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'My pony has grown very lame coming down the road, so I stopped to see if anybody could tell me what the matter was.'

She had one of those bright young voices that slide along the words as lightly as one of Moore's poems slide into some sweet air.

I despair of conveying that picture to you with any painting of my pen, and yet it was such a perfect one, so full of fine shades and contrasts, so real, so impromptu, yet so perfect, that I cannot pass by it.

In the front-piece, then, was the girl speaker, with one hand grasping a small silver-mounted riding-whip, and the fingers of the other closed over her bridle.

She was a pretty creature, whose life must have hovered somewhere about its fourteenth year, with a sweet, delicate face, whose smiles were forever sliding in and out, chasing themselves up into the deep blue eyes, and round among the dimples that sat by the small coral mouth. Her features were clear and soft, but with nothing of girl's age, and which is more repellent than almost any conceivable degree of homeliness, especially to a shrewd observer, who is tolerably certain what sort of a woman it prophesies.

The girl wore a simple black riding dress, whose heavy folds almost swept the grass, and the little daintily riding cap with its solitary plume brushing her shoulder, gave a certain dignity and picturesqueness to the bright face and small figure. She sat her horse with easy, natural grace. He was a small, black, glossy, beautiful Canadian pony, and his large bright eyes had in them a look of almost human intelligence.

In the background was a blacksmith's shop, or shed, as the little, old, tumble-down structure had better have been denominated.

A boy stood in the door of this building, holding a horse shoe in one hand, for he had sprung from the forge where he was heating it, at the girl's summons; he was small for his years, which were fifteen. A straw hat, ragged and rimless, was set down on a thick, tangled heap of hair; he wore a blue cotton shirt, and an old patched pair of trousers, his face and hands were begrimed and sooty from his recent labor, and though he added a great deal to the effect of the picture, he was a dirty, ragged, poverty-stricken spectacle.

'There's nobody else in the shop, but perhaps I can tell what's hurt him,' said the boy, answering the girl's question in a straightforward, respectful way, that somehow would have made you turn and look at him again.

She did; the boy's reply, and not his appearance, must have decided her, for she answered a little doubtfully, 'Well, I shall be much obliged to you if you will look and see, as I hate to keep on, he limps so.'

The boy came forward. 'What foot is it?' he asked.

'The right fore-foot.'

'He won't kick, will he?'

'Oh, no, he's perfectly gentle. You're a good horse, aren't you, Valiant?'

She stroked the glossy neck of the animal with her small hand, while the boy raised his leg and examined it carefully.

'He's stuck a nail into it, and it hurts him.'

'Oh, dear, what shall I do?'

'I guess I can take it out for you. I've seen Uncle Jake do it a good many times.'

'But won't it hurt him?'

'Not much; not half so much as it does now.'

'Well, then, I should like to have you try.'

In a few moments the boy had returned with an old pair of forceps. 'Haden't you better get off?' he said; 'most horses are likely to rear and kick after the nail comes out.'

'Oh, I'm not in the least afraid, and she sat still, now watching the boy as he set about the operation, now stroking her pony's glossy neck, and exclaiming in a voice of great concern—'his too bad—there's a good Valiant. Does the dreadful nail hurt him?'

And the beautiful animal stood perfectly quiet while the boy was extracting the nail, only two or three times during the operation he groaned a low groan, that was like a suffering human being's and which elicited a fresh caress, and new expressions of sympathy from his mistress.

'At last the boy held up the nail triumphant-ly. 'There it is!'

'Dear me! what a great, crooked, ugly thing! I'm afraid he'll never get over it.'

'Oh, yes he will. I've known lots of horses that did. You'll only have to let him lay quiet for two or three days.'

'How much must I pay you?' and she slipped her hand into the pocket of her dress.

The boy lifted his eyes to the girl, and he noticed for the first time what large, bright, intelligent eyes they were, of a misty sort of brown hue, which fairly redeemed and spiritualized the begrimed face.

'I shan't charge you anything. I don't wish for any pay,' said the boy.

I believe persons who possess a grace of soul, who are innately gentle, fine grained, have usually an intuitive recognition of this in others. The girl looked down on the tattered dress and the begrimed face, with a new curiosity and respect.

'I wish you would let me pay you,' she said hesitatingly, as she would to some one who had placed her under an obligation, and whom she feared would take offence at her offer.

The boy half smiled. 'I didn't expect to have you, though. It didn't take me but a moment.'

'You are very welcome,' and a flush of pleasure stole up the soiled face.

'But if you won't let me pay you, you must let me do you a favor in turn sometime, if I can. Won't you promise me this?'

'Yes, I will.'

'You mustn't forget now, for I shan't, and I am in sober earnest. If I can ever serve you in any way just come and tell me, and I'll do it.'

'But I shan't know where to find you.'

'Oh, I forgot; my name is Evelyn Lenard, and I live at Squire Lenard's, in the great cream-colored house on the hill at Rockwood. It's only about three miles from here.'

'I've seen the house,' answered the boy.

'Well, if you ever want to see me, you'll find me there. Now, will you tell me your name?'

'Leonard Hughes. I'm very much obliged to you for your offer.'

'You haven't any reason to be. Good afternoon.'

'Good afternoon,' and she rode off, and the boy stood still and watched her, as her figure grew smaller down the road, with the sun on her sunset setting her in a gorgeous framework of red and gold.

The boy picked up the shoe and returned to the anvil, and the sparks rose and fell in dancing showers, as though they were golden beads, and blossoms showered from unseen boughs upon him.

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1860.

NO. 42.

CHAPTER II.

'Oh, Charlie, you are a great bother! Just see, now, how you're tangled my silk!' and she drew away the spool from the youth's fingers, and playfully doubled up her white hand, and held it threateningly in his face, when she saw the tangles he had made in the crimson skein.

'Well, Eva, you know I shan't be here only two days longer, so you can comfort yourself by thinking your trial is almost over.'

'I shall think, instead, that you'll have to go without your purse if you don't let this silk alone, disentangling the knots.'

'How much have you got done?'

'Oh, only about half,' and she held up a mass of fringes, and tassels, and embroidery, with silver beads flashing in and out of the crimson netting.

'It's beautiful, Eva,' said the youth fingering it admiringly.

It was a warm, luscious, misty autumn morning, full of sleepy sunshine and dozing winds, and Evelyn Lenard and her cousin, Charles Dean, sat near the open window of the south sitting-room of Squire Lenard's large gray stone house on the hill. It was a broad, stately, substantial residence, and it looked over ample grounds, laid out with taste and wealth, and beyond these to meadows mounted with silver streams; and still farther off, to great hills with hoods of mist fluted close round their foreheads.

