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BACHELOR'S LOVE-MAKING.

You would have known it, for a bachelor's den, the minute you put your head in the door! Blue, spicy wreaths of cigar smoke, circling up to the ceiling—newspapers under the table—Castile soap in a tiny bronze card-receiver—slippers on the mantle-piece, and confusion everywhere. And yet Mr. Thornebroke—poor, deluded mortal—solemnly believed that his room was in the most perfect order! For hadn't he poked his empty champagne bottles under the bed, and sent the wood box to bear, them company, and hung his morning gown over the damp towels, and dusted the ash-sprinkled hearth with his best silk handkerchief? He'd like to see a room in better trim than that—guess he would! And now he was mending himself up, preparatory to going calling on the very prettiest girl in New York. Not that he was particularly fond of the needle, but when a fellow's whole foot goes through a hole in the northeast toe of his stocking, and there isn't a button on his shirt, it's time to repair damages.

Now, as Mr. Thornebroke's whole stock of industrial implements consisted of a lump of wax, an enormous pair of scissors and one needle, the mending didn't progress rapidly. His way of mending the button question, too, necessarily involved some delay; he had to take all these useful little appendages from another shirt, and sew them on, and next when the shirt was wanted, why, it was easy enough to make a transfer, again! See what it is to be a bachelor genius! It never occurred to him to buy a few buttons extra!

Buttons are not much trouble, said Mr. Thornebroke to himself, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, but when it comes to coat sleeves, what the deuce is a fellow to do? I haven't any black thread, either, and he looked dolorously at a small tear just in his elbow, where some vicious nail had caught in the broadcloth. A black pin may do for to-night, and to-morrow I'll send it to the tailor. The fact is, I ought to be married; and oh, I would, if I only dared to ask Lillian. Oh, dear! I know she wouldn't have me, and yet I'm not certain, either—if I could only muster the courage boldly to put the question! But just as sure as I approach the dangerous ground, my heart fails me! And then, that puppy, Jones, with his curled mustache, and hair parted in the middle—always hanging round Lillian, and quoting poetry to her—if I could have the privilege of kicking him across the street, I'd die happy! He isn't bashful, not he! If somebody would invent some way of popping the question—something that wasn't quite so embarrassing!

Our hero gave his black, glossy curls an extra brush, surveyed himself critically in the glass, and then, with a deep sigh, set forth to call on the identical Lillian Raymond, revolving in his head a thousand times before, that if—perhaps—may be—

Oh! the bashfulness of bachelors. When Mr. Thornebroke arrived within the charmed precincts of Mr. Raymond's handsome parlor, velvet carpeted, chandeliers with gold and ormolu, crowded to the very doors with those charming knick-knacks that only a woman's taste provides, Miss Lily was at home in a bewitching pink merino dress, edged with white lace around the pearly shoulders and a crimson moss twisted in among the rippling waves of her soft brown hair. She never looked half so pretty; and, thank Providence, Jones wasn't on hand, for once in his life. But, what was almost as bad, Lily's cousin was there—a tall, slender, black-eyed girl, with arch lips, and cheeks as red as Spitznagel apples. Oh, how Thornebroke wished that Miss Esther Allen was at the bottom of the Red Sea, or anywhere except in that particular parlor. And then her eyes were so sharp—he hadn't been doing the agreeable more than four minutes and a half, before she exclaimed:

"Dear me, Mr. Thornebroke—pray excuse me—but what on earth is the matter with your elbow?"

Mark turned scarlet—the traitorous black pin had deserted its post.

"Only a compound fracture of my coat, Miss Allen," said he, feeling as though his face might do the duty of Raymond's chandeliers both put together; "you know we bachelors are not exempt from such things."

"Hold your arm, sir, and I'll make it right in one moment," said Esther, instantly producing from some secret recess in the fold of her dress a thimble and needle, threaded with black silk, and setting expertly to work.

"There, now, consider yourself whole."

"How skillful you are, said Mark, admiringly, after he had thanked her most sincerely."

"But then you have so many nice little concerns to work with. I have only a needle and some wax, besides my scissors!"

"You ought to have a housewife, Mr. Thornebroke," said Miss Lily, timidly lifting up her long lashes in his direction. Lily never could look at Thornebroke without a soft little shadow on her cheek.

"A what?" demanded Mark, turning very red.

"A housewife."

