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Sophy Clinton sat by the open window, one warm afternoon in July, looking out into the garden, where the light of the sun fell broadly on the green vines and the cucumbers; the gooseberry bushes and the onion beds, all in their highest state of summer thrift and greenness.

"The currant jelly must be made to-morrow," said old Mrs. Clinton, lifting her eyes from the paper she was reading.

"Oh! not this dreadful weather, surely," remonstrated Sophy. "Do let us wait for a cooler day."

"Nonsense!" said old Mrs. Clinton. "The currants are full ripe now, and if they once get over ripe, your jelly will never come. You might as well wait for the day of doom, as for a week since we've had rain, and it is likely to come upon us at any hour, and if the currants once get wet it takes forever to dry them. The jelly must be made to-morrow."

Sophy heaved a sigh of weariness, but did not venture further to oppose her mother-in-law.

The next morning rose beautiful and bright; but alas! hotter than ever. (There are times, good reader, when the most delicate refinement must give way, and people must use language that expresses their meaning. To call such weather as we are writing simply warm would be a ludicrous affectation.) Immediately after breakfast Sophy put on her garden hat, and took a basket on her arm.

"Now, Bridget," she said to the stout serving-woman who had finished clearing away, and was folding the table cloth, "if we pick steadily for an hour, I think we shall have enough. And if we keep in the shade of the plum trees, I hope we shall not find the heat intolerable."

"What is that you are saying?" asked old Mrs. Clinton. "Going to take Bridget away from her work to help you pick currants? I shall have nothing like that. Bridget has all her dishes to wash, and after that she must get the great kettle on over the back kitchen fire, and I want the flannel sheets and blue worsted coverlets all washed to day; it's been put off too long already, and this will be a splendid drying day."

"But it will take so long to pick all the currants by myself," said Sophy. "It's such disagreeable work, too; I hate it."

"When you've lived as long as I have," replied the old lady, "you'll find that people have to do things that are disagreeable; you must not expect always to have everything just so pleasant. It's a fine idea that a person that has everything done to her hand, and never so much as washes out a pair of stockings for herself, can't go out of a morning and pick a few currants. I wonder how you would have done to be placed as I used to be. Five children and myself and my husband and a hired man to do for, and no one to lift a finger to help me; besides the milk of two cows to take charge of, and I didn't make as much of it as you would to get the tea-table."

Sophy's cheeks burned with vexation, but she made no answer. Slowly, and in no very amiable mood, she went out at the back door. Only say the word, said Bridget, and I'll go with you. Never mind the cold cat in there; surely you've a right to be mistress in your own house."

"You mustn't speak in that way, Bridget," replied Sophy. "It's very wrong of you. I'm sure I wish you could go out with me; but I would make more trouble than it's worth. We must try to have peace at any rate."

"Anything to the world for quietness," assented Bridget, and the young wife passed on. It was rather pleasant under the plum trees after all; the currants grew very large and abundantly, and she soon became absorbed in picking them. The little basket was half full when a voice from an upper window called out:

"Sophy! Sophy!"

She looked up, and, in the shade of the blind, saw old Mrs. Clinton busy with her sewing. "I can't have you pick those currants," she said; they are the largest and nicest we have in the garden, and I always keep them for tea and to eat out of hand when we want them. Go over on the other side where the small ones are; they are exactly as good for jelly!"

Sophy looked across to the designated side, where the sun was pouring down in full blaze. "But it will be so hot there!" she exclaimed. "I shall I can do to bear it!"

"Sophy and Mrs. Clinton: I am astonished at you! I knew you were a child; but I didn't think you were quite a baby. Just go right on now and get the currants as I tell you; I'm not going to have all those nice ones used up for jelly, and only miserable little things left for the table."

The spectacles and cap-borders disappeared, and Sophy stood a moment in doubt. She felt indignant and ill-used. She had a great mind to say where she was; but she had never risen to the pitch of openly defying her mother-in-law, and she was not quite ready for it yet. So she went across, as she was bidden, and stood in the sunshine, picking busily, and feeling mean while as if she were ready to faint with the heat. She thought of her own plans and home and tender mother of the easy, thoughtless life she had led in it—every one ready to wait upon her, and indulge her. What a change to the stern away of this disagreeable mother-in-law! She didn't so much mind what she had to do, but the way in which she was treated; ordered about like a child, and to wait like an idle servant. It was too much, too much; the tears half of sorrow, and half of anger, rolled down into the basket, and glittered on the bright red fruit.

Oh! it wasn't for Alfred she should wish she had never come here. If he knew how his mother behaved! He didn't suspect it, for she had never told him; he would surely be sorry for her, he was so good, so kind. Oh! how happy Alfred and she could be if only his mother was out of the way! She had thought of it a great many times before, but the picture had never looked so pleasant. She thought of the little parlor, with her books and work, her canopy hanging under the matrimony vine, that ran over the piazza; the table neatly set with the best white china, and napkins laid by every plate; herself with plenty of time to read and write as she liked; Bridget, willing and active, doing all the harder labor she devoted herself to the lighter and ornamental portion. She saw long quiet evenings with Alfred undisturbed by society that was not congenial; she imagined herself going about happy and independent, the chiding voice and occasional manner of her mother no more visible. Oh! how beautiful that would be! Then suddenly came the reflection: "There is only one way in which it can be: mother is too old to marry again; she has no other children to live with; there is no way unless she should marry Alfred."

Sophy stopped here. "I don't want her like that," she said. "There came the remembrance of more annoyances. Well! I wish she would be here at any rate," she said again. When the currants were all picked over, and the juice not ready, old Mrs. Clinton came to the window, not to help, but to see that the currants were all picked over. Well, said she, now I can go to my work. Alfred and she were out of the way! She had thought of it a great many times before, but the picture had never looked so pleasant. She thought of the little parlor, with her books and work, her canopy hanging under the matrimony vine, that ran over the piazza; the table neatly set with the best white china, and napkins laid by every plate; herself with plenty of time to read and write as she liked; Bridget, willing and active, doing all the harder labor she devoted herself to the lighter and ornamental portion. She saw long quiet evenings with Alfred undisturbed by society that was not congenial; she imagined herself going about happy and independent, the chiding voice and occasional manner of her mother no more visible. Oh! how beautiful that would be! Then suddenly came the reflection: "There is only one way in which it can be: mother is too old to marry again; she has no other children to live with; there is no way unless she should marry Alfred."

Sophy went into the bed-room and tried to wash it off, but it would not come. She remembered her whole tenor of thought that morning, and was frightened.

Alfred Clinton found his wife unusually serious and quiet that evening, and, after several vain attempts to enliven her, he inquired tenderly, "My darling Sophy, what's the matter?" For all reply she threw her arms around his neck, and bursting into a flood of tears, exclaimed:

"Oh! Alfred, if you love me, take me away from here; I am so very unhappy."

Alfred's brow was grave in a moment. "Is it my mother, Sophy?" he asked.

"Yes," she sobbed. "I never said anything before, but I feel as if I cannot bear it any longer. I am nothing but a servant in a house where I have a right to be the mistress!"

Certainly, you have that right, said Alfred, and I have given that all was not as it should be. Tell me just what you think and feel about it, Sophy."

to take that white sugar; the best brown is plenty good."

"Yes," insisted Sophy. "I must have the white, or I can't tell anything about it; it would be of no use to have my rule."

"Fiddle-de-dee for a rule!" said Mrs. Clinton. "I've made jelly these forty years, and never had a rule about it."

