



11-1-1860

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 17): November 1, 1860

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 17): November 1, 1860" (1860). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 692.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/692

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Cathleen listened, almost congealed with horror, but she did not swoon; her turn, she thought, must come next, though in the same instant she felt, instinctively, that her only chance of preservation was to counterfeit sleep. The murderer, having done their work on the poor peddler, approached the bed, and threw the gleam of their lantern full on her face; she lay quite still, breathing calmly and regularly. They brought the light to her eyelids, but they did not wink or move—there was a pause, a terrible pause, and then a whispering—presently Cathleen thought she could distinguish a third voice, as of exultation, but all in so very low a tone that though the voices were close to her she could not hear a word that was uttered. After some moments, which appeared an age of agonizing suspense, the wretches withdrew, and Cathleen was left alone, in darkness. Then, indeed, she felt as one ready to die: to use her own affecting language, 'the heart within me,' said she, 'melted away like water, but I was resolute not to swoon, and I did not. I knew that if I would preserve my life, I must keep the sense in me, and I did.'

Now and then she fancied she heard the murdered man move, and creep about in his bed, and this horrible conceit almost maddened her with terror; but she set herself to listen steadily, and convinced her reason that all was still—that all was over.

She then turned her thoughts to the possibility of escape. The window first suggested itself, the faint moonlight was just struggling through its dirty and cobwebbed panes; it was very small, and Cathleen reflected, that besides the difficulty, and, perhaps, impossibility of getting through it, must be some height from the ground; neither could she tell on which side of the house it was situated, nor in what direction to turn, supposing she reached the ground, and, above all, she was aware that the slightest noise must cause her instant destruction. She thus resolved upon remaining quiet.

It was most fortunate that Cathleen came to this determination, for without the slightest precious sound the door again opened, and in the faint light, to which her eyes were now accustomed, she saw the head of the old woman bent forward in a listening attitude; in a few moments the door closed, and then followed a whispering outside. She could not at first distinguish a word until the woman's sharper tones broke out, though in suppressed vehemence, with 'If ye touch her life, Barney, a mother's curse go with ye! enough's done.'

'She'll live, then, to hang us all,' said the miserly son.

'Sooner than that, I'd draw this knife across her throat with my own hands; and I'd do it again and again, sooner than they should touch your life, Barney, jewel; but no fear, the creature's asleep or dead already, with the fright of it.'

The son then said something which Cathleen could not hear; the old woman replied: 'Hiss! I tell ye, no—no; the ship's now in the Cove of Cork that's to carry her over the salt sea far enough out of the way; and haven't ye all she has in the world? and more, didn't she take the bit out of her own mouth to put into mine?'

The son again spoke inaudibly; and then the voices ceased, leaving Cathleen uncertain as to her fate.

Shortly after the door opened, and the father and son again entered, and carried out the body of the wretched peddler. They seemed to have the art of treading without noise, for though Cathleen saw them move, she could not hear a sound of a foot-step. The old woman was all this time standing by her bed, and every now and then casting the light full upon her eyes; but as she remained quite still, and apparently in a deep calm sleep, they left her undisturbed, and she neither saw nor heard any more of them that night.

It ended at length—that long, long night of horror. Cathleen lay quiet till she thought the morning sufficiently advanced. She then rose and went down into the kitchen; and the old woman was lifting a pot off the fire, and nearly let it fall as Cathleen suddenly addressed her, and with an appearance of surprise and concern, asked for her friend the peddler, saying she had just looked into his bed, supposing he was still asleep, and to her great amazement had found it empty. The old woman replied, that he had set out at early daylight for Malloy, having only just remembered that his business called him that way before he went to Cork. Cathleen affected great wonder and perplexity, and reminded the woman that he had promised to pay for her breakfast.

'An' so he did, sure enough,' she replied, 'and paid for it too; and by the same token didn't I go down to Balgowna myself, for the milk and the mule before the sun was over the tree tops; and here it is for ye, macallen!' so saying she placed a bowl of strabob and some milk before Cathleen, and then sat down on the stool opposite to her, watching her intently.

Poor Cathleen! she had but little inclination to eat, and felt as if every bit would choke her; yet she continued to force down her breakfast, and apparently with the utmost ease and appetite, even to the last morsel set before her. While eating, she inquired about the husband and son, and the old woman replied, that they had started at the first burst of light to cut turf in a bog, about five miles distant.

When Cathleen had finished her breakfast, she returned the old woman many thanks for her kind treatment, and then desired to know the nearest way to Cork. The woman Hogan informed her that the distance was about seven miles, and though the usual road was by the highway from which they had turned the preceding evening, there was a much shorter way across some fields, which she pointed out—Cathleen listened attentively to her directions, and then bidding farewell with many demonstrations of gratitude, she proceeded on her fearful journey. The cool morning air, the cheerful glow of the early birds, the dewy freshness of the turf, were all unnoticed and unfeared; the sense of danger was paramount, while her faculties were all alive and awake to meet it, for a feverish and unnatural strength seemed to animate her limbs. She stepped on, shortly debating with herself whether to follow the directions given by the old woman. The highway appeared the safest; on the other hand, she was aware that the slightest betrayal of mistrust would perhaps be followed by her destruction; and thus, rendered brave even by the excess of her fear, she determined to take the cross path. Just as she had come to this resolution, she reached the gate which she had been directed to pass through; and without the slightest apparent hesitation, she turned in, and pursued the lonely way through the fields. Often did the fancy she heard footsteps stealthily following her, and never approached a hedge without expecting to see the murderers start up from behind it; yet she never once turned her head, nor quickened nor slackened her pace.

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, NOV. 1, 1860.

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She had proceeded in this manner about three quarters of a mile, and approached a thick and dark grove of underwood, when she beheld seated upon the opposite stile an old woman in a red cloak. The sight of a human being made her heart throb more quickly for a moment; but, on approaching nearer, with all her faculties sharpened by the sense of danger, she perceived it was no old woman, but the younger Hogan, the murderer of Halloran, who was thus disguised. His face was partly concealed by a blue handkerchief tied round his head and under his chin, but she knew him by the peculiar and hideous expression of his eyes; yet, with amazing and almost incredible self-possession, she continued to advance without manifesting the least alarm, or sign of recognition; and walking up to the pretended old woman, said in a clear voice, 'The blessing of the morning on ye, good mother! a fine day for travellers like you and me!'

'A fine day,' he replied, coughing and mumbling in a feigned voice, 'but ye see, hugh, ugh! ye see I've walked this mornin' from the Cove of Cork, jewel, and troth I'm almost spent, and I've a bad cold, and a cough on me, as ye may hear,' and he coughed vehemently. Cathleen made a motion to pass the stile, but the disguised old woman stretching out a great bony hand, seized her gown. Still Cathleen did not quail. 'Musha, then, have ye nothing to give a poor old woman?' said the monster, in a whining, sniffling tone. 'Nothing have I in this wide world,' said Cathleen, quietly disengaging her gown, but without moving. 'Sure it's only yesterday I was robbed of all I had but the little clothes on my back, and if I hadn't met with charity from others I'd have starved by the wayside by this time.'

'Och! and is there no place hereby where they would give a potato and a cup of cowlid water to a poor old woman ready to drop on her road?'

