

The Union and Eastern Journal.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—JEFFERSON.

LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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Agricultural.

From the New York Tribune.

Not long since we called the attention of farmers to some radical defects in their system of cultivation. We endeavored to convince them that agriculture is most prosperous when the animal product of the farm is equal to or exceeds the vegetable in value. The reason thereof is the necessity of providing, by means of domestic animals, the manure to ameliorate or fertilize the soil upon the farm. We now propose to go more into detail on the subject as connected with the climate, so that farmers in different localities may the better give their attention to such points as are severally most profitable.

The subject of climate is of great importance to farmers, and its phenomena have been but very imperfectly understood, though creating marked peculiarities which require different modes of cultivation to make their labor profitable. Although the climatology of the United States is inadequately apprehended, and the importance of a more thorough examination only now beginning to be felt, yet we are not without the knowledge of some valuable and well authenticated facts. These have been gathered mostly by the exertions of the Regents of the University in this State, and lately through officers of the United States army stationed at various posts on our western and northern frontiers, and from the explorations of western travelers. By these various means, we are enabled to establish two important facts. First: That the prevailing wind of the continent is westerly, and blows over a large surface of dry land. Second: That as we recede from the sea, westerly and inland, the annual fall of water in rain and snow sensibly diminishes, being much larger in New England and the eastern parts of this State, than in the western, and that dry season must be the rule whereby to judge of the vast country lying east of the Rocky Mountain range almost to the shores of the Atlantic Ocean.

From these data, we are compelled to divide all the country east of those mountains into two sections—the dairy, and the feeding and stock regions. The two dairy regions comprise the New-England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and the basin of the lakes, which would include its southern rim all that part of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, lying north of the 41st parallel of north latitude. Over the whole of this region, the dairy system already prevails or is being rapidly introduced, and must ultimately become the leading branch of farming. It is upon this region, the best portion of which is east of the west line of Pennsylvania, that the consumers of butter and cheese must rely for their supply during the next century at the least. Its topography peculiarly adapts it to the purposes of which nature seems to have destined it. Its healthy and mountainous character secures a healthy atmosphere, pure water, and abundant pasturage during that portion of the year when the level country is scorched by the heat and dried up by the west wind. Pure water, next to good pasture, is an important element for good butter. Without pure, sweet water, the milk will not be pure, and without pure milk good butter cannot be made. Good butter cannot be made from the cow that is compelled to drink stagnant or unwholesome water. Even in the dairy region, it will be found that, all other things being equal, the best butter comes from the hills rather than the valleys. In the manufacture of cheese, the condition of the milk is not so important, and the range for the cheese-dairy may be considerably extended beyond that of butter, though its profitable production will still be found only within the "butter zone." For, out of that, a sufficient flow of milk does not seem to be obtainable to make its manufacture an object, aside from the greater and longer-prevailing heat of the climate.

This favored region will ever contain a population which, for refinement, intelligence, and enterprise, will have no superiors and few equals. Wealth will be accumulated by the healthful industry peculiar to the country and the people, and expended in adorning their houses and in furnishing the most facilities for the cultivation of the mind in well endowed and sustained educational institutions. Other regions can boast of a greater surface of fertile soil and a more favored climate, but, for containing all the requisites to health, wealth, and social enjoyments, no land can compare with the more congenial portions of this dairy region. Many a New-England or New-York emigrant has often, amid his fair and fertile fields, sighed for the cool breezes and pure streams of his native land.

The dairy farmer has nothing to fear from competition, and he may count upon a permanence of price for his products unknown to any other branch of farming. There is but one item wherein competition can affect him, and that is in swine. Still, that is more apparent than real. It is true to a certain extent that corn can be raised cheaper in other regions than this. But from the pig to the porker, when properly fed, the dairyman can equal if not distance his competitor.

Grain growing is not profitable in this region, other than as accessory to the dairy; nor will it be generally found profitable to feed either sheep or cattle for the shambles; for the summer feed which would fatten either would yield a much larger profit if

converted into butter or cheese, and the coarser grains would be equally profitable, if fed to the cows and hogs. The surplus sold from the farm should be principally in butter, cheese and, according to the present diet, pork. The grains must be cultivated, beyond the necessary bread for the family, should be those which will produce the greatest amount of this same pork, or of milk. Of these, corn and barley are the most important. Indeed, Indian corn is the golden crop of the Union, and its cultivation large as it may appear, is only in its infancy. Even in this region, as large crops have been grown upon the acre as in the regions of the West.

