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Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1860.

NO. 48.

Are my aunt and uncle safe? she asked.
Yes, and waiting for us to send a sleigh for them.
Where are you taking me—home?
I wish it were. No, only to this farm house.

Strangers to us, of course; but your friends, I suppose.
No; but I am sure in these mountains you will meet only kindness—rough, perhaps, but genuine. This gate is fortunately open. The dog will not harm you.

You say you are going back for my aunt in a sleigh. Take me with you—do not leave me with strangers. I know it is foolish to be afraid, but I am a little so, and I may faint again at any moment. Strange faces and hands about me frighten me. Take me back with you.

I am not then quite so far from you? I am a little nearer than an utter stranger?
Yes, she said, in a low, earnest tone.
You have again and again proved yourself a friend.

Your aunt could never so regard me. As soon as you all return to the city you will remember me no more; perhaps not so well as my horses. In a month I should be an utter stranger again.

She was silent, and a man put his head out of an upper window to ask.
Who's dere? Down! you dunder-dog! Be still, sir!

Let us in—quickly. Here is a lady—hurt. Call up your boys if you've got any, and get a sleigh ready. Hurry, neighbor!

Such a summons, which the sight of Aline in my arms enforced, brought an instant, hearty response, and we heard the bustle of dressing within. They would soon be down, and this precious opportunity gone forever.

Miss C—, I said, urged by a wild impulse, could you ever regard me as a friend? I mean, of course, an equal friend.
I do so now, she answered, slowly, and I could see her color rising, by the full moon beams upon her face as she lay in my arms.

You do not see in me only a poor, born to drudge in the soil, and never lift my eyes above it?
She said gently, No.

Do you think that between us there is a great gulf fixed, which no ambition, and no desert can cross?
Her lids lay upon her eyes. A warm blush mantled, but did not bring confusion to her face. She lifted her look slowly, calmly to mine, and said again, No.

You think such as I, country born and bred, uneducated, unrefined, but yet a man, and an honorable one, with some ability too, you think he should not lay his mouth in the dust before such as you, high-born, city-bred, well educated? Should he dare to stand up boldly and say, 'I love and would marry? Should I fear to do that?'
A pause, a tremor, then a low, but full 'No.'

No, I said, with a sudden revulsion of feeling. I should not fear to do it, but scorn to do it. It must humble a lady to marry an ignorant boor, and that I am outwardly. And no woman shall be humbled in marrying me.

She shall be made proud, or be none of mine. I will never say the words. Will you marry me? to one who must look down upon me—not if I fear my heart out to prevent its cry!

A man and woman came bustling out of the house. They took Aline, again insensible, from my arms, and placed her upon a rough settee by the kitchen fire. I sent the man for a doctor, and for Mr. and Miss C—. Then I sat by Aline's side, bathing her forehead, and helping the women use means for her return to consciousness, but internally nursing the foolish pride which had sprung full-grown into my heart.

Aline with less candor, and more finesse, had only bade me beware of daring to address her, I should have done it forthwith. Now nothing within, nor without me could induce me to do it.

In a week from this time I was at Harrisburg. In the five years before I returned to my home I studied much, and mixed with politicians, editors, and legislators, with the social life of drawing-rooms, and the noisy life of caucuses. The brusquerie of my manners was soon worn off. I had a faculty for public speaking that gained me some consideration; and finally I took the stump, and won popularity.

By the death of my father I came into a large estate, rendered doubly valuable by the railroad through it. After a few months spent on the farm, during which my attention was given mostly to embellishing Willow Bottom Cottage, I returned to public life a member of the State Legislature. This was seven years from my awakening, and during that time I had never seen Aline, though I had often heard of her through her uncle whom I knew well. She still resided in Philadelphia, unmarried. Knowing this kept up its full force the 'stubborn patience' of my aspiration and endeavor.

We were debating an exciting question in the House, and the day came when I was to make upon it my maiden speech as a legislator. The question had important bearings, and the leaders of our party cautioned me, and instructed me, and tried to stimulate me to my utmost effort. I was in fact tacitly required, as the crack speaker of our side, to demolish all opponents.

I prepared myself well—so well, that I felt sure no amount of confusion, or brow-beating could disconcert me. The skeleton of my speech I had by rote; and as, in stamping, no adversary, however skillful, no *contre-temps*, however absurd, had ever dashed me for a moment, I felt tolerably secure.

The evening before this important day I spent at a large party given by Mrs. —. After some conversation with the ladies, I retired to an ill-lighted corner and fell into a brown study. When I lifted my eyes again, they fell upon a lady who was dancing in the set just before me. She had at that moment exchanged places with her *vis à vis*, and when she returned to her partner she stood with her face from me, but so near that I could distinguish the perfume of her bouquet. It was Miss C—, no longer a young, timid girl, but a beautiful, stately woman.

I knew that she had not seen me from the conversation which followed.
Ah! there is a sprig of willow in your bouquet, said her partner. Out with the ill-placed thing! It is impossible that you should ever wear the willow appropriately.

She smiled quietly at his feeble wit, and said, That is a sprig of willow. But even if it were willow, it should stay. I like it, even if it were willow. It is in the mountains.

She said, I am for some mountain sheep, I suppose, he sneered.
She said nothing, but turned aside her head with a slight frown, and I saw too a little depression of the sweet, sad lip corners, which I instantly set down to her remembrance of me. I made no wild guess at once whether she would hate or forgive me. When the set was over, her partner gave her a chair close to my

dim-curtained corner, and went to get her some ices. She was also partially shaded from the lights and eyes in the room, and I leaned forward to her chair and said,
I am to speak to-morrow. Will you come to hear me?

She was as immovable as if she had not heard a word, but I saw that the tip of her ear, and her cheek, grew scarlet. After two minutes' silence I said again, Will you not?
She turned to me a collected countenance, greeted me with the common forms of civility between long parted, and not very intimate, or dear friends. Her partner then brought her the ices, and, seeing us conversing, soon left us. We talked a few minutes upon ball-room topics, while my heart was throbbing with a pain, anxiety, and irritation, which had not abated since I saw her last. It was not to be borne—this suspense—this folly of common places, when my happiness was at stake. I spoke in a low, suppressed, yet earnest tone, but with a carefully guarded countenance.

You know you have been the aspiration of my youth. Will you not be the crowning blessing of my life, Aline? Seven years ago the word, 'Be my wife,' almost broke my heart in the effort to get utterance. Answer them to-night, Aline.

Seven years ago, said she, deliberately, you gave me little choice.
A stern battle then raged between my love and my stubborn pride. And pride was the master. That is the nature of the hard, stern man. But woman can be more tender, less selfish. Her holy and fervent love could never be overcome by so dark a passion. Aline, seven years I have lived in hope, and to be without it now would be like doing without the breath of my nostrils.

For seven years, she returned, quietly, I have carefully held my pride. For seven years I have faithfully crushed the love you saw and neglected. It has died out in my heart—entirely, I believe. You helped to starve it. You exacted now how I must regard you.

