



10-28-1858

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 16): October 28, 1858

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 16): October 28, 1858" (1858). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 587.
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true, but that documents had been found and were now in Mr. Cooper's possession which proved beyond a doubt that he had the price fixed and agreed upon for betraying Washington and the army, and selling his country to the British. These documents, he says, are full and explicit and leave no room to doubt the extent or detestable character of his treasonable purpose.

History has been charitable to Gen. Lee. It has generally repudiated the suspicions of his perfidy, and brushed aside the evidence hitherto adduced as of little weight or concern. If therefore such papers in evidence of his treason really have been found with their authenticity and genuineness substantiated, a companion to the black record of Arnold's treason. It is due to the country that a fact so important be known. It is due to the memory of Lee, that this reproach be removed, if it is not just, and equally due to his memory that the damned spot be fixed eternally upon him if contents of those recently discovered documents have been fairly set forth.

[Union Herald.]

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, J. DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . OCT. 28, 1858.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 119 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES (successor to Y. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Beekman's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

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."

Excursion to Aroostook.

No. 11, (for ASHLAND) Oct. 10, 1858.

Messrs. Maxham & Wing.—I wrote you last from Presque Isle, Oct. 8. Next morning, Bro. Cowan and myself took leave of that flourishing village and its generous people, homeward bound, via this place and the Aroostook road, not being content to return by the same route that we came, when so much remained to be seen. Several others were booked for this route, but were frightened off by stories of bad roads; or were induced to return through Houlton by the larger number of the company going that way. Bro. C. and myself felt a little proud of our courage in starting upon the longer and rougher road—as we found it to be; though brother Forbes had preceded us by the same route;—and I will add, our courage held out first rate, in spite of the jolting and shaking we underwent—probably just what we needed after the high living we had indulged in. The road from Presque Isle to No. 11—twenty-three miles—is mostly new, and not much settled upon yet; a dyspeptic might get ample exercise in riding over it by stage coach. The land is somewhat hilly and in places rocky, though here and there, where it approaches the Aroostook, it is more level and of the character of that about Presque Isle. We dined at a place called "Castle Hill," (tho' we saw no castle but a hotel. Arrived at the beautiful village of No. 11 (as they call it—the town having been incorporated as "Ashland") and the inhabitants having once rejected the act of incorporation, by vote, and once accepted it, they don't know whether they are "in town" or not.) we took lodgings at one of the pleasantest looking hotels in all Aroostook, viz. that of Mr. D. W. Orcutt, where are found substantial comforts, as well as a pleasant place. We had barely got our coats off when several gentlemen were on hand to wait upon us, and carriages were in readiness to take us about the place. We were disappointed in finding so pretty a village away up "in the woods." Here is the fine hotel above mentioned, (the first object of interest to us,) 3 religious societies, 5 stores, 1 physician, several mills of different kinds, both upon the great Machias, and the little Machias, as they are called—two streams which empty into the Aroostook, about a mile apart, upon the western side, opposite the village—1 Lodge of Free Masons, and 350 inhabitants. Mr. A. T. Moore, formerly of Vassalboro', has a fine farm here, with a nursery of several thousand apple trees, which appear to be doing well. He also raises plums and apples which ripen, and look well.

Mr. E. G. Dunn has a large and handsome farm, with intervals land upon the river, large buildings, and the appearance of doing a good business, though I believe he does some lumbering in connection with his farming.

Mr. Peter Dunn also has a rich farm, as have several other gentlemen in this immediate vicinity. Upon the farm of Mr. S. B. Beare, we saw a specimen of "blind ditching" as it is called, which was being done in a very nice manner. It was upon a piece of side hill land which was springy and wet. Mr. B. had cut several ditches through it, some three feet deep, and eighteen inches wide, all centering in one at the lower side; and these he was filling with cobbles stone, up to within about eight inches of the surface of the ground, intending to cover them with the soil so as to cultivate over them, and not lose any land. In one of the ditches, we saw a nice little boiling spring, bubbling up, and the water was of such purity, that Mr. B. was intending to conduct the whole drainage to his farm yard (which is on lower land) for the purpose of watering his cattle, thus "killing two birds at one throw."

