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Daniel Ripley Wing

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BY PAUL LAURENCE.

"It was a beautiful morning in the early part of June. The flowers that graced Florence Pembroke's window sent up a fragrant odor; the trees nodded pleasantly in the gay sunshine; the birds, which she had hung out to enjoy the bright sunlight, darted about in their cages almost wild with joy. There was an incessant twittering in the grove opposite the house, and as Florence leaned out over the flower-boxes, the pleasant hum of children's voices as they wended their way to school, greeted her ears. Florence gazed down the road wistfully, then up at the clouds sweeping the azure expanse above her, now like silver banners, now like foam-crested waves, anon resembling the spray of the waterfall.

"I wonder what detains Rachel!" she exclaimed, as she withdrew her gaze from the clouds, crushing a rose-bud between her fingers unwittingly. Then, tossing a spray of evergreen in her favorite bird with a petting exclamation—

"There, pet! you needn't go crazy this fine morning, she sank back murmuring, 'I do wish Rachel would come!'

A moment later there came a tap at her door and a childish voice said: 'Miss Dean's down stairs, ma'am.' Florence descended hastily to the parlor. Upon her entrance a lovely girl advanced to meet her, saying in a deprecating manner:

"I fear I have taxed your patience, Florence."

"What detained you?"

"I met with a little adventure on the road."

"An adventure! What was it? But you hesitate. If it is anything I should not hear—"

"No! it is not that; but—"

"What! blushing, Rachel? Now I must hear what you have to say."

"It is nothing," replied Rachel; "I had just reached the willows, and I sat down for a moment, as I said to myself, to enjoy the beautiful morning."

"You were tired. After this you shall come in the carriage," Florence spoke in a peremptory manner.

"No! I was not tired. As I said, I sat down to enjoy the glory of the morning, and ere I was aware of it I forgot my errand. Oh these glorious June mornings!"

"But the adventure, Rachel."

"I suppose I was engrossed with thought, for I was suddenly aroused by a shriek, and looking up I beheld a child endeavoring to get out of the way of a carriage, which had that moment turned the corner of the road. Another moment and it would have been trampled under the horses' feet. I sprang forward, scarcely thinking what I was doing, catching the child in my arms; then I received a blow, and after that I was unconscious."

"And the child?"

"You remember the house on the corner of the road. Well, when I opened my eyes the child's mother and a gentleman, the owner of the carriage, were bending over me. The child was uninjured, and I was more frightened than hurt. That is the whole adventure."

"The gentleman was anything but gallant or he would have brought you here in his carriage; after knocking you down with his reckless driving it was the least he could have done."

"Doubtless he would have done so had I permitted him," rejoined Rachel; "but I was so positive in my refusal that I fear I offended him."

"Do you remember what he was like? Had he light hair, rather tall, with light blue eyes?"

"Really, Florence, I had something else to think about."

"But you surely know whether he was tall or short?"

"I believe he was tall."

"And the color of his hair?"

"Well, since you must know, it was yellow."

"Yellow! Nonsense! You mean golden colored. Who ever heard of yellow hair out of Germany?"

"Really, I cannot tell you, Florence."

"Was he old or young?"

"He was young and handsome. There, now, I have told you all I am going to tell you."

"Florence clasped her hands. 'Do you know—have you any idea who he is?'"

"Unless it be—Rachel hesitated, then added suddenly—'He certainly resembles you!'"

"It is my cousin Walter. How delightful! Now I can cease him."

"Now, said Rachel, as the blood mantled to her forehead, 'and I have done nothing.'"

"Not have I anything for you to do. Robert forgot to bring the parcels out. You may alter that velvet, if you like, and it will be time enough to begin the rest next week. Now, don't look so serious."

"But you know, I promised to give your friend part of the coming week, and—"

"Then I can wait," interrupted Florence.

"What difference will it make—a few days, or even a few weeks? It isn't for that I wanted to see you. Rachel, I want you to give us your company to-morrow night—now, don't deny me! There will be very few here, and they will be my most intimate friends, amongst whom I delight to place you."

"I cannot."

"Do you not understand me, Rachel?"

"I do understand you, Florence. I can never forget your generosity and nobleness. I am poor—a seamstress, with scarcely a friend in the world. You came to me as one would approach an equal; you gave me your confidence; you call me your friend and companion—you, who are wealthy and surrounded with everything that wealth can bring! Has any one else done this? Is it the way of the world?"

"And I suppose I am to be praised for doing this," replied Florence bitterly. "Rachel," she continued, as she placed an arm around her waist and drew her to the window, "you are my equal—more; you are my superior in many things. I know you would say that you are honored by my friendship; but I will say that I am just as much honored with yours. Confide in me. What is the reason that you reject my advances?"

"Can you not guess? I would not subject myself to criticism, much less my friend; and what would the world say if you introduced me as your friend? No! no! Florence. It is better as it is. We will be as we have been. Besides, I am satisfied with my position, and if such was my wish, I could not afford time to give you. It is as much as I can do to support my father and myself comfortably."

"Florence gazed upon her admiringly, as she inquired—"

"And do you never look at a hand?"

"Often."

"And what do you see?"

"The same routine, the same home, the same people, the same life."

"And then you have the blues? Everything looks dreary, no change, no excitement? It must be terrible. But, then you have your dreams, like the rest of us, your little romantic ideas—do you not wish to-morrow some-thing different, but always pleasant?"

