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Daniel Ripley Wing

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THE WIFE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY KATE CAMERON.

"Ma, why don't you ever dress up?" asked little Nellie Thornton, as her mother finished brushing the child's hair, and tying her clean apron.

"Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?" persisted the child. The mother did not reply, but involuntarily she glanced at her slovenly attire—the faded and worn calico dress and dingy apron both bearing witness to an intimate acquaintance with the dish pan and stove.

"Slipshod shoes and soiled stockings—and she could not help remembering how she had that morning appeared with uncombed hair and prepared her husband's breakfast before he had left home for the neighboring market town.

"Sure enough," mused she, "how I do look!" And then memory pointed back a few years to a newly and tastefully dressed maiden, some times busied in her father's house, again mingling with her young companions, but never untidy in her appearance—always fresh and blooming; and this she knew full well, was a picture of herself when Charles Thornton first won her young heart.

Such was the bride he had taken to his pleasant home; how had mature life fulfilled the prophecy of youth? She was still comely in features, graceful in form, but few would call her handsome or an accomplished woman; for alas! all other characteristics were overshadowed by this repulsive trait. Yet she loved to see others neat, her house and children did not seem to belong to her, so well kept and tidy they always looked.

As a housekeeper she excelled, and her husband was long in acknowledging to himself the unwelcome fact that he had married a sloven.

When, like too many other young wives, she began to grow negligent in regard to her dress he readily excused her in his own mind and thought "she is not well, or she has so much to do," and perceiving no abatement in his kind attentions, she naturally concluded he was perfectly satisfied.

As her family increased, and she went less into society, she became still more careless of her personal appearance, and contented herself with seeing that nothing was lacking which could contribute to the comfort of her husband and children, never supposing that so trivial a matter as her own apparel could possibly affect their happiness.

All this chain of circumstances hitherto unthought of, passed before her, as the little prattler at her side repeated the query—"Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?"

"Yes, my child," she answered, and her resolve was taken—she would try an experiment, and prove whether Mr. Thornton was really indifferent on the subject or not. Giving Nellie a picture-book with which to amuse herself, she went to her own room, mentally exclaiming, "at any rate, I'll never put on this rig again—not even washing day."

She proceeded to her clothes-press and removed one dress after another; some were ragged, others faded, all out of style, and some unfit to wear. At length, she found one which had long been laid aside, as too light to wear about the house.

It was a nice French print, rose colored and white, she remembered had once been a favorite with her husband. The old adage, "fashions come round once in seven years," seemed true in this case; for the dress was made in the then prevailing style.

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with her kitten to look at her mother, and utter some childish remark expressive of joy and love.

At last the clock struck the hour when Mr. Thornton was expected, and his wife proceeded to lay the table with unusual care, and to place there several choice viands of which she knew he was particularly fond.

Meanwhile let us form the acquaintance of the absent husband and father, whom we find in the neighboring town, just completing his day's traffic. He is a fine-looking, middle-aged man, with an unmistakable twinkle of kindly feeling in his eye, and the lines of good humor plainly traced about his mouth—we know at a glance that he is cheerful and indulgent in his family, and are at once prepossessed in his favor.

As he is leaving the store, where he has made his last purchase, he is accosted in a familiar manner by a tall gentleman just entering the door. He recognizes an old friend, and exclaims—"George Morton, is it you?" The greeting is mutually cordial; they were friends in boyhood and early youth, but since Mr. Thornton had been practicing law in a distant city, they have seldom met, and this is no place to exchange their many questions and answers.

Mr. Thornton's fine span of horses and light "democrat," are standing near by, and it needs but little persuasion to induce Mr. Morton to accompany his friend to his home, which he has never yet visited. The conversation is lively and spirited; they recall the feats of their early school days, and the experience of their after life, and compare their present position in the world, with the golden future of which they used to dream.

Mr. Morton is a bachelor, and very fastidious in his tastes, as that class of individuals are prone to be. The recollection of this fact flashes on Mr. Thornton's mind as they drive along towards their destination. At once his zeal in the dialogue abates, he becomes thoughtful and silent and does not urge his team onward, but seems willing to afford Mr. Morton an opportunity to admire the beautiful scenery on either hand, the hills and valleys clad in the fresh verdure of June, while the lofty mountain ranges look blue and dim in the distance.

He cannot help wondering if they will find his wife in the same sorry predicament in which he left her that morning, and involuntarily shrinks from introducing so slatternly a personage to his refined and cultivated friend.

But it is now too late to retract his polite invitation—they are nearing the old "homestead" one field more and his fertile farm, with its well kept fences, appears in view. Yonder is his neat white house, surrounded with elms and maples. They drive through the large gateway, the man John comes from the barn to put out the horses, and Mr. Thornton hurries up the walk to the piazza, leaving his friend to follow at his leisure.

He must see his wife first and if possible hurry her out of sight before his visitor enters. He rushes into the sitting room—words cannot express his amazement, there sits the very image of his lovely bride, and a self-conscious blush mantles her cheeks as she stoops to kiss her with the words of joyful surprise—"Why, Ellen!" He has time for no more, George Morton has followed him, and exclaims—"Hal Charley, as lover like as ever—hasn't the honeymoon set yet?" and then he is duly presented to Mrs. Thornton, who, under the pleasing excitement of the occasion, appears to far better advantage than usual.

Tea is soon upon the table, and the gentlemen do ample justice to the repast spread before them. A happy meal it was to Charles Thornton, who gazes with admiring fondness upon his still beautiful wife. Supper over, Mr. Morton coaxes little Nellie to sit in his lap, but she soon slides down, and climbing her father's knee, whispers, confidentially, "Don't mama look pretty?" He kisses her and answers, "Yes, my darling."

en, was about to resign her place as put in her father's household, and assume a new dignity in another's home, that her mother imparted to her the story of her own early errors and earnestly warned her to beware of that insidious foe to domestic happiness—disregard of little things,—and kissing her daughter with maternal pride and fondness, she thanked her for those simple, childlike words which changed the whole current of her destiny, "Don't Pa like to see you look pretty?"

A Beautiful Sketch.