If our farmers would husband their manure with the same care as do the Flemish farmers, and apply it in its liquid state to the corn in its early growth, 100 bushels to the acre would be no uncommon crop. While the dairy should be the leading branch, it by no means follows that others may not be added which will prove equally profitable, if in accordance with the leading maxim on the preponderance of the animal product. The land should be made as productive as possible; but the farmer should convert all his vegetable products into butter, cheese, pork, beef, or mutton, and only in one or the other of these conditions should they be sold from the farm. There may be localities where a different policy could be beneficially pursued, but in looking over this region we cannot discover them. The wheat-growers of Western New-York may challenge the correctness of our conclusions as applied to them. Still, the experience of the last five years ought to satisfy them that had they devoted more of their land to stock and less to wheat, their profits would be much more satisfactory than at present.

To give an idea of the limited extent of the dairy region, as compared with all the land in use in the United States, we have condensed a few statistics from the United States census of 1850, which, more than anything we could say, establishes the correctness of our position. The following table of dairy products in the "true dairy region," includes the whole of Ohio, and excludes both Illinois and Indiana, as the amount manufactured in the valley of the Ohio, in the latter State, would be about equal to the amount manufactured in that portion of those States lying within the limits of the basin of the lakes.

State.	Butter.	Cheese.	Total.
Connecticut,	\$5,448,119	\$5,208,277	\$10,656,396
Maine,	2,283,911	2,214,424	4,498,335
New Hampshire,	9,071,779	7,008,112	16,079,891
Michigan,	7,003,812	1,011,492	8,015,304
N. Hampshire,	9,071,779	7,008,112	16,079,891
New Jersey,	9,847,219	305,752	10,152,971
New York,	74,766,914	49,741,435	124,508,349
Ohio,	24,442,779	20,819,482	45,262,261
Pennsylvania,	24,274,419	42,594,595	66,869,014
Rhode Island,	982,789	316,848	1,299,637
Vermont,	22,579,809	3,250,944	25,830,753
Wisconsin,	4,000,794	4,263,293	8,264,087
Total,	\$193,964,795	\$101,962,723	\$295,927,518

The aggregate of butter and cheese produced in the United States during the year, was 418,811,199 pounds, which would leave 98,713,169 pounds as the product of all the dairy products of the foregoing region. But the butter product of the whole nation was 313,345,300 pounds, and of cheese 105,535,833 pounds, leaving therefore 95,140,571 pounds of butter and 3,222,595 pounds of cheese as the total product of all the other portions of the Union. The whole number of cows was 6,358,044, divided as follows: In the dairy region, 2,897,017; out of it, 3,461,027; being an excess of 564,010.

Comparing all the butter and cheese produced with all the cows in the dairy region there were 111 pounds to each cow; while out of it, the average was but 29 pounds to the cow. In comparing all the butter produced in the dairy region with all its cows, there were 70 pounds to the cow, while out of it the average was 25 pounds. Of cheese, the average in the dairy region to each cow was 35 pounds, while out of it the average was only one pound to the cow. The difference will become considerably increased when we consider that in the dairy region an urban population at least two millions greater than out of it draws its daily supplies of milk from the cows included therein. The comparison of the land in use in the two sections makes the disparity still more marked, and proves why, with all the increase of population and settling of new lands, but rather advance—especially of the choicest kinds. Of all the acres in use, 84,904,294 were in the dairy region and 208,652,320 out of it.

EARLY POTATOES—HOW TO RAISE.—Take a box or barrel (a broad box is best) and cover the bottom with equal parts of stable manure and earth, upon which place the potatoes two or three inches apart and cover with six inches of the compost. Proceed in this manner until the box or barrel is filled. Next dig out a space in the side of your manure or compost heap which is fermenting with a moderate heat and insert the box and cover with the manure. The warmth will be sufficient to start the potatoes, and it is possible too much so, in which case remove the manure from the top, and water if too dry. They will send out a mass of roots which will so adhere to the compost in which they are planted that when the land is prepared, and the temperature will warrant putting in the open ground, they may then be taken out singly and transplanted with ease and safety, especially if the whole mass is previously wet. Potatoes started by this method will be from two or three weeks earlier than those planted in the ordinary manner.—*American Agriculturist* March.