We saw at this place, a novelty in the line of navigation—a loaded flat boat in the river, being drawn up stream by a span of horses, and we were told that they had come up in that way from just above the Aroostook Falls near the mouth of the river, a distance of fifty miles. We were also told that they could navigate the river in the same way for fifty miles further up, such is its shallowness and evenness. It is a beautiful, quiet stream, gently winding its way through this forest land like a modest maiden through the busy hum of "outside" life.

We are told that a gentleman who is interested in mills at this place will give twelve men 150 acres of land, each, 3 1-2 miles up the great Machias, if they will go there and settle. They pay \$35 per ton for trucking goods from Bangor to this place. The hotel above mentioned, with stables and ten acres of land, rents at \$450 per annum. This will give some idea of the business done here. The place has been settled twenty years.—Mr. W. A. Thurston tells me he has kept a run of the seasons here, and in the vicinity of Bangor, for nine years, and thinks they average 18 days shorter here than at Bangor; but thinks vegetation grows enough faster here than there to make up for the difference in the length of the season.

Portage Lake is about ten miles from here, with a good road leading to it. We are told that it is a fine place for hunting and fishing, and are invited to stop and visit it, which we should be very happy to do if we had the time, but as we have not, we advise our friends who want to make a pleasant excursion to go to Portage Lake, passing through this pleasant village, and not forgetting to call upon "mine host."

We leave here to-morrow morning to take another shaking over the Aroostook road, and if we didn't get all the ideas shaken out of our noodle, we will tell you how many partridges Bro. Cowan kills by proxy.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Chess in Waterville.

Messrs. Editors:—Will you allow a visitor in this beautiful village to endorse the brief but friendly notice, in your last week's sheet, of the Waterville Chess Club—and to add to your deserved compliment of the gentlemanly conduct of the officers of the Club, a word or two on other matters. The room for the Club is very central and easy of access—well lighted by the morning's sun, and brilliantly illuminated by a sufficient chandelier in the evening. It contains ample space for ten tables, and I think there are now five provided with sets of chess-men. Here the young men and the middle-aged, the married man and the bachelor, the distinguished lawyer and the eminent physician, meet, not to inflame passions by wine—not to gorge venison or turkey, (even smoking is forbidden)—not to indulge in male gossip, slander on females, nor any idle and worthless little-tattle—but to meet in friendly contest, to prepare plans with mathematical exactness, to learn patience and perseverance, and to acquire a science whose least reward is victory over your opponent and whose greatest is a triumph over yourself—in one word, to acquire that education from reflection which leads to thought and good morals; and which, aided by genius, helped to make a FRANKLIN, and the present wonder of both hemispheres—MORRIS.

I am pleased to hear that Augusta and Bangor have Clubs in friendly communion with this at Waterville. Might it not be advantageous for the cultivation of this noble game (a poor word, by the bye, for a science whose analyses are as purely mathematical as the formulas of algebra, and whose ethics are quite different from those of the gaming table) to meet our brothers of the two cities in committee, or otherwise, at their respective rooms, for the purpose of friendly trials of skill? Why not propose for Maine, not a national Chess Congress, but a college of State players? By the bye, where is Portland? If the commercial emporium has no sympathy for the Chess Clubs of New York and Boston, London and Paris, we might hope she would feel an interest in those at Bangor, Augusta and Waterville; or is her eyesight lost in gazing after the Leviathan? AN AMATEUR.

P. S. To those who do not recognize a distinction between the words *game* and *gaming*, I would suggest the study of the difference between a *horse* chestnut and a *chestnut horse*.

THE TYRANNY OF SHIPMASTERS.—In an article upon the qualifications of shipmasters, in a recent number of the Bath Times, we find the following remarks which we consider just and reasonable, in relation to the horrible murder on board the ship *Theresa*:

But suppose the master is a quick tempered, headstrong, opinionated, wilful tyrant, who regards the common sailor as on a level with a dog, and thinks—as some evidently do—that to kick, seize, whip and maim a sailor is to give evidence of superior grit and firmness, what safety is there against the grossest abuse of that supreme power of which we have spoken?