We select the following beautiful picture from a recently published address of Richard V. Cook, Esq., of Columbus Texas, on the "Education and Influence of Woman." It will touch the heart of the reader. We seldom stumble upon so well expressed an idea of woman's true mission:

I fancy a young man just emerging from the bright elysium of youth, and commencing the bright journey of life. Honest, noble, and gifted—the broad world of his warm hopes is the future scene of affluence, fame, and happiness. Under his active energies business prospers, and, as a consequence, friends come about him. Ere long he meets a sensible and simple girl, who wins his heart, and who loves and trusts him in return. He does not match her—what the world will say about the match in case he marries her. Not he. The world is kicked out of doors, and he determines to be the architect of his own happiness. He does not stop to inquire, whether the girl's father is rich in lands and slaves and coin; but he marries her for that most honest and philosophic of all reasons—because he loves her!

He builds his home in some quiet spot, where the green trees wave their summer glories, and where bright moonbeams fall. Here is the Mecca of his heart, towards which he turns with more than Eastern adoration. Here is a green island in the sea of life, where rude winds never assail, and storms never come. Here, from the troubles and cares of existence, he finds solace in the society of her who is gentle without weakness, and sensible without vanity.

Friends may betray him and foes may oppress, but when towards home his weary footsteps turn and there beams upon him golden smiles of welcome, the clouds lift from his soul, the bruised heart is restored, and the strong man made whole. I see the man fall into adversity. Creditors seize his property, poverty stares him in the face, and he is avoided on all hands as a ruined bankrupt. When he sees all go—friends, credit, and prosperity, grief stricken and penniless, he seeks his humble home. Now does the wife desert him too? Nay, verily! When the world abandons and persecutes the man, she draws closer to his side, and her affection is all the warmer because the evil days have come upon him.

The moral excellence of her soul rises up to the disasters of fortune. And when she sees the man sit mournful and disconsolate, like Themistocles by the Household Gods of Admetus, hers is the task to comfort and console. She reminds him that misfortune has oft overruken the wisest and the best; that she still is near to love, to help and encourage him. The man listens, his courage rallies, and the shadow flees from his heart; armed once more he enters the arena of life. Industry and energy restore him to competency; and Fortune smiles upon him, friends return, and—

"Joy mounts exulting on triumphant wings." Again the scene shifts. I see the man stretched weak and wasted on a bed of sickness. The anxious wife anticipates every want and necessity. Softly her foot falls upon the carpet, and gently her hand presses the fevered brow of the sufferer. Though the face gives token of her own weariness and suffering, yet through the long watches of each returning night her vigils are kept beside the loved one's couch. At last disease beleaguers the fortress of life, and the physician solemnly warns his patient that death is approaching. He feels it too; and the last words of love and trust are addressed to her who is weeping beside his dying bed. And, in truth, the last hour hath come. Imagine it is a fit time to depart; for the golden sun himself has died upon the evening's fair horizon, and rosy clouds bear him to his grave behind the western hills! Around the couch of the dying man weeping friends and kinsmen stand, while the minister slowly reads the holy words of promise:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Slowly the clock marks the passing moments, and silently the sick man's breath is ebbing away. Slowly the cold waters are rolling through the gateway of life. And now, as the death damps are on the victim's brow, and the heart throbs in its pulsations, the glazed eye opens and turns in one full, farewell glance of affection upon the trembling weeper who bends over him; and ere the spirit departs, forever, the angels hear the pale wife whisper—"I'll meet thee—I'll meet thee in Heaven!"

these ports for a day's sail, when you have got out of sight of land you will find yourself

"Alone, alone—all, all alone! Alone, on a wide, wide sea!" For hours you see no shred of canvas—no dusky volume of smoke belching from the funnel of a steamer. The horizon is clear, a well defined, uninterrupted line of water and sky, occasionally serrated by the waves of a storm.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.—Mr. Everett in one of his Ledger papers thus describes Francis Joseph, the young Emperor of Austria:—

"The Emperor of Austria, now twenty-nine years of age, was, at the age of eighteen called to the throne of the Hapsburgs, at a period of perilous convulsion, by the abdication of his imbecile uncle, the Emperor Ferdinand, and the voluntary renunciation of the right of succession, by his father. He was thought, even at that immature age, to evince a capacity for sovereign power in arduous times. Under the influence of his mother the Archduchess Sophia, and the advice of wise counsellors, coming in aid of no ordinary tact, firmness and resolution, he carried the empire through the immense perils of the crisis—brought the revolution to a close—appeased Hungary, in appearance if not in reality,—harmonized the various races subject to his rule,—preserved the neutrality of his empire in the Crimean war, though sorely pressed and greatly tempted by France and England to take an active part,—and maintained, when strained almost to rupture, relations of friendship with the great rival power, the King of Prussia. With eleven years prosperous experience of power, the youthful Sovereign is said to retain an impatient recollection of the humiliations of his family and Empire in the war of the French revolution, and to burn to wipe out the names of Austerlitz and Wagram from the history of Europe."

ITALY AND SARDINIA.—Of Italy and Sardinia he says:—"Sardinia herself is but a second rate power, but she represents both a physical and a moral force of the most formidable character. She represents the traditional hatred towards the 'barbarians,' the passionate longings of Italy for political independence; the fervid dream of a patriotic nationalism, which has glowed unsatisfied in the Italian imagination, for three or four hundred years. Clothed in no constitutional forms,—hopeless of any such forms; in the judgment of the cool observer,—this feeling operates with so much the greater intensity. The moment an attempt is made to turn it into a reality, the gravest practical obstacles present themselves; but while it is confined to the aspirations of the ardent and generous children of the one Italian soil, and comprehends within the range of its heart-sick and long-deferred possibilities, all who, on whichever side of the Apennines, and whether they breathe the refreshing gales of the Adriatic or Tuscan sea, cherish the gorgeous vision of a regenerated and united Italy, it mingles in the contest with the force of twelve legions."