Charles Dean had just touched his seventeenth year; he was fitting for college, and his mother was the squire's only sister. He was a slender, dark, handsome youth, good-natured and intelligent, though a life of indulgence and luxury had not developed the best part of his character. He came to his uncle's to pass part of every summer vacation, and was very fond of his cousin Evelyn Lenard.

But while the cousins were sitting together that morning, and Charles watched the girl's needles and fingers flash in and out of their work, the door suddenly opened, and a servant thrust her head inside.

'Miss Evelyn, there's a boy here says he wants to see you.'

'What can he want? How does he look?'

'Not like much of anybody; but he wouldn't tell me his errand; he says he must see you.'

'I can't imagine who it is.'

'Some beggar, most likely. I'll go and send him off,' said Charles Dean, lazily lifting his graceful figure from the lounge.

'I forgot, Miss Evelyn,' said the servant re-opening the door, 'to tell you that the boy said his name was Leonard Hughes.'

'Oh, I know who it is now,' springing up with animation.

'And I should like to know what he's come to take you away from me for,' added her cousin, looking as though he should be quite willing to accompany her.

But Eva hurried away without speaking.

She found Leonard Hughes in the front hall; he had evidently taken a good deal of pains in preparing himself for this interview. His face and hands were perfectly clean, and he wore a faded brown coat and black cap; on the whole, his appearance was considerably improved.

'Good morning, in that bright cordial way which at once relieved his embarrassment. 'I knew who it was as soon as the girl told me your name.'

'Did you?' his face brightened at once; 'I was afraid you'd forget.'

'Oh, no. I haven't forgotten what I promised you, either.'

But the boy did not answer. He only sat still, awkwardly twisting his brown fingers amongst each other.

'Come, now, don't be afraid. Whatever it is, speak it out.'

And then Leonard Hughes gained courage, and told his story to his sympathetic listener. It was a sad, sad tale, for he was an orphan, without a friend or a dollar in the world. His mother and father had died before he could remember them, and his uncle, the 'village blacksmith,' had taken him into his own family. He was a coarse, harsh man, with a turgid face, and he had a dozen noisy, obstreperous children. His life had come to its fifteenth year, amid these harsh surroundings and associations, and his uncle had determined to bring him to the blacksmith's trade.

But of late the boy's soul had utterly revolted at the work to which he was destined; he had not revealed his abhorrence of the business to his uncle, or any of the family, as it would only bring down a world of invective ridicule upon his head, for he was no favorite amongst his relatives, as they felt, rather than understood, the antagonism between his character and theirs, for Leonard was a quiet, thoughtful boy, and loved long rambles in the woods, and to read old books and newspapers, instead of the noisy sports of the blacksmith's robust children.

For the last year or two his home had become quite intolerable to him, and he had entertained many thoughts of leaving it, but he was an ignorant country boy, without friends or money, and he had no where to go.

But a couple of weeks ago, while he was working at the anvil, the memory of Evelyn's promise had suddenly flashed into his mind, and—

All this, in substance, Leonard Hughes related to the squire's daughter that morning, and if you had seen his bright, honest face, and listened to his words, you would no more have doubted them than she did.

'And so you plucked up courage, at last, and came to me?' said the girl, taking up the words where Leonard had left them off.

'Yes, that's it.'

'Well, what in the world would you like to do—if you had your choice, I mean?'

'I should like to go to school—but I haven't any money, or any way to get any. I thought I'd come and tell you this, and perhaps you'd know of some place where I could go and work very hard, and study a little. Can you think of any? and the deep brown eyes asked the question more eagerly even than the lips did.

'I'll try,' answered the squire's daughter, 'though I can't think of any now.'

'Thank you,' said Leonard Hughes, rising up, and his face said something more.

'It will take me a little time to do anything for you, but suppose you come here next Wednesday morning and ask for me?'

'I'll come, unless we have some job on hand.'

'Good morning,' and the squire's daughter

slipped her small, dimpled hand, into the hand, brown one of the little Blacksmith.

'Well, Eva, I should like to know what that boy wanted that he kept you so long,' said Charles Dean a little pettishly, when his cousin returned.

'Oh, just a little matter of business,' answered the girl, without observing his tones; and she sat down and took up her work quietly; and there was a thoughtful, abstracted expression on her face.

The young man watched her in silence for awhile, at last he caught her chin in the hollow of his hand, and holding it up, said, 'tell me, coz, what is the matter?'

'I don't know but I better. Perhaps you can help me.'

'I'll promise to, if it's possible,' replied her cousin.

And so Evelyn told the story of her first interview with the blacksmith's nephew, and of the pitiful tale which she had heard from his lips that morning.

At first Charles Dean was disposed to make a joke of the whole thing, but his cousin's earnestness stopped this.

'Don't Charlie; I want to do that boy some good, and I want you, in remembrance of your promise, to help me.'

He had generous impulses that could be easily stimulated. 'Well, Eva, what is it you want me to do?'

'Don't you know of some good school which he could enter and work for his board? I guess I could raise the money, some way, to pay for his tuition.'

Charles sat in a brown study for the next five minutes; at last he broke out: 'I've thought of a capital plan. There's my old teacher, Mr. Daniels, he'll take the boy, I'm almost certain.'

'And when will you see him?' very eagerly.

'Just as soon as I get back.'

'Oh, Charlie, you're such a harum-scarum fellow, I'm afraid you'll forget it as soon as you get among your classmates.'

'No I shan't, drawing out some ivory tablets and a gold pencil, and scribbling on them for a moment; 'I'll see Mr. Daniels the very day that I get back. He's a very generous man, and always likes to help poor boys to an education; besides I happen to be a great favorite with him.'

So it was all duly arranged between the cousins before dinner.

Charles Dean was true to his word. The third day of his return Evelyn received a letter from him, stating that his application had been so far successful that Mr. Daniels had agreed to receive the boy into his school for a hundred dollars the first year, and if he proved capable and energetic, to permit him afterward to defray his expenses by his own exertions.

And Evelyn Lenard read this letter over three times, with a strange seriousness on her sweet face. Suddenly it cleared up. 'I'll go right off to papa and ask him,' she said.

CHAPTER III.

There was a faint rap at the library door.

'Come in, my child.'

Squire Lenard looked up as his daughter entered. He was writing, and the table at which he sat was strewn with books and papers. He was a tall portly gentleman, with a stern, cold face and manner. Everybody called him a hard man, at least everybody who went to him for sympathy or help.

