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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 52): July 7, 1859

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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MORAL RESURRECTION.

I did not like to see him there. He was too young and handsome a man. His philosophical developments were decidedly good. He had a fresh complexion, blue eyes, light curly hair; but lack of decision characterized his countenance—want of firmness was apparent in his manner. He was reading a newspaper. "That is not one of your papers?" said I to the gentleman in charge.

"I am sorry to say that he is, sir," he replied.

"So young! so promising in appearance! I really cannot understand it," was my reply.

"Nor could any one not acquainted with his history," was the reply; "but let us resume our walk. By-and-by come this way; he will enter into conversation with you; he is not backward about it. I don't know what to make of the man, really."

"But how old is he?"

"Twenty-nine years; he looks even younger. I fear he has lost all proper ambition, and, it may be, will end his life in the work-house."

He wandered along from one to the other. The establishment was perfect; most of the paupers were old and infirm; many of them looked shame-faced on being noticed. Poor old men! I suppose they had no children to care for them.

In one of the offices was the model of a ship. It was a splendid thing. From keel to mast-head there was no fault in her. The guns were beautifully carved. Officers stood on her quarter deck, sailors in her rigging. Every coil of rope, every shroud, was exquisite in finish and proportion. The boats were secured, the sails all set. Truly, she was a rare object. Behind this vessel was a painting representing the distant port.

My natural question was, "Who did that?" "The poor fellow," was the reply. "He was a genius and a scholar. The noblest-looking man; sir, that you ever laid eyes on. You have seen that fine stone mansion on Sedgwick street? Well, sir, he built that house ten years ago, and paid thirty thousand dollars for it, and yet, five years after, he was in the poor-house."

"What did it, sir?"

"Rum."

"That was the brief reply. Expressive, was it not?"

"Yes, sir, rum. The last time he went out, (his eyes were very much inflamed,) the doctor of the institution handed him a dollar, saying, 'Bob, if you drink any more, you will lose your eyes.'"

Bob looked at the dollar, then turned to the doctor with a most expressive glance, as he said: "Then farewell the eyes!"

"Horrible, wasn't it? In a month's time, they were digging his grave. It was in the corner of the churchyard. Nobody followed the miserable body. It laid in a pine coffin, and we only said, as we heard of it, 'Poor old Bob!' That's all the epitaph a drunkard gets, sir!"

Fifteen minutes after, I was hunting up the personage who had interested me so much. I found him in the garden, hoeing potatoes. We talked together on agriculture. His fine language astonished me. I felt that he had an intimate acquaintance with books, with men, with nature.

We walked along, he showing me the products of the soil. Presently we came to an arbor overhung with grapes, and sat down together.

"Pardon me," said I, "if I take the liberty of asking you what brought you here at so youthful an age?" His eyes dropped, he raised them again as he answered—

"Rum!"

That brief word! In my mind, it is associated with all the horrors of hell.

Presently he continued—

"I have disgraced an honorable name, sir; I am bringing my family to shame, and yet I have not the nerve to be a better man."

I was indignant at this confession. He saw it, and continued—

"Do not blame me, sir; you have not had my trial. I have fallen from a high place. Eighteen months ago, I was a lieutenant in the navy, sir."

"Is it possible!" I was startled, shocked.

"Yes, sir, possible; a reality, sir." His lip quivered a little as he added—"I have a brother in the pulpit, sir; a fine preacher, a man loved and respected: How do you suppose he feels? I have a rich brother in New York. They have both tried their best to save me."

"I was ruined in my youth. There is a large oil store on the corner of M— and L— streets. You have doubtless seen it. Before his death, my father carried on that business. I went there regularly after it was closed for the day, stealing from my home, often from my bed, for the purpose of carousing with three young fellows of my own age. We told stories, drank wine together till midnight; then, with a false key I had made, I would steal into my house and sleep off my carouse. I began that, sir, when I was but ten years of age. Do you wonder I was a drunkard? Of these boys, I alone am living. One of these boys shot himself, another was drowned drunk, and the third was hung for murder only two months ago. The fourth, you see, is not much better off," he added, with a sickly smile.

"My habits began to be known at last to my parents. It came near killing them. Before I was eighteen, I had been brought home drunk nearly a score of times. Sir, I fought with my habit, but it mastered me. The fiend had me by the throat."

"Strange to say, once when I was in liquor, I performed a daring feat. I caught a runaway horse, and by sheer strength succeeded in arresting his mad course. Would that some power could have held me so. I was much applauded for my heroism. But better than all the praise I heard were the sweet smiles upon the white face of the girl I had saved from a horrible death. She was driving along in the city, as had been her wont for months. I claimed the privilege of driving her home, as she was most thoroughly frightened. You smile, sir; but the exertion, her grateful thanks, my own impulses of gratitude, had sobered me. I sprang into the vehicle, and in a short time we stopped at her father's door. She invited me in. I thought I would at least describe the accident, and make some apology for my unexpected appearance."

I told the story of the narrow escape to an old man, whose brow and hair were whitened with the frost of eighty winters. It was the aged grandfather. Childish in his joy, he tottered towards me, and throwing his trembling arms about my neck, he kissed me on my cheek.

"Many times have I felt that kiss, sir. I was unworthy of so pure an ovation from such a holy man. I felt myself unworthy of that dear angel's gratitude, as the sweet Annette came in, a few moments after, still trembling, still pale, and with misty blue eyes, and gentle lips, thanked me again and again. In that house, that day, I was feasted like a prince. There were cousins and aunts there visiting for the summer, and among them I was a lion."

"I was a good-looking fellow then, sir, and just on the eve of entering college."

"Young as I was, if ever man fell in love, I did there and then. Poor child! she loved me—and I clouded her life."

"Well, sir, you wait for my story, I see."

"After this, my calls upon Annette were frequent. I lost my taste for vulgar dissipation, and preferred her society to that of my former congenial mates. If I drank—and I did—it was secretly, and I always slept it off. My friends and those of Annette prophesied a match—you see my father was wealthy—I had good expectations, intended to study for the law, and was deemed a desirable catch."

"I believe I worshipped Annette. She was scarcely more than a child, but such a glorious, gifted creature. She was fifteen. I twenty; five years between us. We were engaged in twelve months from that time, while going through college."

For a year I had successfully resisted my old disease. I called it a disease; I do now. Remember, I did not let the cursed draught alone, as I should. I only kept the appetite in unwholesome subjection. I applied the knife, but not to the right place; and there came disgrace and downfall."