Cathleen instantly pointed forward to the house she had just left, and recommended her to apply there. 'Sure they're good honest people, though poor enough, God help them,' she continued, 'and I wish ye mother, no worse luck than myself had, and that's a good friend to treat ye to a supper, aye, and a breakfast too; there it is, ye may just see the light smoke rising like a thread over the hill, just forrent ye; and so God speed ye!'

Cathleen turned to descend the stile as she spoke, expecting to be again seized with a strong and murderous grasp; but her enemy, secure in his disguise, and never doubting her perfect unconsciousness, suffered her to pass unmolested.

Another half mile brought her to the top of a rising ground, within sight of the highroad; she could see crowds of people on horseback and on foot, with cars and carriages passing along in one direction; for it was, though Cathleen did not then know it, the first day of the Cork Assizes. As she gazed, she wished for the wings of a bird that she might in a moment flee over the space which intervened between her and safety; for though she could clearly see the highroad from the hill on which she stood, a valley of broken ground at its foot, and two wide fields, still separated her from it; but with the same unalloyed spirit, and at the same steady pace, she proceeded onwards; and now she had reached the middle of the last field, and a thrill of new-born hope was beginning to flutter at her heart, when suddenly two men burst through the fence at the further side of the field, and advanced towards her. One of these she thought at the first glance resembled her husband, but that it was her husband himself was an idea which never entered her mind. Her imagination was possessed with the one supreme idea of danger and death by murderous hands; she doubted not that these were the two Hogans in some new disguise, and silently recommending herself to God, she stole her heart to meet this fresh trial of her fortitude; aware, that, however it might end, it must be the last. At this moment one of the men throwing up his arms, ran forward, shouting her name, in a voice—a dear and well-known voice, in which she could not be deceived—it was her husband!

The poor woman, who had hitherto supported her spirits and her self-possession, stood as if rooted to the ground, weak, motionless, and gasping for breath. A cold dew burst from every pore; her ears tingled, her heart fluttered as though it would burst from her bosom. When she attempted to call out, and raise her hand in token of recognition, the sounds died away, rattling in her throat; her arm dropped powerless at her side; and when her husband came up, and she made a last effort to spring towards him, she sank down at his feet in strong convulsions.

Reilly, much shocked at what he supposed the effect of sudden surprise, knelt down and chafed his wife's temples; his comrade ran to a neighboring spring for water, which they sprinkled plentifully over her; when, however, she returned to life, her intellects appeared to have fled forever, and she uttered such wild shrieks and exclamations, and talked so incoherently, that the men became exceedingly terrified, and poor Reilly himself, almost as distracted as his wife. After vainly attempting to soothe and recover her, they at length forcibly carried her down to an inn at Balgowna, a hamlet about a mile further on, where she remained for several hours in a state of delirium, one fit succeeding another with little intermission.

Towards evening she became more composed, and was able to give some account of the horrible events of the preceding night. It happened, unfortunately, that a gentleman of fortune in the neighborhood, and a magistrate, was riding by late that evening on his return from the assizes of Cork, and stopped at the inn to refresh his horse. Hearing that something unusual and frightful had occurred, he alighted, and examined the woman himself, in the presence of one or two persons. Her tale appeared to him so strange and wild from the manner in which she told it, and her account of her own courage and suffering so exceedingly incredible, that he was at first inclined to disbelieve the whole, and suspected the poor woman either of imposture or insanity. He did not, however, think proper totally to neglect her testimony, but immediately sent off information of the murder to Cork. Constables with a warrant were dispatched the same night to the house of the Hogans, which they found empty, and the inmates already fled; but after a long search, the body of the wretched Halloran, and part of his property, were found concealed in a stack of old chimneys

among the ruins; and this proof of guilt was decisive. The country was instantly up; the most active search after the murderers was made by the police, assisted by all the neighboring peasantry; and before twelve o'clock the following night, the three Hogans, father, mother and son, had been apprehended in different places of concealment, and placed in safe custody. Meantime the coroner's inquest having sat on the body, brought in a verdict of wilful murder.

As the judges were then at Cork, the trial came on immediately; and from its extraordinary circumstances, excited the most intense and general interest. Among the property of poor Halloran discovered in the house, were a pair of shoes and a cap which Cathleen at once identified as belonging to herself, and Reilly's silver watch was found on the younger Hogan. When questioned how they came into his possession, he sullenly refused to answer. His mother eagerly, and as if to shield her son, confessed that she was the person who had robbed Cathleen in the former part of the day; that she had gone out on the Carrick road to beg, having been left by her husband and son for two days without the means of support, and finding Cathleen asleep, she had taken away the bundle, supposing it to contain food; and did not recognize her as the same person she had robbed, till Cathleen offered her part of her supper.

The surgeon, who had been called to examine the body of Halloran, deposed to the cause of his death; that the old man had been first stunned by a heavy blow on the temple, and then strangled. Other witnesses deposed to the finding of the body; the previous character of the Hogans, and the circumstances attending their apprehension; but the principal witness was Cathleen. She appeared, leaning on her husband, her face was ashy pale, and limbs too weak for support; yet she, however, was perfectly collected, and gave her testimony with that precision, simplicity and modesty, peculiar to her character. When she had occasion to allude to her own feelings, it was with such natural and heart-felt eloquence that the whole court was affected; and when she described her rencontre at the stile there was a general pressure and a breathless suspense; and then a loud murmur of astonishment and admiration fully participated by even the bench of magistrates. The evidence was clear and conclusive; and the jury, without retiring, gave their verdict—guilty—Death.

When the miserable wretches were asked, in the usual forms, if they had anything to say why the awful sentence should not be passed upon them, the old man replied by a look of idiotic vacancy, and was mute—the younger Hogan answered sullenly, 'Nothing'; the old woman, starting wildly on her son, tried to speak; her lips moved, but without a sound—and she fell forward on the bar in strong fits.

At this moment Cathleen rushed from the arms of her husband, and throwing herself on her knees, with clasped hands, and cheeks streaming with tears, begged for mercy for the old woman. 'Mercy, my lord judge!' she exclaimed. 'Gentlemen, your honors have mercy on her. She had mercy on me! She only did her bidding. As for the bundle and all in it, I give it to her with all my soul, so it's no robbery. The grip of hunger's hard to bear; and if she hadn't taken it then, where would I have been now? Sure they would have killed me for the sake of the watch, and I would have been a corpse before your honors this moment. O, mercy! mercy for her! or never will I sleep again on this side of the grave!'

The judge, though much affected, was obliged to have her forcibly carried from the court, and justice took its awful course. Sentence of death was pronounced on all the prisoners; but the woman was reprieved and afterwards transported. The two men were executed within forty-eight hours after their conviction, on the Gallows Green. They made no public confession of their guilt, and met their fate with sullen indifference. The awful ceremony was for a moment interrupted by an incident which afterwards furnished ample matter for wonder and speculation among the superstitious populace. It was well known that the younger Hogan had been long employed on the estate of a nobleman in the neighborhood; but having been concerned in the abduction of a young female, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, which for the want of legal evidence could not be brought home to him, he was dismissed; and, finding himself an object of general execration, he had since been skulking about the country, associating with house-breakers and other lawless and abandoned characters. At the moment the hangman was adjusting the rope round his neck, a shrill voice screamed from the midst of the crowd, 'Barney Hogan! do ye mind Grace Power, and the last words ever she spoke to ye?—there was a general movement and confusion; no one could or would tell whence the voice proceeded. The wretched man was seen to change countenance for the first time, and raising himself on tiptoe, gazed wildly round upon the multitude; but he said nothing; and in a few minutes he was no more.