"And, if you remember," remarked Sophy, "your jelly last year was all in strings. You could not put it on the table at all, and it had to be used for cake entirely."

"This undeniable fact did not at all soften the old lady; she only returned:

"When I began housekeeping I tried to be prudent, and a help meet to my husband, and that's what folks had ought to be."

Sophy impatiently proceeded to weigh out the sugar and measure the juice.

"And you're going to use that white sugar after all!" Ab, well, I spend my money freely. My husband works for more!"

Sophy trembled with passion. "Mother," said she, "I thought I was to make this jelly. If you wish to do it I will leave it to you; but if it is to be my business I assure you I shall do it exactly as I think best."

She stopped, half frightened at this first overt act of rebellion. Mrs. Clinton looked at her, surprised at such hardness. There was an armistice of several minutes, and Sophy went on with her work. Any of my lady readers who may have had trouble with the business may be glad to know her rule, which was all and all friends have made by for years, and which is perfectly infallible. She boiled the juice by itself for five minutes, the sugar meanwhile being placed in the oven, and heated very hot. When the five minutes were up, she added the sugar to the juice and let them boil together one minute. Then the jelly was done, and ready to pour into moulds. Old Mrs. Clinton watched the process with great content.

"Where did you get such a receipt as that?" she inquired.

"From cousin Helen; and she got it from a French confecturer!" exclaimed Mrs. Clinton, in accents of the loftiest scorn. "A pretty mess you'll have of it. You'll have to lift it over every day this summer, and it'll never come to jelly after all. It's a shame—I say it's a shame—to waste all that nice white sugar so!"

But Sophy's spirit was roused, and she paid no heed to these scoffs; she was sure of success. And by-and-by, old Mrs. Clinton, seeing that the juice which adhered to the kettle was already hardening, began to yield to her opinion.

"I declare I believe you're right about it, after all," she said, tipping one of the cups a little. "It clears away from the side already. Well, we're never to old to learn. Now Sophy, you go and lie down; you look fit to melt; I'll call you when dinner is ready."

Sophy lay down, but not to sleep. Her hot cheeks cooled, but her indignation did not. "To be spoken to in such a way by a coarse old woman like that!" she said to herself. "Conscience smote her a little for these words; but she said, 'I don't care; a saint could not bear it. I was well disposed to her when I came here. I would always have been good to her if she would let me; and thoughts of fifty hateful little ways of mother's added bitterness to her feelings."

As usual in such cases, there were faults on both sides. Sophy found Mrs. Clinton already in possession when she came home to her husband's house. The old lady had lived with her son for many years, and was accustomed to sovereign rule. Then Sophy, only nineteen, was deficient in the details of house-keeping. She could make nice cake and pastry, it is true, and pickling and preserving she did in the best manner; but making soap and cleaning the cellar and mopping the kitchen! trying out the tallow! putting down hams and cured beef! of these and many kindred subjects she was utterly ignorant. Old Mrs. Clinton naturally took the lead, and Sophy as naturally followed; a yielding disposition, and a dread of having a disturbance had much to do with it, but there was one other cause in operation. Sophy was a little indolent, not about doing things she understood, but in facing disagreeable details, taking on herself new responsibilities, and learning thoroughly things she did not know and could not like. She saw her mother-in-law's fault very clearly, and Mrs. Clinton saw hers with equal plainness; yet, as Sophy, to any unprejudiced observer, was much the least to blame, it is not strange that, to herself, she appeared entirely excusable; and that the wish, if she only were away, recurred again and again to her mind.

"You've got a little spot of currant jelly on your cheek," said the old lady, as they sat down to dinner.

Sophy went into the bed-room and tried to wash it off, but it would not come. She remembered her whole tenor of thought that morning, and was frightened.

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how they appeared to Sophy, who had been accustomed to a tasteful and attractive home.

"And the worst of all is," she said, in conclusion, "I don't feel as if I had the least authority in the world; I cannot have padding for dinner, or sweetmeats for tea, unless she chooses; she orders all the household provisions, and all household work. I am treated as nothing but a child, and feel myself perfectly helpless and tyrannized over."

"Now my darling," returned Alfred, "you must not be angry if I say you are a little to blame yourself for all this; you give up too my mother too entirely."

"Oh! Alfred!" she exclaimed, with a fresh burst of sob, "I didn't think you would blame me for that."

"But I must—just a little," he said smiling. "Take your place at once as mistress of the house. Bridget is attached to you, and there is no need that we should practice a rigid economy. Have the napkins and the china and silver on the table every day. Use such quantities and qualities as you think suitable. Don't perform Bridget's work; you have enough to do of your own. Act in short, exactly as you would do if my mother was only boarding with us."

"But I am afraid," said Sophy, "there are some things I don't know about."

"Well, cannot you learn? Bridget understands most kinds of work, and only requires overseeing where she is ignorant. You must set to work and learn together; you will find it hard at first; my mother will not give up all at once, but when she finds you are in earnest, and understand what you are doing, she will cease to object."

"Well! I will try," said Sophy, doubtfully, but I fear I never shall succeed."

"Consult her tastes, where it seems proper you should do so; and one thing, Sophy, be very careful about. Don't get angry, no matter what happens, for that will spoil everything. I hope you will find it possible, after a time to live in comfort and harmony, and yet exert your rightful authority. It is very desirable to have it so, if we can. Mother has always been to me what a mother should be; and you may know, Sophy, by your own feelings, how it would seem to have a son decide that he could not live in the house with you."

"Yes, I have seen that difficulty all the time," said Sophy.

"But I promise you faithfully, that if, after six months' trial, you find it impossible to assume your rightful place without breaking the peace, I will get another house and we will begin again."

"I don't mean to say," remarked Sophy, "that I am never to blame, or that I am always just as amiable as I should be, and I don't mean that your mother is always unkind or exacting; sometimes she does things I should not expect of her. This morning, when Bridget was busy, she cleaned the brass kettle herself, for fear I should stain my hands with doing it."

Alfred argued well from this spirit of concession; and Sophy went to rest in a very hopeful frame of mind. Only, before she undressed, she looked in the glass to see if that spot had disappeared from her cheek. No! it was there, red and gloomy. What could it be? A mark set on her forehead by the thoughts she had indulged in through the day?

Sophy rose early the next morning, eager to begin the work of reformation. Gently to Bridget's amazement, she directed that the china and napkins, the ivory-handled knives and silver forks, the best coffee-pot, and the pretty buff-colored water should be placed upon the table. But old Mrs. Clinton's astonishment, when she sat down to breakfast, quite threw Bridget into the shade.

"What on earth is the meaning of all this?" she asked.

"I think, mother," said Sophy, pleasantly, "that we may as well begin to have the good of our things a little; it is hardly worth while to keep them all the time put up for company."

"And you mean to use all these for every day?" cried the old lady.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Sophy.

"We'd ought to be economical," said the old lady, reasoning the matter, as Alfred happened to be present. "Bridget will break all the china, and have the handles of the knives in a month, and all the polish off the tea-board, and the coffee-pot covered with scratches. And what folly to wear out these napkins and yellow them up just for nobody but ourselves!"

"I don't think Bridget will be quite so destructive as all that, mother," said Alfred smiling. "Sophy will caution her and watch a little at first to see that she takes proper care of the things. It is much pleasanter to have the table nicely set; the same food tastes a great deal better."

"Well," said the old lady, dubiously; "but it wears things out to use them."

