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BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1860.

NO. 36.

There was something in the speaker's tones which made me turn and look at him, but I could not make out his expression for the trumpet vine which curtained the window where we sat, was sending the quick shadows of its leaves in and out of his face; but it was, I felt, as if he were bent intently upon me.

"Yes, Mr. Whipple, it is to come off next week, and it will be a very quiet affair, as it certainly is a somewhat sudden one. Papa wanted to delay it until spring, but Fred wouldn't listen to it a moment, and so the matter is settled."

Then there fell a little silence between us. George Whipple was never a great talker, unless it was on some topic which stirred his intellect or his heart. I do not think he was at that time much of a favorite with me, and yet he had a very social half-hour, sitting by the window, amid the shadows of the soft winds which cooled the hot heart of that August afternoon.

At last he spoke, distinct and decisive, as he always did. "Fred Aldrich is a fine, generous, warm-hearted fellow; I hope he will make Whipple very happy."

"I hope so; she, at least, has no doubt upon the subject."

Another pause. I broke it with, "We shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the church next—"

"Thank you; I shall be gone all next week on a visit to my uncle, in New York, and I shall have to deny myself the pleasure—the honor of witnessing the ceremony."

A woman's intuitions are quick in all their relations to the affections. The word which was caught and buried in a quick breath on the young man's lips, and whose substitute materially altered the meaning and sentiment of his reply, was like a suddenly opened window, through which I looked into the soul of George Whipple.

And from that moment my feelings underwent a great change toward him; something of new respect and sympathy came over me, as a thousand circumstances rose up in my mind, to corroborate my suspicion. He had loved my sister Wealthy Deming, and now he had come suddenly to learn that there was neither help nor hope for him. I was only seventeen then, and had very crude and vague ideas of what all this meant with such a nature deep and strong, and expressive as his. But I pitied him; and with a sudden desire to comfort him, I said, "I'm very sorry that you must be away. Sister, too, will be greatly disappointed; for she always thought a great deal of you, you know."

He leaned forward with a quick impulse, and stroked my hair once or twice. "Grace, you are a good little girl," in such a way, that I knew the words came from his heart.

And looking into their depths for the first time, I beheld that the eyes of George Whipple were wonderfully beautiful—never radiant, nor dazzling, but deep, set, and full of quick lights and shadows, which were forever changing their dark brown hues.

It was the only really beautiful feature his face had, though it was a strong fine face, with thin regular features—a face which, had I been a better physiognomist than I was, I should have known was full of character and strength.

A minute later he rose to go; I followed him to the door. "You will come and see them as soon as you return."

"When I can, thank you; and tell them if their lives are happy as my wishes would make them, they need have no fears for the future. Oh, Grace!"

"What!" for he had started and winced, as I looked up in his face, and the words were fairly groaned out, as though uttered without any violation of his own.

"Your eyes are just like Wealthy's."

That is the most delicate compliment which could be bestowed upon them; at least, Fred would think so.

I fancy my tones recalled him to a consciousness of what he had been saying; for he added in a different tone of voice, "The likeness was so forcible just then, that I couldn't help observing it; and bidding me a somewhat abrupt 'Good afternoon,' he took his leave. And before him, too, lay that long, slow bitter work, to nature the deepest and strongest, and richest, nature are oftenest appointed, the work of unloving."

I little guessed then by what struggles and prayers, by what sickness of heart and effort of will, the idol must be given up, the old associations broken, the sacrifice be offered.

But George Whipple was in spirit and in truth, in heart and in life, a Christian.

"Why, I must have lost my life!"

I remember just how she looked as she came into the room; my sweet sister, Wealthy Deming, not more than half an hour after George Whipple had left me.

Her face shawl had fallen half off her shoulder as she put her hand to her bonnet, from which the veil had fallen away; the roses were set in her cheeks, red and ripe as they are set in the heart of June, and sweet smiles flattered about the dimples in her cheeks, and ran up to her eyes, blue as lake-birds among summer hills, and all about the young beautiful face shone the rich curls of golden hair, which was its crown and glory.

"Here it is; I picked it up for you," laughed my elect brother-in-law, as he followed, with his jaunty air and bright handsome face, his betrothed into the room.

They had been into town on a shopping expedition that afternoon, and the excitement and fatigue had only given a new flush and fairness to the sweet face of my sister, Wealthy Deming.

"Oh, Fred, give it here, please—you are such a tease. I believe I never was quite so tired in my life," and she sank into Papa's cushioned chair, and held up her chin for Fred to fasten her bonnet strings—for he was the most attentive of lovers.

"Guess who has been here, Wealthy?" I said, watching the pair with a kind of vague wonder, floating up and down my thoughts, whether a time would ever come when somebody would look down on me with just such tenderness in executing and performing some such little service of care and courtesy.

"I'm sure I can't, Grace; anybody that I should be glad to see?"

"I think so, unless Fred should object."

"I haven't any fear of that; he isn't jealous, rejoined my sister, and a glance of shy tenderness ran out of her blue eyes as she lifted them to him.

"You are not certain of that, dear, because you have not tried me; but come, sit, do tell me who was the visitor, and you shall have let me see, a sail on the pond, when the moon's up this evening."

"I can't resist that, bribe; so it was George Whipple."

"Was it, indeed?" exclaimed my sister, with a mixture of regret and animation.

"How I wish that I had been here to see him!"

"He's a noble fellow—that's a fact," added Fred, heartily. "Everybody in his class liked him. He graduated only the year before me."

and he was one of the finest scholars in college."

"What did you tell him about—about me?" asked Wealthy, with a little tremor in her voice.

"Oh, the good news, of course, and invited him to be on hand next Wednesday morning; but he is to be in New York at that time."

"He'll probably call again before he leaves, just to say 'good-bye' to Wealthy Deming," rejoined Fred, who had taken an interest in my sister's feet, and was swinging the muscled of her girdle to and fro.

"I remember that I looked at them, sitting thus—and thought, how proud I should be of them—my handsome brother and sister; and how fair and serene, rose up before me, the land of their future—a land filled with the singing of birds, and the flow of sweet waters; and from the fragrance of all care flowers and spices, and whose gardens were filled with golden and purple fruits; and I forgot how God walked in the cool of the evening, in that other garden, asking, 'Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat?'"

But just after tea that evening, when papa was chatting with Fred about a colt he was breaking in, and I dressing a little bouquet for a new lava vase Fred brought me from town, Wealthy came up to me, and said, in a low, hurried whisper,—

"See here, sis; did Mr. Whipple say anything special about me, or my — you know, Grace?"

"Well, nothing very especial. He seemed a good deal surprised, though. Somehow I felt a little reluctance to telling her all I had suspected, from the young man's manner, though I could in no wise have explained the cause of this, for we were the most confidential of sisters."

"Well, you think that he felt kindly toward us?"

"Oh, very! I delivered his message, and then added, 'Don't spoil my blossoms, please,' for she was unconsciously twisting the stem of a snowy verbena round her fingers."