NATURAL BAROMETERS. Chickweed is an excellent barometer. When the flower expands fully, we are not to expect rain for several hours. Should it continue in this state, no rain will disturb the summer's day. When it conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery; but if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveler put on his great coat.

converted into butter or cheese, and the coarser grains would be equally profitable, if fed to the cows and hogs. The surplus sold from the farm should be principally in butter, cheese and, according to the present diet, pork. The grains must be cultivated, beyond the necessary bread for the family, should be those which will produce the greatest amount of this same pork, or of milk. Of these, corn and barley are the most important. Indeed, Indian corn is the golden crop of the Union, and its cultivation large as it may appear, is only in its infancy. Even in this region, as large crops have been grown upon the acre as in the regions of the West.

GARDEN VEGETABLES. It is found that seeds of carrots, ruta baga, or mangel-wurzel, which are soaked from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, and then rolled in plaster before sowing, will come up a week or ten days sooner than seed not treated in this way. As this gives the young plants a fair start with the weeds, it will prove a great advantage to the farmer. Two and a half pounds of carrot seed, four pounds of mangel-wurzel, or three pounds of turnip seed, should be sown to the acre.

CARROTS. Don't fail this year, friend, if you have a cow or horse, to lay in largely for raising carrots as a food for next winter. Mangold wurts are about as nutritious—better, perhaps, for milch cows, and are more easily raised and harvested—may, they will keep better, without rotting, in the cellar through the winter. But be sure to raise enough of one or the other. A little land, properly enriched and tilled, will yield all you need. We make the suggestion in season, so you will not say next winter—you did not think of the matter soon enough.

Miscellaneous.

An Unpleasant Rebuke.

A LIFE LESSON.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Charles Nelson had reached his thirty-fifth year, and at that age he found himself going down hill. He had once been one of the happiest of mortals, and no blessing was wanted to complete the sum of his happiness. He had one of the best of wives, and his children were intelligent and comely. He was a carpenter by trade, and no man could command better wages, or be more sure of work. If any man attempted to build a house, Charles Nelson must have the job, and for miles around, people sought him to work for them. But a change had come over his life. A demon had met him on his way, and he had turned back with the evil spirit. A new and experienced carpenter had been sent for by those who had settled in the village, and now took Nelson's place.

On a back street, where the great trees threw their green branches over the way, stood a small cottage, which had once been the pride of its inmates. Before it stretched a wide garden, but tall, rank grass grew up among the choking flowers, and the paling of the fence was broken in many places. The house itself had once been white, but it was now dingy and dark. Bright green blinds had once adorned the windows, but they now had been taken off and sold. And the windows themselves bespeaking poverty and neglect, for in many places the glass was gone, and shingles and old hats had taken their place. A single lock at the house and its accompaniments told the story. It was the drunkard's home!

Within sat a woman yet in the early years of life, and though she was still handsome to look upon, the bloom was gone from her cheek, and brightness had faded from her eyes. Poor Mary Nelson! Once she had been the happiest among the happy, but now none could be made miserable! Near her sat two children, both girls, and both beautiful in form and feature; but their garbs were all patched and worn, and their feet shodless. The eldest was thirteen years of age, and the other two years younger. The mother was hearing them recite a grammar lesson, for she had resolved that her children should not grow up in ignorance. They could not attend the common school, for thoughtless children sneered at them, and made them the subject of sport and ridicule; but in this respect they did not suffer, for their mother was well educated, and she devoted such time as she could spare, to their instruction.

For more than two years, Mary Nelson had earned all the money that had been used in that house. People hired her to wash, iron and sew for them, and beside the money paid, they gave her many articles of food and clothing. So she lived on, and the only joys that dwelt with her now were teaching her children and praying to God.