"Yes," said Mark, after a moment's awkward hesitation, "my—my—my friends have told me so very often—and I really think so myself, you know. But what sort of a one would you recommend, Miss Raymond?"

"Oh, any pretty little creature. I'll send you one in the morning, if you'll accept of it," she added, with a rosy light upon her cheeks again.

"If—I'll—accept!" said Mark, feeling as if he were in an atmosphere of gold and pearl, with two wings sprouting out of his broadcloth, on either side. And just as he was opening his lips to assure Miss Lily that he was ready to take the precious gift in his arms, then and there, without any unnecessary delay, the door opened, and in walked Jones.

Mark was not at all cannibalistic in his propensities, but just then he could have eaten Jones up with uncommon pleasure. And there the fellow sat, pulling his long mustache and talking the most insipid twaddle—sat and sat until Mark rose in despair to go. Even then he had no opportunity to exchange a private word with Lily.

"You—you'll not forget—"

"Oh, I'll be sure to remember," said she, smilingly, and half-wondering at that unusual pressure he gave her hand. "Ladies often do provide their bachelor friends with—"

Mark went home the happiest individual that ever trod a New York pavement. Indeed, to great was his felicity that he indulged in various gymnastic capers indicative of bliss, and only paused in them at the gruff caution of a policeman, who probably had forgotten his own courting days. "Come, young man, what are you about?"

"Was there ever a more delicate way of assuring me of her favorable consideration? Was there ever a more feminine admission of her sentiments? Of course, she will come herself, an angel, breathing airs from Paradise, and I shall tell her of my love. A housewife, oh! the delicious words! Wonder in what neighborhood she would like me to engage a residence—how soon would it be best to name the day! Oh! if I should awake, and find it a blissful dream!"

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1860.

NO. 51.

Early the next morning, Mr. Thornebroke set briskly to work, 'righting up things.' How he swept and dusted and scoured; the room was aired, to get rid of the tobacco smoke, and sprinkled with cologne, and beautified generally, and at length, when the dust was all swept into one corner, and covered by a carelessly disposed newspaper, he found the window glass murky, and polished it with such a vengeance that his fist, handkerchief and all, went through, sorely damaging his hand, and necessitating the ungraceful assistance of an old hat to keep out the wintry blast for the time being. However, even this mishap did not long daunt his spirits, for was not Lily coming? Long and wearily he waited, yet no tinkling at the bell gave warning of her approach. 'It's all her sweet feminine modesty,' thought he, and was content.

At length there was an appeal below, and Mark's heart jumped up into his mouth, beating like a reveille drum. He rushed to the door, but there was no one but a grinning little black boy, with a box.

"Miss Raymond's compliments, and here's de housewife, sir."

"The housewife, you little imp of Erebus!"

"Yes, sir, in de box, all right."

Mark slunk back into his room, and opened the box, half expecting to see a full dressed young lady issue from it, a la Arabian Nights; but no, it was only a little blue velvet book, and full of odd compartments in azure silk, containing tape, needles, scissors, silk, a thimble, and all the nice little work-table accessories.

"And she calls this a housewife!" groaned Mark, in the ineffable bitterness of spirit at the downfall of his bright visions. "But I won't be put off so."

Desperation gave him courage, and off he lied to the Raymond mansion, determined to settle the matter, even though there were forty Joneses and Esthers there.

But Lillian was alone, sitting at her embroidery in the sunny window casement.

"Dear me, Mr. Thornebroke, is anything the matter?"

"Perhaps it was the shadow from the splendid crimson curtain plumes in the window, that gave her cheek such a delicate glow; perhaps—but we have no right to speculate."

"Yes," said Mark, sitting down by her side, and took the trembling, fluttering hand. "You want me a housewife this morning!"

"Wasn't it right?" faltered Lillian.

"It wasn't the kind I wanted at all!"

"Not the kind you wanted?"

"No; I prefer a living one, and I came to see if I could change it. I want one with brown hair and eyes—something, in short, Miss Lillian, just your pattern. Can't I have it?"

Lily turned white, then red, smiled, then burst into tears, and tried to draw away her hand, but Mark held it fast.

"No, no, dear Lily; first tell me I can have the treasure I ask for!"

"Yes," she said, with the prettiest confusion in the world; and then, instead of releasing the captive hand, the unreasonable fellow took possession of the other, too. But, as Lily did not object, we suppose it was all right.

