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THE DISOWNED DAUGHTER.

A SEQUEL TO "THE BEAUTIFUL WARD."

The next morning, when Lord Elmwood and Sandford met at breakfast, the latter was pale for the success of Lady Elmwood's letter. The earl was pale too; but there was besides upon his face something which evidently marked he was displeased. Sandford observed it, and was all humbleness, both in his words and looks, in order to soften him.

As soon as breakfast was removed, Lord Elmwood drew the letter from his pocket, and holding it towards Sandford, said:

"That may be of more value to you than it is to me, therefore I give it to you."

Sandford called up a look of surprise, as if he did not know the letter again.

"This Lady Elmwood's letter," said Lord Elmwood, "I return it to you for two reasons."

"First," said he, "because I think it is a relic to you may like to preserve—my second reason is, you may wish to show it to her daughter, and let her know why, and on what conditions, I grant her mother's request."

"You do then grant it?" cried Sandford joyfully. "I thank you, you are kind, you are considerate."

"Be not hasty in your gratitude; you may have cause to regret it."

"I know what you have said," replied Sandford; "you have said you grant Lady Elmwood's request; you cannot recall these words, nor my gratitude."

"Do you know what her request is?" returned he.

"Not exactly, my lord, I told you before I did not; but it is no doubt something in favor of her child."

"I think not," he replied; "such as it is, however, I grant it—but in the strictest sense of the word, no farther, and one neglect of my commands releases me from this promise totally."

"What will take care, sir, not to disobey them?"

"Then listen to what they are, for to you I give the charge of delivering them again."

Lady Elmwood has petitioned me in the name of her father (a name I reverence) to give his granddaughter the sanction of my protection. In the literal sense, to suffer that she may reside at one of my seats; dispensing at the same time with my ever seeing her."

"And you will comply?"

"I will, till she encroaches on this concession, and dares to hope for a greater. I will, while she avoids my sight, or the giving me any remembrance of her. But if, whether by design or accident, I ever see or hear from her, that moment my compliances to her mother's supplication ceases, and I abandon her once more."

Sandford sighed. Lord Elmwood continued:

"I am glad her request stopped where it did. I would rather comply with her desires than not; and I rejoice they are such as I can grant with ease and honor to myself. I am seldom now at Elmwood castle; let her daughter go there; the few weeks or months I am down in the summer, she may easily in that extensive house avoid me—while she does, she lives in security, when she does not, you know my resolution."

Sandford bowed—the earl resumed:

"Nor can it be a hardship to obey this command; she cannot lament the separation from a parent whom she never knew—Sandford was going eagerly to prove the error of that assertion, but he prevented him, by saying:

"In a word—without further argument—if she obeys me in this, I will provide for her as my daughter during my life, and leave her a fortune at my death—but if she dares—"

Sandford interrupted the menace prepared for utterance, saying, "And you still mean, I suppose, to make Mr. Rushbrook your heir?"

"Have you not heard me say so? And do you imagine I have changed my determination? I am not given to alter my resolutions, Mr. Sandford, and I thought you knew I was not; besides, will not my title be extinct, who ever I make my heir? Could any thing but a son have preserved my title?"

"Then it is yet possible—"

"By marrying again? No—no—I have had enough of marriage—and Henry Rushbrook I shall leave my heir. Therefore, sir—"

"My lord, I do not presume—"

"Do not Sandford, and we may still be good friends. But I am not to be controlled as formerly; my temper is changed of late; changed to what it was originally; till your religious precepts reformed it. You may remember, how troublesome it was to conquer my stubborn disposition in my youth; then, indeed, you did; but in my more advanced age, you will find the task too difficult."

Sandford again repeated, "he should not presume—"

"To which Lord Elmwood again made an answer.

"Do not Sandford; and added, for I have a sincere regard for you, and should be loath, at these years, to quarrel with you seriously. Sandford turned away his head to conceal his feelings.

"Nay, if we do quarrel," resumed Lord Elmwood, "you know it must be your own fault;—and as this is a theme the most likely of any, nay, the only one of which we can have a difference (such as we cannot forgive,) take care never from this day to renew it—indeed that of itself would be an offence I could not pardon. I have been clear and explicit in all I have said; there can be no fear of mistaking my meaning; therefore, all future explanation is unnecessary—not will I permit a word, or a hint on the subject from any one without showing my resentment even to the door of my death." He was going out of the room.

"But before we bid adieu to the subject for ever, my lord—there was another person whom I named to you—"

"Do you mean Miss Woodley? Oh, by all means let her live at Elmwood house too. On consideration, I have no objection to see Miss Woodley at any time, I shall be glad to see her. Do not let her be frightened at me, to her I shall be the same that I have always been."

"She is a good woman, my lord," cried Sandford, delighted.

"You need not tell me that, Mr. Sandford; I know her worth. And he left the room."

Sandford to relieve Miss Woodley and her lovely charge from the suspense, in which he had left them, prepared to set off for their habitation, and meant himself to conduct them from thence to Elmwood castle, and appoint some retired part of it for Lady Matilda, against the annual visit which her father should pay there. To confirm this caution, before he left London, Giffard, the steward, took an opportunity to wait upon him, and let him know that the lord had acquainted him with the consent he had given for his daughter to be admitted at Elmwood castle, and upon what restrictions; that he had further altered the same; threats, should these restrictions ever be relaxed, Sandford thanked Giffard for his friendly information. It served him as a warning of the consequences that might ensue; and having taken leave of his friend

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and patron, under the pretence that he could not live in the smoke of London, he set out for the north.

It is unnecessary to say with what joy Sandford received by Miss Woodley, and the helpless daughter of Lord Elmwood, even before he told his errand. They both loved him sincerely; more especially Lady Matilda, whose forlorn state, and innocent sufferings, had ever excited his compassion, and caused him to treat her with affection, tenderness, and respect. She knew too, how much he had been her mother's friend; for that, she also, loved him; and for his being honored with the friendship of her father, she looked up to him with reverence. For Matilda (with an excellent understanding, a sedateness above her years, and having been early accustomed to the private converse between Lady Elmwood and Miss Woodley) was perfectly acquainted with the whole fatal history of her mother, and was, by her taught the esteem and admiration of her father's virtues which they so justly merited.

Notwithstanding the joy of Mr. Sandford's presence, once more to cheer his solitary dwelling, no sooner were the first kind greetings over, than the dread of what he might have to inform them of possessed poor Matilda and Miss Woodley so powerfully, that all their gladness was changed into affliction. Their apprehensions were far more forcible than their curiosity;—they dared not ask a question, and even began to wish he would continue silent upon the subject on which they feared to listen. For near two hours he was so. At length, after a short interval from speaking (during which they waited with anxiety for what he might next say,) he turned to Lady Matilda, and said,

"You don't ask for your father, my dear."