"Well, you know I must be excused for a little absent-mindedness, just now; and she laid down the blossom with a smile, for Fred called her."

I knew, then, that a faint suspicion of the truth had sometime dawned in her own mind, but it had never received sufficient corroboration from George Whipple's words or manner to have her confide in it.

There was about him a certain force and individuality, which always awakened interest and compelled respect; but Wealthy never dreamed of the 'strange weird chords' which she had touched in that man's soul; and she had questioned me, partly from curiosity, and partly from a certain kind of interest, which she felt in him.

My father was an old man, with the frosts of sixty-nine winters in his hair, and Wealthy and I were the only children of his second marriage. Ten years before, our mother's last pillow had been spread for her, amid the grass of the village graveyard.

It broke my father down more than his years did. He was the only physician in the little village of Woodford, whose white houses stood among the valleys at the foot of the hills, like silent worshippers.

My father was a good and an honorable man—one that feared God, and kept his commandments. But he was of a speculative and visionary, rather than a practical turn—one that had never amassed any property beyond the dainty little cottage home, seated among poplars where our lives had taken root, and budded and blossomed, in the pleasant sunshine and soft rains.

Wealthy was five years my senior, and fair as the lilies which came every June, and lifted themselves—great vases of transparent pearl in the pond under the mountains—fair as the lilies, and alas! fragile as they; for she inherited the delicacy of her mother.

Frederic Aldrich was the only son of the principal merchant in Woodford. My sister and he had been school-mates, and on his return from college he had met her for the first time at singing-school, and averred himself 'fascinated,' 'overwhelmed,' from that hour.

Their courtship was a short one. The young man had all those social magnetic qualities which are certain to win the favor of a woman—full of warm, generous impulses; a quick scholar, and a ready flow of humor; and yet the laughing, susceptible mouth, told something of lax purpose, and want of that persistency which only makes the true, self-reliant completed man.

But none of us suspected anything of this; and Wealthy Deming gave her sweet youth to his keeping, without one shadow darkening the bright dreams of her future.

She was still to reside at home; for Frederic had chosen engineering for his profession, and he had made engagements which would involve frequent, though not long absences from home.

George Whipple never called after that brief interview which he had with me. His mother was a widow who taught a small school in our village, and her exertions, added to his own carried him through college.

He was twenty-four, (just Frederic's age,) and had visited frequently at our house the winter after he had completed the study of his profession; for he was a lawyer.

He left Woodford just before Frederic returned, to attend to some business of a client at the West, which his mother's brother in New York had procured him; consequently, he knew nothing of the engagement until I acquainted him with it.

He had occupied no closer relation toward Wealthy than that of a friend, and never, by conscious word or sign, betrayed any desire to do so; and she was too artless a girl, and too true a woman, to attempt, from motives of vanity, to savor the affection of any man; and yet I have always thought if Fred Aldrich had not returned, and George continued his visits, and avowed his love—no matter!

CHAPTER II.

"I can't reach any more, Florence, not even with my parash; so that you must be content with this little bunch."

And my little niece, Florence, lifted up her small dimpled hands, which were like a couple of half-dimpled snowy camels, and I dropped the purple bunch of wild grapes into her open palms.

The vine hung its graceful curtains around the lower branches of a birch-tree, which grew by the roadside, and the frosts of the previous

week had touched with its weird, mysterious fingers the thick bunches of fruit, and they shone among the large green leaves like great purple globes in saucers of emerald.

It was the time of the Indian summer, and the year was flushing that last, most wondrous, and richest of her pictures. The forest trees were temples of rubies and opal, and sweet fragrance from bruised and dying leaves spiritualized the atmosphere.

Seven years had gone over me, and the later years had worn the shadow of death on their faces, and my feet had walked through great darkness. My father had gone first, yielding his peaceful and righteous old age to his God; and three years later, Wealthy laid her fair young head by the side of her father and mother, leaving to me Florence, her only daughter, of a dozen and a half months.

Frederic had been to her a kind and loving husband, yet she lived long enough to discover that many faults and weaknesses marred the idol which she had set up in her own heart, and worshipped—to find that he greatly lacked strength of purpose, and was wavering, irritable, exacting.

And the young wife had learned, through sorrow and suffering, the meaning of that solemn warning of the apostle, 'Set your affections on things above.'

Wealthy's death was a terrible blow to her husband, for he loved her sincerely, and some severe disappointments in business following her loss, his health failed him, and when his physician recommended a sea voyage, he resolved to go to South America. He had not that force of character which bears, and conquers adversity; and when he left us—a pale, dispirited invalid—I could hardly realize that he was the brilliant Fred Aldrich who had won all our hearts a few years before.

Eight months had elapsed, and I had received but one letter from my brother-in-law, written immediately after his arrival in port.

I lived, with my orphan niece, at our old home in Woodford; but this was all our father had left me, and our failing means, which were recruited by no remittances from Frederic, soon showed me the absolute necessity of doing something toward our subsistence.

I had obtained a situation as district school teacher the previous spring, and I was returning that autumn afternoon from my daily duties, when Florence, who now frequently accompanied me, as she was four years older, espied the grapes hanging from the birch-tree, and I had mounted an old stone wall, which inclosed a pasture lot, on one side of the road, succeeded in procuring her a solitary bunch which hung lowest on the vine, and I sat down on the low stones, and watched the pleased child devour it.

She was a beautiful child—my little Florence; and the lines of her golden curls had been caught amidst her mother's, and the laugh in her eyes was like those which dwelled under the green grass, and looked out on the golden meadows of the country of our God.

And looking on that fair, fluttering head, a thought came over me of her orphan childhood, of our lonely home on earth, of all the care and work which had fallen on me, and of the dear family in that upper Homestead, over whose threshold death never crosses; and my heart was weak, and my head was weary, and I longed to lie down amongst them to rest, except for Florence's sake; and I leaned my head on my hands, and wept silent, bitter tears, sitting on the stone wall, under the birch-tree.

"Aunt, aunt, please give her some more grapes," and Florence lifted up her hands beseechingly to me. "I can't, dear; they grow too high for me to reach another one—still keeping my head buried in my hands."

"What ails you, aunt? are you crying because you can't get Florence the grapes?" and she rose up and tried to pull away the fingers from my face.

Had I not been so preoccupied with my own thoughts at the time, I should have observed the gentleman who rode slowly by in a buggy, and heard what Florence said to me.

He had advanced but a few rods up the road, when he suddenly reined in his horse, sprang out of the carriage, and came toward us.

"If you will allow me, madam, he said, courteously lifting his hat, 'I think I can gather some of the grapes for this little girl in a moment.'"

I rose up, greatly embarrassed, for I knew there were traces of tears on my cheeks, and it was very mortifying to have the stranger suppose that I was weak enough to shed them for so slight a cause; but I answered, with the best grace I could, 'Thank you, sir; I dislike to give you so much trouble, but my little niece here will be greatly obliged to you for your kind offer.'