I groaned in spirit. Yes, I thought, she speaks the calm, sober truth. A few minutes ago she was joking with a puppy about wearing the willow! She looks well, happy, and as if her heart were calm, and cold as a mountain lake. She looks me in the face with an unmistakable indifference. She must see by my bloodless lips what I feel, and she shares my feeling no more than that wooden pillar she leans against.

Aline, is this final? I groaned.
Certainly, she replied, with cool surprise, that was like cold steel to me.

She was claimed for another dance: and I sat chewing this bitter cud of repentance. Oh! what a fool! to let pride prevent my claiming her promise seven years ago, and now coming to her, he thus speaks of the inevitable spread of the 'irrepressible conflict' doctrine.

It is difficult to discover one thoughtful person in the South or North, that does not acknowledge the superiority, in all that contributes to the prosperity and progress of a State of free or involuntary labor. But the question, 'What is to become of the blacks?' is upon every christian lip, especially at the South, and confounds the counsels of every christian philanthropist. I have found multitudes of men in the South, many of them eminent and godly ministers, that employ days, and weeks, and months, and years, in the study and solution of this problem, that is pressing upon us perpetually, persistently.

We may, from ignorance or party prejudice, refuse to keep step with the most philosophic and sagacious statesmen of the nation, but that refusal cannot be continued another quarter of a century. The 'irrepressible conflict' will come one of these days, to be believed by the selfish and avaricious million; whose hard hands earn their daily bread. American slavery will then be seen to be, as it is now in reality, the free white working-man's question—he will look right into the two eyes of it without blinking, and then it will be decided, and dismissed forever and forever more.

But what will become of the blacks? I love them. There are very few of them that I could, in conscience, advise to flee their bondage, because in my judgment, while they might flee in form, they can scarcely do so in fact, in this Republic. Still, while immediate emancipation would be unwise and unchristian, there is not the beginning of a doubt, in my mind, as to the wisdom and christianity of the constant elevation and ultimate emancipation of these creatures. Our flag is stained by their involuntary servitude, and our land is blighted by it. It is useless to frown upon or fear the agitation of the question. It is not only inevitable, but indispensable. Let us, therefore, have a fear of God, and brave hearts within us, and so march to the meeting of this question—to its final and satisfactory settlement.

THE BEAUTY OF THE FAMILY.—We leave it to you if she don't, invariably, 'turn out' the worst of the lot? If she don't cultivate the outside of her head to total forgetfulness of the inside? If she is not petted, and fondled, and flattered, and shown off (itselfishness is written all over her? If she is not sure to marry some lazy fellow, or some drunken brute who will bruise her body, or her heart, to a jelly, and be glad to come, with her forlorn children, for a morsel of bread to the comfortable home of that snubbed member of the family, who was only 'our John,' or 'our Martha,' and who never, by any possibility, was supposed by them capable of being or doing anything? We leave it to you, if the 'beauty of the family' be a boy, if he don't always grow up a blockhead? If he is not sure to disgust everybody with conceit and affectation, while he fancies he is the admired of all eyes, even if he don't squander away all the money he can lay his hands on, and finally die in the gutter? We never see a very handsome child, of either sex, set up on the family pedestal to be admired by that family and its friends, to the exclusion of the other children, that we don't feel like patting these last on the head, and saying, 'Thank Providence, my dears, that you were not born 'beauties.'

A HUMAN INCONSIDERATE.—The life of Goethe was one of great contradictions. Before he was eight years old, he was exercising in German, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek, yet he did not die of brain fever or dropsy in the head. He drank wine, was prodigal of his money, and was cold in his manners. His social faults looked society contemptuously in the face, but as a swordsman, a rider and a skater, beyond most of his time, he lived to

against myself too. I am not blameless of this wrong done you.
She turned her face from me, laying her cheek against my knee, and continued hurriedly, 'I, when you were ill—I saw you were—must grieve you by a lie. It was a vile one. I have not crushed out the remembrance of you from my heart.'

Al! Aline, I whispered, why say that now? I am a disgraced man, and pride forbids my speaking as I spoke last night, when honor and success seemed at my beck and call. She rose with quiet dignity, and stood silent before me, only by her muteness urging me to retract.

I shaded my eyes with my hand to shut out the temptation. She took one step from me. To alarm I sprang up and clasped her.
Go you shall not! I said, firmly, and perhaps fiercely. As I am, you shall marry me!

And I will, she said, in a sweet, low, plaintive cadence, that soothed my inmost soul.
Since disgrace has brought me this compensation, it is welcome to me, Aline.

If it shall snatch you from the vortex of politics, it will be welcome even to me, she said, entreatingly.
Do you not wish to see your husband a famous man?

I wish, to see his peace unbroken, and his life mine.
Then I might as well have asked you seven years ago to share my obscure lot?

Better, better, Spencer. I blushed for seven long years at being spurned by him I loved, at the moment of his discovering that love. I wept with regret that I had been so frank.

You hate me for that suffering? You will never forgive me?
I intend to exact retribution. For every year given to politics I shall claim one for home. You will grow old too soon here.—Leave this hurly-burly, and come to me.

When my term was out I retired, and am now a man of leisure in Philadelphia, of course over-worked, as all men of leisure are, with other people's business. It does not become me to speak of the way in which I convinced my opponents that my teeth and claws were not quite extracted by my lady-love. I shall only say that I soon had the opportunity I wanted, to clear my reputation as a speaker, and to give as good as I got, which opportunity I made a use of that drew approving laughter, and not regretful dismay from her whose opinion was all in all to me.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.—A correspondent of the *N. Y. Examiner* traveling at the South, is giving some interesting notes upon the slavery question. In a recent letter, after some references to Southern scenery and character, he thus speaks of the inevitable spread of the 'irrepressible conflict' doctrine.

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the age of twenty-two years. He wrote one of the most doleful books ever published, known as the 'Sorrow of Werther,' yet himself took life without sadness, and enjoyed it to the full. His writings gave out a light of their kind, in the glare of which multitudes delight still to live; yet at the age of sixty he doubted the existence of a Divine Providence, and at the age of eighty-two he died exclaiming: 'More light!'

[From Hall's Journal of Health.]
TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS.—The late Mr. Downing, so distinguished for a fine taste in landscape gardening, was a great advocate for evergreens. His preference was for hemlock, white pine, Norway spruce and balsam fir. The latter is easily transplanted, and has a dark green foliage at all seasons of the year. The month of May, or the beginning of June, is held to be a favorable period for transplanting evergreens. The following is a method recommended for this purpose by the *Baltimore Rural Register*:—A moist, cloudy day should be selected, and care must be taken that the extremely sensitive fibers which constitute the principal mass of the roots shall not be exposed, even in the process of removal from the nursery to the lawn, to the action of the sun and air, as their vitality principally depends upon their being kept shaded and moist. The great error which unskillful planters have committed, in attempting to get evergreens to grow, has been the depth to which they have set them in the ground. They should invariably be planted shallow, although the soil beneath should, first of all, be deeply stirred. Mr. Bright, of the Logan Nursery (Philadelphia), advocates surface planting for all kinds of trees, and the success which he has met with in this practice certainly appears to establish the truth of this theory. In transplanting evergreens of four or four-and-a-half feet high, he takes them out of the nursery with balls of earth eighteen inches deep and two feet in diameter. They are set on the surface of the lawn, in cavities of well-loosened soil; the cavities themselves being not more than three or four inches deep. The ball of earth, therefore, which encloses the roots of the evergreen thus planted, is still raised above the surrounding surface some twelve inches. They are, however, supplied with good loam, by which a mound is formed, and the ground is kept mulched for two years. This method is worth a trial.—[Scientific American.]