He was a very rich man, but he never had any kind words, never reached a helping hand to the struggling or the sinning; in short, he was a proud, cold, selfish man.

But there was one flower which shed its perfume about the arid desert of Squire Lenard's life, and that was his love for the only child his wife had brought him before they covered her fair head with the green wrappings of May.

Evelyn's memories of her mother were a few faint strands which linked the parent and child together, for Mrs. Lenard had never seen the fourth birthday of her daughter.

She was a gentle, graceful, fragile woman, almost a score of years younger than her husband, and Evelyn had inherited something of the sweetness and grace of her mother's character.

Squire Lenard looked up, and his face softened as his fair child came towards him.

'Well, what is it, Eva?' for her face was full of a petition as she seated herself on his knee, and ran up her small fingers in his iron-gray hair.

'You know next week is my birthday, papa.'

'Is it possible? How time flies!'

'Yes; I shall be fifteen next week, and you know you'll make me a birthday present then?'

'How do I know it, Puss?'

'Oh, because you can't help it, with a shake of the golden hair and the head it crowned with its abundant beauty. And now, papa, instead of the present I want that you should give me some money.'

'What in the world do you want with money?'

'I can't tell you—it's a secret, but I want more than I can tell.'

'You do, eh? Well, how much will satisfy your little ladyship?'

'A hundred dollars.'

'When I what an extravagant girl she is!'

'Can't help it, papa. I want ask you for a dollar more in an age; but it's my birthday present, you know.'

Squire Lenard opened a small compartment in his writing-table, and took out five twenty dollar coins, and slipped the shining pieces into Eva's hand.

'She'll ruin her father one of these days, if she goes on after this fashion,' he said.

'No she won't, either,' putting her white arms round his neck and kissing him. 'Oh, papa, I thank you as many times as there are dollars here!'

'Is all this really mine?' and Leonard Hughes looked at the money which Evelyn Lenard had slipped into his brown hand, and then in the bright face of the girl before him, with that strange, bewildered gaze which one wears waking out from unconsciousness.

'Yes, Leonard, it's all yours; and I wrote to Cousin Charley to engage the place for you next week. I've got Jane, our seamstress, to promise she'll fix over a couple of suits of clothes for you that she left here. I'm sure they'll fit you nicely.'

The young blacksmith tried to answer, but the words broke down against his teeth his face worked, and at last he burst into tears.

'Why, now, I didn't suppose you'd take it like that, when everything turned out so nicely!'

'But it was quite an effort for her to get the words out fairly, and her eyes shone with something that was not a laugh, this time.'

'Miss Evelyn,' said the boy recovering himself in a moment—and there was a kind of solemn dignity in his manner—'I can't tell you that I thank you for this money you've lent me, but I shall prove it to you some day.'

'Oh, I don't lend it—it's a gift, you know.'

The boy shook his head. 'No, I shall pay you sometime,' and a little flush kindled under his brown cheeks.

'Well, we won't talk about that now. You are sure your uncle won't oppose your going?'

'He'll be ready enough to get rid of me, for he's often said that I didn't earn the salt to my porridge.'

'Well, he'll say something quite different some day, I fancy.'

The boy did not answer, but there flashed up on his face, and settled down on his thin lips, a prophecy of his future.

CHAPTER IV.

'Come, girls, put on your things.'

'I don't believe it will pay to go, Charlie.'

'Oh, yes it will, Mary. We're to have the finest lecture in the course to-night. I forget the speaker's name, but I'll promise you a banquet which it will not do to lose.'

They were sitting together in the parlor alone, the gentleman and two ladies.

Both were young, and both were beautiful; she who answered the gentleman was a stately brunette, with brown eyes and oval features. I think that the mouth was somewhat cold and proud in repose, but it could nestle into smiles which told their own story of the good and loving heart beneath them.

The other lady sat by the table quite absorbed in the book she was reading, and looking on her own would have thought of a lily opening its luscious life amid still, deep currents in the shadow of great mountains.

Ten years had gone over Evelyn Lenard, and if you had looked that day when she sat on her horse before the blacksmith's shop with this night, you would hardly have believed it, for the child-look had not gone off her face, though it had softened and matured.

The equine had been dead for three of these years; he had engaged in some heavy mining speculations, which had greatly disappointed him, and his chagrin and anxiety brought on the fever of which he died.

Evelyn was the sole heiress to his property, but his speculations had well nigh ruined the squire, and only a few thousands fell to his daughter, enough, however, to support her comfortably and independently, and she had removed to the city and resided with her Cousin Charles ever since his marriage, which transpired soon after the death of his uncle.

'I don't believe the lecture will be half as good as my book,' said Evelyn, as she closed her volume half reluctantly.

'You'll think differently when you return; but it won't do to delay, for the house will be crowded,' answered the gentleman.

The lecture was closed, and the young speaker sat down with an air of exhaustion, while the plaudits of his hearers fairly shook the lofty building.

The lecture had not been simply a grand effort at oratorical display, dazzling and overwhelming the hearers with brilliant and startling rhetoric, but its sound logic, its grasp of thought, its intellectual air, were all embodied in simple, earnest, forcible language. His imagination was rather clear and crystalline than fervid and tropical, more like a limpid brook than a rushing torrent, though his peroration was set with many gorgeous arabesques of thought.

But what was more than all the rest, was the moral power of the lecture. None of that vast audience had listened to it without being stimulated to a higher life and nobler purposes, and all must have felt anew the sublime beauty and grandeur of the truth, that there was a living God reigning in all the affairs of nations and of men—taking counsel of none, but out of his own 'infinite leisure' going on calmly and serenely above all the storm and darkness of time, to the accomplishment of His own blessed purposes of peace and good will to man.

'Well, Eva, you're not sorry you left your book to-night?'

'Oh, no; this lecture has done me good, Charlie.'

They were passing slowly out amid the crowd, when the young lawyer, made this remark to his cousin, and it happened that they were on one side of the platform, and just in view of the speaker, who was now surrounded by several gentlemen.

His glance suddenly swept on them, and it halted at Evelyn Lenard's face. A change came over him, he leaned forward, and there was a breathless interrogation of her face.

Then, with a hasty apology, he sprang out and intercepted the lady and her cousins at the door.

'Excuse me, madam, but do I have the honor of addressing Miss Evelyn Lenard?'

'That is my name, sir,' and the faces of the three told their bewilderment and surprise.

'And you do not know me?'

Evelyn Lenard looked into the thin face, so bright about the eyes, so sharply cut around the mouth, and over the lithe, slender figure.