"I did not know it was proper," she replied timidly.

"It is always proper," answered Sandford, "for you to think of him, though he should never think on you."

She burst into tears, and said that she 'did' think of him, but she felt an apprehension of mentioning his name. And she wept bitterly while she spoke.

"Do not think I reprove you," said Sandford; "I only told you what was right."

"Nay," said Miss Woodley, "she does not weep for that—she fears her father has not complied with her mother's request. Perhaps—"

"—not even read her letter?"

"Oh, he has read it," returned Sandford.

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Matilda, clasping her hands together, and the tears falling still faster.

"Do not be so much alarmed, my dear," said Miss Woodley; "you know we are prepared for the worst; and you know you promised your mother, whatever your fate should be, to submit with patience."

"Yes," replied Matilda, "and I am prepared for every thing but my father's refusal to my dear mother."

"Your father has not refused your mother's request," replied Sandford.

"She was leaving from her seat in ecstasy."

"But," continued he, "do you know what her request was?"

"Not entirely," replied Matilda, "and since it is granted, I am careless. But she told me her letter concerned none but me."

To explain perfectly to Matilda Lady Elmwood's letter, and that she might perfectly understand upon what terms she was admitted into Elmwood castle, Sandford now read the letter to her; and repeated, as nearly as he could, the whole of the conversation that passed between Lord Elmwood and himself; not even sparing, through an erroneous delicacy, any of those threats her father had denounced, should she dare to transgress the limits he prescribed—nor did he try to soften, in one instance, a word he uttered. She listened sometimes with tears, sometimes with hope, but always with awe and with terror, to every sentence in which her father was concerned. Once she called him cruel—then exclaimed, "he was kind;" but at the end of Sandford's intelligence, concluded that she was happy and grateful for the boon bestowed. Even her mother had not a more exalted idea of Lord Elmwood's worth than her daughter had formed; and this little bounty just obtained would not have been greater in her mother's estimation than it was now in hers. Miss Woodley, too, smiled at the prospect before her—she esteemed Lord Elmwood beyond any mortal living—she was proud to hear what he had said in her praise, and overjoyed at the expectation of being once again in his company; painting at the same time a thousand bright hopes, from watching every motion of his soul, and catching every proper occasion to excite or increase his paternal sentiments. Yet she had the prudence to conceal these vague hopes from her child, lest a disappointment might prove fatal; and assuming a behavior neither too much elated or depressed, she advised that they should hope for the best, but yet, as usual, expect and prepare for the worst. After taking measures for quitting their melancholy abode, within the fortnight, they all departed for Elmwood castle, Matilda, Miss Woodley, and even Sandford, first visiting Lady Elmwood's grave, and bedewing it with their tears.

It was on a dark evening in the month of March that Lady Matilda, accompanied by Sandford and Miss Woodley, arrived at Elmwood castle, the magnificent seat of her father. Sandford chose the evening, rather to steal into the house privately, than by any appearance of parade to suffer Lord Elmwood to be reminded of their arrival by the public prints, or by any other accident. Nor would he give the neighbors or servants reason to suppose that the daughter of their lord was admitted into his house, in any other situation than that in which she really was permitted to be there.

As the porter opened the gates of the avenue to the carriage that brought them, Matilda felt an awful and yet glad sensation, which no terms can describe. As she entered the door of the mansion this sensation increased—and as she passed along the spacious hall, the splendid staircase, and many stately apartments, wonder, with a crowd of the tenderest, yet most afflicting sentiments, rushed to her heart. She gazed with astonishment—she reflected with still more.

"And is my father the master of this house?" she cried—and was my mother once the mistress of this castle?—Here, tears relieved her from a part of that burden which was insupportable.

"Yes," replied Sandford, "and you are the mistress of it now, till your father arrives."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed she, "and why

he ever arrive? and shall I live to sleep under the same roof with my father?"

"My dear," replied Miss Woodley, "have you not been told so?"

"Yes," said she, "but though I heard it with extreme pleasure, yet the expectation never so forcibly affected me as at this moment. I now feel, as the reality approaches, that to be admitted here is kindness enough—I do not ask for more. I am now convinced, from what this trial makes me feel, that to see my father would occasion emotions I could not perhaps survive."

The next morning gave to Matilda more objects of admiration and wonder, as she walked over the extensive gardens, groves, and other pleasure grounds, belonging to the house. She, who had never been beyond the dreary, ruinous places which her deceased mother had made her residence, was naturally struck with amazement and delight, at the grandeur of a seat which travellers came for miles to see, nor thought their time mispent.

There was one object, however, among all she saw, which attracted her attention above the rest, and she would stand for hours to look at it. This was a whole length portrait of Lord Elmwood, esteemed a very capital picture and a perfect likeness. To this picture she would sigh and weep; though when it was first pointed out to her she shrunk back with fear, and it was some time before she dared venture to cast her eyes completely upon it.

In the features of her father she was proud to discern the exact mould in which her own appeared to have been modeled; yet Matilda's person, shape, and complexion were so extremely like what her mother's once were, that at the first glance she appeared to have a still greater resemblance of her than of her father, but her mind and manners were all Lord Elmwood's; softened by the delicacy of her sex, the extreme tenderness of her heart, and the melancholy of her situation.

She was now in her seventeenth year, of the same age, within a year and a few months, of her mother, when she first became the ward of Dorrisford. She was just three years old when her father went abroad, and remembered something of bidding him farewell; but more of taking cherries from his hand, as he pulled them from the tree to give her.

Educated in the school of adversity, and inured to retirement from her infancy, she had acquired a taste for all those amusements which a reclusive life affords. She was fond of walking and riding, was accomplished in the arts of music and drawing, by the most careful instructions of her mother, and as a scholar, she excelled most of her sex, from the pains which Sandford had taken, with that part of her education, and the superior abilities he possessed for the task.

In devoting certain hours of the day to study with him, others to music, riding, and such harmless recreations, Matilda's time never appeared tedious at Elmwood castle, although she received and paid no one visit—for it was soon divulged in the neighborhood, upon what stipulation she resided at her father's, and studiously intimated, that the most prudent and friendly behavior of her true friends would be to take no notice whatever that she lived among them; and as Lord Elmwood's will was a law all around, such was the consequence of that will, known, or merely supposed.

Neither did Miss Woodley regret the want of visitors, but found herself far more satisfied in her present situation than her most sanguine hopes could have formed. She had a companion whom she loved with an equal fondness with which she had loved her deceased mother; and frequently, in this charming habitation, where she had so often beheld Lady Elmwood, her imagination represented Matilda as her friend risen from the grave, in her former youth, health, and exquisite beauty.