"In that case," replied he, "I hope we shall be able to replace them."

she opened her eyes very wide at sight of the best castor and cut-glass goblets. They had been wont to use, at that meal a little four-bottled Britannia metal affair, and heavy tumblers of common glass. She disdained to make any comment, however, and the dinner, very good and nicely cooked, passed off pleasantly. She even overcame her prejudice so far as to eat a piece of the pie, though Sophy cut it with the silver pie-knife.

"This is excellent I declare," she observed; "but you sweetened it with white sugar."

"I thought," said Sophy, surprised, "that you always maintained no one could tell the difference between that and the brown."

"I ain't an idiot!" Mrs. Clinton succinctly stated. "But then I think cheap sugar does, and we'd ought to be prudent."

"Prudent, but not parsimonious," said Alfred.

"Oh! well," said his mother, "I see my opinion is getting to be of no account. New men, new measures."

This remark gave every one an uncomfortable turn, but Sophy hastened to remove the impression. "Do have another bit of pie, mother," she urged; "I am quite proud that you like it; and Mrs. Clinton passed her plate."

"You do make as good a pie as ever I ate," she said; "but then you might, for you take the best of everything. Although," she added, candidly, "there's a great many that wouldn't have it good, even then."

"After dinner Mrs. Clinton remarked, 'Now, Sophy, I do hope you don't intend to have Bridget wait at table every day.'"

"Why not?" asked Sophy. "I am sure it's much pleasanter than for one of us to be jumping up every time anything is wanted."

"Well, I don't think it's any great matter for people that do nothing else all day, to get a spoon, or a fork, or a tumbler of water now and then. And it takes up Bridget's time so, she might get all the pots and kettles washed while she is doing it."

"But you know," explained Sophy, "that we have Bridget here, because it is more convenient and pleasant to hire some one to do our work than to do it ourselves."

"Oh! well," said Mrs. Clinton, "have it your own way. It's nothing to me."

Sophy thought this a good time to define her position, though she did it with fear and trembling. "I should be glad if you would feel so about it," she said. "I have wished for a long time that I could have the charge of things. I think with some advice from you occasionally, I could do very well; after a while, if not at first. And it seems to me you might enjoy yourself quite as well to give up care; you are fond of reading and visiting you know. And I often hear you complain of being tired, and having so much to do—she stopped. She had said all she dared venture to at this time. To her surprise Mrs. Clinton took it very well.

"Oh! I know what you mean, Sophy," she replied. "I don't care, I'm sure, if you can only manage it, but it's just like trusting a child! However, go on—we'll see how you can manage. But I expect Bridget will get so high and saucy, there'll be no living with her. You never will have any authority over her; you wouldn't dare to open your mouth, no matter what she did. You have to teach such folks their place."

"Bridget is always very good with me," said Sophy.

"Because you never have any occasion to interfere with her. You should hear how she matters sometimes when I'm talking with her. And then if you have her do so many extra things, she'll be wanting her wages raised, and I'm sure Alfred can't afford to pay more than ten shillings."

"Oh! I don't think Bridget will have so very much to do," said Sophy cheerfully. "We will systematize our work after awhile, and I hope we shall go on smoothly."

Not to weary the reader's patience, Sophy succeeded nobly. She found it pretty hard at times; occasionally she wished she had never undertaken to disturb mother's sovereign authority. Sometimes Mrs. Clinton let things go on quietly; then again she would make very provoking and contemptuous remarks. She had begun life on narrow means, and it was only through close economy that she and her husband had been able to bring up their family and lay by a comfortable property. She thought Sophy was awfully extravagant, and predicted that Alfred would be completely ruined; also she made numerous observations about people that were such great ladies, that she did not feel herself in company for them; she thought such folks had better have stayed where they were, and not have come among those that were beneath 'em. These things tried Sophy awfully. Many a time she ran up to her own room and shut the door, for fear of saying something she would be sorry for afterward. And then she would feel as if there was no use in trying; but a good cry generally relieved her, and she would start afresh, comforted always by Alfred's promise. One thing was very strange; there was magic in it? The little blood-mark on her cheek varied always with her feelings. Was she quite happy, it was pale and slight; but when her anger was aroused against the offending mother, it glowed like a spark of fire. Sophy had an uneasy fancy that it was a token of guilt, something like the brand of Cain.

But by-and-by Mrs. Clinton found that nothing went to wreck and ruin, though the best they had was used in common; she found that all the household machinery worked well, though she did not step into the kitchen; and that, spite of his wife's extravagance, Alfred was not a bankrupt, nor likely to be. She grew to interfere less; to say fewer sharp things; even to admit that Sophy was a better housekeeper than she had ever been! Having once been relieved of the care, she found it very pleasant; she had her time to herself; she read and made visits and rode out frequently, and enjoyed it all. Her feelings toward her daughter-in-law softened a good deal; she said to Alfred that Sophy had grown much prettier lately, and that she was an excellent wife for him, although she played the piano so well, and never mopped a floor in her life. And when there was a prospect of an addition to the family she grew really tender; so careful of Sophy's health, so interested in all the little ailments, dresses, and tiny preparations. She even revived her long forgotten skill in embroidery, and worked a blanket for the stranger which was the envy of all the mothers in the neighborhood. And Sophy, as they sat together, often looked at the old lady's still handsome face, now bright with kindly feeling, and felt her heart go out to her as she never

would have thought possible. She realized that mother had known many troubles; she had buried the husband of her youth and four dear children; she had few pleasures, to look forward to in life. Sophy was glad to make her declining years easier and happier. Day by day the little mark grew paler.

At last the baby was born; a plump, rosy boy, hailed by none more delighted than his grandmother; she cried with joy that Sophy's sufferings were over; she laughed with joy that the baby was a son, that he had his father's eyes and his mother's smile.

Alfred sat at his wife's side one morning. "Why, darling," he said, "your currant jelly mark is gone entirely; your cheek is clear as ever it was."

Sure enough it was so; and better yet, the last touch of rancor had disappeared with it from Sophy's heart.

What becomes of Heat.

A correspondent inquires what becomes of the heat which accumulates in the polar regions during the summer? That great natural force which we call heat, so mysterious in its origin and essence, has been the object of study and observation by many of our clearest intellects, and a vast number of facts in regard to its action have been learned in the last 50 years; and especially in the last 25 years. Dr. Wells' observations of the dew, which were published in 1814, lead the way in the common-sense mode of conducting this series of modern studies of heat; and his very thin volume is worth reading by any man who takes an interest in the works of nature, and in the correct action of the human intellect, both for the interesting truths which it contains, and as one of the most beautiful and perfect samples of rational investigation. By the means of a few bunches of wool, and some delicate scales and thermometers, Dr. Wells unraveled the cause of the dew, which had, before his time, eluded the comprehension of all who had studied the subject. Since his time the radiation of heat has been investigated by Melloni and others, who have made very numerous and very delicate observations, which resulted in the revelation of many of the laws of its action.