'I do not remember you sir.'

'I fancied that you would, though probably the years have changed me more than they have you. But you have not forgotten the name of Leonard Hughes, the blacksmith's nephew?'

Her face suddenly leaped into recognition, and placing her little hands in his, she said, with the tears thrilling her eyes, 'Oh, I am glad to see you, Mr. Hughes!'

There was little time for speech or congratulation then, but Mr. Hughes was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Dean, and receiving their address, promised to call before the week was over.

And after they had learned the whole story of their cousin's acquaintance with the lecturer, the young cousins were profuse in their exclamations of surprise and delight, but Evelyn sat very quiet, with her blue eyes on the hands which she had folded in her lap, only murmuring occasionally to herself, 'Who could have believed it?'

Leonard Hughes was true to his promise. He called to see Evelyn Lenard before the week was out, and very often afterward, for

he had much to tell her of the long, long struggles betwixt poverty and the desires and purposes which never grew faint or wavered in his soul, and of his final triumph.

And Evelyn listened to his story until the tears stood still on her cheeks as she murmured, 'Oh, Mr. Hughes, I don't see how you ever held out and conquered all these obstacles and trials.'

'God helped me,' said the young man solemnly; 'they have made a better, stronger man of me.'

A smile leaped through her tears. 'Just as mine will, I hope, make a better, stronger woman of me.'

One afternoon in the late spring, when the sunbeams fluttered about the walls like golden winged birds, and the pulses of the earth were full of the air and expectation of summer, Leonard Hughes and Evelyn Lenard sat alone by one of the front windows in her parlor.

'I am expecting to leave town day after tomorrow,' said the gentleman, breaking a long pause which, somehow, had slipped into their conversation, 'and I cannot do this without paying a debt which I have owed you quite too long now.'

'What debt, Mr. Hughes?'

The Eastern Mail.

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

WATERVILLE, APR. 26, 1860.

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However widely the reader may differ from the writer of the following article in his views of individuals, he will yet find some important suggestions, that specially deserve the attention of the republicans at this time. They are from a private citizen and no politician; one who recognizes parties only for the principles they embody, and who lives and thinks and feels with the great and always honest mass of the freemen of the country. We could be satisfied with any of the selections intimated, or with others he has not named; among whom we can by no means overlook Mr. Fessenden. He lacks none of the characteristics that win the love of the class of men whose votes we desire to see control the government, except that he has been but little before them. True to freedom, bold and honest, his is a character to move the enthusiasm of true men. There will be, and there should be, a marked tendency to the views of our correspondent, with strong republicans, that either Mr. Seward, or some one who will fill his place as the representative of republican principles should have the nomination. As to Judge Collamer, we know of no fitter man to stand in the way of the prevailing tides of corruption, to contend for and advance every right measure, and withstand every bad one. If well meted in his second, he would make a strong canvas. Say what men will, we have yet faith that the power of the country is with the honest yeomanry; if they have a chance to exercise it they will show this, and Collamer is the sort of lift they will like to carry, against the cunning politicians who cater to the mob. If such a man is before them they will bring him in, and the politicians will "wait a week," for the people are in earnest, and don't need to be cajoled like children.

The Republican Candidates.

We believe that Mr. SEWARD of New York, is more than any other individual the representative candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency. This position he has by his prominence as a public man, and particularly by his acknowledged leadership heretofore in respect to the principles and the policy of the party. As such a representative he has troops of friends in every division of the party, who would assure to his nomination a general and enthusiastic support. This he assuredly deserves, and we should indulge the most earnest hopes of his success. We cannot conclude that the nomination of any man, who has betrayed the cause of freedom and the confidence of the union-loving masses of the free states, in favor of the slave oligarchy of the South, could by any possibility place the success of such a candidate in jeopardy. Those who can think and those who can feel in behalf of liberty and their country, would know and acknowledge and sustain their standard-bearer. But it is understood that Mr. SEWARD has strong political enemies, who would exert every influence within their power to defeat him before the people, and that it is feared so much success might attend their efforts as to place his triumphant success at hazard in two or more of the middle and eastern states.—This consideration is urged as a reason for uniting upon some candidate against whom no such combination of politicians could be moved, so that, by avoiding this objection, the Republican convictions of the majority may spontaneously unite, and the success of the party be assured to it.

Is such an unexceptionable man to be found, with the elements of strength combined in his character before the people, to take the place of one who already has attached to him the preference perhaps of five-sevenths of all those whose votes would be required to elect? Is Judge McCLANE such a candidate? No man has a better character as a public servant, with those who remember the features of his political life. His administration of the Post Office department thirty-five years ago, gave him a distinction unsurpassed before or since in that responsible sphere of public duty. He left it rather than subject his independence as a public functionary to the dictations of the policy of his party; and left an example of self-sacrifice by so doing, which deserves to be remembered and to be honored. He was subsequently promoted to the bench, perhaps without solicitation to remove the competition of claims so decided as his, from the path of other aspirants to the favor of the country. He is a venerable and unexceptionable public man, and if, at his age, the people desire to offer him their last and highest testimonial of approval, they certainly are competent to make and to confirm the choice. In Mr. BATES of Missouri, such a man? He is an able lawyer, a respected and high-minded citizen, and as far as he has acted in the public affairs of the country, has shown a fitness for high responsibilities. It is an ennobling thought, that a citizen in private life may acquire character enough to command the attention of his countrymen, in all quarters, throughout a community so extended as ours, upon a question so grave. Shall he take precedence before so many, and receive to his private virtues chiefly, the honors of the chief magistracy of the Republic? Every private citizen must regard the suggestion of such a question with a degree of admiration and favor. One may think bet-

ter of his country; that its intelligence is wide and discriminating enough to distinguish the highest merit in the unambitious qualities of professional and social life. That the western key-stone State should offer from her rapidly developing population such a candidate and leader, is grateful indeed.