The case of the *Albion Cooper* affords an answer to this question written and re-written in blood. The case of the ship *Theresa*, where Chadwick was pounded and flogged to death, while a set of cowardly, miserable and craven-spirited subordinates stood by and saw it all, and aided in doing it, also answers the question in blood and groans. Common humanity would have dictated, if there was a handsplit, a top-maul, an axe or any other implement within the reach of officers or crew, that it should have been used to fell the inhuman wretch to the deck, regardless of consequences; but through fear or some baser passion all stood ready to execute the mandates of the frenzied demon who had command of the ship. For the honor of our race we would hope the plan of insanity might be successfully established; but what language is sufficiently strong to denounce the men who would stand by and see such a tragedy without bringing the strong argument of physical force to bear upon the case.

In view of the cases referred to, who will say that in a selection of a shipmaster the law should not interfere? Why should not government establish boards of examiners, and make the master in the merchant service pass an ordeal before them as much as the commander of a Naval vessel?

PRIZE FIGHT.—One of these brutal exhibitions lately took place in Canada; but though our soil was not disgraced by the battle, yet, with shame be it recorded, we furnished the combatants and a large share of the crowd of spectators. Those who would like to read the sickening details of the fight, must look for them elsewhere, for our types will not be pressed into any such service.

OUR TABLE.

THE HARVEST AND THE REAPER: Home Work for All, and How to Do It. By Rev. Harvey Newcomb, author of "Cyclopedia of Missions," "How to be a Man," "How to be a Woman," etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

This little volume is dedicated to the converts in the Revival of 1856, and is full of a spirit which would perpetuate such spiritual awakenings. Much information in regard to the religious condition of our own country and the world, is afforded in its pages; a plan of operations is submitted for individual and combined effort for the spread of the Gospel, and perseverance in spiritual interest and an active Christian life strongly enjoined. We presume the work is for sale at the bookstores.

LADIES' WEARE.—The Fisherman's Family: with which the November number is ornamented is a very pretty set engraving, and a handsome fashion plate accompanies it. A new volume commences with the present number, which, under the editorial care of Mrs. Mary A. Denison, will probably surpass any previous one. The Ladies' Weare is cheap, but good, it is always well filled, and the moral tone of the work is unexceptionable. Published by John F. Scovill, 8 Spruce st. New York, at \$1 a year.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—C. K. Matthews has handed us the November number of this best of Magazines, which has the following table of contents:—Railway Engineering in the United States, Her Grace the Drummer's Daughter, Work and Rest, Collin Clout and the Fairy Queen, Miss Wimple's Hope, Nature and the Philosopher, Thomas Jefferson, A Prisoner of War, The "Physiology of the East," on Holy Thursday in St. Peter's, Physical Courage, November, A Visit to the Autocrat's Landlady, The Great Event of the Century, The Last Look, A Sample of Consistency.

The publishers, in consequence of a prevalent impression to the contrary, announce that the "Autocrat" will still continue his admirable contributions to the "Atlantic"; and this will everywhere be hailed with joy, for Holmes is regarded by every one as the most brilliant star in the galaxy of writers whose light comes to us through this popular medium. A poem from this number will be found on our first page, and below we copy a paper, found in the "Autocrat's" desk, by his landlady.

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

A SHIPMASTER'S SPEECH BY DAYLIGHT.

Do you know the Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea? Have you met him with his old eyes? If you haven't been caught, you will be, you will be; For catch you he must and he can.

He doesn't hold on by your throat, by your throat, As of old in the terrible tale; But he grapples you tight by the coat, by the coat, And he'll hold you as tight as a nail.

There's the charm of a snake in his eye, in his eye, And a polydrip grip in his hands; You cannot go back, nor get by, nor get by, If you look at the spot where he stands.

Oh! you're grabbed! See his claw on your sleeve, on your sleeve! To the doctor's as fast as you can; You're a Christian, no doubt you believe, you believe; You're a martyr, whatever you be!

Is the breakfast hour past? They must wait, they must wait! While the Johnny-cake burns on the grate, on the grate, And the toast is done frightfully brown.

Yes, your dinner will keep; let it cool, let it cool, And Madam may worry and fret, And Madam may worry and fret, And Madam may worry and fret.

There's a ball for the train! Come along! Come along! For there isn't a second to lose! "ALL ABOARD!" (he holds on.) "Fah! ding-dong!" You can follow on foot, if you choose.

There's a maid with a cheek like a peach, like a peach, That is waiting for you in the church; But he clings to your side like a leech, like a leech, And you leave the last bit in the lurch.