THINK OF IT!—People who make sport of any man's shabby clothes are destitute of feeling, are worse than the heathen. Who could be guilty of calling the blush of resentment to a wrinkled cheek? the quiver of anger to a withered lip? the tear of sorrow to a faded eye, washed of its brilliancy by floods of tears?

Never, never laugh at the scanty garments of the poor. Dignity has a strong tie to sorrow to stem, and a frail bark to guide at the best. It has dashed so often against the rocks that it hardly holds together. Sink it not with your unkindness.

Sneer not at the old clothes. They are often made holy by long sacrifices, by careful foldings away, that they may last until the dear ones are provided for. If many an old coat could speak, what tales they would tell of the noble hearts beating underneath!

Your rusty garment would repeat the struggles of a devoted father, whose son is earning laurels at the college hard by. How he counted the farthings, and shrank down pride, that his boy, his noble, beloved boy might yet do him honor!

That faded shawl, folded tightly over spare shoulders! year after year has the mother cleansed and mended, and laid it carefully away, as (she called it) 'good as new' that her blue-eyed daughter might have an education.

And the mother smiles over the dim, dusky patterned ribbon and prim old merino, that were cleaned up to enable her to buy Besie a pretty bonnet and a dress such as she deserved.

O that blessed self-denial of aspiring poverty! Hallowed be the old bonnets, old cloaks, old coats, and old shoes, when such love points to them as its monuments!

More than one bright and shining light, let me tell you, owes its brilliancy to old clothes; more than one star in literature, philosophy and divinity.

Think of this when your eye chances to light upon the threadbare coat or the faded shawl; suppress the smile, keep back the sneer. You know not what the heart beneath has suffered, how many times it has bled. You know not what evil has haunted, what storms swept over it. You know not what God like impulses have once made it great and strong, or what bitter draughts poisoned its fountains, or what blighting mildew sapped it in its full vigor.—Let not the crime of adding sadness to the full cup of the poor man's sorrow ever be yours.

IT IS ONLY HIS WAY.—Papa, here are some pretty flowers for you, said little Mollie Loring, as she ran to meet her father on his return home. 'Ain't they beautiful,' continued she, extending her fingers and laying their tapering tips upon a half-blown Luxembourg, a Cape jessamine, and a white bud that seemed ed trying to hide itself amongst the crisped petals of a cape myrtle. 'This tea rose is playing poeep, poeep, as you say, ain't they pretty, papa?'
Yes. Who sent them to me?
Pshaw! I thought some friend sent them. Go to play and don't pester me.

There were more dimples than one in that quivering chin, and something more than the heat of a mid-summer's day had crimsoned the sweet face of the child as she turned into her doll-house, saying to herself, 'I fixed them so nicely, and tied them with my doll's new blue sash that Aunt Nina gave me yesterday. Ma says it is only his way, but I think it is a mighty bad way; that's all I know about it, and I wish our papa was like Carrie Morton's.'

What a pity that papa does not consider it a 'bad way'—what a pity that he does not know how such conduct estranges his little ones from him, and throws back upon their warm hearts the sweet affections which they are so happy in offering, and he would be so happy in receiving, if he only knew how to appreciate the love of children, if he only knew how to speak kind words to them. But he is kindly disposed, it is only his way, for even now while Mollie is regretting her inability to draw from him a word of approval, he is turning the flowers in his hand, and saying, 'as she admires them.' Well, she certainly has displayed very good taste in putting them

together; nothing could be more tastefully arranged than these verbenas on this lemon-geranium leaf, and how beautifully she has dotted this cape myrtle with heart's-ease and white rose buds.

Why did you not say those words to your daughter? She would have embalmed them with a child's precious love, and stored them away in memory's urn, to gladden her heart when friends prove false and the world unkind, when the sorrow of the present makes her fear the future, and turn for relief to the remembrance of childhood's joys and youth's sunny hours. Fathers, speak kindly, lovingly to the little ones around you; thank them for their love offerings, tell them the flowers are beautiful and sweet, point out their beauties and sweetness, tell them in what respects they resemble little children, and thus teach them to 'look through nature up to nature's God.'

If you have adopted a repulsive manner, abandon it and make home happy by your smiles, that your children may believe you when you say you love them, and know how to understand those who talk to them of fond parents and happy families.—[Methodist Protestant.]

TRIBULATIONS OF A CANDIDATE.—One of the advantages of competing for the Presidency of the United States, even if failure be the result, is that the unsuccessful candidate at least has nothing more to fear from the envy, hatred or malice of his enemies. He undergoes, in the three or four months which elapse between the nomination and the election, that thorough and searching examination which would otherwise have been protracted over a whole lifetime; and the results of the scrutiny which, under other circumstances, would not reach anybody outside a small circle of curious or malignant gossips, is spread before the eyes of an entire nation. An investigation so trying, it may safely be said, no human being is on any other occasion ever called upon to undergo.

The 'Devil's Advocate,' who appears before the Sacred College at Rome, when the canonization of a departed worthy is in contemplation, to urge every peccadillo or shortcoming that can be raked up in the holy man's career, against his claims to promotion, does not labor in his vocation with half the zeal and energy which the American Press and politicians put forth against the candidate of the opposition party.—[N. Y. Times.]

A student of Andover Seminary was once traveling with Doctor Woods, when the Doctor met then a young man, walked on several long hills that lay in their way. In explanation of his course, he said to his companion, 'I don't know that I expect to meet my horse in heaven, but if I should, I don't want to leave him here—' This is sound doctrine, and much to be preferred to the fast-horse theology of latter times. The possibility it suggests we had better think of. It would show many a man, good to adopt even the poor Indian's ancient maxim, and live as if

admitted to that equal sky
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
[Congregationalist.]

NO COMPLIMENTS IN PRAYER.—We have heard some prayers which were designed to affect the hearer rather than to reach heaven. The following characteristic anecdote of John Randolph is a keen rebuke of the practice.

In one of his spells of repentance and sickness, he was visited by a minister who at his request prayed for and with him. The minister began on this wise: 'Lord, our friend is sick. Thou knowest how generous he was to the poor, and what eminent services he has rendered to his country, and how he is among the honored and great men of the earth.'

'Stop, stop,' said the impatient Randolph, 'no more of such stuff, else the Lord will damn us both.'

Riding in a stage coach in Kentucky, last week, we heard a fellow swearing at a great rate about the Abolitionists.

'They ought to be hung as high as Haman,' he said.
'And how high was Haman hung?' asked a grave old gentleman in the corner.

'Wal, about as high as folks is generally hung, I reckon,' said the other.

'And pray, who was that fellow Haman you are speaking of?' pursued the old gentleman, his eye kindling with a gentle smile as he blandly spoke.