The objection, if any may be raised to those distinguished candidates as substitutes for Mr. SEWARD, is that they have not been like him, identified with the Republican party. This party is the great power which is urging on the cause of years of arduous struggle for principles to the seat of power. The President, whom it elects, must embody and represent its principles, or it is no triumph of the party or of truth, but of combination and of accident—triumph of men—and the disintegration of its power must commence as soon as its objects are gained, its men rewarded, and the great unrewarded portion begin to inquire, if the work is done or likely to be, or if nobody cares for that. This is the danger, if less than a representative man is chosen, and refers us again to the ranks of the party for a candidate whose election may be more significant of the triumph we desire. Is Mr. Chase such a man? He is identified with the great principles of the party, which have sustained the pro-slavery aggressions of the last few years, and led in the struggle of the masses for the redemption of Kansas from their power. He has great ability and decision, and if to be relied on upon minor important questions at issue, is worthy of the preference implied. It is asked how is he in respect to the Cuba and Mexico questions, if they be questions more or less manifest, and the tariff question? Is New England without a man, a fit representative of Republican principles, and one identified favorably in public life with all the actions of the party? Is Judge COLLAMER of Vermont, such a man? He has filled the place of Post Master General with distinguished ability, and is known in public life, in Congress and a judicial career at home, as able, grave, and incorruptible, amongst the first in either sphere, and in the Senate has taken a leading part in the discussions of measures which have so greatly agitated the country. His speeches are eminent for practical wisdom. They handle the subject which he treats, while those of other men aim only to handle the impression of it. In showing the relations of the question examined, his own relations to the question become manifest. Both he and his oration are transparent, and stand the one for the other in the mind of the reader, as exponents of the doctrine presented. It is the judge and not the advocate whom we recognize in the discourse, identified in life and feelings with the truth he interprets. This quality of his oratory has given to Judge COLLAMER, a position with thinking men in the country, which belongs to none of his competitors in debate. He is known through his speeches, in a mind of great shrewdness, fairness and skill, with resources for any emergency, but gravitating habitually to the right and ready from choice to abide by it. Is such a man, without the advantage of established political combinations, fit to be put forward for the approbation of a party, who might acknowledge him as a representative of their principles, who know him well enough, and who in the inquiries of an exciting and discriminating canvass can find nothing in his public life to awaken distrust or hesitation? Sprung from the people, might they not choose to ennoble themselves in him? At any rate let the Republican party, triumph in principle by their choice.

OUR POTATOES.—A year ago we mentioned the reception of three new kinds of potatoes, from a friend in Washington Co., N. York. One of these we gave the name of "Naylor," by way of thanks to the donor, though it had various other names in its native locality. We have tested the quality and productiveness of "Naylor" variety for one season. They yielded largely, and proved equal in quality to any potato we ever tasted. We believe them a valuable kind for introduction here. They are, what the Tribune calls the "New Peach Blow," and have taken the head of the market there, by this and other names. Another kind was the "Early June." It produced largely, and of good quality; but as we did not plant till near June, we can't say how early it ripens. The Genesee Farmer pronounces it the best early potato for that section.

OF the third variety, which was commended to us as valuable for late use in Summer, we shall only say that we shall try it another year before we endorse it. Of the "Naylor" and "Early June" we have a few to spare; and though we believe them valuable to introduce here, we shall leave them to work their way to popular favor with the few who may see fit to try them. We had rather eat them than to praise them for others to eat.

They may be found at Hill & Hasty's or at the Mail Office.

S. or T.—Officers of North Pond Division, No. 134, Smithfield.

Wm. D. Branch, W. P. Samuel Whitehouse, A. W. P. Alden Sawyer, R. S. N. A. Bickford, A. R. S. Wm. H. Haynes, F. S. Howard Crowell, T. Alvir Osborne, C. A. K. P. Mac, A. C. D. S. Witham I. S. Seth Parsons, O. S. D. K. Frohock, Ch.

Hon. Asner Hinds died at his residence in Benton, on Monday morning, at the age of— He was emphatically a good man—loved in all the walks of social life, and respected for the faithful discharge of public duties.

SEED CORN.—Mr. Wm. B. Lewis, who is known among farmers as a successful raiser of corn, has left with us some selected ears of his last year's crop, that bear marks of being the right kind. Those who wish can try it.

OUR TABLE.

THE PATIENTS' AND PHYSICIANS' AID; or How to Preserve Health, what to do in Sudden Attacks, until the Doctor comes; and how best to Profit by his Directions when given. By C. M. Hunt, A. M., M. D. author of "Physicians' Councils," etc. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.

Very wisely, this work neither promises nor attempts to make every man his own physician—a task, the accomplishment of which would be alike impossible and undesirable. It simply aims to teach how to preserve health, what to do in sudden cases, and what is best to be done in those milder cases, in which people will do something for themselves. We believe it embodies more plain, practical common sense on these subjects than is contained in any other work of the kind ever published; and its teachings in regard to Exercise, Food, Clothing, Sleep, Ventilation, Bathing, Dietetic Precautions for the Sick, &c., are especially valuable. It is vastly pleasanter and more economical to avail ourselves of the 'ounce of prevention,' than to be driven to the disagreeable and expensive alternative of the 'pound of cure.' In commending this work to the notice of our readers, we feel confident that we are doing them a favor.

C. K. Mathews, (who is supplied through Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., of Boston,) has the work for sale in Waterville.

OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES, and the Money we Made by it. From the twelfth London Edition. With an introduction by Peter B. Mead, editor of the Horticulturalist. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.

This little work, which comes to us from Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., is the record of an experience on English soil, and was written, primarily, for the benefit of an English public. We are not sure, however, that it does not possess an interest and a value for us quite equal to what it has for our trans-atlantic cousins, with whom it is very popular. The details of making butter and bread, feeding stock, &c., will be found especially useful to all those who lack experience in these important branches of husbandry. It is the work of a lady—a labor of love—and is written in a style of charming simplicity, which, apart from the value of the information it imparts, makes it very agreeable reading.

For sale at Mathews's.

MILCH COWS, AND DAIRY FARMING; Comprising the Breeds, Breeding and Management, in Health and Disease, of Dairy and other Stock; the Selection of Milch Cows; with a full explanation of Guernsey Method; the Culture of Forage Plants; and the production of Milk Butter and Cheese; embodying the most recent and approved system of Dairy Farming in the United States and British provinces. With a Treatise upon the Dairy Husbandry of Holland; to which is added, Horsfall's System of Dairy Management. By Charles L. Flint, Secretary of the Mass. State Board of Agriculture; author of a Treatise on Grasses and Forage plants, &c. Liberally illustrated. pp. 448.

After going the above full title, in noticing this work it is only necessary to say that it is published by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., of Boston, and to add that it is endorsed by the best agricultural authorities in the land and warmly recommended for general circulation. It is no doubt the most complete and reliable work of the kind in the market.

For sale by C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—In No. 73 will be found the following pieces of music:—

Les Cloches du Monastere. Nocturne. Lefebvre-Wely. La Violette Waltz. 'La Traviata.' Verdi.

In Silence, and heart, G. M. B. Balfe.

