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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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## THE CADET'S BABY.

I am a military man—not a private in the ranks, but an officer these many years. I have seen service in Florida, in Mexico, on the borders, and I bear of 'honorable scars' a few.

When I was just seventeen, a cadet at West Point, I was on my way home for the first time in three years. Early in the morning I took my seat in the cars from New York to Boston. I wore my uniform, and (I may own up now) was not so unconscious or indifferent as I seemed to the many admiring glances young ladies bestowed upon it and the embryonic colonel or general within. Towards the middle of the forenoon an Irish woman got into the cars. They were crowded, and she, not having the respect for the military which others had, took what was almost the only unoccupied seat, and by my side. I am or was a democrat. This woman was well clad and clean, so I kept my place. In her arms she held a child—a young babe of six or eight months. It was a plump, beautiful, happy little thing. I had a very unmanly and uncadetish weakness for both babies and children, and it was so long since I had been so near to either that I petted and noticed this little creature not a little.

At noon the train stopped for fifteen minutes. Most of the passengers got out. I meant to have the novelty of a six o'clock dinner in Boston, so I did not stir from my seat. Seeing that I did not, the woman begged to know if I would hold her baby while she got out. I assented. She put the child in my arms and vanished. The moments passed away; one by one the passengers returned; presently, when the bell rang, a crowd came with a rush to resume their places; the locomotive started; we were off; and where, oh, horror of horrors! where was that woman? My hair began to rise, and the sweat to start from every pore; still I waited, hoping that the woman was trying to get through the other cars and would come finally to assume her responsibility. A quarter of an hour elapsed; every body was quietly seated, and still I held that child. People began to stare, young ladies to titter. I felt myself as a lobster. The conductor passed through; I stopped him. With a shaking finger I pointed to the burden in my arms and stammered out something about the mother having been left behind.

"What the de—!" he exclaimed as his eye fell on the child. "Well, you're in for it, or no mistake. I saw that woman after she got out, attacking it like mad away from the depot, but I thought she had her young one with her. You're nicely took in and done for, that's a fact."

"But what's to be done with this child?" I asked.

"Don't know I'm sure. How far are you going?"

"To Boston to-night."

"Then I guess you'll have to carry it as far as there. Then you can take it to one of the hospitals or asylums where they attend to this sort of business, and leave it to their care. If you get to Boston, and the conductor passed on. As he went forward, evidently he told the story, for heads began to turn, and then men and boys came sauntering in from the other cars to see the fellow that had the baby left with him. Plenty of jokes were cracked at my expense, for every now and then I heard a regular guffaw, and some such phrases as 'precious green, eh?' 'Such a go!' 'Looks fatherly!' etc., etc."

"I was in a rage. My blood boiled furiously. One minute I wanted to swear, the next to kick every person in the car. I suppose in my passion I gave the poor little thing in my arms a grip, for she uttered a quick little cry. She lay in my arms so innocent, and helpless, and fair, and white, and looked up at me with such a complacent placidity, that somehow I felt my anger dying out in spite of me—my embarrassment too."

"I may as well be a man as such a contemptible sneak," I thought. "I was ineffably green to get entangled in this way, to be sure, but that's my fault, and not this poor little pussy's, and I may as well brave it through. As for these confounded fools, just let 'em laugh, that's all."

So I settled myself coolly to take care of my baby. People after a while grew accustomed to see her in my arms, and most of the afternoon she slept soundly. But oh, how heavy she grew! I seemed to have a leaden weight tugging heavier and heavier upon me. How on earth do women lug about children, day after day, in the way they do! For me, I'm certain I'd rather move, though I never tried it."

However, to my story. Toward night my baby waked; and waked fretful and hungry. I suppose. She began to cry; a long, despairing, entirely uncompromising cry. People began to look angry, curious to see what the master nurse would do. I tried every possible means to pacify the child; my watch, my eagle buttons, I held it up to the window, I dandled it. I nearly turned it upside down; no use. Baby properly despised my miserable efforts to make it forget its needed and rightful consolation, and cried louder and louder till at last I seemed to hold nothing but an immense squall. A man could stand it no longer, let alone a cadet, and I rose desperately from my seat, determined to appeal to some lady or woman for assistance. As I passed through the car, some of the young ladies broke into their senseless titter again, the older ones looked out of the windows, and the men eyed me with a knowing sort of leer, that, had not my arms been occupied, they would have hit straight from the shoulder. One motherly looking person whom I approached hoping to find a motherly heart, virtuous sort of glare, that made me shake in my shoes as if I had committed the unpardonable offense. I gave up in despair, and was about to return to my seat, when a gentleman at the extreme end of the car beckoned me forward. It was a little family party, the gentleman, his wife and a colored girl with them, who held their baby in her arms. The gentleman and his wife were both young, and evidently Southerners.

"We heard about this baby from the conductor," said the gentleman, as I came near. "My wife has been fretting ever since it began to cry. Can we do anything for you?"

The lady leaned past him. "Will you let me look at your baby, sir, a moment?" she asked. It seemed to me then, the sweetest tones I had ever heard. She held out her arms, and I laid the baby in them.

"Such a young child—and so pretty, too. How it cries! What is the matter with it?"

"I don't know, madam, unless it's hungry," I answered. "It has had nothing to eat since that woman got in this morning. I don't know what to do with it."

"Poor little love!" exclaimed the lady, "what a shame! no wonder it cries!" She hesitated, glanced at her own baby in her servant's arms, at her husband, then, blushing like any rose, the sweet mother laid my baby like any rose, beneath her shawl, and hushed its cries as if it had been her own—of her very flesh and blood.

Her husband smiled, and leaning forward as if to protect her from the gaze of the others,

made room for me on the seat with their nurse. I explained the affair to him, and told him my name, and found that my family was not unknown to him. As we talked, I saw that his wife, listening, examined the dress of the child on her lap, felt of its texture, and finally unclasped some chains that held up its sleeves. A little miniature was set in the clasp of each. Undecided at them, then she said, "I am convinced, sir, that the woman who abandoned this child in your care is not its mother. In the first place, no mother could do such a thing; then this babe's clothing is of the most exquisite make and quality, and in these sleeve chains are two miniatures. See! one a gentleman with epaulettes, the other a beautiful woman, evidently a lady. Depend upon it, the child is a stolen one, or came into her hands by some unfair means. What can be done?"

"Do not be troubled, madam, about the fate of this child. After the possibility or probability you have suggested, I shall not leave it in Boston. I will take it to my mother, and advertise the case. If its parents are found, I shall be glad; and if not, I think my mother will care for the rest. 'Only,' I wish the meeting were safely over."

The lady's eyes sparkled through tears. "I can't tell you," she said, "how what you have done, and are doing, seems to me, but I think you are too noble to dread anything. I will answer for the mother that has such a son!"

"Softly, softly, if you please," expostulated her laughing husband; "don't be quite oblivious of the fact that I exist!" She turned to him with a look that must have silenced the veriest gumbler in the world.

We reached Boston, took a carriage together, and only at the hotel entrance did my new friends bid me adieu. "God bless you!" said the beautiful, noble woman, as she gave me back my baby. I should have knelt and kissed the hand of such a princess, but my arms and I were then so awkward at baby tending that nothing else seemed a possible accomplishment at one and the same time. The clerk glanced suspiciously at me and my burden.

"We are full, sir. Not a room to be had. I sent for the proprietor, and again my name vouched for me. What is it to have a family in the land?" But where in the world, Mr. Edward, he demanded, did you get that child?" I told the story. He shook his head, but said nothing.

I sent for a chambermaid to come to my room. I begged of her to take the child and care for it during the night. At first she would hear to nothing. I put my hand in my pocket. I gave her a ridiculously large bribe, but I was young and green. She took the child.

"But sure an' ye're not the young gentleman that ud be ather leavin' ye're baby? Holy Virgin!" My character ud be ruined indelibly, intirely? I assured her of the rectitude of my intentions, and she let me off, but she was at my door in the morning before I had left my bed, and nothing would induce her to keep her charge another instant.

I took the stage for my country home. The driver recognised the lad he had driven to often over the same road. "How young's grown, to be sure, Mr. Edward!" Your folks won't know him, I'm thinking, specially with that baby in your arms. Seems to me you're getting to be a family man a little too early."