Supper time came, and Charles Nelson came reeling home. He had worked the day before at helping to move a building, and thus had earned money enough to find him in rum for several days. As he stumbled into the house the children crouched close to their mother, and even she shrank away, for sometimes her husband was ugly when thus intoxicated. O, how that man had changed within two years! Once there was not a finer looking man in the town. In frame he had been tall, stout, compact and perfectly formed, and while his face bore the very beau ideal of manly beauty. His noble form was now bent, his limbs shrunken and tremulous, and his face all bloated and disfigured. He was not the man who had once been the fond husband and doting father. The loving wife had prayed and wept and implored, but all to no purpose; the husband was bound to his drinking companions of the bar-room, and he would not break the bonds.

That evening, Mary Nelson ate no supper, for all the food she had in the house, there was not more than enough for her husband and children; but when her husband had gone, she went out and picked a few berries, and thus kept her vital energy alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson sought the bar-room as soon as he awoke, but he was sick and faint, and the liquor would not revive him, for it would not remain on his stomach. He had drunk very deeply the night before, and he felt miserable. At length, however, he managed to keep down a few glasses of hot sling, but the close atmosphere of the bar-room seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

The poor man had just sense enough to know that if he could sleep he should feel better, and he laid just feeling enough to try to keep away from home; so he wandered off toward a wood not far from the village, and sunk down by the side of a stone wall, and was soon buried in a profound slumber. When he awoke the sun was shining down hot upon him, and raising himself to a sitting posture he gazed about him. He knew that it was afternoon, for the sun was turning towards the west. He was just upon the point of rising when his motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand. He looked through a chink in the wall, and just upon the other side he saw his two children picking berries, while a little further off were two more girls, the children of the carpenter who had lately moved into the village.

"Come, Katy," said one of these latter girls to her companion, let's go away from here, because if anybody should see us with those girls they'd think we played with them. Come."

"But the berries are thick here," remonstrated the other.

"Never mind—we'll come out some time when these little ragged drunkard's girls are not here."

So the two favored ones went away hand in hand, and Nelly and Nancy Nelson sat down upon the grass and cried.

"Don't cry, Nancy," said the eldest, throwing her arms around her sister's neck. "But you are crying, Nelly."

"O, I can't help it," sobbed the stricken one.

"Why do you blame us?" murmured Nancy, gazing up into her sister's face. "O, we are not to blame. We are good and kind, and loving, and we never hurt anybody. O, I wish somebody would love us. I should be so happy!"

"But we are loved, Nancy. Only think of our noble mother. Who could love us as she does?"

"I know—I know, Nelly; but that aren't all. Why don't papa love us as he used to? Don't you remember when he used to kiss us and make us so happy? O, how I wish he could be so good to us once more. He is not—"

"Hush, hush! don't say anything more. He may be good to us again; if he knew how we loved him I know he would. And then I believe God is good, and he surely will help us sometime, for mother prays to him every day."

"Yes," answered Nancy, "I know she does; and God must be our father sometime."

"He is our father now, Nelly."

"I know it; but must be all we shall have by and by, for don't you remember that mother told us that a cold angel would lay upon our hearts, and that the night would be one of these days, and—"

"Hush, don't, don't, Nancy; you'll!" The words were choked with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together.

At length they arose and went away, for they saw, more children coming.

As soon as the little ones were out of sight, Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, and his eyes were fixed upon a vacant point with an eager gaze.

"My God!" he gasped, "what a villain I am! Look at me now! what a state I am in, and what have I sacrificed to bring myself to it! And they love me yet, and pray for me!"

He said no more, but for some moments he stood with his hands still clenched, and eyes fixed. At length his gaze was turned upward, and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his hands dropped by his side, and he started forward.

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected not to notice it. He drew a shilling from his pocket—it was his last—and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get him some milk and flour, and make him some milk and porridge. The wife was startled by the strange tone in which this was spoken, for it sounded just as the voice had sounded in days gone by.

The porridge was made nice and nourishing, and Charles ate it all. He went to bed early, and early on the following morning he was up. He asked his wife if she had milk and flour enough to make him another bowl of porridge.

"Yes, Charles," she said. "We have not touched it."

"Then if you are willing, I should like some more."

