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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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THE LIFE TO COME.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Thank God for the life to come!" said a pale, sad looking woman, in a voice marked by the patience of Christian hope, but by fearfulness and despondency.

"What life to come, Aunt Lucy?" said the questioner, a slender girl, not over seventeen or eighteen in appearance, but really in her twenty-first summer.

"You are a heathen, Grace!" The woman's dark eyes flashed, half-angrily. "Do you never hear of the life to come, pray?"

"What kind of people have you been amongst? Didn't they teach you anything about God and heaven?"

"O yes. A gentle smile parted the maiden's lips."

"Well, then, you know what I mean by the life to come—life in the next world, life in heaven. Of this bitter life, with its sorrows, bereavements, disappointments, and pains, I am weary, and, therefore, say in my heart, Thank God for the life to come!"

The countenance of Grace did not lighten up with the satisfied expression of one who understands and appreciates another. A gentle sigh, that was half involuntary, parted her lips. Her eyes fell away from the eyes of her aunt—a shade of thought crept over her quiet face. Mrs. Fleetwood looked at her curiously, and with a falling brow.

Nearly ten years had passed since this sister child had been left motherless and among strangers, and not once, until now, during these ten years, had Mrs. Fleetwood seen her niece. Her own life had been too worldly and selfish to admit of a generous, loving sentiment toward the child of a sister, whose marriage—with a man of no position or promise, as she expressed it, had been felt as a humiliation; and so, she had been content to let her remain with those who had received her to their hearts and homes when God removed her widowed mother. But a change in her own life had come, bringing sorrow, bereavement, and misfortune; and now her thought went out towards Grace, her sister's child—not lovingly, but selfishly—not with a desire to be ministrant to her conditions of life, but with a desire of being ministered to herself. From this state she summoned, rather than invited, her niece; and from this state sought to read her character and disposition, when she came, with eyes that endeavored to look into her very consciousness. That she was baffled in this very hardly by a matter of surprise. Persons of her class are without the key that unlocks the inner chambers of a soul whose life-mansions are not built on earthly foundations.

Mrs. Fleetwood was a churchwoman whose religion, up to the time when her sky became overcast, consisted in formal service alone. Beyond this she had no conception of duty to God. After all the blessedness of her natural life had been extinguished—after children, fortune, friends, were gone, and darkness drew down over her world like a curtain, then her selfish heart began to sigh for the blessedness of a life to come—then she began to lift her eyes toward the far-off mountains of heaven, which her imagination painted as beautiful with verdure, and balmy with the odors of immortal flowers. And still, as the pictures spread themselves all lovely to behold, and fancy, as she dwelt upon them, gave ever multiplying attractions, she grew almost impatient to put off the poor, torn vestments of mortality, and rise into life eternal.

You understand Mrs. Fleetwood now, and are not surprised at the curious look and falling brow with which she regarded her niece, whose countenance did not answer to her warmly uttered "Thank God for the life to come!" As the eyes of Grace fell away from those of her aunt, and thought-shadows crept about her lips and brow, Mrs. Fleetwood said, with a slight tremor of impatience in her tones—

"Maybe you don't believe in another life?"

Instantly the eyes of Grace flashed up into those of Mrs. Fleetwood; not with any fire of indignation in them, but with a light as pure as that which dew-drops gather from sunbeams—a light full of hope and sweet anticipation.

"I have been taught to thank God for the life to come, aunt, and to seek for it in duty and self-denial," replied Grace, a smile playing around her lips.

A change was apparent in Mrs. Fleetwood's face. Her expression was slightly puzzled.

"The brief answer was not satisfactory to her state, for it involved things admitted by common perception, yet not clearly seen."

"I mean life in another world—life in heaven, Grace. Mrs. Fleetwood's manner was subdued."

"There is no life in another world that is not born in this, aunt. So I have been taught."

Mrs. Fleetwood gazed at her niece with a look of half perplexed inquiry.

"The 'life to come' must come here, or it can never come at all," added Grace.

"Child, you talk in riddles!" said Mrs. Fleetwood, moving impatiently. "I can't get at your meaning. Life in this world is the present life, and life in the next world is the life to come. Isn't that so?"

"There is natural life and there is spiritual life, aunt."

"Well, child?"

"Natural life is the earthly life, and spiritual life the heavenly life."

"Yes. Every Christian knows that."

"Natural life is that into which we are born, and spiritual life, the life to come," said Grace, speaking slowly, and with significant emphasis.

"Mrs. Fleetwood, with lips slightly apart, sat looking into the earnest face of her niece, which seemed all at once to become instinct with thought."