I laughed and took my seat. But as we began to near my house I grew terribly nervous and cowardly. The house stood back some distance from the road, and as I walked up from the gate I saw the whole family gathered on the piazza to welcome me. I think I should rather have walked up to the cannon's mouth. My sister started down the steps to meet me, then stopped. I stepped up on the piazza. My mother, pale as death, sunk into her chair. My pretty cousin Eliza, on whom I had always, from round jacket days, been sweet in a snaking sort of way, darted an annihilating glance at me, and ran to support my mother. My father advanced.

"What do you dare to bring here, you shameless young rascal? Is this a place—He broke down so angry that utterance was absolutely impossible. At any other time I should have shouted with laughter at the ludicrous spectacle he presented; now I only hastened to tell my story. In a few moments my mother's arms were round me, my sister and cousin were contesting at a curt for possession of my baby, and my father recovered from his rage sufficiently to welcome his only son, though I did hear him growl through his white beard, 'Confounded spoonie!'"

I advertised far and wide to no purpose. But my baby grew so into the affections of all the household that I had no other steps to take. We named her Perdida, and I left her with my mother. When I returned, year after year, I found her each time grown healthier and prettier and she each time manifested an affection for me, charming legitimate, for was she not 'My baby'? As such I cherished her.

She was six years old when I left West Point for active service. After that I led a wandering and adventurous life for years 'by floor and field.' 'My baby' wrote me, at first often. Her first letters were curious specimens—half-written, half-printed, and sometimes her meaning eked out with rude drawings. In those days she was charmingly personal. 'I do so and so—I think so and so—I love so and so.' But years changed her calligraphy, and, alas! the feeling of her letters. Now in her charming girlish characters, stood 'Your mother does so and so; or, 'Your sister thinks and loves, etc. My mother wrote; 'We can't call Perdida your 'baby' any longer. She does not permit the title, and you, were you to see her, could scarce imagine that our fair young queen was ever a baby—I am too old to be enthusiastic, but our darling is surely the loveliest vision these eyes have ever rested on. She makes hearts ache, but as yet her pain is vain. We tried to be cautious; but she has somehow learned about her finding, and it is bitter knowledge to the proud little heart. It may be that makes her melt only to us. Will you never come home to see her and us?"

It was in the spring of the year 1856. I was on my way home to America. An elderly gentleman, who had evidently been a soldier, occupied the state room next to mine. A similarity of taste and feeling brought us much together during the voyage. He had been absent from his country many years.

"When I left it," said he to me, "I meant never to re-visit the shores that had been accursed to me. I lost there my wife and child under the cruellest circumstances; and I could not remain. I thought then I could never see again the spot that had been so fatal to me. And yet I return now, impelled by some feeling which I can neither account for nor resist. I dream that I am going to see my child; sometimes, even in my waking moments, I am fully convinced that I shall find her."

"How," I interrupted, in spite of myself: "is not your child dead?"

"Alas! I do not know."

"You do not know! did she not die before you left America?"

"No. Three months ago I should have said I wished she had rather than live lost to me, exposed to fates I shudder to think of. Now I am hopeful. More—trustful. It seems to me she has been kept pure, and that I shall know her. And yet—and she sighed heavily—I haven't the shadow of a reason for such hope and trust."

I was excited—I compared the remembrance of the miniature on 'my baby's' sleeve-chain with the figure before me. I made him explain all. He told me of the child's birth, the delicate health of his wife afterward, his taking her to Cuba, leaving the child in, as he supposed trusty care, the death of his wife in Havana, and while he was still in the first anguish of her loss, news from his child's nurse of its death, and of her speedy return to Ireland. He came to New York too late to find her, and left America at once—as he supposed forever. In Europe, years afterward, he had met a servant who had been with him during his brief married life, and who declared to him positively that his child was not dead at the date on which the woman had written him; but further than that he could not say, as he had followed the fortunes of another master. The unhappy father sought vainly for the woman, and now returned as a last means to America. He described the child's nurse. It was the woman who had abandoned her child in my arms, and the face was the changed, aged one of Perdida's miniature. Not many days thereafter I restored to my friend his so early lost child, and gave up 'my baby' to her rightful father.

Without a pang? Yes. Did I console myself with the pretty cousin aforementioned? She hadn't had patience to wait, that I might—a husband and several olive branches preceded this. How then? I saw my baby a stately, radiantly beautiful woman. She called me major—why, she treated me in the most precise and formal way—the utmost favor she bestowed upon me was the slightest possible touch of the fingers as she bade me good-night or good-morning, and I saw her hourly in her idolizing father's arms, lavishing the tenderest caresses upon him. Would I have it otherwise? No. There was a dearer delight in the reserve with which I was treated—the faintest flush that colored her cheek when I was near her, or addressed her, but for me an inexpressible sweetness that I wouldn't have bartered for ought on earth. What I don't mean that you, a scarred old veteran of between thirty and forty, dared—Didn't I? Hum! And this was the way of it. In my military capacity I was invited to West Point. I went, and my friend and his daughter accompanied me. I sat beside her in the cars. The happy old gentleman, at a little distance, read diligently. I said,

"Perdida! you have traveled this route before with me; do you recall this scenery at all?"

She blushed scarlet, and looked at me beseechingly. I went on.

"To think what a heavy, hungry, unpeaceable baby I carried on that day, and the way that poor cadet's humanity was ridiculed."

The tears started, and the young lady at my side bowed her haughty head.

"And the worst feature in the case is that he has never had any suitable recompense. A good deed is its own reward, to a certain degree, of course; but in this case every feeling of my soul, every fiber of my heart demands something more—and a great something more. Perdida! my darling, these seventeen years I have lost you to your father; but I cannot bear it. Be generous. Here, here to me! I found 'my baby.' O give her back to me!"

She raised her head.

"If she were as much trouble now as then?"

"My darling, don't trifle! Am I to have you?"

My young lady answered not. Instead, she occupied herself with deliberately drawing off her glove. Then she turned to me.

"Since you will be troubled," she laid her bare hand in mine. Mine again.

Shortly after we were married. I carried Perdida during our wedding tour to the friends I had found for her and me in the cars seventeen years before; and this time right reverently I kissed the gracious hand that had then so sweetly tended what was now become my earthly all.

SCIENCE AIDING JUSTICE.—The facts embodied in the following narrative, in connection with a recent murder trial, show the value of scientific acquisitions and are of exceeding interest to a large class of our readers:

A traveler was found dead in his bed, one morning, at a country tavern. His throat was cut at the side, the instrument having pierced the carotid artery; the victim had been for some time wasting away by disease. The landlord was one of the most influential and highly esteemed persons in the neighborhood, was extensively and well connected, and had a large and interesting family. Having been seen very late at night passing through the hall into which the traveler's door opened, the suspicions of certain persons were aroused; and upon being taken in custody, a penknife was found in his pocket, with apparent blood stains on the large blade, and something similar on the ivory handle. The knife was placed in the hands of an expert physiological chemist, for examination. The stain was found to be of blood and not of iron rust or paint, as it contained albumen and animal fiber. The blood on the ivory handle contained a large amount of iron, that on the blade, comparatively little. As human blood contains ten times as much iron as that of animals, it seemed certain that the knife in question could not have entered a human body; still there was a doubt, because in slow diseases there is a great deficit of iron in the blood, which deficit is a not unfrequent cause of death.

But as the blood on the ivory handle had the full amount of iron for a man in vigorous health, it seemed to show that there were two different kinds of blood, one human certainly, the other possibly so. Hence another mode of

inquiry was proposed. The blood of animals and men crystallizes, but in different forms—that of man represented by a perfect square lengthened cube, called prismatic; that of animals, by the cube, tetrahedral, or several-sided hexagonal. This analysis entirely removed the doubts connected with the proceeding, for it demonstrated that the blood on the blade was that of a lower animal, and that on the handle was certainly human.