The reader may wish to know what has become of Cathleen, our heroine, in the true sense of the word. Her story, her sufferings, her extraordinary fortitude, and pure simplicity of character, made her an object of general curiosity and interest; a subscription was raised for her, which soon amounted to a liberal sum; they were enabled to procure Reilly's discharge from the army, and with a part of the money Cathleen who, among her other perfections, was exceedingly pious after the fashion of her creed and country, founded yearly masses for the soul of the poor peddler; and vowed herself to make a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to St. Gobnate's well. Mr. L., the magistrate who had first examined her in the little inn at Balgowna, made her a munificent present; and anxious, perhaps, to offer yet further aidance for his former doubts of her veracity, he invited Reilly, on very advantageous terms, to settle on his estate, where he rented a neat cabin, and a handsome plot of potato-ground. There Reilly and his Cathleen were living ten years ago, with an increasing family, and in the enjoyment of much humble happiness; and there, for aught I know to the contrary, they may be living to this day.

FASHION AND FOLLY.—If there is any one fashion more absurd or cruel than another, it is that of making little girls' dresses and skirts to be worn entirely off from the shoulder. One cannot meet a child, whose mother is more fashionable than wife, without feeling distressed

for the efforts of the little one to use its arms, and constant shuffling of the shoulders to give one or the other a little liberty.

This fashion undoubtedly does much to cause the almost universal deformity of shoulders observable in women.

Mothers, do you hear this? And is there no other evil attendant on this loose mode of dressing? save ill-health and personal deformity? Take from a lovely girl, modesty, virtuous purity, a sense of female delicacy, and what remains?

'Whatever dims thy sense of truth,
Or stains thy purity,
Thou'lt slight as breath of summer air,
Count it as sin to thee.'

CENSUS OF KENNEBEC COUNTY.—The following schedule of the population of the several towns of Kennebec County is obtained from the returns in the office of the Clerk of the Courts. It will be seen that since the census of 1850, the population of the county has decreased 1752. This loss has fallen chiefly upon the business and manufacturing places, while the exclusively agricultural towns have either for the most part held their own or made a slight gain in population during the past ten years. The apparent loss of population in this city is just about offset by the portion of Manchester taken from her since 1850; and a good part of that of Gardiner and Hallowell by the creation of Farmingdale out of the territory of those two cities. California and the West have largely drawn from us the natural increase which ought to have swelled the returns of 1860, at least 20 per cent. The next ten years we think will exhibit a balance in our favor.

Albion	1660	1850
Augusta	1555	1604
Pittston	7641	8154
Calais	2652	2823
Chelsea	1033	1096
Hallowell	2470	3201
Manchester	855	825
China	2735	2769
Farmingdale	908	
West Gardiner	1306	1260
Vassalboro'	3203	3099
Waterville	4420	3965
Gardiner	4602	5226
Winthrop	2338	2098
Wayne	1194	1367
Windor	1590	1798
Litchfield	1717	2044
Readfield	1549	1817
Mt. Vernon	1470	1479
Fayette	918	1085
Vienna	880	851
Belgrade	1648	1722
Rome	896	830
Sidney	1804	1955
Winslow	1754	1796
Monmouth	1860	1925
Benton	1217	1189
Clinton	1815	1743
Gore	228	195
Unity Plantation	56	195

CORB STONE POLITICS.—On 'Change two or three days since, one of our noisy Bellevettes was blowing lustily for his candidates, and designating certain States which in his estimation were sure to go for them.

'Hold on there,' interrupted a republican, 'you are claiming some of our Lincoln States for your candidates.'

'Your Lincoln States! Lincoln won't get half a dozen states altogether,' returned the Bellevetter.

'Look here,' resumed the republican; 'I will bet you a hundred dollars that I can name fifteen states that he will get; and then I will bet you five hundred dollars more that I can name five additional states that will go for Lincoln.'

'I'll take those bets,' said Bellevetter promptly; 'now name your states.'

'It will be time enough to do that when the money is up,' answered the republican. The money was up. The republican then named the fifteen slave states as those upon which he proposed to risk the hundred dollars, and Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont and Wisconsin as the five additional states upon which he proposed to risk the five hundred. Bellevetter opened his eyes, gave a long whistle and then walked away looking about as miserable as a bear before breakfast; and when his wife asked him at dinner that day how he thought Pennsylvania would go, he told her, snappishly, that he was disgusted with politics, and would thank her not to introduce the subject at the dinner table again.

RAPID CONVERSIONS.—The Washington Star gives an amusing description of the scene at the Republican club rooms in Washington on the reception of the election news. It says:—

Republicanism has apparently been getting amazingly popular as the prospects of Lincoln's election have brightened, and we hear that the accessions to the Republican ranks have been so overwhelming lately that the 'original Jacobins' have insisted that the books should be closed, lest their claims should be lost sight of altogether in the mob of these eleventh hour laborers. It was amusing to hear the ejaculations of surprise as different parties met in the room—'Who would have thought of seeing you here?' 'Hello! I thought I saw you behind that bell at Rockville?' 'When did you leave the Breckinridge crowd?' 'I thought you was for Douglas?' 'Thunder! you are a Republican? Times have changed since you was in the mob that was going to tear down the Era office'—and so on.

INFORMATION FOR 'JOELY FELLOWS.'—There is a tradition that Brandy was at one time manufactured from the vine; but the grapes of France having of late years followed the example of the potato, and taken to moulding and rotting, many of the French brandy makers have adopted bituminous coal as a substitute. They distill a potent spirit from this substance which is thus made available for the production of two kinds of fire—one for the comfort of man, and the other for the destruction of his health, his resources, and his soul. Large quantities of alcohol distilled from coal, and 'doctored' with certain chemicals to give it the 'Cognac flavor,' are now exported from France to England. Coal brandy is the latest adaptation of the good gifts of Providence to the purposes of poison-mongers that has come to our knowledge. Coal tar has long been used for the flavoring of whiskey, but a coal gas is a specimen of chemistry which might well make the 'best fellows' shudder.

[Casell's Family Newspaper.]

MY LITTLE NAMESAKE.

BY MRS. EMILY D. JUDSON.

Did you know my little namesake?
She was six glad summer old
When she wrapped her white robes round her,
And lay down amid the mould,
Nestled a coverlet of moss,
All sprinkled o'er with dew,
And a warm, rich, harvest sunlight
The old trees gushing through.

Now the April violets open
Their blue eyes by her head,
And the gray old guardian elm trees
Bend kindly toward her bed;
And a mark of crushing footsteps
Breaks the gold and ruby moss,
Where a sad-eyed mourning mother
Bows daily 'neath her cross.

Oft dream I of my namesake,
How before the Throne she stands,
With her saintly eyes uplifted,
And her small, white folded hands;
And dreaming thus I wonder
(I thought to me 'twere all the same)
If that beautiful child angel
Still answered to my name.

Idle Hands.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Thornton came home at his usual mid-day hour, and as he went by the parlor door, he saw his daughter, a young lady of nineteen, lounging on the sofa with a book in her hands. The whirr of his wife's sewing machine struck on his ears at the same moment. Without pausing at the parlor, he kept on to the room from which came the sound of industry.