He turned, and looked steadily in my face for a moment, and then I knew him; though these seven years had given something of added force and manhood to the face of George Whipple.

I was so overcome with surprise at this unexpected meeting, that I did not speak, and he sprang upon the stone wall, and among the lowest branches of the birch-tree, and in a moment the great purple clusters were tumbling in a rapid shower at our feet; while the child was shouting with delight as the ripe fruit pelted her head in its descent.

"We have more than we can dispose of, of you certainly have earned a right to partake of them," I said, as the young man descended from the tree. He looked in my face again—that long, earnest gaze, which I remembered so well—but there was a puzzled expression in it now which made me smile.

"I am certain that I have met you before, but I cannot tell when, or where."

"Perhaps I can assist you; you may recall Grace Deming, Mr. Whipple."

"Is it possible?" He grasped both my hands, and the smile which went over his face was the old, rare, sweet one which I remembered in George Whipple. I had not seen him since that afternoon, set so far away in the happy past, and I had only heard that he had married with his mother to New-York, and that he was rising rapidly in his profession.

He was on a visit to Woodford, for one of his clients, he said, and should probably remain in its vicinity for several weeks.

We had much to talk of. He had learned of my father's and sister's death, and he lifted the face of Florence, and holding her chin a moment in the hollow of his palm, looked at it very earnestly.

"She has the face of her mother," he said. After we had chatted awhile, under the birch-tree, he insisted on taking us home; and so

he did, after he had given us a long, delightful ride, amid that autumn sunset. Mr. Whipple's business kept him for nearly a month in the vicinity of Woodford, and he passed most of the evenings at our house.

It was very pleasant to have his presence—it drove away the chill and loneliness which used to come drifting in upon my heart, like great northeast clouds.

There was little congenial society in our retired village, and the stimulus of a strong, earnest thinker—a man who looked out on the world, and the great social and moral, and civil problems which agitated it, from the high standpoint of a Christian and a philosopher, refreshed, and elevated me.

For George Whipple was all this. His knowledge of mankind—his relations, social and professional, with all classes of mankind—had not weakened his faith in God, or his love for humanity; and his heart clung with a more fervid, living faith to that great, shining, central truth of his creed—*THE JUDGE OF THE EARTH WILL DO RIGHT!*

Florence grew very much attached to him, and in the long autumn evenings which caught the days and covered up their faces in black garments, she would climb up into his lap, and lay her golden head on his shoulder, and fall asleep.

And sometimes lying there, he would look at it silently, and with a kind of mournful tenderness, and I only had the key to all which was passing in his heart.

At last, he was obliged to return home; but he took my hands in his, and held them, as he left. "Grace," he said, "I shall come to you again in a little while; and there was something in his tones, which flowed, like a sweet fluting tone through the three weeks of his absence."

It was Christmas eve again; I had hung Florence's stocking under the mantel, and filled it with a few small toys—the best which my scanty means afforded, but which, I knew, would throw the child into ecstasies of delight.

Then I sat down before the fire, and thought of those who had kept Christmas eve with me, in that very room; and my heart was filled with a great longing and loneliness, as the old years rose up, and came out of their rooms in my heart, and stood with sweet, solemn faces before me.

Suddenly there came a low rap at the door, and when I opened it, the eye of George Whipple smiled upon me.

"I thought you would be lonely on Christmas eve, Grace, and so I would come up, and help you to keep it."

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Whipple," and if the words sound commonplace and conventional here and now, they did not to him, then and there!

We came in together, and sat down before the bright birch fire. He gazed all around the room, and said, "It looks just as it used to."

And so it did. There was the same ingrain carpet, with its pattern of palm leaves on a red ground; there was the green lounge in one corner, and the writing desk, and the great mirror. At last he spoke, looking steadily at me:

"Grace, you have a fair, gentle face, and a sweet, low, running voice, which one loves to listen to, as to a bird's, and would never think of fearing any birds; and yet, seven years ago, in this very room, it fell upon my heart like a terrible crash of thunder, and crushed it."

And then he went on to tell me through what long, slow suffering, and what silent struggles he had conquered, at last, the love of his youth.

And I realized at that moment, as I never had before, what the love of a true, strong man was, and through what effort and heartache he must come at last to that sacrifice, and afterward to the serene peace which filled the life of George Whipple, and I said as much to myself, as to my guest.

"I don't see how you did all this."

"God helped me," he answered, reverently; and then I knew.

After awhile, he drew nearer to me, and taking my hand, broke the silence which had fallen between us:—Grace, it was here, in this very sitting-room, seven years ago, that all the branches were torn and broken from the tree of my life, and it remains for you to tell me whether they shall bud and blossom here again. Grace, I love you for your truth and purity, and sweet, self-sacrificing womanliness, not with the dreams and fancies of my youth; but with the strength and depth of my manhood."

In the flush of glad tears that came over me, I said to him, "I have hungered and thirsted so long for those sweet words; say them again."

"Grace, I love you!"

And ever since, those words have been set to sweet tunes, which have flowed in and out of the doors and windows of my soul.

The next morning, when Florence was going into all sorts of childish ecstasies over her Christmas toys, I said to her, "I haven't shown you the best gift of all, darling."

"Where is it, aunt? looking up to me, eagerly, with a doll in one hand, and a china cradle in the other."

"It will come in a little while."

And before the morning was over, he came to us, and I said to her, "Here it is, Florence—your best Christmas gift, your uncle, George Whipple."

She did not understand me, then; but she does now. For three years after I have been what he asked me to be that Christmas eve, 'in our old sitting-room'—the wife, tender and dearly beloved, of George Whipple.

Frederic returned to us, after two years' absence, recruited in soul and body. I think that the severe discipline, and the long series of terrible hardships which he underwent in South America, has made of him a tenderer father, a kinder brother, a truer and better man.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PEDANTRY.—A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the playhouses and a catalogue of reigning beauties, and you strike him dumb. The military pedant always talks in a camp and is storming towns, making lodgments and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Everything he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery

from him, he has not a word to say for himself. The law pedant is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster Hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapped up in news and lost in politics. If you mention any of the sovereigns of Europe, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the 'Gazette,' you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere anything, is an insipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.—[London Spectator.]

A WOMAN AMONG THE SONS OF MALTA.—A few days since we called attention to the fact that great excitement existed in Zanesville, Ohio, with regard to the disappearance of a Mr. Curtis, who it was said had divulged the secrets of the Sons of Malta, and had been spirited away by the members of the Order, to the great distress of his family and the astonishment of the public at large, who scarcely knew what to think of the boldness of the proceeding. It turns out now that the expose which gave such offense to the Order, was not written by Curtis, but by his wife, who comes out with an avowal of the fact, and gives it her opinion that the Sons are not to blame for his disappearance.