"One night the students had a frolic. I was the foremost reveller. They tempted me with devilish pertinacity to drink to excess. I did so, grew outrageous, and raised a row. In the melee, two of the students were injured, and I made so much noise that we were discovered in our revels. The blows that were given were proved upon me falsely; I never remembered that I gave them. I was convicted, expelled, and punished."

"The disgrace was overwhelming; I tried to kill myself when I heard that Annette's friends had cast me off forever. A note was put in my hands one day, just as I had determined on the means to rid myself of existence. It read thus:

"DEAR RICHARD: I am sorry for you; I do not believe all they say, and surely a man is not to be cast off for one false step. Come to Aunt Martha's this afternoon. They have forbidden me to receive you at the house, but I will see you there. Yours as ever, ANNETTE."

"O! sir, that made my heart leap into my throat with joy and grief. She did not know that this was far from my first false step."

"Dear angel; she had faith in me, and wanted to comfort me. Besides she was young, impulsive, and loving. At three in the afternoon I went to the place she had designated. It was a poor, plain house, for her Aunt Martha was far from rich; and, as I sat in the little parlor, Annette came in and made it all night."

"Her low 'dear Richard!' was the sweetest music I ever heard. Then, as I caught her to my bosom, she pressed back my hair with her loving fingers, and said, with a smile that seemed angelic, 'They can't make me believe you wicked, dear Richard, while I look on that face!'"

"Her voice inspired me; her perfect faith for the time elevated my manhood. I silently vowed that such a thing should never happen again—that I would not die, but make myself worthy of her."

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"No, Dick; the beautiful eyes were raised lovingly to mine. 'No, Dick; and I wouldn't believe though they had made you appear guiltier than you are. You know, Dick,' she added, as if to apologize for, to soften, the apparent reproof, 'it is very, very wicked to drink at all!'"

"But I did not injure the students," I said, evasively; "I distinctly saw Hal Burt and Joe White strike at me. It is all down through jealousy."

"I knew it; I told them so at home," said Annette triumphantly. "Said I, Dick is smart, and the foremost of his class, and they hate him for it. They will injure his good name if they can, but never in my estimation."

"God bless you, my love!" was all I could say. There were tears in my eyes and promises in my heart! O! she was so beautiful, so good, that afternoon! I can see the dear eyes that I have made shed many bitter tears looking up at me now, with that same soft, loving, pleading, yet trusting glance. I can see the dear, red lips, with my name trembling upon them."

"We parted. I to go to my disgraced home, to meet cold, averted looks; she to be sheltered, and petted, and loved by all who knew her. My father, with incredible exertion, procured me a situation in the service. It was the worst thing that could have been done for me, though, as there was soon to be fighting, promotion, if I lived, was possible—nay, almost certain. But temptation was on that vessel, on deck and in her cabin. I took leave of Annette, and went to sea. Once on the ocean, I forgot prudence, love, Annette, all things pure and good, in my devotion to the cup. There was wine at table. A dashing young officer, who 'took' to me, had supplied himself with champagne and various liquors. I was always, to a certain extent, drunk. Our destination was Mexico. There, for the exhibition of drunken valor, I was appointed second lieutenant—before I had been ten days. Ah! sir, I lived a gay life. I dare not tell, nor even think, of my excesses; they were horrible. Once again I was promoted, and came home with the honors of a first lieutenant's thick upon me. Then I was lionized. Annette's friends forgot my weakness. The glitter of my epaulettes blinded their vision. They could not see the drunkard in a uniform. I went to Annette's home as I listed."

"One night I called upon her. I had been drinking freely, and was not sensible of my situation, or I would have shot myself, before I had ventured in her presence. She never looked more beautiful. What I said or did that night I never knew distinctly. I remember her wild look of afflict; her hands pushing me frantically from her; her springing away, and my chasing her; her cries of afflict; finally, her locking herself in her room, which I made fruitless attempts to enter, then my leaving the house with all the doors open, and then came a blank."

"The next morning dawned upon me in the chamber of a friend. As I looked up with an aching head, a noble face bent over me—the face of one who had been a fellow collegian, and who was studying there for the ministry. 'Faded feebly where I was!'"

"Hence and I found you prostrate in the street, a few rods from here. You were utterly helpless. We lifted you against your most impregnable struggles; you cursed us with av-

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"Hence and I found you prostrate in the street, a few rods from here. You were utterly helpless. We lifted you against your most impregnable struggles; you cursed us with av-

ery breath; but we finally brought you here, and here you have slept till now. It wants a quarter to eleven. I closed the blinds that you might sleep it off."

"I did not ask what he meant by it. I was ashamed—too much ashamed to look at him."

"I hinted at the effects of a Southern fever; but from under my nearly-closed lids I saw something like a sneer on his face."

"He sat down by my bedside, and he pleaded with me for an hour. For God's sake he begged me to break from this ruinous habit. He held up the very flame of hell till I shuddered. Then he spoke of Annette; and I knew by the tremor of his lips, the buskiness of his voice, that he, too, loved my darling. I had suspected it before, but now I was certain, and it roused the wildest feelings of jealousy. Madly I boasted of her unconquerable attachment—fool that I was! With a coarse, unskillful hand, I bared his own heart to his view, till he shrank from me in agony."

Then I arose, forgetting all gratitude for his great favor in bearing me, senseless, disgusting as I was, from the clutches of the police or watchman—saving me the shame of opening my eyes in a station-house, and having my name bruited about in the public prints."

"I went to the dwelling of Annette. I was ushered into a side parlor, where she lay upon a lounge, her cheek as colorless as the dead, her large eyes shining fitfully, and looking as if they had never been closed in sleep."

"As I bent over her, she said, softly, 'Please don't come so near me, Mr. Islington; I am ill.'"

"I started at that, as if I had been shot. 'Mr. Islington!'"

"I repeated my own name, looking at her with a wondering glance."

"O! if I could believe it was not you, but some other; she said, sighing in a weary way, and shutting her eyes tightly, though not so as to prevent the tears that would ooze through."

"What can you mean?" I asked; and my look of extreme incredulity must have astonished her."

"O, Richard, Richard, you don't know what you said last night," she cried, convulsively, passionately. You don't—you can't know what you did. O, Richard, the very recollection crazes me. Don't, don't come near me; indeed, I can't bear it. The recollection—oh! terrible, terrible!"