Mrs. Thornton did not observe the entrance of her husband. She was bending close down over her work, and the noise of her machine was louder than his footsteps on the floor. Mr. Thornton stood looking at her for some minutes without speaking.

'Oh, dear!' exclaimed the tired woman, letting her foot rest on the treadle, and straightening herself up, 'this pain in my side is almost beyond endurance.'

'Then why do you sit, killing yourself, there?' said Mr. Thornton.

'Mr. Thornton's aspect was unusually sober.

'What's the matter? Why do you look so serious?' asked his wife.

'Because I feel serious,' he answered.

'Has anything gone wrong?' Mrs. Thornton's countenance grew slightly troubled.

'Things had gone wrong in her husband's business more than once, and she had learned to dread the occurrence of disaster.

'Things are wrong all the time,' was replied, in some impatience of manner.

'In your business?' Mrs. Thornton spoke a little faintly.

'No; nothing specially out of the way there; but it's all wrong at home.'

'I don't understand you, Harvey. What is wrong at home, pray?'

'Wrong for you to sit, in pain and exhaustion, over that sewing machine, while an idle daughter lounges over a novel in the parlor. That's what I wished to say.'

'It isn't Effie's fault. She often asks to help me. But I can't see the child put down to household drudgery. Her time will come soon enough. Let her have a little ease and comfort while she may.'

'If we said that of our sons,' replied Mr. Thornton, 'and acted on the word, what efficient men they would make for the world's work! How admirably furnished they would be for life's trials and duties!'

'You are wrong in this thing—all wrong, continued the husband. 'And as to ease and comfort as you say, if Effie is a right minded girl, she will have more enjoyment in the consciousness that she is lightening her mother's burdens, than it is possible to obtain from the finest novel ever written. Excitement of the imagination is no substitute for that deep peace of mind that ever accompanies and succeeds the right discharge of daily duties. It is a poor compliment to Effie's moral sense to suppose that she can be content to sit with idle hands, or to employ them in light frivolities, while her mother is worn down with toil beyond her strength. Hester, it must not be!'

'And it shall not be!' said a quick, firm voice.

Mr. Thornton and his wife started, and turned to the speaker, who had entered the room unobserved, and been a listener to nearly all the conversation we have recorded.

'It shall not be, father!' And Effie came and stood by Mr. Thornton. Her face was crimson; her eyes flooded with tears, through which light was flashing; her form drawn up erectly; her manner resolute.

'It isn't all my fault, she said, as she laid her hand on her father's arm. 'I've asked mother, a great many times, to let me help her, but she always put me off, and says it's easier to do a thing herself than to show another. Maybe I am a little dull. But every one has to learn you know. Mother didn't get her hand in fairly with that sewing for two or three weeks, and I'm certain it wouldn't take me any longer. If she'd only teach me how to use it, I could help her a great deal. And indeed, father, I'm willing!'

'Spoken in the right spirit, my daughter,' said Mr. Thornton, approvingly. 'Girls should be usefully employed as well as boys, and in the very things most likely to be required of them when they become women in the responsible positions of wives and mothers. Depend upon it, Effie, an idle girlhood is not the way to a cheerful womanhood. Learn and do, now, the very things that will be required of you in after years, and then you will have an acquired facility. Habit and skill will make easy what might come hard, and be felt as very burdensome.'

'And you would have her abandon all self-improvement,' said Mrs. Thornton. 'Give up music, reading, society—'

'There are,' replied Mr. Thornton, as his wife paused for another word, 'some fifteen or sixteen hours of each day, in which mind, or hands should be rightly employed. Now, let us see how Effie is spending these long and ever-recurring periods of time. Come, my daughter, sit down. We have this subject fairly before us. It is one of a life-long importance to you, and should be well considered. How is it in regard to the employment of your time. Take yesterday, for instance. The records of a day will help us to go towards the result after which we are searching.'

Effie sat down, and Mr. Thornton drew a chair in front of his wife and daughter.

'Take yesterday, for instance,' said the father. 'How was it spent. You rose at seven, I think?'

'Yes, sir; I came down just as the breakfast bell was rung,' replied Effie.

'And your mother was up at half-past five,

I know, and complained of feeling so weak that she could hardly dress herself. But for all this she was at work until breakfast time. Now, if you had risen at six, and shared your mother's work until seven, you would have taken an hour from her day's burdens, and certainly lost nothing from your music, self-improvement or social intercourse. How was it after breakfast? How was the morning spent?'

'I practiced on the piano an hour after breakfast.

'So far so good. What then?'

'I read "The Cavalier" until eleven o'clock.

'Mr. Thornton shook his head, and asked, 'After eleven, how was the time spent?'

'I dressed myself and went out.'

'At what time did you go out?'

'A little after twelve o'clock.'

'An hour was spent in dressing.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Where did you go?'

'I called for Helen Boyd; and we took a walk down Broadway.'

'And came home just in time for dinner? I think I met you at the door.'

'Yes, sir.'

'How was it after dinner?'

'I slept from three until five, and then took a bath and dressed myself. From six until ten time. I sat by the parlor window.'

'And after tea?'

'Read the Cavalier until I went to bed.'

'At what hour?'

'Eleven o'clock.'

'Now we can make up the account,' said Mr. Thornton. 'You rose at seven and retired at eleven. Sixteen hours. And from your own account of the day, but a single hour was spent in anything useful—that was the hour at your piano. Now, your mother was up at half-past five, and went to bed, from sheer inability to sit at her work any longer, at half past nine. Sixteen hours for her also. How much reading did you do in that time?'

'And Mr. Thornton looked at his wife.

'Reading! Don't talk to me of reading. I've no time to read!'

Mrs. Thornton answered a little impatiently.

'The contrast of her daughter's idle hours with her own life of exhausting toil, did not affect her mind very pleasantly.

'And yet,' said Mr. Thornton, 'you were always fond of reading, and I can remember when no day went by without an hour or two passed with

always proved to be correct, and that he is totally incapable of imparting the secret of his power to another person. This power applies to other matters than chess. Being asked how many letters were in the name of George Washington, without a moment's hesitation or calculation, the correct answer, 'Sixteen,' was given. In reply to a question, Mr. Morris said that he saw the combination by a kind of local reflection.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.
WATERVILLE, NOV. 1, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 110 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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

DAY AFTER THE FAIR.—The Prince of Wales is gone—but the folly that marked his visit is not all gone with him. Many of the papers are yet busy in detailing flat and silly incidents—the feathers and foppes, diamonds and damasks, of Miss and Mrs. this and that—the presents of the Prince, and the flatteries of the flunkies—the why and wherefore of who danced and who didn't—and all the untold nonsense that was overlooked while everybody was looking at a live Prince! Boston says New York is completely eclipsed in this grand climax of "splurge," and that decency and good manners are only known in the City of Notions. N. York says Boston is an old-fogy, and don't know the a-b-c of 240 in entertaining foreign Princes. Boston charges her own officials with abuse and neglect of each other; and asserts that those of her big-bugs who went with the royal party to Portland were shockingly neglected by the good folks of that city. This touches the dignity of the said big-bugs, and they retort that they had all the attention they expected and more than they looked for. So it goes!—and this is the flunkeyism of the press. When they learn that a man is a man, as has been taught them since the battle of Bunker Hill, and that foreign titles are no bigger than native ones of the same size, they will cease to play the fool as they have during the journey of this young John Bull through our territory. That a people whose great head is an old bachelor should make such a flurry over one of the brats of a foreign queen, is enough to convict them of reason:—and while the press are busy in convicting themselves of lunacy, they ought to make an onslaught upon the dry bones of Jefferson for asserting the equality of all men.