In peace, in content, though not in happiness, the days and the weeks passed away, till about the middle of August, when preparations began to be made for the arrival of Lord Elmwood. The week in which he was to come was at length fixed, and some part of his retinue was arrived before him. When this was told Matilda, she started, and looked just as her mother at her age had often done, when, in spite of her love, she was conscious that she had offended him, and was terrified at his approach. Sandford observing this involuntary emotion, put out his hand, and taking hers, shook it kindly; and bade her that it was not in a cheering tone "not be afraid." This gave her no confidence, and she began before her father's arrival, to seclude herself in the apartments allotted for her during the time of his stay; and in the timorous expectation of his coming, her appetite declined, and she lost all her color. Even Miss Woodley, whose spirits had been for some time elated with the hopes she had formed, from her residence at the castle, on drawing near to the test, found those hopes vanishing; and though she endeavored to conceal it, she was full of apprehensions. Sandford had certainly fewer fears than either; yet upon the eve of the day on which his patron was to arrive he was evidently cast down.

Lady Matilda once asked him—Are you certain Mr. Sandford, you made no mistake in respect to what Lord Elmwood said, when he granted my mother's request? Are you sure he did grant it? Was there nothing equivocal on which he may ground his displeasure, should he be told that I am here? Oh, do not let me hazard being once again turned out of this house! Oh! save me from provoking him perhaps to excommunicate me. And here she clasped her hands together with the most fervent petition, in the dread of what might happen.

"If you doubt my word or my senses," said Sandford, "call Giffard, who is just arrived, and let him inform you; the same words were repeated to him as to me."

Though from her reason, Matilda could not doubt of any mistake from Mr. Sandford, yet her fears suggested a thousand scruples; and this reference to the steward she received with the utmost satisfaction (though she did not think it necessary to apply to him,) as it perfectly convinced her of the folly of the suspicions she had entertained.

"And yet, Mr. Sandford," said she, "if it is so, why are you less cheerful than you were? I cannot help thinking that it must be the expected arrival of Lord Elmwood which has occasioned this change."

"I don't know," replied Sandford, carelessly, "but I believe I am grown afraid of your father. His temper is a great deal altered from what it once was—he raises his voice, and uses harsh expressions upon the least provocation; his eyes flash lightning, and his face is

distorted with anger upon the slightest motives he turns away his old servants at a moment's warning, and no concession can make their peace. In a word, I am more at my ease when I am away from him, and I really believe, added he with a smile, but with a tear at the same time, "I really believe, I am more afraid of him in my age, than he was of me when he was a boy."

Miss Woodley was present; she and Matilda looked at one another; and each of them saw the other turn pale at this description.

The day at length came, on which Lord Elmwood was expected to dinner. It would have been a high gratification to his daughter to have gone to the topmost window of the house, and have only beheld his carriage enter the avenue; but it was a gratification which her fears, her tremor, her extreme sensibility would not permit her to enjoy.

Miss Woodley and she sat down that day to dinner in their retired apartments, which were detached from the other part of the house by a gallery; and of the door leading to the gallery they had a key, to impede any one from passing that way, without first ringing a bell; to answer which was the sole employment of a servant, who was placed there during the earl's residence, lest by any accident he might chance to come near that unfrequented part of the house; on which occasion the man was to give immediate notice to his lady, so that she might avoid his presence by retiring into an inner room.

Matilda and Miss Woodley sat down to dinner, but did not dine. Sandford dined as usual, with Lord Elmwood. When tea was brought, Miss Woodley asked the servant who attended, if he had seen his lord. The man answered, "Yes, madam; and he looks vastly well." Matilda wept with joy to hear it.

About nine in the evening, Sandford rang at the bell, and was admitted. Never had he been so welcome, Matilda hung upon him, as if his recent interview with her father had endeared him to her more than ever; and staring anxiously in his face, seemed to inquire of him something about Lord Elmwood, and something that should not alarm her.

"Well, how do you find yourself?" said he to her.

"How are you, Mr. Sandford?" she returned with a sigh.

"O! very well," replied he.

"Is my lord in good temper?" asked Miss Woodley.

"Yes; very well," replied Sandford, with indifference.

"Did he seem glad to see you?" asked Matilda.

"He shook me by the hand," replied Sandford.

"That was a sign he was glad to see you, was it not?" said Matilda.

"Yes; but he could not do less."

"Nor more," replied she.

"He looks very well, our servant tells us," said Miss Woodley.

"Extremely well indeed," answered Sandford; "and to tell the truth, I never saw him in better spirits."

"That is well," said Matilda, and sighed a weight of fears from her heart.

"Where is he now, Mr. Sandford?"

"Gone to walk about his grounds, and I stole here in the mean time."

"What was your conversation at dinner?" asked Miss Woodley.

"Horses, hay, farming, and politics."

"Won't you sup with him?"

"I shall see him again before I go to bed?"

"And again to-morrow?" cried Matilda, "what happiness!"

"He has visitors to-morrow," said Sandford, "coming for a week or two."

"Thank Heaven," said Miss Woodley, "he will then be diverted from thinking on us."

"Do you know," returned Sandford, "it is my firm opinion, that his thinking of you at present is the cause of his good spirits."

"Oh, heavens!" cried Matilda, lifting up her hands with rapture.

"Nay, do not mistake me," said Sandford; "I would not have you build a foundation for joy upon this surmise; for if he is in spirits that you are in this house—so near him—positively under his protection, yet he will not allow himself to think it is the cause of his content, and the sentiments he has adopted, and which are now become natural to him, will remain the same as ever; nay, perhaps with greater force, should he suspect his weakness (as he calls it) acting in opposition to them."

"If he does but think of me with tenderness," cried Matilda, "I am recompensed."

"And what recompense would his kind thoughts be to you," said Sandford, "were he to turn you out to beggary?"

"A great deal—a great deal," she replied.

"But how are you to know he has these kind thoughts, if he gives you no proof of them?"

"No, Mr. Sandford; but supposing we could know them without proof."

"But as that is impossible," answered he, "I shall suppose, till I prove, that I have been mistaken in my conjectures."

Matilda looked deeply concerned that the argument should conclude in her disappointment; for to have believed herself thought of with tenderness by her father would have alone constituted her happiness.

When the servant came up with something by way of supper, he told Mr. Sandford that the lord was returned from his walk and had inquired for him: Sandford immediately bade his companions good night, and left them.

"How strange is this!" cried Matilda, when Miss Woodley and she were alone—My father within a few rooms of me, and yet I am debarred from seeing him!—Only by walking a few paces I could be at his feet, and perhaps receive his blessing!"

"You make me shudder," cried Miss Woodley; "but some spirit less timid than mine might perhaps advise you to the experiment."

"Not for the world!" returned Matilda, "no counsel could tempt me to such temerity—and yet to entertain the thought that it is possible I could do this is a source of infinite comfort."