"For God's sake, Annette, what did I say? What did I do? Tell me, that I may ask your pardon on my knees, and then I will leave you forever."

"O, Richard, Richard," she moaned. Then she caught my hand with impulsive tenderness, drew me towards her, laid her head on arm, as she said, in a tone that haunted me yet:—

"I will tell you a little, and then you must go. It will be best for both of us, Richard—for both. It may break my heart; but it would be broken some time, you know. Richard, I cannot say in words what you said to me. Now, it would kill me to hear them. Oh! I never thought this would happen—after all I have said—all I have felt for you. Richard, you revealed some horrible things to me. Oh! were you so wicked in that foreign country? Did you love and deceive that poor Spanish girl? O, God help you, poor Richard! God help you if you did!"

"I sat stupefied—pale with horror. She looked once in my face, and shuddered as she said, brokenly:—

"I could forgive all but that."

"I felt like a condemned criminal. For a while I sat there struggling for voice, and then I told her that, however wicked I had been, I had never deceived woman."

"O, I am so glad!" she said, sinking from my arm to the pillow of the lounge. But, Richard, how can I forget last night? Don't get down to me in that way. I know now—I knew then you were not yourself; and for that reason, because you will not conquer that fatal habit, we must part. Don't say another word, my dear; weak and yielding as I seem, I can be firm. Remember that your own hand has thrown the cup from your lips. I have tried to believe—her voice grew broken and sobbing—I have tried so hard to believe that you were everything good and worthy. You don't know how I have idolized you, looking on you as the saviour of my life. That is what I have said so often when they have reasoned with me—'Father, he saved the life of your child. How can I help loving him?' O, yes, they all knew it, everybody knew how I loved you. I never took pains to conceal it; but now—now—I must!"

"I walked that floor in anguish of body and spirit. Then went to her and said:—

"Annette, you love that canting George Herick better than you do me. Don't dissemble—I know it all—know what he thinks of you, the hypocrite!"

"I had lashed myself into a fury that was not to be calmed by her gentle repetition of my name—her pleading looks."

"Yes, it must be so. If you loved me, you would overlook what happened when I was not myself. Little things like that would not cause you to dismiss me."

"Little things!" she repeated, with a reproachful look. 'Richard, if you knew what you said last night, how you insulted me, you would never look me in the face again!'"

"Farewell, then, forever," I almost howled, and seized my hat, to go. I knew not where."

"Richard, just one word more."

"If death had been the penalty, I could not have resisted that plaintive appeal. She held forth her arms, pulled me down, again beside her, and sobbed upon my neck as if her heart would burst. And again and again she essayed to speak, and again fresh tears and choking sobs followed. I was, almost dying, with shame, and the hot tears pressed to my burning eyeballs, but I bit my lips, and kept them back. My whole frame was shaken, but not alone with anguish. There was a scene before up before my soul—a black, disgraceful scene."

"Only to say, dear Dick," she gasped forth at last, "that if I live, I shall never, never marry anybody else; and if at any time I know that you have thoroughly reformed, oh! then, if you will take me and love me still, I will be yours; yours through all time, through all eternity."

"I kissed her many times, and, desperate, maddened, hating myself, and cursing mankind, I left her, what?"

His manner startled me; his voice was hoarse and fierce.

"To come to be a beggar and a pauper at the age of twenty-nine, through love of rum!"

Another moment, and I was alone. A fearful page in the book of man's history had been

unfolded to me. I shuddered as I left the arbor. He who talked with me was nowhere to be seen."

Three years after that, I was travelling in a stage-coach, when an accident happened of a somewhat serious nature. The coachman was dragged from his seat and trampled upon by the horses, till his body was in a shocking condition. He was carried to the nearest house. I was somewhat injured, and not thinking it advisable to go on, applied for shelter at a pretty cottage pointed out to me. The door was opened by the same young man who had told me the dismal story in the N— poor-house. At first sight we recognised each other. He led me in, saying, joyfully:—

"I have conquered!"

"I forgot my pain in the joy of hearing such news, and willingly heard what seemed like a continuation that had not had a three years' interval since I had listened before."

"You remember the day we talked together," he said. "Well, I have little to say, but it seems wonderful; too wonderful for me to believe. After you had gone, I went to work; but as I struck the earth, a strange, unearthly feeling came over me. I seemed for the first time to open my eyes and look about me."

"Good God!" said I, as I thought on my situation. "Lieutenant Islington—Lieutenant Islington, a pauper in the old N— work-house, hoeing potatoes? It won't do!"

"Sir, I threw my hoe as far as I could, hurling it with this right arm, turned straight about, walked out of that place, redeemed my name, my character, and my Annette; and now I own this house and land, and am a happy man, thank God!"

Great tears were rolling down his cheeks; I will not say anything about my own. The reader can judge whether I was moved. Then he told me the history of his finding Annette an orphan, and poor, earning a livelihood by her needle, of his waiting and working nearly three years, and now they were just married."

At that moment a blooming creature entered."

"My Annette," said the proud husband presenting her. "She has come in from a sick neighbor's."

"Your wife is a lovely creature. No wonder you thank God," said I, aside just as I retired to rest."

He smiled. I could not blame him that the smile was an exultant one. He had conquered himself. God had written him "Greater than those who take kingdoms!"

GOOD ADVICE.—The Boston correspondent of the Newburyport Herald gives the following good advice to the country boys:—