It did seem proper that the heir apparent to the British throne should meet some marked attention in travelling through our country, and the arrangements of the authorities in cities and towns have generally been dignified and consistent; but the silly course of the press and the people has rendered the whole matter disgusting. It is more than probable that if the young man had been accompanied by one of his blooming sisters, a great portion of Fifth Avenue and Beacon Street would have followed them home, to peep about the gates and under the windows of Windsor palace. With all our boasted equality, no people on earth equal the Yankees in their readiness to drop upon their knees at the sight of royalty. The timbre sprig of nobility is stouter in their eyes than the noblest sample of republican manhood; and those who count it but common courtesy to be received as an equal at the fireside of the president, make it the crowning glory of their lives that this boy prince, smiled upon their mother or danced with their sister. When the son of president Van Buren—our own 'Prince John'—went to England, the current of courtesy all ran the other way, and the press of our country heralded as a national glory his admission, on any terms, to the society of English nobility. American snobdom has not recovered from the shock to this day. So, when one of our distinguished foreign ambassadors made a call of courtesy upon Eugenia of France, the press boasting told us that on taking his leave the empress graciously said she should 'be happy to see him again!' Thus at home or abroad, visiting or receiving visits, snobdom pockets the honors both ways and in both hands; and in the recent princely visit they have gathered a harvest of honors to quarrel over for years. Boston will never forgive N. York for having the greatest jam at their ball, nor N. York ever cease to hiss at Boston for the more puritanical decorum with which she submitted to her unbounded honors. The former exhibited the most borrowed diamonds, while the latter paraded the broader ermine. Neither party will confess, and the quarrel goes down to future generations.

Hon. Freeman H. Morse, our able and popular representative at Washington, addressed the people of our village at the Town Hall, on Friday evening last. His talk was political, of course; but the topics selected were not those already worn threadbare. Instead of a re-hash of that of which the people have had a surfeit, he treated his hearers to a sound, sensible and eminently practical discourse—without fusion or claptrap—principally devoted to the commercial interests involved in the present political campaign. There was little of spread eagle oratory for the audience to clap at, but there was much for them to carry home to think of, and we feel confident that every one left the house with increased respect for the speaker.

TO-DAY.—The Temperance Convention, composed of delegates from the several Divisions in Somerset and Kennebec Counties, is in session at Town Hall.

OUR TABLE.

LIFE AND RELIGION OF THE HINDOOS. With a Sketch of my Life and Experience. By J. J. Chunder Gangaooly (Baptized Philip). Boston: Crosby Nichols, Lee & Co.

The author of this work, a converted Hindoo, as most people are aware, came to this country a little more than two years ago, under the auspices of the Unitarian Association, to prepare himself for missionary labor in his native country. At the solicitation of his friends he wrote this little volume—two distinct works in fact—on his departure left it for publication. With his face turned towards his native land, Mr. Gangaooly has since visited England, where he was well received, and is now we believe, on the continent for a short time.

The first division of this work—the Life and Religion of the Hindoos, by one born a Brahmin and reared to early manhood among the people of whom he writes—is of course very interesting, and possesses a value beyond any previous work of the kind, inasmuch as it gives us many new facts in relation to the manners and customs of this wonderful people—their religious belief, their social and domestic life, and the many great errors into which the Christian world had fallen. The other portion of the work, however—a fresh page in the history of the human mind—was of still greater interest, and will have a wonderful charm for all classes of readers. This is that part which is devoted to the life and religious experience of the writer, who renounced his native land and his native religion, and became a Christian, and then a Unitarian. Reading the New Testament, without teacher, guide or commentary, it is interesting to note what he—his peculiar temperament and previous education—found there.

Some of his observations in our own land are quite amusing, and show that with the harmlessness of the dove he has some of the wisdom of the serpent—and this he seems to inherit from his parents, both excellent people, of great purity of life and acute and vigorous intellect. To the ignorant priest, who had been called to read him from the sacred books of the Hindoos during his last sickness, his father said, 'Friend, to sell needles to a blacksmith is not an easy matter; what you have read to me has been particularly useful for a case different from mine.' And among the wise sayings of his mother is this:—'Our talking of the imperfections and immoralities of others is just as ridiculous as the censure of the slave, which cried out, 'Brother needle, why there is a hole in your body.'

When this benighted heathen first went ashore in East Boston, he was struck with the veridicality of a young couple who went down to the shore to see whether the water tasted salt or fresh. 'I know then,' he says, 'that even in heaven there are moles. Any body who has ever read of or seen the sea and its ways, knows, I am sure, that the water therein is salt.' Of his first walk in Boston, he says: 'As I passed through the streets I was struck with the neatness of all around me, except the dirty tobacco chewers and cigar smokers. Although there are thousands of foreign or Western women in Calcutta, I never saw so near to them as to have any idea of their dress. The dress of the females struck me, and I guessed that there must be some framework within, as it could not be that a woman would have such large limbs. I feared to walk too close to a woman, lest by coming in contact I should break her framework. But they walked so fast by me, that I felt thankful that their frameworks did not tear my coat.'

He had been taught to read English at home, and on board the vessel which brought him to our shores he found some newspapers, and among them the New York Ledger, of which he says: 'This last paper did not give a good idea of American people. Its stories I found to be fictitious love affairs, sentimental. I felt surprised to think that such stories were put into the hands of the boys and girls—these will certainly corrupt them and create romantic, short-lived affections in their hearts.' The Hindoo parents do not read nor tell the stories of love affairs to their children, because the influence of such things is very bad upon the young. They fill their hearts with strange passions, which do not belong to them. Hence, in this country I hear so much of elopement, coquetry, strange unions between a boy of eighteen or twenty and a woman of fifty!'

The book is for sale at the bookstore of C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—The contents of the 86th number of this cheap musical monthly are as follows:—
The Cavalier. Popular Song. Charles W. Glover.
Chant Bohemian. With Variations. Chas. Vass.
Aunt Robin Gray. Scotch Ballad.
Swampoodle. Polka Mazurka. C. Schubert.
Our Musical Friend is published in monthly numbers of 12 large pages each, by C. B. Seymour & Co., 458 Broadway New York, at \$1.50 a year, or 15 cents for single numbers.

A BLUNDER—WORSER THAN A CRIME.

With all our faith in the value of a properly constructed fish way at Augusta, and with a full realization of its importance to the country above, we hardly expected a practical demonstration in our favor before another season—more especially as we suppose there is not a drop of water running over the new structure at present. It is a fact, however, that a salmon passed the dam—whether by a hop, skip and jump over the dry rocky steps, or by climbing up some other way, we leave for the consideration of the curious—and came up the river on a prospecting tour. But like many another bold pioneer, he flung himself in advance of his fellows only to sacrifice himself in the cause of progress; and the verdict of the cold, selfish, cowardly laggards will no doubt be—'a good enough for him, he went too fast and too far.' Dropping into a flume at Benton, he was drawn into the wheel pit of a mill, and there taken, and by cruel hands knocked on the head and killed. Killed, did we say? not only killed, but afterwards eaten. Yes—with sorrow and indignation we make the record—this adventurous messenger, who had come so far to visit the haunts of his ancestors—pleasant memories of which no doubt yet live in tradition among the fish of to-day—and whose favorable report would have brought so rich a return; this one, which in a few short months would have been ten thousand, was wickedly and foolishly killed and eaten. Alas! alas! a repetition of the old folly of sacrificing the golden future for the beggarly present—Bass selling his birthright for a pittance of pottage, Hungry Greed killing the golden egg. Ob, that this wail could have fallen into the hands of the gentle hearted and sagacious Crosby, instead; ten pounds of salmon would have slipped away for the present, it is true, but even now the realms of the mighty deep would have been as bright with the glad tidings of the returned pioneer, and a mighty company, such as no man could number, would have followed in his wake—when next the Frost King relaxed his icy hold upon our streams—bringing joy and plenty alike to rich and poor.