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, JAN. 26, 1860.

NO. 29.

Rachel smiled as she replied—

"I am not romantic; I believe I am practical."

"Do you never think of marriage?"

"Never."

"And have you never received any attentions?"

"No."

"Never; I always wait upon myself. I never had a lover; but I have some excellent friends."

"And Rachel smiled pleasantly as she spoke. 'There is the grocer's wife,—she is a mother to me almost, only she won't let me become sociable; she addresses me as if I were the greatest lady in the land, and she a humble servant. I don't like that. Oh, I am not unhappy. Do I look like it?'"

"No; you are what I would call a happy-looking girl. But your amusements,—do you never attend any social parties, or concerts?"

"Once I was at a wedding, and once at a social gathering; but I never was at a concert."

"Why, Rachel!" exclaimed Florence, in undisguised astonishment. "And the opera, and the theatre! they are only names to you. What do you do with your nights, your long winter nights, Rachel?"

"I read to my father, or sew, or write. You must know I can find plenty to do. I am never idle; at least, there is no excuse for me if I forget myself. But you will soon know all about me, at this rate, while I know very little about you. Let me ask you, what companions you to those places of amusement? And who makes these handsome presents?"

"Lifting, as she spoke, a rare specimen of coral, inlaid with curiously-carved and brilliantly colored ivory, which lay on a table at her elbow."

"There was a perceptible tinge of red in either cheek, as Florence replied—"

"I received that from a gentleman, since you were here last."

"And a lover; your blushes tell me that. How many have you?"

"I cannot say how many my money can claim; but I am only sure of one."

"And you are sure he does not love you money? You must be very happy then."

"Happy!" murmured Florence, abstractedly, as she bent her head forward, gazing down at the floor and twining her fingers in her long ringlets. "Happy, words cannot express my happiness! When you love and are loved in return, Rachel, there is beauty in everything; she added suddenly, as she looked in her companion's face."

"And this lover, is he rich, like you, or is he poor?"

"He is poor, that is, he has nothing but his salary."

"There was a long silence then. Rachel looked out upon the grove and up at the fleecy clouds, alternately, tapping her fingers slowly and dreamily against the casement, as she drank in the soft morning air."

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occurred. They were sitting alone, Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke having strayed off through the garden to note the progress of their favorite plants."

"How do you know it was Miss Dean?"

"By your faithful description."

"Well, what do you think of her?" enquired Florence, as she looked up from her book.

"Why, I think she is a tolerable fair looking girl."

"Only tolerable?"

"Don't fire up in that way, now; I might say she is good looking; well, then, to gratify you, particularly handsome. What more can I say? Come! I will go further, and acknowledge that I don't know when I have seen such a face, and such pleasing manners as this friend of your's possesses."

"Florence laughed gayly. 'And how do you suppose you impressed her?'"

"Since I feel satisfied that you are already aware of the truth, it is unnecessary for me to say. Of course, with your talent for quizzing."

"Fie! Walter. Do you think that Rachel Dean tells me everything?"

"Seriously," began Walter. "I was struck with Miss Dean's face. I would like to know something about her history."

"I know very little about her," responded Florence. "I only know that her mother died when she was a mere child, and that Rachel has supported her father, during the last four years, by her needle-work."

"Is she the only child?"

"I never heard her alluding to a brother or sister; and if she had either I would have heard of them. You are very much interested in her all at once," added Florence with a mischievous smile.

"I confess I am. Poor thing! What lives some of us have," and Walter Blair gazed out upon the lawn thoughtfully.

"I wish you were acquainted with Rachel," said Florence at the end of some minutes.

"Why?" queried her cousin.

"Because I think you would like her; and because she needs friends. She told me to day that she was never at a concert in her life; and she does not go out to parties. She has no more idea of life than a child. A peculiar smile wavered around Walter's lips. Florence corrected herself. 'I should say enjoyment: She has seen too much of real, hard, exacting life; but she has never known any thing of its pleasures.' Walter's manner showed that he was becoming interested. 'Just think of that girl stitching away from morning till night to supply the wants of her poor old father, working for two dollars and fifty cents a week!'"

"Two dollars and fifty cents a week!" ejaculated her cousin in astonishment.

"Two dollars and a half a week!" reiterated Florence, "and sometimes less than that. How she lives I can't imagine. And nothing to look forward to. I think her lot hard. If she was like other people in the same situation,—but she is not. She is not one to associate with careless people. Think of it, Walter: she is nineteen, and she has never had a lover."

Walter Blair burst out into a hearty laugh. "Ah! and that is the hair that broke the cam of his back, and the heartless fellow laughed immoderately. Florence's face flushed suddenly as she pouted.

"I beg your pardon, Florence. What must I say to mollify you? Really I am interested in this girl. Listen to me Florence; is there no way we could manage to make life a little brighter for this friend of yours?"

"Yes," replied his cousin turning towards him quickly. "We could call upon her occasionally; we might take her with us to some place of amusement, and lend her books. I was just coming to that when you interrupted me. And you could play cavalier, if you were not too proud."

"Very well, I promise obedience," replied Walter submissively, "but is that all? Is there no way you could help her pecuniarily?"

"I have a project which I hope will place her in more comfortable circumstances."

"And how am I to play cavalier. This friend of yours is not easily approached. In fact, judging from this morning's experience, I should say that there was an unusual degree of reserve in Miss Dean's composition."

