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The Lark and the Caterpillar.

A LESSON OF FAITH.

If a man dies, shall he live again? All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.—JOB, XIV, 14.

"Let me hire you as a nurse for my poor children," said a butterfly to a quiet caterpillar, who was strolling along a cabbage leaf in her old lumbering way. "See those little eggs, contending the butterfly; I don't know how long it will be before they come to life, and I feel very sick and poorly, and if I should die, who will take care of my little baby butterflies when I am gone? Will you, kind, mild, green caterpillar? But you must mind what you give them to eat, caterpillar! they cannot of course, live on your rough food. You must give them early dew, and honey from the flowers; and you must let them fly out only a little way at first, for of course one can't expect them to use their wings properly at once. Dear me! it is a sad pity you cannot fly yourself. But I have no time to look for another nurse now, so you will do your best, I hope. Dear! Dear! I cannot think what made me lay my eggs on a cabbage leaf! What a place for young butterflies to be born upon! Still you will be kind, will you not, to the poor little ones? Here, take this gold dust from my wings as a reward. Oh, how dizzy I am! Caterpillar! you will remember about the food!"

And with these words the butterfly closed her eyes and died; and the green caterpillar, who had not the opportunity of even saying yes or no to the request, was left standing alone by the side of the butterfly's eggs.

"A pretty nurse she has chosen, indeed, poor lady!" exclaimed she, "and a pretty business I have in hand! Why, her senses must have left her, or she never would have asked a poor crawling thing like me to bring up her dainty little ones. Much they'll mind me, when they feel gay wings on their backs, and they can fly away out of my sight whenever they choose! Ah! how silly some poor people are, in spite of their painted clothes and the gold dust on their wings!"

However, the poor butterfly was dead, and there lay the eggs on the cabbage leaf, and the green caterpillar had a kind heart, and so she resolved to do her best. But she got no sleep that night, she was so very anxious. She made her back quite ache with walking all that night long round her young charges, for fear any harm should happen to them; and in the morning says she to herself, "Two heads are better than one. I will consult some wise animal upon the matter, and get advice. How should a poor crawling creature like me know what to do without asking my betters?"

But still there was a difficulty. Whom should the caterpillar consult? There was the shaggy dog who sometimes came into the garden. But he was so rough! he would most likely crush all the eggs off the cabbage leaf with one brush of his tail; if she called him near to talk to her, and then she would never forgive herself. There was the tom cat, to be sure, who would sit at the foot of the apple tree, bask himself, and warming his fur in the sunshine; but he was so selfish and indifferent! there was no hope of his giving himself the trouble to think about the butterfly's eggs.

"I wonder which is the wisest of all the animals I know," sighed the caterpillar in great distress; and then she thought, and thought, till at last she thought of the lark, and she fancied that because he went up so high, and no body knew where he went to, he must be very clever and know a great deal, for to go up very high (which she could never do) was the caterpillar's idea of perfect glory.

Now in the neighboring cornfield there lived a lark, and the caterpillar sent a message to him to beg him to come and talk to her; and when he came she told him all her difficulties, and asked him what she was to do to feed and rear the little creatures so different from herself. "Perhaps you will be able to inquire and hear something about it next time you go up high," observed the caterpillar timidly.

The lark said, "Perhaps he should." But he did not satisfy her curiosity any further. Soon afterwards, however, he went singing upwards into the bright blue sky. By degrees his voice died away in the distance, till the green caterpillar could not bear a sound. It is nothing to say she could not see him, for poor thing! she never could see far at any time, and had a difficulty in looking upwards at all, even when she reared herself up most carefully, which she did now; but it was of no use, so she dropt upon her legs again, and resumed her walk round the butterfly's eggs, mumbling a bit of cabbage leaf now and then as she moved along.

"What a time the lark has been gone!" she cried at last. "I wonder where he is just now! I would give all my legs to know! He must have flown up higher than usual this time! How I should like to know where he is, and to see him, and what it is that he hears in that curious blue sky! He always sings in going up and coming down, but he never lets any secret out. He is very, very close!"

And the green caterpillar took another turn round the butterfly's eggs.

At last the lark's voice began to be heard again. The caterpillar almost jumped for joy, and it was not long before she saw her friend descending and hovering over her head.

"News, news, glorious news, friend caterpillar!" sang the lark; "but the worst of it is, you won't believe me!"

"I believe everything I am told," observed the caterpillar hastily.

"Well then, first of all, I will tell what these little creatures are to eat," said the lark, nodding his head towards the eggs. "What do you think it is to be?"

"Dew, and the honey of flowers, I am afraid," said the caterpillar.

"No such thing, old lady! Something that you can get at quite easily!"

"I can get at nothing quite easily, but cabbage leaves," murmured the caterpillar in distress.

"Excellent! my good friend," cried the lark, exultingly; "you have found it out. You are to feed them with cabbage leaves!"

"Never!" said the caterpillar indignantly. "It was their dying mother's last request that I should do no such thing."

"Their dying mother knew nothing about the matter, persisted the lark; "but why do you ask me, and then disbelieve what I say? You have neither faith nor trust."

"Oh, I believe everything I am told," said the caterpillar.

"Nay, but you do not," replied the lark. "You won't even believe me about the food, and yet that is a beginning of what I have to tell you. Why, caterpillar, what do you think those little eggs will turn out to be?"

"Butterflies, to be sure," said the caterpillar.

"Caterpillars!" said the lark, "and you'll find it out in time; and the lark flew away, for he did not want to stay and contest the point with his friend."

"I thought the lark had been wise and kind," observed the mild green caterpillar, once more beginning to walk round the eggs, "but I find that he is foolish and saucy instead. Perhaps he went up too high this time. And it's a pity when people who soar so high are silly and rude, nevertheless! Dear! I still wonder

whom he sees, and what he does up yonder. "I would tell you if you would believe me," sang the lark, descending once more. "I believe everything I am told, reiterated the caterpillar, with as grave a face as if it were a fact. "Then I'll tell you something else," cried the lark; "for the best of my news remains behind. You will one day be a butterfly yourself!"

"Wretched bird!" exclaimed the caterpillar, "you jest with my inferiority—now you are cruel as well as foolish. Go away! I will ask your advice no more."

"I told you you would not believe me," cried the lark, nettled in his turn.

"I believe everything I am told," persisted the caterpillar; "that is—and she hesitated—everything that is reasonable to believe. But to tell me that butterfly's eggs are caterpillars, and that caterpillars leave off crawling and get wings, and become butterflies!—Lark! you are too wise to believe such nonsense yourself, for you know it is impossible!"

"I know no such thing," said the lark warmly. "Whether I hover over the corn-fields of earth, or go up into the depth of the sky, I see so many wonderful things I know no reason why there should not be more. O caterpillar, it is because you never get beyond your cabbage leaf that you call anything impossible."

"Nonsense!" shouted the caterpillar. "I know what's possible and what's not possible, according to my own experience and capacity, as well as you do. Look at my long green body, and these endless legs, and then talk to me about having wings and a painted feathery coat! Fool!"

"And fool you! you would be wise caterpillar," cried the indignant lark. "Fool, to attempt to reason when you cannot understand. Do you not hear how my song swells with rejoicing as I soar upward to the mysterious wonder-world above? O caterpillar! what comes to you from thence receive as I do, upon trust."