This conversation lasted till bed-time, and later; for they sat up beyond their usual hour to indulge it.

Miss Woodley slept little, but Matilda less, she waked repeatedly during the night, and every time she sighed to herself, "I sleep in the same house with my father! Blessed spirit of my mother, look down and rejoice!"

COLLEGE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. We understand that the students are about organizing

a temperance society in college, and we hope that they will get a large number of members. The drinking and carousing of college life are not only injurious to health, but positively stupid and foolish; the sooner these practices are given up the better it will be for all concerned. A four years' experience of college ways enables us to speak with some little knowledge of the subject, and prompts us to advise the young men of to-day, to improve upon the manners and habits of predecessors.

[Brunswick Telegraph.]

"Old Maids."

The world has a coarse laugh at what it is pleased as coarsely to denominate 'old maids.' Everything, it would seem, improves by age except woman; wines and woods, books and friends. But the world is not altogether to blame for this; it has been helped into the error by those women who never, how matter how long they live, get beyond thirty, unless—

they are married.

Youth has its graces, but they are only external signs of what may or may not exist within. Like the flush upon the morning sky, they are transitory; the noon may be heavy with clouds. Girls only share the attraction that invests everything young, the heart of a Jew may warm even to the young pig, white, delicate, with its rimples of a tail; we cherish the buds that show promises through the clefts of their green setting, while the full-blown flower reveals a blemish that had been a secret.

A real woman is something more than a combination of 'fine effects' as a painter would say; something better than an exquisite adjustment of light, shade and color; her eyes may shed a purer ray than health and young life can give.

Not all women grow beautiful with years, and yet we thank us with a gentle light from beneath a brow whereon, stayed from a cap's face bound, lay a tress of silver white.

To be beautiful and a grandmother is by no means impossible. The true grace of woman, means impossible. The true grace of woman, a grace that is time-proof and will keep even till the last days of winter, is that whatever it is, which we call 'womanliness' she who possesses it, can afford to spare the pleasant accidents of youth, for as the years go on, it sheds over her face an indescribable charm.

There is a certain style of woman bent upon demonstrating, as fast as she can, that she is capable of being a very capital man. We could not wish them a greater evil than success. The trouble is that they have been filling their heads at the expense of empty hearts. No accomplishments, no acquisitions of science, no deeds of a wide-horizoned philanthropy can give a real woman half the joy she feels in some willing service, that love prompts, and crowns with blessing. A thousand times has it been made manifest,

"That when all's done, all tried, all counted here, All great acts, and all good philosophies, This love just made its hand out in a dream, And straight outreaches all things."

And this is really the key-note of the life of whatever woman is worthy to be named in the same breath with one's Mother. It may be unheard in the morning when the world is full of song, and at noon it may not be heeded; but some time, even when the shadows lie to the east, will it be heard, plaintive and subdued, and age and loneliness grow beautiful with this Indian Summer of the heart. "I think," writes the author of 'The Afternoon of Unmarried Life,' "I think few things are more affecting to minds of any delicacy, than the convulsive efforts sometimes made by the love-hungry and unloved to appropriate affection; often as futile and contrary to reason as the wish to warm chill hands in the sunshine of a setting sun, but none the less pathetic. In some cases of this description there has been no heart-warming sunshine; thick clouds and cold airs all through the earlier part of life, and when the sky became clearer it was too late."

Should some malignant planet bring A barren drought, or ceaseless shower, Upon the autumn or the spring, And spare us neither fruit nor flower, Winter would not stay an hour."

In other instances, happy love had been brought near enough to thrill with a short delirium of joy, and then ceased, leaving the afternoon of life cold, dull and grey; but in all these is a disordered state of feeling, which, whether it takes the form of fluttering anticipations or self-loathing timidity, infallibly dooms the unhappy sufferer to the manifold evils of disproportionate emotion.

Do not think that a woman's instinctive wish to please, to love, and be loved, can ever die before she dies; it may sleep, long crushed by overwhelming disadvantage; but it will often rouse too late, and move again as the sap moves in the trunk of a fallen tree, and clothes it with the pious ornaments of an unseasonable, hopeless spring. And therefore those who speak of it as impossible, or with a tone of mockery, may unconsciously inflict pain; they speak of that which is alive to every chance touch, as if it was dead and insensible; as if that which ought not to be, necessarily was not—a cruel error, and most unattractive to the purpose for the sake of which it is sometimes defended.

She compares an unmarried woman's notion of the joys of married life to the remembrance of a beautiful piece of music which sometimes lingers in one's brain the air that haunts you, how sweetly it runs on in the muffled chambers of imagination! You follow its windings there with the greatest ease; yet if you try to play it from notes you find that but a small part of its beauty is clear and simple melody;—you discover that the harmony is intricate,—the discords many, though in due time resolved,—the whole piece very difficult.

Very truly it is said: "if the imagination of women would busy itself nearly as much with the inevitable troubles, as it does with the certain comforts of matrimony, the homes of the world would not hide so many aching hearts, as it is to be feared they now do; there would be more peace and less regret among those who once dreamed to become old maids."

The nominal division in society of unmarried is depressing to some people, because it seems to merge the individuality of each single woman in a class almost proverbial for uninteresting appearance and acid virtue; married women being supposed to find in their doubled stores of joys and cares an endless variety of interest, and at least permanent freedom from the weariness of a self-centred existence.

Human beings are, no doubt, gregarious in their tendencies, but each spirit is too conscious of its own originality to be content with class distinctions only, and I suspect that the

remember every act of unkindness, every bitter word which had fallen from their lips? But then it would be too late to recall it, too late to ask forgiveness."—N. B. Presbyterian.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAR. 10, 1859.

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Waterville Farmers' Club.

The meeting last Thursday evening was at the house of Mr. Albion P. Marston, on Mill street, with Mr. Elhanan Cook in the chair. The subject discussed was the Making and Saving of Manure.

Mr. Abram Morrill thought there was a great lack in this department, among farmers, generally. Had a good opinion of Muck, and thought it would pay to haul it four or five miles. Knew of its application to sandy soil in South Carolina, green from the bed, with the best results, so enriching the land that good corn crops were raised for several years, without other application. Supposed, however, there was great difference in muck, and that some of it should be exposed to the action of the atmosphere and treated with lime, ashes, &c., before it was used.

Col. W. E. Drummond, of Winslow, keeps four or five hogs in a yard about 20 by 40 feet, into which is conducted, in troughs, all the slops and suds from the house, and into which he puts straw, muck, turf, soil,—making additions every few days, or whenever it seems to be getting too wet. In this way he doubles the quantity of his hog manure, and the value of it, too, as he thinks. Removes it every fall and spring. Thinks well of saving soap suds; if he had no hogs, would not fail to provide something to absorb suds.