"Nothing could be easier. You will accompany me the first time I call upon her." Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke approached at that moment, the subject was dropped, and it was not referred to again until the following week, when Walter Blair accompanied his cousin to the home of the seamstress.

Rachel Dean's home was situated on the outskirts of the city. There was a garden in front and extending along either side of the plain brick house which stood in the middle of a double lot, as the citizens termed it. As they stood before the door, Walter Blair's observing eyes noted the marks of a watchful hand amongst the rose-bushes and dahlias that graced either side of the entrance. There were geraniums and pinks, and prim marigolds; and just opposite one of the windows a Virginia creeper (a present from Florence) was arching its head over a piece of trellis work so slenderly fashioned that there could be no doubt in Walter Blair's mind whose hands had placed it there. Altogether, the house had a home look about it that struck Walter not unpleasantly. As Florence observed his scrutinizing glance, she said:

"It might be worse; it is certainly not so much better."

"No! She has taste, and the ready response. The next moment the door was opened, and Rachel Dean faced them. There was a little start, and a bright flush in her cheeks as her glance fell upon the gentlemen, but in a moment she recovered her self-possession."

"This is unexpected, Florence," she said as she threw open a door to her right, and preceded her visitors into the room, placed seats for them.

"My cousin, Mr. Blair, Rachel; I believe you have met before. There was the slightest dash of mischief in Florence's manner as she introduced them."

"It is scarcely possible to forget such a meeting as ours was," said Walter, adding, "Permit me to inquire how you managed to reach the house?"

"It did not cost me an effort. I was only frightened. Just then a shadow fell through the doorway, and looking up Walter Blair beheld a frail old man entering the house. It was Rachel's father. He came in with slow, trembling steps, leaning heavily on his staff, and standing before Walter and his cousin, said in an affectionate manner—

"Good day, my dears, and then he removed his hat carefully, and smoothed back his long, thin locks of hair, as he seated himself."

"This is Miss Pembroke, father, and this gentleman is her cousin," said Rachel.

"Yes, yes,—I know the lady—I know her very well, child. A very pleasant day, sir, turning to Walter. 'I was just out looking at Rachel's pear tree; I think we will have some pears on them next year. I am too old to walk out much now; but I go out in the garden of a fine day—not far—I mean on the road there; and the old man pointed through the window with his staff, and dropped his chin on his breast. Walter bent towards him reverently as he said—

"You have a very quiet place here; it is much better than living in the city."

"Much better—much better. We lived in the city too long—I wanted more room—more air, and Rachel said she wanted fresh air too; so we came out. Then breaking off in the rambling way peculiar to old age—

"Will you walk out and look at Rachel's pear tree?" Walter arose and followed the frail footsteps, humming the while the fancies of his companion, whose reason was wavering in the balance; while Florence informed Rachel that she had secured a situation for her in Mrs. M's establishment."

"Mrs. M's, business is confined to dress-making and selling such goods as she herself makes up," explained Florence. "You will assist Mrs. M. in the sales-room. You will receive three dollars a week for the first six months, after that you will make your own bargain. When can you go?"

"I suppose I might begin on Monday. I am sure I never can repay you."

"There! say no more about that, Rachel. Some of these evenings Walter and I will call for you and take you with us to some place of amusement. Now, don't look sober; I am in earnest."

Rachel smiled faintly as she replied, "I could not think of leaving my father alone at night, and I do not like to trouble my neighbors, asking them to keep him company. It would not be right

The Eastern Mail.

PH. MAXHAM, J. DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 26, 1860.

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 Scofield's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

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."

WATERVILLE FARMERS' CLUB.—On Thursday evening last the Club met at the house of G. W. Pressey, Esq.—Josiah Morrill in the chair. There was an unusually large attendance, and an animated discussion was had of the subject continued from the previous meeting—The Management of Manures and Fertilizers.

Col. Marston thought farmers and their advisers were all in the dark; even the analysis of soils, so strongly insisted upon, seemed to be of little worth in view of the contradictory results arrived at by the same chemical experts, with different specimens of the same soil; he urged the importance of thoroughness in experiments, that the conclusions drawn might not be merely so much guess work. For four years he has applied a composition of lime, plaster and salt to potatoes, with very good effect, apparently, until last year; thought some years had doubted the crop. Johnston estimates the liquid manure of equal value with the solid, and this, with us, is almost universally wasted. His barn yard was not very favorably situated for saving manure, but he had improved it materially by ditching to arrest the wash from the manure heap, and by sawdust as an absorbent. He is experimenting extensively with sawdust, of which he has an abundance upon his interval land, deposited there yearly from the Mills above. He cannot as yet speak positively as to the value of this sawdust, but he feels confident that it has a value beyond that of a mere absorbent, and he thinks that its mechanical effect upon his clay soil is good. Massachusetts men coming into Maine are struck with the great waste of manure—barnyards being frequently allowed to drain into the highway. His own place, when he first took possession, had, in the Spring, a very respectable mill stream flowing through it.

Mr. Reuben D. Pulsifer, in illustration of the neglect and waste of valuable material for manure, said that he saw in a neighboring town, last summer, hands employed in wheeling a large quantity of chip dirt into the street—and this is not a rare occurrence.

Mr. Dyer said there was a great lack of suitable absorbents; all have not much. Now, would it pay to haul in loam, as a substitute, for lack of anything better, and then return it to the field.