'Why, he was one of them scamps that was hung up at Cynthiana for spreadin' seditary doksims.'

The old gentleman chuckled faintly and dropped the subject.

DISAPPEARED.—A few weeks ago a convention in Baltimore, met and nominated a presidential ticket, which has since been heard from. All the members of that party are not so completely defunct, however, that they cannot perpetrate a joke. A correspondent of a southern paper relates the following anecdote:

'A member of the American party having expressed his astonishment that Rufus Choate was not nominated instead of Hon. John Bell, Col. M., of the same party, and a member of the last House, remarked that Rufus Choate was dead! 'Oh, yes,' said Mr. T., 'I know that; but then he has been dead but a short time.'

The test of the merit of a book is not so much whether it will bear a second or a third reading at short intervals; but whether it will appear equally original, and equally true, when read at intervals of ten, fifteen, or twenty years. The passages which a man would mark at twenty, he would generally no longer mark at forty, and that, less from an increase of knowledge, than a change of feeling. Great is the merit of that book which contains much that responds in some measure to the different phases of thought in every era of human life.

LOTTERY OPERATIONS.—The St. Louis Herald, in speaking of the recently discovered embezzlement of a clerk in that city, says the defalcation for which he was arrested will hardly fall short of \$100,000, and he 'has nothing to show for it.' The rock upon which his spirit was the one upon which many another has been wrecked—the lottery office. The extent of his operations in this line may be imagined, when it is stated that he is indebted to one lottery firm in that city to the amount of ten thousand dollars.

It is the sense of the Methodist Conference, now in session in Buffalo, N. Y., as expressed in a resolution adopted, that the marriage relation can only be dissolved by a violation of the seventh commandment or by death, and that a

subsequent marriage by either party, while both are living, is contrary to the teachings of the Holy Scriptures.

SONGS OF BIRDS.—It is remarked, as a high compliment to the English language, that a large number of birds speak this language only. There is 'Whip poor Will,' 'chuck Will's widow,' 'whip Tom Kelly,' and 'Kill Will Willet'; these seem to be among the more savage of vindictive spirits, judging them by their words. There are others that have a strong predilection for the festive, among which the Bobolink stands pre-eminent, who seems to delight in a pretty extensive variation of words, according to different authorities. One writer asserts that he has heard distinctly the following: 'Bob o' Lincoln, see, Mary Lincoln, velvet pantaloons and summer jacket, ho! Bobby Lincoln won't let Mary Lincoln gad about alone over clover top, dock weed and apple tree.' According to Prof. Nuttall, a more common song is in these words—'Bobolink, Tom Downey! come pay me the two and sixpence you've owed me more than a year and a half ago, it's clear!' But yesterday, in walking through the fields, there was one little fellow that seemed to possess uncommon volubility, who began about thus: 'See here! see here! I've read in the religious newspapers—I've read in the religious newspapers—and then pausing a moment, as if hesitating in uttering the rest of the sentence, he at length gave the whole with most uncommon rapidity. I've read in the religious newspapers that the Methodist ministers are not such ignorant or e-a-tures as the dev'l dey! dey! would have them to be e-e-l!'

Birds, like human beings, seem to have a propensity for medical prescription. I have heard a Baltimore oriole very distinctly and repeatedly assert, 'creosote, creosote, cure cure tooth-ache!'—and another which I now hear from my open window where I am writing, repeatedly assures me, 'Licorice, extract, cure cure cough!' The late Dr. King, who resided in the western part of New York, said that nothing was more common than for the robins to perch upon the stalks at the road side, and shout to him as he passed along on his medical visits, 'kill 'em! kill 'em! cure 'em! cure 'em! give 'em physic, physic, physic!'

The song sparrow has much variation in his words. A tailor once told me that one of them often came near his window with the caution, 'Prick your finger, prick it prick it well!'—while the school boy often hears their successful attempts at spelling out the word cessation, 'e-e-a-a-t-i-o-n!' giving a musical drawl and twist at the end.

[Country Gentleman.]

LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE.—In East Boston, a few weeks since, was borne to the grave, a maiden wife of less than twenty years of age. Her husband and lover, a young man of twenty-three, was a mechanic. They had loved each other from childhood and were to have been married some six or seven months since, when she was prostrated by consumption. Nearly all his leisure from labor was passed at her bedside, cheering her with prospects of restored health, and a life of happiness; but the fell disease was too firmly implanted in her system to leave any hope of her recovery.

When the physician informed her that death was inevitable, she expressed a desire to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and her wish was gratified. Her lover procured a carriage, sat by her side, and bore her in his arms to and from the Lord's table. She returned to her bed never again to leave it in life. About a fortnight before her death she said that she had only one earthly wish ungratified: she desired to be united to him who had loved her so long and so truly in the hope of being his in heaven. He could deny her nothing—he married death! Duly supported by pillows, and supported in the embrace of her mother, she was united to her lover; her feeble voice was hardly audible, in responding to the questions of the marriage ceremony. She was his, and said she could die without regret. From then until she passed away, she was unable to speak above a whisper; but she appeared happy, and though wasted to skin and bone, a pleasant smile left its impress on her face, as her soul returned to God who gave it.

Many cases have been recorded of people being married on the brink of the grave, to accomplish some material end—such as to give a legal title to property, or to render an act of long delayed justice; but rarely or never have we heard of poor people marrying under such circumstances, purely for love. The stern realities of life press so hardly upon the laboring poor, that the finer feelings of their souls have to make way for the cares and toil of providing for the wants of the body.

The only legacy which this affectionate maiden left her husband, was a lock of her hair, and a favorite copy of the Bible.

In a little village in Connecticut, several years ago, there lived one David Barnes, a person of an excitable temperament and violent passions, especially, as was often the case, when under the influence of strong drink. Not far from him resided old Squire Nelson, famous in all the region round about for his ready wit, with which few were able to cope successfully.

The equivoque had at the time of which I write a pig of remarkable promise, which one day effected a stolen exit from its domicile, and wandered about seeking what it might devour; till it finally happened into Barnes's garden, where, following the impulse of its nature, (as Barnes himself graphically expressed it) 'rooted around like all posset.'

times, at a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface, would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated. 2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity, is proportionally greater in warm than in cold air. 3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from earth, the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climates. Now, when from continued evaporation the air is highly saturated with vapor—though it is invisible, and the sky cloudless—if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air, like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold.

The Eastern Mail.

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

WATERVILLE... JUNE 7, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENBURY & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 110 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. LILLES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertiser, No. 1 South Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS, Relating to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be directed to "MAXHAM & WING, or EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

Fourth of July at Waterville.

We are glad to notice that some of our folks are moving for a celebration of the coming anniversary at home. The programme is not yet arranged, but the various items mentioned embrace a congregation of fire companies to play for prizes; a floral procession; a trial of speed of horses at the Park of the agricultural society; a parade of fire works; fire works in evening, and enough other matters to constitute an attractive bill. The work is in the hands of those who are not accustomed to "back down," and with the well known inclination of the people of this and neighboring towns to devote the Fourth to a good time, we feel safe in predicting that the coming national anniversary will be celebrated in a becoming and attractive manner at Waterville. A full programme will be given as soon as arranged.