"The beginning in each of us of this 'life to come'—this heavenly life, aunt—I have been taught to regard as the new birth, without which, as our Lord has expressly said, we cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

"That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be-born again." This is the 'life to come, aunt; this is the actual rising into another state of existence. Death can make no change in the quality of our lives, aunt—so I have been taught, and so do I believe. As our life is at death, so will it remain to eternity. We shall only pass from the world of material, to the world of spiritual things; and these spiritual things will be such as agree with our states and qualities of soul—such as we have loved and delighted in here. If we have passed, by regeneration, a new birth and a new growth, into the full stature of a spiritual man, then, our lives having been in heaven, while our bodies were yet upon the earth, we shall simply rise, by death, out of the material into the spiritual plane of existence, and live consciously, as we lived before actually, among the angels. But, if our lives have been selfish and worldly, we shall pass by death into a conscious association with spirits of a like character, who have been our soul's companions, while our bodies and our thoughts have been in the outward world."

"You bewilder me, Grace," said Mrs. Fleetwood.

"I am not, aunt. I am only stating what I have been taught."

"A brief answer truly, Miss Una, and scarcely courteous. May I ask why you speak so decisively?" He was very pale now.

"Forgive me, and let me tell you frankly. I admire you, Mr. King—not love—I did not say love—for he caught the first words with a sudden flash of the eyes; 'I admire your fearlessness, pride, decision; but I can never be the wife of such a man.'"

"You have not answered me yet, Una."

"I know it; but I will. You know something of my habits—that is my favorite horse, and no lady ever rode him but me. I was never controlled. I can not be. The mere attempt raises within me something which is a thousand times stronger than myself. If I were yours, you would hate me and I should you. It can not be. Sir, I like you where you now are—and your tones softened—you know that very well. Mr. King, be careful! You have a right to lay your hand on me! I should rebel, and we should hate one another; and Una stood flashing over the thought with a bright glow in her cheeks, and her red lips pressed together."

"Then you will marry a dot," said Una.

"No, Sir. But I shall not marry a man who will think of controlling me. Perhaps he will be a dot, Sir—indeed, I suppose he will."

Una laughed. "But there is another alternative, which you seem to have forgotten—I shall not marry at all, Mr. King."

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oftentimes look at such in the moral world; but God intends that we should look at clover-fields and fragrant flowers whenever we can do so without a dereliction of duty.

But although it is wise, generally speaking, to look away from painful sights, it is not wise or right to do so, while, by facing them, we may hope to mend them. It is not good, like a certain priest and Levite of ancient times, to turn our backs on the poor man lying half dead by the wayside, while it is still possible for a good Samaritan to pour in oil and wine. However unpleasant the sight, however painful the effort, let us look fairly at the wrong in our lot, till we have done our best to put it right. It is not the act of wisdom, it is the doing of indolence, to turn our backs on that which we may remedy or alleviate by facing it. It is only when no good can come of brooding over the pigsty, that I counsel the reader to turn away from it.

And, in truth, a great many bad things prove not to be so bad when you fairly look at them. The day seems horribly rainy and stormy, when you look out of your library window; but you wrap up and go out, resolutely, and the day is not so bad. By the time your brick five miles are finished, you think it is a fine breezy day, healthful, though boisterous. All remediable evils are made a great deal worse by turning your backs upon them. The skeleton in the closet rattles its bare bones abominably, when you look the closet door. Your disorderly drawer of letters and papers was a bugbear for weeks, because you put off sorting it, and tried to forget it. It made you unhappy—vaguely uneasy, as all neglected duties do; yet you thought the trouble of putting it right would be so great that you had rather bear the gnawing uneasiness. At length you could stand it no more. You determined some day to go to your task and do it. You did it. It was done speedily; it was done easily. You felt a blessed sense of relief, and you wondered that you had made such a painful worry of a thing so simple. By the make of the universe every duty deferred grows in bulk and weight and painful pressure.

[Recreations of a Country Parson.]

The Eastern Mail.

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

WATERVILLE . . . MAR. 14, 1861.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

B. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 319 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 Bechler's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertises abroad are referred to the agents named above.

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

TOWN MEETING.—At the annual town meeting, in this town, on Monday last, the following officers were chosen:

Moderator.—S. Heath.
Town Clerk.—J. B. Bradbury.
Selectmen, Assessors, Overseers of the Poor, and Road Commissioners.—C. H. Thayer, John M. Libby, Noah Boothby.
Treas. & Col.—C. R. McFadden.
Town Agent.—S. Heath.
Supervisor of Schools.—J. B. Bradbury.
Constables.—W. A. Caffrey, Martin V. Heron, Bainbridge Crowell, Jas. P. Hill, Simeon Keith, Wm. Brown, Joseph Hasty, Joseph Nudd, F. S. Chase, A. M. Savage, Joshua Nye, Cyrus Wheeler, Jr., C. C. Bradbury, L. T. Boothby, C. R. McFadden, T. W. Atherton.