Mr. Abram Morrill thought it would, and, keeping the cattle under cover, apply it summer and winter. He had lately moved his barn and built a cellar under it, and thought himself more than repaid already for the trouble and expense, in the increased value of the manure. He thought well of scraping up leaves and mould in the woods, and turf from the roadsides, to be transported to the barnyard for this purpose. These substances should be well dried, and so, indeed, should all other applications.

Mr. Sawtelle had practised this last plan with good success, as he thought.

Mr. Pressey related the experience of an acquaintance in Readfield, who always keeps piles of muck in his yard, applying it as it dries, and shoveling it into the holes in which the liquid has accumulated.

Trenches and drains at the back of the tie up, behind the cattle, leading to some proper place of deposit, were mentioned as serving a good purpose in preventing a waste of the liquid manure. Mr. Josiah Morrill's neighbor spreads his horse manure to receive the dropping from his cattle nightly—thus thoroughly mixing the whole.

Mr. H. Percival had used a cellar as a deposit for manure, including muck soil, salt, &c., with great success, and thought the plan paid well.

Mr. F. Marston had used guano with wonderful success; so had Mr. J. Percival, in some instances, and yet, considering its present high price, he thought farmers generally could do much better. Before buying anything from abroad, let them make use of all the materials within reach, allowing nothing to be wasted. One article, of great value, but almost entirely overlooked, is night soil; properly taken care of it is worth from 3 to 5 dollars for each person. In some further talk upon guano, it was said that J. Eaton of Winslow had applied it with the happiest results for a series of years. Mr. Percival said many failed with it in not applying enough; said a man came to him once for some, stating that he wanted to see what this wonderful, new-fangled manure would do—and ended by buying 160 lbs. for two acres of land. Land might be difficult of access, when it would be advisable to apply this in preference to heavier and bulkier manures.

Four copies of the Agricultural portion of the Patent Office Reports having been received from Hon. F. H. Morse, a vote was passed directing the Secretary to acknowledge their reception, and tender our representative the thanks of the Club for his thoughtful kindness. These volumes are to be passed round from hand to hand until all who wish shall have read them. The next meeting, at which H. J. Morrill will preside, will be held this evening at the house of C. R. McFadden. Subject for discussion—Field Crops, with the understanding that the grass crop is to be first considered. A week from next night the Club will meet at Col. I. Marston's.

OUR TABLE.

OUR MUSICAL FRIENDS.—This is a weekly publication of sheet music, which furnishes 16 pages, neatly and handsomely printed, on full sized music paper, for the trifling sum of ten cents. The contents are made up of the best Piano Solos, Duets, Songs, Operatic Arias, Polkas, Mazurkas, Waltzes, and every species of musical composition for voice and piano—the selections being made from the best American and European composers. A year's subscription to this work secures an accumulation of new and fashionable music, which could not be obtained in any other way without an expenditure of two hundred dollars. We append a list of pieces in a recent number—

Quadrille on Airs from Meyerbeer's Opera of the Huguenots, by Laurent.
Villikins and his Dinah, by J. Parry.
You shall be Faithful 7 by F. Mori.
In the Eye there lies the Heart. Song. By F. Abt.
Polka Rizzarra, by C. Schubert.
Published by C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau Street New York, at \$5 a year, or 10 cents a number.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The following is a list of the articles in the February number, just out:
Counting and Measuring; My Last Love; A Shetland Shawl; Roba di Roma; The Amber Gods; The Poet's Friends; The Memorial of A. B. or Matilda Muffin; Some Account of a Visionary; The True of Picaresque; The Maroons of Jamaica; The Professor's Story; Mexico; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

The Atlantic, by common consent, stands at the head of American Monthlys, and John Bull, I even acknowledge he has nothing equal to it.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

THE SOLO MELODIST.—A new semi-monthly publication, with this title, is issued by C. B. Seymour & Co., New York, which is intended for the use of amateurs who play the Flute, Violin, Cornet, Clarinet, Accordeon, etc.—each number containing 12 pages of music, at the cost of ten cents. All the popular melodies of the day, arranged in a simple but effective manner, will be given in this work, which is brought out in neat and elegant style, great care being bestowed upon the music, to insure absolute accuracy. The following is a list of the contents of the initial number:

The Young America Lancers' Quadrille, by Fradel.
The Argyle Galop, by Henry Laurent.
Casta Diva, by Bellini.
Oh! What a World this might be. By A. Wilton.
Der Ellen Valse, by Labitzky.
Ever of Thee, by Foley Hale.
The Banks of Allan Water. Ballad.
So Sweet her Voice to mine ear, by Verdi.
The Solo Melodist is published by C. B. Seymour & Co., New York, at \$2.50 a year, or 10 cents a single number.

RAILROAD LEGISLATION.—Among the projects for legislation at Augusta, this winter some of the most prominent, and likely to be the most warmly contested, are connected with railroads. The "Portland Consolidation Scheme," so called, is first in magnitude among these projects. It commences the complete consolidation of all the roads between Portland and Bangor—the A. & K., the P. & K., the Androscoggin, the S. & K. and the K. & P. with an aggregate length of 258 miles.

A second embraces several plans of the Androscoggin road to avoid its present outlet over the A. & K. road to Danville Junction. One is a separate road from some point in Leeds, through Lewiston, to a junction with the G. T. road; and then to connect the Farmington road with the Kennebec River road, somewhere between Augusta and Topsham.