Mrs. Curtis writes a very amusing account of Mr. Curtis and a Mr. Smith becoming Sons of Malta, and the natural curiosity of herself and Mrs. Smith to find out the secrets of the Order. The two ladies agreed to have themselves proposed as members, and got Mrs. Smith's cousin to attend the matter. 'Well,' Mrs. Curtis goes on to say, 'we were proposed and elected, and Joe came down into the store where we were and told us, so we hurried through with the dressing, and went up to the ante-chamber and sat down all in a row. We hadn't sat there long before two men came out to us, from the inside room, all muffled up in gowns, and having a kind of tin hats on their heads which covered their faces. They asked us for \$5 each; and Joe handed over the money for us and himself, as we had given him nearly our accounts, and promised him the rest soon. Then there came two more men like the other two, who formed us into a line (they call it single file,) and told us to walk right along. They had swords, and one of them walked before Joe, who was in front, while the other walked behind me. It was dark, or nearly so, when we passed in. I was glad of the darkness, because, having on a suit of my husband's clothes I was not sure that they fitted very well.'

She next describes some of the scenes inside as she saw them, and says: 'I was not frightened; for I am not one of your timid people, being reared to ride colts, shoot pistols, skate and swim. So I got through all the maneuvers previous to that coat business pretty well. But when the conductor said, 'Can you swim, sir?' I said, 'Yes!' 'Can you swim in fourteen feet of water?' I said, 'Yes, the deeper the better!' 'Well, take off your coat and try yourself!' Now, when he said 'take off your coat,' that scared me, because I had put on a loose sack on purpose, for reasons you will see yourself.

However I thought a moment, and then said, 'No, sir; never heed the coat—I can swim as well as without it.' 'Very well,' said the conductor, 'your peril will be upon your own head. Now hold up your right hand, sir!—take this life-preserver, and—'

Here he gave me a push, and I went over backward, and as soon as I alighted I went up again, flying, then down and up in the same way, until I thought all my brains were flying out of the top of my head, and then everything swam round and round until I did not know anything at all, for I had fainted.

The next place I found myself was in the ante-chamber by two men, and I was first conscious that I must have been sitting in a bathtub with my clothes on. I think that the cool air brought me to my senses. The two men looked scared and very sorry. I looked about for Mrs. Smith and Joe, but they had gone as soon as they heard the noise in initiating me. I asked one of the men if Mr. Curtis was in the lodge. The man said he was. I said I would like to see him a minute. The man went into the lodge-room, and presently out came my beautiful husband, all muffled up. I just whispered a word or two in his ear and may be he didn't pull off his gown and hood in front of order and walk home with me.

He left me that night in anger and mortification, and I have not seen him since. But then he had no need to be angry, because he has always known that I have been in favor of 'Woman's Rights,' and have always held that women are as capable as men. But when it comes to the 'Sons of Malta' I think 'Woman's Rights' are a failure; they cannot do it. I do not suppose any of the members recollect my initiation, but they will recollect the man who fainted, unless there have been others who have fainted as well as myself—which last I think quite probable.

Mrs. Curtis stops here. Her husband, we may add, is yet missing, and not likely soon to turn up, but she blames herself for the whole thing.

FLAXMAN AND HIS WIFE.—In the year 1789, when twenty-seven years of age, he quitted 'his father's roof' and rented a small house and studio in Wardour street, London; and what was more, he married—Ann Denham was the name of his wife—and a cheerful, bright souled, noble woman she was. He believed that in marrying her he should be able to work with an intenser spirit; for, like him, she had a taste for poetry and art, and besides, was an enthusiastic admirer of her husband's genius. Yet, when Sir Joshua Reynolds—himself a bachelor—met Flaxman shortly after his marriage, he said to him, 'So, Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist.' Flaxman went straight home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand in his, and said, 'Ann, I am ruined for an artist.' 'How so, John?' 'How has it happened? and who has done it?' He then told her of Sir Joshua's remark, whose opinion was well known, and had been often expressed that if students would excel they must bring the whole powers of their mind to bear upon their art from the moment they rise until they go to bed, and also that no man could be a great artist unless he studied the grand works of Raphael, Michael Angelo and others, at Rome and Florence. 'And I,' said Flaxman, drawing up his little figure to its full height, 'I would be a great artist.' 'And a great artist you shall be,' said his wife, 'and

visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary to make you great.' 'But how?' asked Flaxman. 'Work and economize,' rejoined his brave wife; 'I will never have it said that Ann Denham ruined John Flaxman for an artist.' And so it was determined by the pair that the journey to Rome was to be made, when their means would admit. 'I will go to Rome,' said Flaxman, 'and show the president that wedlock is for a man's good, rather than his harm; and you, Ann, shall accompany me.'

BOOKS AND THEIR USES.—Charles Lamb's friend who left off reading to the great increase of his originality, assuredly erred on the right side. The danger in this much written for age is of reading too much. Placed amongst the countless shelves of modern libraries, we are like men with many acquaintances but few friends. We may be on comparatively intimate terms with the novelists; we may occasionally ask a new poet into the house; we are perhaps on bowing terms with the scientific writers; we may know the historians to speak to; but where are the old, old books which our forefathers loved because they were true and tried, when there were not so many new comers that a reader felt himself called upon to give up his best friend, to step across and chat with the smartly dressed crowd of strangers at the door?

very little. The conclusion is, the one-eye system is a humbug. Another has very large potatoes, (such for example, as well grown Prince Alberts,) his ground is rich, well cultivated, and consequently moist; he plants well, they grow rapidly and throw out strong roots, and the crop proves heavy. He knows the one-eye system is always best.

[Country Gentleman.]

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAR. 15, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

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.'

TOWN MEETING.—A dull or a lazy town-meeting was never known in Waterville, and that of Monday was full up to the best of its predecessors. The people were there, with emphasis, and had their own way as truly as ever. A lack of harmony between the two preliminary republican caucuses opened the way for a "split," which resulted in the election of one democrat to the board of selectmen; but with good capacities for the office, and two staunch republicans for right and left supporters, we venture to predict that he will do the town good service.

Except in the election of officers, the business of the day was done with much harmony; and the rival interests of the two villages turned out as harmless to each other as two Quaker hats. The West did not buy a fire-engine with the town money, and the East did not saddle the town with new corporation debt; the West did not build a new town house, and the East did not jump into city breeches; but while each looked well to its sectional interest, the necessity for mutual concession and earnest co-operation was too plain to be winked aside.

The following is a list of the officers chosen:
Moderator. E. L. Getchell.
Town Clerk. Solyman Heath.
Selectmen. Charles H. Thayer, John M. Libby, Noah Boothby.
Treasurer and Collector. Chas. R. McFadden.

Town Agent. Solyman Heath.
Superintendent of Schools. Solyman Heath.
Road Commissioners. H. W. Getchell, Calvin Crowell, Ephraim Padden.
Constables. C. R. McFadden, Simeon Keith, H. B. White, Geo. H. Esty, L. T. Boothby, Geo. W. Hubbard, David A. Davis, Abner Pitts, David Houghton, Geo. W. Boardman, James P. Hill, William Brown, Cyrus Wheeler, Franklin S. Chase, Wm. A. Caffrey, Jos. Nudd.

