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Well Done and All Paid.
A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Once on a time there was a man who had to drive his sled to the wood for fuel. So a bear met him.

"Out with your sled," said the Bear, "or I'll make all your sheep dead by summer." "Oh, heaven help me then," said the man, "I have a stick of firewood in the house; you must let me drive home a load of fuel, and we shall be friends to death. I'll bring the sled to you to-morrow morning."

"Well, then," said the Bear, "I'll wait for you to-morrow morning. I'll bring the sled to you to-morrow morning."

"So the man got the wood on the sled and rattled homeward, but he wasn't over pleased at the bargain, you may fancy. So just then a fox met him.

"Why, what's the matter?" said the Fox, "why are you so down in the mouth?" "Oh, if you want to know," said the man, "I met a bear on my way to the wood, and he said to give me a sled to bring firewood to him to-morrow, at this very hour, for if he didn't get him, he said he would tear all my sheep to death by summer."

"That's nothing worse than that," said the Fox, "if you'll give me the sled to-morrow, I'll see you free as air. I don't see how it can be. Yes, the man gave his word, and swore he would keep it, too."

"Well, when you come with Dobbin to-morrow for the sled," said the Fox, "I'll make a clever up in that heap of stones; yonder, and so when the bear asks what that noise is, you must say 'tis Peter the Marksmen, who is the best shot in the world; and after that you must help yourself."

"Next day off set the man, and when he met the Bear, something began to make a clatter up in the heap of stones.

"Hist! what's that?" said the Bear. "Oh! that's Peter the Marksmen, to be sure," said the man, "he's the best shot in the world. I know him by his voice."

"Have you seen any bears about here, Eric?" shouted out a voice in the wood. "No, I haven't seen any," said Eric.

"What's that?" said the bear, "that steady alongside your sled?" "He's dead, out the voice in the wood.

"Say it's an old fire-stump," said the Bear. "Oh, it's only an old fire-stump," said the man, "and roll them on your sledges, bawled out the voice; if you can't do it yourself, I'll come and help you."

"Say you can help yourself, and roll me up on the sled," said the Bear. "No, thank you, I can help myself well enough," said the man, and rolled the Bear on to the sled.

"Such fire-stumps we always bind fast on our sledges in our part of the world," bawled out the voice, "shall I come and help you?" "Say you can help yourself, and bind me fast, do," said the Bear.

"No, thanks, I can help myself well enough," said the man, who sat to binding Brin fast with all the ropes he had, so that at last the Bear couldn't stir a paw.

"Such fire-stumps we always drive our axes into, in our part of the world," bawled out the voice, "in our part we guide them better going down the steep hill."

"Pretend to drive your axe into me, do now," said the Bear. "Then the man took up his axe, and at one blow, split the bear's skull, so that Brin lay dead in a trice, and so the man and the Fox were great friends, and on the best terms. But when they came near the farm, the Fox said,

"I've no mind to go right home with you, I don't like your tricks; so I'll just wait here, and you can bring the sled to me, but mind and pick out one nice dead fat."

"Yes, the man would be sure to do that, and thank the Fox much for his help. So when he had put Dobbin, he went across to the sheep-stall.

"Whither away, now?" asked the old dame. "Oh!" said the man, "I'm only going to the sheep-stall to fetch a fat wether for that cunning Fox, who set our Dobbin free. I leave him my word I would."

"We'll, indeed," said the old dame; "never a one shall that thief of a Fox get. Haven't we got Dobbin safe, and the bear into the bargain; and as for the Fox, I'll be bound he's stolen more of our geese than the wether is worth; and even if he hasn't stolen them, he will. No, no; take a brace of your swiftest hounds on your sack, and slip them loose after him; and then, perhaps, we shall be rid of this robbing Reynard."

"Well, the man thought that good advice, so he took two dead red hounds, put them into a sack, and set off with them."

"Have you brought the wether?" said the Fox. "Yes, come and take it," said the man, as he untied the sack and let slip the hounds.

"HUF, said the Fox, and gave a great spring; 'true it is what the old dame says. Well done is often ill paid,' and now, you see the truth of another saying: 'The worst foes are those of one's own house.' That was what the Fox said as he ran off, and saw the red fox bounding at his heels."

THE QUEEN'S FATES FROM THE NORSE.

SNORISH HIGH LIFE.—The country is running wild. Extravagance, folly and fraud are the great prevailing vices of the times; the grand characteristics of the age. It is manifested more or less in our cities, and its influence is seen in the debasement of men and women and the complete ruin of children.

Every successful speculator or fortunate operator must imitate, and if possible excel, his lucky neighbor the banker, or the money-maker; and to do this, the marble and satin, the rosewood and silver, are all introduced without regard to expense, extravagance, and care are kept with horses to match, and parties are given where Brussels and Wilton outvie in their color the silks and the wine which make up the chief part of the entertainment.

Up it goes into the air, a huge pile, or a fantastic residence, but not a room in it for the comfort of the owner or family—all of it for show and the public gaze. The woman flaunts about in lace or lagoon, or reclines upon soft cushions in carriages, neither knowing or caring whether the money which keeps them up be stolen or honestly gained. They are happy in the mere fact that they can dash as much as the richest of their neighbors.

For an American of fortune—real, solid, fortune—to dash into all this extravagance, is folly, but that man is guilty of downright wickedness, who upon a little money, goes to vast and foolish expense; for he must rob somebody to carry out his plan, or if he has enough to warrant in the children, when his fortune is divided among them, will have all the silly and extravagant notions of their father without his money to give them reality.

Out of all this miserable life there springs evil worse than wickedness. The link of the father is severed from the children, and the third generation. Or, what is no better, the children of such people are the children of such people.

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WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, JAN. 12, 1860.

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educated to believe all this splendor constitutes the best of life, and that fast-horses and champagne are emblems of high life. Daughters are brought up by a silly, ridiculous mother, who glories in her curtains and her carpets, her carriage and her parties, and the fashionable training of her children.

Nice creatures these, for a life-battle in a world where energy and industry and endurance are worth to them more than all the airs, graces and style that they learned in the paternal drawing-room or from foreign masters. Out of this struggle to excel in this sort of life, they spring, too, fraud and chicanery, and all manner of crime, for in the contest, gold is the end and aim of all—the means are not regarded. The sensible part of the community laugh at this folly, and laugh loudly, too, at coarse vulgarly parading itself in equipages, and moving about with all the airs and affectations of snobbish high life, people elevated above their fellows by a stock operation, or a rise in town lots, and rejoicing thereafter in flashy and gaudy houses.

If they made fools of themselves alone, it would all be proper enough. But the effort upon their families and upon society is most to be dreaded.

In a country where the law divides among a man's heirs all his estates after death, unless disposed of by will, and where the chances are that the property will not remain in the family beyond the second generation, it is utterly folly to build palaces to live in; far better would it be to expend the same money in building schools or founding asylums, the benefit of which the rich man's heirs may need. On, on, goes our American life—better skelter, but only for a moment. Dash—make a sensation—get money—honestly if you can—but get money—educate your children after the same fashion, and then die and be forgotten.

Be a Man.

Young man, you wish to be loved, do you not? Well, for that you must be a man.—(Michele).

Yes, and to be anything—no man and success in any worthy pursuit, you must be a man. And to be a man—a true man—such a man as the new age, which the young men of the present are about to inaugurate, demands—is no small thing. To meet fully the requirements of to-day and of the future, you must be a healthy, well developed, many-sided, symmetrical man—a man with a sound body, a strong, disciplined intellect, and a large, brave heart.