A third project, and one that promises a zealous contest if introduced, will be some new phase of the Aroostook railroad project. One of its schemes is said to be so far hostile to the interests of the Penobscot road as to draw out the utmost hostility of that corporation. Still another project is the consolidation of the A. & K. and P. & K. roads, directed of the provision for equal through fares over the two routes between Bangor and Portland—to which condition the "back route" objects.

Upon all these projects it is said the various parties in interest are arranging their plans and "setting their corns" with all the caution and zeal that usually characterize contests backed by "rich owners."

POTATOES, AND A MARKET.—The firm of Chs. Kimball & Co., Boston, bought one hundred and fifty thousand bushels of potatoes at Bangor, last year, paying from 35 to 40 cts. a bushel. One of the firm is now in Waterville, arranging, if practicable, to buy largely at this place. He tells us that the "Foot Potato" is preferred to any other, in the limit of its trade, and he advises farmers to raise it for market. He thinks that if farmers in the vicinity of Waterville can only rely upon a ready and unlimited market, at the best prices, they will now begin to extend their efforts with this crop. Such a market he intends to offer them for their next harvest, and afterwards as he may make it pay. Those who have potatoes to sell are referred to the advertisement of Johnson Williams, 2d.

EXEMPTION OF HORSES.—A bill to add a pair of horses to the list of property now exempt from attachment for debt has elicited some debate in the legislature. An order was passed instructing the judiciary committee to inquire into the expediency of adding a lumber wagon worth \$30, and a harness worth \$15. The exemption of property, thus far, has evidently worked well in our State, and we presume the amount now exempted will be increased at this session. Whether the proposition, which seems to find friends in the legislature, to exempt the same property from taxation also, comes in good faith, or in secret hostility to the exemption principle, is not plain. It goes too far, and with bad effect.

PAINTFUL ACCIDENT.—Mr. George Bates, brakeman on the A. & K. Railroad, was killed on Saturday last, near Monmouth. He was knocked from the train by striking a bridge, and fell in such a position between the cars that six of them passed over him, cutting off one leg above the knee and crushing the foot of the other. The blow against the bridge also made a bad wound upon his head. A telegram was dispatched to the superintendent, at this place, and Dr. J. F. Noyes was immediately sent in an extra train to attend him, if practicable, bring him here. He was alive, but his wounds were such as to render his case hopeless. Mr. Ware, the president of the road, immediately started in an extra train to carry the sad news to the young man's widow, and mother at St. Albans, and bring her to this place. They returned at 9 o'clock, while he was yet alive; but he died at midnight, without showing signs of consciousness after her arrival. He is said to have been a worthy young man, aged 25 years—the only child of

his mother, and she a widow. The accident is deeply melancholy in its associations; and the kind attention so promptly given by officers of the road is worthy of special notice.

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The Maine State Temperance Society assembled in Augusta on Wednesday of last week and continued in session two days and evenings. Hon. Lot M. Morrill was elected President for the ensuing year; Geo. A. Thatcher, Esq., Vice-President for Penobscot County; Darius Forbes, of the Temperance Journal, Sec.; Chas. A. Stackpole Treas.; Neal Dow, Chairman of the Executive Committee. The second day of the session was spent in a joint meeting with the Sons of Temperance, who were in attendance upon the session of the Grand Division. We copy the following resolves:

Resolved, That direct efforts are now needed to educate the public in the doctrine of temperance, and prohibition, and note all friends of the cause on the total abstinence pledge with special regard to the enforcement of the same.

Resolved, That the association will heartily co-operate with any organization which has for its object total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks, and the legal suppression of the traffic therein, and the moral and social improvement of the several towns and cities in our State the property of instructing their municipal officers vigorously to prosecute all violations of the Liquor Law.

Resolved, That the increasing use of intoxicating liquors as a medicine is a great impediment to the progress of the temperance cause, and we urge upon the medical faculty that they exercise great caution in this respect.

PROF. A. O'LEARY.—Mr. Powers, the agent and reporter of Prof. O'Leary, has engaged Town Hall for a course of lectures at this place. The Doctor has, during the last three or four months, been lecturing and practicing his profession in the principal towns and cities of New Hampshire and Maine, with most marked success. From the subjoined extracts of notices of the press our readers can judge for themselves of the attractions he offers:

"He is thoroughly conversant with the science on which he speaks, and his lectures are replete with truth and instruction." [Portland Advertiser, Jan. 14, '59.]

"O'Leary's lectures are drawing immense audiences every evening. He has the peculiar faculty of clothing valuable instruction in attractive forms, so as to interest a promiscuous audience." [Lewiston Falls Journal, Dec. 25, 1859.]

"Mr. O'Leary is a very fluent speaker and evinces an intimate acquaintance with both nature and science." [Maine Republican, Jan. 14, 1859.]

"They draw crowds, that is certain, and night after night. Go and hear him if you want to laugh and grow fat. His lectures and paintings make a rich treat." [Democratic (Lewiston) Advocate, Jan. 14, 1859.]

"The accuracy with which he describes character from phenological examinations is truly astonishing." [Central City and Brunswick, Brunswick, Mo., Jan. 14, 1859.]