"That is what you call—"

"Faith," interrupted the lark.

"How am I to learn faith?" asked the caterpillar.

At that moment she felt something at her side. She looked around—eight or ten little green caterpillars were moving about, and had already made a show of a hole in the cabbage leaf. They had broken from the butterfly's eggs!

Shame and resentment filled her green friend's heart, but joy soon followed; for as the first wonder was possible, the second might be so too. "Teach me your lesson, lark!" she would say; and the lark sung to her of the wonders of the earth below, and of the heaven above. And the caterpillar talked all the rest of her life to her relations of the time when she should be a butterfly.

But none of them believed her. She nevertheless had learned the lark's lesson of faith, and when she was going into her chrysalis stage, she said, "I shall be a butterfly, some day."

But her relations thought her head was wandering, and they said, "Poor thing!"

And when she was a butterfly, and was going to die again, she said, "I have known many wonders—I have faith—I can trust even now for what shall come next!"

[Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal.]

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.—In a lower room in one of those narrow alleys of a great city, where poverty has her dwelling place, were a poor widow and her son. The boy stood at the window gazing out into the murky darkness, thinking perhaps who would take care of his mother when he was gone, or looking forward into the future with youthful hopes and bright anticipations. But he saw not his mother bending over the little trunk, and arranging with all a mother's care, each article; he saw not the doubts and fears which filled her breast, and like banishers of evil weighed heavily on her, beads, and filled her eyes with tears. No; and it were better that he should not.

The boy's dreaming was at length broken by his mother's voice; "Charlie! I have forgotten one thing. Won't you run down to the store and buy it?"

The boy seized his hat and opened the door; but as he looked out into the heavy darkness he turned and said:

"Mother, it is dreadful dark! Place the light in the window, so that I can find my way back."

The mother had come, and the time when the mother must take leave of her boy—her only child; when she must give him up to the cold, unfeeling world, and see him breasting with its angry surges.

"Charlie," said she, "take this—it is your mother's last gift. It is hard to send you forth into the world all alone, but forget not the lessons you have learned at home. Beware of sons you have learned at home. Beware of evil companions! Meet the scoffs and jeers of those around you with a firm heart, and turn not from the true way. Beware of the intoxicating cup—a drop may prove fatal—touch it not!"

"Charlie, do you recollect the lamp I placed in the window last night, to direct you home? When temptations assail you, when evil ones are around you, remember the pages of this sacred book, and let them be as a lamp in the window, not only reminding you of a mother's instruction and mother's love, but guiding you heavenward to that holier and happier land above."

More she would have said, but the tears were filling her eyes, and she would not make heavier his heart at parting. So placing her hands upon his head, (it might be for the last time,) she gave him her benediction.

"God preserve and bless thee! Good bye!"

MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.—In concluding a series of interesting sketches, exposing the deceptions and knavery practiced at the matrimonial brokers' office in that city, the New York Evening Post makes the following statement in regard to matrimonial advertisements generally, which are worthy of the attention of those interested in such matters:

"The exposures demonstrate that although some may be honest in announcing themselves as candidates for matrimony, the advertisements are generally the make of schemes of impropriety, extortion or robbery. They of licentiousness, extortion or robbery, or pious emana from matrimonial offices, or people who patronize them, and are published for improper purposes. Of those which come from 'out-siders,' a few are put forth by curious or mischievous persons, and are compar-

tively harmless. Others are inserted for the purpose of getting foolish men of property within the power of the advertiser, and in order to 'levy black mail,' as it is termed, or rob them outright."

Matrimonial brokers, as the readers of the articles must be aware, make the highest professions of respectability and honor for themselves and their patrons. But the truth is, they have themselves no means of guarding against deception, even if they were so disposed; and their assertions that they require references and certificates of good character, are unfounded pretences to gain the confidence of customers."

William H. Prescott.

Of Prescott, the scholar and historian, we already knew something—his habits of study and writing, and his wonderful patience and perseverance in overcoming the apparently insurmountable difficulties in his chosen field of labor; but of Prescott, the man, we knew but little until since his decease. A correspondent of the New York Tribune, however—Mr. Robert Carter, his former Secretary—presents us with a delightful picture of the whole man—giving a minute detail of his literary, social and business habits—from which it is easy to see that he was one to be loved as well as respected. The whole article is very interesting, but we can only make room for the closing portion:—

Mr. Prescott's cheerfulness and amiability were admirable. He had a finely-wrought, sensitive organization; he was high-spirited, courageous, resolute, independent; was free from cant or affectation of any sort. Yet no annoyance, great or small, the most painful or the most intolerable bore, could disturb his equanimity, or render him in the least degree sultry or fretful or discourteous. He was always gay, good humored, and manly; most gentle and affectionate to his family, most kind and gracious to all around him. This made him a peculiarly delightful companion; and I look back to the year I passed in his service as the most agreeable of my life.

He carried his kindness of disposition not only into his public but into his private writings. In the hundreds of letters, many of them of the most confidential character, treating freely of other authors, and of a great variety of persons, which I wrote at his dictation, not a single unkind or harsh or sneering expression occurs. He would write nothing of a man which he would not say to his face. He would not flatter, and if he could not honestly praise, he said nothing.

He was very warmly attached to his friends and constant in his attachments, and would never permit anything to be said against them in his absence. At the time of which I write, Mr. George Bancroft was singularly unpopular in Boston and Cambridge, at least among the cultivated society of those cities which was in politics, almost exclusively Whig. He had lost caste by leaving the Whig party and becoming a Democrat. Party spirit and political bigotry were then at their height in Massachusetts, and I had lived in that State six or seven years without having heard George Bancroft spoken of except in terms of detestation.

Mr. Prescott, who knew him well, was the first man I met who adhered to him through thick and thin, in defiance of the ban of society, and totally regardless of all that Mrs. Grundy could say. He always defended him warmly, and denounced with unusual vehemence the intolerance that would prescribe a man socially because of his political opinions. The same constant marked his friendship for Charles Sumner, who from being a great favorite in society, was ostracized in consequence of leaving the Whig party and opposing Mr. Winthrop. Mr. Prescott, though he did not not approve Mr. Sumner's political course, never varied in his attachment, nor abated in his intimacy with him, even when nearly all around him joined in the outcry against the apostate from the true faith, as it was understood, and agreed upon in the high circles of Beacon Hill. He carried the same generosity into his literary pursuits. He was totally free from the jealousy and envy so common among authors, and was always eager in conversation, as in print, to point out the merits of the contemporary historians, whom many men in his position would have looked upon as rivals to be dreaded if not detested.

Of Mr. Prescott's benevolence to the suffering and the destitute—a benevolence, however, which is almost a universal characteristic in the highest class of Boston society—I could cite many striking instances, if it were proper to speak of private affairs. One-tenth of his expenditures was always devoted to charity, but one-tenth was his minimum, which I have known him to exceed very largely. His mother, who lived with him at the same time, devoted nearly the whole of the income of her own large fortune to benevolent purposes, to which she attended personally with all the zeal of a Sister of Charity. A single example out of many will illustrate Mr. Prescott's character in this respect: One bitter cold day in winter I came to the study, as usual, at half-past 10. Mr. Prescott went to work immediately, and I came to the study, as usual, at half-past 10. Mr. Prescott went to work immediately, and I came to the study, as usual, at half-past 10. Mr. Prescott went to work immediately, and I came to the study, as usual, at half-past 10.