Heat is a restless force; it is constantly rushing, with inconceivable velocity and unmeasurable power, from one body to another—at all events, whenever its equilibrium is disturbed, a circumstance which is constantly occurring in this whirling universe. All substances radiate heat; that is, it is the nature of heat to be constantly rushing out and flying away from any substance in which it exists; and unless the supply is renewed, either by being generated within or by being sent from surrounding bodies, the substance becomes continually more cold. In portions of India where the temperature of the air never falls below 40, ice is regularly made for sale by simply cutting off water from receiving heat, and allowing it to radiate a portion of that which it contains. Large pits are dug some two feet deep, and filled nearly full of straw, and on this the water is set in broad shallow pans. The straw being a very slow conductor of heat, prevents that which is in the earth from ascending to the pans; and the pans are placed a very little below the surface of the plain to avoid any breeze, and thus prevent a renewal of warm air from continuing the supply of heat to the water. On clear and still nights, these arrangements are found to be perfectly successful, and ice is produced in considerable quantities for market. The water thus placed continues to radiate its heat, as it is always doing; and, being cut off from its usual source of supply, the temperature soon falls to the freezing point. When there are clouds in the sky, ice does not form; the clouds, radiating heat as well as the water, send down enough to keep the water too warm to freeze. A wind also prevents the formation of ice; the water being supplied with heat by constant contact with fresh bodies of warm air.

The pans of water are placed on broad plains, where they may be exposed to a large portion of the sky, and out of view of other masses of matter from which they might receive heat; as heat, like light, moves straight lines.

Dew is also formed by the radiation of heat to the sky. Heat passes away from bodies which are exposed to space, and if the supply is not maintained, the bodies become ever colder than the air, which appears upon them in little drops of dew. On cloudy nights and on windy nights, no dew is formed, from the same reason that no ice is formed in India under similar circumstances. A board, or even a piece of cloth, suspended horizontally above the ground, by radiating its heat, keeps up the supply to the bodies beneath, and thus prevents them from becoming sufficiently cold to condense the moisture of the air; and this is the reason why no dew is formed in places thus protected. Some surfaces radiate heat much more rapidly than others. Leslie filled a square can with hot water, and by coating its outside with various substances, he was able to measure with a thermometer the relative heat emitted by each. The following table exhibits the results of his experiments:

Lampblack	700	India ink	88
Water	300	Ice	80
Roan	96	Langshan	80
Sealing-wax	80	Red lead	80
Green glass	20	Graphite	75
Polished lead	19	Polished tin	75
Polished tin	15	Polished copper	72

From which it seems that lampblack emitted more than eight times as much heat as polished tin, and ice about six-sevenths as much as lampblack.

The heat which comes from the sun upon the polar regions, when they are inclined towards him, is constantly flying away into the boundless depths of space, and as soon as the supply ceases the temperature falls. Some philosophers have speculated upon the probability of the sun, and with it the earth, being gradually cooled till all life shall be extinguished upon our globe, and have attempted to calculate how many millions of years the process will occupy. But as the solar system is sweeping through space, we know not what sources of heat may lie in its path; neither do we know enough of the generation of heat to render these predictions of any value. As well might the ephemeron, whose existence is limited to a summer's day, infer from his own observations the eternal and unchanging conditions of the earth, as for the human race—which is but an ephemeron in the unlimited flow of time—to conclude from its observations what is to be the eternal condition of matter.

THE SLAVE, EXPOSURE FROM MISSOURI.

The irrepressible exodus of slaves from the borders of Missouri continues unabated. Five white labor is coming in—that of negroes going out.

Every day adds proof to this, and any day a visit to our levees will convince the skeptical of the steady and continual flow of slave property to the South. Twenty-five left yesterday on one steambat. The Pro-Slavery organs in the country are howling in vain. The Huntsville Citizen deprecates the loss, but it can't be helped. Planters want slaves; Missourians don't want them. The result is easily foreseen, and can't be averted. While some are selling, others allow their negroes to run away, as we hear of the arrival of twenty-six fugitives at Detroit, bound to Canada. We say "allow," because they take no measures to prevent it, and foolishly attempt to hold them. In this connection, we learn from one of the toll-gate keepers on the Manchester road from this city, that during the season not less than a hundred families have passed towards the South-West; and yet only one of that number had any slaves; all the rest were from the North and East. Can anybody doubt the fact that the State is fast emancipating itself from the incubus of Slavery, and gradually getting ready for enrollment with the great majority of the Union?—[Missouri Democrat, 9th inst.]

ALL THINGS WORKING TOGETHER.

Looking up at the weathercock, says the Sage of Vanity, "Woe's me for this weary wind! There it was south this morning, and now it is north! How many ways it blows, and never the same! What's the use of all this whirling?" And if it were only to make the vane spin round, the air as well might stagnate; there were no need of such wasted power. But while the valedictorian is looking at the vane, the wind is carving over a continent, and doing the Creator's work in a hundred lands. It has called at you city, feted with merriment, and groaning with pestilence; and with its bosom of briar pinions it has swept the plagues away. It has looked into your haven, and found a forest of laden ships sleeping over their freight, and it has chased them all to sea. And finding the harvest arrested in a broad and fertile realm—the earth clapped, and the crops withering—it is now hurrying with that black armament of clouds to deflect it in lifeline irrigation.

To narrow observation or to selfishness, that wind is an annoyance; to faith, it is God's angel forwarding the mighty plan. "Thou bold, tempestuous night, and Finnish savages curse the noisy blast, which shakes their peat hovels round their ears; but that blast has landed the Gospel on St. Andrew's shore. It blows a fearful tempest, and it sets some rheumatic joints on aching; but the morrow shows dashed in pieces the awful Armada which was fetching the Spanish Inquisition to our British isle. The wind blows east, and detains James ships at Harwich; but it guides King William to Torbay. Yes! the wind blows south, and the wind blows north; it whirleth about continually, and returneth again according to its circuits. But in the course of these circuits the wind has blown to our little speck of seagirt happiness the Gospel, and Protestantism, and civil and religious liberty. And so, not of our islet only, but of our globe entire, and its continuous population. So far as the individual is concerned, so far as it affects the weather-index, in the wind there may be little seeming progress; nay, so far as concerns any plan which society proposes to itself, the favoring gale may shift again, and the story of a nation be little better than the register of a stationary vane prevaricating on its windy pivot; but so far as affects the scheme of God, there is an *aura* in the universe which always drives one way. Predestination is a vane which never whirle about. The breath of God's Spirit and the strength of God's purposes are steadily waiting our world, and all the world, in one mighty convoy to waste God's appointed haven in the distant future. [Dr. Hamilton.]

family government. The nation must look for virtue, wisdom and strength, to the education that controls and shapes the home policy of the family circle. There can be no love of country where there is no love of home. We must educate our sons to be farmers, artisans, architects, engineers, geologists, botanists, chemists, in a word, practical men. Their eyes must be turned from Washington to their States, counties, townships, districts, homes. This is true patriotism, and the only patriotism that will perpetually preserve the nation.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, J. DANIEL B. WING.
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... NOV. 24, 1859.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 115 Nassau Street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

S. B. NILES, (successor to Y. B. Palmer) Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

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

SNOW STORM.—Who could have predicted a day or two ago, that we should be favored with the blessing of sleighing for Thanksgiving? And yet, with the briefest notice, and in the promptest and prettiest manner, here it is! We write this the day before the turkeys are roasted, and subject of course, to the admission that we "know not what a day may bring forth;" but it must be more than a few hours' "spell of weather" that melts all this snow before we eat roast turkey. Added to all other blessings, then, as one of which Gov. Morrill could by no means feel sure, we invoke the people everywhere to be thankful for this. If good crops are a good thing, and one to thank God for, a good time is no less a blessing—and who blesses but God? We and all our subscribers, then, (we venture to say it, possibly a few delinquents excepted), are heartily thankful, not merely for roast turkey and its regular and sure accompaniments, but for the additional and undeserved blessing of tolerable good sleighing for Thanksgiving. We are, any way.