ROBBERY. Mr. Enoch Fuller, of Winslow, informs us that on Thursday evening last some person entered his house, through the woodshed, passing through an entry to his bedroom, and took his pants from the chair on which they were left, passing through the kitchen into the sitting room, they took from the pockets a wallet containing fifteen dollars and a purse with some change, and

left the pants on the floor. The robber also took a silver watch that hung in the kitchen. The wallet was found next day near the shed, its contents gone.

Massachusetts Correspondence.

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 29th, 1860.

The subject of politics is still the all engrossing subject. All the nominations for Massachusetts are made. In every district except the 18th (the Worcester District) the Republicans have nominated the present incumbents. In two or three of these efforts were made to oust the present members; not from any dissatisfaction with their course in congress, but because they maintained the suicidal policy of rotation in office. This effort was near being successful in the 17th District (Mr. Train's). The friends of ex Gov. Boutwell were numerous and showed their strength in the various caucuses—in Lowell especially. After a conflict, which at one time threatened to split the party, Mr. Train was renominated, and all acquiesced in the nomination.

The Douglas Democrats have made nominations in all the districts, to give to elderly different men the honor of being gloriously beaten. The Breckinridge-democrats have collected their little squads of terrified officeholders, and in a quiet, family way, have designated their desire that such and such a one should consider himself the nominee for congress from such and such a district. The Bell-evre party have likewise posted notices of conventions, with the significant motto 'All up,' but their nominees

'Live in ideal worlds, and wander there alone.'

It is upon this district, however, that the eyes of the whole state are turned. Mr. Thayer, having forfeited the confidence of the Republicans, and violated the pledges given to them, has been thrown overboard, and G. F. Bailey nominated to succeed him. Mr. Thayer, thereupon announced himself as an independent candidate and has been since assiduously stamping the district, demanding his own re-election. Were the contest merely between Mr. Thayer with his handful of Republican followers and Mr. Bailey, Mr. Thayer would be overwhelmingly defeated. But the Bell-evre party have made no nominations in this district, and will to a man support him. The leaders, too, from the editors of the Courier down, both within and without the state, are doing all that money and influence can do to secure his election. Both wings of the Democratic party have made nominations in this district, but both the nominees will probably withdraw just before election. Indeed the only democratic paper in Worcester county openly supports Thayer. He has, therefore, in his support all the anti-republican element, besides a small portion of the Republicans, and his friends are already jubilant over his expected victory. But this a very strong Republican district. The fight wages fiercely. Many celebrated speakers from other parts of the state are engaged. Hon. Chas. Sumner and Hon. H. S. Dawes are to speak here two or three times during the present week. Mr. Thayer has challenged the former of these two gentlemen, to meet him in debate in this city on next Thursday. Mr. Sumner is far from endorsing the squatter vagaries and Utopian schemes of Mr. Thayer, and this the representative knows. Whether we shall have Gulliver's contest with the Liliputians, re-nacted in this district, remains to be seen.—The Republicans are determined at all events that Squatter Sovereignty shall not be the 'open Sesame,' which shall admit Mr. Thayer to the Hall of Congress. Next week will show the results of the most hotly contested election that Massachusetts has seen for ten years.

I had put into my hands a day or two since a new journal in the Physico-Literary world. It is 'Lewis' New Gymnastics—or Boston Journal of Physical Culture.' It is conducted by Dr. Dio Lewis. I also had the pleasure of witnessing his method of teaching and practicing gymnastics and calisthenics. It is new in many particulars. He employs no heavy apparatus, the largest piece in use weighing less, I should think, than two pounds. It is not open to the objection usually made to gymnastics, for one could hardly overdo so as to receive serious injury. It is especially adapted to seminaries for young ladies, and we are happy to learn that his system has met with such favor as to have been already adopted by many schools in all parts of the country. He has just opened a new Gymnasium on Essex St. head of Harrison Avenue. It is well worth visiting, especially at drill times.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY.

The Winter Term of this popular institution, it will be seen by referring to advertisement in this week's paper, will commence on the 27th inst. The session just closed we are told, has proved highly satisfactory, both to teachers and pupils—the lectures and debates, especially eliciting unusual interest.

In this connection it gives us pleasure to announce that it is proposed to conclude the present term with a public exhibition at the Town Hall, on Thursday evening next. The arrangements are not yet all perfected, but enough is concluded upon to enable us to confidently predict a pleasant entertainment for those who attend. An address is expected from Rev. Mr. Hawes; and there will be prize declamation by the young gentlemen connected with the Academy, and specimen reading by the young lady pupils. The Waterville Band will also be present, to give variety to the exercises and promote the enjoyment of the company. A trifling entrance fee will be charged, to help defray the expenses.

We learn by a Worcester paper, that the bust of Dr. Patterson—of which we made mention last week as recently executed by Frank Simmons—was provided for by a vote of the Alumni of Waterville College, at their Commencement meeting, and that it is to be placed in the Chapel.

MUTINY.—Editors are generally supposed to be a wide awake class, and well informed of what is transpiring about them; and yet we cannot help fearing that Brother Lincoln of the Bath Sentinel is getting a little sleepy.—How else can we account for his presumption in saying that he has heard Hon. Freeman H. Morse mentioned as a candidate for U. S. Senator? Is he not aware that this whole matter has been already arranged, as per programme furnished by those astute correspondents of the Boston Journal—Ben Hadad, and 'Sebasticock.' Go to, you pestilent fellow! The people have been directed to look in another direction for Mr. Hamlin's successor, and don't you attempt to thwart well contrived plans by any disturbing suggestions.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—The illustrated articles in the November number are—Captain John Smith, A Summer in New England, Conjugal Conversations, and Fashions for the month. This number, which is brimful of good things, concludes a volume, so that now is the time to commence and renew subscriptions. C. G. Carleton, at his bookstore, opposite the Post office, has this and all the popular magazines on his counter, being promptly supplied by Federhen & Co., wholesale periodical dealers, of Boston. Call and treat yourself to something that will do you good.

Onono, Oct. 29, 1860.

Messrs. Editors: Mr. Retire W. Freese, a worthy farmer of this place, died suddenly on the 22d inst., at the age of 75 years. He attended church in his usual health on Sunday, complaining however, of some pain about the heart. He walked some distance on Monday to one of his barns, and died in about an hour after his return, without a struggle. He was a good man, and all mourn his loss. He leaves a wife and ten children,—to whom may the God of all grace sanctify this dispensation of his providence. He remarked to his son-in-law, Benj. H. Stuart, at the close of service on Sunday, that he should not see him again on earth, and bade him good-bye; as Mr. S. was going to leave next day for the woods.—The prediction proved true. He was a kind husband and affectionate father.

