidemic in Albany, has created great consternation in every grade of society, but not without sufficient reason, when we consider the many victims it has claimed. Family after family have been called upon to relinquish one or more of their most sacred ties; and in some instances every tie has been severed by its fatal ravages. Children have not alone been the unhappy victims, for in numerous instances adults have shared a like fate."

HISTORICAL TIT-BITS.—It has generally been supposed that the first settlement in New England was at Plymouth, in 1620. This is erroneous. Some writers designate Phippsburg, Me., as the first place settled. He says:

"A settlement was made in this town by Sir Geo. Popham and one hundred colonists came from England in August, 1607—more than thirteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. At the commencement of the settlement, a constitution was adopted, a Governor chosen, and a sermon preached by Rev. Robert Seymour. The next day a fortification was commenced, and in process of time twelve guns were mounted, and fifty houses including a church, were erected within the same. The remains of this fortification are still visible, and are called Popham's Fort."

All this is very true, but there had been a settlement in Maine prior even to 1607. In June 1603, an expedition arrived in Penobscot Bay, consisting of two vessels, which were fitted out in Bristol, England; Martin Pring was the commander. This expedition arrived among the islands which stud the Bay, and gave the name of Fox Islands to the group now bearing that name. They made no settlement however. In 1605, Capt. Geo. Weymouth, having in view the discovery of Virginia, fell in with a group of islands near the entrance to Penobscot River, to one of which he gave the name of St. George, probably, it has been stated, in compliment at once to himself and to his patron saint.

St. George's River derived its name from this island, which lies near its mouth, although the Indians had long before christened the river "Joige," which signifies "delightous." In like manner "Georgekeag" was the name by which they designated what is now "Pleasant Point." "Keag" signifies a point of land; thus, Kendeuskeag, "Eel Point." The word Penamquit most originally, we think, have been spelt "Pemeakeag," as the Indians always styled the place "Long Point."

It was in 1605 a settlement was made on this river, which was called "Georges," a corruption of the original name of the river. The name of the settlement was afterwards changed to Warren, the name it now bears, in compliment to Dr. Joseph Warren, who gallantly fell at Bunker Hill. The settlers were principally Germans, although some of them were Irish and Scotch. The old German names plentifully abound among the inhabitants of Warren at the present day. It would seem, therefore, that the town of Warren, Me., is some fifteen years the senior of Plymouth Mass., although the general impression is that Plymouth is entitled to the palm of antiquity.

SHOOTING AFFAIR IN FRANKFORT.—On the night of the 8th inst., a man belonging on board the brig Ann Tyler, then lying at this port, was shot in the shoulder by William Smith, in the lower part of the town. The circumstances are these:—A correspondent of the Times says the man went to Smith's house by invitation of Mrs. Smith, and to get change for a dollar which he had given Mrs. S. for a pair of stockings. While there he drank quite freely, and Mr. Smith, taking offence at something, put him out of the house. After being put out, he went back after his change, and upon entering the door received the contents of a gun fired by Smith, only three feet from him in his shoulder, making a wound, two inches long and reaching to the bone, which was dressed by Dr. Thayer. His recovery is represented as being doubtful.

DEATH OF MADAME IDA PEREYER.—The late foreign agent brings us the intelligence of the death of this celebrated lady. She was about sixty years of age, and the principal portion of her life was spent in Vienna, where after attending to tranquil domestic duties for a sufficiently lengthy period, and having comfortably settled her two sons, she conceived the idea of foreign travel. In 1842 she traversed Turkey, Palestine, Egypt, and published the result of her observations in two small volumes. From that time to her death, or at least while strength and health lasted, she prosecuted the darling purpose of her heart. Madame Pereyer made the circuit of the globe once, and nearly accomplished a second time. Her various publications, narrating the personal adventures she encountered, will compare in interest with any works of the kind.

THE CANADIAN RECIPROCITY TREATY.—The Montreal Pilot, in an article on "Our slippery friends over the way," meaning thereby the people of this country, gives voice to its fears that the success of the Republican party, which it elegantly denominates as "black Republican," portends a return to a vigorous system of protectionism for the supposed interest of the manufacturing classes. If this party once gets the ascendancy in the nation, says the Pilot, they shall find it convenient to get up, or at least to sanction, an outcry against maintaining the existing reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada, a dislike to which is no new feeling amongst the American people, especially those nearest to the frontier.

But the Pilot goes further, and charges that late decisions of the Democratic Administration at Washington, in regard to the admission of American grain ground in Canada, is opposed not only to the spirit but the letter of the treaty. The Ottawa Citizen adds, that information from Washington indicates a great pressure upon the Administration to abandon the reciprocity treaty, in consequence of the lately adopted Canadian tariff.

tried them as a matter of curiosity, at first, and found them very delicious when eaten with butter, salt and pepper. Thousands buy and eat them thus, and not unfrequently make up an entire meal in this way. This is not new to us. In volume XII, page 117, we recommended baking bread, and we can assure all who will adopt this mode that they will find it much superior to boiling, as baking renders them much more tender, sweet and juicy.