A third line of investigation was pursued. All the inner surfaces of the human body are covered with a glairy-looking fluid called 'mucus,' which is differently constituted, according to the part of the body from which it is taken. As observed through a microscope, that which presents the appearance of a pavement of bricks or square pieces, hence it is called 'testes.' The mucus from some other part is conical, looking like a pavement made of round pieces flattened. A third kind coming from the intestines, seems hairy, ciliated, waving as the tops of long grass under the influence of the wind. Examining the blood on the handle, which was now known to be that of a human being, it was found not to present the pavement like appearance, but it did clearly show the wavy lines; it could not, therefore, have come from the throat, and as the traveler had no wound except that on the throat, and as the blood on the blade was clearly animal blood and not human, no part of the blood on the knife could have been that of the unfortunate traveler, and therefore the landlord was discharged, when he gave the following statement:

Some days before, while out hunting, he killed several squirrels, and stooped to cut a switch with a knob at the root, on which to string his game; the knife slipped as he cut upwards, and it penetrated the abdomen. In his haste he wiped the knife clean with some leaves, closed the blade, and in attempting to put it in his pocket, it fell on the ground; he picked it up and directed his steps homeward. In a few minutes one of the squirrels slipped off; he pierced it through with his knife, strung it on the switch, and had not used the knife since. This was plausible, and he showed the wound, not yet entirely healed; but this could easily have been made to answer an object. The physiologist therefore proposed as a mere matter of curious interest, to examine the blood on the blade and also that on the handle. That on the handle was wavy, ciliary, with the largest amount of iron, showing that it must have been from a man of robust health, and the mucus from the abdomen is always ciliary, and never tessellated. Again, the blood adhering to a knife penetrating a living body coagulates—that entering a body already dead never does. The blood on the blade, already shown to be that of a mere animal, was now found to be incoagulable. Hence, that on the blade was shown to be the blood of a mere animal already dead; that on the handle was the blood of a man in vigorous health, and could not have come from the throat, and almost certainly came from the abdomen. When the knife fell on the ground, the handle touched some of the leaves with which it had just been wiped. Thus the chain of evidence for the landlord's innocence was unbroken and perfect. The real culprit was subsequently found, tried and executed, confessing his guilt.

It is certain that, in the progressive march of science and art, the unchangeable laws of nature will be better understood, correcting the errors and fallacies of human judgment; and the testimony of Science will thus aid Justice in forming her opinions and enabling her to give her decisions with her eyes open!

JAPANESE EMBASSY.—The appearance of the Japanese is described as most agreeable and prepossessing. On board the Ronakoe they dressed in loose blue coats and white trousers, white stockings and leather slippers (these last undoubtedly supplied them on board the ship, as their foot covering when at home is made of straw), and with uncovered heads. Their hair was drawn up in two long bands to the tops of their heads, and was there confined by a singular contrivance of wood or horn. There are seventy-one on board, one of the original delegation having been taken ill at San Francisco, and left behind to be sent home. Their journey has been very comfortable.

The following items concerning these wonderful visitors will be found interesting:

When the cars started from the depot at Panama, they showed not the least surprise, as they never do on any occasion, but expressed their delight by jumping up, laughing, talking, clapping their hands, smoking, and all kinds of gestures.

There are some dozen or more artists, some who take drawings of animals, birds, etc., some landscape sketches, each having a distinct and separate department assigned him. The rapidity and correctness with which they sketch would astonish even a Yankee.

The Embassy will remain only some four or five weeks, then leave for home. The principal object of the mission is to get an English copy of the treaty signed by the President of the United States. The original was burnt in the great fire at Jeddo two years ago. The copy in Japanese was saved. This they bring with them, and a copy of it (not original) and a letter from the Teyon to the President.

The box containing these documents is locked upon by them as most sacred. It is called the 'treaty box,' and is never allowed out of their sight. It is a box three feet long, twenty-six inches in depth and eighteen inches wide, covered with red morocco leather, and neatly sewed around the edges. There are three 'japanned' boxes placed together, and then covered. Around this box is a light frame, and when carried is borne on the backs of four men by poles.

The Embassy brings with it some \$80,000 cash, for the purpose of making purchases. This will be deposited in the Sub Treasury in New York, and drawn out as they want it. They bring an immense amount of baggage—over eighty tons—which made four full car-loads over the Panama railroad. They have fifteen boxes containing valuable presents for the President of the United States.

They have articles of their own manufacture of every description, some of which will astonish our people when they see them. They have a beautiful specimen of Sharp's rifle, one of their own manufacture, also one of those presented by Commodore Perry, made by Sharp himself. The one made by

the Japanese is a decided improvement upon the original, as pronounced by all who have seen it.

The improvement consists in cooking, priming and cutting off the cartridge at the same time. The original does not cook on putting down the guard, which cuts off the cartridge, but has to be cooked by the thumb. The Japanese rifle can be cooked or not on cutting off the cartridge, according to will. The barrel is beautifully rifled, and is a fac simile of the original. The finish and workmanship are equal, if not superior, to the original Sharp, or any other firearm ever seen.

They have a large quantity of beautiful silks, brocades, linen, crape silk, pongees, poplins, and so forth, of every conceivable style and pattern.

It is not likely that they will visit any other city but New York, as their time for returning is limited to the 1st of October. Their great desire appears to be to visit 'Ni York,' Washington and America. Everything is 'America' or 'Ni York.'

Captain A. S. Taylor, United States Marine Corps, formerly of the Powhatan, has had charge of the Embassy since it left Japan. He has charge of their business matters, and will probably return with them to Japan. Captain Taylor has spent a year or more travelling in Japan.

The Japanese are the happiest people in the world. On their voyage on board the Powhatan and Ronakoe they amused themselves most of the time by sitting down in parties of six or eight, eating rice, drinking tea, smoking, laughing and having a good time generally. They spend much of their time in reading, writing, drawing and making sketches of everything they see. They generally lie stretched out at full length on deck, when reading or writing. They have many quantities of books of every description, from the size of Webster's large dictionary to little pamphlets of half a dozen pages each, illustrating some of them in the most beautiful style of art.

The living of the servants consists of rice, soup, fish, vegetables, chow chow, &c. They are very small eaters, but eat very often. They commence cooking early in the morning, and keep it up constantly till about eight o'clock at night. They have a stove of their own, which, by the way, is superior in many respects to our own stoves. It is of solid copper, made in sections, so that it can be easily taken apart. The cooking is done partly by steam.

[From Godwin's History of France.]

Attila, the "Scourge of God."

For fifty years or more a feeling of awe and expectation had followed the movements of the Huns, who hovered like a sombre cloud on the confines of either empire. Ferocious and sanguinary monsters, whom the barbaric superstitions begat of the embrace of demons with the witches of the desert, they were equally detested as friends and enemies. Their great leader, Rana, long a patron of Attila, having died, (A. D. 441,) left his sceptre to his nephew, Attila and Breda, or, rather, to Attila, who soon thereafter, compassing the murder of his colleague and brother, reigned alone. He was a man of that indomitable and imperious character which seems created only to make the world afraid. Combining, with a matchless mastery of will, the divided tribes of his race under a single and absolute command, and pushing their conquests, with a marvelous fertility of warlike resource, through all surrounding races, till his dominion extended from the Black Sea to the Baltic, he became the universal terror of Europe. With the empires he at first negotiated and chieftained, to mask with profound dissimulation the ulterior purposes of his ambition; but, when his hour came, he knew well both where and how to strike. The solicitations and purposes of Genseric, his hatred of the Visigoths, ancient but fugitive subjects; civil dissensions among the Franks of Gaul, one of whose factions he sought his assistance; and his pretended claims to the hand of the Princess Honoria, who, in a moment of fantastic passion had sent him forth, combined in presenting motives which directed his march upon the Western Empire, and upon his weakest and most defenseless part, the distracted Gallic province.

In the winter of 450 he began to move forward, with a force of five hundred thousand men, from his wild Danubian fastnesses, to the banks of the Rhine. By the beginning of March, in the following year, he had reached the ford of that separating stream. His motley throng, embracing representatives of nearly every race in Europe—the black Kazars, the tattooed Goths, the stout Tartars, the Herul, crazy with valor, and the Bellocos and the Neuri, who have left their names alone to history—had gathered other varieties of savagery upon its passage. The Quad and the Marcoman of the Carpathian Hills mingled with the Sub of the Black Forest and the outcast Frank of the northern dunes. All the wild valor that for five hundred years had concentrated civilization seemed to be concentrated in one impulsive mass. Amid the rolling boulders of the ice, and upon the trunk of a torn tree near the confluence of the Moselle, Attila, installing himself for a moment in the ancient capital of Trever, summoned Gaul to surrender in the magnificent tones of an Oriental sovereign. The debilitated Roman garrisons fled ere he had advanced; the federate barbarians, half-sympathizing in his career, offered but an inefficient resistance, while the poor provincials, disarmed by Roman policy, disgusted by Roman oppression, debased by Roman vices, stood in doubt whether he might be more properly regarded as an enemy or a deliverer. But the smoke of a hundred burning villages, the ruin of the fairest cities—August, Strasburg, Metz, Worms, Tongres, Arras—speedily convinced them that the stranger was indeed a foe. The concentered multitudes fled to the fortresses of the towns, to the caves of the mountains, to the waves of the sea. Alone the heroic and pious bishops of the church rose superior to the paralyzing terrors of the panic. Arrayed in their magnificent robes, and chanting their solemn and imposing psalms, they would often place themselves at the head of the timorous flocks, and, with prayers and threatnings, arrest, if not roll back, the irresistible human tide.