The wife moved quickly about the work, and ere long the food was prepared. The husband ate it, and felt better. He washed and dressed, and would have shaved had his hand been steady enough. He left his home and went at once to a man, who had just commenced to frame a house.

"Mr. Manly," he said, addressing the gentleman alluded to, "I have drunk the last alcoholic beverage that ever passes my lips. Ask me no more questions, but believe me now while you see me true. Will you give me work?"

"So much so, sir, that were death to stand upon my right hand, and yonder bar-room upon my left, I would go with the grim messenger first."

"Then there is my house lying about us in rough timber and boards. I place it all in your hands, and shall look to you to finish it. While I can trust you, you may trust me. Come into my office and you shall have the plan I have drawn."

We will not tell how the stout man wept, nor how his noble friend shed tears to see him thus; but Charles Nelson took the plan—and having studied it for a while, he went out where the men were at work getting the timber together, and Mr. Manly introduced him as their master. That day he worked but little, for he was not strong yet, but he arranged the timber, and gave directions for framing. At night he asked the

employer if he dared trust him with a dollar.

"Why, you have earned three," replied Manly.

"And will you pay me three dollars a day?"

"If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, for you will save me money at that."

The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but his looks spoke for him, and Manly understood them. He received his three dollars, and on his way home he stopped and bought first a basket, then three loaves of bread, a pound of butter, some tea, sugar, and a piece of beefsteak, and he had just one dollar and seventy-five cents left.

With this load he went home. It was some time before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at last he went in and set the basket upon the table.

"Come, Mary," he said, "I have brought you something for supper. Here, Nelly, take the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's and get a couple quarts of milk."

"He handed the shilling as he spoke, and in a half bewildered state she took the money and hurried away.

The wife started when she raised the cover of the basket, but she dared not speak. She moved about like one in a dream, and ever and anon she would cast a furtive glance at her husband. He had not been drinking—she knew it—and yet he had money to buy rum with if he wanted it. What could it mean? Had her prayers been answered? O, how fervently she prayed then.

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nelson had the table out. After supper Charles arose, and said to his wife, "I must go to Mr. Manly's office to help him arrange some plans for his new house, but I'll be home early."

A pang shot through the wife's heart as she saw her husband turn away, but still she was far happier than she had been before for a long while. There was something in his manner that assured her and gave her hope.

Just as the clock struck nine the well-known footfall was heard, strong and steady. The door opened, and Charles entered. His wife came a quick, keen glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how he was changed for the better. He had been to the barber's and to the bath, and his hair was cut and his face shaven. Nothing was said upon the subject. Charles wished to retire early, and his wife went with him. In the morning the husband arose first, and built the fire. Mary had not slept until long after midnight, having been kept awake by the tumultuous emotions that had started up in her bosom, and hence she awoke not so early as usual. But she came out just as the kettle and potatoes began to boil, and breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten, Charles arose, put on his hat, and then turning to his wife he asked:

"What do you do to-day?"

"I must wash for Mrs. Dixie."

"Are you willing to obey me once more?"

"O—yes."

"Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Dixie that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar, and do with it as you please. Buy something that will keep you busy for yourself and children."

Mr. Nelson turned towards the door, and his hand was upon the latch. He hesitated and then turned back. He did not speak, but he opened his arms, and his wife sank upon his bosom. He kissed her, and then having gently placed her in a seat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning he felt well, and very happy. Mr. Manly was by to cheer him, and this he did by talking and acting as though Charles had never been unfortunate at all.

It was Saturday evening, and Nelson had been almost a week without rum. He had earned fifteen dollars, ten of which he had put in his pocket.

"Mary," he said, after the supper table had been cleared away, "there are ten dollars for you, and I want you to expend it in doing for yourself and children. I have earned fifteen dollars during the last five days. I am to build Squire Manly's great house, and he pays me three dollars a day. A good job, isn't it?"

Mary looked up, and her lips moved, but she could not speak a word. She struggled a few moments, and then burst into tears. Her husband took her by the arm and drew her upon his lap, and pressed her to his bosom.

"Mary," he whispered, while tears ran down his own cheeks, "you are not deceived. I am Charles Nelson once more, and will be while I live. Not by any act of mine shall another cloud cross your brow." And then he told her of the words he had heard on the previous Monday, while he lay behind the wall.