1. In the first place, you must be a man physically. Do not, young man (and we address ourselves specially to young men) underestimate this requirement. Physical health and efficiency, soundness of bodily organization and regularity of functional action; its at the very foundation of all useful acquirements. Leave the body out of the account in dealing with earthly affairs, and it is in vain that you bring in everything else. Hear the confession of the lamented Horace Mann on this point: "I am certain," he says in his "Letter to a Student at Law," "that I could have performed twice the labor both better and with greater ease to myself, had I known as much of the laws of health and life at twenty-one as I do now. In college I was taught all about the motions of the planets as carefully as if they would have been in danger of getting off the track if I had not known how to 'trace their orbits'; but about my own organization, and the conditions indispensable to the healthful functions of my own body, I was left in profound ignorance."

Nothing could be more preposterous. I ought to have begun at home, and taken the stars when it should have come their turn. The consequence was, I broke down at the commencement of the second year, and have not known a well day since."

In preparing, therefore, for the great work of life, take the body first. If you have good health, the knifely hold it fast; cherish it with jealous care, as a priceless treasure. As a capital on which to commence life, rolls of bank-bills and bags of gold are not to be compared with it. Like any other capital, it may be increased or diminished. Year by year you may grow richer in vital resources, or you may, by extravagant and foolish expenditure, fall into poverty and bankruptcy.

If you have a strong, well developed, symmetrical body, see to it that it does not deteriorate. It is not absolutely perfect, it may be improved. Strengthen and harden your muscles, throw back your shoulders, expand your chest, deepen your respiration. All this may easily be done, and the how to do it is clearly explained in books which are within the reach of all.

Be a man physically—a man in body, and muscle and nerve. Be not ashamed to learn a lesson from those glorious old pagans, the ancient Greeks, whose young men were wont to esteem the simple crown of green leaves, which was placed upon the brow of the victor in their noble athletic games, as a decoration more to be coveted than the diadem of a king.

2. With the sound body, you need, in the next place, to be of the men of the times, a strong, well cultivated and strictly disciplined mind, a mind competent to grapple with the highest political and social problems.

Here, again, you may be almost anything that you desire to be. The brain, like the lungs or the limbs, is developed by exercise. The faculties of the mind, in common with the muscles of the body, are continually strengthened by judicious use.

Schools and teachers are good in their way, but the young man must not depend wholly upon them; even where he can command the best of both. You cannot dispense with self-culture. There is much to be done that no one can do for you. Our greatest men are self-made men, and whatever may be your condition in life, you must, to a great extent, make yourself or never be made.

Learn to think, to think consecrately; be patient in your investigations; avoid hasty generalization; accustom yourself to the methodical arrangement of thought, and the study to express yourself clearly, to say just what you mean and no more or less, and to waste no words. Firm discipline and then discipline every faculty of your mind. Be a man intellectually—a sound man—a clear-headed man—a man who knows what he is about.

3. But with all the rest, you must be a man of heart. The healthy body and the sound mind may make you, in one sense, a great and successful man, but scarcely a good and happy one. You will be a good man, if you have a heart. We cannot rest sure

that it will be the right thing. To become truly an honor to your country and age, and a benefactor of the race, the affections and moral feelings must have due development and cultivation. To be wholly a man, you must carry a man's heart in your bosom, a heart loyal in every pulsation to family, friends, and country. You must be a dutiful son, a loving brother, and, if you have assumed those relations, a tender husband and father. You must be true as steel to your friends, whatever wind may blow; you must love your country, and be ready to serve her if she need your service; you must stand firm in your integrity as a man among men and in the sight of God.

And this is not all. Having the ability to do, you must use it. If you claim to be a man, you must do a man's work in the world, and do it cheerfully, bravely, and faithfully. There is no room for idlers in this world-day world. There is enough to be done. If you are not willing to do your part, just step aside and make room for those who are better disposed. There is a time for play and a time for rest, but there is none for idle loitering. Be up and doing.

In body, mind and heart, in being, thinking, feeling, and acting, BE A MAN.

Life Illustrated.

Love a Wife and Enlee a Wife.

I wish every husband would copy into his memorandum book this sentence, from a recently published work—"Women must be constituted very differently from men."

Word said, a line written, and we are happy; omitted, our hearts ache, as if for a great misfortune. Men cannot feel, or guess at it; if they did, the most careless of them would be slow to wound us so.

The grave hides many a heart which has been stung to death, because one who might, after all, have loved it after a certain careless fashion, was deaf, dumb and blind to the truth in the sentence we have just quoted, or if not, was at least reticent and impatient with regard to it. Many men, marrying late in life, being accustomed only to take care of themselves, and that in the most erratic, rambling, exciting fashion, eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, whenever their fancy, or good cheer, amusement, questionable or unquestionable, prompted, come at last, when they get tired of this, with their selfish habits fixed as fate, to matrimony. For awhile it is a novelty. Shortly, it is strange as irksome, this always being obliged to consider the comfort and happiness of another. To have something always hanging on the arm, which used to swing free, or at most, but a twirl a cane. Then they think their duty done if they provide food and clothing, and refrain (possibly) from harsh words. Ah—is it? Listen to that sigh as you close the door. Watch the gradual fading of the eye, the paling of the cheek, not from age—she should yet be young—but that gnawing pain at the heart, born of the settled conviction that the great hungry craving of her soul, as far as you are concerned, must go forever unsatisfied. God help such wives; and keep them from attempting to slake their soul's thirst at poisoned fountains.

Think you, her husband, how little a kind word, a smile, a caress to you, how much to her. If you call these things "childish" and "beneath your notice," then you should never have married. There are men who should remain forever single. You are one. You have no right to require of a woman her health, strength, time, and devotion, to mock her with this shadowy, unsatisfying return.

A new bonnet, a dress, a shawl, a watch, anything, everything but what a true woman's heart most craves—sympathy, appreciation, love. She may be rich in everything else, but if she be poor in these, and is a good woman, she had better die.

There are hard, unloving, cold-minded creatures of women (rare exceptions) who neither require love or know how to give it. We are not speaking of these. That big-hearted, loving, noble man have occasionally been thrown away upon such, does not disprove what we have been saying. But even a man thus situated has greatly the advantage of a woman in a similar position, because, over the needle, a woman may think herself into an insane asylum, while the active, outdoor turmoil of business life is at least a sometimes reprieve to him.

Do you ask me, "Are there no happy wives?" God be praised, yes, and glorious, lovely husbands, too, who know how to treat a woman, and would have her neither foot nor drudge. Almost every wife would be a good and happy wife were she only loved enough. Let husbands, present and prospective, think of this.—(London Journal.)

DRESSING UP FOR CHURCH.—The New Englanders have fallen into a habit of putting on all their extra finery when they attend public worship, that seems to be in bad taste, and which exerts an untoward influence. It has come to be the case that the sons and daughters of the old Puritan stock, make the house of God a mere exhibition room, where each goes to see what others wear, and in turn present their own costumes for examination and criticism. The services of the sanctuary have come to be a mere secondary consideration, and to such a pass has this come, that many of the poorer classes are deterred entirely from entering the church because they have nothing to wear. We wish a better state of things existed, and that we might return to the simplicity of our fathers in this respect, and dress plainly and neatly for church, leaving off the extra finery for other occasions where they would be more appropriate.