"At all seasons of the year there are young men in the surrounding towns, who having nominally finished their education, turn with longing eyes towards Boston, as the sure road to fortune and success. They have before them the examples of elder brothers and friends who have been in this city a dozen years or so, and become apparently rich and prosperous. They suppose that they can step immediately into the same positions, forgetting that the ladder of fortune rests upon the ground, and that the lower round must be attained as well as the topmost. They come here with lofty ideas in regard to trade, looking above all retail establishments, intent upon obtaining a situation in some Importing or Commission House, not thinking of the fact that many of our largest wholesale dealers were once petty retailers, selling by the dollar's worth. A great many of these would-be Boston clerks would find quite as easy a road to fortune and a much nearer one, if they would remain in their native towns and make themselves masters of a good trade, and engage in the manufacture of articles which always find a market, rather than cramp their minds and bodies over a high desk, or carry bundles and run errands through a hot and dusty city. Take for instance a boy of 17; he enters a large wholesale store in this city for a sum of \$50 per annum, and a yearly advance of \$25 till he is of age. At that time his salary is \$150; or perhaps in some places it may be two hundred; he has been at the store four years, during which time he has learned to nail up cases, carry letters to the Post Office, file letters, and possibly to make an invoice of goods sold; but to take charge of a set of books he is utterly incompetent. He cannot sell goods, for regular salesmen have attended to that, and the consequence is, when he asks for an advance of pay the answer is—'We can hire some one to take your place at the same price we paid you the first year'; therefore he must remain at a paltry sum, barely sufficient to pay his board and buy his clothes, or leave that place and begin in some smaller store where there is more room for advancement, and where excess of wealth has not calloused his employer's heart. Now, if this same boy had chosen some good trade, and made himself master of it, at the age of twenty-two he would have been able to earn twelve or fifteen shillings a day, and lived in some pleasant town where the expense of living is not so high as in the city, and where he might attain some honorable position. Every boy before he thinks of coming to Boston, would do well to look around and see if he cannot find a chance at home; if he can, it will be worth more than a place in the city, and he will be much more contented."

Mr. Spear, a missionary from China, says, when he first landed there, the cry was 'kill him!' 'Cut off his head!' and the first night he spent on shore was one of great anxiety and apprehension lest he might never see another eye. Now, the missionaries enjoyed protection there, and were becoming every day more secure. In respect to China, we made one great mistake. We must learn to realize that the Chinese are not ignorant as other heathen—that they are neither Indians nor Negroes. As a people, they were cultivated and highly intelligent, and were not surpassed in learning by any people. He had met men in China quite as intelligent as any member of the General Assembly. There were learned Chinese, too, at San Francisco, who could put to the blush the acquisitions of such men as Gov. Bigler, of California, who undertook, in his message to that State, to pander to the prejudice against them, by classing them as barbarians, with Indians and Negroes."

TERMINATION.—John Newton says:—Satan never comes to Christians with great temptations, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbors. But bring a few shavings and set them alight, and

then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation and leaves you to indulge yourself. There is no great harm in this; 'no great peril in that'; and so by these little chips we are first easily lighted up, and at last the green log is burned. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

Tim Bunker on Raising Boys.

As I was going down by the Horse-Pond lot, this morning, the same one that I drained last year, I found Seth Twigg's horse, Jotham Sparrowgrass, and Deacon Smith's flock of sheep turned into my corn and oats. It looked as if they had been in the better part of the night



Whiting (Spanish White) with buttermilk to a consistency a little thicker than common line white wash; to every pint (2 1/2 gallons) of the mixture add two table-spoonsful of salt and 1-2 pint of boiled Linsed Oil. The writer adds that a wash prepared in this manner will remain white six years. It the Whiting and milk will make a compound that will adhere, the oil will probably prevent its washing off. It strikes us that it would be necessary to keep the mixture warm and constantly stirred while using, or the oil would rise to the top.

ANOTHER.—A subscriber at New Haven, Conn., sends the following, which he says has succeeded very well with him, it being so hard when dry as not to rub off even on a black broadcloth. Mix: 1 1/2 bushels of lime; 1 1/2 lb. of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc); 2 quarts of salt; and 5 lbs. of sugar—any refuse sugar will answer. We do not see why a compound like this should be so impervious to water, as not to wash off, which is the main difficulty with out-door white washers, exposed, as they are, to rains and dews. We judge only from the chemical character of the ingredients, and not from actual trial, and therefore cannot certainly say it will not answer the desired end.

## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JULY 7, 1859.

### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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### Excursion of the Cadets to Gardiner.

Waterville Section of Cadets of Temperance having received an invitation to be present at the celebration at Gardiner, accompanied by a band of music, and under the lead of their Patron, Joshua Nye, Esq., left home in the early train at 7 1/2 A. M. As they marched from their hall to the depot, under the guidance of their worthy leader, all eager with excitement and pleasurable anticipations, with sounding music and waving flags, and then were taken from the sight of their parents by the train of cars which wound its way out through the bridge, we could not help thinking of that wonderful Pied Piper, who with

Soft notes, as yet music's cunning  
Never gave the enraptured ear,  
drew away the children of Hamelin in the olden time; only this march was orderly and quiet, and these boys were all to be safely returned.

At Gardiner they were the guests of Warren Division S. of T., at whose hall they were served with refreshments in the morning and a dinner at noon. They marched with the procession through the principal streets, and with their flags and banners formed one of the most interesting features of the exhibition. Their banners bore the following inscriptions:—

Waterville Section No. 5, Cadets of Temperance.  
No Tobacco for us.  
Honor thy father and thy mother.  
Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

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

Virtue, Love and Temperance.  
Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy.  
The Hope of our Country.  
Train up a child in the way he should go.  
Our mothers know we are out.

We will try.

No.

Love one another.

They came home by the early train, and a salute of cannon thundered a welcome to them on their arrival at the depot at 5 o'clock P. M. Congratulated upon the safe arrival of his important charge, Mr. Nye was informed that the presence of his little band was desired at Town Hall, where a pleasant surprise awaited them. Kind friends had been busy during their absence, and on being led thither they found a great company of fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, and in the centre two tables bountifully loaded and beautifully decorated.

When all were quietly seated, Mr. Joseph Percival, who had been selected to do the honors of the occasion, welcomed the youthful band in a feeling speech, and in behalf of the citizens thanked Mr. Nye and his condutors, for what they were doing for the youth of our village, and particularly for the watchful care over them on that day—all the precious treasures entrusted to their keeping having been returned unharmed.

Mr. Nye—as much surprised at this reception as his young friends—made a brief and appropriate response, protesting that this was the most pleasurable event of the day and surpassed all they had seen during their absence. He gave a short account of the excursion, testified to the good conduct and manly bearing of the boys, spoke of the great responsibility he knew he assumed in taking his precious freight into the cars, and expressed his gratitude and thankfulness that all had returned in safety. He contrasted railroad accidents, by which human lives were often lost, and which were bad enough, with the sure and deadly work of the rum-seller—destroying body and soul—which was infinitely worse; for himself, with but one child, he had a thousand times rather be killed suddenly, by accident, than see him grow up intemperate to fill a drunkard's grave. He alluded to his labors in getting up the Section, which having been only about two months in existence now numbered 103 members, and pointing to its principles as embodied in the inscriptions upon their banners, asked what boy had been made worse by the connection or who had been injured by being pledged to abstain from the use of tobacco and intoxicating drinks and profanity? In concluding he thanked the parents or their confidence and support, and thought

that in the glorious good time coming the only regret felt would be that each had done so little to forward the great work.