"Never before," said he, "did I fully realize how low I had fallen, but the scales dropped from my eyes then, as though some one had struck them off with a sledge. My soul started up to a standing point, from which all the tempters of earth cannot move it. Your prayers are surely answered, my wife."

Time passed on, and the cottage once more assumed its garb of pure white, and its whole windows and green blinds. The roses in the garden smiled, and every day the improvement worked. Once again was Mary Nelson among the happiest of the happy, and their children chose their own associates now.—*Baillet's Pictorial*.

THE LAW OF THE FINGER RING. If a gentleman wants a wife he wears a ring on the first finger of the left hand; if he is engaged, he wears it on the second finger; if married, on the third; and on the fourth if he never intended to get married. When a lady is engaged, she wears a diamond ring on her first finger; if engaged, on the second; if married on the third; and on the fourth if she intends to be a maid. When a gentle-

man presents a fan, a flower or trinkets to a lady with the left hand, this, on his part, is an overture of regard; should she receive with the left hand, it is considered as an acceptance of his esteem; but if the right hand, it is a refusal of the offer. Thus by a few simple tokens, explained by rule, the passion of love is expressed.

Peat Coal.

We have received, through the politeness of Samuel Nicolson, Esq., of Boston, a little work on "Peat Coal, its value to the North-east and North-west States." Geo. H. Pollock of New York, it appears, is the author or compiler of it. It is a valuable and suggestive pamphlet, and we trust will lead to great results. We have extensive peat lands among us, but no very general use has been made of them, except occasionally a farmer draws out some into his barn yard for the purpose of increasing his compost heap. Very little use has been made of it for fuel, and charring of it has never been done to our knowledge, except some by a company in Cape Elizabeth, who have there prepared it for a disinfectant in cess-pools, sewers, sink rooms, &c., for which it is excellent.

The object of the work named is to call the attention of the public to a new mode of preparing peat for fuel by charring and compressing it so that it has the properties of coal. "To give the facts arrived at in Europe and elsewhere as the result of scientific experience and study; the opinion of scientific men of our country, also, as to the value of peat as a fuel compared with the best coals or wood; to propose the adoption of a recently discovered process for compressing peat into a solid peat coal, resembling the best canal coal, a discovery reached after long and patiently continued experiments by one of our scientific men, Mr. J. Stuart Gwynne, and to offer for consideration a plan for bringing within reach of the public, at an early day, this new fuel at a very moderate cost."

It is time for those who are in the neighborhood of peat bogs, to be enquiring into the properties of this substance, and to ascertain to what good use it may be put. In many parts of our State, fuel is scarce; and, from the immediate consumption of it on our railroads, steamboats, and stationary steam-engines, is growing still more scarce and dear. Now if peat can be made for fuel in a way that shall make it a matter of economy to use it for that purpose, it is time to commence preparing it.

According to this essay, and other authorities, peat is an excellent material to produce gas for gas lights, yielding it pure and pleasant. The compiler quotes from Taylor that "for gas light properties have been tested in Dublin, Paris, Plymouth, &c., yielding about the same as the famous Newcastle coal, but its light is superior in brilliancy."

A paragraph in the report of the Geological Survey of New York, quoted says "Peat furnishes an abundance of carbonized hydrogen, and hence may be employed for producing gas light."

The advantages of peat for the production of gas are as follows: 1st. Producing gas at less expense than gas from coal, oil, or kerosene. 2d. Produce as nearly as much as from those substances. 3d. The gas is quite harmless and inoffensive, and has, in respect to healthfulness, great advantage over some other kinds of gas.

After it has been employed for gas, it may be used for fuel, and it is equal to any charcoal. Here, then, we see that any one who has a peat bog has a treasure. It will furnish material for gas light, and by putting some of the recently patented gas apparatus for private families, shops, &c., into his cellar, he can obtain the best light from it. It will produce the best of coal for his stove or forge, and thus give him genial warmth and glowing heat, as his wants or business may require. It will afford him petroleum or gas tar, which can be put to many valuable purposes, such as painting and preserving his fences, buildings and implements. It will also furnish him a powerful disinfectant, by which the purity and salubrity of his surroundings can be preserved and enhanced. By which the fertility of his garden and fields may be increased and perpetuated. Are not all these advantages and uses enough? They may all be obtained from your low, despised peat bog, which perhaps you have wasted out of the way many a time, and consigned it over to the mosquitoes and the bullfrogs as their special domain.