And that was the odd path by which Mark Thornebroke diverged from the path of 'old bachelorhood,' and stepped into the respectable ranks of matrimony.

ONE OF THE USES OF SUNDAY.—Repose is not sleep; neither is it inaction, but only the simple, unartificial play of thought and feeling. It is just as when the village mill stands still. The damp wheel is motionless in the dark and dripping house; the sound of the grinding is low; the miller's cloud has settled to the white and powdery floors. But the stream runs on with unimpeded flow, and the play of its waters is calmer and brighter and more beautiful than before. Now every body has a grist of his own, of some sort; and the doctrine is, leave the grain in the mill, and close the gate, that not all the Seven, the waters of life may be beaten into billows and foam by the whirling wheels.

Sit down on the banks of life's river; look away up towards the fountain, and away down towards the sea; discover, if you can, what millers seldom know—that water runneth by the mill, the miller wots not of; that God made the river if you did make the mill.

So it is, that it proves a right excellent thing to fence the world out, and the Sabbath in. Time has walled it round with a couple of nights, but how pure and calm may we have it between.

If the business man must have something to do every day, let him make an inventory of the contents of his heart on Sunday; let him overhaul the old dusty ledgers, and see what he used to have there, years and years ago; and he will find curious things he hasn't got of in an age; find too, that like an old garret, it contains a great deal that is out of fashion. It would not surprise us at all to learn that he had many a memory he would not exchange for State Bonds at a premium, if he could. It would not be very strange, if some foolish little trinket should delude him out of a tear; nor if he should take certain little deeds and certificates of stock, that somehow lately he had been in the habit of putting in his heart, out of the place they deserve, and leave them the next Saturday night in the iron safe where they belong. Very likely he would find he had written his wrongs there; and it would be just the day to remove them too—

"Sleep down and write them in the dust."

Such is the sort of Sabbath, Herbert sang of when he exclaimed,

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bride of the earth and sky!"

[Chicago Journal.]

TOM TULLIVER'S UNCLE TELLS HOW HE GOT ON IN THE WORLD.—I'll tell you how I got on. It wasn't by getting astride a stick, and thinking it would turn into a horse if I sat on it long enough. I kept my ears and eyes open, sir, and I wasn't too fond of my own back, and I made my master's interest my own. Why, with only looking into what went on in the mill, I found out where there was a waste of £500 a year that might be hindered. Why, sir, I hadn't more schooling to begin with than a charity boy; but I saw pretty soon that I couldn't get on far without mastering accounts, and I learned 'em between working hours, after I'd been undressing. Look here, Mr. Deane opened a book, and pointed to the page. "I write a good hand enough, and I'll match anybody at all sorts of reckoning by the head; and I got it all by hard work, and paid for it out of my own earnings—often out of my own dinner and supper. And I looked into the nature of all the things we had to do

with in the business, and picked up knowledge as I went about my work, and turned it over in my head. Why, I'm no mechanic—I never pretended to be—but I have thought of a thing or two that the mechanics never thought of, and it's made a fine difference in our returns. And there isn't an article shipped or unsipped at our wharf but I know the quality of it. If I got places, sir, it was because I made myself fit for 'em. If you want to slip into a round hole, you must make a ball of yourself—that's where it is."

"PATIENT IN TRIBULATION."—Dr. Arnold of Rugby, had a sister who for twenty years was a martyr to a severe spinal disease. At the time of her death he recorded her character in a letter, from which the paragraph below is taken. It is worth studying, as a testimony to the power of divine grace, and as a rebuke to multitudes of Christians, who fill the air with their complaints under trials not fit to be mentioned, in comparison with a lifelong bed of pain. The passive virtues are underrated by the ignorant, the thoughtless, the worldly minded, but in the sight of God they are of great price. It is such quiet, continuous heavenly virtues which, above all things, demonstrate the supernatural grace in which they have their root.

I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind; intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfhood—a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons in my wife's dress—about the making of a doll's cap, but of herself, save only as regards her ripening in goodness, wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high minded; whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fullness of the promise, though never leaving her crib or changing her posture; and preserved through the very valley and shadow of death, from all fear and impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason, which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirit's glorious work. May God grant that I might come within one hundred degrees of her place in glory.

[Littell's Living Age.]