There's a babe in a fit—hurry quick! hurry quick! The baby is fast as you stick, while you stick, In the grip of this dreadful Old Man!

I have looked on the face of the Bore, of the Bore; The voice of the Simple I know; I have walked the flat at my door, at my door; I have sat by the side of the Slow;

I have walked like a lamb by the friend, by the friend, That stuck to my skirts like a burr; I have borne the stale talk, without end, without end, Of this sinner who nothing could stir.

But my handings grow loose, and I shake, and I shake, At the sight of the dreadful Old Man; Yes, I quiver and quake, and I take, and I take, To my legs with what vigor I can!

Oh, the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea! He's come back like the Wandering Jew! He has had his old eyes, and he has had his old Jew, And he sure that he'll have it on you!

well. It leads anything of its kind and class. Its patent will probably be challenged by some of the two-forty mechanics at Kendall's Mills.

A GOOD HINT.—The leading article in the Atlantic Monthly for November is on the subject of Railroads. The following paragraphs contain a suggestion applicable to most of the railroads in our country, and one which must be heeded before their prosperity can be secured.

Many people wonder at the bad financial state of the American railroads; the wonder is, to those who understand the way in which they are managed, that they should be worth anything at all. It is useless to disguise the fact, says a writer in one of our railroad papers, that the great body of our railroad directors are entirely unfit for their position. They are, personally, a very respectable class of men, (Schuylerisms and Tuckermans excepted),—men who, after having passed through their active business-lives successfully, and after retirement, are, in the minds of some, eminently fitted to adorn a director's chair.

Never was there a greater mistake. What is wanted for a railway-director is an active, clear-headed man, who has not outlived his term of activity. We want railway-directors who know how to reduce the operating-expenses per mile, and not men who oppose their bigoted ignorance to everything like change or improvement, who can see no difference between science and abstract ideas. It would seem that the only question to be asked with regard to the fitness of a man for being a director is—Is he rich and respectable? If he has these qualities, and is pretty stupid withal, he is in a fair line for election. We tell our railway-readers, that if they desire to make their property valuable, and rescue it from being coming a byword and a reproach, they have got to elect men of an entirely different stamp,—men of practical experience, in the best sense of the term, who have intelligence enough to know and apply all those vital reforms upon which depends the future success of their undertakings,—the men of the workshop, the track, and the locomotive. And we shall yet see the more intelligent of them taking the place, at the directors' board, of the retired merchants, physicians, and other respectable gentlemen, who now lend only the names of their respectability to perpetuate a system of folly that has reduced our railroad management below contempt.

At present constituted, our boards are a very showy, but useless piece of mechanism. The members attend at meetings when they feel just like it, and sign their names to documents and statements which have been prepared for them by others, without much knowledge of what the contents are; their other duties consisting chiefly in riding over their own and connecting roads, free of charge.

Why should railway-directors work for nothing for the stockholders? Ah, Messrs. Stockholders, your little know in reality how fat a salary your directors make to themselves, by nice little commissions, by patronizing their favorite builders of locomotives and cars, and by buying the thousand and one patents that so urgently recommended! Do you carry your broken watch to a blacksmith or to a stone-mason to be mended? Neither we think. Why, then, do you leave the management of a work which engineers, machinists, carpenters, masons, and men of almost every trade, have spent time and care upon to build, to the respectable merchant, lawyer, or banker, who thinks the best road that which has the softest cushions and the most comfortable seats on which to ride?

Railroad buildings, remarks a late writer, (Mr. Whittier), may be divided into three periods,—the first, the introductory, in which roads were a sort of experimental enterprise, where the men who labored expected to be paid for their time or money, and were willing to wait a reasonable time for the expected profit. Second, the speculative period, when men were possessed with an unhealthy desire for fortune-making, and not content to wait the natural harvest of the seed sown, departed from the sound and honest principles of construction and management; trying, at first, by all sorts of pretence and misrepresentation, to conceal, and last by legislation to counterbalance, the results of their ignorance and of their insane desires. Railroads were compared, as an investment, to banks; and it was even supposed that the more they cost the more they would divide; and tunnels, rock-cuts, and viaducts were then as much sought after as they are now avoided. Shrewd and intelligent business-men, who had made for themselves fortunes, embraced these ridiculous opinions, and seemed at once, upon taking hold of railroad enterprises, to lose whatever of common sense they before might have possessed; and even at the present day these same men have not the mainly honesty to acknowledge their errors, but endeavor to cover them up with greater.

