

the late frost. We had, indeed, been struck with the dearth of the feathered tribe in Maine at this season, the greater number of birds being migratory. As soon as our carriage stopped at the door, we were ushered by the host and his wife into a small parlor, where we found a blazing wood fire. It was their private sitting-room at times, when they had no guests, and on the table were books on a variety of subjects, but most of them of a religious or serious character, as Bishop Watson's Apology in reply to Tom Paine. We saw, also, a treatise on Phrenology, styled "The only True Philosophy," and Shakspeare, and the poems of Cowper and Walter Scott. In each window were placed two chairs, not ready to be occupied, as they would be in most countries, but placed face to face, or with their fronts touching each other, the usual fashion in New England.

On one of the walls was seen, in a gilt frame, the Declaration of Independence, with all the signatures of the subscribers, surrounded by vignettes or portraits of all the ten presidents of the United States, from General Washington to Mr. Tyler. On another side of the room was a most formidable likeness of Daniel Webster, being an engraving published in Connecticut. Leaning over the portrait of the great statesman, is represented an aged man holding a lantern in his hand, and, lest the meaning of so classical an allusion should be lost, we read below—

"Diogenes his lantern needs no more,
An honest man is found, the search is o'er."

While supper was preparing, I turned over a heap of newspapers, of various shades of politics. One of them contained a spirited reply to the leading article of an extreme democratic journal, which had enlarged on a favorite text of the popular party, "The whole of Oregon is ours." In another I saw, in large type, "The continent, the whole continent down to the isthmus;" so that, before Texas is yet fairly annexed, the imagination of the "more territory" zealots has incorporated all Mexico, if not Central America, into the Union. In the obituaries were recorded, as usual, the names of several "revolutionary soldiers," aged eighty-five and ninety, and I spent some minutes