A good opportunity for obtaining choice music at a very low rate is presented in this work, which gives twelve pages every week for \$5 a year; single numbers, 15 cents.

Address C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau St., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The May number, in the following articles, provides rich fare for its readers:—Instinct, My Own Story, The Playmate, The Maroons of Surinam, Circumstances, Urania, Mary Somerville, Roba al Roma, Threnodia, General Miranda's Expedition, The Professor's Story, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Reviews and Literary Notices, &c.

The introductory article contains the best definition of Instinct ever published. "My Own Story" is written by a master hand; "The Maroons of Surinam" and "General Miranda's Expedition" are two historical chapters that will be new to most people; The Professor's Story advances satisfactorily; Whipple furnishes a critical notice of Hawthorne's works; and the other articles will be found interesting.

The Atlantic Monthly is published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$3 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The contents of the April number of this staunch old Tory organ and repository of choice literature are as follows:—Wellington's Career. Lady Hamilton. Our Position with China. Stabat Mater. History of Europe from 1815 to 1852—Allison. Norman Sinclair, an Autobiography—part 4. Poetic Aberrations. The Rules of the Land. Our Worthy Friend Nap. What we have done for the Princes of India. Parliamentary Duelling.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 64 Goldstreet, New York. Terms of subscription.—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, works will be delivered free of postage.—When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for "Blackwood," and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

THE LADIES' REPERTORY.—Two beautiful pictures and a May number of this excellent magazine.—The Plough, in tint, and a fine portrait of Grace Greenwood. The contents of the number are varied and interesting, and will make it a welcome visitor wherever purity and virtue reign. Published under the auspices of the M. E. Church by S. W. Sturtevant & Co., Cincinnati, at \$2 a year.

THE SOLO MELODIST.—Contents of No. 11.—Melodies from the opera of 'I Vespri Siciliani,' introducing all the principal pieces; Austrian Popular Song, Souvenir d'Autriche, Swabian Popular Melody, Bohemian Song, Old German Song, Minuet from Symphony in E major by Mozart, Aria from 'Straniera,' Brindisi from 'Lucetta Borgia,' Annchen von Tharau.

Published semi-monthly by C. B. Seymour & Co., New York, at \$2.00 a year; single numbers, 10 cents.

CHANGE.—The Gospel Banner announces a change of editors. "Mr. Leonard, pastor of the Universalist church in Waterville, has taken the place of Mr. Hanson. Looking with both eyes at the new editor, whom we "know like a book," and a good book too, we are delighted to think of the pungent and sunny paragraphs we shall read in the Banner, as he draws from that warm heart and sound brain the things new and old, that he knows so well how to garnish to the taste of his favorite people. We are selfish, but we shall read the Banner with new interest, we know we shall. The retiring editor has conducted the Banner with marked ability; and when we forget his successor, we bid him good-bye with a heart that refuses to be comforted. We are selfish, as we said; but we can't spare the old editor—we know we can't. He was so genial and kind!—so bold and independent!—so frank and fair in discussion; and so apt and ingenious in argument! We can't bring our heart to dismiss him! But there's—between the two, there is no such thing as deciding but on long trial. We'll wait and see.

CHARLESTON.—There is great animation in the democratic convention. Caleb Cushing is President, with a vice-president and secretary from each State. The main bitterness of the contest is for and against Douglas; and a correspondent of the Tribune says that the defeat of Douglas or the disruption of the con-

vention seems inevitable. An additional rule recognizing the right of each delegate to cast a separate vote, in cases where the delegations were not instructed by the State conventions, was adopted after a stormy debate. The nomination will not be made before Friday, probably.

THE OCCULTATION OF VENUS—advertised for last Tuesday evening, doubtless came off according to the programme in the almanac, but, through the artful management of the proud Queen of Beauty, without earthly witnesses. By intriguing with the celestial scene shifters she managed to hide her temporary humiliation behind a screen of clouds, and thus deprived Madams Luna of the gratifying presence of spectators of her triumph. Very provokingly was it done too. Tantalizing glimpses of the two in close proximity were allowed through the rifts in the clouds almost up to the moment of the final catastrophe—the saucy star flashing and sparkling with wondrous beauty, while the veiled moon careered after her with spiteful impatience as eager to realize her short lived triumph. Of the larger part of this, however, she was deprived by the rapidly thickening clouds, which finally hid them from mortal view. Farther up the heavens two bright stars were seen twinkling so mischievously that we almost persuaded ourselves that they had their thumbs at their noses, twirling their fingers with impish gratification at being permitted to witness what was withheld from the longing gaze of the denizens of mother earth. A dark deed was transpiring behind those clouds, but the stars only made light of it. We dare say that, when the affair was all over, the cloud curtain was withdrawn, and the saucy Venus came out as bright and beautiful as though she had never suffered an eclipse; but if so, she missed one spectator, for long before that we had retreated to bed in high dudgeon, thoroughly provoked by her coquettish tricks.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONCERT.—The concert of the Sabbath School connected with the Baptist Society in this village, which marked the close of the quarter ending with March, having been delayed by unfavorable weather, occurred on Sabbath evening last. The exercises were varied by the introduction of some novel features, and doubtless proved interesting to the large number present—teachers, scholars and spectators—while it had a special interest to the parents. The reports of the Teachers showed the school to be enjoying a good degree of prosperity, and furnished good testimony of the self-sacrificing labors of those who have it in charge. From the Superintendent's report we learn that a school was held every Sabbath during the quarter; that the whole number of names registered was 217; largest attendance, at any one time, 153; smallest do, very stormy day, 121; number of classes and teachers 23.

THE LEVEE AND FAIR of the Congregational Society, which had good success, and gave much satisfaction last evening, will be opened again tonight, at the Town Hall. The "Antiquarian Supper" is the leading attraction, and the lovers of bean porridge, hulled corn, baked beans, with the attendant substantials of modern antiquity, will do well to present themselves. There are other attractions worthy of attention—not to mention the one most deserving, which is, that the avails of the festival are much needed by the society, for purposes highly commendable. The members of this Society have always been generous to others in like circumstances; now let them have their reward.

SENIOR EXHIBITION.—The Senior Class of Waterville College give their annual exhibition on Thursday evening next, in the Baptist church. They have engaged the highly popular "Portland Band," known as "Chandler's Band," and the promise is good for an entertainment of more than usual attraction. On Wednesday evening there will be a Concert by the Band; and on Thursday evening, after the close of the exercises at the church, there will be a ball at some of our halls.