Yet these were ineffective obstacles, and the invasion spread from Jura to the ocean, and from the Somme to the Loire. The city of Orleans, which commanded the passage of the Loire into Southern Gaul—memorable on

that account in many a Roman campaign, and destined to become still more memorable for the exploits of the inspired Jeanne D'Arc—was the last object of attack and defence. Besieged by Attila with the bulk and power of his forces, it was held for five weeks by a few sturdy and desperate citizens, under the lead of the good St. Agnan, amid the combined miseries of war, pestilence and famine. But when the last scintillations of hope had expired, when the Huns had effected a breach, and begun the carnage, faith rather than eyesight discerned from the topmost tower the distant approach of the succoring army of Etius. Behind the clouds of dust it raised were, the glittering eagles of the legions, and the waving standards of the Goths.

Etius, who had occupied the interval of his absence from Gaul in strenuous labors for the defence of Sicily and Italy against Censeric, was not so deceived by the pretensions of Attila in respect to the real object of his westward movement; but he could not disfigure the peninsula of troops, nor yet collect with ease another army among the allies and federates of the province. A party of the Franks and the Letic colonists promptly responded to his summons; but the Alps were in open revolt, the Burgunds sulky, and the Visigoths, though eager to encounter Attila, unwilling to quit their own frontiers. The general reluctance drove him to despair; nevertheless, by painful entreaties, aided by the eloquence of the polished Arverrian noble, Avitus, who undertook a mission to Theodorick, the Goths were then induced to move. Once on foot their example stimulated the zeal of the Bretons of the Alps, of the Salian Franks and their long haired leader, Merowig; of the Burgunds of King Gunther; of the Bipiarians of the Rhine; and of the remoter Bretons of the sea coasts. A mass as multifarious almost as that of Attila met in the camp of the Roman chief, and marched to the relief of Orleans. After a fierce and bloody struggle, it forced the proud king of the Huns to beat an ill concerted retreat.

The immense army of Attila, consisting chiefly of cavalry, fled with precipitation, along the Roman road which led from Orleans to Sens, and thence to Troyes, and did not rally until it had reached the broad plains which stretch before the village of Châlons. There they pitched their tents and drew up their wagons, but were scarcely entrenched when the pursuing forces of Etius began their castrametations on the same field.

The night that followed was a night of awakening suspense and dreadful preparation. Attila himself, buried in the depths of his tent, was sleepless and depressed. The reverse he had suffered before Orleans, and the privations endured by his troops on their march, had lessened his habitual confidence in himself and them. A Christian hermit, moreover, dragged as a captive in his train, had aroused his superstitious fears by a strange and prophetic salutation. 'Attila, Scourge of God, hammer of the world,' he said, 'know that heaven is about to break the instrument of its vengeance!' In his gloom he called his savage and fantastic crew of conjurors around him, to dispel, by their mystic rites, the fatal foreboding of the priest. 'Then (says Thierry) was enacted a scene which has found no parallel in the history of Europe. Under that Tartar tent, by the lurid blaze of torches, in the midst of France, a council was held of all the dread superstitions of the barbaric world.'

The dark mummeries were unpropitious; Attila was told that he would fail, and yet, when he had heard also that the chief of the enemy would be slain, supposing the prediction to refer to Etius, his soul recovered its composure, and his will its wonted energy.

By the ninth hour of the next day, a million of men, many of them brothers by race and lineage, were involved in the decisive conflict. It was a battle, says the old Gothic chronicler, 'fierce, multifarious, terrible, obstinate; such a battle, and such a slaughter as the world had never seen, and will never see again. The little stream (the Vesle) which traversed the field, almost dry till then, was swollen beyond its banks by the blood which mingled with the water.' When night drew on, darkness was heard the shock of bewildered steeds, the clash of the indiscriminate swords. Theodorick, the brave king of the Visigoths, was trampled to death by his own troops; Etius himself was separated from his command; friend and foe were madly jumbled together in the confused mob of battle; and as the combatants at last retired to rest, they retired in utter unconsciousness as to who were victors, who vanquished.

The morning sun rose upon a plain heaped, it is said, with more than two hundred thousand corpses. Neither leader, each aware of his own loss, but not that of the enemy, essayed to renew the combat. The opposing forces glared sullenly upon each other, but made no motion of attack. Only in the midst of the silence the Visigoths sought mournfully for the body of their chief, Theodorick, which they found beneath the mounds of the slain, and buried with loud howls and lamentations on the field of glory. Yet, doubtful as the victory seemed, it was in reality for Attila a defeat; for, in his position, anything short of a grand success was a failure. On the other hand, the triumph of Etius, even if it had been more decided, was the triumph of his barbaric allies, who were recently his enemies, and might become so again at any moment. As Attila recoiled towards the Rhine, there, Etius, instead of pursuing him, contrived, by various pretexts, to disperse his doubtful host. But the falling empire was more with congratulatory metaphors; and Christian Europe, rescued from an impending heathenism, shouted joyful hosannas to the Lord.

Rome had been respite, not delivered; Attila had been discomfited, not vanquished; and the chief of the Huns, after regaining his home, laden with booty, prepared for another campaign. Early the next spring he crossed the Julian Alps into Italy. Delaying a while in the siege of Aquile, whose inhabitants, flying to the islands of the Adriatic coast laid the foundation for the romantic city of Venice, he successfully ravaged Milan, Brescia, Mantua, Padua, and other cities. Rome was merely threatened and spared. Why, we cannot say; it may have been the re-collected forces of Etius, or it may have been the prayers and entreaties of the Pope St. Leo, as the legends allege, which caused him to return to his Danubian retreats; but he left the metropolis unmolested. Perhaps he hoped to glut a bitterer rancor, or to find a respite as well as richer prey, in the eastern capital. If so, he was not destined to enjoy the fruits of his schemes. On his arrival at his forest capital, while celebrating, with more than barbaric pomp, his marriage with Ildice, he was found dead in his nuptial bed. The splendid empire which his genius had reared, did not long survive him; his sons and his generals soon became embroiled in deadly wars; his German vassals revolted, and the power of his race dwindled away. Yet, brief as his career had been, such was the awe, the fear, and the admiration that he had everywhere inspired, that his name pervaded and glorified the traditions of every European nation. Sometimes as a terrible personification of destruction, the 'Scourge of God'; and sometimes as the venerable patri-

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arch and founder of states, and sometimes even as a holy Christian apostle, he hovered for centuries in the imaginations of the Roman, German, and the Hungarian people, more a stupendous myth than an historical personage.

## The Eastern Mail.

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

WATERVILLE . . . MAY 24, 1860.

### AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. FETTERGILL & 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 Scollay'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."

**THE CATTLE DISTEMPER.**—"A drunken man will stumble at a small stone,"—so will a frightened man run from a small dog. That careless little paragraph by the editor of the Clarion—the magnitude of whose marvellousness has no competitor but his belly—has already proved a stumbling block to half the cow-doctors in N. England. All the efforts of the people of Massachusetts to confine the disease to certain bounds are at once divested of virtue and hope by a careless "bleat" that nobody stops to investigate. Boston papers proclaim it as truth that the terrible distemper, which has brought suspicion upon so much steak and surloin there, has also put its poisoned finger upon all the beef that comes from Down east. Faster than a dozen contradictions, this snivelling falsehood is carrying delusion and terror everywhere; and it will take six months to convince our Boston neighbors that they may safely open their jaws to Maine beef. The truth is, as everybody here is well convinced upon inquiry, that the symptoms of the Shorey cow were in marked contrast with those of the pleuro-pneumonia. Of this Dr. Littlefield, of this place, who examined her, and from whose statement the Clarion made its scare-crow notice, is now well convinced, as he has assured us. Her disease was upon the lungs, and beyond this fact there was no resemblance to the symptoms that mark the disease in Massachusetts.