"The lecturer wields a facile tongue, and deals manfully and openly with his hearers, in the main disclaiming reputation, and he has the art of making his points by quicks in the profession. His speech is rapid, and at the same time coherent, and the amount of matter, philosophical, learned, gay, witty and pithy, that he is able to give attention to is surprising. He reads the human heart, through the head, as the pages of an open book, at the same time retaining remarkably from affecting—giving his hearers a true and genuine high reputation for his brain and inner life." [Aurora Republic, Ill., Jan. 14, 1859.]

"Mr. O'Leary has been lecturing in this place for nearly two weeks and is said to have attained a success beyond any thing ever before known in the history of our country, both in public addresses and private lectures of character." [Lewiston Weekly Journal, Augusta, Jan. 14, 1859.]

"He bears the reputation of being a very earnest and eloquent speaker, and although at present suffering from a severe cold, he has thus far fully sustained his high reputation as an interesting, instructive and witty speaker, and a more than ordinary successful delineator of character." [Maine Rural Gardener, Jan. 14, 1859.]

"Mr. O'Leary, the Phenologist, is lecturing at Waterville, Me., to all houses, and with great success." [Augusta Age, Jan. 14, 1859.]

"The public examinations have been remarkably fruitful in every instance. On Wednesday evening, for instance, he examined a head blindfolded; this trial of the science settled the question—it was a complete triumph." [Bangor Daily Journal, Jan. 14, 1859.]

"The lecturer is a rapid and enthusiastic speaker, an original thinker, a scientific phenologist, and does not flatter! That is the crowning excellence of his professional labors, and one for which any man would be repaid. All who have heard him are full of admiration, and our speaking more at length concerning these lectures this week, which we should like very much to be able to do; but everybody ought to hear him—that's all." [Bangor Daily Journal, Jan. 14, 1859.]

"The lecturer has a high reputation in connection with Phenology, and is spoken of as one of the best lecturers on the subject and unequalled in delineation of character. All who have heard him are full of admiration, and our speaking more at length concerning these lectures this week, which we should like very much to be able to do; but everybody ought to hear him—that's all." [Bangor Daily Journal, Jan. 14, 1859.]

"The accuracy with which he describes character from phenological examinations is truly astonishing, and would perhaps induce the most obstinate skeptic to concede that there must be somewhat of truth in the science." [Mobile paper, Jan. 14, 1859.]

"We are happy to state that Mr. O'Leary's talents as a lecturer have been fully appreciated, and that what we feared respecting him before he sailed, is, in now the opinion of all who have heard him, a true statement." [Sterling Republican, Ill., Jan. 14, 1859.]

"At a meeting of the citizens attending the lecture of Mr. O'Leary, Professor of the science of Phenology on Saturday evening 27 Sept. the following resolution was adopted: 'Resolved, That the course of lectures, on the science of Phenology and Physiology by Professor A. O'Leary, to be given at Waterville, Me., on the 1st of Jan. next, be favored have proved exceedingly interesting and instructive. In the Phenological examinations both public and private, Mr. O'Leary displayed superior ability and unusual faithfulness and candor, and gave general satisfaction by his truthful delineations of character.' [Daily Union, Jan. 14, 1859.]

CONTRA.—A letter from Mr. Powers, received Tuesday evening, states that the above course of lectures must be deferred temporarily, in consequence of the illness of Dr. O'Leary. Further notice will be given.

The *Hallowell Gazette* intimates that the Portlanders propose to charge 12 1/2 cts. admission fee for seeing the eclipse in that city in July. We expect the eclipse will go round Hallowell, because the city authorities don't dare to run the risk of making it pay.

BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—This body commenced its annual session at the State-house on Tuesday of last week. The attendance is full, and the members active in mature their plans.

Rev. Dr. Sheldon will preach at the Universalist church on Sunday next.

THERE YOU ARE, EH!—The democratic vote of Portland in the late caucus for delegates to Charleston, was divided as follows—Douglas men 664, administration men 383.

GOOD.—The fifth temperance organization in the town of China is a section of the order of Cadets, organized at Weeks' Mills on the 26th ult. China is a banner town in the cause of temperance.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—For February, containing a continuation of the Professor's capital story, and an abundance of other good things, will be found at Matthews's. See notice in our Table.

THE WHITEFIELD MIRACLE.—A correspondent of the *Augusta Age* places the story of the wonderful cure performed in Whitefield, by the laying on of hands, in the same category with that of the two-headed baby—and says there is not the slightest foundation of fact for the marvellous report.

SINGING SCHOOL.—See notice, in another column. Mr. Lapsater is well recommended.

Sherman's Position.
On Friday last, Mr. Sherman asked Mr. Clark of Missouri, if he would withdraw his resolution, in order to afford him an opportunity to explain. Mr. Clark refused, and Mr. Sherman then proceeded to remark as follows:

When the gentleman from Missouri introduced the resolution, offensive in character and at an improper time and manner, he cut off what he said he desired to do, namely—offer an opportunity for explanation. When, afterwards, the gentleman from Virginia, Mr. Millson, appealed to him, he stated that he never had seen or read the book, and had no recollection of signing any recommendation. After that explanation was published, he received a letter from E. B. Morgan, a member of the last Congress, recalling the circumstances under which his name became connected with the publication. Mr. Morgan stated that while he (Mr. Sherman) was writing at his desk, he asked permission to use his recommendation in circulating a political pamphlet. He consented, provided there was nothing in it offensive or improper, and confiding in the judgment of the friend who requested the favor. This was the whole story, and he presented plain, unvarnished statement of facts, which had been so much misrepresented. These were all the circumstances under which his name had become associated with the book. The other day, when the subject was brought before the House, and in language which he did not consider courteous, when he was charged with disseminating treason and lighting up the torch to be applied to the dwellings of his Southern brethren—charged with crimes, which, if he were guilty of them, would take from him his title to a seat on that floor—when he rose in his place, and told the gentleman from Missouri that if the resolution was withdrawn, he would answer, as the book was read, page by page, whether he avowed or disavowed the sentiments therein. The gentleman refused to withdraw it.