A DRUNKARD'S BRAIN.—Hytti, by far the greatest anatomist of the age, used to say that he could distinguish, in the darkest room by one stroke of the scalpel, the brain of the inebriate from that of the person who had lived soberly. Now and then he would congratulate his claims upon the possession of a "drunkard's brain," admirably preserved from its hardness and more complete preservation, for the purpose of demonstration. When an anatomist wishes to preserve a human brain for any length of time, he effects his object by keeping that organ in a vessel of alcohol. From the soft pulpy substance, it becomes comparatively hard, but the inebriate, anticipating the anatomist, begins the induration process before death—begins it while the brain remains in the consecrated temple of the soul—while its delicate and gossamer tissues throbb with the pulses of heaven-born life. Strange illustration, thus to consecrate the god-like brain to unbecoming dissection! And then, after

fountains of generous feeling, petrifies all the tender humanities and charities of life, leaving only a brain and a heart of stone.

Kindness.

To do a kindness kindly—to confer a favor with such tact and delicacy that the recipient will not be oppressed by a sense of obligation, is an art. Wherefore is it one so little cultivated by the kind spirits of this world?

There are persons quick to execute praiseworthy actions, who take pleasure in works of beneficence, yet who always perform them in a hard, cold, way, as though impelled by the promptings of compulsive duty alone.

Individuals of another class bestow their good gifts more graciously, but evidently expect a due acknowledgment—they have the air of requiring "so much for so much," and their undisguised demand for a full measure of thanks often annihilates the very existence of gratitude. You see, at a glance, that they are laying their kind deeds out at usury, and hope for a large income of reward—perhaps in the shape of a wide reputation for goodness—perhaps through the gratification of assuming an air of superiority in the character of benefactor.

The kindness of another order of temperaments is impulsive, whimsical and spasmodical, the effervescence of a pleasant state of mind—a transient excitement which quickly exhausts itself. Wearied of well doing, these uncertain friends soon exclaim:—"I've done enough!" Enough! as if a poor feeble mortal, though he uses his best energies for the promotion of his neighbor's welfare, can ever arrive at a period when, through the greatness of his deeds, he may fold his hands and say, "I've done enough!"

There is an old proverb which warns us that the last person from whom we should expect to receive a favor is one upon whom we have bestowed favors. And it is not unusual for persons to experience a positive aversion towards those who have done them great services—an aversion they struggle against—they are ashamed of—they despise themselves for entertaining—and yet they are ever keenly conscious of feeling. Is not this very often the consequence of the manner in which the services have been rendered?

Nothing so thoroughly destroys the beauty of an act of kindness as the desire for, or even the expectation of gratitude and yet nothing is more common.

The poet Rogers tells us that "to be less is to be blest, and true kindness instinctively communicates to those whom we are permitted to benefit a consciousness of the happiness we ourselves derive from the power of beneficence placed in our unworthy hands—makes them sensible of the blessedness which springs from that power; exercise—reveals to them the indebtedness we cherish towards those who have needed and received kindness at our hands."

Effectual, widely extended kindness, does not alone consist in the performance of tangible and undeniable services to others. Kind looks and words, and gentle, kindly ways, may be of incalculable benefit. Nature grows hard and rough through the absence of a surrounding atmosphere of permanent kindness, and is softened and humanized by a habitual, persistent gentleness and consideration. When the angel of kindness enters a heart, where it can take up its abode, it looks through the eyes of the man, and speaks with his voice, and moves with his motions, and guides his hands and his feet, and stretches out his arms to cleanse the whole world in charity's warm embrace; and this, every day of his life, and every hour of his day. Good works become the light of his existence, and the very idea of remuneration, of reward in any imaginable shape, save that of internal satisfaction, would diminish the happiness he enjoys.

"We are not our own," said St. Paul. If God demanded from us, at any moment, all that he has given, what should we have left? What physical, mental, spiritual attributes would remain? Would not our very existence cease? Can the truth of the apostle's assertion need a stronger demonstration than is found in answer to these queries? If we are 'not our own,' the power to serve—the capacity to comfort—the faculty to be kind, are not our own, but are among the precious gifts entrusted to us by the Great Giver, as the ten talents were placed in the keeping of the faithful servant. What right have we then to claim the return even of our gratitude, since we are using that which is not 'our own,' but our Master's? Since we are only the media chosen for dispensing that Master's beneficence? Since we must render up an account of the equitable and liberal distribution of all that has been placed in our hands? With the conviction that we are not our own, ever present, who could ask a return for the kindnesses he is Heaven-commissioned to bestow, and which are not his own, albeit they are distributed through his agency? If a thought of gratitude—a hope of compensation—once spring up in the mind, the kindness with which they are associated is spurious, and its true name is interest, greed, whim, or self-love. How many of the acts, upon which we bestow the appellation of 'kind,' will not suddenly change their shape and title beneath the touch of that Ithuriel-like test?

A great aim in family discipline should be, to provide for each of the juveniles some line of pursuit which will give them a sense of their usefulness and necessity to the household. This feeling properly instilled into their minds will make them members of society valuable to others and happy in themselves. The Creator, who makes nothing in vain, does not in vain send human beings into the world if only they would find their places and fill them. Idle men and women are the bane of the community. They are not simply clogs upon society, but become, sooner or later, the causes of its crime and poverty, its folly and extravagance.

In plain English, every family motto should read:—"Be somebody; do something; bear your own load."

Philadelphian American.

PATRONS OF HIGH ART.—Two very splendidly attired ladies recently made a condescending visit to the studio of a distinguished landscape painter in New York, and asked the privilege of looking at his pictures. The artist was but too happy to comply with their request, and placed before them a brilliant sunset which he had just finished. His visitors were lavish of those epithets which ladies bestow so liberally upon the objects of their admiration. "Oh! how lovely! How sweet! How natural! And then, after

gazing at the glowing canvas for a few minutes in wrapt silence, the lady who had been loudest in expressing her admiration, said, with a naïveté which must have penetrated to the very core of the painter's heart, "Pray, Mr. G., is it a moonlight?" The artist meekly replied that it was intended for a "sunset."

"O, indeed!" replied the lady. "Pray, Mr. G., which do you think it the most difficult to do, pictures in oils or in watercolor?" "Really," replied the astonished painter, "I am unable to say, for I have never done anything in watercolor." "Ah!" said the lady, "I find it so difficult in working little dogs to put in the eyes." But these, of course, were exceptional ladies.

A BITE.—In the Knickerbocker for January, among the good things in the Editor's Table we find the following droll anecdote:

"While it was a laughable, a very laughable, it was also a very melancholy sight: for a drunken man is a melancholy object to behold and to contemplate anywhere and under any circumstances. But the particular case to which we have reference was a 'hard case,' in all respects. In a spar and ship-mast yard, on the border of West street, far down toward the Battery on a pleasant October afternoon, we saw a man, or something bearing the image of a man, exceedingly tipsy, lying on the ground, amidst scattered chips and shavings, in the yard. Some boys stood hard by, jeering and plugging him.