The alarm upon this subject increases in Massachusetts. Gov. Banks has decided to call an extra session of the legislature; and we notice that in Congress, Mr. Delano of Mass., has introduced a joint resolution in the House, asking for an investigation of the subject.

The Portland Argus says that cattle from the infected districts in Massachusetts have been brought into Maine recently and sold. If this be true, the wretches who have thus exposed us to so great a calamity are deserving of condign punishment. Let every man be contented with his present stock, and make no purchases or exchange abroad without feeling sure there is no danger. Excite no alarm by false reports or groundless apprehensions of evil; and if ever this scourge should really reach us, bear it with steady nerves, and thus obey the injunction to "help one another."

The following circular from the Sec. of the Board of Agriculture is in good time, and its suggestions should be well heeded:

**TO THE PEOPLE OF MAINE.**—In the neighboring State of Massachusetts a contagious, fatal and incurable distemper, known as Pleuro-Pneumonia, rages among the horned cattle. Daily developments show that it has been extending with noiseless and unsuspected steps. One of the peculiarities of this disease is that it may have fast hold upon an animal for months before its effects become apparent, except to critical, professional examination.

There is reason to fear that in this unseen form it may now exist beyond its present supposed limits. There is danger that in some unperceived manner this disease may be introduced among the cattle of this State.

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the paralyzing effect of such introduction upon the Agriculture of Maine—an interest of greater magnitude than all the other pecuniary interests of the State combined—an occupation upon which not only is every person dependent for food, but which is itself dependent upon stock husbandry for success.

The only known security against such introduction is the non importation of cattle from the direction where the disease prevails, and every consideration of duty and expediency dictates that no cattle be brought into the State upon any pretence, or for any purpose whatever, until certainty takes the place of doubt in regard to the course of this disease. Present supplies for the shambles or prospect of improvement in breeds, may be too dearly purchased.

Let me urge every citizen of Maine whether he be a producer or consumer, drover, vendor or carrier, to do all which lies in his power to preserve our present exemption from this pest; and I recommend not only that no cattle be brought in from abroad, but also, that for some months to come, there be no driving from place to place, or exchange, or circulation in any way, of those within our borders, which can be dispensed with.

S. L. GOODALE,  
Secy of Board of Agriculture.

A violent tornado passed over a portion of the State of Ohio, on Monday last, doing immense damage and occasioning some loss of life. Many buildings were unroofed and demolished in Cincinnati, in which city alone it is thought the damage will amount to at least half a million of dollars—nearly all the public buildings having suffered more or less. Six persons too, are known to have been killed outright, and many others are injured.

**DROWNED.**—The Bangor papers state that a Mr. Fling, of West Waterville, employed on the West Branch drive, was drowned on Sunday last, just above Seboomook Falls.

**SUDDEN DEATH IN BANGOR.**—Mr. Jesse Norcross, lumber merchant, and long a resident of Bangor, died very suddenly in that city, one evening last week. He was about 48 years old.

### OUR TABLE.

**ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**—The June number has a rich and goodly freight, various in kind as are the tastes to be suited. Of the articles enumerated below, we have only read the continuation of the Professor's Story, but we have glinted through the number, and we profess to know a good thing when we see it. The contents are as follows:—

The Future of American Railways: In a Fog; The Grandeur of the Song; The Humming Bird; Chess; Spring Song; Model Lodging Houses in Boston: A Short Campaign on the Hudson; Thine; The Representative Art; Roba di Roma: Pythagoras; Clarian's Picture; Japan; The Vineyard Saint; The Professor's Story; The Sphinx's Children; Reviews and Literary Notices. The Atlantic is the only purely literary monthly we have, and it is one to which we may point with pride. The present publishers are determined to advance its high reputation, and we are confident that their spirit of liberal enterprise will be cordially and substantially seconded by the American public. A new volume of this work will commence with the next number, and this is, therefore, a favorable time for commencing new subscriptions. Back volumes of the work are offered on very reasonable terms, and no one should rest satisfied without a full set.

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

**NEW MUSIC.**—The following new pieces have been received from Oliver Ditson & Co., the well known Boston publishers:—

*Spray Waltz.* For Piano. By Miss Lottie M. Wheeler.

*Long, Long Ago.* Song and Quartette. By Frank Murgar.

*The Spirit of Light.* Cavatina. Music by M. W. Balfe.

*As the moon what hour is sweetest.* Ballad. By Nehu.

*You ask me to forget the spell.* Ballad. Composed by Lucini.

All the above will be found at the bookstore of C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.**—The May number, just issued, has the following table of contents, which, as will be seen, promises good entertainment for its readers:—

War and Progress in China. Munich and its School of Christian Art. Capt. Spick's Adventures in Somali Land. Judicial Puzzles—Elizabeth Canning, Part 2 of Wellington's Career. The Mill on the Flies. Narcissus. The Snowdrops. A Fullerton. Switzerland and French Annexation.

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, these works will be delivered free of postage. Sent by mail by the postage at 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.

**OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.**—"The following good things will be found in No. 77 of this cheap musical work:—

*The Mendel Galt.* J. H. Doppler.

*Conductor's Serenade.* G. Sigel.

*La Solitaire.* Bedova. Schubert.

*Long, Long Ago.* Ballad. J. H. Bayley.

*The Winter.* It is past. Scotch.

Twelve pages of choice music, large sized and handsomely printed, are furnished weekly in "Our Musical Friend," at the low price of \$5 a year or 15 cents a single number. Published by C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau St., New York.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.**—The June number of this excellent monthly contains numerous illustrations, including a fine steel engraving, "The Writing Lesson," a handsome fashion plate, and many wood engravings of tasteful novelties in dress as well as household ornamentation and convenience. The literature of the number shows that grace and purity preside over its pages, and its unexceptionable moral tone will always be preserved while the work remains in charge of its popular editors—T. S. Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend.—A new volume will commence with the next number, and all who desire a magazine for the home circle will do well to order this one. It will exert an elevating and refining influence wherever it goes.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

**SOLO MELODIST.**—The table of contents for No. 13 reads as follows:—Duetto from "Linda di Chamouni," Spa Mazurka, Rondo from the "Bohemian Girl," Waltz Espagnole, Lo Berger, Kindred Hearts, Sailor's Hornpipe Alond Sten Valse, Hayden Quickerstep, Jenny Lind Polka, Favorite Galop, Airs from "Bellario," Love's Young Dream, Rabel Waltz, Waltz of Chamouni, Ladies' Gown, My Heart is Thine, Scenes that are Bright, Drinking Song, Open the Door softly, Earth's Melodie Silfennia.

The Solo Melodist—a standard collection of songs, Arias, Dances, Marches, &c., arranged for the flute, violin, clarinet, accordion, &c.—is published semi-monthly, by C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau Street, New York, at \$2.50 a year, or 10 cents a single number.

### Bowdoin College.

#### STUDENTS' RATIFICATION MEETING.

The Republicans of Bowdoin College held a meeting on Monday evening, May 21, in the "Old South Wing" to ratify the nomination of the Chicago Convention. The room was crowded to its utmost capacity, there being at least four hundred persons present. Twitchell, of the Senior Class, called the meeting to order, and a permanent organization was soon effected by choice of Haskell for Pres., a Vice Pres. from each class, and Reed and Fessenden, Secretaries. The Bath Band furnished the music. Haskell on taking the chair made an enthusiastic speech, and announced the order of the evening to be the ratification of the nomination of the Chicago Convention. Speeches were made by Clifford, Haley, Jones, Reed, Mayo, Kendall of N. H., Bucknam, Phillips of Iowa, Fessenden and Morrill. Resolutions were then reported and approved, endorsing the platform laid down at Chicago. "Hail Columbia" was played by the band with such effect that Democrats forgot themselves and cheered the National Air. Nine hearty cheers were given for Lincoln and Hamlin, three for Wm. H. Seward, three for William Pitt Fessenden, and three for Cassius M. Clay. The meeting was then adjourned in order to salute some of the prominent Republicans in town.