The next morning the owner of the stable found the woman in a most horrible state and nearly dead, her face covered with blood, and wounds on her hands and feet. In her efforts to prevent the villain from executing his purpose of cutting out her tongue, she had so much injured it that she was scarcely able to speak. She was taken home and proper attention paid to her. The cause of this infamy proceeding is believed to be the fact that the woman was a witness against one of the perpetrators. In a murder trial, last summer.

A POLITE BOY.—The other day we were riding in a crowded car. At one of the stations an old gentleman entered, and was looking around him for a seat, when a lad ten or twelve years of age rose up and said, "Take my seat, sir." The offer was accepted, and the infirm old man sat down. "Why did you give me your seat?" he inquired of the boy.

"Because you are old, sir, and I am a boy," was the quick reply. The passengers were very much pleased and gratified. For my part, I wanted to seize hold of the little fellow and press him to my bosom. It was a respect for age, which is always praiseworthy.

"God be in a conjunction of the words 'God be with you.'"

BALLAD OF THE RAIN.

[N. P. Willis, in the Home Journal, says that in the following poem the words are not only far sweeter than he could write, but to the very tune of the falling rain. 8 lines Edgar A. Poe's 'Raven,' no mourning madrigal has been written so sweet as the 'Ballad of the Rain.' The author is Mrs. J. H. H. Carrington, daughter of Chief Justice Ellis Lewis.]

Alas! expectant maiden,
The present soul is laden
With nameless fears, and blinding tears stream down
thy crystal pane!
All dim with drops of anguish, and wet with driving rain,
Dripping rain!
The music of his coming, we ne'er shall meet again.
Hie to the distant pattering!
The tumult and the clatter!
His milk-white steed, of Kiehl's breed, tramps up the
grassy lane!

No! 'tis the bill-fox straying;
Too near the band-og's baying;
It is the wild-wolf's gallop across the dismal plain—
It is the wail of storm and gale—it is the surging rain—
Dripping rain!
With ceaseless drop, drop, dropping upon the tortured
groaning lane!

I cannot hear the sobbing,
The deep and labored throbbing,
From yonder forge that in the gorge beats its great heart
Of pain!
See! how its wild lights quiver,
Adown the turbid river,
On untamed waves, from mountain caves, fast hastening
To the main!
On milk-white horse—on little-limbed corse fast drifting
To the main!

The ford of Tyd, didst thou essay, all swollen with the
rain?
The lily bells are shattered!
The tulip tree, so proud and free, a type of Lancelot
Yane.
Oh, maid among the lilies,
The churchyard's mold so chill is
Yet, rest thy head upon its bed, and cool thy fevered
brain!
God's truth upon thy dolor, we lay thee in the rain,
All quenched the fire of sick desire, out yonder in the
rain!

Last night the fragrant lily
So stately, vain and stilly,
Held high her pallid chalice, gathering whiteness from
the moon!
And standing like a warder,
Beside the enchanted garden,
The tulip-tree, so proud and free his yellow stars of
bloom.
And swept their golden flashings through the firmament
of June!

Of shivering eaves and quivering trees, forbid the coming
rain!
The lily bells are shattered!
The tulip tree, so proud and free, a type of Lancelot
Yane.
His emerald crown came rushing down before the wind
and rain!
A delicate summer lily!
Thy bed is dark and chilly,
Ah, woe is it, the tulip-tree was named for Lancelot
Yane!
Who never in the gloaming shall seek its flowers again.
Ruthless rain!
Who never with our lily mind shall keep his trust again.

In sooth it is appalling,
This cold relentless falling—
The woe of dreary splashing and dashing of the rain!
It rains at the gable.
All weather-stained and sabbled
And fiercely drips at Mabel, with cheek against the
rain.
At waiting, watching Mabel, whose tears fall like the
rain.
What rain!
At hoping, fearful Mabel, who to see the moon would
fain.
The moon that oft hath lighted
Her chamber when benighted
Across ravine and mountain stream, o'er lonely wold
and plain.
Tough heart seeks his plighted;
Whose ruby lips are whitened
At thus she pleads and intercedes, 'Dispel the mist and
rain!
Uncover the leaden clouding—
The mark and dismal shrouding,
Mabel tonight for hope and light to Heaven looks in vain.

PICTURE OF THE YANKEES BY AN ENGLISHMAN.—"To see ourselves as others see us," though frequently disagreeable in the experience, seldom fails to do us good. The following passage from a book recently published in England by Thomas Colley Grattan, formerly English Consul at Boston, will interest and amuse our readers, even if it works no further benefit:

"An individual Yankee is not a very elevated specimen of human nature. Cold, timid, cunning; watchful for opportunities, to overreach, fearful of being outwitted, he is always like a man on his defense, looking for something to lean his back against, and apprehensive that every one wants to take wall of him. He creeps cautiously on when he ventures to move at all. He has little cordiality of manner—he is never at ease himself—and has not the knack of putting other people at theirs. He cuts his way through the world as he cuts his path through the woods, every step on calculation. He shrinks from acknowledging a favor, and is insensible to the delight of having received an obligation. To give nothing for nothing is notoriously a Yankee motto. To take nothing is equally a principle with him. If you make him a present, he will give you another in return. He is always ready with his *quid pro quo*. He has it (may I be pardoned the pun) ever ready in his waistcoat pocket. It has more than once happened to me to be offered a pipe of tobacco or a cigar in payment for some small civility, or a cent or two (sure to be neither more nor less than its value) for the newspaper I had been reading on board a steamboat, and had lent to some knowledge seeking neighbor."

Among the many misunderstandings or misapprehensions throughout the United States, there is not one more frequently used, or in its application more thoroughly abused, than the word 'Aristocracy.' It is one of those which are in common use in England, with a distinct and specific meaning, but which, when they enter into American discourse, seem totally devoid of the sense an Englishman gives them. I cannot here attempt to enumerate all those which are applied so differently in the two countries, expressing qualities in individuals or in things. But I may mention, as an example, another word of the same genus as that now in question; that is 'gentlemanly' and it shares the same fate of being, as I have elsewhere remarked, quite misunderstood on the American side of the Atlantic. This latter word is almost invariably employed there to designate the manners of hotel-keepers, the persons serving at the bar of a public house, bookkeepers at theatres, conductors of railroad cars, and individuals of that class, who have opportunities of being civil and accommodating to customers. The meaning which we attach to it, as applying to well-bred, or courtly demeanor, is quite unknown. Any one possessing this engaging quality is distinguished in America by some other epithet, as 'a fine man,' 'one of the upper crust,' &c. while the newspapers teem with compliments to the 'gentlemanly' mixers and vendors of mint juleps, gin slings, or snake-root bitters. The profuse repetitions of this word in this way make an Englishman smile, merely because they are to him indicative of vulgarity.

Not to mention quite coming up to English notions of a finished gentleman is scarcely to be expected. The difficulty can be provided

on a perfectly (popular) heraldic principle. Every one knows that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. And as that implies three generations of liberal education and the appliances of gentility, ergo, it is very rare, if to be found at all among Americans; for such a thing as grandfather, father, and son in one family preserving their fortune and station is almost unheard of. The fluctuations of property are sure to reduce one generation out of three to a low level; and thus it is that we see so many persons of respectable manners just bordering on good breeding, and so few that are thoroughly well-bred.