TEACHERS' CONVENTION.—A state convention of teachers, under the direction of Hon. Mark H. Dunnell, the superintendent, held its session in this place last week, commencing on Tuesday evening. The exercises commenced with remarks from the State Superintendent, who called Hon. J. H. Drummond to the chair. Mr. D. made some brief but pertinent remarks, in which he alluded to the importance of our common school system, and the need of more co-operation and a higher standard among teachers; and introduced Rev. E. D. Webb, of Augusta, who occupied the remainder of the evening with a highly interesting and pertinent lecture, the subject of which was "High Miller," the late distinguished Scotch geologist and editor.

The exercises of Thursday began with a lecture by Dr. True, of Bethel, the subject of which was "The Elements of Power,"—the proper combination of physical, moral and intellectual strength in the constitution of the true man. He spoke with much clearness of thought and vigor of language. The lecture was followed by an animated discussion upon the best method of imparting moral and religious instruction in schools. In this discussion Rev. Mr. Pearl and Rev. Dr. Champlin participated at some length; the former making as points, the importance of religious training to the highest development of intellect, and a necessity of a deep rooting of truth in the heart of those who would impart it to others; and the latter, the value of the Bible as a reading book in schools.

In the course of the session animated discussions were held upon the following subjects: awarding prizes to scholars—systems of marking degrees of scholarship—the relative prominence that should be given to mathematics and the languages—the necessity of a State normal school—the propriety of teaching the natural sciences in our schools. Lectures were given at various times as follows: by Mr. Weston of Gorham, on the proper qualifications of the schoolmaster; by Mr. I. Dole, of Gorham, on the elements of general grammar, by Rev. Jonas Burnham, of Farmington, on the duties of the teacher; and by W. H. Wells, of Portland, on the forces produced, by Sun power.

The various exercises were enlivened by excellent music, and the discussions were participated in by large numbers of able scholars. On the closing evening, Friday, a State Association of Teachers was permanently organized, by the adoption of a constitution and the election of officers, consisting of a president, vice-presidents, and a secretary, Dr. N. F. True, of Bethel. The convention was thorough, harmonious and animated, and cannot fail to result in great profit to the cause of education in our State.

OYSTERS! The best eaten in Maine, and the cheapest bought in Maine, come from James Freeman, in Portland—and for the good reason that nobody can hope to get better ones elsewhere, or at lower prices. He has so extensively and for so long a period supplied the trade in the State that everybody who orders oysters wants to know that they are Freeman's. He has perseveringly demonstrated the profit of steady persistence in honorable and fair dealing, till he finds himself among the most extensive traders in this branch in the country. He deserves his popularity, and the profit he makes from it.

Hon. Charles Sumner came home in the Canada, arriving in Boston on Monday, in good health and spirits. He declined a dinner and a serenade which were tendered him by his friends.

The steamer North Star, which it was feared was lost, is safe.

OUR TABLE.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The contents of the December number are as follows:—The Experience of Samuel Abbot; Fillibuster; The Minister's Woe; The Northern Lights and the Stars; Thomas Paine in England and France; Elkanah Brewster's Temptation; Magdalen; Strange Countries for a Sea; Beauty at Billiard; Italy, 1756; The Aurora Borealis; The Professor at the Breakfast Table; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

Having had no time to read a single page of this number, we can say nothing of the articles, except that the names of the publishers furnish a reliable guarantee that they are well up to the high standard of this popular work. The new publishers promise to do anything in their power to increase its interest, to enlarge its circle of attention, and to raise its standard of ability in all departments. No change will be made in the general character of the magazine and the writers whose contributions have established it in popular favor will be retained in its service. "The Atlantic," any they, "has never been, and will never be, a sectional journal. Its publishers acknowledge no partiality of latitude in the Republic of Letters; and while they will judge of any article offered them, not by the source whence it comes, but by its own intrinsic worth, they will at the same time, endeavor to maintain its character as a periodical in which earnest thinkers may find expression, unhampered by fear of that narrow censorship which what is loudest, but not deepest, in Public Opinion would fain establish."

A new volume will commence with the next number. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year, and sold everywhere at 25 cents a number.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. For October, now just issued, is remarkable for the variety and general attractiveness of the subjects discussed. Witness the following table of contents:—Militia Forces. Rousseau; his Life and Writings. Spiritual Freedom. Modern Poets and Poetry of Italy. Physical Geography of the Atlantic Ocean. Garibaldi and the Italian Volunteers. There is one feature in the Westminster,—one at first sight apparently subordinate and unattractive—to which it is proper that attention should be particularly invited. We allude to the brief notices of the publications of the day under the comprehensive head of Contemporary Literature, which follow immediately after the articles forming the bulk of the Number. In this department are found concise critiques on such books published during the preceding quarter as are not made the topic of elaborate essays and reviews affording a valuable synopsis of the recent advances in all departments of literature, and one which may generally be taken as a reliable guide to the literary or scientific standing of the works commented on. Continental, as well as English and American publications, all meet here on common grounds.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—The October number has the following table of contents:—Bain's Psychology. A Visit to England in 1775. Sir Emerson Tennent's Ceylon, Carlyle's Frederick the Great, The Gracchi of Pompeii, The Virginians, The Italian Campaign of 1859, Unpublished Correspondence of Madame du Jeune, Senior's Journal in Turkey and Greece, Secret Organization of Trades.

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

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL.—The last engraving in the last number of this quarterly, "The Little Pig went to Market," is a charming both in design and execution, and the wood engravings, which are numerous, are spirited and excellent. Among these are some beautiful illustrations of Willis's poems, and comical ones of an original poem, entitled "The Silks of Gold." The articles in the number are well chosen, and furnish a rare treat for readers of the best class. For terms, &c., reference may be had to the advertisement of the Association in another column.

LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE.—The December number is elegantly embellished and excellently well filled, and has been true of every issue for the year just closed. But well as the publishers and editors have done, they are determined to eclipse all former efforts, and do still better. A Home magazine it is, truly to be welcomed with a glad confidence, to the purest domestic sanctuaries in the land. It will remain under the same editorial control—that of T. S. Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend—whose names will prove an open sesame to thousands of homes and tens of thousands of hearts. The publishers say the plan and purpose of the Magazine will remain the same. Its aim is to bring to the homes of the people a pure, useful, and attractive literature; and in doing so, it offers at the same time, the elegancies of art, to charm the eye and improve the taste. As in periodicals of this class, matters of fashion for the ladies are included, the Home Magazine presents the latest styles, both in colored steel plates, and engravings on wood; in which are included an almost endless variety of patterns for needle work and embroidery.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year. The price of this Magazine is within the reach of all. Think of getting the monthly value of such a work at \$1.25 a year, which is the price when four copies are subscribed for in a club.

LADIES' AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—The December number of this monthly closes the year in fine style. Two charming steel engravings are given—"Going to School" and "The Vow"—with a beautifully colored fashion plate and numerous minor embellishments—patterns and designs of rare beauty and of special interest to the ladies. The reading matter in the number is unusually interesting, and will furnish a treat for the numerous subscribers. With the next number a new volume will commence, and this the publisher says, will be an improvement upon the past one. A gentleman of the highest attainments conducts the Editorial department, and his list of contributors numbers some of the most popular names in American literature. Mr. Pullan will continue to manage the Fashion and Work-Table department, which will be embellished with new and original illustrations of rare grace and beauty. A new series of new stories, by eminent American authors will be published in the new Volume, with chapters on Art, Anecdotes, Humor, Literature, and Amusements, as well as Hints on Domestic Matters. Published by Henry White, 37 Park Row, New York, at \$2 a year, with liberal discount to clubs. For \$5.50 this magazine will be sent for a year, with a copy of Harper's magazine, Harper's Weekly, or Frank Leslie's Illustrated News.