Messrs. F. P. Haviland and C. R. McFadden also made short and pertinent speeches—though all who spoke seemed to feel much more than they could satisfactorily express—after which Rev. Mr. Hawes invoked a blessing, and then fair hands passed around the good things provided for the refreshment of the little ones. The band was present and agreeably diversified the exercises with some of their sweetest strains; which with the clapping of little hands and the music of glad voices made up a chorus of sweet sounds not often equalled. It was a most delightful time: children, fruit, flowers and music! the hearts of the parents swelled with grateful and pleasant emotions as they surveyed the happy scene.

When the little fellows had eaten their fill and rested themselves a little, they were again formed in procession by their leader, and accompanied by the band, marched through our principal streets; after which they were dismissed to their homes, well pleased with the day's performance, and only regretting that Fourth of July comes but once a year.

Several members of Tonic Division accompanied Mr. Nye to Gardiner, who are entitled to the hearty thanks of the parents for the aid they rendered in the care and management of the boys. These were Hadley P. Dyer, Deputy Patron, and Messrs. F. F. Dunbar, John Richardson, and G. C. Eaton.

One word of the collection at the Hall. The ladies of Waterville have always had a happy faculty for improvising an affair of this kind, but they never did better, with so short notice, than on the Fourth; it was a complete success. Mr. L. T. Boothby, it is whispered, sent the ball in motion—and as it was very much like him, it would not be strange if the whisper was true—but he must have been aided by many warm hearts and willing hands in rolling it forward. They are evidently of that class who

"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."  
And though they have wrought silently and quietly, they shall not miss their reward, but find it, if nowhere else, in the approval of their own hearts.

THE FOURTH AT HOME.—Young America having scattered to Bangor and Gardiner, Old America, (by graceless youth sometimes dubbed 'Old Foggydome') after seeing the boys off in the morning, had a very quiet time of it. Not a ripple disturbed the current of life until the return of the cadets, and the next exciting element was introduced by the telegraphic news from Bangor of the victory of the Threes. No public demonstrations other than those already noticed, were attempted during the day, but in the evening very respectable shows of fireworks were made at the residence of E. Noyes, Esq., at the Elmwood Hotel and at the Williams House. Not a drunken man was seen for the day, and but one slight accident occurred. A poor little French boy hastily grabbed a bunch of fire crackers, thrown into the street, and thrust them into his pocket, where they exploded, frightening him a good deal and injuring him considerably. A salutary warning to 'furriners' not to lay violent hands upon our peculiar institutions unavoidably.

THE VICTORS AT GARDINER.—This fine company went to Gardiner with their machine, on the Fourth, but brought home no trumpet for the reason that they had no one to compete with them for the prizes offered. They made a play of 182 feet, however, and the authorities tendered them one of the trophies, but like honorable, high-minded men, they refused to bring home a trumpet which they had not won in a fair contest. They made a good show in the procession.

HOLD ON, THERE.—The Anson Advocate flatters itself that the famous Anson rye is knocked higher than a kite by some grown in Somerset County, the tallest stalks of which measure five feet ten inches. Old Kennebec sees that and can do a little better, for we have stalks in our field, from a field in this village belonging to Hon. Jos. Eaton, of Winslow, which measure six feet and two inches.—Can they be beaten?

TROPHIES.—Three prize trophies belonging to the Waterville Threes are in the showcase of C. W. Wingate & Co., on Main St., where they can be seen by all who choose to look. The first one was taken at Augusta in 1855, and is in custody of J. H. Drummond, foreman of the company; the second was taken at the State Fair at Bangor in 1857, and is in custody of W. A. Caffrey, 1st Assistant; and the third has just been brought home from Bangor, and is consigned to the keeping of S. Keith, 2d Assistant. A fourth, which it is conceded on all hands was fairly won by them at Bangor, two years ago, is probably hanging in the engine house of the Dirigos at Oldtown. The next one—but we won't speak of the destination of that until they get it.—but the foreman of the Hose is Mr. J. P. Hill.

NEW POTATOES.—Our first offering in this line was made on the Fourth of July by Mr. Thomas L. Garland of Winslow. They were of the "Hog-bone" variety, and of good fair size, and coming so early furnish good evidence that the present season is not to be an unfruitful one. We'll warrant they grew in "free soil."

BOY DROWNED.—A son of L. H. Green, Esq., of Gardiner, was drowned at that place on Wednesday of last week, by falling from logs on which he was at play. He was a deaf mute, about 8 years old.

ACCIDENT.—George W. Ricker the landlord and proprietor of the Stanley House at Augusta, was severely injured last Thursday morning by being thrown from his carriage, at the race course in that city. When taken up he was insensible, and it was feared he was fatally injured; but he is now comfortable and in a fair way of recovery.

BLANCHARD'S PATENT STEAM BOILER.—The curiosity of the Portland people was a good deal excited by the sight of a steamer sailing round the harbor, with a man sitting on the smoke pipe. It proved to be the steaming Tiger, on an experimental trip, with the patent steam boiler invented by our townsman, Mr. F. Blanchard. Several trips have since been made, all of which were perfectly satisfactory, proving the great value of the invention. On board the Tiger were many of the most eminent machinists of Portland, gentlemen familiar with steam engines, who have signed a statement of the results, which proves for the improvement all that Mr. Blanchard claims. It is also signed by Captain Willard, the owner of the boat, who, from the nature of his arrangement with the inventor, is interested in making the saving as little as possible. Some of these gentlemen were previously skeptical in regard to the merits of the improvement, but were compelled to yield to the evidence.

Below we copy the substantial facts of the statement, as given in the *Argus*:—

On Monday the boiler was used in the common way, and without any of Mr. Blanchard's improvements; on Tuesday the boiler was used with Blanchard's improvements, and the boat run over the same distance on both days. The result is as follows:

Monday charged furnace with	1071 lbs.
Started engine, and on trip charged furnace with	1008 "
Deduct on coal saved from furnace	600 "
Net coal consumed in getting up steam and on trip	2079 "
On Tuesday charged furnace in getting up steam and on trip	1670 "
Started engine and on trip charged furnace with	127 "
Deduct on coal saved from furnace	1198 "
Net coal consumed in getting up steam and on trip	311 "

This shows the amount of fuel saved by Blanchard's improvements, over the present best made boilers, to be the extraordinary amount of nearly one-half, and since these experiments were made, Capt. Willard has had the boat in constant use, and is willing to allow a saving of fully one-half. This statement is made the simplest form, that all Engineers may read and understand it at sight, that it may be understood by the simplest man using a steam boiler, and is interested in the saving of fuel.