GRAPES.—Several varieties of hardy grapes, adapted to out door cultivation here at the north, are thus noticed in the New York Tribune:

The *Anna* another hardy white grape, was originated from seed in the Garden of Eli Hasbrouck, Newburg, N. Y., sixty miles above the city, where it first bore fruit in 1851, and was then removed to the garden of Dr. Grant, fourteen miles below, to be propagated. It is an early and profuse bearer, and the produce of young vines is of a very high flavor, but not without a considerable degree of toughness, which disappears as the vines acquire age and maturity. It ripens quite as early as Diana, and fully two weeks before Catawba, hangs very late on the vines, and is not injured by severe freezing. For late keeping it is unequalled, and its raisins are not surpassed in quality by any foreign variety. The bunches are large and loose, or moderately compact on young vines, but on those that are mature, compact, shouldered and symmetric. Berries large, globular, translucent, and firmly adhering to the pedicels. The color varies from light amber in the sun to pearly white or green in the shade. The bloom is white and abundant, through which may be seen a few brown dots. It is surpassingly sweet, rich, vinous and somewhat spicy in its flavor, and has a decided but pure and delightful aroma. Notwithstanding its exceedingly concentrated flavor, it leaves the mouth cool and healthy.

The *Diana* grape was grown from seed by Mrs. Diana Cheshire of Milton Hill, near Boston, and brought to general notice by Hovey's Magazine in 1844. After five years' acquaintance with it, A. J. Downing noticed it favorably in the Horticulturist. The vine is vigorous, and requires full exposure and excessive thinning, as it is apt to overbear. It is in excellent eating-condition very early, it hangs very late on the vines, even enduring several frost without damage, and for late keeping it is scarcely equalled. It readily dries, and becomes a rich winy raisin.

The Concord is a very vigorous and healthy grower, and bears abundantly, although not much disposed to overbear. It ripens ten days before Isabella, and its leaves are much less disposed to mildew than that variety. In flavor it is very sweet, and it will undoubtedly become a valuable market fruit.

The *To Kalon* grape resembles the black Hamburg. Dr. Grant speaks of it as desirable for a private garden, and says the fruit is exceedingly sweet and luscious, has very delicate aroma, and when well ripened is without toughness or acidity in its flesh. It ripens a week or more earlier than the Isabella.

The Union Village grape is spoken of as a gigantic vine bearing berries as large as black Hamburgs, ripening a week earlier than Isabella, and hanging on till after frost; and exceedingly productive.

A few hints on planting are also given. In planting a vine, recollect these few simple rules, and you will have no difficulty in growing vines. Trimming and thinning will give fruit. The place of reception should be fully exposed to the sun at least half of the day, and better if all—not overshadowed by trees, or subjected to the drip of water from them. A rich pervious soil—such as would yield one hundred bushels of corn to the acre, but made three times as deep, (two feet and a half or three feet deep,) with no place for water to lodge at the bottom. About half the depth named will answer very well for a few years, but the vine before it is able to give its best mature results will begin to fall. After shallow planting, profuse manure is injurious, and there should be no joint occupancy of the ground by weeds or vegetables.

Although the wants of the vine are few, simple, and easily supplied, yet they are imperative, and, as with all the other fruits of our climate, it is only to judicious care that it can yield its richest delight.

A SHORT METHOD OF PRAYER.—We have heard of an old Deacon, who on being asked by his pastor to close a meeting with a short prayer replied,

"I am very willing to pray, but don't like to be stilted." The minister mentioned below must have belonged to the same family, we judge; for he had a similar aversion to being stilted in his communion with God. The story has a good moral.—[Christian Watchman.]

The Rev. Mr. Derwell, a pious and curious old Methodist minister, went from Tennessee to Kentucky, in 1812, to visit his relative, the Hon. Wm. Bolton. The man was not a religious man, but was a gentleman, and invited the minister to have family worship every evening. While he was visiting there, Judge Cone and his wife, from Nashville, arrived there to pass the night, and Mr. Bolton, being a little embarrassed, said to the old minister, as he brought out the Bible, that he had better be short, as the Judge was probably not accustomed to such things.

"Very well," said he, and reading a single verse, he knelt down and prayed:

"O Lord, we are very poor and needy creatures, and we know that Thou art able to supply all our wants, but certain William says that Judge Cone and his wife from Nashville are here, and are not used to family worship, and however needy we are, there is no time to spare in telling these our wants. Amen."

The Judge was taken all aback, and so was cousin William. They both pressed the old gentleman to conduct the services in his own way, which he did to their great edification.

DESTINY OF BUCK BOYS.—He who is idle and vicious in school is still more so when out of it. He who robs his equals will in time fire pistols; he who robs his teachers and orchards, will, probably, some day, rob pocket-books and safes. He may not do it in the way to expose himself to the penitentiary; he may have his wits so sharpened as to rob legally, by setting up a wild cat bank, or betraying the confidence of his employer, or of obtaining possession of property without the means for paying for it, or of getting his hand upon the public coffers that he may all his own, under the soft appellation of 'breach of trust.'

We would that you could see with our eyes for a little while; you would think with us, that he who, when a boy, could not be trusted, can not now, that he is a man. It would be proper for us to mention names, or we could illustrate this by numerous painful examples. But they are not necessary. Effects will follow causes; as a man sows so shall he reap; boyhood is the seed time, of which manhood is the harvest.

Form, then, the habit while young of employing all your time usefully. Never be unemployed. The land is full of idlers, striving to live without labor. It is not to be supposed that you are never to take recreation; this is

on a perfectly (popular) heraldic principle. Every one knows that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. And as that implies three generations of liberal education and the appliances of gentility, ergo, it is very rare, if to be found at all among Americans; for such a thing as grandfather, father, and son in one family preserving their fortune and station is almost unheard of. The fluctuations of property are sure to reduce one generation out of three to a low level; and thus it is that we see so many persons of respectable manners just bordering on good breeding, and so few that are thoroughly well-bred.

GRAPES.—Several varieties of hardy grapes, adapted to out door cultivation here at the north, are thus noticed in the New York Tribune:

The *Anna* another hardy white grape, was originated from seed in the Garden of Eli Hasbrouck, Newburg, N. Y., sixty miles above the city, where it first bore fruit in 1851, and was then removed to the garden of Dr. Grant, fourteen miles below, to be propagated. It is an early and profuse bearer, and the produce of young vines is of a very high flavor, but not without a considerable degree of toughness, which disappears as the vines acquire age and maturity. It ripens quite as early as Diana, and fully two weeks before Catawba, hangs very late on the vines, and is not injured by severe freezing. For late keeping it is unequalled, and its raisins are not surpassed in quality by any foreign variety. The bunches are large and loose, or moderately compact on young vines, but on those that are mature, compact, shouldered and symmetric. Berries large, globular, translucent, and firmly adhering to the pedicels. The color varies from light amber in the sun to pearly white or green in the shade. The bloom is white and abundant, through which may be seen a few brown dots. It is surpassingly sweet, rich, vinous and somewhat spicy in its flavor, and has a decided but pure and delightful aroma. Notwithstanding its exceedingly concentrated flavor, it leaves the mouth cool and healthy.