Upon remembrance," one of them said that he had "throw'd a stone at Jimmy Cahoon, cause he tickled his ear with a shavin' when he was asleep." This was no excuse; and we told the boys so; but somehow or 'nother,' like the Americans at Bladensburgh, they didn't seem to take no interest. Meanwhile, the poor inebriate had raised himself partly up, resting on one side, and said: "Why can't they let me be? With I was an Injun—that's all I hope!" Two squaws, with moccasins and other wampum bead-work, had been dawdling along by a moment before, which probably suggested the thought that was permeating his half addled brain. He finally stood upon his feet; but his knees were not like the firm oak ship's knees which were piled upon him; the feeble knees failed him, and down he went. He stretched out an arm, laid his head upon it, and was presently in the 'land of dreams.' All this while, however, the mischievous boys were watching him, while we were watching them through a crevice in the board fence which surrounded the yard. At length he was fast and sound asleep. His yawning shoes disclosed all his toes, on each foot; and as we gazed, we saw 'one of the little rascals making a slip-nose, with a strong twine, around one of his big toes, which protruded from the clamshell opening of his old shoe, that looked more than anything else, like the head of a great black snake. To the other end of the twine, which had a 'long purchase,' they tied securely the ragged half of a large brick. They then carefully removed, for a wide space around him, every other possible thing which he might get hold of to throw at them; but this missile they placed, as the Irish have it, 'convenient to his hand.' Then all the laughing boys retired to a safe distance, save one; he remained, to tickle the sleeper's ear and nose with a thin pine splinter, to arouse him from his slumber. Presently the wretched inebriate awoke; and seeing his tormentor beating a retreat, at the same time holding 'ready to split' his young sides, he seized the deucey missile and hurled after him. It was cruel! The string came 'up with a round turn,' which almost tore the poor fellow's toe off. He roared with the self-inflicted pain, and straightway staggered thence.

"Have you seen him about here since?" we asked the proprietor of the spar-yard, some six weeks afterward.

"He is a man of few words," he said, "I guess not!"

WINTER RULES.—Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

In going into a colder air, keep the mouth resolutely closed, that by compelling the air to pass circumspectly through the nose, and head, it may become warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevent those shocks and sudden chills which frequently end in pleurisy, pneumonia, and other serious diseases.

Never sleep with the head in the draft of an open door or window.

Let more cover be on the lower limbs than on the body. Have an extra covering within easy reach in case of a sudden and great change of weather during the night.

Never stand still a moment out of doors, especially at street corners after having walked even a short distance.

Never ride near the open window of a vehicle for a single half minute, especially if it has been preceded by a walk; valuable lives have been lost, or good health permanently destroyed.

Never put on a new boot or shoe in beginning a journey.

Never wear India rubbers in cold, dry weather.

If compelled to face a bitter cold wind, throw a silk handkerchief over the face, its agency is wonderful in modifying the cold.

Those who are easily chilled on going out of doors, should have some cotton bathing attached to the vest, or other garment, so as to protect the space between the shoulder-blades, behind the lungs being attached to the body at that point; a little there is worth five times the amount over the chest in front.

Never sit for more than a minute at a time with the back against the fire or stove.

Avoid sitting against cushions in the backs of pews in churches; if the uncovered board feels cold, sit erect without touching it.

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten.

After speaking, singing or preaching in a warm room in winter, do not leave it for at least ten minutes and then close the mouth, put on the gloves, wrap up the neck, and put on cloak or overcoat before passing out of the door; the neglect of these has had many a good and useful man in a premature grave.

Never speak under a hoarseness, especially if it requires an effort, or gives a hurting or a painful feeling, for it often results in a permanent loss of voice, or long life of invalidism.

Health Journal of Health.

A TEMPERANCE MAN.—A gentleman cooper called upon a colored man who owns a fine farm in Ohio, and wished to purchase some stave timber. He enquired for what purpose

he wanted it, and received an answer,—"I have contracted for so many whiskey barrels."

"Well sir," was the prompt reply, "I have the timber for sale and want the money, but no man shall purchase a single stave or hoop pole of me for that purpose."

Of course Mr. Cooper was not a little up in the back, to meet such a stern reproach, got mad, and called him a "nigger."

That is very true, mildly replied the other, "it is my misfortune to be a negro, I can't help that; but I can help selling my timber to make whiskey barrels, and I mean to do it."

That is the kind of temperance men we like flow much better every neighborhood, and village, and town, and city would be with a few such resolute men in their limits—men who are not afraid to speak and act against evil, no matter where it exists.

Where Massachusetts Stands.

The following extracts from the recent message of Gov. Banks to the Legislature of Massachusetts, will no doubt be read with interest by those who wish to know where the old Bay State stands in the present crisis.

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.—Recent occurrences call attention to the measures, tendencies and principles which seem to control the National Government. Great changes have occurred during the last five years, in the opinions of the people, but far greater in the policy of the government.

There has not been in this Commonwealth, at any time in twenty years past, a more general concurrence of opinion, or less agitation of political topics, than during the interval between the election of 1852 and the opening of the thirty-third Congress, after a somewhat compulsory, but general acquiescence in the compromise measures of 1850.

This harmony of feeling upon the subject of slavery was not disturbed in this Commonwealth by philanthropists, agitators, declaimers or theorists. The public records of the time will show this. Ideas are very powerful, but revolutions in opinion or government rarely or never occur unaccompanied by events commensurate with them and their results. There is no greater error, than that which attributes the present disturbed condition of the public mind to the speculations of scholars, or the denunciations of enthusiasts. It is attributable to historical events; events connected with the government, and which were alike beyond the control of agitators, philanthropists, abolitionists, and even of the people themselves.

It is worth our while to consider some of these national occurrences; such as the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, a conspiracy against the people of the South as well as the North; the invasion of Kansas by bands of men, armed with the plunder of public arsenals, to over-awe the officers appointed by the President of the United States with the consent of the Senate, and to subvert the government of the people by force; the gigantic frauds committed in the elections of that Territory, which were denounced by the government officers as by the people; the sacking of towns and the murder of their inhabitants; the rejection by Congress of a constitution framed by the people, and the effort to force upon them against their will, and against all principle and precedent another framed by Congress; the illegal and defiant renewal of the foreign slave trade; the attempt to force a surrender of the political rights of the States and the people, by referring political questions to judicial decision; the deadly assault upon a Senator of this Commonwealth while in the constitutional performance of his duty in the Senate chamber; the sacrifice of a Senator on the Pacific Coast, because, as he said in the agony of death, he had opposed the extension of slavery; the neglect of every interest of labor and of commerce, by government, and the prostitution of all its powers to the spirit of slavery propaganda; the invasion of the mails, and the threats of disunion and revolution, whenever a check by constitutional change of national policy is suggested;—these are, among the events that have contributed to the present state of public opinion. It required incidents of no less magnitude to produce such results. Were the press suspended, and every lip sealed with the silence of death, they would still incite every manly heart, to indignation, through fruitless resistance.

flexibly opposed to, and will resist, by every constitutional right, the extension of slavery, the re-opening of the foreign slave trade, the consolidation of despotic power in the federal government, or restrictions upon the freedom of speech, of the press, or of opinion.

WHAT SHE ASKS AND WILL SUPPORT.—She asks of the government the neglect of no interest.—State or National,—but claims protection for all, and is ready to concede the rights of others as to maintain her own.

She will support the Constitution and the Union, not because they are respected elsewhere, but because she knows their cost, and appreciates their value. The Revolution began in Massachusetts. Here arose the earliest dissensions with the mother country; here the people were first prepared for revolt; here patriots were first proscribed, independence was first contemplated; here fell the first martyrs to liberty; the first British ensign was here struck to American seams, and here was first upturned the American flag. We require no insurrection upon the subject of our duties, and will submit to no infringement of our rights. The Union must be preserved and so must the State of Massachusetts.