THE UNION SAVERS.—The new "Union party" held a ratification meeting in Fancull Hall last week, to ratify the nomination of Bell and Everett. The degree of enthusiasm was of course moderate, as becomes the dignity of a party representing everything in general and nothing in particular. The main item of interest was the letter of Mr. Everett accepting the nomination to the vice presidency. This was characteristic of the man and his party; a party frightened at the boldness of men who distinguish freedom from slavery, and who have faith that the nation is safer with men who dare contend for their rights, than with those who timidly submit to acknowledged wrong. The following paragraph is a sample of the whole letter, and probably delineates more of the invisible platform of the party than will elsewhere be brought to the light:

Can such a state of things long continue, especially with the ever present risk of new causes of exasperation? I own that it seems to me impossible, unless some healing course is adopted, that the catastrophe, which the mass of good citizens so much deprecate, should be much longer delayed. A spirit of patriotic moderation must be called into action, throughout the Union, or it will assuredly be broken up. Unless the warfare of inflammatory speeches and incendiary publications is abandoned, and good citizens, as in 1776 and 1787, North and South, will agree to deal with the "rambling elements of discord," (for they existed then as now,) as our fathers dealt with them, we shall but in a very few years longer be even nominally brethren of one family.

Mr. Everett's language in this paragraph is tangible before the professions of his party. The people of this country, both north and south, know full well what is meant by the "healing course" which he recommends, especially when so closely connected with the threadbare phrases, "inflammatory speeches," and "incendiary publications." Slavery asks nothing more heating to her wounds than the suppression of the two great engines of freedom which Mr. Everett denominates inflammatory and incendiary. This is the false cry that hypocrisy wrings from the coward, rather than the frank and bold alarm the patriot sounds in the ears of freemen. When did boldness of speech or freedom of the press endanger human liberty? Where both exist there is no need of "healing" remedies; and Mr. Everett in the whole of his letter, has rather exposed the insincerity than defended the object of his party.

COLONIZATION.—Mr. W. G. Melyor was advertised to lecture in Town Hall on Monday eve, but was compelled to take the platform on the Common, by previous engagement of the Hall. He secured a good audience, and proved himself a glib talker, and well posted in the argument for freedom over slavery—especially for the real freedom which the colored man enjoys in Liberia. We commend Mr. M. to the candid hearing of all free men who happen to have been born with light colored skin. Their good luck demands that they listen to the story of the slave.

SALMON.—Everybody has heard of "Poor Chip," but nice cuts from either end of a fat salmon are what we set down for good chips, whether from the old block or the young one. The only man in Waterville who furnishes his customers with this delicacy is our friend W. Chipman, nearly opposite the Express office.

OUR TABLE.

HOME AND COLLEGE.—A Public Address delivered in the Hall of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, March 5, 1860, by B. F. D. Huntington, Professor to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College. Boston, Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

The question discussed in the little work before us is this: What connection has the child in the first years with his safety, success, and character in the public seminary, where he is sent to enter on the higher branches of scholarship? While vindicting the college from the aspersions frequently cast upon it, the author shows that undisciplined childhood in an ill-regulated home have more to do with the ruin of young men than the evil influences of college life. The discourse is full of valuable suggestions and wise counsels both for parents and young men, and we commend it to both classes. We have marked several passages for insertion in our next paper.

For sale at Massena's.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY.—The April number of this placid, quiet, and respectable Review has the following table of contents:—Luberoth on the Sonnets of Correspondence de Madame Recamier; Viciatitudes of Families and other Essays; The Bar of Philadelphia—Washington Farewell Address; Sir Nightingale's Notes on Nursing; Fox-hunting; Recollections of Leslie; The Budget and the Reform Bill. These are all readable articles, and a several of them have an unusual interest for the American reader.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—The following is a list of the articles in the May number of this able Review:—Redding's Reminiscences—Thomas Campbell, Quakerism—Past and Present—Sir Henry Lawrence, Australian Ethnology—Poems by Heinrich Heine—Church and State. The origin of Species. British Lighthouses. The State of Europe. Recent Publications.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 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. When sent by mail, the postage on 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.

MERRY'S MUSKUM.—Robert Merry's "Hiram Hatchet" have bestirred themselves to good purpose in producing the June number of this work, which is under their joint editorial care: and if the little folks, for whose instruction and amusement they labor, do not find in it a rich treat, then we much misjudge their taste. And this periodical delight, which is repeated every month in the single, and then becomes perennial, costs but a single dollar! Address J. N. Stearns & Co., 116 Nassau Street, New York.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—The contents of No. 79 are as follows:

Medley from the Opera of Nebuchadnezzar. Verdi.
Always with me.—Song. Maynard.
To my Love.—Song. Mettelsell.
June March.—Popular.
La Repubblica.—Nocturne. For Piano. G. Stigelli.
Published weekly by C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau St., New York, at \$5 a year, or 15 cents a number.

YOUTH'S CASSETTE AND PLATINUM.—Tale of a Pin, "A Story of Mont Blanc," and "The Two Giants," are three stories in the May number of this periodical which we know the little folks will read with interest. Much other good reading will also be found, including a spicy chapter of Chat Chat; and the illustrations, by raising the curiosity, will entice the young reader along the path of knowledge. Published by William Gould & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

(For the Master's Mail.)

OUR LOST DARLING.

BY ETHEL.

Safely rest the golden ringlets
O'er a brow that's icy cold,
Seem they now like slender tendrils
Of the purest, brightest gold?
And the eyes that rival heaven's
Own bright blue, are closed for aye;
Lifeless life of heavenly whiteness,
O'er their depths of azure lay.
From the pale lips, once dyed coral,
N'er will float the songbird more,
For that voice is hushed forever,
That we loved in days of yore.
Bend we sadly—oh, so sadly,
Down to the marble brow,
Ah, she heeds not our caresses,
Heeds not all our bitter woe.
Death has set his icy signet,
On the forehead of our May,
God has claimed the gentle spirit,
He has left us—nought but clay.
Can we bend in meek submission,
While we view our idol now?
Teach, oh, teach us, Heavenly Father,
To thy mandate, stern, to bow.

WATERVILLE BAND.—A number of musical amateurs of our own village, with others from the immediate vicinity, have associated themselves together for mutual improvement in band practice, and for the delight and accommodation of those who may choose to avail themselves of their services during the approaching season, for excursions, celebrations and political gatherings. Some of the members are old veterans, to whose music our citizens have for years listened with pleasure, while others have had less experience; but with good instruction and much recent practice, they are enabled to acquit themselves with credit and afford great pleasure to those who hear. As they have incurred considerable expense in the purchase of instruments, and spent much time in practice, we hope some public demonstration will be made by our citizens, which will be mutually profitable and pleasant. A moonlight excursion down the river, on our little steamer, has been mentioned in this connection, and we can scarcely conceive of any thing more delightful for young and old. The band are able to furnish eleven pieces, ordinarily.

The following is a list of the members:—Messrs. Kendall and Gibbs acting as instructors and leaders:—Chas. R. Kendall, David B. Gibbs, Frank Laselle, C. G. Tozier, R. S. Boulter, A. J. Cushman, Chas. Smith, Benj. Chipman, Albert Procter of W. Waterville, and Randall Gilbert of Vassalboro'.