The *Diana* grape was grown from seed by Mrs. Diana Cheshire of Milton Hill, near Boston, and brought to general notice by Hovey's Magazine in 1844. After five years' acquaintance with it, A. J. Downing noticed it favorably in the Horticulturist. The vine is vigorous, and requires full exposure and excessive thinning, as it is apt to overbear. It is in excellent eating-condition very early, it hangs very late on the vines, even enduring several frost without damage, and for late keeping it is scarcely equalled. It readily dries, and becomes a rich winy raisin.

The Concord is a very vigorous and healthy grower, and bears abundantly, although not much disposed to overbear. It ripens ten days before Isabella, and its leaves are much less disposed to mildew than that variety. In flavor it is very sweet, and it will undoubtedly become a valuable market fruit.

The *To Kalon* grape resembles the black Hamburg. Dr. Grant speaks of it as desirable for a private garden, and says the fruit is exceedingly sweet and luscious, has very delicate aroma, and when well ripened is without toughness or acidity in its flesh. It ripens a week or more earlier than the Isabella.

useful, it is necessary; but if it come after hard study or productive labor, it will probably be healthful and moderate. It is not supposed that a boy is to be a man—much less an old man; but in the midst of mirth and hilarity he may be innocent and amiable.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL H. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . FEB. 24, 1859.

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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THE EASTERN MAIL AND A MAGAZINE!
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We offer the following liberal terms to subscribers, old and new, for the ensuing year, each term being in advance:

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Waterville Farmers' Club.

Last Thursday evening the Club met at the house of Mr. Arba Penney. Not being present, we can give only a meagre report of the sayings and doings; but we learn from Mr. Dyer, the Secretary pro tem, that the attendance was very large, the discussion animated, and the fruit 'double extra.' The subject of 'Hoe'd Crops' was resumed, potatoes being more especially under consideration; and at the close, the decision of the former meeting was reversed—potatoes being pronounced a more profitable crop in this vicinity than corn.

Col. Marston, as usual, was ready with facts and figures, which were victorious, as they ought ever to be, over mere 'guess work.' In the opinion of those present, 30 loads of manure, valued at \$1.00 a load, are applied to corn as often as 10 are to potatoes. One-third of this extra manure (20 divided by 3=6 2/3)—six and two-thirds loads—was supposed to be absorbed by the corn crop, the value of which was estimated at \$6.67. To this it was thought should be added, for hauling and spreading the extra manure thus absorbed, \$1.38; with three dollars for applying 10 loads in the hill instead of broadcast; and two dollars for extra labor of hoeing the corn—making in all a charge against the corn crop of thirteen dollars. The harvesting, and husking of the corn was set against the digging of the potatoes; and the fodder was estimated at ten dollars.

Now, for the last ten years, the average yield of corn, with the Colonel, had been 37 bushels per acre, and the average price 96 cents—making the average receipts thirty-five dollars, and fifty-two cents; while the average yield of potatoes, in the same time had been 82 bushels; the average price 50 cents; and the average receipts forty-one dollars, fifty-two cents—reckoning nothing for the small ones and those partially decayed that were fed to stock.

Here was a difference in receipts, as will be readily seen, of \$5.48 in favor of potatoes; which added to the extra manure and cost of cultivation, minus the value of the fodder (13—10=3) of \$3.48. Now deducting \$1.48 from this, for difference in cost of seed, and the result is in favor of the potatoes, to the amount of \$7.00 per acre.

The meeting to-night will be held at the house of Mr. Geo. E. Shores, when Mr. Arba Penney will preside. Subject for discussion—"The Grain Crops."

THE "SILVER WEDDING."—The anniversary of the "Silver Wedding" was celebrated by Mr. and Mrs. Jacob M. Crooker, of this place, on Thursday evening of last week. The occasion was one of great pleasantness, to a portion of the many friends of the family, who were regaled with most sumptuous supper, and all the attendant hospitalities that kindness or generosity could suggest. The only shadow upon the happiness of the occasion was the absence of Rev. Mr. Gardiner, who tied the "indissoluble knot" twenty-five years ago. Rev. Mr. Leonard, after supper, made a brief but felicitous address, closing with a benediction; and was followed by pertinent remarks from other gentlemen, which led the way to a "good time generally" that seemed very much like a wedding.

CONCERT.—Mr. Brett's Singing School closed with a public concert at the Baptist Church, on Wednesday evening of last week. We learn that it was fully attended, and that it proved a very pleasant musical entertainment to those present and reflected credit upon all concerned. Mr. Brett's son—a singer and teacher of good reputation—was present, and sang several songs very acceptably—contributing materially to the pleasure of the audience.

Mr. Brett has already commenced a second term here, with a full school, which shows conclusively that his labors have been properly appreciated and well received.

The name of the Rural Intelligencer has been changed to Maine Rural, and it is again published in the quarto form. Hammon, it seems, is abandoned, and the new flag 'flying at the fore,' bears the following inscription:

"All outside pressure we disdain,
And dedicate our press to Maine."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for March, is for sale by Mathews. J. J. Dyer & Co., the enterprising and watchful Boston periodical dealers, supply him at the earliest moment possible. See notice under appropriate head.

OUR TABLE.

THE HEADLINE CARICATURE AND WOODCUTTING OF PETERSON. By the late Thomas Hood. Illustrated by his Son, Boston: Mayhew & Baker. We hardly know which most to admire in this little juvenile picture book—the text by the father, or the illustrations by the son; but they both are capital ones. See if our opinion is not endorsed by all the little folks to whose inspection it is submitted.

For sale at Mathews's.

REGISTER OF THE EXECUTIVE AND LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENTS, 1859. By S. J. Chaboudine, Assistant Messenger.

This is one of those convenient and interesting little annuals that we look for every winter, in connection with the session of the Legislature. We copy the following recapitulation, showing from what professions, trades and occupations our legislators are recruited:—

Senate—Farmers 11, Merchants 5, Lawyers 4, Lumbermen 3, Granite and Lumber Dealer 1, Farmer and Merchant 1, Ornamental Painter 1, Surveyor of Lumber 1, Inn Keeper 1, Blacksmith 1, Ship Master, Boat Manufacturer 1; Total 31. Average age of Senators, 47 1/2 yrs.; age of youngest Senator, 32 yrs.; age of oldest Senator, 70 yrs.