In addition to the statement above, we understand that at least 200 lbs. of coal were consumed before the tug started from the wharf. This would make the amount of coal, used on the trip, as follows:

Under the old plan	3770 lbs.
Under Blanchard's improvement	887 "
Making a saving of	2883 "

The benefits of super-heated steam—the expansive force over and above ordinary heated steam—were not made available on these trips, as the engine was worked at full stroke without any cut off.

ANNUAL MEETING OF A. & K. RAILROAD.—We had barely time to allude to this meeting in our last. The reports and statements presented are not without interest. The President states in his report, that "no accident of any kind has occurred upon the road, during the year, whereby any person has been injured, or any considerable property destroyed." Such an argument for the fidelity and capacity of the men employed in immediate connection with the trains needs no comment.

The earnings of the entire line to Bangor have been \$281,924, and the expenses \$124,839; being an increase of some two thousand dollars of the former and a reduction of eight thousand of the latter, over last year. Net earnings, \$99,766, are not enough to pay interest of the company's debts, including bonds payable in stock, and the deficiency has been met on the private credit of the directors. The directors call attention to the fact that the million loan commences falling due, in installments, during the next year; the whole being payable in five years. They also say that the floating debt has increased for two years past. The superintendent reports the general condition of the road-bed, engines and cars as equal to that of former years, with 9200 cords of wood on hand, 4500 of which is sawed and in sheds—the average not being \$2.25 per cord.

TONIC DIVISION S. of T.—The following is a list of officers for the current quarter:—

E. R. Drummond W. P.  
D. R. Wing, W. A.  
C. H. Alden, R. S.  
G. A. L. Merrillfield, A. R. S.  
D. H. Chandler, F. S.  
F. B. Chandler, T.  
C. G. Tozier, C.  
Willard Bucknam, A. C.  
John Richardson, I. S.  
Horace Mayo, O. S.

Twenty-four members were initiated during the last quarter, and twenty-eight lady visitors. The Division now numbers 147 members, and 179 lady visitors. "And yet there is room."

SOMERSET DIVISION, S. of T.—Our Kendall's Mills brethren elected the following officers for the present quarter:—

D. W. Libby, W. P.  
G. O. Brown, W. A.  
S. S. Brown, R. S.  
Wm. Emery, A. R. S.  
H. A. Archer, F. S.  
W. B. Sewell, T.  
Geo. Woodworth, C.  
E. H. Smith, A. C.  
C. B. Seavey, I. S.  
H. G. Philbrook, O. S.

We are unable to give the increase during the past quarter, or the present number, but the division is understood to be in a very flourishing condition.

MOWING MACHINES.—Now the farmers are about putting in the scythe, and a great deal of work must be done in a little time, they very naturally look about for the mechanical helps provided by their ingenious co-laborers in the great field of industry, the mechanics. One of these, *Wood's Mower*, will be found advertised in our columns. The editor of the Maine Farmer, after seeing one of them operate, speaks of it in high terms.

The liquor dealers of Showhogan have sold their stock to the town agency and entered into an agreement to keep nothing more of the kind for sale. We hope they will stand to that, but if they do, they are made of different

material from most of the rum-sellers of the present day. When driven into a corner, they are very ready to cry for quarter and make fair promises, which they are just as ready to break when they think it can be done with safety. Watch them.

THAT MUSIC.—Ever since the days of the old College Ten Lot Band—with its bugles, French horns, clarionets, bassoons, etc.—we have had of our own a very good show of musical talent and proficiency, and have been enabled to assemble a respectable band at short notice. Without any formal organization, and with no acknowledged leader, or instructor, even, so far as we can learn, several gentlemen of our village have been practicing together the present season, and on several occasions have officiated very acceptably. On the Fourth, after escorting the Fire Company to the cars, they accompanied the Cadets to Gardiner, and on their return, treated our citizens to a concord of sweet sounds at the Hall, and afterward in the streets, finishing their labors by escorting the firemen from the depot some time after the noon of night. They contributed largely to the enjoyment of all who heard them; and though we listened with pleasure through the day, we thought when they waked us up at dead of night by playing near our windows, that they had reserved their sweetest strains for the last. It may not be amiss to mention that one of the performers, Mr. D. B. Gibbs, was a member of that same old "pumpkin-stalk band," as it was sometimes called in derision by the irreverent students; the others are—C. R. Kendall, Timothy Kendall, John B. Gibbs, Judson Cushman, Frank Lassell, and Benj. Chipman.

UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION.—The Universalists of Maine met in Convention in the city of Bangor on Tuesday of last week, and held a three days session, during all which time the attendance was unusually large. Mr. J. A. Milliken, of Cherryfield, was chosen Moderator of the Council, and Rev. D. B. Bither of Addison, and E. F. Crane, of Kennebec, clerks.

In the forenoon of the first day a sermon was preached by Rev. H. A. Philbrick, of Calais, and in the afternoon Rev. H. C. Leonard, Secretary, read a report on Sabbath Schools, which was followed by remarks by several members. In the evening a sermon was preached at the Unitarian Church by Rev. Mr. Moor, of Portland. Wednesday forenoon Rev. W. R. French, of Turner, read a report on the cause of Universalism in Maine, which was considered, and in the afternoon Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham, of Sidney, presented a report on Education, a large share of which was devoted to Westbrook Seminary, under the charge of Rev. J. P. Weston.

After the report, Gen. Hersey, as Treasurer of Westbrook Seminary, read a report on the finances of that Institution. Six thousand dollars of the debt of that Institution have been wiped away during the last year, leaving a balance against it of about two thousand dollars. Revs. J. P. Weston and C. R. Moore, and Hon. I. Washburn addressed the meeting.

In the evening there was a meeting for the discussion of Reform Topics. Rev. J. W. Hanson and Rev. B. B. Nicholas performed the devotional services. After which Rev. Charles Spear and his wife of Boston, Revs. J. A. Bartlett, D. Stickney, A. Battles, J. Harris, I. C. Knowlton, and C. R. Moore, addressed the meeting upon Prison Reform, Peace, Temperance and Slavery. The remarks upon the subject of slavery were generally earnest, bold and to the point.