While the procession was being formed thirty three guns were fired from beneath the "Old Oak Tree" in the College yard. We then marched to the residence of Mr. O'Brien, one of the first graduates of Bowdoin. The venerable old man came to his door and made us a speech worthy of his younger days. The advice of this staunch old Republican to the crowd of young patriots before him was worthy of being remembered. He would have right prevail over might. We next visited A. C. Robins; Esq., who made some humorous remarks, asking us if we would have "robins sing in the night." He heartily endorsed the nomination of Lincoln & Hamlin and advised us to "root bobo-link" (Dr. Lincoln) across the way and make him sing. Accordingly we paid our respects to Brunswick's favorite son, Dr. Lincoln, who sent out "Johnny" to make us a speech. He told us an amusing anecdote of Democracy, and bade the cause God speed.

We next called on Prof. Chadbourne, who raised his window and gave us his speech, "No recitation tomorrow morning," which of all things he might have said, was most gratifying. We then returned to the College ground, where three cheers were given to the Brass Band, after which we dispersed, fully satisfied that the cause of Republicanism is the true one, and determined to do all in our power to elect Lincoln & Hamlin in Nov. next. On the way to our room we heard our democratic brothers try to give three cheers for "the Little Giant," but owing to the paucity of their numbers they failed, and were obliged to raise the cry of "Fire," which students know so well how to do.

Thus ended our ratification meeting, which was a perfect success, and proved that the sons of Maine are awake and ready to repeat that old eighteen thousand majority of '36.

CHICAGO.

Bond Coll. May 22, 1860.

**THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.**—The Chicago Convention has adjourned, having nominated Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for president, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, for vice president. Mr. Lincoln has great popularity in the West, and is supposed to be the strongest man that could be put in nomination. Mr. Hamlin is widely known to the people of the country, and his name will be a strong one in all the northern States. These nominations are meeting most enthusiastic responses from the republicans everywhere; and such as promise a warm contest to the close of the campaign.

The following platform has precisely the right plank in its anti-slavery section, and one upon which we believe the party will prove more impregnable than upon a more conservative basis.

**Resolved** That we, the delegated representatives of the Republican electors of the United States in convention assembled, in the discharge of the duty we owe to our constituents and our country, unite in the following declarations:—

1st, That the history of the nation during the last four years has fully established the propriety and necessity of the organization and perpetuation of the Republican party, and that the causes which called it into existence are permanent in their nature, and now more than ever before demand its peaceful and constitutional triumph.

2d, That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence are embodied in the federal Constitution and that the federal Constitution, the rights of the slaves, and the Union of the States, must and shall be preserved.

3d, That to the Union of the States this nation owes its unprecedented increase in population, its surprising development of natural resources, its rapid augmentation of wealth; its happiness at home and its honor abroad; and we hold in abhorrence all schemes, for disunion, come from whatever source they may; and we congratulate the country that no Republican member of Congress has uttered or countenanced a threat of disunion so often made by Democratic member of Congress without rebuke and with applause from their political associates; and we denounce those threats of disunion in case of a popular overthrow of their ascendancy, as denying the vital principles of a free government, and as an avowal of contemplated treason, which it is the imperative duty of an independent people thoroughly to rebuke and silence forever.

4th, That the maintenance inviolate of the States, and especially the right of each State, to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political faith depends, and we denounce the act of lawless invasion, by armed force, of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as the gravest of crimes.

5th, That the present Democratic administration has far exceeded our worst apprehensions in its measureless subservency to the exactions of a sectional interest, as especially evident in its desperate exertions to force the infamous Lecompton constitution on the protesting people of Kansas, in construing the personal relation between master and servant to involve an unequalled property in persons; in its attempted enforcement everywhere, on land and sea, through the intervention of Congress and the federal Courts, of the extreme pretensions of a purely local interest; and in its general and unvarying abuse of the power entrusted to it by a confiding people.

6th, That the people justly view with alarm the reckless extravagance which prevails in every department of the federal government. That a return to rigid economy and accountability is indispensable to amend the system of plunder of the public treasury by favored partisans, while the recent startling developments of fraud and corruption at the federal metropolis, shows that an entire change of administration is imperatively demanded.

7th, That the new dogma that the Constitution of its own free will carries slavery into and all the Territories of the U. S., is a dangerous political heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions of the instrument itself, with contemporaneous exposition, and with legislative and judicial precedent; is revolutionary in its tendencies, and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country.

8th, That the normal condition of all the territory of the U. S. is that of freedom, and that, as our republican fathers, when they had abolished slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no person should be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law, it becomes our duty by legislation, to maintain the provisions of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it, and we deny the authority of Congress, of a territorial legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the U. S.

9th, That we brand the recent reopening of the African Slave trade under the cover of our national flag, aided by perversion of judicial power, as a crime against humanity, a burning shame to our country, and we call upon Congress to take prompt and efficient measures for the total and final suppression of that execrable traffic.

10th, That in the recent votes by the federal governors of the acts of the Legislatures of Kansas and Nebraska, prohibiting slavery in those territories, we find a practical illustration of the boasted Democratic principle of non-intervention and popular sovereignty embodied in the Kansas and Nebraska bill and a denunciation of the deception and fraud involved therein.

11th, That Kansas should of right be immediately admitted as a State under the constitution recently formed and adopted by her people and accepted by the House of Representatives.

12th, That while providing revenue for the support of the government by duties upon imports, policy requires such an adjustment of these imports as to encourage the development of the industrial interests of the whole country, and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to the working man liberal wages and to agriculture remunerating prices, to mechanics and manufactures an adequate reward for their skill, labor and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence.

13th, That we protest against any sale or alienation to others of the public lands held by actual settlers and against any view of the free homestead policy, which regards the settlers as paupers or supplicants for public bounty; and we demand the passage by Congress of the complete and satisfactory homestead measure which has already passed the House.

14th, That the National Republican party is opposed to any change in our national laws, or any State legislation by which the rights of citizenship hitherto accorded to immigrants from foreign lands shall be abridged or impaired, and in favor of giving a full and sufficient protection to the rights of all classes of citizens, whether native or naturalized, both at home or abroad.

15th, That appropriations by Congress for river and harbor improvements of a national character required for the accommodation and security of an existing commerce are authorized by the Constitution, and justified by an obligation of the government to protect the lives and property of its citizens.

16th, That a railroad to the Pacific Ocean is imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole country; that the federal government ought to render immediate and efficient aid in its construction, and that as a preliminary thereto, a daily overland mail should be promptly established.

17th, Finally, having thus set forth our distinctive principles and views we invite the co-operation of all citizens, however differing on other questions, who substantially agree with us in their support.

In the completion of a first class residence in our village, like the new one of Dr. Bourdelle, on College Street, opportunities are afforded for the display of skill and workmanship, which our mechanics have not been slow to improve; and durable certificates of their ability, to which they may point with proud gratification, are wrought into every portion of the structure—delighting the eye or ministering to the convenience at every turn.

No department, perhaps, is this more strikingly manifest than in the painting and papering, done by Messrs. Hill & Savage—two young men of much merit and promise in their vocation. The style in which some portions of the work has been executed is novel but very effective—imparting a richness and stateliness which will only be fully appreciated when the apartments shall be completed with their appropriate furnishing. So long as work can be so well done at home, we hope no one will be guilty of the folly of calling in foreign aid—depriving our mechanics not only of the best part of what little there is to be done here, but also of opportunities for improvement.

**BUY BOOKS.**—And to show you where good ones may be obtained, we invite your attention to a list of first class publications, found in the advertisement or *Brown & Taggard*, a young and enterprising firm of Boston.

**BAD TASTE.**—A bowie knife said to be eight feet long, was exhibited at the rooms of the Missouri delegation at Chicago, during the session of the recent convention, bearing on one side the following inscription.—Presented to John F. Potter of Wisconsin, by Republicans of Missouri; and on the other, "I will always meet a Pryor engagement." No free state delegation would have thought of such a testimonial.

**FROST.**—The past week has been cold enough for heavy frost, and even ice in some cases. Some kinds of fruit trees, as the plum and cherry, may have suffered in the blossom, though but few tender vegetables are advanced enough to be injured.

**STRANGE.**—There is great excitement in Boston, caused by the discovery that a large portion of the police have been trying their hand at theft and robbery. The conscience of one of the number drove him to such confession as implicated a dozen or two more. Several of these have made full confession of guilt, while others "blush scarlet red and look like injured men." A thorough investigation is progressing, to end nobody knows where.