Unhappily however for Italy, the bright vision vanishes like a perturbed spirit, at the breaking of the chilly dawn of real life. The Sardinian hates the barbarian from beyond the Alps, but he hates the Lombardo-Venetian brother on the other side of the Po, not less intensely. The Genoese has not yet forgotten that he was robbed of his sea-born independence, and made subject to the crown of Turin, by that Congress of Vienna, which sat to redress the wrongs of revolutionary France, Tuscans and Neapolitans and Sicilians and the Ecclesiastics state have for ages regarded each other with aversion and scorn; and it is probable, at this moment, if the practical sense of the people of the various Italian States could be polled, not one of them would exchange its present allegiance to become subject to Sardinia.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.—This bold and ever faithful friend of liberty and the Right, was invited to attend the recent Convention that assembled at Cleveland, Ohio, to discuss the odious provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law. He replies in a letter of characteristic ardor and point: We quote the concluding paragraph:

"Men do not lay down power voluntarily; our masters, the Slaveocracy, are not going to go out like a snuff. The Democracy intend to rule the Union or ruin the Union! I don't intend, so far as I can prevent—so far as I can control or influence the Republican party, that they shall be allowed to do either. I want a man at the head of the party, who will be the platform of the party. I want no ornamental general, but a real general. I want a man whose banners bear no uncertain sign. When I see Slave Propagandism on the banners of the Democracy, I want to see, in legible colors, Liberty Propagandism on the flag of the Republicans. When I read 'Slavery is higher than all laws and constitutions,' I want a scribe who will write under it, and on it, in letters like those of John Hancock, that it is a lie! When the slaveholders say if you elect a Republican President, we will dissolve the Union, I don't want any one to put off the evil day which would follow such an event by saying, 'let it slide!' but some one who would stand by the tomb of Andrew Jackson, and become infused to such extent with the spirit of that old patriot and Hero—that he would be ready to cry out in the fullness of inspiration:

"By the eternal, the Union shall be preserved! I would have no man to be precipitate—bandy no hard words—be by no means 'fussy'—but, standing upon the great rocks of State Sovereignty and National Supremacy, I would defy the canting traitors to Liberty, Law, Civilization and Humanity! That's what I mean by asking you, are you ready to fight? If you have got your sentiments up to that manly pitch, I am with you all through to the end! But if not, I will have none of your Conventions—no more farcical campaigns; no more humbug, no more Fourth-of-July orations—no more platitudes—no more glittering generalities—no more rights of man—no more liberty, equality and fraternity! I will obscure places—in silence and humility, I will crush out the aspirations of earlier and better days—and attempt the faithful but hard task of forgetting that I was born free!"

Yours obedient servant, C. M. CLAY. "O, the rain, it raineth every day."

THE LINNET.

Tuck, tuck, tuck— from the green and growing leaves; He, he, he— from the little song-birds' throats; How the silver chrysalis weaves in the sun and 'neath the dew; While from dewy clover fields comes the lowing of the cow; And the Summer in the heavens is afloat! Wee, wee, chirp—'tis the little linnets sing; Weet, weet, weet—how his pippy treble trills; In his bill and on his wings what a joy the linnets bring; As over all the sunny earth his merry way he flings; Giving gladness to the music of the rills! He, he, he— from the happy heart unbound! Lug, lug, lug— from the dawn till close of day; There is rapture in the sound, as it fills the sunshine round; Till the ploughman's capless whistle and the shepherd's pipe are drowned; And the mower sings unheeded 'mong the hay. Jug, jug, joey—oh, how sweet the linnets theme! Feu, feu, poey—is he wooing all the while? Does he dream he is in heaven, and is telling low his dream; To soothe the heart of simple maiden sighing by the stream; Or waiting for her lover at the stile? Pipe, pipe, chirp—will the linnets never weary? Hei, hei, ty—'tis he pouring forth his vows? The maiden lone and certain may feel her heart less dreary. Yet none may know the linnets' bliss, except his love so cheery. With her little household nestled 'mong the boughs.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—The Supreme Judicial Court of this State have just rendered an important decision in relation to the liability of Stockholders for debts of Corporations. It was in the case of Wm. E. Coffin vs. Abram Rich.

In March, 1857, the plaintiffs recovered judgment against the K. & P. Railroad Company for the sum of \$1900,38. The debt which was the basis of this judgment was contracted in 1855. The defendant was at that time, and ever since has been, a member of said company, owning twenty-two shares of the capital stock, of the nominal value of one hundred dollars each. The plaintiffs being unable to find corporate property to satisfy their judgment, instituted proceedings against the defendant, as a stockholder, to render him personally liable to them. The defendant admits the regularity of the proceedings, but denies that the stockholders are in any case personally liable for the corporate debts.

By the act of Feb. 16, 1856, the individual property of stockholders was made liable for the corporate debts of the corporations thereafter afterwards created, each member being liable for a sum equal to the amount of his stock. By the Revised Statutes of 1841, the act of 1856 was repealed, and a new provision, substantially the same, but differing in some respects, was enacted to take the place of it; but this statute was repealed in 1856. Say the Court in their opinion.

When the statute of 1856 was repealed by that of 1841, pending suits, and all liabilities, rights and obligations, already effected, were saved from the operation of the repealing clause. But in the repealing act of 1856 there is no saving clause, except of suits and processes then pending. This does not embrace the suits before us, as it was not commenced until 1857. We are therefore brought directly to the question—whether the legislature of 1856, by repealing the statute imposing personal liability upon stockholders for the debts of the corporation, did not thereby absolve them from all such liability for corporate debts contracted before that time?

After reviewing the legal principle upon which the case depended, the opinion says: "We have carefully considered the able arguments of counsel in this case and in several others now before us of like impression. And we apply to this conclusion—that this action cannot be sustained upon the statute of 1841, because it has been repealed, and there is no saving clause in the repealing act which embraces actions subsequently commenced; and that it cannot be maintained upon the statute of 1856, because the debt was contracted prior to its enactment. According to the agreement of the parties a noli prosequi must be entered."

A FRESH WATER SAILOR.—You may not know it, but it is a fact that political influence very often gets officers in our revenue navy, who never scarcely had a glimpse at salt water before they shipped with a lieutenant's epaulet.

One of these cases, the son of a well-to-do planter in the interior of Georgia, went down to the cutter at Savannah, went to sea in her on a three or four days' cruise, and then, on her return to port, got leave to go home for a couple of weeks, after more 'rocks,' or something of the kind.

When he got there he, was the biggest frog in the pond by odds. The 'tales of the sea, and the dangers of those who go down in great ships,' which he told, were Munchausenish to an intensity.

About midnight, after all had retired to rest, his father and his family were aroused from their slumbers, by hearing buckets of water dashed against the side of the house, in the part where the young lieutenant's apartment was situated. And every little while they would hear him roar out to a negro servant: "More tempestuous, Pompey, more tempestuous, you black imp!" They thought him insane, and hurried to ask what was the matter.

"I'm so accustomed to the delightful dash of the waves against the side of the vessel," said he, "that I find it impossible to sleep without something as near like it as I can get in this benighted region."