A SREWD WITNESS.—Some time ago a mail robber was arrested at Nashville, Tenn. He had stolen valuable packages from the mails, among others several containing jewelry, sent from a gift-book publishing house in Philadelphia. The proprietor of this house was subpoenaed as a witness to go to Nashville and identify his goods. He deposed a salesman, Mr. Thomas Paulin, to go in his place, and with such success that the thief was convicted and sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment.

That a conviction resulted, was owing to a little forethought on the part of Mr. Paulin. He took with him a quantity of lava sets of jewelry, corresponding with those stolen, and produced these when upon the witness stand. The lawyer for the defence artfully mixed the stolen goods with those brought by Mr. P., and asked him if he thought he could swear to the identity of the latter. He replied, "yes, certainly." Lawyer turned to jury and asked, "could you do it, gentlemen?" Jury looked at lava sets, and said "no." Lawyer said "then, gentlemen, you see what kind of a witness this is," at the same time shrugging his shoulders in a manner which evinced his very small opinion of Mr. Paulin's veracity.

Now then, witness, said, lawyer, as he resumed the examination, "you've sworn that you can tell the sets brought here; let me see you pick them out. Certainly, said Mr. Paulin, and in a moment six sets of jewelry were separated from the other. And these you swear are the same that you brought into this Court room with you?" asked the lawyer in his severest tone. "They are, sir," replied Mr. P., in his mildest tone. "And now, sir, how dare you tamper with your oath by this swearing to them?" "Because," said the witness, "I thought I might find some such tricky customer as you are, so I marked 'em," saying which he exhibited his initials upon each piece nearly scratched with the point of a pen.

The jury roared, the lawyer looked discomfited, the Judge tried to smother a laugh; while the witness looked as sober as a deacon, when just about to 'give out' a hymn. But for this precaution, the mail robber might perhaps have been cleared.

THRILLING INCIDENT.—In a lecture recently delivered by Grace Greenwood, at Boston, on "Heroism," she referred to an incident that took place at the burning of a steamer on one of the western lakes.

Among the few passengers whose courage and presence of mind rose superior to the perils and horrors of the night, was a mother who succeeded in saving her two children by means of a floating scut. While they were in the water, the mother saw a man swimming toward the scut, and, as he was about to grasp it, she cried, "Don't take it away from my poor little children!" The man made no answer, yet the appeal struck home; for, by the flaming vessel, she could see that his face was convulsed by the struggle between the mighty primal instinct of nature and something better and holier. It was but for a moment. He threw up his hands with a groan of renunciation, flung himself over backward, and went down.

SORREL.—This pest is most effectually subdued by cutting it when in bloom. If cut during the first or early stages of inflorescence, and made with little exposure to the sun, it will be valuable as a feed for sheep and cows during the winter. It should not be permitted to mature its seed on any land devoted either to tillage or pasturage. Its powers of self propagation, by means of its seeds, are surprisingly great, and we know of no production which the old adage—"One year's seeding makes seven years' weeding," will apply with greater truth. Cut it at the time specified above for two or three consecutive seasons, and it will be completely eradicated. The seed of this plant will often, under favorable circumstances, remain dormant in the soil for a series of years.

REV. T. STARR KING ON THE COLORED MAN.—In one of Mr. King's late letters from California, he thus describes the inhabitants of the Isthmus of Panama:

A negro has been called the image of God cut in ebony. On the Isthmus we saw this divine image shining in glowing golden bronze.

I tried to learn if these specimens were not a cross between the African and the native Indian, but could get no information. Certainly by their tawny brilliancy they put the Caucasian hue to shame. That is the color Providence intended for the tropics. It harmonizes with the scenery. A white skin may do under the elm, but the bronze hue is needed under the canopy of the palm. A perfect civilization on the globe will organize the laws of beauty as well as of justice; and the dark and downtrodden children of the sun will be acknowledged and protected, as part of the æsthetic furniture of the world's burning zone.

THE ISLAND OF SICILY.—Sicily, the largest island in the Mediterranean, is separated from the southern extremity of Italy by the Straits of Messina, and surrounded by several groups of small islands. It is about 188 miles in the largest part—that is, from east to west—varies from 81 to 109 miles in width, is 344 miles round, and 16,875 square miles in superficies. The island contains a high range of mountains, which is considered by geologists a continuation of the Apennines. Mount Etna, also called Monte Gibello, is situated in the province of Catania. This celebrated volcano, isolated like Vesuvius, is 3908 yards above the level of the sea, and is 81 to 88 miles round at the base. Towards the bottom of the mountain the vegetation is magnificent, and here and there are to be seen noble forests of oak, chestnut, fir and beech. The plains at the foot, and particularly those of Messina, Alalazzo, Palermo, Trapani and Marsala, are fertile and well cultivated, producing grain, grapes, and fruits of a superior quality.