**DEATH OF MRS. J. T. PAINE.**—We find in one of our Boston exchanges the following notice of the death of the late Mrs. Paine of Winslow:—

"Mrs. Jane T. Paine, relict of the late Hon. Lemuel Paine, died at Winslow, Maine, on the 19th ult. In the death of Mrs. Paine another of the links which bind the present generation to the trying days of the Revolution, is broken. She was the daughter of the Hon. Ebenezer Warren, brother of Gen. Joseph Warren. Her father, after making many sacrifices in defense of his country, had relinquished his house, (now known as the 'Warren House,' in Roxbury, Mass.), for the accommodation of the French and American officers, had taken his family to a manor on the premises, and there the future Mrs. Paine was born. She was a person of a deeply religious nature, and her moral and intellectual endowments were of a most exalted order."

**ATLANTIC MONTHLY.**—The June number—an unusually good one—can be found at Mathews's. Buy it and get double the worth of your money.

"Alek" says if somebody will tell him where the "Wide Awakes" sleep, he will go and see whether they dream or snore—and if they do neither, they had better give up that bed to the "Sleepy Heads."

**CURIOS.**—Three brilliant circles about the sun, on Monday last, set all the people to wondering "what in nature; they portended." That rousing rain storm, which everybody has been prophesying all the Spring, was thought to be coming, sure; but it has not made its appearance yet.

**LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.**—The Quarto Dictionary of Dr. Worcester has received a cordial welcome from the philologists of England. The venerable Charles Richardson, now in his eighty-sixth year, the author of Richardson's Dictionary, has written to Dr. Worcester a congratulatory letter upon the success of his work. B. H. Smart, the author of a Practical Grammar of English Pronunciation, who has devoted a long life to philological researches, and whose pronouncing dictionary is a standard authority, also gives warm praise to a rival work from this side of the Atlantic. The Rev. El. chard C. Trench, also well known for his philological researches, and Mr. Herbert Coleridge, the Secretary of the Philological Society of London, have both expressed themselves in high terms of commendation of Dr. Worcester's labors. Beside these, the distinguished author of the Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon Language, the Rev. Dr. Bosworth, of Christ Church, Oxford, and Professor of Anglo-Saxon in that University, has written a critical letter to Dr. Worcester, in which he praises both the matter and the manner of the book.—[N. Y. Tribune.

Our readers are referred to an advertisement of this great national work, in another column.

**SAD.**—By the premature explosion of a cannon, at Hampden, on Monday last, while firing a salute of a hundred guns in response to the Republican nomination, at the ninety-fifth round, Mr. Jeremiah Maxwell lost his right arm, and Mr. Henry Stowell three fingers of his right hand. Both of the men belonged in Bangor.

**NEW MAP OF MAINE.**—Full particulars in regard to the great Township Map of Maine, soon to be published by Chase, & Co., of Portland, may be obtained by consulting a prospectus recently put up in our post office. Don't overlook it, but look it over.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE** for June has been received at Carleton's, opposite the Post office. It is a good number, and will afford a rich treat to the buyer.

While firing a salute at Augusta, on Saturday, two men—George Wood and John Garland—were quite severely injured by the premature explosion of the gun.

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

**CORPORATION.**—The meeting on Tuesday evening did little more than to choose a committee to report, two weeks from that time, the amount of debts due, and the appropriations needed for the ensuing year, together with the condition of the reservoirs, engines and other property of the Corporation. The discussions were brief but pithy, and such as lead us to expect a full meeting at the time to which adjournment was made.

**DISASTROUS FIRE AT PRESQUE ISLE.**—A correspondent of the *Aroostook Democrat*, under date of May 14th, gives the following account of a destructive fire at Presque Isle:—

Our village was yesterday visited with the most destructive fire that has ever occurred in this vicinity. At two o'clock the fire, which has for some days been raging in the woods around us in every direction, crossed over the Presque Isle stream, at the lower end of the village, (the flame driven by a strong wind,) and caught in the house of Wm. Camber, occupied by F. A. Bishop, and in less than twenty minutes the building was a heap of ruins. From Camber's it swept everything before it, the wind blowing towards the village, burning the dwelling-house and barn of George Mosher, the dwelling house, barn and tannery of James McCleave, the dwelling house of James Dunn, the blacksmith shop of Dyer & Bishop, the carriage shop of George Hall, dwelling-house of Mr. Glidden, the house and stable of Geo. Dingee, dwelling house of Warren Hughes, house and stable of Jackson Dockendorf, house and stable of Charles Church, a new house just completed by Hiram Church, and the Academy building.

Hardly a building in the village was at one time expected to be saved. The fire caught repeatedly in other parts of the village, but by the vigorous efforts of our citizens, the balance of the village was saved.

From the buildings burned nothing was saved of any importance. The part of the village burned, was mostly occupied by our mechanics and their families, who are turned out of doors without savings so much as their clothing or tools.

Loss estimated at from \$20,000 to \$25,000—amount insured, \$450. The fires are still raging around us in every direction, and the remaining portion of our sorrowful looking village can only be saved by the strenuous exertions of our citizens.

**AMOUNT OF SEED FOR POTATOES.**—From different sources we gather the experience of farmers with reference to the amount of seed it is profitable to use in planting potatoes.

Johnson says: "For the main crops it is evident from experiment, that moderate sized whole potatoes are the best, from which all but two eyes have been removed; but especially having the crown, which is a congeries of small eyes, first removed; for from these proceed little spindled stalks, which are comparatively worthless, and injure the main stem."

For the early crops, the most valuable variety to the above is the most advantageous to be practiced. The set should have the crown eye, which is the one growing in the center of the congeries of small ones above mentioned, preserved. Some potatoes have two such eyes, but the generally only one. This is always the most prompt to vegetate, and if not known by this description, may be evinced by placing two or three potatoes in a pan of moist earth near the fire. If the earth is kept moist, the crown eye will be in a state of vegetation in five or six days.

To obtain early crops when tubers are rapidly formed, large sets must be employed. In these, one or two eyes at most should be allowed to remain. If the sets are placed with their leading buds upwards, very strong early stems will be produced; but if the position is reversed, many weak and later shoots will arise, and not only the earliness but the quality of the produce be depreciated.

Another writer urges, that farmers do not waste seed by planting more than one or two eyes in a hill—unless it is desired to spoil the crop. He succeeds four-fold better than upon the whole potato plan. Would advise three or four eyes in a hill if planted two by three feet apart; if in drills, six inches apart in row, one or two eyes—five-sixths of the seed is saved, and the proportion of large to small potatoes is increased three-fold over the old plan.

A correspondent of the February number

of the Valley Farmer gives the product of three potatoes to be ten bushels. From the largest potato he says he raised five bushels, planted one eye in each hill. From the two smaller potatoes he grew the other five bushels, planting two eyes in each hill.

A recent writer in the New England Farmer says, where some hills of corn were missing, he planted sprouts or vines picked from the potatoes in the cellar. "They were picked off with the fingers as close to the potato as possible, being six or eight inches long, set out, and grew and produced equally as well as the same variety did on the same ground a year previous. The varieties were the Coburg and Sand Lake potatoes. He believes the sprouts may be used and save the potato, obtaining an equal crop and saving all the seed."

A writer in the Farmer and Gardiner says his experience favors the use of "spits" (as the Irish call the potato cuttings) with only one eye, or with at most two eyes. He rejects small potatoes for this purpose, selecting tubers of medium size with long vigorous shoots. Plant the tubers at least twelve inches apart in the row, observing care to insert them so that they shall spring up evenly.

**GYMNASIUMS.**—The following extract on the subject of Gymnasiums we take from Hall's Journal of Health for May:

It is reported that arrangements are in progress for establishing gymnasiums for students and members of Young Men's Associations. Are our embryo doctors, and lawyers, and clergymen, going to make Tom Hyers and Bill Pooles and Yankee Sullivans of themselves? Does the ability of a jurist depend on the amount of beef he carries? Is a physician's skill to be determined by the hardness of the muscles? Is a clergyman's efficiency measured by agility of his monkey capers, by his dexterity of hanging on to a beam by his hind leg, and swinging up to touch his nose against the big toe of "tother foot?"