The third period is that of reaction, which embraces the present time. To a person unacquainted with the management of railroads, to see a body of men, no one of whom has ever before had anything to do with mechanical operations, assembled to decide upon the relative merits of the different plans of bridges or of locomotives or cars, upon the best means of reducing the working-expenses of a machine of whose component parts they have not the slightest idea, of the most complicated piece of mechanism that men have ever designed, might at first seem absurd; but custom has made it right. It is generally supposed that the moment a man, be he lawyer, doctor, or merchant, is chosen director in a railroad enterprise, immediately he becomes possessed of all knowledge of mechanics, finance, and commerce; but, judging from past experience, it appears in reality that he leaves behind at such times whatever common sense he perchance possessed before; otherwise why does he not follow the same correct business-rules, when managing the property of others, as when he accumulated his own? A man who should show as much carelessness and ignorance, when operating for himself, as railway-directors do when operating for others, would be considered as a fit subject for an insane asylum.

When railroads are built where they are needed, at the time they are wanted, in a country able to support them, by permanent investors, and not by speculators, and are well managed by good engineers, and well managed by competent men, whose interest is really connected with the success of the enterprise, then they will pay, and be railroads indeed. But so long as money is obtained on false pretences, to be played for by State and Wall Street gamblers on the one hand, they will be what they are,—worthless monuments of extravagance and folly.

"Experience keeps a dear school," says poor Richard, "but fools will learn in no other." Mr. FRENTZ'S LECTURES, at Town Hall, are giving a very high degree of interest and profit to large audiences; and we most earnestly commend them to the attention of all who feel any interest in "the house they live in."

Mr. F. is rarely gifted in the capacity to amuse and interest his audience at the same time, having an excellent store of pointed and illustrative anecdotes and facts, which he uses to great advantage. Indeed we have rarely seen an audience so satisfactorily entertained. The lecture this evening is upon the "Laws of Mental Influence," and in the hands of Mr. F. it is a lecture of great practical value. Tomorrow evening the subject of the lecture will be "The Harmony of Scripture and Phenology." For Saturday and Monday evenings, see Mr. F.'s advertisement.

Parents will do well to examine some of Mr. Frentz's books, which are very much needed in almost every family, by both old and young. They are adapted to private reading, and not found in bookstores; but may here be examined and selected at the discretion of the wise and prudent. To such we commend them.

"THE AROOSTOOK."—Pike of the Age, whom the editor of the Banner characterizes as "a witty, whimsical and waggish—the Falstaff of the expedition—a fellow of infinite jest"—closes his account of the editorial tour by parading his brother travelers before the public, each with a string of complimentary adjectives attached, happily chosen and well deserved, no doubt. Read and admire:—

Thus ended the GREAT EDITORIAL EXPEDITION TO THE AROOSTOOK—one of the most remarkable excursions of the sort, of which authentic history, ancient or modern, affords any record. We say authentic history—for it is quite possible, indeed we have some glimmering recollection, that the creative genius of Homer, or of Virgil, has somewhere given to the world glowing accounts of expeditions similar to ours—yet it must be borne in mind that these were fabulous, while ours was real.