Mr. Josiah Morrill, acting on hint heard at Farm Club last winter, had, the past season, put all his coarse manure into his hog yard, which was not covered, and in this way had trebled the quantity usually made by them, but could not, at present, decide as to the value of it. Thought it would be much better, both for hogs and manure, to have the yard covered; thought one load of hog manure, made in the old way, worth two from the stable.

Mr. Stuart, of Winslow, described his barn, which though small, contained many conveniences not found in larger structures. It was situated upon a side hill, and had a cellar the full size of the barn; with floor under all; manure was dropped into it through scuttles, and was never exposed to the weather, which he thinks is a great improvement over the old method. Keeps his hogs on the manure from his horse stable the year round, which they work over nicely so that it never heats; throws in some slops and suds, not all he has, for that would make it too wet, but enough to keep it moist; puts muck into his out-door hog yard. Has a vault, originally built for draining surplus water in the soil, but finds it convenient for holding liquid manure, which he transfers to a hoghead set on wheels, by means of a force pump, and applies with little trouble to his grass land. So easily is this done that he has taken out and applied 18 hogheads in 2 1/2 hours. Thinks well of this process and mode of application—having often noted the good effect of liquid manure. Thinks highly, too, of hen manure; carefully secures all of his in boxes, and applies by spreading it on barn manure intended for his corn land, with which it is thoroughly incorporated before carrying out. Some of his neighbors raise good crops of corn by mixing hen manure with soil and applying it in the hill.

Many other members testified strongly to the value of hen manure, some preferring it to guano; though instances were mentioned of persons throwing it into the road, thinking it injurious to the soil.
In answer to a question, Mr. Stratton of Winslow, stated that he had dissolved bones by placing them in ashes which he kept damp; how valuable they were as manure he could not say. Bones in the soil would not decompose for many years. Others thought bones decomposed quite rapidly in some soils. J. Morrill had known bones to retain their size, shape, and freshness, after having lain in red loam for 47 years, but they contained no marrow. Buried them near the root of a grape vine, upon which they produced a wonderful effect, giving it a thrifty growth. Thought there was value in bones as long as they existed, but supposed it better to grind them to dissolve them, as the effect would be there by prolonged. Mr. M. had known bones just applied to turnips with very good effect.

Mr. George Shores kept his hogs on the manure, under cover, which he thought a good plan; it increased the quantity and improved the quality. Found his manure very strong, so much so as to kill corn when applied in the hill, though covered with two or three inches of soil. Here the question was sharply put—what, in this instance, killed the corn? An answer was given, that the manure was too strong.

cess of ammonia, was the answer. This naturally raised other enquiries, such as—can we have too much of a good thing? whence came this powerful supply of ammonia, which was sufficient to permeate this large quantity of coarse manure? how could its escape be arrested? how should this manure have been applied? &c., &c. Some said it should have been spread and ploughed, some that it ought to have been mixed with the soil in the hill; Mr. J. Morrill would apply a spoonful of lime in each hill with it. Jos. Percival never would apply manure in the hill much; thought we might have to much of a good thing, and manure might be so concentrated as to do mischief; instance guano and hen manure; heard a man once crying down the latter, as poison stuff that would kill corn, for he had tried it to his satisfaction; on inquiry learned that he had done so by applying half a shovel full in a hill. The hour for adjourning interrupted an interesting debate at this point, which we hope will be resumed at another time.

Mr. Joshua I. Clifford was chosen to preside at the next meeting, which the Club voted, to hold with Mr. Joseph Percival; but as the Ladies' Temperance Levee will occur on Thursday, it has since been decided to defer the meeting till the usual evening next week. Subject for discussion—Saving, Making and Applying Manures.

TWO-FORTY! There has been a brisk movement in the horse market in this place, for a few weeks past, and its tendency is still onward and upward. The demand is for the better class of young horses, of which some fifty or more have been converted into cash. We understand that most of them have been taken to Philadelphia and N. York. Prices ranging from eighty to one hundred and fifty dollars, so far as reported. Western papers say there is an increasing demand for this class of horses with an upward tendency of prices. Only a few of the fancies have been sold—of which class, however, there now but few in this vicinity. So far as we can see, the two-forty "brand" is losing its extreme popularity, and is giving place to more substantial qualities. This is a favorable symptom, for both buyer and seller, and will conduce more than anything else to the improvement of our stock of horses. We have gone too "fast" in this direction, till many of the most essential qualities of a good horse have been left behind. But for this error the Morgan blood would have been more prevalent in our present stock. Now that it begins to be in demand we are behind the times, and it is the work of years to gain our lost ground.

OF COURSE! A correspondent of the Boston Journal, in noticing a few names of members of the Maine Legislature, who are particularly characterized for their legislative industry and talent, gives the member from Waterville a prominent place. Whether this is just praise or not, his constituents will not be surprised to find their expectations met: "In the same class the writer puts Blaine of Augusta, Smart of Camden, Pike of Calais, Cushing of Frankfort, Dow of Portland, Gilbert of Bath, Goodell of Alfred, and Prentiss and McCrillis of Bangor."

SNOW.—This continues to come down upon us liberally, and we have now probably not less than four feet, good measure, and well packed. That venerable person, the oldest inhabitant, can hardly recollect when the present quantity was exceeded. This, as is well known, is one of the promises of a fruitful season, therefore let the husbandman prepare to cast in his seed liberally with the confident expectation of an abundant harvest.

FAST DAY.—Thursday, the 21st day of April next, has been designated by Gov. Morrill, to be observed as a day of public humiliation, fasting and prayer. Some hypercritical wag in the Portland Argus, is after the Governor with a sharp stick, for the bad grammar and "hyfalutin," which he says he finds in the Declaration. Though rather severe on the Governor, he very graciously exonerates Chapin, who he feels confident had no hand in this document.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—The election in the Granite State occurred on Tuesday and resulted in a triumph of the Republicans. 109 towns gave Goodwin, republican, 2,727 majority; 136 republican—representatives are elected to 65 democrats—making the strength in the House about as it was last year. 3 Republican Senators are chosen, and 4 Republican Councilors to 1 Democrat. Every Republican member of Congress is elected.

FOREIGN.—The news by the late arrivals leaves the question of peace or war involved in as much doubt as before. Rumors are plenty, favoring both sides, but we must wait a little longer before deciding with certainty. In the mean time, the fate of Europe would seem to be in the hands of the Emperor of the French, whose movements are watched with great interest.

A valuable horse, belonging to Mr. Flagg, of Benton, was so badly injured last evening, at Kendall's Mills, that it was thought a deed of mercy to kill him. Frightened by an approaching railroad train, at the crossing, he ran violently up the street, throwing a person from the sleigh, which was broken, and ending by breaking his leg in three places.