Any further particulars in regard to this subject may be obtained by addressing Samuel Nicolson, Esq., of Boston.—*Maine Farmer*.

Good Nature.

Good nature is not usually reckoned among the Christian virtues; but it is the nurse of them all. Sunshine is neither a fruit nor a flower, but it is the parent of both. What is good nature but benevolence? It bears the same relation to religion as benevolence which common sense does to genius. Genius is common sense in a sublime form, applied to higher pursuits. Good nature—a happy, smiling, cheerful state of mind, which will not be offended and will not offend, borne about in daily life, and pervading common, homely, and minute affairs—is a true benevolence, though the specialties of it may seem small and unimportant. Very few of us need the courage which would face death and carry us to martyrdom. We need a thousand times more those Christian virtues which will keep us from being snatched before breakfast; which will make us patient when some one trades on upon a corn; which will quell pride upon petty provocations; that will make us attentive to the feelings of the poor and humble; which will arm us with forbearance against the little frets and bickers of domestic life; or make us kind and forbearing with men that seem harsh and unfair in their dealings with us.

Indeed, if we choose to think so, daily life is a martyrdom, and care and annoyances are the alms and alms heaped about us for torment. Weariness, discouragement, irritations, disputes, misunderstandings, mean pride and mean vanity—these are the ruble robe that gather about the victim to help to immolate him. In our day, no doubt, it requires more grace for some men to be good-natured—simply and evenly good-natured—than it required in some old martyrs to be burnt at the stake. There are coals hotter than any which come from wood. There is smoke more suffocating than any which fagots make. But it is worth whatever it may cost. It will pay a man in his own spirit. It will make life golden. It is the philosopher's stone that changes dross to gold. It will give men power. It is not an ambitious grace, but it is the grace of signal powerfulness. No man has such advantage over others as he whom no man can provoke.

The Mormons—State of the Case.

A friend, now in Europe, whose attention has been drawn to the problem of the Mormons and their relations to the government of the United States, has arrived at the following results:

1st. We have no need to trouble ourselves about the religion nor the marriage customs of the Mormons, because we have no right to do so, these not being political elements.

2d. Nature provides by birth one female to one male; the proportion is about sixteen women to seventeen men, and the ratio of premature deaths among males is similar excess; it is therefore impossible for one man to have several wives without depriving several other men of a wife.

3d. No such sexual monopoly on one hand and privation on the other, was ever asserted to or existed where there was freedom for the people, and quality of condition for the support of families.

TO CASH PURCHASER

—OF—
DRY GOODS
Your Particular Attention
REQUESTED TO THE
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Spring Opening
— 07 —
NEW GOODS
AT
B. F. HAMILTON'S

Cash Store, 6 Calef Block,
SACO. 4w1

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

New York & Portland

The splendid and fast Steamer WES
ERNPORT, Capt. J. S. Bean, will run
regularly between New York and Port

every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 4 o'clock, and returning leaves New York, Pier 11 N. E., every SATURDAY afternoon, at 3 o'clock. This vessel has just been fitted up with new and powerful machinery, and very fine accommodations for passengers, making this the most speedy, safe and comfortable route for travellers between New York and Maine. Passage \$4.50. No charge for Mass. Rooms.

Goods forwarded by this line to and from Montreal, Quebec, Banzer, Augusta, Eastport and St. John, with dispatch at the lowest rates.

For freight or passage apply to,

EMERY & BROS.,
Brown's Wharf, Portland,

Or to H. B. CROMWELL, Pier 12 N. E., New York.
45-6 mos

HATS,  **HATS.**
Spring Style

HATS
JUST RECEIVED BY
I. Dame & Son,
—ALSO—

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
Kossuth Hats & Caps
Constantly for sale at
No. 1, DEERING'S BRICK BLOCK.
Saco, March 6th, 1857. 104f

Maine Female Seminary.
The Spring and Summer Session of fourteen
weeks will commence on the 1st of April.