Pound Keepers.—H. B. White, Guy T. Hubbard.

Sections.—Wm. L. Maxwell, Elbridge Axtell.

Outlets of Hoops and Shingles.—George H. Boardman, Jonathan Higgins.

Thyngman.—E. F. Webb.

Fence Viewers.—I. T. Stevens, E. L. Gatchell, John Moore, Guy T. Hubbard, Wm. Joy, Robert Cornforth.

Field Drivers.—G. H. Esty, H. B. White, John Moore, John Blaisdell, Levi A. Dow, Adrastus Branch, Wm. H. Mayo, Salathiel Ballantine, Alonzo Hallett, Edward P. Blaisdell, John Cornforth, John Carruth.

Fire Wardens.—Joseph Hittings, B. C. Benson, H. B. White, Calvin Crowell, Samuel Kimball, Horace W. Gatchell, John M. Libby, Samuel Blaisdell, Robert Cornforth, William Gatchell, Jr., Geo. Wentworth, J. B. Bradbury, I. T. Stevens, John U. Hubbard, Jas. P. Blunt, Joseph Hasty, Cyrus Wheeler, Jr.

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

Committee on Cemetery.—E. L. Gatchell, L. E. Crommett, Wm. L. Maxwell.

Inspector of Police.—J. Nye.

Auditors.—S. Heath, Sam'l Kimball, Wm. Dyer.

Town Hall Keeper.—Simeon Keith.

The town voted to raise \$2700 for support of schools—\$200 more than last year; \$2000 for support of Poor—\$200 more than last year; \$2700 for repair of bridges and highways, \$100 of which is to be expended for sidewalks at the West Village—\$200 additional being raised to be expended for the same purpose at the East Village—and \$300 for a new road—making \$3200 against \$3000 voted last year; and \$1000 for current expenses—same as last year.

The selectmen were instructed—with some emphasis, we thought—to prosecute all violations of the liquor law. The article which proposed a removal of obstructions in the highway on Front street was dismissed; but let us hope that the Road Commissioners will direct the building of a sidewalk there, for it is certainly much needed.

The town refused to give Mr. Samuel Doolittle permission to pull down another hay scale on Main Street.

District No. 2 ('Irish Hill,' or as some of the good people there prefer to call it, 'Prospect Hill'), was annexed to District No. 1, the village district.

The town voted to abate the tax on the Blanchard property and to give Thos. Shriver a quit claim deed.

Two hundred dollars were voted for building sidewalks in our village, and Mr. Abraham Morrill, in whose boat it is, retains his contract.

A road connecting the Blake and Hussey roads was voted, and \$300 raised to build it.

Everything passed off pleasantly, and the business was all finished at an unusually early hour.

[Written for the Eastern Mail.]

OLD SAWS.

TEENYSON, in his crazy poem, "Maud," makes his crazy lover say—

"Up and down, and to and fro,
Ever about me the dead men go—"

and the same may be said, in this location at least, of the brightly polished and sharp toothed blades of steel whose generic appellation stands at the head of this article. But not of the worn out veterans of saw-mill, or shop, or wood shed, or shingle camp, do I write. I discuss not the relative merits of 'single up and down,' 'gang,' 'circular,' 'hand,' 'splitting,' 'fine backed,' 'wood,' 'cross-cut,' or 'da gon'; nor have we ought to say of 'whip,' 'keyhole,' 'jig,' 'compass,' or 'butcher's.' Though there are many things that might be said of these polished and useful members of society, and though my acquaintance with one species of the genus has been somewhat extensive, I having passed through all the 'clerkly' grades up to the dignity of full fledged wood-sawyer, I forbear to speak of them, and still choose for my theme—Old Saws.

Have you read 'Gold Foil,' hammered from Popular Proverbs? If you have not, you have yet in store a mental feast whenever you will avail yourself of it. No doubt many a carter in your mental molar might be advantageously filled with this foil, for much of it is the pure gold of wisdom. Have the book and read it, and then read it again, for it is a living book. Following the example of the gifted 'Timothy,' I might call this paper a 'Steel Plate,' hammered from Old Saws. Be careful to notice the spelling of steel, for I assure you I have no intention of pilfering from his stores of the precious metal; nor will I intentionally purloin anything from the 'Gentle Elina,' over whose quaint and witty and pleasant sayings I have consumed many hours in delighted perusal—no laughing at the quaintness and whimsicality of some pleasant witicism, and again almost crying over some touch of heart-melting pathos. No, I'll try to find my own Saws, and beat them on my own anvil, even though when finished they may have neither the intrinsic value of the one nor the smoothness and polished beauty of the other.