Thursday forenoon, a meeting for prayer and conference was held at 5 o'clock and another at 8 o'clock. At 10 o'clock, Occasional Sermon by Rev. A. Hitchings of N. Auburn. In the afternoon a sermon was preached by Rev. Z. Thompson of Bryant's Pond, followed by Communion services. A collection of \$50 was then taken for Father Stetson. In the evening a large meeting for social converse was held at Gen. Hersey's, which pleasantly and profitably terminated the session.

The Council, after electing Rev. J. W. Ford of Kendall's Mills, to deliver the next Annual Report on Sunday Schools, A. G. Gaines of Bethel, to deliver the Report on the State of the cause in Maine, and A. Battles of Bangor, to preach the Occasional Sermon next year, adjourned to meet in Gardiner, in June, 1860.

BUSINESS AT KENDALL'S MILLS.—The demand for lumber with our neighbors, is very brisk, and has been so all the season. The smaller manufactories, too, are busy—being driven to their utmost capacity, with accumulating orders which they are unable to answer. Our own people, even, are in there with orders for boat boxes, of which we saw a pile the other day as big as a hay stack of respectable size. What a blessing is a great water power, and what an element of prosperity. We wish we had it—properly improved.

ENGINES AT BATH.—Fire engines entered the lists at Bath—the Androscooggin, of Topsham, Niagara, of Brunswick, Torrent of Bath, Torrent of Hallowell, and the Deluge of Bath. The playing was through 300 hundred feet of hose, the engines being stationed on King wharf and forcing their streams up Vine St. The first prize, \$60, was taken by the Deluge of Bath; best play 167 feet 2 in. The second by Androscooggin of Topsham; best play 152 feet 1 in.

THE SWING AS A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—Dr. Lawson Long of Holyoke, in a letter to the Springfield Republican, recommends the gymnastic swing as a preventive and cure of pulmonary disease. He says:

"I mean the suspending of the body by the hands, by means of a strong rope or chain, fastened to a beam at one end, and at the other a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick, with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first—perhaps only bear the weight if very

weak—and gradually increase, as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be freely used from three to five times daily. The connection of the arms with the body (with the exception of the clavicle with the sternum or breast bone), being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs and enlarge the chest; and as nature allows no vacuum, the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increasing the volume of air—the natural purifier of blood—and preventing congestion or the deposit of tuberculous matter. I have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs and threatened consumption for thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and always with good results. But especially, as a preventive, I would recommend the exercise."

The exercise will be found very beneficial to all classes of persons, for expanding the lungs and giving them a healthy action.

### The Fourth at Bangor.

The city of Bangor celebrated the Fourth in a manner worthy of her reputation for boldness of enterprise and energy of character. Never have we seen so extensive a plan carried out with such exactness of detail, and with so close regard to propriety and refinement of taste. Every class of her people, from her mayor to the little Irish boy, were remembered in the programme.

The procession consisted of four military and ten fire companies, with other societies and associations of the city, followed by a floral exhibition of 2000 children. They marched through the principal streets to Broadway, where the tables presented a line of plates five thousand feet in length!

The speeches from the platform, after dinner, consisted mainly of responses to the regular toasts, from J. A. Peters, Israel Washburn, senator Hamlin, and others, closing with a beautiful poem written for the occasion and recited by David Barker, Esq., of Exeter. In dignity and truth of sentiment, as well as in elegance of oratory, these responses, some ten in number, were of a high character. A fine exhibition of fireworks closed the day—a marked feature of which was the good order and sobriety everywhere seen. Not one case of intoxication came to our observation.

### THE FIREMEN'S CONTEST.

This was separate and distant from the exercises detailed above, the Fire Companies proceeding to their field of battle directly from the dinner tables. The combatants, arranged in order by lot, were the Excelsior of Upper Stillwater, Waterville of Waterville; Dirigo of Oldtown, and Dirigo of Rockland, the prizes two silver trumpets, costing, one \$100 and the other \$75. They played through 200 feet of hose and up a rising ground; each company having fifteen minutes to make their play.

The following distances were made:  
Excelsior No. 2 of U. Stillwater, 204 ft. 2 in.  
Waterville No. 3 of Waterville, 212 7  
Dirigo, of Oldtown, 190 10  
Dirigo, of Rockland, 185 6

Consequently the prizes were awarded, first to Waterville No. 3, and second to Excelsior No. 2. The Dirigo of Oldtown is the company which took the trumpet from the Waterville Threes two years ago, against which award complaint was made at the time; and this is the second trumpet the Waterville has taken from them since. Their engine was secured in a heavy frame brought for the purpose, and used against the protest of the Waterville. The Excelsior, which took the second prize, is a fine company, and was noted for the modesty of its officers, and the good order of its members; and its success gave great satisfaction. The playing was unusually spirited, and aroused the highest enthusiasm of the spectators. It was said by firemen that the play of the Waterville exceeded that of any similar public contest on record.

### THE SUPPER.

Waterville Company was the special guest of Eagle Co. No. 3 of Bangor, and their reception and entertainment, from first to last, seemed like one continued aim at the utmost limits of generous hospitality. The crowning effort was the supper at City Hall, of which it is no exaggeration to say that it was a concentration of luxuries rarely found upon one table. Salmon, turkey, chicken pie, roast pig, tongue, oysters, green peas, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, water-melons, pine-apples, oranges, strawberries—this is but a beginning of the list! No department was limited but that of beverage, which was confined to coffee, lemonade and cold water. Music by the band, speeches, sentiments and cheers followed—in which the firemen led off with courage and success, while the invited guests, who were present in large numbers, contributed their welcome offerings, till the positive order of the president compelled an adjournment. It was indeed an occasion of social cheer and friendship worthy of these two distinguished companies—than which none in the State have won better laurels at home and abroad, at work or play, as firemen or as citizens.