FAIRFIELD.—At the annual town meeting in Fairfield on Monday last, the following officers were elected.—Jona. Purington, Moderator; Andrew Archer, Town Clerk; Chas. Conforth, Andrew Archer, Geo. Richardson, Selectmen; Joseph F. Nye, Treasurer and Collector; E. W. McFadden, Town Agent; S. S. Committee, E. W. McFadden.

BATH ELECTION.—Israel Putnam, republican, was elected Mayor of Bath on Monday last, receiving 533 votes, while but 339 were cast for the Democratic candidate, Oliver Moore.

OUR TABLE.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—Two handsome steel engravings are found in each number of this magazine—these are March being a fine view of Heidelberg, and a portrait of Rev. Francis Burne, Missionary Bishop of the M. E. Church in Western Africa. The reading matter is adapted to a great variety of taste and every grade of intellect, but all of great purity and excellence. This work has now a circulation of over forty thousand. It is pretty good evidence of its merit. Published by Swornsted & Pos, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year. J. P. Magee, Boston, agent.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for February has a table of contents that promises much good reading:—Carlyle's "Mirage Philosophy"—History of Frederick. How we went to Skye. Objectionable Books. Popular Literature; part 2—the Periodical Press. Rawlinson's Herodotus. Falsely Accused. Mephitus and the Antidote. A Cruise in Japanese Waters—part 3.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews, and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 64 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum; any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage on any part of the U. S. will be but 24 cents a year for "Blackwood," and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.—The March number, like all the others, contains an array of attractions, artistic and literary, such as is found in no other magazine in the land. An enumeration of the articles would take up much space, and give but little idea of the merit of the work, which to be rightly appreciated must be seen. The fashion department is a beautifully colored fashion plate, and innumerable novelties of great beauty. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3 a year.

LEVEE.—The Lady visitors of Ticonic Division, Sons of Temperance, held a Levee at the Town Hall, this evening, which all are invited to attend, who wish to contribute to a worthy object and at the same time participate in a pleasant and innocent intellectual and social entertainment. We are not in the secrets of the managers, but hear it whispered that there are many good things on the programme. The posters about the street promise "Instrumental and Vocal Music, Address by a Young Lady, Tableaux, Chateaux, &c., &c."—not forgetting a liberal supply of gustatory temptations for the refreshment of the inner man, in the shape of oysters, coffee, cake, &c. Let everybody and his wife and children be there.

A New Church in Waterville.—A strong movement is on foot for building a new and somewhat expensive church in our village the coming season, with the intention of inviting Dr. Sheldon of Bath, formerly President of the College here, to fill the pulpit. The project has been well received, and, judging from what we hear, we should say promises to be successful—the pews in the house having been nearly all taken, and almost a thousand dollars subscribed for the preacher's salary. As the matter has stood, we have hardly felt at liberty to make any mention of it, but the appearance of several paragraphs recently in different papers makes it proper now. The Bath Times states authoritatively that Dr. S. has no agency or responsibility in the matter, and this we dare say is true; some other paper confidently asserts that he could not be induced to leave Bath; and this may be so. But if the house is built, it is not at all probable that the pulpit would be long without an occupant.

PICTURES.—In these days of cheap portraits, when no family is so poor as not to own a half score, it is well to know what style of picture is the most durable, or, in other words, which in reality, is the best bargain. A writer in "Humphrey's Journal," good authority in Photographic art, gives the following opinions:—

The art of "Sun-drawing" is of vast importance in this country, and one in which the mass of the people are interested. Every member of society knows what a Daguerreotype is. These beautiful pictures are familiar to all, and, judging from the past, we look forward with perfect confidence to the time when the discovery of Daguerre will hold its old position as being the foremost of all the known processes for producing miniatures by the aid of light. We only reiterate a well established fact when we assert that, at the present time, the Daguerreotype is the most perfect and reliable of all pictures.

The frail and fading Ambrotype is often sold, by unprincipled operators, for a Daguerreotype, and thus the unsuspecting public are defrauded and led to condemn the most beautiful pictures which it is possible to produce. The soft finish and delicate definition of the Daguerreotype is equalled by no other style produced by actinic agency, while for durability we have no proof of any other impression being permanent. There can be no question, that if the public were fully posted as to the real worth of Daguerre's discovery, his process would be the only one that would meet with favor at their hands. If the operators would hold fast to this process, and recommend no other, they would greatly enhance the value of their art and improve the somewhat shaken confidence which now exists in regard to it.

Whenever we hear a person decrying the old Daguerreotype we look upon him as one who cannot make a good picture by that process, which, by the way, is far more difficult than most of the others, and hence the reason of its being so much neglected of late. We do not believe that any experienced and successful Daguerreotype operator can be found who will not lift up his voice in favor of his old art, as he must have realized the most eminent satisfaction from his early practice and received a far better remuneration for his services; he can also conscientiously assert that his customers will never have cause to regret that their patronage has been bestowed on durable pictures.

We look back with much satisfaction upon the impressions which we took in '45 and '46; every picture is as brilliant and pleasing as when it was taken, and bids fair to last hundreds of years yet.

There are few persons familiar with the practical department of the heliographic art generally who will not give their testimony in favor of the Daguerreotype for securing likenesses of their friends. The process of finishing one of these pictures is founded upon scientific principle, and there is the most overwhelming argument in favor of their durable properties—they are secured from the oxidizing influence of adulterated atmosphere, and are the only pictures so secured; for in the Ambrotype we have organic matter in direct contact with the silver, and the same with the Photograph. We again repeat what we have said many times before to all our friends: Preserve a Daguerreotype in preference to any other style of picture.

Legislature of Maine.
On Tuesday, March 1, an act to punish intoxication was read once and laid on the table. Resolve in favor of Maine Wesleyan Seminary passed to be engrossed, 16 to 11. An act for furnishing pure fresh water at Gethell's Corner, was read and assigned.

In the House, the Com. of Judiciary were requested to report a bill providing that any person voting at Presidential elections, if he chooses to endorse upon his vote for electors the names of those persons for whom he wishes the electors to vote, may legally do so, and the vote shall be so returned. The Com. on Agriculture were requested to inquire into the expediency of authorizing towns and cities to appropriate money for improving the breed of domestic animals.

On Wednesday, in Senate, bill to annex Whitefield to Kennebec, was read a second time, and, after debate, tabled.