I hesitate not to affirm that the action of this government is consistent with these principles. It is not contended that there is universal acquiescence in such views, that individuals do not hold different opinions, or that in periods of great excitement, and under great provocation, public sympathy is not excited in behalf of those who suffer from misfortunes, or are required to pay the penalties of law.

No one who is connected with the administration of justice, and witnesses the strength of sympathy for hardened offenders, will be surprised that public judgment should be momentarily swayed by the exhibition in any man of the highest qualities, a love of truth, as rare as it is beautiful, an integrity as unbending as his spirit; one in whom great suffering had pervaded judgment, who accepts the responsibilities of his acts without complaint, and meets death as a sailor doubles Cape Cod. Opinion is free and sympathy unrestrained; and it is little remarkable that it should be manifested in such a case, as that in other parts of the country public meetings should be held to justify an assault upon a Senator of the United States for words spoken in debate. But it does not represent the government nor the matured conviction of the people as to their political duties.

THE UNION NOT IN DANGER.—Nor do I apprehend that the restoration of the government to its ancient policy will weaken its bonds or tend to the dissolution of the Union. In my judgment, dissolution is one of the evils, not within the scope, if it be within the purpose of human power. There are stronger and sorer trials than those which spring from the wish or will of interested men. The Pacific Coast is an indivisible empire. Who ever shall divide the Mississippi must possess the power to dissipate its rolling floods, desolate its bed and turn back upon themselves the myriads of bubbling springs and mountain rivulets that have nourished the father of rivers from the time when the evening and morning stars first sang together. The Atlantic Coast is susceptible of separation upon physical considerations, but the possession of such cities as New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, that pay four-fifths of the revenues of the government, will be of sufficient importance to hold together the eastern line of States, on whichsoever side political power may be lodged. Disunion is not among the impending evils of this country, but the tendencies to radical and despotic changes in the form of governments, are more imminent, and must challenge serious apprehensions of the friends of constitutional liberty.

WHAT THE LEGISLATURE IS TO DO ABOUT IT.—The settlement of those great controversies will not devolve upon the Legislature. Nevertheless we are called upon with the people of other States to weigh well the danger that surrounds us, and to reflect upon the remedies constitutionally within our power. Men may well differ as to the course to be pursued. For myself I can only submit with deference the results of my own reflection. Legislative expedients do not seem to me to be equal to the crisis. Extreme measures divide friends and unite opponents. The concurrent action of that portion of the American people whose principles harmonize, is the only sure reliance. It is a period which demands concession in immaterial things and co-operation in the great ideas of the age. With such a spirit, silent, steady and united action will restore the peace of the country and re-establish the ancient policy of the government.

OFFICIAL RETORT.—Speaking of the fine writing contained in the various department reports, the *New York Post* remarks:—

Again there is Postmaster Holt's remarkable peroration, which tells us how

The Post Office Department in its ceaseless labors, pervades every channel of commerce and every theatre of human enterprise; and while vigilance, as it does kindly, every freeminded, mingling with the throbbings of almost every heart in the land. In the amplitude of its beneficence, it ministers to all climates and creeds, and pursues, with the same eager readiness and with equal fulness of fidelity. It is the delicate art-trump, through which alike nations, and families, and isolated individuals, whisper their joys and their sorrows, their convictions and their sympathies, to all who listen for their coming.

Very fine, indeed—we may say superfluous; but it is scarcely as true as it is eloquent.—While the Post Office Department puts it in the power of every ignorant, stupid or drunken Postmaster of Virginia to arrest the mails of the United States, the amplitude of its beneficence is not so clear. The delicate art-trump seems to be stopped at one end, and anybody who shouts freedom into it will be generally mistaken if he supposes that the words will come out at the other end.

The Bangor papers state that an institution for the blind, on a small scale, has been opened in Bangor, on the Levant road, Thomas' Hill. It is said that there is a large number of blind children in this State, and that some \$20,000 are paid annually to Massachusetts Asylum for tuition of blind pupils from Maine. It is thought this matter can be much more economically managed at home, and that with the proper aid from the Legislature and individual assistance, a State Institution for the blind may be established in this city.

Cassius M. Clay announces through the *Louisville Journal* that he will, on the 10th inst., in the town of Frankfort, Ky., vindicate the principles and aims of the Republican party against the assaults of Vice President Pickens, and Gov. Magoffin. The Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* says it is announced that Mr. Clay will be expelled from the State if he attempts to address the people.

A letter from a Boston gentleman who has gone South for his health, states that on the first day out from Washington he had a pistol held to his head, and that he was dogged by four Southern men for hundreds of miles.

nayed and insulted until he challenged the whole crowd of them to fight him, whereupon they backed out. All his newspapers from Boston have been withheld from him, and his letters have been broken open before they reached, the post office to which they were sent.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, & DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 12, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

S. R. Y. B. (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.'

WATERVILLE FARMERS' CLUB.—There was a goodly number in attendance, last week, at the residence of Mr. Ira R. Doolittle, and the discussion, though not so free and animated as on some other evenings was yet very interesting.

Mr. Dyer, the President of the evening, stated that at the meeting previous, the Club had come to the conclusion that farming like every other business, sometimes paid well, and sometimes did not—that some who were engaged in it got rich, some simply managed to make a fair living, while others went as near every year. The Club would next endeavor to find out the reasons for these different results, or in other words, would endeavor to look up the defects in the system of management practiced by those who failed, and discover the leaks that run away with the profits.

Mr. Maxham stated that, according to their own admission, most farmers lost 25 per cent. on their manure, for lack of proper care and management, and as much more by way of cold barns, and suggested that in these two items alone a difference of \$200 would be accounted for between two farming establishments, and not very large ones either.

Mr. Hilton, a very successful farmer of North Anson, being present, was called upon to give the members the benefit of his experience. He stated that one of the principal causes of his success was a liberal expenditure in the improvement of his stock. His eyes were opened to the importance of this, thirty-two years ago, and by judicious crossing he had done a good deal in this direction and had found his profit in it increased prices over his neighbors. When in his prime, had usually realized a net profit of from eight to ten hundred dollars a year from his farm, and in 1836 went as high as twelve hundred. Perhaps his farm is rather better than the average; it is quite large, a portion of it being interval land that enriches itself by overflowing—never having been plowed.

Mr. G. E. Shores coincided most heartily with Mr. Hilton, in regarding the improvement of stock as one of the prime causes of success in farming.

Mr. Dyer suggested poor fences were leaky contrivances for a farmer, and Col. Drummond of Winslow, mentioned the deterioration of pastures as a great drawback, and thought well of taking them up oftener.

G. W. Pressey, Esq., gave an interesting account of a visit to the farm of R. H. Gardner, of Gardiner, whose practice was to practice rotation all round—plowing, mowing and pasturing every acre alternately. All farms, however, from the nature of the land, would not admit of this.

Col. Marston stated that on the English pasture the soil was not disturbed, but the land was enriched by the application of liquid manure. He was aware that most of our pastures were poor, but how could they be improved? He sometimes plowed but could not manure—did not make the dressing and could not afford to buy it. In fact he could do nothing to 'profit, either in raising wheat, potatoes, corn or oats.

Col. Drummond had succeeded in raising very good crops of corn, potatoes, rye, barley, &c., by applying lime, plaster, and sometimes a limited amount of manure.