He did not believe it was the desire of the gentleman to give him the opportunity, or to relieve the opportunity. If so, he would withdraw it, to give him an opportunity to do what he proposed. Never, so help me God, whether the Speaker's chair stands before me or not—never, while the resolution is before the House improperly and in an unparliamentary way, and its adoption is urged by offensive arguments—will I explain a single word in those extracts. (Applause from the Republican side of the galleries.) While the resolution is intended as a stigma, and is sustained by epithets, he cannot expect me to say more. He repeated that the circumstances under which the resolution was passed, were not characterized by candor and a manly course. While they might conduct their controversies in the House with zeal and determination, it ought to be done with frankness and fairness. While the resolution had been pressed and there had been offensive debate, he had been arraigned before the country with his hands tied, and his lips sealed. He had been assailed here, day after day, in a manner without precedent in party caucuses, State Conventions, or anything else. He had said, and repeated, that his opinions were in reason. Gentlemen said they had examined to ascertain what they were, and it was charged that he had been subjected. He objected to the introduction of a bill, but when the gentleman who introduced it made a satisfactory explanation, he (Sherman) withdrew his objection. The country would take notice that this was the only accusation against him.

Mr. Hardeman—I charge the gentleman with having advocated on this floor a proposition to exclude slavery from the territories by Congressional legislation, and of having avowed his intention to oppose the admission of any slave State into the Union; and of having branded the fugitive slave law as savage and inhuman. I charge him with having stigmatized Southern slavery as injurious and a crime.

Mr. Sherman—In other words I am charged with being a Republican. This is my offence—none other. I never sought to invade the rights of the Southern States, nor the rights of any citizen. I have my ideas of Slavery in the territories, and at a proper time am willing to defend them. I have made but one speech on the subject in Congress, and that growing out of the offensive message of President Pierce. They are the opinions of the body of the Republicans, and gentlemen may discuss them. I stand by my political record. Gentlemen on the other side, while proclaiming me a traitor by implication, in order to serve a political purpose, have called on me to show the proof of my innocence.

They have failed to sustain their charge. When called upon to specify, the only thing they could say was that while sitting at my desk a friend came to me, and I authorized him to use my name to a paper, and that by this I became a traitor, and would put the torch in the incendiary's hand. This is not fair argument. I repeat, if the gent from Missouri desires to know what my sentiments are as to the extracts from the work, I will give them, if he will remove what I consider the insulting menace—otherwise I never will! It is not in my blood, and this gent cannot put it there. (Applause.) I have been patient and forbearing. I desired to see an organization opposed to the administration. It is our highest duty to investigate and analyze the mode in which the government has been administered for a few years past. I did not believe the slavery question would come up this session. I thought we would have an examination into the condition of the government. But for the unfortunate affair at Harper's Ferry I do not believe there would be any feeling on this subject. No Northern man came here approving the foray of John Brown. Every one was willing to condemn the act of lawless violence.

Before we had reached even a formal ballot this question was thrust upon us. It has had its effect on the public mind. I believe the resolutions are unjust, offensive and wrong, not only to Republicans but to our common constituency. The agitation has struck up bad blood. If this obstacle were removed, I believe we can yet go to work and organize the House, and administer its power with impartiality. Whenever my name stands as a barrier to organization, and my friends are satisfied they can combine a larger number of votes, either by a majority or plurality, I will not stand in my present position one hour. I will cheerfully retire from the field, and give way to any other Republican who will accept the barren honors of the Speaker's Chair. (Applause.)

CASSIUS M. CLAY.—The following is the concluding portion of the gallant Kentuckian's recent speech—

We preach no new doctrine, we invoke no new God, but standing by the old doctrine of '76, upon which our fathers fought and died, we say with Orlinides, that "that which is good upon to stand upon is good ground to fall upon." We invoke the people of the North and the South to stand by the constitution of the United States, and vindicate it beyond the possibility of a doubt. Who are the men that have avowed the intention to dissolve the Union? Look at the record. Not a single county meeting, nor district convention, nor State Assembly, nor national convention of the Republican party has ever declared that, in any emergency, they will dissolve the Union. No, sir, we say all the time that we submit to Democratic rule while our slaveholders rule us, and we submit because we know of no other policy, no other alternative, except it be force; and when that is used all law is silent, and the government becomes a despotism; whenever you resort to violence you have an anarchy as has Mexico, which is continually at war because it does not stand by any Constitution or law. All our pledges and antecedents prove that we are bound to be loyal to the union of these States; and, therefore, I say, we can safely claim your suffrages, not taking us by our avowals, but taking us by our acts. If we have submitted for eighty years, we are willing to submit for eighty years more, unless we can persuade you to take hold of those glorious privileges which we hold to be right.