SUMNER'S SPEECH.—On Monday last, Mr. Sumner made an able and characteristically severe speech on the Bill for the Admission of Kansas as a Free State. At the close, Mr. Chestnut of S. Carolina made a brief response to the speech, speaking of it as an extraordinary one. "After ranging over Europe, sneaking through the back doors of English aristocracy, and fawning at their feet, this slanderer of States and men has resounded in the Senate. He had hoped, after the punishment he had received for his insolence that he would have learned propriety, but he had repeated his former vulgarity and mendacity. The Egyptians deified reptiles, but it remained for northern abolitionists to deify an embodiment of malice, mendacity and cowardice. He was not inclined to put further punishment on the recipient of a former chastisement, who had gone howling through the world, yelping out

volumes of slander, and he would therefore endeavor to keep quiet."

Mr. Sumner said he had pointed out the barbarism of slavery, and the Senator's rejoinder should go as an appendix and fitting illustration of his argument.

Waterville College, June 24, 1860.

A meeting of the students was held this morning for the purpose of forming a Republican Club. Though very brief notice had been given, a large proportion of the students were present, and much enthusiasm was everywhere manifest. The committee appointed to make nominations for a permanent organization presented the following names—all of whom were elected.

J. B. Shaw, Pres.
R. Norton, R. E. Jones, O. Whitman, S. L. B. Chase, Vice Presidents.
A. F. Marble, Cor. Sec.
E. W. Hall, Rec. Sec.
J. H. Cushing, Treas.
S. M. Pierce, T. D. Blake, W. E. Brooks, T. J. Neal, General Com. of Arrangements.

Two delegates from each class were chosen to represent the club at the Republican Convention to be held at Bangor on the 7th inst. They are as follows: J. M. Pierce, J. M. Haynes, R. E. Jones, A. M. Jackson, Z. A. Smith, E. W. Hall, A. C. Hinds, F. S. Heselbine. The meeting adjourned with a hearty response to the following sentiments:—Resolved that we cordially endorse the platform of the Chicago Republican Convention and pledge our earnest support to "Honest old Abe" and Hon. Hannibal Hamlin of Hampden.

PER ORDER.

DEMOCRATIC CLUB.—We learn from a communication in the Portland Argus, that a Democratic Club was organized at Waterville College, on Wednesday last, with the following officers:—Pres.—Wm. A. Hatch, of W. Waterville; V. Pres.—A. D. Leavitt of Turner; Sec'y.—Wm. R. Thompson of Parsonsfield; Prud. Com.—J. F. Liscomb of Portland, D. H. Drummond of Waterville, and H. McAlister of Ellsworth. We do not learn the relative strength of the two parties in the institution, though we dare say they have "polled the house," long ago.

TIONIC VILLAGE CORPORATION.—At the adjourned meeting, on Monday evening, the committee appointed at the previous meeting to examine into the financial and general affairs of the Corporation, and to see how much money it would be expedient to raise by assessment the present year, made a report recommending the sum of \$4000, to be expended as follows:—

For building an Engine House for the Tionio, & the Hook and Ladder (in addition to the proceeds of the sale of the old House)	\$400.00
For rebuilding Reservoir on Spring Street	50.00
For rebuilding Reservoir, corner of Mill and State Sts.	25.00
For repairs of other Reservoirs	20.00
For Ladders \$10; for repairs of Tionio Engine \$25	35.00
For the current expenses of the Waterville and Tionio Engines, \$25 each	50.00
For the Waterville Engine Men	150.00
Interest on Debt for the coming year \$366; and interest now due \$238.53	604.53
For bal. due I. T. Weeks for Reservoir	130.00
For Bill due the A. & K. R. R. for repairs on the Waterville Engine	16.47
For Bill due the Treasurer for services for two years	25.00
For Reduction of Debt	2300.00
For Current expenses, including the making and collecting taxes, rent of land for Engine House, and incidental expenses	189.00
	\$4000.00.

The suggestions of the report were unanimously adopted, but, as usual, the meeting was not large—no half as large as it should have been, with the interest involved. The tax on village property, this year, will be about five mills higher, to the dollar, than last year.

A BITE.—Our friend Crosby, of fish-way notoriety, has had some "glorious nibbles" with the Augusta folks, in connection with the project of letting the fish come up the river. In one case—so the story goes—Crosby was before a committee, of whom Mr. Pike was one, to convince them that there really were some kinds of fish that would come up if they could have a chance. Alewives and salmon had been mentioned, and Mr. P. inquired if there were any others.

"There is another," said Crosby with some hesitation, "but I can't give the name at this moment."

"No—you've forgotten I suppose," said P., with a quizzical look of triumph; "perhaps you can describe it: Is it large or small, long or short, thick or thin?"

"Well," said Crosby, with increasing hesitation, "it is a small affair of a fish—a peaked nosed thing—peaked tailed critter—peaked every way—and now I think, seems to me they call it a Pike."

Our informant says that Pike hasn't bit at Crosby since.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of" fruit, in these latter days; therefore hunt up and kill the current and gooseberry worms about this time, as it is good economy to dispatch them while they are small, and thus save their breed for several weeks. They have made their annual appearance, though we hope and believe in diminished numbers.

DELEGATES TO BANGOR.—At a caucus of fifteen or twenty individuals, on Tuesday afternoon, the following gentlemen were selected to attend the Convention at Bangor, to-day:—Edwin Noyes, C. R. McFadden, Solyman Heath, Martin V. Heriot and William Jordan.

FOURTH OF JULY.—Edge & Co., the celebrated pyrotechnists of New York, have established a manufactory in Roxbury, Mass., to meet the demands of their extensive New England trade.

Church Music.

We have always favored the introduction of congregational singing, where it was practicable; but the numerous failures of the new movement, all over the land, show very conclusively, we think, that our people are not yet educated up to that point. Having published much upon one side of the question, it will be but fair to give the other side a showing, which we do by copying the following candid article:—

The Republican has said a good deal first and last upon the subject of church music—much that the churches by their acts have shown that they do not agree with. More than six years ago we expressed the conviction that the country was not ready for congregational music. It was admitted that it was very fine in theory, but utterly impracticable in the present state of popular musical culture in this country. We wish to recall attention to this point. With religious papers, and a general movement in the religious world to help the thing along, we believe there is less congregational singing to-day than there was two years ago, and we do not know of a congregation that practices it and is not sick of it. Rev. Mr. Parsons' church in this city tried it, with the organ and a precursor, and gave it up for a choir; so did the Unitarian society, after a longer experience; and the various congregations of the city are settling down upon the conviction that the best, and, in the long run, the cheapest way for them is to have a small choir, the principal singers in which are paid. This is what the North church in this city has had for the last seven years. This is what the South church has had for two or more years, having made a thorough experiment with a large volunteer choir. This is what, after various experiments, the Olivet church has just adopted.