Col. Marston, while professing to rejoice that one man of property had been found who had accumulated it by farming and nothing else, yet insisted that nine times out of ten, all who succeed do so through some outside business. He then proceeded in a long enumeration of men located on a certain road, partly in Waterville and partly in Fairfield, proving to his own satisfaction, though the Club seemed a little skeptical—that in no one instance had farming paid.

Joshua Morrill could not say that he had made any more money at farming, but he noticed that the assessors increased his taxes every year.

Mr. Pressey showed very clearly that the farmers were the men relied upon for the success of all public enterprises—they furnished a large share of the banking capital and built the railroads.

Dr. J. F. Noyes, being called upon, made a very good talk, which was listened to with marked attention, enforcing the importance of a more thorough acquaintance with the science of the art—a more extended knowledge of agricultural chemistry.

The meeting this evening will be at the house of Mr. Henry Morrill, with Col. J. Marston in the chair. Subject for discussion—"The Management of Manures and Fertilizers."

A week from to-night the Club will meet at the house of G. W. Pressey, Esq.

Hon. H. Hamlin and Hon. A. Washburn, Jr. will please accept our thanks for valuable public documents recently received.

OUR TABLE.

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY, from New York to San Francisco, during the Summer of 1854. By George Greeley. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. For sale in Boston by Brown, Taggart & Chase.

This volume is made up of letters, written during Mr. Greeley's journey and originally published in the *New York Tribune*. With little attempt at fine writing, and no great claim to literary merit, they undoubtedly give a reliable representation of the scenes and incidents to be met with on the route traveled, and the opinions advanced are entitled to careful consideration. Mr. Greeley has much to say of Kansas—its past, present and future; he has a sharp eye for every object of interest on the dreary and toilsome journey across the plains and over the mountains; makes a thorough investigation of the mining region at Pike's Peak; gives pregnant hints of the state of affairs among the Mormons of Utah; and makes a well digested and candid exhibit of the capacities and prospects of the golden country of the Pacific. The work is one from the perusal of which few will fail to derive both pleasure and profit.

Had we room, we would gladly make large extracts from the work, but for the present content ourselves with the following brief speech, made to the Mormons by Mr. Greeley, which furnishes the best exposition of the theory of woman's rights we have ever seen.

"I hold it the right of every woman to do any and every thing that she can do well, provided it ought to be done. It ought not to be done at all, or if she cannot do it, then she has no right to do it; but if it ought to be done, and she can do it, then her right to do it, to my mind, is indisputable. And that is all that I have to say, now or ever, on the subject of Woman's Rights."

For sale at G. K. Mathews's.

HOME SONGS FOR LITTLE DARLINGS. Boston: Mayhew & Baker.

This is a beautiful little volume, very appropriately named. It is filled with the nicest poetry for the little folks—many of the pieces being old favorites, while others will be new to most readers. If you are curious to know how it is appreciated by those for whom it is specially designed, at dawn and read it to a group of four or five-year-olds, and should you be willing to release them from your labor before the last page is reached your experience will differ from ours. The volume is embellished with many pretty pictures, and is, altogether, a very desirable book for children. For sale by G. K. Mathews.

GIANT HUGGERS, or Little Jack's Adventures. Boston: Mayhew & Baker.

Time out of mind, stories of giants, dwarfs and fairies have been great favorites of the young; and although 'Young America' is a precocious little camp this volume, we know will hit its mark to a nicety. 'The Last of the Huggers,' and 'Koboltzoo,' two capital stories, are here rolled into one, and embellished with a half a hundred of the most mirth-provoking illustrations, make one of the most attractive and entertaining volumes imaginable, for the lovers of the wild and wonderful. The volume is not without a spice of genuine humor, and inculcates a good moral lesson, which many would be wise to heed. For sale at Mathews's.

NEW METHOD FOR THE MELODEON, HARMONIUM and other Instruments of Organ Class, selected mainly from 'Zorn's Melodeon Instruction.' This volume is a full and complete collection of the most popular Songs of the Day, and a variety of Psalm and Hymn Tunes. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

A good idea of the book and its merits may be gathered from the above title, copied in full, without additional explanation. Now that a musical instrument of this sort is found in nearly every house, the demand for a good instruction book must be great, and the imprint of this publishing firm is a sufficient guaranty of the excellence of the work before us. The musical exercises are well chosen and the words of the songs hymns, &c., accompany the music.

For sale, with all the other publications of this house, by G. K. Mathews, Waterville.

GOOD NEWS.—Rouse up, ye ancient fishermen, along the river shore, perchance you soon may eat a shad of your own catch, once more; repair the fish net and the trap, scour up the gill net and spear, for here the roses bloom again, the salmon will be here; and when the streams shall swarm anew, with all-wives sleek and plump, we know you'll think of Crosby, and set him down a 'trump.'

The Augusta correspondent of the Boston Journal says:—

The Fish Wardens have been in session on the question of constructing a fishway in the Augusta Dam, and I learn that they have decided that one shall be made, and that the plan they propose is acceptable to the proprietors of the dam. It is on the principle of a flight of stairs, or a series of inclined planes and pools of water, up which salmon can shoot, and in which they can rest, on either side of the dam. Singular, isn't it, that fish will follow their instincts, even if they run up and down stairs. If the plan works, and I see not why it may not, we shall soon hear of our Waterville people eating their own salmon, without in any way weakening the backbone of our city.

Some letter writer at the State Capital, in photographing the prominent members of the two houses, thus truthfully sketches our Senators:—

Mr. Drummond of the Senate is a fine looking man—that is he has an ingenious and frank countenance, and is a man one would very readily trust. He is a ready speaker—has a lively temperament—great powers of endurance, and is destined to attain eminence in our politics, being probably quite ambitious. We like the looks of Mr. Drummond very much, and hope his constituents will lift him along. He is one of that sort of persons whose heart politics will not very easily 'dry up.'

LEVY.—The ladies of the Baptist Society in this village give a Levée at the Town Hall, this (Thursday) evening. A good time may safely be counted on, for all who attend.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION of the late 'War in Italy,' will open at Town Hall, Waterville, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday afternoon.

This interesting Exhibition has but recently arrived in this country by way of the British provinces, and is everywhere attracting crowded houses. It places before the public every event of note, from the commencement of the war, to the conclusion of peace. Portraying in truthful reality the departure and arrivals of troops; Towns, Cities, Forts, and Fortifications; the great battles of Montebello, Palestro, Magenta, and Solferino; the magnificent spectacle of the French army crossing the Alps, and all events connected with the most terrible struggle the world has ever witnessed.

Mr. E. H. Packard, formerly connected with the celebrated Exhibition of the Russian War, will deliver an interesting lecture each evening.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.—This excellent agricultural paper—a journal for the farm, the garden, and the woods—came to us last week very much improved typographically and pictorially, while its filling was all that could be reasonably looked for in a first class work of this kind. The *Country Gentleman* is published weekly, in numbers of 16 pages each, making two volumes of 416 pages in a year—volumes well worthy of being bound

and placed in any farmer's library. A new volume commences with the number under notice, and the present is therefore a time to send in subscriptions. Price \$2 a year. Address Luther Tucker & Son, Albany, N. Y.

GOV. MORRILL'S ADDRESS is a document of considerable interest as well as considerable length. The prominent topic is slavery and the excitement and threats of slaveholders. After briefly alluding to the early history of Slavery under this government, and the great and unlooked for change of opinion in relation to it at its friends, Gov. Morrill, in view of the extraordinary demands now put forth, by the South, proceeds to show what position Maine, holds in relation to it.