It was a proud—a joyous—a glorious occasion to the corps editorial of Maine—whatever it may have been to others. How could it have been otherwise? With a company composed of such men as the stately, urbane and courtly Poor, (who has the entire Aroostook railroad, with divers other lines, projected or complete, coiled up in his capacious, Clintonian brain)—the learned, brilliant, enthusiastic and imaginative Fletcher, (whose eloquence and genius in descriptive painting have rendered the Brazilian Empire luminous to the American mind)—the nervous, keen-edge, caustic Cowan, (the Nestor of the newspaper press of the State)—the amiable, serene and polished Ellwell—the energetic, forcible and practical Forbes—the scholarly and accomplished Adams—the sensible Lapham—the youthful but promising Stetson—the pleasant Paine—the good Lord—the cheerful Dingley—the vivacious Waldron—the acute, pungent, intellectual Gilman—the placid and equable Lincoln—the sensible and scientific Hawes, (the skillful physician of the expedition)—the grave yet companionable and intelligent Rowell—the sprightly, agreeable, epigrammatic and poetical Hanson—the reserved, reflective and erudite Dyer—the genial, colloquial, radiant Tenney—the sedate, thoughtful, yet engaging and instructive Battles—the quiet, classic Emery—the jubilant, hilarious, mirth-provoking Lynde—the placid impassible, cosmopolitan Bartlett—the sparkling, witty and captivating Roberts—the pleasing, well-cultured Vose—the gentlemanly and versatile Chapman—and last, not least, the able, solid, adamantine, ponderous, matter-of-fact Smart—with such men—all stars of the first magnitude—scintillating, coruscating, and illuminating the way with their radiance—(leaving entirely out of view our modest, retiring, unpretentious self)—how is it possible, we ask, that the expedition, led on as it was by a Garney and a Stetson, whom Napoleon would have laden with munificent tokens of his imperial approval for a display of extraordinary commissariat talent, should have proved otherwise than grand and glorious?

RAILROAD TROUBLES.—The Bangor papers complain that the connection is no longer made at Kendall's Mills, and lay the blame upon the management upon the lower Railroad, and a Sebastcock correspondent of our paper makes a same complaint. We learn, on inquiry, that the morning trains going west do connect now, but that the return trains at night do not. No change has been made in the running of trains on the upper route, and it remains for the managers of the lower route to explain why they have changed their time; more particularly as they continue to promise passengers, in their advertisements, that they shall be taken through to Bangor without delay. Where are the commissioners, that they do not enforce the "enabling act," and compel the lagging ones to "come to time?"

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—The annual session of the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance, of Maine, was held on Tuesday last, at Stockton. Representatives were present from the various subordinate divisions in the State, from whom it appeared that the order is in a flourishing condition, having nearly doubled during the last year. The Grand Scribe presented his report, giving the whole number of members and lady visitors, and the number of each admitted during the year, together with other statistics. The following named officers were elected for the ensuing year: Grand Worthy Patriarch, Samuel L. Carlton, Portland; Grand Worthy Associate, L. T. Boothby, Waterville; Grand Scribe, H. K. Morrill, Gardiner; Grand Treasurer, Galvin Hall, Rockland; Grand Conductor, William Montgomery, Bucksport; Grand Chaplain, H. C. Leonard, Waterville. J. W. Fray, Portland, Grand Sentinel. P. G. W. Patriarch, Nye, Dow, Fessenden, Jackson, Hichborn and Thordike; and P. G. W. Associates, Saunders, Roberts and Prescott, and the Grand W. Patriarch, and G. W. Associate and G. Scribe, were elected representatives to the next session of the National Division, to be held at Philadelphia in June next.

TELEGRAPH TO EUROPE VIA BEHRING'S STRAITS.—The Journal of Commerce expresses the opinion that on the whole the chances are at this moment better for an effective working line by way of St. Petersburg, Behring's Straits, San Francisco, and St. Louis, than along the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. The straits offer no insuperable obstacles. The water has an equal but not great depth. Cook remarks that on both sides of the straits the soundings are the same, and at the same distance from the shore; that near the land he never found over twenty-three fathoms. In winter the straits are frozen, showing an absence of strong currents. So if Neptune is determined to retain the monopoly of the Atlantic (which is by no means uncertain at yet,) then look out for the speedy construction of a telegraph connect-

ing the United States with Europe and Asia via Behring's Straits.

EXTENSIVE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT.—Among the largest Clothing Houses of Boston, none sustain a higher reputation than that of J. W. Smith & Co., corner of Elm street and Dock Square. We call attention to their store at this time, because we know that this is the season our friends are about making their purchases for the winter, and we feel confident that by dealing at this well known and widely patronized Clothing Bazaar, they will not only get articles at the lowest possible prices, but that they will find the goods superior to anything heretofore offered. This is a good deal to promise, we know, but their arrangements with the largest manufacturers of first class Clothing, in New York, are such that customers may rely upon getting the very best the market affords, equal in style and finish to the best custom made. In overcoats alone, they are doing an immense business, having introduced an entirely new style, peculiarly adapted for the approaching winter. Customers however unused to purchasing, may rest assured as good a bargain as if they were well acquainted with the business. No material is used but such as is of most excellent quality, and none but skillful, careful and experienced hands are employed. The integrity and fair dealing that has characterized Mr. Smith's course in business for many years, is a sufficient guarantee that the inducements he offers will be faithfully fulfilled. Try them, and you will not be disappointed. See their advertisement in to-day's paper.