Sicily is divided into seven provinces—Palermo, Messina, Catania, Syracuse, Caltanissetta, Girgenti, and Trapani. The first three, the most important in a military view, are united by a road which runs along the northern coast of Girgenti, and will one day be extended around the whole coast of the island; Palermo, the chief town, is the residence of the Governor General of Sicily, and is the seat of the government. It is a handsome town, about five miles round, containing some fine monuments, and is protected by strong fortifications, among which are the forts of Castle Lucio, and Castellamara. It is situated at the bottom of a gulf bearing its name, and on the banks of the Oeto, its population being about 175,000 souls. Messina, situated on a gulf of the same name, possesses the best port in the Mediterranean. It is defended by formidable fortifications, among which are the Citadel, Fort St. Salvatore, and the Bastion Real Alto, completely commanding the entrance of the port. On the heights, at less than one thousand yards from the citadel, are the forts of Gonzague, Castle Lucio and Capucini. The Straits of Messina, separating Sicily from the kingdom of Naples, are more than four miles across in the widest part, and upward of one mile in the narrowest. The entrance to them is defended by a number of batteries, well situated and well armed. The town of Messina is the most important military position in Sicily, and, in fact, decides the possession of the whole island. Warfare operations are difficult in Sicily. Cavalry and artillery cannot be easily moved, and a very strong force of infantry is requisite to attack the numerous fortified places.

The fate of the country must be decided in the provinces of Palermo, Trapani and Messina, especially the latter; it is there that the enemy must employ the greatest efforts, and there are the principal strategic points. As disembarkation effected on other parts of the coast would not produce any result; an enemy might maintain himself a long time in the south or interior of the island, but would be wasted in detail without attaining his object. In the wars and insurrections of which Sicily has been the theater at different periods, entire bands in the interior have perished with hunger. Sicily cannot be attacked with success without the co-operation of a navy, the command of the sea giving its defenders a vast advantage.

The population of Sicily is about 2,000,000—all Catholics. They are intelligent, gay and witty; possess brilliant imaginations, strong passions, entertain an ardent love of their country, are very fond of their religious spectacles, and much attached to their religion. Their patriotism makes them consider themselves, moreover, they are engaged in a conflict for pre-eminence; and this conflict is particularly strong between Messina and Palermo.

In addition to its natural advantages, Sicily, by its situation in the Mediterranean, is a military position of the first order.

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION. A year ago we had before our courts the question of the liability of Catholics to obey the laws made by constituted authorities. New York is now in the enjoyment of another such difficulty. The legislature of New York passed a registration act, making it the duty of clergymen and others solemnizing marriages to make return for registration to the City Inspector. Mr. Delavan, City Inspector, requests X John, Archbishop of New York and red stockinged prelate of the Roman See to comply. X John says his conscience won't permit. City Inspector consults Corporation counsel. Corporation counsel says law don't admit of objection on conscientious grounds, that the law is for statistical purposes, and statistics and scruples are incompatible. City Inspector communicates to Archbishop. Archbishop says, You have taken an oath of office, do your duty collect your fines, I am prepared for martyrdom. Red stockinged prelate wants to be sued. It is the duty of City Inspector and corporation counsel to sue him. We hope that red stockinged prelate will be gratified and public officials do their duty.—[Boston Atlas.]

GAVAZZI. Many will recollect Gavazzi who visited this country about seven years since, and lectured in several of our cities. A correspondent at Florence has the following:

We have here Gavazzi, giving the Roman Catholic Church some pretty hard blows. If his glowing words of denunciation and highly dramatic action were agreeable to hear and see years ago, in our own country, how much more are they so here and now? If, with his imperfect knowledge of English, he was eloquent then, how, in his own Italian tongue, and at such a moment as this for his native Italy, must his words glow and burn?

We are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but if things go arry, then we think, if there is a God, He is in Heaven; and not on earth.

THE CANKER AND THE CURE.