The policy now demanded is non-intervention by Congress to prevent the spread of slavery, intervention by Congress for its protection: non intervention to place slavery and freedom in a condition of equality in the federal territories, intervention to give slavery special protection and guaranty therein.—Against this policy the moral sentiment of the North revolts; in contemplation of it, its social and industrial interests are shocked. 'Freedom in this age, is the dominating idea among the civilized nations of the earth—serfdom, vassalage and slavery everywhere giving way before it. The idea of Universal Liberty undelaid: the movement of the American revolution, presided at the formation of the Constitution and organization of the government, has been the central force of all government in this nation, stronger than all forms of monopoly, or exclusion. The institution of slavery necessarily arms against itself, the natural instincts of mankind; its doom is certain and inevitable whenever it foolishly and wickedly confronts, in open field, the honest and reverent convictions of the nation. It can show no title to national supremacy, and nothing is so absurd and irrational as its attempts to force a recognition of its legitimacy by the nation.

It is not denied that it has a dominion; and its supremacy within the limits of its jurisdiction is not in question. The right to invade it there is not pretended. Within all the vast area of its extended limits it is secure from invasion or molestation from State or nation; nor does apprehension of insecurity therein constitute an element in the present strife. The people of this State unitedly condemn all attempts to interfere with slavery in the States. They deplore the criminal attack of a band of fanatics at Harper's Ferry, to incite a servile insurrection, which for an individual or State is not a remedy, under any conceivable circumstances, but a crime under any and all. Misapprehension of the purposes of the free States is needless. They are naturally opposed to slavery. They revere free labor, traditionally, religiously, and claim the right, on their own ground, to maintain their sentiments and opinions of it, as an evil, and their free labor, as a boon; and they emphatically disclaim the right or wish, purpose and intent, to interfere with it in the States where it exists. Whatever legal or constitutional rights belong to it the people of Maine will fully accord. But it should not attempt to carry the public citadel by assault; nor take the popular heart by violence. It were better, in a great contest for the supremacy of opinion, that the terrible energies of evil strife should not be invoked by menace. The only terms that the case admits of, are a full, free, unrestricted enjoyment of all its rights and immunities within its locality, with certain obligations to all attempts to extend to free communities. The slave States know full well that what is now demanded, through novel constructions of the constitution, is wholly inconsistent with the interests, and at variance with the settled opinions of the nation. It requires no small share of intrepidity to press such claims upon a reluctant people.

It is needless to say that the free States can never yield to such demands; tradition, religion, education, industrial interests, forbid it. Opposition under such circumstances is not to be construed into hostility to States and communities; it is but the expression of a natural aversion known to exist between the white and black races and between free and slave labor. While the people of this State unitedly deplore the invasion of a sovereign State to incite servile insurrection therein, not less threatening do they regard the assumed attitude of assault upon the Union, upon a contingency which may properly arise under the constitution. The loyalty of this State to the constitution and union depends upon no contingency. Her people contemplate the present condition and future prospects of the nation, in the spirit of a devotion which will make her faithful even if her opinions should be overruled by the American people.

Now, in this hour of disorder in the National councils, what public pledge is demanded of the people of Maine for pacification? Is it required that they should ignore altogether, the portentous fact of the existence, in a section of this Republic, of four millions of bondmen; and shut their eyes to what all history teaches, that the relation of master and slave tends to the certain degradation of the dominant, while it rarely benefits the servile race? that the mixture of these races is evil, and that amalgamation is the sure result of servitude? It is expected that they will stifle their honest sentiments and convictions of the character of slavery, as an element of power in our civilization? that they will put on and put off their opinions to suit the shifting temper of the times? that they will give their assent to the assumption, 'of the final settlement by the Supreme Court of the United States, of the question of slavery in the territories, and thus consent to place a question between the government and people of this country, in the hands of an individual tribunal? that they will not object to the re-opening of the slave trade, will recognize rights of property in slaves under the constitution, and agree to protect and guarantee it in the Federal territories? The unmeasured denunciations in its efforts upon society, by a long line of the most distinguished statesmen of the south, and the wide contrast between their recorded opinions and those now put forth, warrant the belief that no such demand is made, and no such concessions are expected.

To prevent all misunderstanding, if it be needed, let it go forth everywhere, that our whole population are patriotic, conservative, attached to all portions of our common country, and devoted to the Union, and ready to fulfil all their constitutional duties and obligations.

The patient waiting, and firm resolve of their representatives in the National Congress reflects the quality of their patriotism and loyalty, and may be taken as a pledge for their deportment in any public emergency.

THE WEATHER.—Our annual January thaw began on Sunday last. It has continued warm with constant clouds, and but little rain to Thursday morning, when a storm from the north, has settled the deep snow, and

prepared the way for good travelling, and 'good doings' when it ceases again.

MAINE HOSPITAL.—From the Report of the Superintendent, we learn that the number of patients treated at this institution, the past year, exceeds that of any former year, and that the results of these labors have been highly satisfactory. At the commencement of the year there were, in the Hospital, 208 patients; 149 were afterwards admitted, making the whole number, under treatment, 357. Of this number, 120 were discharged during the year, as follows:—58 recovered; 22 improved; 23 unimproved; 17 died. The assigned causes of insanity in those admitted during the year, are put down as follows:—ill health, 27; intemperance, 14; domestic affliction, 11; puerperal state, 10; exposure and taking cold, 9; over-exertion, 5; jealousy, 5; spiritualism, 4; loss of property, 3; disappointed affection, 3; religious excitement, 3; epilepsy, 3; masturbation, 3; repelled eruption, 2; general paralysis, 2; fright, 2; physical injury, 5; seduction, 1; inordinate use of galvanism, 1; use of tobacco, 1; disappointed ambition, 1; inordinate grief, 1; unknown, 32.

We copy the following statement of the operations of this institution from its foundation, with some hints in regard to additional accommodations—hoping that while the 'pound of cure' is freely provided, the more important 'ounce of prevention' will not be forgotten by the philanthropic wisdom of the day.

A little more than nineteen years have elapsed, since the Hospital was opened for the reception of patients, during which time two thousand one hundred and twenty-seven have enjoyed its benefits. One thousand eight hundred and ninety have been discharged, of whom eight hundred and seventy-one recovered, three hundred and eighty-three unimproved, and two hundred and sixty-seven died.

The number of patients has steadily increased every year. All the apartments for males are crowded, and have been so most of the time, for the last two years. Only a few beds in the female wards are unoccupied, and they are fast filling up. The same increase of patients the coming year, as that of the last, will oblige us to refuse many applications. The building, when every bed is occupied, will accommodate two hundred and thirty-seven. The question arises, what shall be done? The demand calls for more accommodations, and will soon become quite pressing. Some immediate action should be had, either to enlarge the present building, or to erect a new Hospital in some other location of the State. For several reasons, we should recommend the latter, though it might require a greater outlay, than the former. Two hundred and fifty diseased persons congregated together, as in our case, man ought to have in charge. Every Superintendent could know each patient and see him daily, which he could not well do, if the number was much greater. Should the work be commenced immediately, the additional room would be needed, before it could possibly be provided; even, were it ready to-day, we could commence occupying it to advantage. Said and humbling as in the fact, there are at this time, a large number of insane persons confined at the various almshouses, in our State, many of whom are chained or caged, and in the most loathsome condition. Benevolent and sympathizing humanity calls for their release, and we doubt not they soon would be removed, if there was room for them in the Hospital; for the people are becoming more and more convinced, that a well regulated institution of this kind is the only suitable place for insane persons.