A man's intellectuality does not depend on the amount of brute force which he possesses. It does not require a giant's strength to write a sermon, or make a book, or "clear" a thief, or feel a pulse. Of an assembly of French savans, on a certain occasion, Humboldt, being present, was found by an accurate mode of measurement, to have the least muscular strength of the whole company, of which he was the greatest and the oldest. Small men, fragile men, men of little muscular vigor, may have good bodily health, and among such are found a vast excess in number of the opposite class, and in all ages and countries, who are the brightest of the world's bright stars. As a very general rule, it holds good, the bigger the man the bigger the fool he is.

Who ever saw a giant who was remarkable for anything beyond the size of his body; while the smallness of his head, and the little that is in it, is a notable thing. Both body and brain need vital force; the mind is great in proportion as that vital force is expended in the brain; but if it is used up in developing the muscles, the brain must suffer. If one expects to make his living by the exercise of muscular strength, let him, as a boy and a youth, develop that strength by steady labor and a regular and temperate life; if it is his wish to make money by legwork, by monkey capers, by rope-walking, by miraculous poises and astonishing feats of ground and lofty tumbling, then the gymnasium is a very proper place for him, and it is well that the energies of the system should be expended in the direction of the muscles; but if he aims at a professional life, one which is to be followed as a means of living, he must exercise the mental, not the muscular powers; to the brain and not to the beef, must the energies of the system be sent, in order that, by their exercise, the brain may be developed and the mind work with power.

To sedentary persons, violent, sudden, and fitful exercise is always injurious, and such are gymnastic performances. Soldiers die early. To-day they are doing nothing—to-morrow the forced march, the terrible battle, summon up to the very verge the employment of dormant energies. The disabilities and deaths of a campaign are many times greater by disease than by the bullet, for shocks, and great alternations, always cause disease.

The exercise of the student should be regular, gentle, deliberate—always stopping short of felt fatigue. One hour's joyous walk with a cheerful friend in street, or field, or woodland, will never fail to do a greater and a more unmixed good, than the double time in the most scientifically conducted gymnasium in the world. There are individual cases where the gymnasium is of the most undeniable benefit, but the masses would be the better for having nothing to do with them. A million times better recipe than the gymnasium for sedentary persons is—

Eat moderately and regularly of plain, nourishing food



# THE EASTERN MAIL,

An Independent Family Newspaper,

Published every Thursday,

WAXHAM AND WING,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,

At Fry's Building, Main Street, Waterville.

FRY, MAXHAM. DAN L. R. WING.

TERMS.

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paid within six months, 1.75

paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—WATERVILLE.

DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10.15 A.M. Close at 10.00 A.M.

Augusta " " " 4.43 P.M. " 4.30 P.M.

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leaving little of the common law in force. All

property of either party at marriage is the

separate property of that party, and all prop-

erty subsequently acquired by either party is

the common property of both. He has the

management of her separate property, but

cannot alienate it without her consent. Upon

the death of either party, the common prop-

erty is divided between the survivor and the

heirs of the deceased, and this latter half is

chargeable with the debts of the deceased.

She may carry on trade as a single person,

upon complying with certain requirements,

and her husband is not liable for her debts

contracted in such trading, without his special

written promise.

EASY MOTHERS.—We wish it were possi-

ble to persuade some otherwise most excellent

mothers how much trouble they would save

themselves by exercising a little firmness

towards their young children. Of course it

takes more time to contend with a child than

to yield to it; and a busy mother, not rec-

ognizing that this is not for once, but for thousands

of future times, and to rid herself of

importance, says, wearily, 'Yes, yes; you

may do it!' when all the time she knows it to

be wrong, and most injurious to the child.

Then comes a time when she must say,

'No!' and the difficulty of enforcing it at so

late a period of indulgence none can tell but

'easy' mothers of self-willed children. For

your own sakes, then, mothers—if you have not

the future good of your children at heart—for

your own sakes, and to save yourselves great

trouble in the future, learn to say 'No!' and

take time to enforce it. Let anything else go,

if necessary, because the contest must be fought

out successfully with every separate child;

and once fought, it is done with for ever.

When we see mothers day by day worried,

harrassed, worn out by ceaseless teasings and

importunities, all for want of a little firmness

at the outset, we know not whether to be more

sorry or angry. At any rate, we have no

patience to stay by and witness such mis-

management.—[Maternal Counsels.

MUTTON.—We mean to repeat a thousand

times, or at least till we say has some effect

upon our countrymen, that a pound of

lean, tender, juicy mutton can be produced for

half the cost of the same quantity of fat pork;

that it is infinitely healthier food, especially in

the summer season, and those who eat it be-

comes more muscular, and can do more work

with greater ease to themselves than those

who eat fat pork. We know nothing more

delicious than smoked mutton hams, of the

Southdown breeds of sheep. Venison itself is

not superior.—[American Agriculturist.

The great oyster bed discovered in Long

Island Sound, last summer, has proved a sad

failure; the oysters which were transplanted

from it, proving small, insipid and tasteless.

In their native state, as taken from the Sound,

they are much too salt to be edible, and they

will not live in fresh water.

DEATH OF AN EMINENT PASTOR.—Rev.

John Malby, who for twenty-six years has

been pastor of the Hammond Street Church in

Bangor, died at Worcester, Mass., on Tuesday

evening. His remains were taken to Bangor

for interment.

STABBING AFFAIR.—An affray occurred

on Broad Street yesterday afternoon, in which

John McCann was stabbed in the arm by a

salor named Oscar Plummer, of North Vas-

salboro. Plummer was intoxicated, and Mc-

Cann probably attempted to push him out of

his shop, when Plummer picked up a knife

lying near and stabbed him in the shoulder and

arm. The wounds were not very severe.—

Plummer was arrested and committed to the

watch house.—[Bangor Whig.

SMART ENGINE PLAYING.—A few evenings

since 'TIGER ENGINE No. 6' was placed at

the foot of Drummond St. (mill-hill) drafted

water fourteen feet perpendicular, forced it

up the hill, a rise of about one hundred feet,

through eight hundred feet of hose, and played

a handsome stream over Tyler's flag-staff,

which is ninety-five feet high. The bursting

of the hose, just as the 'Tigers' were warmed

up to the work, was all that prevented the

water from going where the height would have

been more *guzzle* work. The 'Tiger' is one

of Buton's medium sized machines.

[Bangor Whig.

Rev. J. H. Ingraham, author of those flaming

yellow-covered books, 'LaFitte, the Pirate of

the Gulf,' 'Robert Kyd,' 'The Specter Steam-

er,' etc., etc., has now turned his attention to

the heroes of the Scriptures, whom he doubt-

less means to immortalize in his own peculiar

way. He has already published 'The City of

the Great King,' 'The Prince of the House

of David,' and 'The Throne of David.' It

is said that in the first edition of 'The City

of the Great King,' only 1500 anachronisms

and other errors were discovered.

Dr. POMROY'S CASE.—At a meeting of the

Suffolk North Association, held May 16th,

1860, with reference to the case of Rev. S. L.

Pomroy, D. D., the following preamble and

resolution were adopted unanimously:

Whereas, At a meeting of the Association,

held in Boston on Wednesday, May 23, 1860,

it appeared from Dr. Pomroy's acknowledg-

ments before this body, and from authentic

papers, that he has been guilty of conduct

inconsistent with purity, virtue, and moral-

ity;

Resolved, That while this Association dis-

claims all ecclesiastical authority, and passes

no judgment upon his fitness for place in the

fellowship of the Christian Church, we deem

it inexpedient that he should continue a mem-

ber of this ministerial Association, and direct

that his name be erased from our list.

The Japanese Embassy are described as

mostly young men, from thirty to forty years

of age, courteous and refined in manners, gen-

tleman of taste and culture, accustomed to

good society, and good things of all sorts, ex-

ceedingly fond of and gallant to the ladies,

and immensely sound on the champagne ques-

tion. They are wonderful, moreover, in the

knife and fork way, and epicurean in their

tastes.

DISASTER TO A MAINE VESSEL.—Sch. Ad-

oliza, owned by Messrs. Deering & Turner of

Augusta, from Port au Prince for New York,

with a cargo of coffee and logwood, was fallen

in with the last ice, in lat. 34.40, lon. 70

10. She had experienced terrible weather,

and was in a very disabled condition. Her

captain, George H. Prescott of Augusta, aged

28, had been washed overboard and drowned,

and the brig Delaware took off the remainder