Fence Viewers. Guy T. Hubbard, Isaac T. Stevens, E. L. Getchell, Wm. Joy, John Moore.

Field Drivers. Geo. H. Esty, J. H. Plimsted, H. B. White, E. L. Mitchell, W. A. Caffrey, John Moore, John Blaisdell, C. F. Hathaway, Levi A. Dow, Erastus Branch, Julius Hallett, Isaiah Holmes, John Cornforth 2d, Wm. Mayo, C. A. Smiley, Bainbridge Crowell, Albert Cottle, Luther Emerson.

Firewardens. J. H. Hinchings, B. C. P. Nelson, H. B. White, Calvin Crowell, Sam'l Kimball, H. W. Getchell, John M. Libby, Sam'l Blaisdell, Robert Cornforth, Wm. Getchell, Jr., Geo. Wentworth, J. B. Bradbury, J. T. Stevens, John U. Hubbard, Jas. P. Blunt, Joseph Hasty.

Pound Keepers. Henry B. White, Guy T. Hubbard.

Seizers. Wm. L. Maxwell, David Munsey.
Cutters of Hoops and Shingles. Geo. H. Boardman.

Health Committee. L. E. Crommett, C. H. Thayer, E. L. Getchell.

Committee on Cemetery. E. L. Getchell, L. E. Crommett, Wm. L. Maxwell, Sam'l Appleton and J. B. Bradbury declining to serve any longer.

Inspector of Police. Simeon Keith.
Tythingman. James Stockpole.

The town voted to substitute a supervisor of schools for the old system of a committee, and elected Solyman Heath to that office. Voted \$2500 for schools; \$1800 for support of the poor; \$8000 for roads and bridges; \$1000 for current expenses; \$1400 to pay indebtedness of the town; \$150 for house house at West Village. School districts were authorized to choose their own agents. The abatement of taxes on property of W & W. Getchell and Daniel Moor, destroyed by fire, was left to the discretion of the selectmen. The subject of re-arranging the school districts of the town was referred to a committee consisting of the late school committee, the supervisor and the selectmen. The selectmen were instructed to prosecute all violations of the liquor law.

The articles proposing two new roads were dismissed. The road commissioners were instructed to remove obstructions in the highway on Front st., near Williams' stable, and "on all other streets in town." The selectmen were authorized to contract for the support of the poor for a term of one, three or five years, with or without the town farm, at their discretion. The article of the warrant providing for appropriating the usual sum (\$250) for ringing the bells and for the fire department, was dismissed.

The 29 articles of the warrant indicated an adjournment to another day; but with a moderator unequalled in all the qualities needed, the work closed in due form before sunset.

WINSLOW.—At the annual town meeting in Winslow, on Monday, Robert Ayer, Amasa Dingley and Sullivan Abbott, were chosen for selectmen; Robert Ayer, Town Clerk, and Agent; H. L. Crosby, Treas. and Clerk; and after several balloting, Joseph T. Garland, Supervisor of Schools. The town voted to raise \$1100 for Schools, and \$2000 for support of poor, and incidental expenses.

FAST DAY.—Gov. Morrill has appointed Thursday, April 5th, for a day of Fasting and Prayer.

OUR TABLE.

OUR MUSICAL FRIENDS.—The following pieces will be found in No. 67 of this popular musical publication: *With Verdure Clad.* Haydn. *I love the Bumpy Meadow.* S. Glover. *La Reine des Bois Schottisch.* Camille Schubert. *Comin' through the Rye Polka.* J. Williams. *Echo, by Magic's Spell.* Weber.

This work enables all to furnish themselves with good and popular music on the most favorable terms—12 large sized and handsomely printed pages offered every week, for \$5 a year. Through the medium of this cheap publication, the best things of the masters of the art will find their way to the humblest homes in the land.

Published by C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau St., New York.

NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—The January number of this able quarterly, which by many is regarded as the best of the four, has the following table of contents: *Salon Life—Madam Recamier, Coast Defence and Rifle Corps—Erasmus as a Satirist, The Science of Scripture, Austria, Form and Color, Wesleyan Methodism, Ceylon and the Singhaises, Professor George Wilson, Fossil Footprints, Recent Publications.*

New volumes of the four Reviews and Blackwood commence with the January numbers, and the present is, therefore, a favorable time to subscribe.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 24 Goldstreet, New York. *Terms of subscription:*—1 year 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 the 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 to any "part of the U States will be 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

SOLO MELODIST.—No. 8 of this standard collection of Songs, Arias, Marches, &c., has the following table of contents:—

Grand Finale to 2d Act of 'La Traviata,' Kathleen O'More, Melody from the 'Magic Flute,' Peterburg Waltzer, Four Russian Melodies, Light O'Love, The Old General, Una Volta, Ah! Perdora Waltz, Melodie Allemande, Del! Prendi, Della cup mano, So L'Arise, Air celebre, Italian Melody, German Melody, A Soldier's Life, I Dreamt that I dwelt, The Heart Bowed Down, When other Lips.

All the above, filling 12 pages, for a single dime. This publication is issued semi-monthly at \$2.50 a year. Address C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau Street, New York.

THE WORKINGMAN AT THE SOUTH.—Some unknown friend at the South sends us a copy of an address delivered before the Wake County Workingmen's Association, at Raleigh, N. C., Feb. 6, 1860, by Frank I. Wilson, Esq., which is indeed a curiosity. The Association, it seems, had taken ground against the present system of taxation in that State, which is so arranged as to favor slave property and bear unfairly upon free white labor. A movement of this kind, however, at once excited the jealousy of the slavocracy, and the members were charged with being disorganizers and abolitionists. In the following passage from the address, we get an idea of the honorable place assigned to the laborer at the South—white though he be—and see how promptly any questioning of the peculiar privileges of the aristocratic slave holder is put down:—

One preacher tells us that our lot has been cast in a Christian land. I will not deny this, but I sometimes have my doubts about it. Of one thing I am sure:—the Workingman, we have fallen on evil times. Dark and troublous clouds are lowering around us. Common sense, the deities of labor, either mental or physical, to maintain ourselves, our wives and children, the keen acented nostrils of aristocratic patriots smell treason in every movement of our muscles, and in every idea of our brains. In every pulse throbs of the blood that courses through our veins, they feel a jar to the temple of Liberty; and in every word we utter they hear the thunder tones of intolerable impudence and insolence. Ever and anon their wrath, like arrowy lightnings, cleaves the gloom above and around us, with a light whose lurid gleam is quite as substantial, if not as fearful, as Chaos itself. Should not this appal us? Should we not pause, dismayed, horror-stricken, and trembling in every joint? Should we not crouch at the feet of these superiors, and humbly beg, as inferiors, permission to breathe the free air of God? What! a man with the smell of the workshop upon him, or with the pale face of mental exhaustion, to dare utter his sentiments! to dare express his views! to dare have a soul, a mind, a thought of his own! Surely the same of impudence is reached, and the walls of insolence sealed.