Old Saws: few of us know how much our thoughts and feelings and lives are influenced by them. Not only is the character of a people shown by their proverbs, but it is in a considerable degree formed by them. There can be no doubt that the selfish, money getting, worldly character of the maxims of Dr. Franklin, has had its effect in providing similar traits of character in our people, especially here in New England where they have been household words for a century. I think it was Judge Hopkinson who said "So that I may write the songs of a people, I care not who makes their laws." The same may have been said with equal propriety of their proverbs, for these become the "axioms" of social economy, and their sentiments at once the motive and the authority for action. And they have been drilled into our ears again and again, and again and again we have repeated them until we pass them current as we do the worn and tattered bank note, accepting as truth the saw, that 'what everybody says must be true,' and delecting thence the proposition that what everybody receives for good, must be good. But some of them are like bank notes worn by the cunning counterfeiter, they will not bear examination. Scrutiny shows them to be counterfeit presentments of truth; or like the notes of the Kalluter-thrix bank or the bank of True Love, presentments of nothing at all.

'Tis a long lane that has no turn in it.'

This is simply nonsense. Can anything be more illogical? If it were, 'Tis a straight lane that has no turn in it,' we must at once accept it as a self evident truth, although we might fail to perceive the point of the proverb. If it were 'Tis a short lane that has no turn in it,' we could easily conceive of a lane too short to have a turn though as in the other case we might fail to discern the relevancy of the assertion. But even then the metaphor would have something of truth in it, for the life is indeed short that is free from changes and turns. It would be nearer the truth if we were to say, 'Tis the long lane that has turns in it,' both in its literal and in its metaphorical sense. But 'tis a long lane that has no turn in it,' said Amicitius to me, the other day after recounting the slights and injuries he had received from Inimicus, and really, he appeared to be very much consoled with the sage reflection. 'Tis a long life that has in it no changes and reverses,' said I. 'How is that?' said he, 'I never looked at that proverb before.' 'No,' I answered, 'and you have been conoling yourself with the thought that if Inimicus lives long he may still have an opportunity to impose upon and injure you without fear of retribution. Your charity is broader than mine, for while I trust I would willingly forgive all past injuries, I would not like to promise my enemy 'indulgence' as the Papists call it for the future.' 'No, truly,' said he, 'that would be absurd.'

'Love will go where it is sent.'

If the meaning of this is that Love is entirely under the control of the will, and only waits like a willing and nimble servant to hear the commands of its lord that it may with speed do his bidding, it is as absurd a fallacy as any in the whole list. It is a fact well known to all, both learned and ignorant, that this affection is less under the control of the will and judgment than any other. Said my friend Erastus to me, 'I cannot tell why I love Erastus. She is not the sort of woman I have pictured to myself as my life-companion. My bean ideal was a beautiful woman, in face and in form, with liveliness and vivacity of manner, and witty and sprightly in conversation—an accomplished lady—elegant in dress and carriage and capable of eliciting admiration in any society. But Erastus is not one of this sort. Most people at once pro-

nounce her decidedly plain, and she is instead of being showy, modest and retiring. And yet I was favorably impressed with her at first sight and love her now with all my heart.' Yet Erastus had seen plenty of women coming much nearer if not quite up to the standard of his bean ideal—women toward whom his love was sent but to whom it would not go, thus proving itself not the servant, but the master of the will. If love went only when sent by the will, influenced by the judgment, there would be no 'love at first sight,' and yet instances of this kind are not rare. Young Philites met Amanda for the first time on the crowded deck of a river steamer, during an excursion. They were not introduced and yet both were impressed with a strong desire for further acquaintance. The boat returned and no opportunity to form an acquaintance presented itself. The next day Philites gives a friend so perfect a description of Amanda that she is recognized, and he learns her name and residence, and the next day finds him at her father's house. For aught I know, they have been married three months, and they met for the first time but six months ago. So it seems to me evident that far from being an obedient servant and going where it is sent, Love is a tyrannical master and leads the rest of the passions at its will.

ORWIN.
KENDALL'S MILLIS, March 7, 1861.