There was, probably, some 'nicker' about that time. THE SIMPLE SECRET.—Twenty clerks in a store. Twenty 'hands' in a printing-office. Twenty apprentices in a shipyard. Twenty young men about a village. All want to get on in the world, and all expect to do so. One of the clerks will rise to be a partner and make a fortune. One of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential and prosperous citizen. One of the apprentices will come to be a master builder. One of the young villagers will get a handsome farm and live like a patriarch. But which is destined to be the lucky individual? Lucky? There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the Rule of Three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who never gets into debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and puts his money into the savings bank. There are some ways to fortune that look shorter than this old dusty highway. But the stanch men of the community,

the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and a serene old age, all go this road.

He Works for his Living.

That labor of any kind is honorable, whether with hand or head, is a part of the democratic creed of free government. On this account no distinctions are made by this creed between the mechanic and the lawyer, the drayman of the clerk, the farmer or the literate, the field laborer or the statesman, in the exercise of the right of suffrage or any of the privileges which appertain to freemen. It is the glory of republican institutions that it is so. Yet, despite of all this, it cannot be denied that there is a species of mushroom aristocracy growing up in various portions of the United States, which bases its claims to superiority upon the fact that the individuals constituting its component parts do not work for a living. Happening to be rich, either by inheritance from some lucky shoemaker, tallow chandler or soap manufacturer of another generation; or by a fortunate speculation of their own, or on account of any of the various turnings of the wheels of fortune, they set themselves up as an order of superior beings and affect to look down with scorn upon the endowments of honesty, intelligence, morality and social virtues generally in those who have to work for their living. Our American government and our social system which partakes of its nature recognizes no such distinctions, and the greatest intellects that we have ever had have despised the spirit which gives such distinction importance. Daniel Webster, that intellectual giant among men, was proud of the honest life of labor which his sturdy New England father led, and proud of the humble log cabin in which he himself was born. Scarcely any of our great men in America have had any tincture of aristocratic lineage to boast of, but the great majority of them have been the sons, as the phrase goes, of poor but honest parents. As far as political or literary position is concerned, the would-be aristocrats of wealth in this country have been pushed from their stools by the loftier aristocrats of intellect, an aristocracy which springs as well from the horny-handed, weather-beaten classes of labor as from the families of wealth and ease. Intellect is not the birthright of the rich any more than of the poor, and intellect rules in free governments.

There is no sense in the aristocracy of a republican country. In monarchical or oligarchical countries, it is different; because, there, the whole system of government is based upon the distinctions of property, birth and things of like character. These distinctions are arbitrary, exist from the very necessity of the political system which rules, and cannot be overcome or disregarded. The peer, the baron, the knight, the gentleman, the tradesman, the mechanic, the day laborer—these are classes recognized by the political and social system, and consequently one class being more favored than another naturally puts on those airs of superiority which its superior social and political position gives it. God and nature never made any such classifications. Intellect and virtue are the glory of man, and God and nature never narrowed those qualities into the limits of any particular class of society. It is easy to see, therefore, that distinctions which are merely arbitrary, and which have no foundation in natural laws, are entitled to no respect intrinsically, and that where there are no laws to maintain them they are entitled to no respect either intrinsically or extrinsically. In our free country, as we have said, there are no such discriminations or classifications by the law, and it is simply nonsense for anybody to undertake to set up anything of the kind. The masses will never recognize the validity of the assumption—intellect will invariably despise it, and the genius of republican institutions will crush it out.

Occasionally, even in this State, where above all other States in the Union, labor has been invested with peculiar dignity, for the reason that it has been so largely and richly rewarded, we see manifestations of this pitiful, would-be aristocratic spirit. It bubbles, however, more to isolated individuals than to any recognized social class, and displays itself in quiet sneers at men or women who work for their living. Sorry are we to say, too, that persons who have once been in good circumstances, but have been reduced by misfortune, show their sensitiveness to the existence of this most despicable spirit, by being ashamed that they have now to support themselves and their families by the labor of their hands. On the contrary, they should be proud of their honest ability to help themselves, and that they owe their support, according to nature's great primal law, to the sweat of their own brows. Let the fawning creatures of despotism; the miserable sycophants of royalty, the buttressed and gawgaw dependants of titled aristocracy, be ashamed of honorable toil, and cling to their gilded servitude of power, but let no free-born American or true-hearted adopted citizen of a free country ever disgrace the Land of Liberty and the name of free government and the manhood that his God has given him; by being ashamed to tell the proudest and the wealthiest of his fellow citizens, "I work for my living."

GUTTA PERCHA STEREOTYPES.—Gutta percha stereotypes, with gutta percha matrices, are now made to such an extent, and to such a degree of perfection, that it is no longer a matter of doubt as to whether gutta percha can be rendered available for such a purpose. The whole process may be gone through with in a few minutes, by help of some artificial cooling agency, or within a very short time without it. The matrix is just taken by pressure from the block of types while the sheet of gutta percha is hot and soft, and it is capable of taking a sharp and fine impression. When cold and hard, this stereotyping plate of gutta percha is ready to have a like impression, or reverse of itself taken also, by pressure of a second soft and moist sheet of gutta percha on it, and this, when cold and hard, is ready at once for the press plate or cylinder. The specimens of printing from letters and engravings thus formed are as sharp as if taken in metal, and the flexible nature of the substance admits of its being curved round a cylinder, to adapt the surface more completely to the cylinder printing machine. The gutta percha type is found to be quite durable, and to possess the advantage of printing the impression on dry and even on glazed paper.

THE WAR.—The effects of the European war on our monetary system are becoming more and more marked, and confirm all that we have hitherto expressed in our remarks on the probable result of such a war. The supply of food being abundant in Europe, the supply of specie becomes and is still, the first necessity of the European Governments, and of the European markets for money. Our country being a specie producing country, and European merchants being creditors of our merchants, the demand was immediately felt in every channel of our trade. Importations are pouring in upon us, and gold is pouring out to an extent which is alarming for its consequences in the fall. The banks have hardly woken up to what is awaiting them, for specie is felt to be abundant still, though perhaps some circumstances point to very great stringency when money will become more in demand for the fall trade.—[N. Y. Independent.]

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 16, 1859.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL. A. M. PATTENGL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston...

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.

MR. SINCLAIR.—It is unnecessary to say that both the lectures of this zealous laborer in the cause of temperance, on Saturday last, were in the best degree adapted to be useful.

Waterville Section No. 5 Cadets of Temperance.

No Tobacco for us. Welcome to Mr. Sinclair. Honor thy father and thy mother. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

Thou shalt not bear false witness. Rummellers, look out for us when we are big enough.

Virtue, Love and Temperance. Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy. The Hope of our Country.