A friend hands us the Portland Daily Advertiser, and calls our attention to the following paragraph:—

Where's the Waterville Mail? We haven't seen it for an age. Send it along Dan, and that quickly, or we will put the 'Belgian giant' on your track.

After having deliberately, sulkily, wickedly and foolishly cut us off on an exchange, because we've touched them on the raw, a little to come out with a query like this is cool, decidedly; indeed, we think there must be 'lois in't.' Who the irreverent wight is that makes the concluding threat we know not; but if the 'Belgian giant' is put on our track we'll let loose the Hydnokruks and the Gynastius, when the hardest must fend off.

Burnham, the contumacious Liquor Agent of Massachusetts, yet lies in duance vile, being a little unfortunate in an attempt to purge himself from contempt by being brought before the House. The papers inform that he is rather harshly treated in Jail, public opinion being so much against the prisoner as to admit of it, if it does not demand it.

ANNIVERSARY AT S. CHINA.—A correspondent, who signs "An Observer," gives us a detailed report of the anniversary exercises of the Philomathean Society, of Fairfield's Select School, So. China, held at the hall of Lake Division, S. of T., on the evenings of the 17th and 18th inst. His article is a little longer than we have room for today, but we give its substance:

The principal and all attractive theme of the evening was the address delivered by Rev. H. C. Leonard, of Waterville. The subject of the discourse was, "The acquisition of Education and its eventual purpose in benefiting mankind," and most happily was that subject handled by the speaker. Several of his illustrations were forcible and strikingly vivid. Mr. L. dwelt strongly on the absurdity of young persons passing mechanically through a collegiate course, having at its close no determined path in view. He laid down the truism that knowledge, however great its research, if only acquired for selfish ends, or if attained, and then squandered in ignoble causes, is but a worthless bauble to its possessor. But that his young friends might understand his view in the matter more clearly, he illustrated it with examples from real life. Ah! would that those bright lives were once more real! Those Heroes and martyrs of Science whom he cited have passed. The self taught Miller—the patriotic and devoted Kane—and poor Downing, whose glance could transfer the desert into an Eden. So forcible and lifelike was his portrayal of Kane that you stood mentally beside the gallant adventurer on the ice bound plains; and there, with a mind full stored, with him you panted for further knowledge, and felt your own insignificance and utter dependence upon the God of all. There stood Kane, a bright memorial of the living fact that true knowledge is but the pathway to adoration and humility. It is in vain for me to copy the force of the bright pictures drawn. But when it came to the point where the nation was to lament the genius of one who died in the fullest pursuit of the knowledge, that in life he has applied to the benefit of mankind, this was the highest point of ambition to which the young could aspire, and to this goal Mr. L. sought to point the scholars, as their true aim. Long will his address be cherished by its hearers, and may it find a response in their actions.

"Observer" alludes to the various exercises—music, declamation, dialogue, and composition—in terms of high praise. An oration on "Party Politics," by Whitney Clarke, of Waterville, and another by John C. Gray, of the same place, on "Senator Broderick," are commended in strong terms. He closes by saying, "The impression the whole exhibition left on our mind was truly favorable, and we left for home under the belief, that China has much to be proud of in having a school where the mind is trained so fittingly for the great future of life."

Our Boston correspondent, "Vello," whose interesting letter is late on account of Thanksgiving, details in a pleasant way several meetings for the benefit of Brown's family. We take time for a paragraph relative to that at Tremont Temple.

They were mostly the middle class of society, with sober, earnest, intelligent, rather of the puritanical cast of face. Mr. Andrews, president, read Mr. Hepworth's note, (Mr. H. is a Unitarian minister recently settled at the south end) declining to appear, because he thought the meeting was of a one sided character. Andrews did not know before that there were two sides to the question whether John Brown's family should be left to starve or no, which the audience acknowledged was "a hit, a palpable hit" and applauded. Rev. Mr. Manning, colleague to Dr. Blagden of the Old South, made a good speech, running a parallel between Brown's course and that of the actors in the Boston massacre. In closing he earnestly advised the laying aside of all malignity from out the heart, and the cultivation of brotherly sympathy for those who by no fault of theirs had inherited false property, etc.

Ralph Waldo Emerson spoke of Brown's descent from the band who came over in the Mayflower; of his grandfather's services in the Revolutionary war; of the transparent character of the man, which gave every one an opportunity to see his moral features, and portraying him partly from Gov. Wise's words, asked, was this a man for the gallows? said Capt. Brown was a man who believed in ideas and "putting the thing through," etc. Mr. Emerson who also believed in acts, brought with him for the Brown fund, fifty dollars from Concord.

Wendell Phillips followed with his usual grace, but hardly his usual animation. Brown's attempt, he said, belonged to that order of virtues Goethe classified as imprudent ones. He thought, spite of Mr. Hunter's indictment, so full of flaws you might drive the whole frightened population of Charleston through it, that Brown would be hanged—if he was a raving maniac, hands tied behind him, Virginia would hang him. The Potomac was enriched in historic association by this battle of Harper's Ferry, and the ashes of the Father of his country, would make room for Brown, etc.

About five hundred dollars, I believe, was collected from the sale of tickets.

RETURNED TO HIS FIRST LOVE.—John Neal is out with a new work entitled "True Womanhood," which is well received.

OUR LANDS.—In the Massachusetts Legislature on Saturday, a communication from the Governor gave a history of the public lands of that State, now within the boundary of Maine, from 1785 to this time. It appears from this that Massachusetts still has a lion upon nearly half a million acres of what were once her public lands in this State. A sale, Dec. 1, 1859, of 442,719 acres, after deducting lots reserved for public use, was made to Clark & McGriff for \$260,000, and another tract for \$12,000. Oct. 1, 1859, \$123,248 of this sum remained unpaid. A lien upon the timber and land is pledged as security. A committee appointed to determine what deduction from this sum could justly be made, recommended that the debt be reduced, by abatement from \$123,248 to \$84,025 94.

The purchase of lands from Massachusetts in 1855, was 1,201,328 in acres for \$362,000, of which \$112,000 was paid in cash and the balance in state scrip.

The excitement at Charlestown, Va., in consequence of a rumor, pointing to a rescue of the Harper's Ferry prisoners, has somewhat subsided, though the community are evidently in a listening attitude, expecting momentarily to hear something 'dram.' Gov. Wise professes to have reliable information of an organized force, in the Western and Northern States, bent on effecting a rescue; though we see that Marshall Johnson of Ohio denies having sent a statement to that effect, as was reported.

COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.—The lovers of art and literature are referred to the advertisement of this association, in another column, for a programme of the sixth year's operations, in which they will find three inducements held out to them. The engraving, Shakespeare and his Friends—of which many copies are already framed here, is by all odds the best thing the Association has ever distributed; the Art Journal has every year been improved till it has attained a high degree of excellence, while the premiums offered are numerous and of great value. We predict for the association a year of unexampled success. E. T. Elden, it will be seen, is Hon. Sec. for Waterville and vicinity, and will be pleased to receive and forward subscriptions.