Placed under ban in consequence of the stigma cast upon the Association by this charge of abolition tendencies, and snarling under the lash applied to them by their lordly oppressors, what do they do? Stand up boldly for the nobility of labor and the inalienable rights of freemen to state their grievances and demand redress? No such thing. The orator seems only anxious to relieve the Association of the odium of abolitionism; and to do this he goes out of his way to denounce the North, in the severest terms—out-Heroding Herod, and eclipsing the slaveholder—volunteering a defence of the peculiar institution, for the preservation of which he pledges the lives and fortunes of his fellow laborers, and not omitting to repeat the state threat of assisting to dissolve the Union in case of the election of a Republican President! And this is what the system of slavery does for the free white laborer—robs him of his manhood, and makes him grieve to anticipate the bidding of his aristocratic oppressor, at whose feet he crawls like a whipped bond.

TREASURER PECK.—The report of the investigating committee is full and bold, with no attempt to conceal the worst features of the swindle, or anybody who participated in it. It turns out that the State is minus some \$94,000, and that other persons have suffered in the sum of \$36,000, in the course of the financial operations of Mr. Peck and his associate swindlers. The development shows, beyond question, great shrewdness, and no small degree of rascality among the associates of the Treasurer, as well as great weakness, without great honesty, in the Treasurer himself. Persons of both political parties were associated in the matter, and it is shown conclusively that none of the money went for political purposes. On this point the Bangor Times, a democratic paper very frankly says—

"The political character of this transaction is greatly neutralized by the fact of both parties being prominently represented in it. The Republican confederates are the most numer-

ous, but it is evident that in the two grand conspirators, both parties are equally represented. The political element is still further eliminated in consequence of the groundless, and therefore very foolish, charge—coming from a source where common sense and modesty would have enjoined silence—that the money was used for political purposes. This made it a duty, and gave the Committee an opportunity to go into this matter, in the investigation of which the charge was utterly unsupported by evidence."

The details of this mammoth swindle are curious and interesting, but their great length is entirely beyond our limits.

Waterville Farmers' Club.
The meeting at the house of D. Holway, Esq., last week, was quite small, in consequence of the unfavorable weather and bad traveling, but with Mr. J. Alden in the chair, an animated talk was had, by the small company assembled, upon a variety of topics not all strictly agricultural.

It was decided to hold one more meeting of the club this Spring, which was fixed for this evening at Mr. Josiah Morrell's, and Mr. Homer Percival was chosen as presiding officer for the occasion. The subject for discussion will be—Planting and Sowing.

Four more copies of the Agricultural portion of the Patent Office Report having been received from Hon. F. H. Morse, the thanks of the Club were tendered therefor, and the same disposition made of them as of the preceding volumes.

Legislature of Maine.
The City of Portland has offered the use of certain rooms in the city buildings, for the accommodation of the several departments of the State government—and petitions for the removal of the seat of government to that city have been presented—all of which have been referred to a joint select committee.

A resolve in favor of Wm. A. Drew (touching a lot of land for a rural home in Aroostook) has been reported.

A bill making it penal to mortgage personal property a second time passed to be engrossed in the House.

Maine State Agricultural Society has leave to withdraw a petition for annuity.

The application of Maine State Seminary for an agricultural department was referred to next Legislature.

Bill establishing the county of Knox has passed both branches, with Rockland for the shire town.

An order has been introduced inquiring into the expediency of extending the same protection to printers as to other trades, in securing their tools from attachment on mesne process or execution.

Bill to exempt a lumber wagon from attachment was defeated.

The town of Frankfort is finally divided—the portion set off being incorporated under the name of Winslow.

An order has passed directing the Treasurer to demand of the Mechanic's Bank, of Portland, the sum of \$1200, paid to that institution by B. D. Peck, without authority of law.

Committee on railroads reported reference to next Legislature on bill to authorize S. and K. R. R. to extend their road into Piscataquis county, in the House, on Monday.

The Bath and Gardiner Railroad Loan bills have both passed.

On Tuesday, the bill to incorporate the Kennebec Union Ag. and Hort. Society passed to be engrossed, in the Senate. On the same day a resolve was submitted pledging a State subscription for 600 copies of Chase's new Map of Maine.

In the House, an act additional to an act to regulate the fisheries on Kennebec river, was read and assigned. [That reminds us to inquire how that fishway at Augusta dam comes on. We are afraid our ready neighbors down the river will dodge that, somehow, and cheat us of our salmon.] An attempt to repeal the famous ninth section of the railroad consolidation bill, was defeated in the House on the same day.

DEMISE THE IMPRACHMENT.—Rev. Mr. Drew takes exceptions to the story that he has ever spoken disparagingly of Aroostook. He writes to the Age to correct the same.

I never said one disparaging thing of Aroostook, either as an editor or a man; nor did I ever berate it in thought or word. On the contrary I have ever and uniformly admired and extolled that beautiful and fertile region, and advised all our Maine and other New England people, disposed to seek new settlements to remove, thither, rather than to the far distant West, or even the little township of Hammoniton, in the neighboring State of New Jersey, which, by the way, I never commended as equal, on the whole, to Aroostook. That the Maine Farmer should continue to misrepresent me on that subject, is no matter of surprise; 'tis his vocation, Hal, an abuse to which I have become so long used as to be callous to it; but that you, Bro. Pike, should aid in the circulation of that slander, is a matter of some surprise and regret. I dare say you will do me justice now.

Fraternally Yours,
WILLIAM A. DREW.

And Pike—whose love of fun does not eclipse his sense of justice—takes it all back.

FAIRFIELD.—The following officers were elected in Fairfield, a week ago last Monday: Moderator—J. Porrington. Selectmen—J. Charles Cornforth, E. G. Pratt, Andrew Archer. Town Agent—Wm. B. Snell. Treasurer & Collector—J. F. Nye. Sup. School Comm.—Dr. J. A. Smith. All Republicans except the Moderator, who was chosen by Republicans.

A STRIKE.—The order of the day among shoemakers is to strike for pay, but Joseph Butler had to pay for a strike. He had the audacity to traffic in rum exactly in front of the selectmen's office, and the greater audacity to imitate the sham threats of his betters (?) to make a strike upon the man who should attempt his arrest. Joseph was a Frenchman and ignorantly thought that Yankee threats of the same kind indicated something better than cowardice; so he attempted, when pursued, to make good his threat. He fled to the wood-

shed, and when collared by Mr. Wentworth, plied him lustily over the head with a club, and called upon his wife for hot water. The hot water was slow, and sheriff McFadden came in a little ahead. Joseph evidently meant to swallow the tall sheriff, and grabbing his hand for the first mouthful, "chewed" it as hungrily as though it had been beef steak. Meantime the sheriff protected his other hand in the culprit's shaggy hair, where it nestled so cozily that Joseph reluctantly adjourned his dinner to the lockup, where he was left to digest what was in prospect for him. Justice Drummond doomed the sheriff-eater to pay some thirty dollars, and Justice Heath required him to give bonds in one hundred more to be have better. Joseph met the claim, and learned for his benefit that Yankee rum-sellers make brave threats, but leave their execution to foreign pluck. He has gone to work, with a French resolve "not to eat some more tough sheriff no time!"