[American Agriculturist.]

[From the Bangor Times.]

ANDRIEU'S GREAT MORAL AND ARTISTIC WORK.—Andrieu, the gentlemanly, kindly and vivacious Andrieu, of infinite jest and merry humor, and as full of genius, is here again and right glad are we to welcome him. A year since he exhibited here his magnificent views of the West, which had won for him high reputation. He then informed us of his conception of depicting on canvas the contrasts of virtue and vice, in the downward career and ruin of intemperance, and the triumphs of its opposite. That conception is now realized, and after a brief tour in a few towns in our own State and in the Provinces, where it has been received with marked approbation, was exhibited for the first time in this city last evening to a very respectable audience at the City Hall, from whom each scene and panoramic section drew forth at their conclusion spontaneous and hearty manifestations of admiration.

As a work of panoramic and dramatic art, Andrieu may be proud of it. Its grouping, vivid representations, of life, coloring, perspective and management of light and shade are exceedingly fine, and a number of pictures are worthy to be put upon canvas in oil.

The opening scene is a happy representation of the "Happy Family," surrounded with all the appliances of wealth. The youthful hero of the sad portion of the drama is here introduced, with a face as sweet as if an angel filled it, a soft blue eye, and curls that woo the sunshine and the breeze to play with them.

The second scene of the "Miserable Family," relieves the embryo hero of the triumphs of virtue from the degradation and misery of its surroundings. It is a sad picture—and the sadder that it is not a fancy sketch, but the terrible presentment of many a novel that the drunkard dignifies with the name of home. The drunkard father, the wreck of a better manhood, bloated, bleared, and staggered, occupies the centre and is filling the poisoned cup in which his soul is held spell-bound. The wife and mother sit hovering over the expired members on the cheerless hearthstone, breathing upon the hands of her freezing child. On the mantle appear broken crockery and a square, lake looking bottle, labelled London Cordial Gin, of the recent devices of the devil. The icicles creep in over the top of the door, and crouching with fear and cold at a frosted window in the back of the room is the drunkard's son—a newboy, whose earnings bring all the support this family has, and who vows in his inmost soul, in this cold atmosphere of misery, that he never will taste or touch the accursed cup.

From this point these youthful heroes of equal age, but dissimilar circumstances, by opposite paths reach widely different goals. The father of the newboy soon disappears from the stage into a drunkard's grave. His son, with his mother and sisters, removes to the West and begins his loghouse and farm. The other, in due time goes to college, takes his first drink, and enters upon fast life. The cards which he played with his sister in the "Happy Family" are now exchanged for those of the gaming table, and in his study of law, Coniac, Champagne and Havana are his most familiar text-books. He marries and is surrounded with the luxuries furnished from his merchant father's enterprise. His career after a few short years is rapidly downward. Late hours, the drinking saloon, and early morning lights his staggering steps to his home, where the pale watcher—his neglected wife—awaits his coming. A fearful vision, rendered with vivid dramatic effect, haunts her drowsy senses. Bankruptcy follows, the house and furniture are sold, and a refuge sought in the West, not to reform but to hide from the gaze of former friends.

Here the two heroes meet again. The one, a drunkard at the corner grocery—the other, risen to honor and distinction, elected governor of the new State—borne in broughette and six to the inauguration at the Capitol.

The Panorama opened with the "Happy Family." It closes with the delirium tremens deathbed of the favorite boy and fond hope of that bleared circle. Wife and children are near him. The drama of his career moves before his eyes—the happy group of his childhood, the first drink, then the fit comes on and apertures and snakes appear. The angel of Temperance flits by and he would follow; but it is too late! Lurid flames, the face simile of an internal fire, flash and glare upon his vision, and death closes the scene.

What we have faintly outlined in words is more fully given in the paintings, with a spirited filling up of scenery, exhibiting how liquor is manufactured in some large establishments, the fashionable drinking saloon, and street scenes by gas light. The dramatic effect in the Watcher's vision and the closing scene, is ingeniously managed.

The work tells its own story, and we hope will be visited by thousands, not only for the good moral effect, but for the sake of the artist, whose patient labors, modest merit, and severe struggles in the pursuit of his profession are eminently worthy of reward.

Mons. Andrieu in the course of the explanation of the work, introduced several very fine songs. Last evening he rendered "Out in the Cold" with great pathos and sung the Marseillaise. Mrs. Andrieu will explain this evening and Mons. Andrieu will introduce more songs. Last evening the following spontaneous testimonial was handed the artist.