We ask the parents of the boys of Waterville to look at these mottoes, which embrace the principles inculcated in the order of the Cadets, and see whether they have any objections that they should grow up to manhood under their beautiful influence.

THE CARRIAGE BUSINESS IN WATERVILLE.—The building of sleighs and carriages is a branch of business in which Waterville mechanics have always excelled, and it has contributed not a little to the reputation and prosperity of the place.

The building of sleighs and carriages is a branch of business in which Waterville mechanics have always excelled, and it has contributed not a little to the reputation and prosperity of the place. The enterprising men who initiated the business here deserve to be held in grateful remembrance, and those who continue it ought to be encouraged and supported in what they are doing for the whole community.

We have been led to these reflections by looking through one of our establishments—that of Mr. William Brown—and examining some of the work recently executed there. Mr. Brown has the reputation of always getting up a pretty good wagon, but in a lot of high-priced ones, just finished, he has outdone himself and equalled, to say the least, any previous efforts in this line in Waterville.

CORRECTION.—A few weeks ago we stated that S. A. Barker, Esq. of Dixmont, had announced a determination to be present at the State Fair this Fall, with fruit from the celebrated Butman farm, and compete for the premium. Some of the papers have since magnified this into a "challenge," which is giving it an offensive turn, not contemplated by Mr. B. and which we think must be somewhat annoying to him.

OUR TABLE.

THE BROAD CHURCH PULPIT, a semi-monthly publication of Sermons by eminent Clergymen of various Christian Denominations. New York: O. Hutchinson, 533 Broadway.

We have received the first number of the new publication, which contains The Broad Altar, a sermon by Samuel Osgood, D. D. Others are to follow from Chapin, Beecher, etc. The leading object of these discourses, says the prospectus "will be to enforce those great practical Christian truths in which all denominations can agree, and cultivate between the different sects a spirit of Christian charity and fellowship, which in the heat of sectarian controversy are too often lost sight of."

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—The publishers of this widely circulated and popular illustrated weekly journal of mechanics and science, announce that it will be enlarged on the first of July, and otherwise greatly improved, containing sixteen pages instead of eight, the present size, which will make it the largest and cheapest scientific journal in the world, it is the only journal of its class that has ever succeeded in this country, and maintains a character for authority in all matters of mechanics, science and the arts, which is not excelled by any other journal published in this country or in Europe.

Letter from Kansas. Messrs Editors.—The following is a letter from a brother who has seen several years of hard work at California mining, but who started a few months ago for "Pike's Peak," Kansas. In a former letter he describes the incidents on his route, the troubles which discouraged some of his companions, so that they sold out cheap, and returned home, as he said, "where they could be tucked up o' nights."

AURORA CITY, Mouth of Cherry Creek, April 22d, 1859.

Dear Brother:—I send you a few lines by some of the discouraged ones who are going back before they have been here a week. After a while, when I have tried the thing and feel more settled, I will send you more particulars. You will hear hard reports from this country carried back by the frightened ones, many of whom turned back before getting here, and, as far as I can learn, hardly a man of those who go from here have been here over two weeks.

There is gold scattered all over the low flat country along the river courses and the base of the hills, and I am going into the mountains as soon as the snow will let me to look for something better. None of us are discouraged yet. The prospect is not so flattering as I could wish, and the reports from various places are bad, but I have heard none which I thought came from men who were qualified to judge, or who had made half a fair trial. At any rate we are in good health, have a good stock of tools, some two month's provision and a little money to buy more, and we are bound to see for ourselves,—trusting nothing to hearsay. This is the third day since we arrived, and we begin to feel well rested, and shall start out as soon as we can get clear of the boys who came with us—they being about to start home! This letter won't half satisfy you, but I can't write particulars now. Love to all.

From your aff. brother

S. G. H.

NEWSPAPER CHANGE.—That which was talked of has come to pass: the Portland Advertiser has been sold to Messrs. Waldon, Little & Co.—the "Co." being John A. Poor, Esq.—who have united with it the Evening State of Maine. Mr. Waldon is the former publisher of the Lewiston Falls Journal. Mr. Little hails from Connecticut, and Mr. Poor is too well known in Maine to need an introduction. The editorial force recently employed will not be diminished, and Mr. Blaine will be retained in his present position. The new proprietors promise that it shall attain a still higher grade, as a commercial and business paper, and that it shall always advocate the best interests of the State of Maine and a liberal State policy. Without assuming any responsibility for the past political course of the Advertiser, they pledge it to the support of the Republican Philadelphia platform of 1856. It will labor for the extinction of slavery, they say, and do what it can for the removal of error, intemperance, and crime; but when we remember the antecedents of Mr. Poor, the editor-in-chief, we can hardly expect it to favor the enforcement of the Maine Liquor Law. Two editions will be issued daily, and the Weekly and Thrice Weekly will be issued as heretofore.

KENNEBEC HORSES GOING SOUTH.—It is a common thing to see very good horses taken from this vicinity to Philadelphia, N. York, and other distant markets. A very choice lot has just been sold by Mr. Ira R. Doolittle to Mr. Butler, of Georgia, which are to be taken to that distant State. It consists of a match of bays, another of blacks, a dapple grey gelding and a grey filly. They are all young and "green," but they promise a maturity rarely seen in the same number of horses. They are all Messengers but one, and that a Hiram Drew. Mr. Butler may exhibit these animals to his friends in Georgia as a sample of Kennebec horses; and though they may not be able to procure the same number of equal perfection, an application to our enterprising friend, "Ira," will put them on the track of "more of the same sort." He knows where they are, and how to get them.

PROMPTNESS AND DISPATCH.—SNOW'S Pathfinder and Railway Guide for June, a pamphlet of 32 pages, was ready for delivery at 11 o'clock A. M. on Monday, June 6, having been printed, folded, stitched, covered and trimmed in 1 3/4 hours from the time the first impression was made. It is a convenient little manual for everybody, in these days of locomotion, and is published by George K. Snow, Boston, at 6 cents a copy, and sold by Ticket sellers and newsmen generally.

Maine Medical Association.

We received from the Secretary last week, but too late for insertion, the following report of the doings at the recent session of the Medical Association in this place.