LEVEE.—The Universalist Society give the second chapter of their levee this evening, chapter first having been received with marked approbation last night. A new programme, with the same administration of the coffee-pot, and a little improvement in the bivalves, can't fail to constitute a good time.

LATEST FROM AUGUSTA.—We learn this morning, that G. M. Weston has been removed from the office of Claim Agent, by Gov. Morrill, and that the Legislative Committee have reported in favor of going to Portland.

THE REPUBLICANS OF WEST WATERVILLE. organized a club for the presidential campaign, on Tuesday evening last.

The following are the officers, and we are glad to notice that most of them are wide-awake young men who will work with a will. A Winslow, President.

B. C. Benson, J. E. Stevens, Vice Presidents.

C. A. Smiley, Secretary and Treasurer.

S. H. Blackwell, D. B. Blaisdell, G. W. Hubbard, L. D. Emerson, C. A. Smiley, Executive Committee.

"POOL IN."—Where shall the next State Agricultural Show be held? The trustees solicit proposals from cities and towns desirous of having it within their limits. Waterville don't want it, and couldn't have it if she did, but would think it no great matter to double the Augusta inducement, and offer grounds free of charge, two years instead of one, throwing in the use of the State House, if also, it can be brought up here when vacated by the removal of the seat of Government.

SCHOOL MEETING.—A meeting of the voters in District No. 1 will be held at the Town Hall on Monday, 21st, at 7 P. M. Let there be a full attendance.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION.—The election in New Hampshire, on Tuesday, resulted in the triumph of the Republicans, who elected their candidate for governor by a majority of five thousand, all of the five Councillors, nine of the twelve Senators, and about one hundred majority of the Legislature.

Hon. Josiah H. Drummond was nominated on Tuesday evening, by the Legislative caucus as the Republican candidate for Attorney General, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of G. W. Ingersoll, Esq. of Bangor. He will undoubtedly be elected to day.

YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE VISITOR.—As our readers have learned from previous notices in the Mail, Mr. Z. Pope Vose, of Rockland, has for some time contemplated the publication of a temperance paper for youth. The first number of the new paper has just been issued, and it is well filled and makes a very handsome appearance; but what the proprietor will be able to afford it at 25 cents a year is a puzzle to us. It is twice as large as the one from New York of a similar character, and much better looking. Parents will find it worth their while to put it into the hands of their children. J. Nye, Esq. will forward subscriptions for it.

MOB LAW LEGALIZED IN KENTUCKY.—The grand jury of Campbell county, Ky., had the case of the destruction of the printing establishment of the Covington Free Press under examination last week, and found true bills against a score of persons for being in the riot.

The state's attorney, learning the fact, proceeded to argue the case before the jury, and assured them that it was law that, where a nuisance existed that could not be reached by law, it was the prerogative of the people to assemble and peaceably abate that nuisance. He contended that there was no evidence that violence had been used. The fact upon which he relied for justification in the assertion was, that no testimony had been presented to the jury to show that force had been employed to enter the house. The jury was not satisfied that the law was as declared by the state's attorney, and sought the opinion of Judge Moore on the subject, and the judge told them the law was as had been laid down by the attorney, whereupon the jury reconsidered the action taken and quashed the bill. The most serious charge brought against the slave system is that it subverts law and justice, and leaves persons and property at the mercy of the mob. The district attorney and the presiding judge in Campbell County, Ky., have given their official verdict that this accusation is true.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATION.—Mr. C. Graham an Englishman, who has lately been traveling in the East, has made some antiquarian researches of the highest interest in the Great Desert beyond the river Jordan. Mr. Graham recently read a paper before the Royal Asiatic Society. He found, far to the east of the district of the Hauran, and in a region unvisited before by any European traveler, five ancient towns, all as perfect as if the inhabitants had just left them, the houses retaining the massive stone doors which are a characteristic of the architecture of that region. One of the cities is remarkable for a large building like a castle, built of white stone beautifully cut. Further eastward, other places were found where every stone was covered with inscriptions in an unknown character, bearing somewhat apparent likeness to the Greek alphabet, formerly in use in Southern Arabia. Copies and impressions of several inscriptions are presented, and will no doubt engage the attention of Orientalists.

HOW TO TELL THE AGE OF CATTLE.—Persons acquainted with the dentition of 'neat stock,' can form a pretty accurate idea of age, from the period of birth up to that of adult life; and this method of ascertaining the age of an animal is, probably, more correct than that which applies to horns; for by means of a rasp applied to the rings of the horns, any amount of imposition may be practiced, when it is well known that the same liberties are not to be taken with the teeth, without the chance of discovery. It is possible that there may be some slight variations from the following rules, in the development of the teeth, yet such variations will not embrace a period of over a month or six weeks, which at maturity does not amount to much, and may be considered as purely accidental, out of the ordinary course of nature. The front teeth or temporary incisors are found in the lower jaw; there are eight of them, all prominent at the age of four weeks. The calf is usually born with three temporary grinders or molars; the fourth appears six months after birth; the fifth appears at the age of fifteen months; and the sixth is to be seen at the age of two and a half years; now, the animal has a 'full mouth' of temporary teeth numbering thirty-two. At this period a very remarkable change in the teeth is about to occur; the temporary ones, having answered the purposes for which they were intended, are to be removed in the following order, so as to give place to others which shall correspond to the increase in the size of the jaw bones, and prove as durable as other bones of the body. At the age of two years the central or middle incisors (lower jaw) are shed and replaced by two permanent ones. At the age of three, the two incisors known as the inner middle undergo the same process. At the age of four, the outer middle are shed, and replaced by permanent teeth. At the age of five, the corner incisors are also transformed in the same manner, and the animal has a full set (eight) of permanent front teeth. The first and second permanent molars known as grinders, appear in the upper and lower jaws on each side, at the age of two years; and at intervals of one year, the other four are successively cut; so that at the age of six years the animal has a full mouth of permanent grinders. [Scientific American.]

THE MOORS.—In the earliest times the people on the European and African sides of the Straits of Gibraltar were the same, and the intercourse between them over the narrow channel frequent. In the subsequent movements of warlike tribes and people, Spain and Barbary were successively, in whole or in part, overrun by the Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, and Saracens or Arabs, leaving both Spain and Barbary, in the early part of the eighth century, under the dominion of the latter. Both became provinces of the Caliphs of Bagdad, and were ruled by their Governors.