M. ANDRIEU.—Dear Sir, Having witnessed an exhibition of the "Black Progress," we cannot leave the house, without expressing to you our high appreciation of it as a work of art; and we could wish the citizens of Bangor, especially the younger portion, might have the pleasure of seeing it. It will repay the visitor.

trepot of trade with China and Australia, and available as a coaling station, and for the supply and refitting of whaling ships in the Pacific water."

This scheme, the Journal remarks in another place, is a novel one, and may appear somewhat romantic in some of its aspects; but we are assured that it is the result of much careful personal observation at the point of settlement, and that it has been carefully matured. Our present relations with China, which obtain from the Malay and Papuan Islands the greater portion of the raw staples employed in her arts and manufactures, render the establishment of a free entrepot in the Eastern portion of the Malay Archipelago, under American auspices, and to become in a measure an American Singapore, an event of signal importance to our Eastern and Pacific commerce. It is understood that the government at Washington will protect the enterprise by the establishment of a diplomatic or consular agency.

ROBBED ON HIS WAY TO HAMMONTON.—Mr. Seth Gitchel of this village, while on his way to Hammon N. J., and while crossing from New York on the Jersey City Ferry, on Tuesday last, was robbed of \$40, which was taken from a pocket in his shirt. The rogue with some sharp instrument cut through an overcoat, a coat and vest, and thus obtained the money. Mr. Gitchel, on discovering his loss, immediately started for home. Mr. G. is a very industrious and worthy citizen, and seems to feel his loss keenly. He receives the sympathies of all who know him.

ONE OF THE MISSING MEN.—EXTRAORDINARY REAPPEARANCE.—Mr. Charles Hayter, of No. 512 Pearl street, whose disappearance on the 9th inst. has been so freely advertised, reappeared at his residence No. 20 Beach-place, Brooklyn, on the day before yesterday. Mr. Hayter was in a most distressing condition, when he stopped at his own door. His tongue protruded from his mouth, his face was swollen, his eyes were bloodshot, and his whole appearance indicated that he had been poisoned in some mysterious manner. This, at least, is the theory of the physician, who does not entertain a doubt that Mr. Hayter is laboring under the influence of some subtle poison. Mr. Hayter was utterly incapable of giving any account of himself, and is now in a condition of no little danger.—[N. Y. Times.]

The Rockland Free Press says: "We are pained to learn that Samuel Sumner, Esq., of Appleton, left home on Tuesday evening, the 9th instant, and that the most diligent search has discovered no trace of him up to this date (the 17th)." He was an old man, nearly 80 years of age, and for several years past his mental faculties have been clouded. With strange hallucinations, when at home, where he has lived for more than fifty years, probably, and reared a large family, he was often impressed with a belief that he was away from home, and he could not be convinced to the contrary.

The London Times of the 6th publishes in review the position which the maritime nations hold toward each other in the business of suppressing the slave trade. "These powers," it adds, "have placed the slave trade in the category of crimes. They have made it in public what it is in fact—murder upon the high seas. They have made it piracy. Its legislation is gone. It is a crime in the eyes of all civilization. There is no other law that can reconcile public law with universal international practice. If this be so, then the recent proceedings in France have been an aggression upon the rights of all maritime nations; and as France has commissioned slavers today, so she may give letters of marque to pirates tomorrow. This is tolerably strong language on the part of the leading opposition journal; and it is shared by the general public.

PRESENTATION.—In accordance with a vote passed by the Editorial Corps on their way up to Astorstock, the Secretary of the organization has purchased and forwarded to Captain Smith an ebony, gold-headed cane with the following inscription, engraved thereon by Daniel Morris, of the firm of Tompkins & Morris, of Bangor:—"Presented to Captain Joseph L. Smith, of the steamer W. N. Ray, by the members of the Editorial Expedition to the Astorstock, October, 1858."

MANNERS.—Young folks should be mannerly. But how to be is the question. Many a good boy and girl feel that they cannot be to have to suit themselves in the presence of company. They are awkward, clownish, rough. They feel timid, bashful and self-distrustful the moment they are addressed by a stranger, or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling and acquire graceful and easy manners; that is, to do the best they can all the time, at home as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned so much as acquired by habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly and womanly at home, and then it will become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere. A coarse, rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those that are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things.—[Youth's Friend.]

A HUSBAND REWARDED.—In France the Society for the Protection of Animals does not enjoy that popular respect which it deserves, the small wits of the capital indulging in endless jokes at its expense. The last joke in this effect:

A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the President of the Society and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founded his claim.

"I saved the life of a wolf," replies the countryman; "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon, and he swings his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfort of the President.

"But where was the wolf?" inquires the latter. "What has he done to you?"

"He had just devoured my wife," was his reply.

"The President reflects an instant, and then says, 'My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been suitably rewarded.'"

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been the means of restoring the drooping spirits of many mothers.

Oxygenated Bitters.—This remedy for Dyspepsia, which astonishes all who have used it, by its instantaneous and almost miraculous effect, has obtained a distinction and popularity beyond any remedy we have ever known.

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