THANKS, and hearty ones, are tendered the few good friends who have so promptly responded to our call for remittances. The list of this class is not yet full, and we wait as patiently as we can for opportunity to increase it. Necessity gives earnestness to our appeal.

DR. MORSE.—This gentleman, it will be seen by reference to notice and advertisement, will be in Waterville next week, and those who wish will have an opportunity to consult him. We have at our office, a list of many names of persons in this vicinity who have been treated by Dr. M., which any one can examine who wishes for information in regard to his system and its success.

The Androscoggin Railroad having failed to meet its engagements with the A. & K. R. R., the arrangement for a through business connection is at an end.

DR. S. G. HOWE, of Boston, implicated in the Harper's Ferry affair, has gone to Canada, not feeling safe under Uncle Sam's protection.

S. O. T.—A new division, No. 134, was instituted at Smithfield, Greeley's Mills, on Thursday evening last, by Bros. Boothby and Smiley. The following are its officers:

Col. Samuel Kilgore, W. P.
W. D. Branch, W. A.
Sam'l. Whitehouse, R. S.
Alden Sawyer, A. B. S.
J. W. Gould, F. S.
W. H. Kidder, T.
N. A. Bickford, C.
D. K. Frohock, A. C.
A. K. P. Macos, I. S.
A. Osborn, O. S.
J. Elper, T. W. P.
Rev. S. Bowen, Chap.

LIQUOR SEIZURE.—One hundred and eleven gallons of liquor, belonging to Alvin Palmer of North Wayne, were seized at that place a few weeks since. The liquors were declared forfeited and Palmer fined \$20 and costs.

SKILLFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.—A day or two since we saw a large calculus, or stone which was extracted from the bladder of Mr. Amos Jones, of Corinna, in this State. The operation was a new one, and was probably the second one ever performed. It is known as Recotvesical Lithotomy, and consists in removing the stone through the rectum, a very recent improvement on the old operation, easier and safer for the sufferer from the dreadful disease that requires it. The patient was very much reduced, and in an unfavorable state of health, when operated upon, but he is now comfortable. Either was administered. Dr. Noyes of Waterville, the successful and distinguished oculist, performed this operation, and thus it is added to his long list of triumphs over the ill that 'flesh is heir to.' Banner.

Geo. Semmitt, Esq., publishes a card in the Philadelphia Press, in which he says he was well treated at Charlestown, Va. He says: "And though mischief was often threatened by some ill-conditioned people, of whom Charlestown has its share, of whom I believe New York and Philadelphia are not altogether free, I will add that some of the very citizens whose relations were killed at Harper's Ferry had sternly put down the threat of it, by declaring that no outrage should be done to us, or any strangers, but over their own dead bodies."

THE FASTEST TROTTER OF THE WORLD.—Wilkes' Spirit of the Times says the stride of little 'Flora Temple' is found, on measurement, to be equal to that of a sixteen hand horse. This her long, low, locomotive style of going, which works with the saving exactitude of machinery, and wastes no power in unnecessary action, or in what is more graphically termed 'style.' This is the reason why the little bay mare has always been able to beat all her more showy and renowned competitors, and also always able to endure the long, punishing races which break their superior looking natures down. Though she apparently has a violent and tearing gait, she probably spends ten per cent less of power in a mile than any of her competitors, and consequently, when they are exhausted or 'used up,' she is equal to the performance of two or three heats more. Flora cannot travel to advantage under saddle. When she makes her extraordinary bursts of speed, she pulls with great force and requires to be held very steady with the reins.

N. P. Willis, in his description of a recent visit to the manufactory of the Waltham Watch Company, says:

"The minuteness of very essential parts of the watch astonishes the visitor. A small heap of grains was shown to us, looking like iron filings, or grains of pepper from a pepper corn, apparently the mere dust of the machine which turned them out; and these, when examined with a microscope, were seen to be perfect screws, each to be driven to its place with a screw-driver. It is one of the Waltham statistics, which is worth remembering, that a single pound of steel, costing but fifty cents, is thus manufactured into one hundred thousand screws, which are worth eleven hundred dollars."

SEPARATING THE SEXES IN SCHOOLS.—On this point, Mr. Stone, a celebrated Glasgow teacher, uses the following language:

"The youth of both sexes of our Scottish peasantry have been educated together; and as a whole the Scotch are the most moral people on the earth. Education in England is given separately, and we have never heard from any practical men that any benefit has arisen from this arrangement. Some influential individuals there mourn over the prejudice alone until they attained the age of maturity, than of those who were otherwise brought up, the separation of the sexes has been found to be injurious. It is stated, on the best authority, that of those girls, educated in schools of convents, apart from boys, the greater majority go wrong within a month after being let loose in society, and meeting the other sex. They cannot, it is said, resist the slightest compliment or flattery. The separation is intended to keep them strictly moral; but this unnatural seclusion actually generates the very principle desired to be avoided. We may repeat that it is impossible to raise the girls as high, intellectually, without boys as with them—and it is impossible to raise boys morally as high without girls. The girls morally elevate the boys, and the boys intellectually elevate the girls. But more than this, girls themselves are morally elevated by the presence of boys, and boys are intellectually elevated by the presence of girls. Girls brought up with boys are more positively moral, and boys brought up in schools with the girls are more positively intellectual, by the softening influence of the female character. In the Normal Seminary at Glasgow, the most beneficial effects have resulted from the more natural course. Boys and girls, from the age of two or three years to that of fourteen or fifteen, have been trained in the same classroom, galleries and play-grounds, without impropriety, and they are never separated except at needlework."

ITALY.—The Hon. A. Kinnaird, a member of the English Parliament from Scotland, gives some of his own observations made during a journey through Central Italy, undertaken for the express purpose of knowing the people—their intention and fitness for self government. He writes:

"I went first by Zurich and the Lago Maggiore to Milan, and visited the scenes of Garibaldi's successful campaign with his volunteer troops. Having passed through the field of Magenta on my way, I reached Milan just after the brilliant reception given to the Tuscan deputation; and from what I witnessed and heard, in answer to the inquiries I made there and elsewhere, I came to the conclusion that there is a deep-seated and wide-spread unanimity of sentiment in favor of uniting under the rule of Victor Emanuel. Considering how recently the iron yoke of Austria, both directly and indirectly, repressed all aspirations after liberty, it is really marvellous to see the orderly bearing of the people, combined with their resolute determination not again to submit to any foreign yoke. Could they be secure from interference from without, I believe that we should see civil and religious liberty in full exercise. I had the privilege of conversing with Signor Parini and General Garibaldi at Modena, and with Baron Ricasoli and General Salvemigli at Florence, and was almost equally delighted with the sentiments expressed by each, manifesting a statesmanlike comprehension of affairs, combining moderation with energy, and practical wisdom with honest determination of purpose. Most sincerely do I wish them God-speed, believing, as I do, that with their success is bound up, not only the happiness of Central Italy and the religious welfare of thousands of its inhabitants, but the maintenance of the peace of Europe. Of course, in the above, remember I do not refer to that clerical party whose worldly interests are identified with the triumph of the Papacy, and who care not who is sacrificed so that its interests are advanced."