WEST WATERVILLE, March 24, 1861.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It may be interesting to many of your secular readers to know that there is an interesting, though not general revival of Religion now in progress in this place. The interest is mainly in connection with the Free Will Baptist Church. This church has been holding a series of evening meetings which have been very interesting. The writer has attended some of them without taking any active part, but not without deep interest in their results. One who knows, experimentally, anything of religious experience cannot attend such meetings without enjoying emotions of great pleasure. At one meeting which I attended some twenty or more individuals related parts of their religious experience, all varied but each was consistent and adapted to the other, and all being put together would seem to form one complete christian edifice for the enjoyment of an intellectual soul trained in the school of Jesus Christ, and I felt that I was listening to the eloquence of the human soul inspired by the grace of God.

A LISTENER.

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.—There is now living in Maine a family, consisting of four sisters and two brothers, children of John Woodcock, who moved to the town of Sidney, in that State from the town of Attleboro', Mass., when Maine was a wilderness. The oldest is eighty-two, and the youngest is sixty-five years old. There was, until last October, eight in the family, four brothers and four sisters, whose ages averaged over seventy-one years, and only one death (that of an infant) had occurred previous to October 17, 1860, when one of the sons by the name of Benjamin died in the town of Mercer, at the age of seventy years and seven months. The next death was that of John Woodcock, who died Feb. 16, 1861, in the town of Sidney, at the age of seventy-nine years and eight months.

He was for many years in active public life, having served his State and town in many public offices, and with that modesty of character and devotion to duties that gained for him a name that will long be remembered with gratitude by those who knew him while living. He was a farmer but never married. In 1812 he was one of the selectmen of the town and was engaged in furnishing provisions for the army, and afterwards in the winter of 1815 he was intrusted with important business with the Legislature of Massachusetts, and made a journey from Maine to that State on horseback, and after transacting his business at the old State House in State street, boarding at the time in the building that was once called the Blue Bell Tavern, near the corner of State and Washington streets, he visited his friends in Attleboro', and then returned to Maine, making a journey of nearly five hundred miles on horseback, and in the middle of the winter, when the roads were almost impassable on account of the snow. All the members of this family have been remarkably temperate and industrious farmers, and rank well with the hardy pioneers of Maine. Some idea of farming at the time this family moved to Maine can be conceived when it is known that they were obliged to go to Gardiner, a distance of eighteen miles, to get their corn ground, with no other road than spotted trees in the forest to guide them on their weary journey.—[Boston Journal.]

The above is not the only Maine family remarkable for the longevity of its members: the family of Dr. Obadiah Williams, one of the early settlers of Waterville, in this respect quite a match for it. This family now consists of four brothers and one sister—the oldest will be 84 in April next, and the youngest (Col. Johnson Williams, of our village) 72 in May. The family originally numbered five sons and two daughters, and in February, 1860, when the oldest member of it died at the age of 84 yrs. 10 mos., the average would have been still greater. Dr. Williams came here in 1792 and the same year built the house next above the Dalton house, which we are told was the first framed dwelling erected in Waterville. We are also informed that he built the first two story dwelling house in Hallowell, above the 'Hook.' Dr. W. was a surgeon in the army of the revolution, and came into Maine soon after the close of the war. He was in the active practice of his profession here several years, until his death; and notwithstanding the unexampled longevity of his children, he himself lived to see but 48 years.

LEVER.—The levee held last week for the benefit of the Congregational Society, realized about one hundred dollars. The managers were highly successful in arranging a pleasant festival—modest, unassuming, and nearly or quite without fault—that should have resulted in a larger sum. Those who complain of the want of liberality in religious platforms, should bear in mind that the financial operations embraced in these social occasions are a "continual dropping" in wearing out the stringency of theological "points." What grab bags are to

lotteries, and what tableaux and charades are to the drama, even such are these denominational levees to at least a moderately "rational" religious system. They lead to healthy (or unhealthy?) compromises, in a way agreeable to both parties; and we know of no plan by which the same amount of money goes over the shoulder of heavenly charity with so little heart burnings.

LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.—The Militia Bill has been twice killed, and may therefore be safely counted at dead for this session.—[The bill for arming and equipping 1000 volunteers has been indefinitely postponed. It is evident we think, that the Quaker spirit is spreading.]

The Aroostook Railroad bill has passed both branches, which disposes of the public lands. A bill repealing the Personal Liberty Law has passed the Senate, and yesterday was assigned for its consideration in the House. It will pass, without a doubt.

A conditional grant of two half to wharfs of land has been made in favor of Waterville College—which consummates a long deferred act of justice.

A bill for the detection and destruction of gambling instruments is on its passage. We hope it will reach certain bad cases hereabouts.