30th. Early application for rooms, and for more particular information, if desired, should be made to the Principal, Mr. E. P. WESTON. We are permitted to use the names of the following gentlemen whose daughters have been educated at the Seminary, as

REFERENCE: Hon. John Hubbard, Hallowell; Hon. A. P. Morrill, Resford; Hon. Hanniba Hamlin, Hampden; Hon. Amos Nourse, Bath; Prof. Thos. C. Upham, D. D., Brunswick; Hon. N. Abbott, Belfast; John S. Abbott, Esq., Norridgewock. 4w11

A RETIRED PHYSICIAN

Whose hands of life have nearly run out, discovered while in the East Indies, a certain cure, for consumption, Asthma, Broucheitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. Wishing to do as much good as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow-beings, as request it, this recipe, with full and explicit directions for making it up and successfully using it. He requires each applicant to inclose him one shilling—three cents to be returned as postage on the recipe, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this

advertisement Address,
Dr. H. JAMES, No. 10 Grand street.
Im13 Jersey City, N. J.

Notice to Miller .
THE Proprietors of **ST. LAWRENCE, MINNESOTA**, offer a bonus of twenty-five lots, (area 7000 foot each) for the establishment there of a good **STEAM SAW MILL**, and forty lots for that of a **STEAM FLOUR MILL**, with two run of Stone.
N. B. One share in the Town Site, for Sale.
Address, Win. H. Stodder, Boston, Mass.,
Box, 1155, or **STODDER & PIERSON**.

3w13 Shukapee, Minnesota.

Grass Seed.

JUST RECEIVED a large lot of **HERDS GRASS, AND TOP, CLOVER,**

HAMELINE & HOWARD'S,
Corner Main and Free Sts.
Saco, March 12, 1857. 6w11

BOARDERS WANTED.

THE Subscriber can furnish good board and so-

LYON'S VELVET.
Rich Velvets, for Capes and Cloaks, selling very
cheap, by **E. H. BANKS.**

3w12 A. SIMPSON, Exeter, N. H.

Horse-Power for sale

BUILT and used by G. D. Hamlin in the manufacture of his celebrated White Oak Pumps. Also, a few of these Pumps and others will be sold at a discount of 25 per cent from the regular price.

By G. I. GOODWIN
1212 York Bank Building, Deco.

W. N. JORDAN,
DENTIST.

Office No. 6, Crystal Avenue,
Liberty St. Biddeford.

NOTICE.

Saco & Biddeford Gas Light Co.

THE Stockholders in the Saco and Biddeford Gas Light Company are hereby notified that their annual meeting for the choice of officers, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the Manufacturer's Bank, Saco, on Monday, April 30, 1887, at 1 1/2 o'clock P. M.

T. SCAMMAN, Clerk.
Saco, March 30, 1857. 3w14

Corn and Flour.

THIS day landing from Sch'r Caroline, from
Baltimore,
3000 bushels Yellow Mealing Corn,
50 lbs. Baltimore Flour,
50 " Extra Ohi: "
By J. GILPATRIC.
Saco, April 4, 1857. 141

Important notice to Gentlemen
The Largest and best assortment of German Broad Cloths and Doeskins to be found in the County, (141f) by E. H. BANKS.

For Sale at Public Vendue.
THE Store and Lot formerly owned by Wm. T. Smith, deceased, situated at Smith's Corner near the arched bridge, in Bellefield, will be sold on the premises, to the highest bidder, the 11th day of April next, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Also, a lot

offand in Faes, near the Salt Boat, adjoining land owned by John Gaweia. Also, the reversion to the dower in the road and of the aforesaid Wm. Smith's property, including the dwelling house, stable and barn; also a dwelling house on Green St. For further particulars see the bill of sale at the time and place of sale.

LUKE HILL,
BENJAMIN MOSHER.

Bridleford, March 26th, 1857. Jw13

H. F. ATEN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon

Office hours—from 10 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 8 P. M.
Office—No. 9 Central Box. Residence—Chas. Morgan's, Chestnut Street.
Particular attention paid to diseases of the eye. 1771