The people do not all understand the reason of the movement that has been so strenuously pushed forward for the adoption of congregational singing. They know very well that it has not originated with them, save in some instances, as a matter of economy. The truth is, that the whole fever has been worked up by book-makers. A set of hungry men, who have been accustomed to get out of a book of church music every three years, found the market glutted, and wished to get a new market. Having worked for choirs all their lives, they became at once converted to the theory of congregational singing. All they had done thus far was a mistake. They published articles in the secular and religious papers, they delivered lectures, and they succeeded by various means in turning the minds of the churches in the direction they sought. Then they put out their books, and the market is now flooded with congregational tune-books—not because it was for the interest of these men, as it was their regular business, to make books. Just as soon as the working of this comparatively new vein ceases to be profitable, it will be abandoned, and we shall find our enterprising friends, the book makers, developing the popular mind in another direction.

There is a general idea among the churches that the music of a paid choir costs too much; but a congregation may as well pay their money, as a choir spend their time. A volunteer choir, with any ambition to sing creditably, assume a great burden. They assume, first, the burden of always being at church, whether they may be sick or well. They assume the expenditure of a great deal of time for rehearsals. They assume a thousand vexations. They expose themselves to the criticism of those who will not touch their burden with one of their fingers. Who blames free men and free women for refusing to become the slaves of others? We have known those who voluntarily carried the burden of the music of a church for many years, as a Christian duty, and we give them all honor; but we have no right to ask it of them—no more right, really, than to ask a minister to give us his time for nothing, and find himself. It is very pretty for a congregation to gather and hear good singing, and not have it cost them anything; but the fact is, all good singing—all singing worthy of the house of God—costs somebody something—may, costs somebody a good deal. Why should a choir bear the whole of this cost, and the congregation none of it?

Those who devote their lives to music are those best calculated to perform acceptably the music of the sanctuary. We should add to this class all who by the expenditure of abundant time any money have become excellent in this accomplishment. To the first of these, music is the instrument by which they win their livelihood; to the last, it has been a costly thing, and they deserve return. It is just as reasonable, and just as legitimate, for a man to sing God's praise for a living, as it is to preach God's truth or lead in any other department of Christian worship for a living; and a church or a parish which shrinks from assuming its part of the burden of church music can only justify itself by the plea of poverty or constitutional meanness.

One reason for the difficulty which churches meet with in their music, is the fact that it is intrusted to the hands of incompetent committees. We do not know why it is, but the music committee of a church almost invariably contains one man who cannot tell "Old Hundred" from "Yankee Doodle." If a parish can find a man who is utterly stupid and stupid—a man who has no music in his soul and none anywhere else—they will be sure to put him upon the singing committee. There is nothing which assues feel themselves so competent to manage as church music. Such men and such committees are always disgusting singers, making trouble in choir, introducing the most senseless changes, and raising a row generally. The best singers in a congregation make always the best and the only competent singing committees, and the further the number on such a committee is raised above one, the worse for all concerned.

[Springfield Republican.]

"OUR FLAG IS THERE."—On Monday the *Wide Awake* of our village flung to the breeze a large and handsome banner, bearing the names of LINCOLN and HAMLIN, and the following inscription:—"The Union and the Constitution: they shall be preserved."

HONEST FOUND.—There is a Honesty; not in Maine however, but in Canada; and a drunken husband has recently murdered his drunken wife there, as we learn from the *Toronto Globe*, of June 1st, kindly sent us by a friend.

GOOD ADVICE.—The Bath Times thus advises:—Young men! Don't be too forward in your advances toward that young lady who is first to don the newest fashion, who is sure to have the first new bonnet, to keep one's distance ahead of all others in her dress, and to raise a little the tallest cloud of dust with the trail of her brocade. She may be a first class young woman, but unless your pocket is unusually deep for your age, or you have a rich daddy to replenish it, you will hear the last time clink against the bottom of your pocket long before your wife—should you marry her—will

be satisfied in chasing the butterflies which flit from flower to flower in the giddy realm of fashion.

THE RIGHT TO HEAR.—A good deal of talk of one kind and another, bellicose, critical and philosophic, has arisen out of the rebuke administered, in no very gentle terms, by Baron Bramhall, a London judge, to a young English officer, for disturbing the audience during the performance of an opera, by loud talking. Commenting on this affair, our contemporary of the *Philadelphia Press*, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, has some remarks, which seem to us to be of such general applicability that we make no apology for concluding our chapter of chat with them, to-day:

The practice of chattering at musical or dramatic performances is extremely irritating; uncourtous and ill-bred. Every member of an audience is entitled to hear, and it is low breeding to prevent his enjoyment of this right. If people want to chatter, they should take a suitable time and place for performing that process. To have an under-current of small talk droning in your ears, before or behind you, at a theatre or opera house; distracting the attention and making you hear only one word or one note in ten, is an abomination which cannot be sufficiently reprehended, and the sufferer has a right, beyond all doubt to speak to the offending parties, in a tone of grave remonstrance and quiet rebuke.

The late Duke of Cambridge—the dinner-eating Duke—was a constant and flagrant offender in this way. He had very little taste for music, and had a box at the opera, simply because it was the fashion. A great man was he for presiding at public dinners, at which he would eat as much as five and drink as much as ten ordinary people. Leaving the table, full of beef and flushed, and scarcely flurried, by an enormous quantity of wine, the Royal Duke—uncle to Queen Victoria—would drive to the opera, probably arriving during the last scene, and wholly regardless of the performers, would call out to his friends, across the house, "Ah, Devonshire, glad to see you!" or "Cardigan, I shall breakfast with you to-morrow," and so on. Being a "Royal Highness," he was actually tolerated. One night, when Jenny Lind was performing the role of *Amina*, in *La Sonnambula*, the old and portly Duke went on in this manner. Disturbed by his talk, the vocalist suddenly paused, and the Queen, who was present, stretched a little out of her box, to ascertain the cause.

Jenny Lind simply looked at the Duke's box, and the Queen, turning round, followed her look, and saw the culprit, who was speaking loudly to some people in a neighboring box. The eyes of all the audience were directed at once, to the Duke of Cambridge, who certainly then became fully aware that he was "spotted" by several hundred persons. He continued talking, however, as if he braved it out. A gentleman in the pit jumped up on his seat, and in a loud voice and in an earnest manner, called out: "Who disturbs the audience?" Who but that old man with the star upon his breast? Do we pay him £40,000 a year to annoy the public in the opera house? Three groans from the Duke of Cambridge! The call was unanimously complied with, every eye being fixed upon the portly prince, and at last he sneaked out of his box, followed by his wife and daughter, and not until then did Jenny Lind resume her singing. It was said that the Queen was greatly annoyed with her uncle's rudeness, and told him so. It is certain that ever after, he avoided going to the opera, and behaved very well when compelled to attend.

[N. O. Picayune.]

The Democracy of the First Congressional District in this State held a meeting at Biddeford on Friday, and administered a severe rebuke to Mr. Thomas K. Lane, their delegate, for the course he took and the votes he threw at Charleston. At the conclusion three rousing cheers were given for Douglas and the Cincinnati Platform.