The question of the permanent endowment of an agricultural department in connection with the Maine State Seminary, was referred to the next Legislature.

A proposition to extend the Somerset Railroad into Piscataquis was defeated in committee.

The Legislature will adjourn in a few days, and our readers will then be served with a copy of the Laws and Resolves passed this winter, which will enable them to judge of the wisdom and patriotism and industry of the Legislature of 1861.

WHO DID IT?—On Thursday evening Mr. Elhanan Cook left his horse and sleigh near Town Hall and went to the levee. About 10 o'clock it was found hitched "woman fashion" by one rein back of the turret, at the corner of Main and Temple street; having fallen between the shafts of the sleigh, with the head drawn back nearly to the choking point. He was rescued by cutting the reins. Somebody had been stealing a ride, and the fashion of hitching had a point towards crinolines. A liberal reward might be had for information that would reveal the culprit, or he (or she) may pay the damage done the harness and be privately acquitted. We are authorized to negotiate. Call after dark.

TOWN MEETING IN WINSLOW.—On Monday, at the annual meeting in Winslow, the following officers were chosen:

Moderator.—J. B. Shurtliff.
Town Clerk.—Robert Ayer.
Selectmen.—Robert Ayer, Amasa Dingley, Sullivan Abbott.

Supervisor of Schools.—J. Garland.

DR. MORSE.—By referring to our special notice column, it will be seen that Dr. Morse will visit our village and Skowhegan week after next. His treatment, we learn, has been favorably received in this vicinity and many of his old patients will doubtless be glad to see him again.

THE SMILEY FAMILY.—A little band of three brothers and a sister, under this title, belonging in Benton, are giving concerts in the neighboring towns, and propose to sing here some evening next week. We have never heard them, but good judges who have pronounced their entertainment a rich treat, and commend them to the notice and patronage of the public. We have had no concert this winter, and as a consequence our people are actually suffering. Let us therefore gratify ourselves and encourage rising merit by giving them a full house.

BANK STOCK.—All who wish to invest in this species of property are referred to advertisement in another column.

The Democrats of Biddeford elected their candidate for Mayor, on Monday.

Some slightly ardent editor has again set afloat the following bit of sweetness about the female arm:

'Who has not felt the beauty of a woman's arm, the unspeakable suggestions of tenderness that lie in the dimpled elbow, and all the varied gently lessening curves down to the delicate wrist, with its tiniest, almost imperceptible nicks in the firm softness. A woman's arm touched the soul of a great sculptor two thousand years ago, so that he wrought an image of it for the Parthenon, which moves us still as it clasps lovingly by the time-worn marbles of a headless trunk.'

The Philadelphia Inquirer publishes a letter from a correspondent at Charleston, dated March 4, which announces the commencement of a reaction in public sentiment. The writer says:

'I have to night met with scores, and from them I know of hundreds more, who have been brought back to reason and to duty by the national and eloquent terms of the Inaugural. Several men have said to me to-night: 'We have worn the mask long enough; we have not dared to speak, and scarcely breathe, the name of our country; but our hearts are with the Union and the Constitution, and our sympathies are with the policy and principles enunciated by Abraham Lincoln.'

I have just left a company of some sixteen intelligent men, many of them natives of South Carolina. The complete message was brought in, and I was requested to read it. These men were so politicians, and heard it read with respect and thoughtfulness, and as I read the beautiful utterances with which it closed, every eye was dimmed with tears; and one man, almost losing that command over his language which is necessary here, exclaimed, 'God bless Abe Lincoln!' and the prayer met with a response in every heart.

I repeat it, this is important and valuable news from Charleston, and I rejoice that I am here to witness it. Only yesterday—in fact this very morning—I could see no possible way in which the country could be reunited, and the skies seemed darker still, but to-night the words of Abraham Lincoln are kindling patriotism, love, and national pride in thousands of Southern hearts, and I know and feel

that they will return to their allegiance and the enjoyment of their rights.

The intelligence has just reached the Mercury office, from Montgomery, that Jeff. Davis has voiced that part of the new constitution which prohibits the slave trade, and it is rumored here, that he was notified to do so by the South Carolina and Mississippi delegations under a threat that they would secede. This bogus government will soon break up.

And how now?

Everybody's head whirled to-day under the announcement that Fort Sumter and Pickens are to be evacuated! Ever since the inaugural speech of Mr. Lincoln, the earnest inquiry has been, when are the laws to be enforced?—and every day was expected to bring news that troops were on the way to Fort Sumter.