House—Farmers 63, Merchants 26, Lumbermen 10, Lawyers 8, Physicians 7, Master Mariners 5, Ship Builders 4, Store Dealers 2, Joiners 2, Shoe Makers 2, Clergymen 2, Manufacturers 2, Blacksmiths 2, Druggists 1, Government Contractor 1, Editor 1, Machinist 1, Saddler 1, Granite Contractor 1, Hatter 1, Printer 1, Millwright 1, Teacher 1, Carriage Maker 1, Jeweler 1, Railroad Station Agent 1, Fisherman 1, Tanner 1, Black 1; Total, 151. Average age of Representatives, 45 1/2 yrs.; age of youngest Member, 23 yrs.; age of oldest Member 69 yrs.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Having read very little of the March number of this periodical, we copy the following notice of its contents from an exchange:—

The number opens with "Holbein and the Dance of Death," which has been attributed, and rightly we think, to Richard Grant White. It gives not only a vivid description of a unique work of art, but much curious information concerning Holbein's day—the times of Henry VIII. "Lizzy's Story," by "Lizzy," is an excellent little story in the Yankee vein. "Achmed and his Mare," is an oriental story condensed into a short poem, and yet containing its original fire. A very readable comparison of "Charles Lamb and Sidney Smith" follows, in which the characters of the two humorists are fairly analyzed. "Bulls and Bears" and "The Minister's Wooing," are continued, to the gratification of their thousands of readers. "The Winter Birds," imputed to Wilson Flagg, is another of those sketches from animated nature which have added so much to the reputation of the Atlantic. "The Double-Headed Snake of Newbury," vividly by Whittier, is capital. "The Professor's flashes and poetizes as charmingly as ever, and presents, moreover, a fascinating sketch of the new young lady, whose arrival at the breakfast table promises so much delight. "A Plea for the Pillars," being an attempt to see what can be said in favor of cannibalism, does not strike us very favorably. "The Utah Expedition," is an excellent chapter of contemporary news, graphically and justly sketched. Sawyer's "New Testament" is sharply and learnedly reviewed.

The Atlantic seems to improve with each succeeding number, and the last one is specially commended.

Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, at \$3.00 a year.

ENGLISH REVIEW.—The following is a list of the January number, the first of a new volume: Help's Spanish Conquest in America; Life Assurance. The Church Rate Question. The Roman Catacombs. The Hudson Bay Territory. Lord Liverpool's Administration until 1832. Library of the British Museum. Life Organization. History and Prospects of Parliamentary Reform.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two \$5; any three \$7; all four \$10. Blackwood's Monthly \$3; Blackwood and the four 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. S. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

STATE PRISON. We are indebted to Mr. James G. Blaine, the Commissioner appointed under a resolve passed last winter, for a copy of his "Report on the System of Disbursements, Labor and Discipline in the Maine State Prison," which we find a very interesting and instructive document. Some of its facts and conclusions we will repeat.

In the first place it is very plainly shown that the original design—to make the institution self-supporting—not only never has been accomplished, but also that it never can be, under the present system. The prison has been a constant drain upon the State, amounting in the aggregate to nearly \$22,000 dollars; being a yearly average of between nine and ten thousand; and this, too, right in the teeth of constant assurances from those in charge, that a different state of things was on the point of being brought about. Error in the system, however, is not all; extravagance in the disbursements is also charged, and the 'facts and figures' show pretty conclusively that while 'doing the State some service,' officers and contractors managed to put no small amount of money into their private purse. Some of these disclosures, which are very quietly made by Mr. Blaine, without any special charge of peculation laid at any one's door, are amusingly rich.

"Three systems of labor," says the Report, "have been tried in the Prisons of the different States of the Union. First, working the convicts on account of the State—the State supplying raw material, and undertaking through its agents the sale of the manufactured articles. Second, leasing the Prison, in all its departments, to some person or persons for a specified annual sum—the lessees having the sole control of the discipline of the convicts, under certain stipulated rules, and the entire disposition of their labor. Third, hiring the labor of the convicts to contractors at so much per day, the State reserving to itself the control, management and general discipline of the Prison. The first of these systems is the one so long and unsuccessfully tried in this State; the second has been tried in many of the Southern and Western States, and generally with very unsatisfactory results, being objectionable chiefly on account of moral and humane considerations; the third system is the one which seems to combine all the advantages attainable in the management of a prison," and this is the only one that has been found financially successful. This last is therefore the system recommended for adoption in this State; and yet to make the institution self-supporting, not only is a change of system necessary, but a new and improved prison is demanded, in another location, near navigable water, accessible by railroad, and in some centre of a large population, where mechanical labor would be in greater demand.

In view of all this, and in consideration, too, of an imperative present demand for additional accommodations at the old prison, calling for an outlay of 70,000 dollars, the Commissioner recommends the building of a new one in some suitable location, at an expense of 120,000 dollars; and very properly, accompanying the Report, an engraved plan of such an improved prison is presented, with a mechanical description, executed by Gridley J. F. Bryant, Esq., of Boston.

In addition to what has been enumerated, the Report contains an interesting account of the operations of prisons in other States, visited by Mr. Blaine; with some remarks and suggestions in regard to discipline, especially in its reformatory aspect, that will find an echo in every philanthropic heart.

Mr. Blaine has evidently made thorough work in his examination, and his Report can not fail to commend itself to all by its ability and candor; but whether his recommendations will be adopted by the Legislature, at this economic period—so prolific in schemes for saving at the top while wasting at the bung-hole—is somewhat doubtful.

Legislature of Maine.

On Wednesday, Feb. 16, in Senate, a resolve in favor of insane Hospital (appropriating \$2,000 for gas, barn, and furniture) was read a second time and laid on the table. A resolve in favor of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute (granting \$5000 absolutely to the Seminary, and \$2500 to the Institute, in case an equal amount is first received by the friends of the institution) was read at once, and after considerable debate assigned.

In the House, the petition of J. Prescott and others was presented, and referred for a law to compel the Kennebec Dam Company to keep their way in repair. Bill giving further remedies against attorneys was taken up, and after debate, passed to be engrossed.

On Thursday, in Senate, the bill aimed at irresponsible, interloping members of the legal profession was amended so as to make it retrospective in its action, compelling all offenders to disgorge, and then passed to be engrossed. Kennebec Dam Company had leave to withdraw their petition for a toll at their Lock. A Bill to reduce the capital stock of Ticonic Bank was reported, read once and assigned.

In the House, a resolve in favor of training indigent idiotic children was reported, read and assigned. Children in Maine, generally, are not more than half trained, and we would move to amend by striking out the words "indigent idiotic," and put it through with stringent pains and penalties.

On Friday, in the Senate, bill to reduce the capital stock of Ticonic Bank was read a second time and finally passed to be engrossed, after considerable opposition on the part of some who thought they saw a disposition on the part of the banks to diminish the tax to which they are subjected for the benefit of the Common Schools. The bill to repeal the act of 1858, providing for the payment of the semi-annual interest on \$10,000 of scrip to the Me. State Seminary, came back from the committee in a new draft, and after debate was recommitted for a statement of facts. Resolves in favor of Rev. Marcus R. Keep was finally passed; also in favor of cheap postage. Committee on claims were instructed to inquire if anything is due Clinton Academy.

In the House, an act relating to S. Kennebec Ag. Society, and a resolve in favor of Arletta A. Brown were reported read, and assigned. Also resolve in favor of Westbrook Seminary. Auburn and Danville bill was amended so as to provide for annexing the whole instead of part of the town, and passed to be engrossed. Report of the commissioner to examine the systems of labor and disbursement in the State Prison was received, read, and 1000 copies ordered to be printed. Resolve in favor of Marius K. Keep was finally passed, and an act for the assessment of a State tax for 1859, of \$200,919.30 was passed to be engrossed. The Biennial Resolves were taken up and debated.

On Saturday, in Senate, the State Tax bill was read and assigned, and the Danville and Auburn bill passed to be enacted.

In the House, act to reduce the capital stock of Ticonic Bank was passed to be engrossed; also Danville and Auburn bill. The bill withholding State bounty from S. Kennebec Ag. Society in favor of Mrs. Brown, who was injured at one of its exhibitions, was indefinitely postponed—57 to 19.