The 7th Annual Meeting of the State Medical Association was held in Waterville, June 1st and 2d. The Association met at Masonic Hall at 11 o'clock, and were called to order by the President, Dr. I. C. Bradbury. Reports of the officers and committees were read and accepted, after which the following gentlemen were chosen officers for the current year:—

Dr. H. H. Hill of Augusta, President; Drs. Chas. Snell, of Bangor, and Jno. D. Lincoln of Brunswick, Vice Presidents. Dr. J. W. Ellis of Augusta, Treasurer. Dr. E. F. Sanger, of Bangor, Recording Secretary. Dr. Wm. C. Robinson, of Portland, Corresponding Secretary.

Standing Committee.—Dr. Thos. Frye, Dr. Aea McAllister, Dr. N. P. Munroe, Dr. H. C. Fessenden, Dr. I. C. Bradbury, Dr. P. S. Haskell, Dr. I. Robbins, Jr., Dr. J. W. Ellis, Dr. N. C. Harris, Dr. Amos Nourse, Dr. C. Alexander, Dr. A. H. Burbank, Dr. W. Sazey. Dr. Hill, upon taking the chair, addressed the Association in a few pertinent and characteristic remarks.

The thanks of the Society were voted to the late President, Dr. Bradbury, for the able and efficient manner with which he had presided. The Committee on Epidemics reported that no Epidemic had prevailed during the past year. The Delegates chosen to attend the Examination of the Medical School of Maine reported favorably.

The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to confer with the Trustees of Bowdoin College, in reference to the land granted to the Medical College by the State Legislature: Dr. McRuer, Dr. Bradbury, and Dr. Stockbridge. Dr. Allen and Dr. Boutelle were elected Delegates to attend the Medical Examinations at Bowdoin College for the ensuing year. The following members were appointed Delegates to attend the Pharmaceutical Convention to be held at Washington, D. C.:—Dr. Garcelon, Dr. H. T. Cummings and Dr. Fuller.

The following members were elected to attend the National Association, to be held at New Haven, June, 1860:—Dr. Lincoln, Dr. Allen, Dr. Bradbury, Dr. Fuller, Dr. Hill, Dr. Frye, Dr. Sanger, Dr. R. W. Cummings, Dr. Brackett, Dr. Chadwick, Dr. Libby, Dr. Estabrook, Dr. Harris and Dr. Page. Dr. Chas. Alexander, of Farmington, was chosen to deliver the next Grand Address. The Association was fully attended, and the reports and discussions were marked with spirit, talent and research. The next meeting will occur at Bath, on the 3d Wednesday of June, 1860.

Mr. T. The fluttering of the Portland Advertiser, convinces us that our little notice of last week was not amiss; and that paper falls as naturally upon the word purchaser as though it had been bought and sold often. Seriously, though; the idea that no "speaking in meeting" is to be allowed, for fear that it will damage "the party," may do for those who wear collars, and are the slaves of party, but will never control our action. Humble we may be and our influence small; but what we do we claim to do independently. We are the friends of freedom, temperance and progress, and we act with the party that will do the most for their promotion, in the community, but not with blind devotion. Party is but the scaffolding by the help of which good men seek to rear the mighty temple of principle; and when it ceases to answer the ends of its creation it should be thrown down or re-constructed. If principle triumphs, let party perish;—no one will be aggrieved but those who use it for base purposes. Our paper is sometimes set down as "republican," sometimes as "neutral," sometimes as "neutral, with republican proclivities,"—just as best serves the purposes of those who employ the terms. With no wish to shirk our duty, or to evade any proper responsibility, and asking no share of the spoils of party, we claim for ourselves the proud title of "Independent," confidently believing that our past course fully justifies us in assuming it.

As for our paragraph of last week, we believe it was not uncalled for, in view of recent events in the history of Portland journalism, as connected with party management in that part of the State; and we believe the better portion of the republican party of this State will endorse our closing prayer for an improved state of things, with a hearty amen.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPHS, and FIRESIDE PREACHER.—This is the oldest and largest paper of its school, being a weekly of 12 pages quarto, and it is conducted with marked ability and courtesy. It contains articles from the pens of many of the most eminent spiritualists in the country, and in the discourses of Beecher and Chapin are published in full on the Tuesday following their delivery. The proceedings of the Spiritual Lyceum and Conference are also reported weekly, with a synopsis of the news of the week, &c. &c. It may be well, perhaps, to add that it has ever opposed those mischievous free-love notions that have cropped out in various sections of the country. The Telegraph is published by Charles Partridge, New York, at \$2 a year.

Foreign News.

The latest arrival brings the following news:—

THE WAR.—The Emperor of Austria quitted Vienna May 29, and arrived at Verona on the 31st, accompanied by his brother, the Arch Duke Charles, General Hess, and others. The official Sardinian Bulletin says that the Sardinians passed the Sesia in the face of the Austrians who were fortified at Palastro, after a severe conflict, the Sardinians, under the command of the King, carried Palastro and made many prisoners. Garibaldi was making bold movements in Lombardy. On the 27th, after a furious fight of three hours, he entered Como. The Austrians retreated to Carmelata where the combat was renewed, and the Austrians again retreated towards Milan.

It is reported, via Berné, that on the 29th Garibaldi was defeated by a superior force, and withdrew into Canton Tessin. The dispatches give the impression that he was making further progress. The Emperor was about to move his headquarters from Alessandria, and it was reported that he would go to Cassale. The Austrians in considerable force had occupied Bobbio. It was reported in Paris that as soon as the French had entered Milan, England and Prussia would make most strenuous efforts to end the war.

A fight occurred at Florence between some English men-of-war sailors and some American sailors, on account of the latter wearing tri-color rosettes. No details are given. GREAT BRITAIN.—The English Parliament met on the 31st ult. Speaker Dennison was unanimously re-elected. The terms offered by the British Government to the Atlantic Telegraph Company, to be considered at the approaching meeting, are eight per cent. guaranty on the stock for twenty-five years, provided the cable is in successful operation at the rate of one hundred words per hour, and they will pay £20,000 per annum for Government messages transmitted over the cable—the original arrangement for £14,000 per annum to stand good. The Company in return to surrender their exclusive privilege to land cable on the coast of Newfoundland.

The Red Sea cable is believed to be successfully laid from Suez to Napier, 12600 miles. It is rumored that Louis Napoleon returns to France in August after the first series of military operations. Heavy shipments of artillery and siege material were progressing. LATER.—Another arrival brings intelligence of further successes of the allied forces, principally the work of the Sardinians and Zouaves. Garibaldi, who was reported to have met with some reverses which compelled him to retreat, had again been successful, driving the Austrians before him and recouping his former position. The troubles in Lombardy were on the increase. Over fifty Austrian vessels had been captured by the French. The very latest dispatch reports the Austrians in full retreat across the Ticino.