A subscriber from the 'Beginning,' who complains of us, for publishing a simple story from the *New York Ledger*—innocently ascribing it to an error of taste—is respectfully informed that the obnoxious article was inserted as an advertisement—for a valuable consideration. We assure our correspondent that nothing but dire necessity induces us to catch at the tempting bait, which at the best is a bitter pill to swallow. Let us add, also, that while, as he is often painted, the *Ledger* may not be so bad as our correspondent imagines. And now, by way of caution to all our readers: when a striking title is encountered in our paper, 'The Bloody Hand,' 'The Haunted Woodpile,' 'The Raging Rolling Pin,' or something similar—look at the closing paragraph of the story, which may be all you will wish to read. So may you avoid being unpleasantly 'sold,' and we escape a shower of invective blessings.

CONGRESS.—No election of speaker yet, and the bluster about dissolving the Union if a republican president is elected, still consumes day after day and week after week. They had three ballots on Monday, in each of which Sherman, the republican candidate, had 105 votes, and Hamilton, of Texas, democrat, 88,—26 scattered among three or four others.—Except the strong demands for money through appropriations to be voted, and the stronger pressure of unpopularity of the delay, the House are no nearer the election of a speaker, as we see, than on the first day of the session.

SABBATH SCHOOL EXHIBITION.—The Sabbath School connected with the Universalist Society at Kendall's Mills will give an exhibition at Bunker's Hall this evening. Abundant provision is made for a pleasing entertainment in addresses, songs, dialogues, dramas, &c.

SMALL FOX.—There is a second case of small pox, a young man, in a French family at the Head of the Falls. The child first taken in is the same house, and so well it is guarded that no fear are entertained of its spreading.

TREASURER PROX.—Thus far the details of the defalcation of the late State treasurer have not come to the public. Mr. Prox still remains in prison at Bangor, while an investigation of the nature and extent of the evildoing is doubtless progressing with the governor and council. A committee of the legislature will probably take the matter in hand in a few days.

LOAN.—Mr. Peck was released from jail on bail of \$50,000, on Tuesday. The legislature has appointed a committee to investigate

his delinquency, with power to send for persons and papers.

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.—We have accounts of a most frightful calamity, at Lawrence, Mass., on Tuesday evening. One of the large factories, the Pemberton Mill, fell in ruins while six to seven hundred persons were at work in it. This was at 5 o'clock P. M. The work of extricating the killed and wounded began at once, two or three thousand persons joining in the effort. The dead, dying and maimed were taken from the mass in great numbers, till about midnight, when suddenly the ruins took fire, and in ten minutes were a complete sheet of flame! It is reported that at least two hundred persons were beneath the ruins when the fire broke out, all of whom perished; their screams and groans mingling with the crackling of the flames.

The fire put other factories in imminent peril, and at 2 o'clock Wednesday morning, fire companies had arrived from Lowell, Haverhill, Methuen, Andover and Bradford, at the call of the mayor. The fire is said to have taken from a fluid lamp dropped and broken. The building was badly constructed, and had been braced and supported by twenty tons of iron to save it from falling by its own weight.

Only a few names are yet given, among whom the following are wounded and dying at City Hall when the reporter wrote—Mary Ann Coleman, Ellen Clary, Sarah Dile, Eliza Ward, Ellen Mahoney, Thos. Conroy, Bridget Bradley, Kate Harkney, Johanna Conroy, Morris Palmer, Geo. Healdolph, Mrs. Frieder, Robert Hays Conroy, Mary York, Margaret Hamilton, Margaret Hamney, Mary Kennedy, and Eliza Yaw.

Twenty-two corpses were lying at the Hall of whom the following names were ascertained:—Mary McDonald, John Dearborn, Bridget Ryan, Margaret Sullivan, Mike O'Brien, a boy, and Mr. Palmer. Mr. Palmer was deeply buried in the ruins at the time, and thinking there was no prospect of being extricated, cut his own throat to end his sufferings; but still he was extricated and lived some time after arriving at the hall.

It is supposed that at least 700 persons were in the building when it fell; and as the latest reports are to 2 o'clock, only two hours after the fire broke out, all estimates of the number actually killed or burned must be unreliable. It is only certain that the catastrophe is terrible and distressing beyond expression, and will carry agony to many a New England home.

The Boston Journal says the Pemberton Mill was six stories high, and contained 600 looms and 30,000 spindles. Two small wings, one on each side, did not fall, but were consumed. It was built about seven years ago by a corporation, which became involved by the failure of Lawrence, Stone & Co. The property was sold, about a year ago, to Messrs. George Howe and David Nevins of Boston, for \$300,000. The mill has since been operated by them, and has been doing a very successful business.

Latest.—The summing up shows that one hundred and sixty-two persons are missing. This embraced all those known to have been killed, and those of which no tidings have been received. It is admitted by those who have gone into the investigation that fifty-two persons are yet unlocated in the brick, mortar &c. One hundred and thirty dead bodies have been removed to the city hall, or been delivered to recognizing friends.

TELEGRAPHIC DIVISION.—The following is a list of the officers installed at the last meeting:—

C. G. Tozier, W. P.; J. B. Condel, W. A.; W. W. West, W. A.; O. T. Gray, A. R. S.; G. F. Waters, F. S.; F. S. Chase, T.; J. P. Richardson, C.; W. J. Morrill, A. C.; E. G. Atkinson, J. S.; Hiram Fish, O. S.

CADRETS OF TEMPERANCE.—The following is a list of the officers for the present quarter:—

Fred E. Boothby, W. A.; Chas. B. Wing, V. A.; George M. Carter, S.; R. Wesley Dunn, A. S.; Frank F. Hayes, T.; Chas. W. Stevens, A. T.; George H. Soule, G.; Nat. G. Emery, U.; William Keith, W.; Edgar Seates, Sen.

THE LEGISLATURE.—The following elections, in addition to those mentioned in our last, go to make up the journal of legislative labor:—

Executive Council.—Bates Horton, Geo. Thorndike, Jared Fuller, Job Prince, J. M. Dennis, Hannibal Belcher, W. M. Sargent, State Treasurer.—Nathan Dane, of Alfred, Sec. of State.—Noah Smith, of Calais, Land Agent.—B. W. Norris, of Skowhegan, Attorney General.—G. W. Ingersoll, Bangor.

Adjutant General.—David Tilden, Rockland.

Mr. Drummond of Waterville, is at the head of the judiciary in the Senate. On Banks, O'Brien in the Senate, Jewett in the house. On lands and roads, Tulliss in the Senate, Pickett in the house.

There are indications of an active business session when things move onward, but thus far there is little to report.

Rev. George Knox, who for eleven years has labored with the Baptist Church in Lewiston very acceptably, has recently dissolved his connection, there, and removed to a new field of labor in Malden, Mass.

CONGREGATIONAL S. S.—The report of the Superintendent, Ch. M. Morse, Esq., at the Quarterly Conference on Sabbath evening, showed 232 members, 203 scholars, 47 teachers. The average attendance for the quarter was 144. The school continues to be highly interested, both scholars and teachers; as such attendance, in the severe weather of the past quarter, gives full evidence.

The Grand Division of S. S. of this State, met on Thursday, and adjourned to Saturday.