There is a man in Carolina whose father was born, it is said, upon North Carolina soil, and we know not how many centuries before his ancestors lived there, and it so happened that he belonged to that large class of North Carolina that may be called the working class, the non-slaveholders. He saw the influence of slavery upon the interests of that class of men, and he broke away from the trammels of that party and published a book, and he tells us, that however good a thing slave labor is for the slaveholder, free labor is better for the non-slaveholder. He takes up the census of the United States, and he compares at all un-justly, and shows how the institution of the South affects the mass. He appeals to these masses and asks them to see for themselves and act upon their knowledge thus obtained, if this thing is not according to the doctrine of Jefferson, this which I believe was pretty good Democracy once.

Now about this book I am going to be frank. I did recommend this book. I say I have read this book carefully, and there is not a single incendiary doctrine in it, there is not a single appeal to the slave. If it be insurrection among a people professing to be free to appeal to the legal white voters of the country, for whose protection the Constitution professes to be made, to rise from a serfdom to the same power and control of the government that the free laborers and free people of the North have done, it is insurrectionary.

Let me go one step further, and say that there were some places in that book published by him that we did not regard as just; and inasmuch as we conceived that the slaveholders held their property on the tenure that the British held it, we thought that it was a political question, we thought that the slaveholders should not be taxed. I wrote to him that that was a foolish thing, but it was understood that all these objectionable things should be expunged, as Mr. Blair of Missouri has said. He says it was understood that these parts were to be stricken out, not that they were incendiary, but that it was a blunder not to be urged.

I tell you, gentlemen, I stand on Helper's pamphlet, and you may make the most of what I say. [Cries of "go on," and "we will stand by you all night."] I have stood by you all the long days of my youth and manhood, extinguished all the aspiration and ambition, suffered ignominy and contempt, been denounced, spurned and avoided by the men whose interests I was urging, by the white man, and wronged by the black man; but still holding myself true to one purpose, I stand there still. What to me now are the rays of life, with my hair silvered over, with my sinews stiffened with age; in the course of human events, I have but little time to remain here. I say, Kentuckians, come war, come peace, I trust in God I may have the fortune to stay there during the rest of my days, and that although the millions may depart from me, there will be in Kentucky one standing true to the last, whose aspirations may be, however visionary, however theoretical, true to the banner which I would have fast over us. The same old banner of 1789—each stripe with the progress of the ages palming into a brighter galaxy of stars! In the language of Webster, it is no such miserable interrogatory, as "What is all this worth?" Nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Slavery and Union"—far less "Slavery first and Union afterwards," and yet more "Slavery with or without Union!" But his own glorious sentiments, for the which and with which, with filial piety I walk backward and cover his late political nakedness? **LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!**

A STRIKING INSTANCE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.—The circumstances of the rescue of Mr. Darius Nash, at Lawrence, and the melancholy fate of Miss Lizzie Flint, who, when efforts were being made to save her, heroically died, were being made to "save Nash first," have been alluded to. A more minute account will display the heroism of the noble girl in a stronger light. When the crash occurred, Mr. Nash, who was at work in the third story, near Miss Flint, looked up and exclaimed, "for God's sake, let's go to the lower end." They took two steps in that direction, when he was struck on the shoulder by a counter shaft, and the two went down together. Miss Flint lay upon the floor, with the shoulder of Mr. Nash borne down by the shaft, upon her leg with such force as to break it. Her head rested in her lap, and in this position they both lay for several hours. She uttered his handkerchief and loosened his collar. She complained of the numbness of her leg, and said she could get out if Nash would move his shoulder which was impossible, the pressure upon it being so great as to burst the flesh upon the ball of his hand, in two places. She uttered no complaints, but when help arrived, she directed them where to work, saying to Nash, "They'll have to get you out first." While the men were at work, she fainted, and after Nash was rescued, other victims to the same locality called for assistance, which probably misled them from the spot where she lay, and over which the remorseless flames soon after swept. Miss Flint belonged in East Pittsfield, Me. A brother came here the day after the catastrophe, and sought in vain for his lost sister. [Boston Jour.]

The New York *Traveller*, an organ of the Catholic Church and supporter of the Democratic party, is greatly excited over the recent outrages perpetrated upon Irish Catholics at the South. In speaking upon the subject the *Traveller* says:

"If the safety of the Union is only to be accomplished by the proscription of the freedom of speech, the freedom of the press, the freedom of circulation for every free citizen, by the destruction of the habeas corpus, by the substitution of mob and lynch law for that of the courts of justice, by the contaminating of

the United States, and vindicate it beyond the possibility of a doubt. Who are the men that have avowed the intention to dissolve the Union? Look at the record. Not a single county meeting, nor district convention, nor State Assembly, nor national convention of the Republican party has ever declared that, in any emergency, they will dissolve the Union. No, sir, we say all the time that we submit to Democratic rule while our slaveholders rule us, and we submit because we know of no other policy, no other alternative, except it be force; and when that is used all law is silent, and the government becomes a despotism; whenever you resort to violence you have an anarchy as has Mexico, which is continually at war because it does not stand by any Constitution or law. All our pledges and antecedents prove that we are bound to be loyal to the union of these States; and, therefore, I say, we can safely claim your suffrages, not taking us by our avowals, but taking us by our acts. If we have submitted for eighty years, we are willing to submit for eighty years more, unless we can persuade you to take hold of those glorious privileges which we hold to be right.

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