Yours, I. S. BENNOCH.

FIRE ALARM.—On Saturday evening last, about 10 o'clock, the bridge of the S. & K. Railroad was discovered to be on fire. The engines answered promptly to the alarm, but the fire was extinguished with buckets, without much injury to the bridge. The fire was inside the bridge, in the side timbers, about one third of the length from Winslow side.—No train had passed for five hours, and the fire looks like the work of an incendiary.

A NEW PUMP.—'Davis's Patent Double Acting Force Pump' is a new invention, just introduced into this State, and seems to promise decided advantages over anything now in use for the same purposes. Simple in its construction and uniform in its action, it has a power capable of throwing a good stream a hundred feet. In a proper location, such as could be given it by farmers generally, as well as others, it would serve water for the house and barn, and do the work of a small engine in case of fire or for watering a garden. One of them was in operation in our street yesterday, and secured commendation from all who saw it. If some of our mechanics would secure the right for this vicinity it could hardly fail of extensive use. The agent will be here a day or two, and those who are inclined to invest to good advantage would do well to examine it. One of the pumps would be a good policy of insurance, and at good economy.

THANKSGIVING.—Governor Morrill has appointed Thursday, the 29th day of November, to be observed as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise. Hurry up those turkeys.

LECTURES.—Mrs. Middlebrook, (late Miss Henderson) the distinguished spiritual lecturer, gave a discourse on Tuesday evening, at Town Hall, to a very large audience. She is to lecture again this evening, Thursday, at the same place, at which time the audience will be requested to designate the subject of the discourse. After the lecture, questions will be proposed from the audience. Mrs. Middlebrook is one of the most eloquent and able women now engaged in lecturing on Spiritualism.

FOUND.—The body of Mr. Ronco, who was drowned at Ticonic Falls last week, was found on Sunday last, in a small eddy among the rocks, near the spot where he fell in.

GRAND DIVISION OF MAINE. This body held its quarterly session at Bangor during the present week. The following officers were chosen—

Rev. D. B. Randall, of Gardiner, G. W. P. T. M. Sabine, of Bangor, G. W. A. H. K. Morrill, of Gardiner, G. S. B. C. Lowe, of Waterville, G. T. J. I. Brown, of Pitton, G. Chap. C. E. Drake, of Portland, G. C. George Vincent, of Bangor, G. Sen.

The attendance was very large, and every thing indicated a flourishing condition of the order.

THE INFLUENCE OF A GOOD WOMAN.—I sometimes think that the influence of a good woman is greater than that of a good man; there are so many avenues to the heart left open to her gentle approach, which would be instantly barred up at the sound of rougher footsteps. One may tell anything to a good woman. In her presence pride sleeps or is disarmed. The old child feeling comes back upon the world weary man, and he knows not why he has reposed the unthought confidence which has so lightened his heart; why he goes forth ashamed that one so feeble is so much mightier; why he could fly from the foe for whose approach she so courageously tarries; why he thinks of the dagger, or pistol, or poisoned cup, while she, accepting the fiercest blast of misfortune, meekly bows her head till the whirlwind be overpast—believing, hoping, knowing, that heaven's bright smile of sunshine will break through at last. The world weary man looks on with wonder, reverencing, yet not comprehending. How can he comprehend—he who stands in his pride, with his panting soul uncovered, in the scorching Sahara of reason, and then complains that no dew falls, no shower descends, no buds, blossoms, nor fruit cheer him? How can he who faces with folded arms and defiant attitude, comprehend the twining love-clasp and satisfied heart rest which comes only to love? Thank God, woman is not too proud to take what she so much needs; that she does not plant her foot and refuse to stir, till her Guide tells her why He is leading her by this path instead of that; and though every foot-pace be marked with her heart's blood, she does not relax her grasp, or doubt His faith! Well may her glance, her touch, the rustle of her garments even, have power to soothe and bless; well may the soft touch of such upon brows knotted with the world's strife bring coolness and peace. Oh! woman, with your arms akimbo leave it to profane Delilahs to lead Sampson by shearing his locks! Be strong minded as you will, if you only be pure and gentle-hearted.—[Calendar.]

John B. Gough and the Temperance Reform.
BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.
The return of Mr. Gough from Great Britain with all his triumphal honors fresh upon him, affords a fitting opportunity for a word or two upon the man himself, and the grand work of beneficence which he represents. The three years he has passed in his native land have been rich in great results; he does not leave the temperance reform in the state in which he found it when he landed at Liverpool in 1857. During his late visit to Britain he has delivered about five hundred addresses to about one million of auditors, embracing all classes, from peers of the realm to the 'scutched artificers' of the manufacturing towns. Under the persuasions of his unrivaled oratory no less than 12,000 persons have been induced to take the pledge of total abstinence. Decaying organizations have been revived. New societies have been brought into the field. And into influential circles of societies never before reached, the arousing truth of the drinker's peril, and the drinker's doom have been carried by this prince of dramatic orators. To Mr. Gough belongs the unquestioned honor of having addressed a greater number of human beings, and of having achieved more of oratorical successes, than any public speaker of the age. It is very amusing to listen to some of Mr. G.'s piquant narratives of his late visit—of his interviews with celebrities of the adroit manner in which he turned the tables upon a boisterous thousand or two of Oxford students who turned out on the first evening of his engagement to 'put down the fanatics.' He told a good story of the impression which he produced upon Soyer, the celebrated French professor of gastronomy. At the close of his lecture in Drury Lane theater, the mercurial Frenchman came rushing on the stage, with the exclamation, 'Oh! you are a most wonderful little man—a wonderful man! and now, if you will come down to my club house, I will give you my little book on Cook.' Well might the Frenchman style a man 'wonderful' who could speak ninety five times in monster London to crowded houses on the threshold of temperance! And to the last the charm never wore off. At his closing demonstration, which was as thronged as the opening one three years ago, Mr. Gough received a private gift of affection from Lord Shaftesbury, and a farewell address signed by three hundred distinguished divines, reformers, and civilians. At Liverpool a great concourse of friends accompanied him to the ship, and gave him such a parting cheer upon the wharf as that which rang for Jenny Lind upon the same spot, ten years before.