THE LAST EUROPEAN NEWS.—By the last arrival from Europe we have advice going to show the new war which has broken out in Sicily is more formidable than was supposed. The intrepid and victorious Garibaldi, with his liberty-loving followers, are conquerors. The people of Sicily are with him and for him. The tyrannical yoke which has so long galled these people will be broken, and we trust forever. The news of the victory is received with more joy on account of the reported defeat of Garibaldi.

It has been ascertained by Austria that Russia is not concentrating an army on the borders of Turkey.

Dispatches from China state that in consequence of the rejection of the terms of peace offered by the English and French governments, all the northern ports except Shanghai have been blockaded. One of the English papers announces, on the authority of dispatches received by government, that England is now at war with China.

THE CATTLE DISTEMPER.—Before the Legislative Committee, Monday forenoon, Drs. Thayer, Loring and Wood were examined in relation to the cattle disease. Their experience goes to prove that the disease is contagious. Mr. Cheney of Belmont, who has lost several cattle, was also examined in relation to the cattle disease, to the same effect. Prof. Clark of Amherst made an argument in favor of slaughter. If he knew a remedy for the pleuro pneumonia, he would not divulge it for a thousand dollars, for fear it would divert attention from the only efficient mode of extermination. W. S. Lincoln of the Worcester Agricultural Society said he was instructed by his society to recommend a continuance of the policy of the Commissioners thus far pursued.

In the afternoon Judge French of Exeter, N. H., was examined as to a supposed appearance of the disease in Hampton Falls. Judge French stated that there was nothing there of the nature of this disease. Dr. Bigelow of Boston doubted whether the disease was contagious; he thought it only an epidemic. Dr. Loring examined him, and proved that he knew but little about it. Drs. Winslow and Saunders were also on the stand. A gentleman from the Worcester Society, and Mr. Lincoln from the Worcester Society, made some statements as to the appearance of the disease.

[Boston Atlas.]

A SHORT CATECHISM.—The *Oswego Patriot*, democratic, asks:

"Who is Abraham Lincoln?"

Stephen A. Douglas, a Democrat, shall answer, in his own words:—

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN is the ablest lawyer in Illinois, and the smartest stump-speaker in the Union; an earnest and honest man who believes what he professes, and who will carry out what he undertakes."

CONGRESS.—There seems to be little if any doubt that the House bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union will pass the Senate, whether with or without amendments is uncertain. Senator Bigler declared to-day that he would vote for the measure without qualification.

AN AFRICAN MOTHER MEETS SOME OF HER CHILDREN AT KEY WEST.—Among the rescued from the bark *Wildfire*—a middle-aged woman and three children. She seemed in a quiet and subdued manner, and excited no special attention, other than she had a part of her family with her. Her great hope was to meet the others from whom fate had separated her. On the landing of the *Wildfire's* cargo, she, with others of the first arrival, peeped over the fence which separated the new comers from the old. Quick maternal instinct discovered no less than four among the crowd whom she claimed as her daughters. She went to her joy in the loud language of song, and the children, hearing the familiar air of home, caught sight of the singer, in whom they found their lost mother. The meeting was of tumultuous joy; shouts rose from the three hundred voices, in the gladness of a simple mother, and with her four daughters entwined in each other's arms, the mother took them with her, to meet the long separated, of whose fate each party was in utter ignorance.

THE PLEURO-PNEUMONIA IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Three cows which were taken from Acton, Mass., to Antrim, N. H., on the 4th of May, having exhibited evidence of disease were killed on Monday last. They were examined and exhibited pleuro-pneumonia of an intense type. The citizens of Antrim held a meeting on Monday to devise means for the safety of their herds. Meetings were held in Deering and Wear on Monday, which passed resolves preemptory prohibiting the passage of cattle across the town lines.

FINALITY TO THE PROSECUTION AGAINST MR. BURNHAM.—In the Superior Court, Boston, on Tuesday, the indictment pending against the ex-State Liquor Agent, George P. Burnham, was not pro'd by the District Attorney, and Mr. Burnham is accordingly discharged from any prosecution which has been instituted against him in connection with the State Liquor Agency.

ACCURATE BIOGRAPHY.—The pamphlet life of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin opens with the statement that "he was born in Paris, Oxford Co., Maine, where he still resides." The next paragraph states that "he passed honorably through his academic and collegiate career." He probably would have passed through his collegiate career honorably if he had entered upon it, but we believe he obtained his education in a more practical school, not the least important part of which was a printing office. If his biography and that of Lincoln are as reliable as the seven lines in which we find the above, the more one reads of them the less he will know. It is pretty well understood that political biographies are turned out by machinery. [Bangor Times.]

SEVERE STORMS AT THE SOUTH AND WEST.—We have already published an account of the terrible tornado which swept over the eastern part of Iowa and north-western part of Illinois on Sunday night last. It commenced at Clinton, Iowa, at 7 P. M., and though lasting but 2 1/2 minutes, caused more destruction of property than any similar storm that has ever visited that portion of the country. Three towns were completely demolished, and some thirty two dead bodies had been taken from the ruins in one of the towns, with more yet to take out. The number of the killed will probably reach 100, while the injured will exceed that number.

A dispatch received last night states that the storm which passed over Alton, Ill., on Saturday last, was very severe. The damages will exceed \$100,000. Many churches were badly injured. In Northern Missouri the storm did great damage. [Atlas.]

CARE OF FARM IMPLEMENTS.—The injury done to farm implements by getting well soaked in a heavy shower, and then rapidly dried by the heat of the sun, is not sufficiently appreciated by the majority of farmers. It not only hastens the decay of woodwork, but swells all its joints, and when the dry air and sun return, the spokes of your wheels are found to be loosened, your plow and fork handles pop in their sockets, and daylight peeps through the boards of the wagon. The writer above quoted (from the *Boston Cultivator*), is not very wide of the mark, when he avers that the injury done a plow, cart or wagon, by exposure to a long rain, is more than that from a fortnight's careful use of the same. For iron work, coal or gas tar forms an invaluable paint, lasting much longer than any other, and being entirely impervious to water. Paint and shelter cost far less than the loss incurred by their neglect. [Country Gentleman.]

The question, "What is it to be a gentleman?" is well answered by Thackeray, who says: "It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. Ought not a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, a honest father? Ought not his life to be decent, his bills to be paid, his taste to be high and elegant, his aims to be lofty and noble?"

DEATH OF ALBERT SMITH.—In the latest foreign news, brought by the City of Baltimore, is an item recording the death, at London, on the 23d ult., of Albert Smith, the author, traveller, and lecturer, who for so many years has catered for the amusement of the London public. He was a prominent writer, a personal friend of Dickens and other distinguished writers of the day, and with Thackeray and Mark Lemon, a successful contributor to *Punch*.

A gentleman riding with his family in the country, saw a beautiful bird. His son, about four years old, noticed and watched it with great interest. The father thought it would gratify him still more by a nearer view, raised his plume, and leaving his carriage, raised his gun and shot it. His little boy (his large, lustreous eyes swimming in tears) exclaimed as he brought it to the carriage door, "Father that bird will never slug again." That father says he has never had the heart to shoot a bird since.

The examination of George O. Hersey, on a charge of poisoning

100

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Boston, Jan. 1, 1869.

R. H. EDDY

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