At 10 o'clock the Eagles escorted their guests to the depot, and left them with redoubled cheers. But the pleasures of the day were not over, even when its hours were past. At 1 o'clock in the morning their arrival at Waterville, where their victory had been reported by telegraph, was hailed by a discharge of cannon, the hurrahs of their friends, and the music of the band. Nowhere are the Waterville Threes better appreciated and esteemed than at home, where they are best known. They were escorted, under a shower of fireworks, down Main-st. to the Williams House, where they were informed by Joshua Nye, Esq., that a generous repast awaited them 'play' in the dining hall. Here was a surprise, but they met it with the coolness of firemen; and having at 2 o'clock thoroughly 'wet down' in hot coffee and milk, they sat down to a Fourth-of-July breakfast. The last spark of Fourth-of-July was quenched. The Threes were dismissed with an appropriate speech from their acting foreman Keith, and retired satisfied with the achievements of the day.

### The War in Europe.

The news from the seat of war in Italy by the Vanderbilt at New York, although several days later, mentions no decisive movement. The allied army has advanced to Brescia, where it is probably preparing for the great struggle which is anticipated upon the plains to the south of Peschiera. The Emperor of Austria, who has assumed the command of his army in person, has removed his headquarters from Verona to Villa Franca, ten miles south-east of Peschiera, indicating a determination to meet the allies in the open field. The Austrian army is reported to be in good spirits, and reinforcements were being pushed forward rapidly.

Garibaldi, with a restless activity which renders it difficult to follow his movements, has pushed from Brescia, which had been occupied by the allies, and was operating on the Lago di Garda. The Austrians have several gunboats on this lake, upon the southern extremity of which is Peschiera. It is probable that they also have strong garrisons at various points on the shores of the lake, protected in their isolation by these gunboats, which keep the lake open. It is against these garrisons that the movement of Garibaldi is directed. Louis Napoleon is reported to have anticipated the necessity of operating upon the interior lakes of Lombardy, having caused a number of gunboats to be constructed so as to be easily taken to pieces and transported. Such vessels of war would prove very serviceable in dislodging the Austrians from Northern Lombardy.

The Austrian report, that Garibaldi had been defeated at Costenedolo is now explained. It seems that having occupied Brescia, he pushed forward a detachment in pursuit of the retreating Austrians, but meeting the enemy in force, was obliged to retire in his turn. It does not appear that he met with any great loss, and the position was subsequently occupied by a detachment from the Sardinian army, which had been sent to his assistance.

Hostilities are threatened in a new quarter. The Austrians have occupied in considerable force the Stelvio pass, and a French corps d'armes of 3000 men is advancing by forced marches towards the position. This pass is in the extreme northern part of Lombardy, and is a practical military road through the mountains of the Tyrol, over which the Austrians could launch an army upon the rear of the allies. This road was constructed about twenty years ago, and in the eyes of many military men it possesses a great strategic importance. It is in respect of elevation without rival in the world. It leaves the upper valley of the Adige at Prad to descend the Adige, after having crossed the Alps at a height of 9100 feet above the level of the sea; and some two or three thousand feet above the limit of eternal snow. Its slopes are at a very high grade. The road has required many bridges and subterranean passages. It is at times a curve of so steep a slope and so short a radius that travelers refuse to descend it in carriages. If the allies gain possession of the Stelvio pass it will be easy to destroy the road and thus guaranty the security of Lombardy from attack in this quarter.

The national cause has met with a severe check in the refusal of the King of Sardinia to countenance the successful revolution in Bologna. He is reported to have sent a messenger to the Pope, assuring him that the integrity of the Papal States will be respected. This will be a sad blow to Italian hopes. Badly as the Austrian provinces of Italy were governed, those of the church were worse ruled. Priest-ridden as well as oppressed, the hopes of the revolutionists seem likely to be blasted by a cold, calculating policy, which has evidently been adopted to conciliate the Catholic world. In the meantime the Papal authorities are taking measures to repress the revolutionary movements.

The proclamation of Klapka and the departure of Kossuth for Genoa, confirms the reports that Louis Napoleon looks with favor upon a revolutionary movement in Hungary. Such a revolution would increase the war fever in the German confederation. Though it would not be a direct attack upon the German States, the movement might turn the scale, now so evenly poised, to the side of war. Considering the ferment which exists throughout Central Europe, the active armament which is going forward, the hereditary animosity against France, and the distrust of the purposes of the emperor Napoleon III., the chances of a general European war are fearfully imminent.

A FAIR THING.—All 'Gift Enterprises' are not 'humbugs.' A concern of that nature can well be conducted in an honorable manner, and so as to merit public patronage and approval. Such an establishment is that conducted by G. C. Evans & Co., at 45 Cornhill Boston. Purchasers of books at that establishment obtain a full equivalent for their outlay in the books which they purchase. In addition to this the purchaser of each book is entitled to a 'gift,' varying in value from twenty-five cents to a hundred dollars, as the case may be. Works of fiction or works of the highest literary merit, which are truly essential to a thorough library, are furnished at the lowest standard prices. The proprietors are enabled to offer these liberal, almost magnificent, terms, by reason of the facilities they enjoy of obtaining their books at much less than usual market value. See advertisement in another column. [Lawrence (Mass.) Scamfield.]

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.—The Democrats at their Convention at Bangor on Thursday last, nominated, Manassah H. Smith as their candidate for Governor. Smith received 367 votes, 274 for E. K. Smart. Amos M. Roberts, Bion Bradbury, George E. Shepley, and E. Wilder Farley were elected delegates to the National Convention. The resolutions passed partake of the Douglas popular sovereignty stamp, but both sides claim a victory, and profess to be perfectly satisfied with the result.

Some one writing from Chicago, Ill., says that city has changed wonderfully within the past five years. The bubble which had fascinated so much capital has exploded; fortunes have been swept away in a breath, and schemes of speculation suddenly destroyed. Property has decreased in value as rapidly as it rose, and stores which five years ago rented for \$9,000 will not now command \$3,000. It is thought to have reached a healthy basis, and that its further progress will be upward.

Controversial preaching is apt to raise up combative feelings, and men who listen to it are apt to be more fierce against the enemies of the Lord than they are against the enemies of their own souls.

Mr. Ten Broeck has recently added to his English racing stud a young horse named 'Chiel.' We presume it was a progenitor of his that Burns referred to in the line—

"a chiel among ye bairns."

The easiest and best way to expand the chest, is to have a large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

There will be held a National Spiritualists' Convention at Plymouth, Mass., on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of August next. Dr. H. F. Gardner of Boston, will preside. Among the speakers engaged to attend, are James E.monds, Gov. N. P. Talbot, Prof. Britain, A. J. Davis, Emma Hardinge and Mrs. Hatch.

To remove ink from linen—jerk an editor out of a shirt.