In the House, an inquiry was ordered as to the expediency of transferring the management of the Insane Hospital from a board of Trustees, to the Governor and Council. Resolve in favor of Maine Wesleyan Seminary advanced a step in its progress. The bill giving remedies against attorneys being taken up, the House refused to concur with the Senate in an amendment, and passed the bill to be engrossed. Bill giving salaries to subordinate officers of the two branches was taken up and after considerable debate tabled. On motion of Mr. Perley, it was ordered that so much of the Governor's address as relates to the development of the resources of the State, and also a resolve passed by the Board of Agriculture, relating to the same, be referred to Joint Standing Committee on Internal Improvements; and that said committee be directed to inquire into the expediency of the adoption by the Legislature of some thorough and efficient system by which reliable and extensive statistical information can be obtained, and laid before the people, with the view to develop our known and unknown, active and dormant resources; and by making known our facilities for all industrial pursuits to conduce to the increased prosperity, population, products, wealth and power of the State.

On Thursday in Senate, the attorney bill come back from the House, that body disagreeing on the retrospective feature in the amendment; and after a warm debate, a motion to insist prevailed and conferees were appointed.

In the House, Com. reported leave to withdraw on petition of the Pen. & Ken. and And. & Ken. Railroads for repeal of the 9th section of act of consolidation, which was laid on the table. Com. reported leave to withdraw on petitions for Carriunk Railroad; on motion of Mr. Stackpole the report was laid on the table. Resolve in favor of Maine Wesleyan Seminary was passed to be engrossed—59 to 48—after a warm and somewhat personal debate. Bill for Aroostook Railroad was reported. The bill pledges the State credit to the amount of \$700,000 for thirty years at five per cent, and gives a donation by the State of \$300,000 cash. It proposes to make the road a part of the great European and North American Railway, running from Milford to Mattawamkeag, and following the valley of that stream to the State boundary at the Schoodic Lake, uniting there with the road from Halifax. Twelve miles this side of the boundary a branch will run to Houlton. The road is to consist of two sections. The first section, from Milford to Mattawamkeag, will be built entirely without State aid; the second section, from Mattawamkeag to Houlton, will receive the \$1,000,000 above specified, for which the State is to hold a mortgage of the whole; and meanwhile the public lands are to be sold, and the proceeds devoted to creating a sinking fund, to pay the \$700,000 loaned, and the mortgage is to be discharged when the sinking fund shall amount to a sum large enough to redeem the State scrip. It is claimed that the sales of the public lands would pay the loan before thirty years should expire, and therefore that the interest, or \$35,000 per annum, would be all the liability that will encumber the road.

On Friday, in Senate, legislation was reported inexpedient on order relating to the intermarriage of first cousins; also in regard to opening railroad ticket offices half an hour before the starting of trains. Resolve in favor of Westbrook Seminary was passed to be engrossed in concurrence. The Senate non-concurred with the House in indefinitely postponing the attorney bill, and passed it to be engrossed.

In the House, Mr. McCrillis of Bangor, and Mr. Smart of Camden, rose to a question of privilege, pronouncing certain insinuations, made by Mr. Barrows in the Senate, in the debate on the attorney bill, false and unworthy of any member of either house. Resolve in favor of Maine Wesleyan Seminary was finally passed, 57 to 56, a member coming in and voting in the affirmative, just in time to secure its passage. This resolve, which bestows \$5000 upon this institution, it is said was signed by the Governor in 30 minutes after its passage. Bill to punish dishonest lawyers came from the Senate, that body insisting on its former vote and asking for the appointment of conferees; House succeeded.

On Saturday, in Senate, an order was passed requesting the Governor to communicate such information as he may have in his possession in relation to the Maine State Seminary, and whether the trustees of that institution have fully complied with all the provisions of an act to incorporate the trustees of the Maine State Seminary, approved March 16, 1855, and if so, at what time these said provisions were complied with. Bill to incorporate the Aroostook and St. Andrews Branch Railroad Company was read and assigned; also bill to furnish pure water to Gethell's Corner.

In the House, bill an act relating to the admission of attorneys to practice, came from the Senate, that body insisting. After debate, the bill was tabled and Wednesday next assigned.

In view of the close vote on the Maine Wesleyan Seminary resolve, and the almost accidental way in which it was decided, the Com. on Rules and Orders was directed to inquire into the expediency of adopting a rule that no member shall be allowed to vote unless he is within the Hall at the time his name is called; and also as to the propriety of abrogating so much of Rule 39, as provides for a motion to reconsider on the day succeeding that in which the vote was taken. A reconsideration of the vote by which the Resolve in favor of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary passed, was moved, but the Speaker decided it to be out of order, as the papers had passed from the House. Mr. Smart moved that a message be sent to the Governor, requesting him not to sign the resolve, if he has not already done so, until the House can have time to request its return by message. The subject was debated at some length, but without taking a vote the House adjourned.

On Monday, in Senate, bill to repeal the charter of Kennebec Dam unless a fish way over it is built by the first of Dec. next, was read a second time and laid on the table. Bill to incorporate the Canaan Mutual Fire Insurance Co. passed to be engrossed. Legislation was reported inexpedient on order in relation to coasting down hill in highway, so the boys may go it while they're young, without fear of the law. Bill punishing intoxication passed to be engrossed.

In the House, an act to furnish Gethell's Corner with pure water was read and assigned. The question pending when the House adjourned on Saturday, was the motion of Mr. Smart relating to the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, but it having been positively stated that the Governor had signed the bill, the motion was withdrawn. Resolve in favor of Westbrook Seminary, the other "log" of this "drive," was then finally passed, 51 to 28.

BUY AT HOME.—The Salem Gazette, in an article under the above head, makes the following excellent suggestions:

"A common mistake, in all the towns surrounding the metropolis, is that of neglecting the mechanics and shopkeepers of their own neighborhood, and bestowing their patronage upon those in the capital, thus favoring and supporting a class of people who do not know, and will never thank them, to the neglect and injury of their neighbors and personal acquaintance. This is usually done without any real benefit to the purchaser, and often as much to his (or her) disadvantage as to that of the town or village shopkeeper. Many a person has paid more for an article in Boston than it would have cost at home; and nothing is more common than to give as much, or about as much, without the advantage of being any better suited than they might be at home.

This, it appears to us, is all wrong. Our shopkeepers and mechanics pay their rents here, sometimes perhaps to the very persons who refuse to patronize them, or to their husbands and fathers. They pay their proportion of the public expenditure. They perform all the duties of good citizens, and they have a right to expect that the support which they extend to their neighbors will be reciprocated by those neighbors. A good citizen, who wished well to those by whom he was surrounded, might very well afford to add a trifle to the price he might pay, rather than to turn the profits of his custom, whatever they might be, away from those who have upon him the claims of fellow-citizenship."

POOR FELLOW.—One of the editors of the Portland Transcript has had a glimpse of the famous Balmoral or *japon rouge*, and goes into ecstasies in consequence. That pattern of the flag of all nations has never made its appearance in this latitude.