As we read the inspiring record of these merited honors bestowed upon our beloved brother, our thoughts wander back to the dark hours of trial and persecution through which he once passed when friends were few; and farther back still to the first evening on which we ever listened to his magic eloquence. It was during our student days at P. —. As we entered the house we found it already packed by the most refined and polished citizens of a collegiate town. Public expectation was raised to the highest pitch. In the pulpit sat the venerable Dr. Miller; before him sat the Alexanders Dod and President Cranahan; they all slept now side by side in the village church-yard. Presently there was a stir in the crowded aisle, and a pale youth—slender and boyish in figure—made his way to the rostrum. The long locks, now turning iron-gray, were then as glossy as the raven's wing; the voice now somewhat raspy from long use, then sounded soft as a lute, though rising at times into the sonorous swell of a trumpet. When introduced to the audience, he stood for a few moments with his eye bent on the floor—twirled his fingers awkwardly—uttered a few commonplace words, and evidently felt his overexpectant auditors down to the lowest possible point. This was a part of his consummate art. It is yet; for he knows that when he comes before an assembly, his own fame is his greatest rival. He must dispel an illusion or two at the outset. After a few minutes spent in fumbling at the loose edges of his theme, the orator exclaimed, 'My friends, when the temperance reform originated, it was among the middling classes, and like a mine exploded in the sand, it soon did its work without any violent concussion. Then came the Washingtonian movement, when the match was kindled in the solid granite of the lower orders, and the mighty reverberation shook the nation. And now to-night I wish to thrust a fuse into the upper strata.' This happy geological simile was received with pleasant surprise by his refined audience—their surprise increased as one flash followed another—surprise gave way to wondering delight—the house grew still as the grave, and ere twenty minutes had elapsed he had gained the undisputed sway of every heart before him. For two whole hours he held us captive at his will; at one moment convulsing us with laughter, and in the next so touching the flintiest rock with master touch that the waters gushed forth. While he told a story of most delicious humor than any man we ever heard, we soon discovered that his forte was not in his fun, but in his rare power to stir the fount of tears. Some of his passages equal Dickens' best—and with the addition of what Dickens so painfully lacks—a true religion. His description of the scene when the safety of the 'Atlantic' was announced—of the lad rescued from the burning house—of the weeping woman who presents to him the little handkerchief that had wiped away her own tears—of the lean, pale wife who shows the bruise on her scarred neck, and yet excuses her husband because the brute was drunk. These and a thousand other touches were worthy of the hand that portrayed the trial of 'Fazio,' and drew the sweet face of 'Kitty Nell.' No orator was ever more courageously natural. None ever knew better how to touch those chords that make the whole world kin. There was a characteristic point in old President Noit's pithy remark that the 'Almighty educated Mr. Gough.'

This consummate orator and Christian philanthropist is once more among us. There can be no doubt that a cordial reception

awaits him in every city and village of the republic. He left the temperance cause vigorous in Great Britain. He finds it feeble and depressed in the United States. Prohibitory laws have been repealed in several states, and are openly set at defiance in some others. The old total abstinence societies have been largely disbanded, and the pledge is seldom circulated in a public meeting. The pulpit does not speak out with its wonted frequency and boldness against drinking usages and the traffic in alcoholic poisons. The wine-bottle is slyly stealing back to the dinner tables even of some professing Christians; and at more than one-half of the wedding parties we attend, there is a huge bowl with a stick in it—not hidden away in a closet, but conspicuously paraded. Such men as Albert Barnes, after years of faithful temperance labor, have not hesitated to declare that the cause of prohibition has met with a Waterloo defeat.

This is the dark side of the picture which meets the eye of our returning brother. No one will detect it sooner, or more sadly than he. But there are bright spots and gladdening amid the penumbra of this temperance eclipse. One of these cheering spots is presented in the aroused activity of the 'Sons of Temperance'—in his own state of Massachusetts. Never have that useful order been more vigorous and healthful in the old Bay State than now. Throughout the Union there is a vast deal of sinew in this order yet. It numbers 94,500 members, and has some \$250,000 in its many treasuries. The order of 'Good Templars' contains 96,000 contributing members, who forswear drinking, swearing, and (unless we are mistaken) even tobacco-floured snuff, as an ornament to house floors and pulpit stairs. In one or two states efficient 'alliances' are in existence. Maine and Vermont stand true to the prohibitory laws, and in both those staunch Puritan states there is but little room shown to a slave-catcher or a grog-seller. Other tokens of good cheer gleam here and there on the temperance horizon, the heralds, we trust, of a breaking dawn. The veterans, Lyman Beecher, Dow, Marsh, Delavan, and Frelinghuysen still abide with us, ready with aged hands to pronounce their benediction on a new crusade against the foe accursed of God and man. Has not the time come for a revival of the temperance work, in its double aspect of total abstinence and of legal suppression of the wicked traffic? And is there a better man to sound the battle-cry to a fresh onset than JOHN B. GOUGH? Independent.

ROOM PLANTS.—During the cold days of winter, when fields and gardens are stripped of their foliage and coloring, it is pleasant to witness the rare and taste which some ladies bestow in the culture of flowers in their houses. The last number of the *Horticulturalist* contains an interesting article on this topic from which we select a few extracts for our lady readers:—

We should be glad to do or say something to increase the number of those who grow room plants. It is true that plants cannot be as well grown in rooms as in a well constructed greenhouse; but, notwithstanding, there are some kinds that may be grown and flowered in a manner quite satisfactory, and with results highly gratifying. Certain conditions are necessary for the best success, and these it is our object to point out. The greatest obstacle to success is the dryness of the air; this may in a measure be overcome by a table suitably constructed, and the selection of plants well adapted to a dry atmosphere. The table should be the length of the window, and two or three feet wide, the boards being tongued and grooved. Around the edge nail a strip three inches wide making the corners fit tight. The table is then to be filled with two inches of clean white sand. With a table of this kind, the foliage of the plants can be frequently syringed or sprinkled with water, which keeps them clean and promotes their health; the drippings and surplus water are caught and absorbed by the sand, and the floor of the room is thus kept clean; the sand, indeed, ought to be kept constantly wet, and even watered for the purpose, if necessary. The evaporation from the sand will diffuse itself among the plants and through the room, and thus overcome, in a small degree, one of the chief obstacles to the successful culture of plants in rooms. The table should be fitted with rollers, to facilitate the operation of watering and cleaning the plants, and also for the purpose of moving it back from the window during very cold nights. The flower-stands in common use are altogether unfit for a room; the surplus water, dead leaves, &c., fall to the floor, injuring the carpet, and giving the room an untidy appearance. The table above described is free from these objections, besides having positive advantages for the successful growth of plants which no ordinary flower-stand can possess.

All rooms do not possess equal advantages for growing plants. A room with large, high windows, looking to the south, is the best; the next best is one with a southeast or southwest exposure; next, east; next, west; and the least desirable of all, one looking to any point north. A large bay window with a southern exposure possesses many advantages for growing plants, quite equal in many cases, and superior in some, to those structures absurdly called 'plant cabinets,' unless the latter be intended for the preservation of dried specimens, the only purpose for which most of them are fit. A basement window with a southern exposure will sometimes answer tolerably well, but a room in the upper part of the house is always to be preferred.

Plants cannot be well grown anywhere, or under any circumstances, when crowded together; it is always more satisfactory to grow a few well than to grow many indifferently. During very cold nights the table may be moved to the middle of the room; and if the plants should unfortunately get frozen, darken the room and throw cold water over them repeatedly till the frost is drawn out, and then expose them gradually to the light. In this way we have saved plants when the ball of earth has been frozen as hard as a brick. Room plants should not be brought into the house till the nights get frosty, and while out of doors they should have a sunny exposure. Insects should be looked after, and destroyed on their first appearance; a little attention in this way will keep them free from such pests.

New York city is getting to be almost as bad as Paris, in the non-attendance of its population at church on the Sabbath. Reliable statistics, according to the New York Evangelist, a Presbyterian organ, show that only 200,000 out of 900,000 in the city go to all the churches in the city on Sunday.

At a Convention of delegates from the Kennebec, North Kennebec and Kennebec Union Agricultural Societies held in Readfield, on Saturday last, in accordance with the requirements of the act of the last Legislature reorganizing the Board of Agriculture, David Cargill, Esq. of East Winthrop, was unanimously chosen a member of said Board.