The public eye was everywhere looking for a movement to redeem the public property, and to put the forts in a condition for self defense. Now the last advantage that Providence, rather than any human agency, had retained to the honor of the nation, is to be sunk in this expanding slough of disgrace. We are not yet prepared to believe that this measure is another section in the great chapter of treason; but it is based in reasons so much beyond our reach, that we can neither approve or condemn till we learn more of the policy that dictates it. It is argued that this conciliatory measure will break the back bone of secession and restore the Union. We can only see in it proof that secession needs no back bone, and has needed none from the beginning, to withstand all the energies of the government. As for the Union, with the character that will pertain to it when restored in this way, we want none of it.

But we are not going to condemn a measure of the necessity or reasons for which we know so little. If the retention of the forts is beyond the power of government, it is better to leave them without waste of life or powder; and of this matter Gen. Scott is a better judge than we. We must wait to see what follows.

A DISCOVERY.—In looking in, yesterday, as we like to, in a social way—at the neat boot and shoe store of C. S. Newell, opposite the Post Office, we missed the genial face of the young man with the auburn whiskers—Ladies who buy their neat gaiters at that store will know whom we mean. Those who meet the same disappointment, will find an explanation at the pleasant little shop a few doors above, lately occupied by Mrs. Bucknam.—[See advertisement of Geo. A. L. Merrifield next week.]

FOREIGN.—The latest phase of Italian affairs is thus summed up by the European Times:

'The pamphlet of Mr. Guerrieri seems to be regarded in Paris as the knell of the temporal power of the Pope, and it is also generally believed that the days of the French occupation at Rome are drawing to a close.—Against this assumption, however, is placed a remarkable fact communicated in a letter from Marselles, to the effect that reinforcements for the French garrison in the Eternal City are constantly leaving that place. But it is evident that there is some understanding respecting this point between Napoleon and Victor Emanuel, the development of which cannot be distant. Through the medium of General Bizio, who has recently returned from Caprera, a good understanding appears to have been established between Garibaldi and Cavour. One of the demands made by the Emperor is the thorough arming of the country, and with this request Cavour and the King are disposed to comply; the demand will also be in harmony, no doubt, with the Italian Parliament. If Garibaldi has given up the idea of attacking Venetia in the spring, there is evidently some other movement a foot, which may bring about important results. As a proof of this it is mentioned in letters from Paris that the Garibaldi volunteers there have received orders to rendezvous at Genoa on the 15th of the present month. As Austria seems to be in a fair way of driving Hungary into open resistance, the great Italian leader may think that the time has come for enabling him to strike a blow in that quarter.'

Austria.—The Augsburg Gazette semi-officially announces that the Austrian Government is resolved to uphold the principle of the unity of the empire and consequently to refuse the demand of Hungary for a separate and independent ministry, as well as the right of the Diet to vote the taxes. The Hungarians are told that they will have an opportunity of furthering the interests of the empire by sending representatives to the General Assembly at Vienna. To these conditions, it is believed Hungary will never assent.

DUTY OF UNION MEN.—The Philadelphia Press of Saturday, says:

'It will depend upon Mr. Lincoln whether we are to have a government or not. The only ground, therefore, which the true friends of the Union can occupy, is to strengthen Mr. Lincoln in all honorable endeavors to promote the general welfare, to preserve the public peace, and faithfully to execute the laws passed in accordance with the federal constitution.'

A MINISTER'S WIFE.—From public opinion we learn the following necessary qualifications of a minister's wife:

1. Like Mary, always sitting at the feet of Jesus, in possession of the one thing needed, regardless of every worldly interest.

2. Like Martha, she should do all the serving, yet without being encumbered by it.

3. She should be a little more prompt than Sarah of old, and have refreshments always ready for those traveling angels whose visits at the minister's house are not 'few and far between.'

4. Like Dorcas, she should 'keep constantly on hand a supply of ready made clothing, to bestow upon all the poor saints and sinners in the community where she resides, with a spare box for benedictines in college and the servants who have escaped from the blessings of the 'patriarchal institution.'

5. Like the prophetess Anna, she should not 'depart from the temple day or night, for the multiplied meetings of the church and benevolent societies require an almost constant attendance in the sanctuary, and it is the duty of the minister's wife to attend to them all.'

6. Like the widow of Sarepta, she must have the art of using meal out of one barrel, and oil out of one cruse, the year round without diminishing the quantity.

Lastly, she must be apt to please everybody—becoming all things to all men, women and children. Grave or gay, refined or rude, intelligent or ignorant, affable or reserved, as

suits the company in which she may chance to fall.