Baron Thraschem was one of the very wisest and profoundest lawyers on the judicial bench; to say nothing of his extraordinary research amidst such ethic doctrines as relate to the origin of evil; to say nothing that these doctrines were always stated by him so precisely and logically, that the minutest link in his chain of causation never showed a flaw; to say nothing that he had espied the very topmost bough of the goody tree of sin, and dug down (in his own opinion) nearer to its far hidden and obscure root than any other man; to say nothing of these things, he so viewed all reformatory law for crime as twaddle from the humane school of philosophy, that had he his own stern will, every statute and every law against the criminal should have been burnt, and replaced by those two very tangible and summary processes of curing evil—the halter and the gibbet.

Thirteen years ago this very Lent-term, the baron had gone circuit to the north. His old clerk Rednot had gone circuit too, and old Joe Bottle, who prided himself upon having been the judge's servant forty-two years, had taken coach that very morning to visit some country relatives. No one was left in the old dull house in the old dull square, but that most useful person, the maid of all work, and the cook, and the housekeeper, summed up in the person of Becky; for the judge had neither a grand house, a grand equipage, (for an old jobbing coach had taken him down to Westminster, and on circuit, for the last twenty years,) nor many servants; but simply a very grand library, every book in which—according to the fully united opinions of Rednot, Bottle and Becky—he knew by heart, from his first letter to his colophon; excepting certain books on a certain right-hand shelf of the large book-case, at which he had been seen to smile so sarcastically and so often, that they were supposed to contain opinions not worth a farthing to the great misanthrope of the judge's mind, but were doubtless simple, irreverent and untrue. Be this as it may—upon this certain morning, Becky, whose simple heart knew no bounds in its reverence and duty to her stern master, was busy in the library, when her ear was caught by the low voice of a child outside the area rail. She had at that moment lifted up from the library table an old fashioned massive silver inkstand, and turning round, saw that it was a wretched, sharp-faced child, who probably attracted by her cap as seen above the window-blinds, had stopped to beg. Her kindly thoughts in a moment were travelling fast between the two pence in her pocket, and the hot roll left in the oven from Joe's breakfast, when the postman's quick rap was heard at the hall door. It was a letter from her master, Becky was sure, and all in an anxious tremor, Becky was sure, and all in an anxious tremor, she hurried breathless to answer the door, with the duster and inkstand in her hand.

Recognizing her master's stiff, straight characters on the letter, and as the postage was to pay, she, in the anxious absence of the moment, set down the duster and the inkstand on the step while she dived down for her purse into the hidden mysteries of her capacious pocket. The postman was leaning carelessly on the area railings, looking down the street; and when she had gone to him, given him the money and come again, the inkstand was gone—the silver inkstand that the judge prized so highly! In the first moment of doubt and astonishment, she knew not what to think; but recollecting the keen faced child, who but an instant before had been in sight, she hurried from the door and looking down the street, saw the child running onward with breathless speed. The postman's quick step was, however, a match; he seized the thief just as she had thrust the inkstand beneath the ragged shawl that hung about a girl some year or two older than herself. To half cry with joy was Becky's first impulse, when the inkstand was again safe—to tremble at the bare thought of the judge's displeasure, had it been lost—to almost sink in heart at the idea of one doubt upon her long-tried honesty—all these for the instant were paramount, but all sank into mere nothingness, or rather were merged into one feeling of womanly and simple mercy, when she glanced down upon the child's upturned face of terror, hunger and pain.

"You—"

Had no whittles, spoke the child, sullenly.

These words robbed the heart of the judge's honest servant of its touch of anger. She said something about letting the child go; but too late. A crowd had collected, a policeman stepped in, and the thief in a few minutes was locked safe in the station-house.