LIQUOR SEIZURES AND ARRESTS.—Sheriff McFadden, under direction of the Selectmen, made a busy day of Tuesday, in the way of "Search and seizure." The shop of G. Dingley was first entered, where only a small quantity was taken, and this only in the "transition state" in a basket on the arm of the keeper. Dingley was arrested and fined \$20 and costs, before Justice Drummond. The shop of A. P. Stevens was next entered, where a jug containing about a gallon was the subject of a brief scuffle, during which the jug was broken, and Stevens in the affectionate hug of officer Wm. A. Brown, was persuaded that one "wristlet" was enough. He was fined \$20 and costs.

The next visit was to the store of R. Howard, where seventeen packages, containing 128 gallons of various liquors, were secured, and the clerk, Moses Healey, was arrested. There was some parleying at the door, where the proprietor expressed his fears that injury might befall the aggressors; but the first application of a crowbar led to a peaceable entry. Healey was fined \$20 and costs. Act fourth was the search of the old Stevens house, on Silver st., from which the occupant was absent at the time, and where 125 gallons were taken. This will be tried and sentenced by due process of law. Act fifth was at the old Manley store, near the bakery. Here were found various jugs, bottles and casks, containing in all some 43 gallons.

From each judgment an appeal was entered. Hon. W. B. S. Moor acted as counsel for defendants; the government employed no counsel. The value of the liquor taken is some \$800, which goes to the Town if forfeited. This work is done in obedience to a vote of the Town, and the Selectmen deserve commendation for the energy with which they are executing it. Never were our community more earnest or more hearty in the desire to see them press the work to the very utmost. Thus sustained they have nothing to fear but neglect of duty.

THE RAILROAD ACT.—So far as returns had been obtained it seems probable, though by no means certain, that the act appropriating the public lands to the Aroostook Railroad has been rejected by the people. The vote was everywhere very light except in Penobscot county—Bangor, especially, having rallied in a manner that—verbum sat!

FREE BRIDGE.—We are pleased to learn that the friends of a free Bridge in Benton found themselves a majority in the meeting on Monday last, but so much discussion ensued that before a vote could be taken on the appropriation they were compelled to adjourn to Saturday next, at which time it is to be hoped there will be a full meeting. THE NEW ENGLAND MERCHANT.—A good looking paper, with this title, devoted to the interests of journeymen Boot and Shoe Makers, comes to us from Lynn, Mass. Its editor, Alonso G. Draper, formerly resided in Waterville, but it is likely quite that most of our citizens have a livelier remembrance of his father's bugle and fife, with the sweet notes with which we were often regaled, than they have of the son, who was then but a mere lad.

DONE BROWN.—"Oh! ain't he good!"

said little Johnny, as on tiptoe he stood peeping into a basket containing a moiety of 'specimens' which Mr. Brown, our popular baker, with characteristic liberality, had just sent in for the delectation of a pair of hungry editors. We assented most heartily; and a thorough trial all round, convinced us that he honestly deserves the enviable reputation he enjoys, and strengthened us in the opinion we have long held, that we are remarkably fortunate in having so good an establishment of the kind in our midst—a place where good materials are worked up, neatly and skillfully, into various toothsome preparations, very convenient at all times, but especially so during the warm season in meeting sudden demands upon the culinary department. His bread enjoys a good reputation abroad too, and finds a ready market in the neighboring towns.

'Speak well of the bridge that carries you safely over,' says the old proverb, and the injunction is equally obligatory, we suppose, whether assisted to pass a veritable river or the gulf of hunger that daily yawns before us. Therefore do we remember with gratitude Mr. Brown's foreman—a Bridge without a peer—and, though often crossed, as we have been to'd, we hope that, secure from the machinations of the arch enemy of mankind, his days of prosperity may be lengthened beyond the usual span. So crack'er up, everybody, and for once assist in making loafing profitable. DR. SHELDON'S POSITION.—The Bath Times says that, in a recent lecture in that city, on the character of Christ as the New Testament presents him, Rev. Dr. Sheldon was understood to declare his full, unqualified faith in the redemption and salvation of all souls, though he would not pretend to say what amount or degree of discipline would be required to prepare them for that state.

THE VOTE.—At our town meeting on Monday it was voted unanimously to exempt from taxation for ten years, under the provisions of a law of the last legislature, any amount or property that may be invested in the manufacturing of cotton or woolen fabrics. Here is considerable liberality, and the unanimity of the vote shows the readiness of the people of this town to encourage manufacturing enterprises. Who will now move the waters?

BAND OF HOPE VISITOR.—Agreeably to the recommendation of Limerick Division S. of T., at Rockland, Mr. Z. Pope Vose, publisher of The Maine Spectator, proposes to publish a monthly paper entitled The Band of Hope Visitor, to be devoted to the interests of the Divisions of juvenile advocates of Temperance. The newspaper is to be the size of the Spectator and will be offered at 25 cts. a year. Mr. V. will no doubt make it an interesting and useful paper.

Accompanying the address of the Rockland Division we find a copy of the Band of Hope Pledge, which though well enough as far as it goes, we think is not so good as that of the Cadets of Temperance—a flourishing section of which we have here in Waterville. The former only calls for abstinence from the use of intoxicating beverages; but the latter prohibits profanity and the use of tobacco. We are sorry to learn that Mr. Vose feels obliged to discontinue the Spectator, for lack of support. It was a good paper and should have been sustained.

THE PORTLAND ADVERTISER styles the editor of the HALLOWELL GAZETTE 'an old Bach'. Where's the pistol, brother Rowell, with which you frightened that poor partridge down in Aroostook? Scour it up and call the fellow out. WAYERLY NOVELS.—Two more numbers of T. B. Peterson & Brother's cheap edition of Scott's Novels have come to hand—Waverly, and The Antiquary. These are furnished, it will be remembered, at the unparalleled low price of 25 cts. apiece, or \$5 for the whole set of twenty-six volumes—sent free of postage. Address T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE "TREBLE FORTE" STOP.—A new and admirable improvement has recently been effected in the Melodeons of Mason & Hamlin, of Boston, which consists in the "treble forte" stop, or a stop by means of which the treble part of the instrument may be increased in power, while the base remains subdued. The advantage of this stop is found in the performance of solo passages, where it is desirable that prominence should be given to the treble notes. The house of Mason & Hamlin has received since 1856, for best melodeons and harmoniums, no less than twenty gold and silver medals and diplomas, from various State Fairs and societies throughout the country. Messrs. M. & H. will send a descriptive catalogue of their Instruments to any address on application.