Upon these conclusions are based the following remarks:

1. We perceive that it is the duty of churches to set apart young women, and educate them for minister's wives.

2. When a church is about to call a pastor, they should appoint a special committee to visit his wife and ascertain whether she is able or willing to perform the labor of five ordinary women without any compensation except the crumbs which falls from her master's (husband's) table.

3. A minister's wife should be always at home and always abroad; always serving God and always serving the tables.

Lastly, she must be a little more prudent than our Savior, for he had favorites among his disciples, which in her is unpardonable.

THE FALL OF GAETA.—After a defense of two and a half months, Gaeta, the refuge of the ex-King of Naples, has fallen, and Francis II retires to Bavaria via Rome. The obstinacy of Francis, though useless in a political point of view, and cruel in its consequences to his adherents, and to the city which sheltered him, does lend a show of respectability to his character, and will invest his exile with some interest. He has shown that he is not to be considered as entirely dead to the world, and that, should those who have driven him from his throne prove recreant to their grand opportunities, he may possibly resume an important part upon the stage of Italian affairs. But at present, he goes under the wheel of fortune.

Victor Emmanuel and Italian unity are in the ascendant. The opening of the Italian Parliament and the noble, considerate address of the King, mark the progress which the new era has already made. 'Italy is almost entirely free and united,' as he ingeniously says. The few fortresses yet held by the adherents of the Bourbons will be taken, if not surrendered, and the entire southern part of the peninsula will acknowledge the sway of Victor Emmanuel. There remains Rome and Venetia. The fall of Gaeta affects both—Venetia, inasmuch as the Sardinian forces are now free for any arduous undertaking against Austria; and Rome, because Louis Napoleon's abandonment of Francis II is regarded as the forerunner of his treatment of the Pope.—The latter personage can put himself at the mercy of events; but Austria seems in a hurry to precipitate matters before Italy can become fairly organized.

The King of Italy, however, appears to feel the force of the saying of Philip of Spain, 'time and I are two.' He says that his kingdom has arrived at a position where it is able to follow the counsels of prudence, and that 'it is as wise to wait at the right time as it is to dare at the right time.' Every passing month is consolidating and strengthening Italy—but every month in Austria is adding to the distractions and weakness of that superannuated empire. So even Garibaldi, this lion of the martial spirit of Italy, refuses to be drawn from his retreat at Caprera, preferring to let events continue their course for a while longer, notwithstanding his former fierce menaces of 'war in the spring.' Some new cause of disturbance, therefore, must spring up, or else peace will continue its way over Europe during the spring and summer of this year.

[Boston Journal.]

ANOTHER DILEMMA.—A leading idea put forth is, that we must settle our present difficulties with the Southern States, by giving them all their constitutional rights; and that, in order to do this, we must consent to an alteration of the Constitution itself. How can these 'rights' be constitutional, when, in order to attain them, that instrument must be changed? Have we not here a confession, that what is asked of us is something not warranted by our present fundamental law?—something absolutely at variance with it, and not contemplated by its framers.—[Peoria Transcript.]

IMPORTANT NEWS FROM TEXAS.—The following dispatches were forwarded from Washington on Saturday:

'Capt. Chandler arrived here this morning, direct from San Antonio, with important dispatches to this Government. Col. Waite, who is in command of the Department, had endeavored to reorganize and concentrate the troops, but found it impossible to do so, and is compelled to carry out the orders issued by Gen. Twiggs. The conduct of Gen. Twiggs had completely demoralized the entire force. Capt. Chandler represents affairs to be in a most deplorable condition throughout Texas. Notwithstanding there had been a large and valuable amount of government property seized by the State authorities, it would not prove to be of much value, as large quantities of the stores, supplies and mules had already been stolen and carried off by various parties.'

Col. Waite was at San Antonio, waiting instructions from the War Department. The troops would shortly be in a destitute condition, scarcely having supplies to last until they could reach the Atlantic coast.

The War department has just received intelligence from Capt. Hill, commanding the forces on the Brazos. He was at Fort Brown, and at the time of writing it was anticipated there would be a collision between the United States troops under his command and those belonging to the State authorities. He had been restrained from making an attack by the interposition of his friends.

It is believed that nearly every point in Texas is by this time in possession of the State authorities.

BOLD ROBBERY.—The Brunswick Telegraph says the house of Mr. Wm. H. Simeon, Town Collector of Hayswell was entered and robbed on Sunday evening, 3d inst., of \$440—\$50 in gold, the balance in ten dollar bills on various banks—a gold watch and chain, and sundry town orders. One hundred dollar reward has been offered for the detection of the thief and recovery of the property.

SAD AFFLICTION.—Misses Mehitabe D. and Thirza M. Grover, daughters of Mr