A NEW SECTION OF CADETS.—West Waterville Section, No. 15, was instituted on the 17th inst.

The following are the officers for the present quarter.

D. W. Allen, W. A. W. H. Tilton, V. A. C. E. A. Winslow, S. Geo. W. Stevens, A. S. Chas. A. Girdler, T. Chas. Horton, A. T. L. R. F. Young, G. Edwin Blackwell, U. Geo. B. Fizzell, W. C. Geo. M. Tilly, W. C. H. E. Boardman, P. W. A.

Under the watchful care of its Worthy Patron, Mr. C. A. Smiley, we have every reason to suppose that this Section will rapidly increase in numbers and do much for the cause of morality and virtue.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Fifty cents worth of reading can be had for less than a quarter, at Mathews's, by purchasing the May number of the Atlantic Monthly. Call and invest before the supply is exhausted.

"VARIETIES," advertised for exhibition at Town Hall, Saturday and Monday evenings, is an entertainment well spoken of by the papers. See advertisement in another column.

KEEP COOL.—and that you may be able to do so, during the approaching heated term, order a supply of ice of Thing. See advertisement in another column.

PUT IT DOWN.—Never attempt to illustrate the true character of a man by quoting his after dinner speeches. Any criticism is preferable to that. In our time we have heard the same men declare, in many places, that each was the 'home of his heart,' of the moment that they saw him upon his legs, that it was the 'happiest in his life.'

THE JAPANESE.—The San Francisco papers contain minute accounts of the Japanese and their appearance. The Alta thus describes a party of sailors, marines and officers who were on shore for a tramp about town:—

'The Captain of the company, who talks English like a book, was without a hat. His head was shaven on the crown, the straight, black hair turned upwards, tied together, and the ends compacted, by virtue of much pomade, into one solid mass, were laid straight fore and aft on the crown, pointing ahead.—Upon this model most of the others of any rank dressed their hair. Several of the dandyish officers wore broad-brimmed white hats, such as our Chinese sport in rainy weather.—A cushion was arranged inside to lift the hat clear of the head. Two stout strings, one passing from in front of the ears under the chin, the other from behind the ears around the front of the chin, kept it in place. Others wore straw bonnets of fancy colors, shaped like an inverted cone—the cushion within, sustaining on the shaven scalp all the hat's weight, and the cross strings maintaining it in position. Others, indeed all marines, wore none at all. One brief little old man had every hair in his head shaven off. The officers were fancifully dressed in very different styles. One wore a light blue gown, and trousers the color of the sky at sunset, spangled, starred, and barred with gold and crimson. He carried a short sword, worn almost horizontally, on his left hip, with white shark-skin covered handle, and beautifully polished scabbard. A little below hung a longer sword, got up in the same style. In his right hand he carried a fan, in his left a walking cane. The dresses of high and low were spotted with little circular, oval or square patches, with inscriptions of an import quite unknown to us. Almost every man wore sandals, generally of grass, but only consisting of a sole, a strap coming up between the great toe and the next toe adjoining, then splitting, surrounded the ankle. They marched, the foremost in single file, then in double and treble file.'

To illustrate the sharpness of their swords, one of the Japanese officers held a piece of the thinnest kind of tissue paper between his thumb and finger, and, with the frail substance floating in the air, dexterously cut the paper through with a sweep of his sword.

Some amusing scenes occurred at the banquet given to the Orientals. One California official, in his anxiety to gain some insight into the Japanese vernacular, passed some ice cream to his left hand neighbor, with the words, 'Snow; ice Hey? What's call um in Japanese?' To which the gentleman from Jeddo, not understanding this very intelligible medley, replied, 'Bully good,' and continued to discuss the luscious compound.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—At the recent session of this body in Belfast, C. B. Dunn and E. A. Helmershausen were chosen delegates to the General Conference. The following committees were reported: Visitors to Wesleyan University—B. F. Telfitt and J. A. Steele; L. P. French, Sub. Biblical Institute—Wm. McK. Bray, J. I. Brown, S. C. Elliot, Hiram Ruggles and J. L. Lee.—East Maine Conference Seminary—J. A. Steele, H. L. Bray, S. A. Fuller, A. Griffin, and Chas. Beate. E. A. Helmershausen was chosen Presiding Elder of the Bangor District, Geo. Pratt of the Bucksport District, and F. A. Soule of the Rockland District. We annex a few of the pulpits appointments: Bangor, Brick Chapel, R. B. Curtis; Union Street, W. F. Farrington; Orono, Wm. McK. Bray; Oldtown, Supplied by Edwin Parker; Hampden, S. H. Beale; Frankfort, J. A. Steele; Belfast, L. D. Wardwell; Levant and Six Miles Falls, C. L. Browning; Carmel, Weston's Mills and Etna, R. Day; Dixmont, Plymouth and Jackson, Joel S. Stevens; Newport, E. W. Hutchinson; Palmyra and Detroit, To be supplied; Dexter and Corinna, J. M. Hutchinson; Pittston, L. S. Coan; E. Pittston, J. I. Brown; Windsor and Week's Mills, L. Wentworth; Vassalboro' and Winslow, B. F. Sprague; J. Harriman, Sup.; N. Vassalboro, T. P. Adams; S. Vassalboro and S. China, S. F. Chase; China, B. A. Chase; Clinton, Supplied by J. Simpson and Miller; Unity, J. N. Marsh.

EXACTITUDE OF SCIENCE.—In the April number of the Cornhill Magazine, just received, we find a continuation of Mr. Lewis' highly interesting and intelligible 'Studies in Animal Life,' which opens with a characteristic anecdote of Professor Richard Owen, the English Cuvier.

'I was one day talking with Professor Owen, in the Hunterian Museum, when a gentleman approached with a request to be informed respecting the nature of a curious fossil, which had been dug up by one of his workmen. As he drew the fossil from a small bag, and was about to hand it for examination, Owen quietly remarked: 'That is the third molar of the under jaw of an extinct species of rhinoceros.' The astonishment of the gentleman at this precise and confident description of the fossil, before it had quitted his hands, was, doubtless, very great. I know that mine was; until the reflection occurred that if some one, little acquainted with editions, had found it in an old chest; any bibliophile would have been able to say at a glance: 'That is an Elzevir; or 'That is one of the Tauchnitz classics, stereotyped at Leipzig.' Owen is as familiar with the aspect of the teeth of animals, living and extinct, as a student is with the aspect of editions.'