On Monday, in Senate, the bill relating to S. Kennebec Ag. Society coming from the House indefinitely postponed, after debate, the Senate concurred. Resolve appropriating \$2000 for Insane Hospital passed to be engrossed.

In the House, an inquiry into the expediency of providing by law against persons sliding down hill in public highways, was ordered. An inquiry was also directed into the expediency of carrying into effect the recommendations of the Governor made in the message accompanying the report of the State Prison Commissioner.

The committee on division of counties, we learn, have given the petitioners for Knox county leave to withdraw.

In connection with the proposed appropriations to the Westbrook and Wesleyan Seminaries, a question has been raised as to the constitutionality of appropriating the Bank tax in aid of Common Schools, as has been the practice. The member from Waterville, Mr. Stackpole, says "Reporter," in the Portland Advertiser, elaborated this point with marked ability, and in the opinion of good judges made out a strong case. The people, however, will hardly consent to have this tax diverted from its present use and bestowed upon institutions of a higher order; and if its present disposition should be found unconstitutional, they will sooner alter the constitution than consent to the change.

The Committee to which was referred the subject of the Aroostook Railroad have agreed to report unanimously in its favor. What the nature of the bill is we have not yet learned.

On Tuesday, but little was done in either branch, as they adjourned early out of respect to the day.

PIKE'S PEAK.—Some of our young men, reading of the big lumps of yellow ore picked up in this new gold field, are getting a little restive in their present situations, where it may be they are slowly and surely bettering their condition. That they may not act unadvisedly in changing their location we shall endeavor to do our part in keeping them posted up as to the real state of things there, and to this end we copy the following from an exchange:

That there is gold in Kansas, there is no doubt; so there is in Minnesota, Oregon, New Mexico, and many other places, besides California; but the question is, is it in sufficient quantities to pay those who seek it? should be deliberately reflected upon by those who contemplate going to search for it. None of the reports induce the belief that gold is as abundant in Kansas as it has been and still is, in California. And yet, how few of the many who went to California with bright hopes of speedy wealth, have had their expectations realized! or who are better off to-day than the day they left for that highly eulogized country? Certainly not one in a hundred. It is true, we occasionally hear of a "sneak of good luck" among the gold hunters of California, but we learn but little of the dark side of the picture.

An instance. Not long since the report was published that three young men in California had dug up a solid lump of gold worth \$5000. But the fact that those three persons had worked about three years and four months in the gold region without making a dollar more than a scanty living, was lost sight of in the excitement created by their sudden success. How many hundreds of young men equally industrious are there who have labored for years, are not worth a dollar, who would gladly return to their former homes if they could raise the means necessary for the journey!

But we are told the distance to the Kansas gold region is far less than to California, and the expense much less in reaching it. True, and for that reason, the emigration to Kansas will be likely to be greater than was that to California, and as the gold is much less abundant, the chance for securing a 'pile' will be greatly diminished.

Many, if not all the favorable reports from Kansas are from interested parties; men who hope to dig more gold from the pockets of emigrants than from the sands of Pike's Peak.—Mr. Hinman who went from Beloit in this State, alleges that there is gold there, but does not offer a flattering prospect to those who contemplate seeking it, and winds up by saying "Monona is a beautiful spot, and has money in it. How many corner lots he has for sale he does say. Mr. David Kelly, a respectable citizen of Waukegan, Ill., says the lumps of gold exhibited in St. Louis, as coming from Kansas, never saw that territory, and that a great deal of trickery is being played by town lot speculators, for which they ought to be lynched. In his letter he adds:

"Tell any of my friends who may think of coming out here next season, that they will curse the day on which they started; tell them to stay at home and not listen to all the stories they hear. There is a bare possibility that gold enough may be discovered next season to pay the emigration, if so, it will be a wonder."

Mr. John E. Riley, who is endorsed by the Peoria Transcript as a candid, honorable man, whose statements may be implicitly relied upon, has recently been to Pike's Peak, and writes home to his friends in Peoria as follows:

"There is just gold enough to excite a certain class of excitable persons to leave their homes, and that is all. There are plenty of speculators laying out towns all through the territory, who sell shares to every one they can at enormous profits. These speculators are ones who puff and magnify what little gold there is, in order to induce emigration. When you hear of persons talking of going to Pike's Peak, just tell them to stay at home if they can make an honest living."

Mr. Riley, also, writes that in coming back, he met at least five hundred loads of emigrants en route for the diggings, and expressed the opinion that they cannot cross the plains, for, if they escape freezing to death they must starve, as the Indians have burned off all the grass, and game of every description has departed. Provisions of all kinds at the diggings are scarce and high. Pork and beef sell at \$50 per barrel, flour at \$25, and other things in proportion."

AUGUSTA DAM.—The Tugus correspondent of the Boston Journal deals this famous structure the following 'sockdologer':—

Some petitions are in for a fish-way through the Augusta dam. When this structure was erected, it was universally understood that a sluiceway should be built through which fish—alewives, shad and salmon—would run, but by some mismanagement the dam was erected without such an arrangement, thus depriving the people above Augusta of thousands of dollars of income that they formerly enjoyed, and injuring those below likewise; for the fish, finding that they cannot go up where they want to, come into the river in far less quantities than formerly. I hope the legislators will put their heads together and knock a hole in the dam. If it is questionable in my mind whether the dam is not as great a nuisance as benefit, on the whole. An attempt was just made by the proprietors of this dam—not content with keeping fish from going through—to obtain large tolls from those wishing to pass the locks and dam; but the applicants were politely shown the door, and departed sadder if not wiser men.

ALMOST CHOKED TO DEATH.—On Saturday evening a man named Menzies, was eating or rather 'bolting' his supper. At hap-hazard he tried to swallow a chunk of beef larger than usual and the throat positively refused to let it enter through the door of the stomach. Spasmodic efforts to rid himself of the obstruction only fixed its lodgment firmer and even air could not reach the lungs. The man grew black in the face and would have died in a moment, had not Dr. Whitaker been near at hand, and as he was in agony, gasping for air, succeeded by working quickly in cutting the beef and thus removing it. The man escaped with a severe sore throat. —[Fall River Beacon.

When will Americans learn to chew their food properly before attempting to swallow it? And this inquiry suggests another. Do the people of any other country choke themselves to death in this way?

Mr. B. F. Butler, a lawyer of Boston, is somewhat noted for his severity in examining witnesses. A correspondent of the Century relates:

He was lately engaged in a legal case, in which Professor Horsford of Cambridge, was one of the witnesses. When Butler came to cross-examine him, he began in his usual style of unceremonious ferocity. The Judge mildly interposed, and said perhaps Brother Butler didn't know who the witness was; it was

Professor Horsford.—Professor of Harvard College. 'Oh, yes!' murmured Butler, as he leisurely stroked his chin, 'Professor Horsford! Harvard Professor! Professor of Harvard College. Yes, we hang one of 'em 'tother day!'

OUR STORY DEPARTMENT. In our paper of to-day this is occupied with other matter, to allow our readers a breathing space after following the fortunes of 'The Beautiful Ward' for so many weeks. We commenced the publication of that story with some misgivings; only on account of its great length, however, for we knew it to possess merit that would commend it to readers of the better class.