GUILTY.—The jury in the case of Capt. Holmes, on Friday returned a verdict of guilty of murder. Two weeks are allowed in which to file exceptions. The Portland Advertiser, in concluding some remarks on this trial, makes the following suggestion:—

Meanwhile it may be proper to say—nay, it is imperiously demanded by stern necessity—if ever there was a common relation requiring radical reform, it is that which subsists between the ship master and his crew. And we greatly mistake the tone of public sentiment, in all quarters, if there is not a full determination speedily to secure this important end by placing the American sailor beyond the reach of the unbridled passions of the Am-shipmaster.

Incendiaries are busy in Portland, and several buildings have been burned by them in that city within a few days.

Good potatoes, we learn, are scarce in our market, and a lot would now find hungry buyers.

ADVENTURE OF HORACE BELL.—Louisville Oct. 25.—Horace Bell, who released his father and brother from Brandenburg jail last July, committed on the charge of running off negroes, was taken on Saturday from the fair grounds at New Albany, Indiana, without a warrant and brought into Kentucky by Louisville officers.

The New Albanians became tremendously excited. The fire bells were rung and a large meeting was held on Saturday evening. A hundred people have chartered the ferry boat Empire and talk of going to Brandenburg today to rescue Bell.

An express has been sent from Louisville to Brandenburg to place the citizens on their guard against the hostile expedition.

Gov. Willard of Indiana has promised a requisition on the Governor of Kentucky for the men who captured Bell.

A meeting has been called here to denounce the proceedings of the officers in capturing Bell.

Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup, for children Teething.—This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skillful nurses in New England, and has been used with never-failing success in thousands of cases.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach, corrects acidity, and gives tone and vigor to the whole system.

It will almost instantly relieve griping in the bowels, and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, end in death.

We believe it the best and safest remedy in the world, in all cases of Dysentery and Diarrhoea in children; whether it arises from teething or from any other cause.

A favorite remedy.—We believe no medicine has ever effected so many cures as the Oxygenated Bitters. In cases of Dyspepsia and General Debility, restoring health and cheerfulness, when all other remedies have failed.

The Republicans have swept Iowa clean, electing their whole State ticket and both members of Congress. Curtis's majority in the 1st District is very largely increased.

PROLIXITY IN LITERATURE.—Which of all defects has been the most fatal to a good style? The not knowing when to come to an end. Take some inferior writer's works; dismiss nearly all the adjectives; when he uses many substantives in juxtaposition, or in some dependence on each other, reduce him to one. Do the same with the verbs; finally, omit all the adverbs; and you will, perhaps, find out that this writer had something to say, which you might never have discovered, if you had not removed the superfluous words. Indeed, in thinking of the kind of writing that is needed, I am reminded of a wild Arab song, which runs thus:

"Terribly he rode all alone,
With his Yohimen sword for aid,
Ornament it carried none,
But the notches on the blade."

So in the best writing only that is ornamental which shows some service done, which has some thought upon it.

ELECTION AROOSTOOK.—The following story is told of a revolutionary soldier who was running for Congress. It appears that he had never been to the wars, and it was the worst of revolutionary, to tell the people of the hardships he had endured. Says he, "I have helped whip the British and the Indians. I have slept upon the field of battle with no covering but the canopy of heaven. I have walked over frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood. Just about this time, one of the sovereigns who was very much affected by this tale of woe, walks up in front of the speaker, wiping his tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupting him says: 'Did you say you fought the British and the Indians?' 'Yes,' responded the old revolutionary, 'Did you say you had slept on the ground, while serving your country, without any cover?' 'Yes sir, I did.' 'Did you say you had followed the enemy of your country over frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood?' 'Yes,' exultingly replied the speaker, 'as he gave a sign of painful emotion, I think you have done enough for your country and I'll vote for the other man.'