CONSUL GENERAL MOOR.—Congress has interfered to disturb the golden dreams of our old townsman, by decreeing that his salary—\$4000—shall be in full of all compensation allowed to that officer; and all fees received by any vice-consul or commercial agent in British North America, exceeding the amount allowed by the President as compensation for his services; and all fees received by said Consul General shall be accounted for by such officers respectively to the Treasury of the United States. The fee of his vice consuls, for certifying invoices, has been cut down from two dollars to fifty cents.

AFFLICTED BY DEAD-HEADS.—Railroads occasionally suffer from dead-heading, but no institution suffers from it like the press. A sensible writer says:

"The press endures the affliction of dead-headism from the pulpit the bar and the stage, from corporations and individuals. It is expected to yield its interests; is required to give strength to weak institutions; eyes to the blind, clothes to the naked and bread to the hungry; it is asked to cover infirmities, hide weakness, and wink at improprieties; it is expected to herald quacks, bolster up dull authors, and flatter the vain; it is, in short, to be all things to all men; and if it looks for pay or reward, it is no interest under the whole heavens that is expected to give as much to society without pay or thanks, as the press."

PORTLAND TRANSCRIPT.—An advertisement of this excellent paper will be found in another column. A good literary paper can be had without going out of the State, for it, and the large circulation of this paper shows that our people are well aware of the fact.

The snow storm on Tuesday night drifted badly in some localities, and is represented as being the worst of the season on the upper portion of the Som. & Ken. Railroad. With two engines and a snow plow, the down train on Wednesday, due here at 10 A. M. did not pass till 4 P. M. We believe the trains on the upper road were not delayed.

IT TAKES THE YANKEES.—The latest great invention is for permanently taking the kink out of negro's hair. This is no joke, but did you ever!

The nomination of Mr. Wiggins, of Maine, as Commissioner of the Fishing Boundaries, was rejected by a vote of 27 to 26, in the Senate. Alleged cause—want of capacity for the office.

See advertisement of Farm for sale, you that wish to purchase.

TOWN MEETING.—This occurs on Monday next. The warrant is printed for distribution, so that all can post themselves up and be prepared to vote upon every question that will come up.

By referring to his card, it will be seen that Dr. J. A. Smith, for many years a resident practicing physician in Vassalboro', is now located in Fairfield. Many of the young fathers and mothers of Waterville are indebted to him for rudimentary educational drill, and doubtless remember him with gratitude for guiding them along the flowery walks of literature and in their early attempts to ascend the hill of science.

The Post General died at Washington on the morning of the 8th inst.

We are again under obligation to Senator Hamlin and Hon. F. H. Morse, for valuable public documents.

The examination of Sickles for killing Key has not yet taken place, but will probably be reached in the course of the week.

A FIGHT IN WASHINGTON. The following are the particulars of a recent affray in Washington.

A serious affray occurred in the office at Willard's Hotel, about 10 o'clock Friday evening, between F. P. Lander and William Magraw. The latter was appointed a year ago Superintendent of the great central wagon road, and the former was engineer of the expedition. Magraw abandoned the enterprise, I believe, on account of the Mormon war, and joined Col. Johnston's forces. Recently Magraw has been removed, and Lander appointed Superintendent of the road. Owing to some personal difficulty between them, Lander challenged Magraw, but the affair was settled without a fight. To-night Magraw attacked Lander with a slung-shot, and struck him several times, wounding him severely about the head. Lander rallied and threw Magraw, and a witness informs me he would have punished him severely, if not fatally, had he not been taken off, when he exclaimed, "I am a Massachusetts man and unarmed; I have challenged the scoundrel, and he refused to fight me, and now he assails me thus with a slung-shot. This exclamation soon enlisted the sympathies of the bystanders for Lander. Magraw was taken away by his friends, and Lander was conveyed to his lodgings badly wounded. The latter belongs to Salem, Mass.

It is estimated that at least twelve hundred sojourners—members, their families, gay birds of fashion, parties interested in propositions before Congress, &c.—left the Federal Metropolis between 3 P. M. Friday and 8 A. M. Saturday. Yet an army of strangers still remains to dwindle away in number with each departure of a train or steamer.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The Pittsburgh Post alluding to the one hundredth anniversary of old Fort Duquesne, says:

"One hundred years ago there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois Territories. Then what was now the most flourishing part of America, was a little known as the country around the mountains of the moon. It was not until 1763 that the 'Hunter of Ky,' the gallant and adventurous Boone, left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler in Kentucky. The first pioneers in Ohio did not settle until twenty years after this time. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those great exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a seemingly hard contest with Russia, Austria and France, the three great powers of Europe combined. A hundred years ago Napoleon was not born, and Washington was a young and modest Virginia colonel, and the great events in the history of two worlds in which these great but dissimilar men took leading parts, were then scarcely foreshadowed. A hundred years ago the Union was the most loyal part of the British empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which within a score of years thereafter, established the greatest republic of the world. A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America, steam engines had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conceptions of man. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that to the century which has passed has been allotted more important events in their bearing upon the happiness of the world, than almost any other which has elapsed since the creation.

A hundred years hence, what will be the developments? It is past finding out except in one thing—a thought which astonished Xerxes when he stood upon Mount Athos—all, with but few exceptions, now living will be dead.

STARTING SEEDS EARLY.—Rev. Daniel Emerson, Summit Co., O., writes that he has been successful in giving garden seeds an early start in the following manner:—Having selected the quantity needed, each sort is tied by itself in a cloth, the name being plainly written on a slip of paper, and inclosed with the seed. The packages are then buried about two inches deep in the ground, for a week or two. When ready to plant, the kinds needed for planting are taken from the bags and used. They will be found to have swelled, perhaps sprouted, and ready to grow. If the ground should be quite dry, it is best to water the drills after dropping the seed, and then cover with dry earth. Mr. E. says that by this plan he has never failed to raise plants from every seed planted, though when put out they were often sprouted. If each seed is placed where it is wanted to grow, it will save the labor of thinning, though many prefer to thin their rows, leaving the most prominent plants to grow.—[Agriculturist.]

The Court House in Norridgewock cannot near being severely damaged, if not burned on Tuesday night of last week. The remains of a candle thrown into a box of saw dust and a splinter ignited the saw dust, and caused a hole in the floor some fifteen or eighteen inches in circumference. The fire was working slowly all night, and was smoking in the morning.

We learn from the Showbegan papers, although we have seen no report of it, that the petitioners for removal of the county building have leave to withdraw.

REMAINS OF THE MISSING AERONAUT FOUND.—Adrian Mich., March 8.—The remains of Ira S. Thurston, the Aeronaut, who made the unfortunate ascension from this city last September, were found on Sunday last near Toledo and ten miles from the place of his ascent.