Finding it has been well received, however—and we think all the better of our readers, in consequence—we shall next week commence a sequel to it, by the same hand, which we are confident will prove equally interesting, with the additional merit of being only half as long. As we give more reading matter than formerly, those matter-of-fact persons who never read stories need not feel aggrieved, for they will still find their usual allowance of news, miscellany, &c.

CONSUMPTION.—Dr. Bowditch says in a recent lecture, that after five years investigation of the causes of the disease, one of the best established conclusions to which he has arrived is that its prevalence is uniformly and strikingly aggravated by the contiguity of ponds, marshes, low and moist or springy lands.

THE RIVAL RAILROADS.—The writer of the 'Tugus' letters in the Boston Journal thus speaks of the management of our railroads:—

Mr. Noyes of the A. & K. road is a whole team of a man and a horse to let, and a big dog under the wagon besides, and he is backed by as tough a set of directors as ever a go-ahead superintendent could desire. Mr. Cushman of the K. & P. road is also a driving, capable, gentlemanly officer, who would make his road worth while, if he were as well backed as is Mr. Noyes. As it is, there is more enterprise on the A. & K., a dozen times over, than on the K. & P.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.—We ought to have returned thanks to our able representative at Augusta long ere this, for numerous documents sent us, some of them of value.

To J. H. Drummond, Esq., also, for a copy of the report of the Superintendent of Common Schools.

Likewise to Mr. J. Q. A. Butts, representative from Canaan, for many favors.

FISHING BOUNTIES.—The folly and injustice of repealing these bounties are fully set forth in a speech made by Hon. N. Abbott, of the Maine delegation, in the U. S. House of Representatives, on the 10th inst. It is reported in full in the Daily Globe of Feb. 12, and will doubtless appear in the political prints of our State.

FROM WASHINGTON.—The correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says:

"The rumor by the Prince Albert, received here today, that Brazil had offered to act as mediator between the United States and Paraguay, and that the offer has been accepted by the American naval commander, is regarded by the government as wholly destitute of truth, and indeed, an impossibility, as neither the American naval commander nor the commissioner, Judge Bowlin, had any authority to accept such offer. The commissioner is instructed to repair to Paraguay in person, and if he finds negotiations useless, and all efforts to accommodate matters fail, then to direct the naval commander to act. Our government has received no intelligence from the expedition."

VULGAR WORDS. There is as much contention between the words and the thoughts, as there is between the thoughts and the words—the latter are not the expression of the former, but they have power to react upon the soul and leave the stain of corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use profane or vulgar words has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word extends the spot and inflames it; by indulgence it will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words as well as your thought. If you can control the tongue so that no improper words be pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind and save it from corruption.

NEWSPAPER BORROWERS. A 'borrower' is an unfinished being. He is incomplete. There is a screw loose in his organization. He is a bad man—that is, an unsafe one. He never comes to anything good, and is always poor. It is an old Scandinavian proverb that when Satan wishes to angle with and finally catch a man, he first gets him a borrowing. The whole tribe of borrowers are utterly mean, and the newspaper borrower is the meanest of the tribe. In this country papers are so cheap that every man can—and every decent man does—buy his own. At any rate, no decent man will borrow a newspaper. If he can't get one of his own he will do without. It dirties and rumples a paper to handle, and no man likes to have his family journal soiled by borrowers' unclean hands. Subscribers to good papers like to preserve them in good condition, and in order that they may do this, the papers must be kept clean and smooth, and whole. No one likes to preserve a dirty, torn or rumpled paper; and one such unclean copy spoils a whole file—one number of a paper lost, breaks the continuity of a volume. And there is a degree of sentiment, too, about a favorite family newspaper. A man acquires an affection for it, and, as in the case of his wife and baby, he doesn't want anything else to meddle with it. Therefore the newspaper borrower is a disturber of the peace and happiness of families; he is a pest—a nuisance, and should be permanently disposed of in a manner that would forever prevent him from annoying honest, decent people, who pay for their newspapers, and should be allowed to read and preserve them in peace.

THE MEMORY OF A MOTHER.—When temptation appears, and we are almost persuaded to do wrong, how often a mother's words of warning will be recalled to mind and the snare broken. Yes, the memory of a good mother has saved many a poor mortal from going astray.—Long grass may be growing over the hallowed spot where all her earthly remains repose. The dying leaves of autumn may be whirled over it, or the chill white mantle of winter cover it from sight, yet the spirit of her, when she walks in the right path, appears, and gently, sadly, maternally calls to him, when wandering off into ways of error and crime.

An Old Story in a New Dress.

BY F. R. FINE.

"I tell it as 'twas told me."

A very long time ago, in the western part of England, there lived an aged couple, whose time had passed since early youth, in the every day round of farm life, and who had never been known to have the least ill-feeling toward each other since the day when good old Parson Heriot had united them in the holy bands of wedlock; twenty-five years before. So well was the fact of their congenial happiness known, that they were spoken of, far and near, as the happiest pair known. Now, the Devil (excuse the abrupt mention of his name), had been trying for twenty years to create what is called 'a fuss in the family,' between these old companions. But much to his mortification, he had not been able to induce the old lady to give a single certain lecture. After repeated efforts the Devil became discouraged, and had he not been a person of great determination he would doubtless have given up the work in despair. One day as he walked along, in a very sorry mood, after another attempt to get the old lady to a quarrel about the pigs getting into the yard, he met an old woman, a near neighbor of the aged couple. As Mr. Devil and the neighbor were very particular friends, they must needs stop on the way to chat a little.

"Good morning, sir," said she, "and pray what on earth makes you look so badly, this beautiful morning? Isn't the controversy between the churches doing good service? Yes, isn't Deacon W. making plenty of bad whiskey?" "Yes."

"Well, what's the matter, my highly honored master?"

"Everything else is going on well enough," replied the Devil, "but, and here he looked sour as a monkey on a crab apple tree, 'old Blueford and his wife, over here, are injuring the cause terribly by their bad example, and after trying for years to induce them to do better, I must say, I consider them hopeless.'"

"The old hag stood for a moment in deep thought. 'Are you sure that you have tried every way?'"

"Every one that I can think of."

"Are you certain?"

"Well," she replied, "if you will promise to make me a present of a new pair of shoes, in case I succeed, I will make the attempt myself, and see if I can't raise a quarrel between them."

To this reasonable request the Devil gladly consented. The old hag went her way to neighbor Blueford's house, and found old Mrs. Blueford very busily engaged in getting things ready for her husband's comfort on his return from work. After the usual compliments had been passed, the following dialogue took place:

"Well, friend B., you and Mr. B. have lived a long time together!"

"Five and twenty years, come next November," replied Mrs. B.

"And in all this time you have never had the least quarrel?"

"Not one."

"I am truly glad to hear it," continued the hag. "I consider it my duty to warn you, that though this is the case, yet you must not always expect it to be. Have you not observed that of late Mr. B. has grown peevish and sullen at times?"

"A very little so," replied Mrs. B.

"I know it," continued the hag, "and he me warn you in time to be on your guard."

Mrs. B. did think she had better do so, and asked advice as to how she ought to manage the case.

"Have you not noticed," said the hag, "that your husband has a bunch of long hair growing on a mole under the chin, on the side of his throat?"

"Yes."