The Moors—as the Arabs of Spain and Morocco were called—mingled their blood with the inhabitants of the country, and for eight hundred years—much of the time as the predominant power in the Spanish Peninsula, notwithstanding the invasion and civil wars, instituted by religious bigotry, to which they were subjected—their own country became a powerful and great. At the end of this period they were subdued by the Christian States which had arisen among them, and the establishment of the Inquisition placed their lives and everything they possessed at the mercy of their conquerors. A century of burnings, confiscations and horrors succeeded; when what remained of them, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, whom neither fire nor fogot could convert, were expelled from Spain and driven into Africa. This, and the expulsion of the Jews which followed, destroyed the greatness of Spain—her commerce, her revenues, and her morals—leaving her a crippled monster, lying helpless at the mouth of the grave she had dug; from which condition, after a lapse of two centuries and a half, she is only beginning to recover. The Spaniards, like all the Central and Southern nations of Europe, are of mixed blood, made up of several people who have overrun their land; but in many of their provinces, especially at the south and east, the Arab and Moorish blood still predominates. The war with Morocco, it had not its origin in ancient memories, can hardly fail to recall them, and inspire the Moors with a frenzy of defence and vengeance which will go far to make up their deficiency in science and arms.

A DUTCH JUDGE.—A friend gives us an amusing idea of a 'Dutch Judge,' in the following sketch:—

He was about to sentence a prisoner, and on looking for him, found him playing chequers with his custodian, while the woman of the jury was fast asleep. Replenishing the ample judicial chair with his broadcast person, he thus addressed the jury:—

"Mr. Foreman and tender jury-men—Der prisoner, Hans Vleeter, is vinished his game mit der sheriff, and has pest him, but I shall take care he don't peek me. Hans has been tried for murder for before me, and you must ding in der verdict, but it must be according to der law. De man he killt, wasn't killt at all, and it is brooved he is in jail at Morri-down for sheep-stealing. But dat ish no matter. Der law says you der ish a tout, you shall give him to der brisoner, but he ish no foot so you see he ish fool. Besides, he ish a great loafer. I haf knowd him vity year, and he hasn't done a sditch of work in all dat times, and dere ish no one depending on him for der livin', and he ish no use to no body. I thinks it would be good plans to hang him for de examble. I dink, Mr. Vornans, dat he better be hung next fourt o' July, as der militia ish goin' to drain in another county, and der would be no run goin' on here."

It should be added, to the credit of the jury, that in spite of this 'learned and impartial charge,' they acquitted the 'brisoner' finding him 'not guilty, if he would leave the State.'

INDIAN WIT.—It may not be generally known to our readers that there exists at the mouth of the Tobique river, some twenty miles from Praque Lake, a small settlement of Indians, or true native Americans. These Indians are roving in their character and families of them are to be found scattered in various parts of Aroostook. There are a few of them encamped near our village. One of them sold a fox skin to one of our sharp merchants the other day, the quality of which was afterwards discovered not to be the best. We heard the colloquy which ensued.

Trader.—Peel, dat fur you sold me was not good.

Indian.—Hump! No good you say, hah?

Trader.—No, no good.

The Indian with the stoicism of his race, and with a characteristic grand of satisfaction—replied—

"No good—him no good—I well me no make um." This was conclusive and satisfactory, and the discontented knight of the yarmack said no more. [Corr. Port. Trans.]

An alarming disease has made its appearance among the cattle in North Brookfield, Mass.; and it is feared it will spread over the

State, as it seems to be contagious. Large numbers have died, and thus far none have recovered. It was introduced last summer by a calf of foreign breed, from the town of Belmont. Many farmers have lost all their cattle, and there is great alarm all over the State. The Boston Journal says it is a foreign disease, and the same that prevails in Holland at this time. It seems almost fatal.

HAIRY FACES.—A writer in Xenia, Ohio, is making a crusade against hairy-faced men.—Hear him:

"What expression of kindness and mild humanity can be observed in a face covered with hair from the nose down! Not any.—As well might a poor rat look in the grizzly muzzle of a Scotch terrier for mercy, when about to be caught in his crushing jaws, as to look for an expression of human kindness and sympathy in the face of a hirsute man."

We can appreciate the value of a smile. It lightens up the countenance with adorning sweetness, indicates a kind heart, and radiates gladness to the hearts of others, encourages the desponding, soothes the afflicted, cheers the sorrowing, disarms wrath, and kindles up general sympathy and reciprocal regard. But a smile cannot drop out from the face of a man 'bearded and mustachioed like a pard.' You suppose, from the agitation of tall grass, that some animal is crowding through it. So you may infer from the whiskers of hair that a smile was burrowing along there somewhere out of sight. The smile of such a man cannot be distinguished from the grin of a ribbed nose baboon, which had burnt its mouth with a hot chestnut.

The lips are capable of indicating a variety of passions and emotions. They can express kindness, good humor, sweetness of disposition, sorrow, firmness and decision of character, or they manifest scorn, contempt, anger, and threaten like loaded revolvers. The chief expression of the best traits in Napoleon's nature were in his mouth and chin, which he could clothe with so much sweet, winning, mute, persuasive eloquence as to render his look irresistible. But when lip and chin are covered with hair, you might as well look for expression in the hole of a bank swallow in a gully, overhanging with a turf of grass.

The passions and affections have their poles in the face, firmness in the upper lip, mirthfulness near the corners of the mouth, and the affections in the edges of the lips, etc.; hence the philosophy and delight of kissing, the more intense the passion, the more soul-thrilling and enrapturing the kiss. Behold that lovely woman, with a form shaped by the hand of harmony, regular features under clustering ringlets, bright eyes beaming with intelligence, well arranged pearls teeth, a soft and delicate skin, mouth like Cupid's bow, a neck like ivory, bosom like alabaster, and the swelling undulations of love like snow, her lips like two rose-buds, moist with morning dew, and her cheeks—

"Where the live crimson thro' the native while Shooting o'er the face, diffuses bloom, And every nameless grace!"

Radiant in beauty she is surrounded by an atmosphere of love, as a rose exhales fragrance. Just think of one of those fair faced fellows attempting to kiss her—see him pulling up his 'chevaux de frise' of bristles, to reveal his bald, 'black looking' cavernous slit of a mouth. Bah! it's abominable—the idea is disgusting.

"Give me an ounce of clean, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination." [Exchange.]

NEVER.—Never tip your beaver to a fine lady and pass a poor widow without seeming to see her.

Never pass an aged man or woman, without making a reverential obeisance unless your house is on fire. Never break your neck to bow at all to 'sweet sixteen,' with a flounced dress, who is ashamed of her old fashioned mother; or a collegiate, who is horrified at his grandmother's bad grammar.

Never keep a boy to black your boots and attend to the stable, while you frighten your wife out of the idea of keeping a nurse for the twins by constantly talking of 'hard times.'

Never converse with a lady, with a cigar in your mouth, or smoke in anybody's company, without apologizing for the same.