MORMON TREATMENT OF WOMEN.—A correspondent in Utah, writing to the New York Times, has the following in relation to the treatment of women by the Mormons:—

Nothing can afford a stronger condemnation of Mormonism than their treatment of their women, their complaints, and fears for their personal safety in the event of the Army being withdrawn. In all polygamic countries women are treated as though they were animals not to be trusted, and are watched with most jealous care. Utah is rather an aggravation than an exception to this general rule. No Mormon will trust one of his women alone with a brother Mormon, he is ever so devout. They carry this to such an extent that no woman is permitted to go to or from a social party, or anywhere else, attended by any other than her husband, or rather keeper, or father. The rule is a strict Church regulation, and rigidly enforced.

Caliph Omar never kept a stricter watch over his youngest wife than Brigham and his lecherous satellites do over their concubines. In the Mormon dictionary female virtue is put down as a Utopian speculation not to be indulged in by rational men, and the women who believe in Mormonism (!) accept for their sex this degrading hypothesis; and it cannot astonish you therefore, that among real Mormons modesty is at a fearful discount. But to their credit be it spoken, there are but few real Mormon women, though many, if simply asked by a stranger whether they approve the practice of polygamy, will answer that they know of nothing in it to condemn; but I have never yet found one who would not, if closely questioned, acknowledge they abhorred it; but every one must understand that it is based upon an ultimate law of nature.

They acquiesce in it simply from necessity. They are made slaves, and in nothing are they treated with more consideration than are the squaws of the mountain tribes of Indians, who have long been considered the most degraded beings upon the globe. Some will ask, 'Why do they remain here?' I will answer the question as a Yankee would, 'How can they get away?' They have been deceived and entrapped, and brought from almost every quarter of the globe, across hundreds of miles of plains so dreary and desolate that they are almost deers, and to recross them would require an outfit purchased at vast expense; and even if they had transportation furnished them, their tyrants would not let them go, for the great law of the Church, the cutting them off while in the Lord, would then be enforced, as the blood of the Patriarchs and many others will testify.

Many will say, 'We have a large army in Utah—does it not prevent the recurrence of such outrages?' I answer it does not, simply because it is chained down to a little military reservation of a few thousand acres, and is prohibited from operating outside of that, Brigham's power is absolute, and the degradation of the people as complete as it ever has been. A few women have escaped from them and fled to the army for protection. Some of these have told me that, if it is withdrawn, and they do not get out with it, they firmly believe that their lives will pay the penalty of their apostasy. These women have lived among the Mormons for years, and they certainly know something of their doctrines and practices, and are, therefore, entitled to credit.

THE DANGERS OF SPRING.—We have the highest medical authority for saying that a great many more persons die in May than in November. The natural causes are, 1st.—The increased dampness of the atmosphere, proven by the fact that doors which shut easily in winter do not do so in summer. 2d.—Nature takes away the appetite for meat, for heat giving food, in order to prepare the body for the increased temperature of summer. But two errors in practice at this time, interfere with wise nature's arrangements, and induce many and painful and dangerous diseases. First, the amount of clothing is diminished too soon.—Second, the conveniences of fire in our dwellings are removed too early. All persons, especially children, old people, and those in delicate health, should not remove the thickest woolen flannel of mid winter, until some time in May, and then it should be merely a change to a little thinner material. Furnaces should not be removed, nor fire-places and grates cleared for the summer, until the first of June; for a brief fire in the grate is sometimes very comfortable in the last week in May; that may be a rare occurrence, but as it does sometimes take place, it is better to be prepared for it than to sit shivering for half a day, with the risk to ourselves and children, of some violent attack of spring diseases.

By inattention to these things, four causes are in operation to chill the body and induce colds and fevers. First, the dampness of the atmosphere in May. Second, that striking falling off in appetite for meats and other "heating" food. Third, the premature diminution of clothing. Fourth, the too early removal of the conveniences of fire. And when the very changing condition of the weather in May is taken into account, it is no wonder that under the influence of so many causes of diminution of the temperature of the body, many fall victims to disease. In November, the healthiest month in the year, we have put on our warmest clothing, kindled our daily fires, we have found a keen relish for substantial food, while the dampness of the atmosphere has been relieved by the condensation of increasing cold. The wise will remember these things for a lifetime, and teach them to their children.

A NEW ENGLAND SERVANT.—Dr. Holmes, in the last instalment of the 'Professor's Story,' has the following graphic picture of a New England servant:—

'Abel Stebbins was a good specimen of that extraordinary hybrid or mule between democracy and chrysochry, a native-born New England serving man. The Old World has nothing at all like him. He is at once an emperor and a subordinate. In one hand he holds one five-millionth part (be the same more or less) of the power that aways the destinies of the Great Republic. His other hand is in your boot, which he is about to polish. It is impossible to turn a fellow citizen, whose vote may make his master—say, rather, employer, Governor or President, or one or both himself, into a punk. That article must be imported ready-made from other centres of civilization. When a New Englander has lost his self-respect as a citizen and as a man, he is demoralized, and cannot be treated with the money to pay for a dinner.

It may be supposed, therefore, that this fractional emperor, this continent sharper, finds his position awkward when he goes into service, and that his employer is apt to find it still more embarrassing. It is always under protest that the hired man does his duty.—Every act of service is subject to the drawback 'I am as good as you are.' This is so common, at least, as almost to be the rule, and partly accounts for the rapid disappearance of the indigenous 'domestic' from the basements above mentioned. Paleontologists will by and by be examining the floors of our kitchens for tracks of the extinct native species of serving man. The female of the same race is fast dying out; indeed, the time is not far distant when all the varieties of young women will have vanished from New England, as the dodo has perished in the Mauritius. The young lady is all that we shall have left, and the mop and duster of the last Almaine or Loizy will be stared at by generations of Bridgetes and Noras, as that famous heap and foot of the lost bird are stared at in the Ashmolean Museum.

From an oration of John Minor Bette, we extract this clause:—

'The talons of that proud bird which tore the flag of Ireland's oppressor from the clasp of the topmast, which for successive centuries pierced the belt of Orion as he whirled his nightly course in the heavens, will not pause to clutch the fierce ire and to scatter in a thousand shreds the breeze flaunting emblems of oceanic pseudo-sovereignty. Gentlemen, the beak of that glorious fowl will dart with the velocity of lightning to avenge the wrongs of outraged Ireland, and to vindicate the bleeding wounds of the sons of the glorious fatherland.'

But, suppose Orion should take the topmast out of his belt and wrenching it in the rainbow emblems of pseudo-sovereignty, hit the bird a sockdolager with the butt end, how would that strike the glorious fowl, Mr. Bette?