ST. ANDREWS RAILROAD HUNG UP.—The St. Croix Herald of the 11th says:—We are sorry to announce that the trains on the St. Andrews and Woodstock Railway have discontinued their trips, and operations upon the line have been suspended for the present. Efforts are being made with a view to enable the contractors to proceed with the works they have in progress, which we hope may be successful. The Calais Advertiser says: The non-fulfillment of contract on the part of this Railroad Company in England, is said to have caused the death of the St. Andrews Bank. It having cashed drafts on them to a large amount, and when they were sent to England for payment they came back protested.

FIRE IN CONCORD.—A fire broke out in Concord, N. H., on Sunday night last, by which the old South Congregational Church was destroyed, with other buildings and property to the value of over \$20,000. THE WEATHER is now just right—warm and genial, and adapted to make amends for the past.

THE FAME OF WASHINGTON IRVING IN SPAIN.

James Brooks, of the New York Express, writing from the Alhambra, says:—

'I write now under the shadow of the walls of the Alhambra. I mount but a few steps, and the glories of the Vega, made almost American by the spirit of the pen of our countryman, Irving, are before me. Washington Irving, quoting quaintly Spanish Priest a story, has peopled almost every hill and valley here, and hereabout in all Granada, from Malaga to Cordova even, and hence is to Andalusian and Granadian scenery what Walter Scott and his poems and romances are to Highland life and story. The Spaniards are as proud of him as we are. They show the room in the Alhambra where he stayed and studied, the balcony out of which he looked upon the city, the walks he took, &c., while they add on, as usual, many romances. Washington Irving thus has become the hand-book, the guide-book of old Moorish Granada.'

TRADE SALES.—Three important Trade sales, says the Boston Traveller, will be held in Boston within a few weeks. The first is for the sale of Domestic Manufactures, which commences the second week in July, and promises to be an extensive sale of the most important character. All the large manufacturers of textile fabrics will offer goods for sale, and as a mere exhibition of these, it will possess very great attractions. The charges of this sale will be low, and large invoices of staple goods have already been accepted by the Committee.

A Great Book Trade sale will be held in the first week of August, commencing Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. This promises to be one of the largest sales of the kind ever held in the United States. Many of the largest houses in the country are preparing to make contributions to the stock. It will close with a sale of paper and stationery in the succeeding week. On the third week in August the mechanics commence a trade sale, which promises even greater attractions than those which are to precede it. Large quantities of furniture, pianofortes, cut glass, sewing machines, safes, and useful iron works, and an immense number of other articles will be offered at this last sale, which will be held at the Music Hall.

EFFECTS OF THE LATE FROST.—Sufficient time has now elapsed to enable observers to form a tolerably correct opinion as to the extent of damage occasioned by the severe frost of Saturday and Sunday week; and from a careful examination of the numerous accounts furnished by the newspapers, covering the whole ground from Western New York to St. Louis, we come to the conclusion that the representations first received by telegraph were generally much exaggerated. These dispatches having been forwarded before it was possible to make particular inquiries, a tendency to exaggerate was natural, and almost unavoidable. The entire belt of country extending from the Northeast States to the extreme Northwest seems to have been more or less affected, though very unequally, even at places but little distant from each other. In isolated spots most kinds of vegetation were killed outright; but as a general rule, the crops have not suffered beyond recovery. Corn and potatoes, when but little above the ground, will bear a severe frost without receiving any permanent injury; and even in those instances where they may have been cut off, the crop can be restored by a fresh planting. It is, therefore, reasonable to conclude that corn, at least, will suffer no essential decrease.

Wheat does not appear to have been much affected. And why should it, if it is hardy enough to bear the severe cold of winter without essential damage? Everybody knows that much of it is sown and springs up in autumn. The accounts first received from portions of New York respecting the wheat crop are now contradicted. Wheat promises as fair as ever. According to one authority, the weevil and grasshoppers have suffered most. An old farmer in the Genesee valley speaks of a late spring frost in 1816, by which the stalks of wheat were actually frozen; yet the yield was undiminished. Fruit in New York, as elsewhere, has probably suffered more than any other else, and much of it will be lost. On the whole, we think the alarm expressed by some of our cotemporaries as to the extent and severity of this visitation, is greatly in excess of the reality, and that there will be nothing like a general destruction even of agriculture. In spite of the frost, there is every indication of a larger general crop than this country ever before produced.

In Ohio, so far as can be judged, the cold was felt with the greatest severity; corn, fruit and vegetables having been cut off to a considerable extent. Yet we are pleased to observe that the latest accounts from that direction put the actual damage at a rather low figure. The Cleveland Plaindealer of Wednesday speaks of an extensive dealer in agricultural implements in that city, who has a large correspondence with the leading farmers, and whose letters make the loss much smaller than was originally reported; many letters make no mention of any frost at all. The Plaindealer says fruits have suffered considerably, but more than an average crop is expected. Grapes have suffered most.

In Michigan, the accounts are similar; but the Detroit Advertiser thinks that State has suffered as little as any at the Northwest. Of Illinois, the Louisville Journal says:—'There were heavy frosts in the vicinity of Springfield, Ill., Friday and Saturday nights, but the damage of crops is considered slight.' No damage was done in Missouri. In Wisconsin, fruit was much injured. The Madison Journal thinks corn and wheat were not sufficiently advanced to be seriously damaged. The intelligence from Lower Canada is unfavorable.

BURGLARY AT EXETER.—CAPTURE OF THE THIEF.—The store of Messrs. Cutler & Son at Exeter, in this county, was broken open a few nights since, and a general assortment of dry goods, hardware, &c., enough to stock a small concern—was carried away. The goods were subsequently found in the woods by Deputy Sheriff Barker; and the same officer arrested a man named Smith, in Levant, on charge of the robbery;—and he was examined and committed to jail in this city on Saturday, to await trial in August. He came from New Hampshire, and settled in Levant this spring. [Bangor Whig.] FIRE IN SALEM, MASS.—The most destructive fire that ever occurred in Salem took place on Wednesday morning of last week, by which some thirty buildings were burned. The fire originated in the stables of the Mansion House, in which were sixteen valuable horses, which were burnt, and also the hostler named Hatch, belonging in Wells, perished in the flames. The destruction of property is immense, being variously estimated at from \$75,000 to \$125,000.