"On my way to Florence, I visited the battle-fields of St. Marino, and Solferino, and spent a day or two at Venice, where it was sad to hear of the crushing taxation which bears upon the unhappy inhabitants of that beautiful city; and the contrast with the freedom already enjoyed by the liberated Italians made their condition still more striking. An English gentleman who has travelled extensively through Italy, and is now at Milan says:—

"The name of Garibaldi is a tower of strength. You meet his officers everywhere; many I have met just come back from California and America, having heard of the war of independence—weather-beaten men and soldiers for working days. I believe that neither Napoleon nor the Austrians had any, the remotest idea of the depth of National feeling throughout Italy. They thought it was all talk; but it is clear, even to them, that these armed men led by those in command, cannot be put down without a furious struggle. But more than this, it is probably clear that any intervention by the Pope, aided by France, would certainly end, if successful, in a massacre of the priests throughout Tuscany and the Legations; nothing would save them. In Lombardy the clergy are Italian, but in the Duchies, Tuscany, and the Legations, chiefly Austrians. I observe that in Parma alone the clergy give signs of taking a part in politics; in that city they wear the colors of Sardinia in their hats. This is from fear, I believe—not love. However I was told by a person who had seen it, that a Venetian priest presented himself with one hundred of his parishioners to have them enrolled in the national army."

AN EVENING WITH JOHN BROWN'S WIFE.—A writer in the New York Independent gives some interesting memoranda of an evening recently spent in conversation with John Brown's wife. He describes Mrs. Brown as tall, large and muscular, with a grave and thoughtful expression of countenance, wearing, even in this hour of her trial, an expression of soberness rather than sadness, as if like her husband, she knew how to suffer and be calm. Her manner is quiet, modest and retiring, but her force of character and strength of will are evident. We make some extracts from the article in the Independent:

Capt. Brown's religious character.—I advertised, in alluding to Capt. Brown's religious opinions, to the common report that he was an Old School Presbyterian. She replied that he had been a church member ever since he was a boy; that he united, at sixteen years of age, with a Congregational church in Hudson, Ohio; and that on removing to Pennsylvania, thirty years ago, he transferred his membership to the Presbyterian church, with which he had since remained connected. She said that the religious element of his character had always been the ruling motive of his life. He had always observed religious exercises in his household with exemplary regularity. It had been for many years the custom of the family to read the Bible every morning, in regular course of

chapters, each member reading in turn a verse. She said that her husband's familiarity with texts of Scripture was so great that he could detect almost the slightest misquotation of any passage, and that if a portion of a verse in almost any part of the Bible were read or repeated to him, he could immediately repeat the remainder. His conversation frequently abounded with Scripture texts, and his letters were always filled with them.

I asked if she knew what were his favorite passages, to which she replied:

"He had a great many, but one was 'Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them.' In his habits of living, his wife testified that he was always singularly self-denying. As an example, he never suffered himself or family to wear expensive clothing. His standing admonition was, 'Let us save the money and give to the poor.' Day before yesterday, when some clothes were sent from New York to Mrs. Brown, to go in a box to her husband, among the articles was a new coat of fine brown cloth, which, when it was shown to her, she immediately pronounced too gay for her husband to wear; it was accordingly sent back, and last evening they came in return a coarse coat, which would better suit his taste, and which the brave old Puritan might not think too good for him to put on! He never in his life has used tobacco or ardent spirits, and never, until within the last few years, has taken tea or coffee. His mode of living has been so rigidly temperate that, in Kansas, he would sometimes go for days with scarcely a mouthful of food, and suffer no faintness or exhaustion."

His long-meditated design.—I referred incidentally upon Harper's Ferry as having been premeditated for two years, to which she immediately replied, 'Not for two years, but for twenty! He had been waiting twenty years for some opportunity to free the slaves; we had all been waiting with him the proper time when he should put his resolve into execution and when at last the enterprise of Harper's Ferry was planned, we all thought that the time had now come; Mr. Brown was sanguine of success; we all were equally confident; he had no idea, nor did any of the family, that the experiment would result in defeat; we all looked to it as fulfilling the hopes of many years.'

I wrote down these sentences a few moments after they were uttered, and as I repeated them she added:

"For he has borne the yoke of the oppressed, as if upon his own neck for these thirty years!" She made several and repeated references to various newspaper accounts, in which her husband's character had been misrepresented. She had been pained to see him described as a cruel man, for, as she said, "No man ever had a kinder heart. He is generous by nature. He has always aimed to impress his family with a spirit of benevolence. He has always taught his children to be unselfish; to set always for others before acting for themselves. His sympathies for the poor and the oppressed have always been too easily excited."

As he became?—I then put the question "which I had been chiefly solicitous to ask." It is the common talk of the newspapers that Capt. Brown is insane; what do you say to that opinion?"

"I never knew," she replied, "of his insanity until I read it in the newspapers. He is a clear-headed man. He has always been, and now is, entirely in his right mind. He is always cool, deliberate, and never over-hasty; but he has always considered that his first perceptions of duty, and his first impulses to action, were the best, and the safest to be followed. He has almost always acted upon his first suggestions. No, he is not insane. His reason is clear. His last act was the result, as all the others have been, of his trust and strongest conscientious convictions."

A FIFTH AVENUE LADY BUYS BOOKS.—A correspondent of the Newport News tells the following anecdote:

"A certain New York lady, whom I shall call Mrs. X., recently had the good luck to come into the possession of a handsome fortune. No sooner had this agreeable change in her condition been effected, than she immediately had a 'loud call' from the direction of Fifth Avenue, and yielding to the tempter, prevailed upon her husband to abandon his call as a purveyor in provisions and fish, and to purchase a residence in that aristocratic neighborhood. In due time her house was furnished in a style of magnificence which vied with the very best. Keeping her eyes open for every new improvement she recently discovered that it was about the right thing to have books, and desired of being up with the fashion at once ordered a roswood book-case and started out to purchase the material, wherewith it was to be filled."

Provided with a diagram illustrating the dimensions of the library—the length, breadth and height of the shelves, and to whom she called upon one of our largest publishers, and handing an astonished clerk the measure, told him she wanted the poetical books he got them with red backs, and to be sure, and make them all fit the library! With this the lady moved away as majestically as a full blown turkey cock under full sail. In due time the books went, but such was the morality of the order that, in exercising his taste, the clerk had selected some a little too long, others too short; some bound in Russia, some Turkey, some in calf, while the colors of the collection were as variegated as the hues of the rainbow. This didn't suit, and a day or two brought the whole batch back, Mrs. X. following close upon them, looking as stiff as if she had been poured into gorgonzola cheese, like a candle, in a state of digestion, and had then 'ack!' I sent my books back, said she, because I told ye to make 'em all of one color, and one color, and them ain't no more like a parcel of nigger babies in like white children! 'But madam,' returned the clerk, 'we suppose there were some particular words you would like to have.' 'No!' said she, with an emphasis, as if she were directing to her cook, 'I don't care what is in 'em, all I want is books to fill them shelves that has got red backs and will look gaudy to my new library!'

There was no mistaking that order, and this time the red-backs went, and are probably now adorning one of our homes of art, taste and refinement. (Think of it, ye shades of Shakespeare, Burns, Byron, Moore and brother worthies, your brain bought by the square inch! But such is life!)

It should be borne in mind by all who intend to petition for private legislation, the coming winter, that they should publish their notices, according to the requirements of the law, as every personal motive will press upon the members of the Legislature for a short and busy session, and it cannot be expected that they will wish to delay the adjournment, as has been too common in order to give publicity to parties interested in matters of private legislation, when it can be done, as it has been at all, at the expense of members and of the State, as in times past.—Ken. Jour.