It was a sorrowful night, that, to the compassionate heart of Becky; though her fire was bright, her tea good, and even the barber from a little street hard by had stepped in to talk over the matter with her. And she was still more and the next day, when in her best gown she hurried to the magistrate of the police court, and saw the child in the dock, more haggard and pale. The case was fully proved. "My good woman," spoke the magistrate in his kindest voice, "I know your master would prosecute this case to the fullest extent of the law, but to what end? Here is a child seven years old or thereabouts, without home, or without one human friend, and great God apparently without a name; the acorn and refuse of this city's streets, whilst yet a baby. If I send her to prison, she will probably come out only more confirmed in precocious wickedness; or if sent back into the streets, but to starvation or something still more horrible—incipient prostitution. But were there some one to save by teaching her, and—"

Becky, the great judge's poor servant, looked here at the magistrate, and then at the criminal child. "Pardon, sir," and the sympathy of our divinest nature justified itself, I've fifty-seven pounds sixteen and sixpence in the Savings Bank, that Mr. Rednot has the receipt of, and just two sovereigns more in the spice box—so if a little schooling might—"

Might do more than the prison or the law can do—turn guiltless sin into good, and if with some work—"

Yes, yes, interrupted Becky, pleased with the magistrate's manner, and interpreting the matter in her own way; "If she were to turn out tidy, and I could keep the thing from the master's care, why I could teach her to read, and bake, and set his room to rights, and—"

"And if you succeed in half," chimed in the magistrate, "you'd show yourself a profounder lawyer than either I who sit upon this bench, or your master, a Baron of the Exchequer."

He who cures vice is greater than he who punishes it."

Becky did not understand half this, only this much, that nobody could be so great as the judge, her master; so curiously less respectfully than she otherwise would have done, she waited for the child to be released, from the dock, threw a large silk handkerchief from her pocket across his shoulders, that it might look less like a vagrant, and then reverting back to the due disposal of the two pounds in the spice-box, she took the child's hand, and made her way to the cab outside the door, followed by the wondering and ejaculating barber.

To wash the child well by the kitchen fire, to bake a cake for tea, to invite the barber thereto, to reach the child a little picture cup from the closet's topmost shelf, were matters of course with Becky; and much did she calculate, and more did the barber, as, between two ravens, ravenously eaten cake, and the sweetened tea, the precocious, wilful, neglected intellect of crime told of its narrow hell of human life which it believed was heaven! Long was the talk of the barber and Becky, whilst the babyhood of crime, not disowned by nature, nestled to its rest; and as Mr. Bottle was of a nervous temperament, and much given to count his spoons and forks, and make particular inquiries after his master's gold spectacles, it was judged wise to keep the real truth from him, at least for the present; and moreover, as the police report would be sure to appear in the Times of the morrow, it would be advisable (though a sin in the eyes of Becky) not to post that paper, so that some chance might lie of the matter escaping Thraschem's keen notice. It fortunately did beyond a mere report by word; but in her strongest trunk, Becky hoarded up that paper.

It was necessary to give the child a name before Mr. Bottle came back. The barber suggested many good ones; none, however, pleasant to the ear of Becky. But when, in some few days, the child's young face began to look gratefully up into her own, the thought struck Becky, that the great old pointing over the library fire-place was the portrait of the judge's mother, and that her christian name had been Alice. "And might it not be beautiful," said Becky to herself, "if she should turn out a good child, and come up to such good things as to mend the dear master's shirt, or cook him an omelet as brown as I do? Might it not be beautiful to hear that name he loves so well, called softly up and down the house?" So giving her own questions an affirmative answer, Becky called the child Alice.

To say that the seven years' teaching of sin was absorbed all at once, would be an injustice to our great teacher, Nature. But speculations from closets and drawers, and jars, grew less and less before the continual ministry of good; the memory of vice faded like a shadow in the broadening sun; and Alice, the unknown spawn of the beggar's lodging-house, became a favorite with old Joe, took and thrived by honest Becky's teachings, and even at last becoming noticed by Mr. Rednot, drew upon his learning many ways.

Years passed on, and Alice was seventeen. Never had the judge seen her; never heard of her. He had lived forty years in that house, yet never trod his own kitchen floor. Becky grew feeble; and the stern old man at last noticing it, rung her up one night, into the library. He spoke kindly, placed her a chair, and said she must have help. Becky's heart faltered—the secret of years was on her tongue.

"I was afraid you would be angry, but I've long been obliged to have—"

"Whom?"

"One who can cook your omelet beautifully; set a frill on your shirt, and almost place your room as well as I do—Alice."

The old man looked up at that picture; his heart grew merciful at that name. He rung again the bell; he said a word or two; and Alice, the bud—the spawn of iniquity—the atom of the foulest city streets that society crushes, and that he in his great wisdom, disowned all regenerating force, save the galleys—stood before him in her beauty and usefulness. The magistrate said right—Nobler is it to teach good to crime, than tread it under foot. The heart of the poor servant had solved the great enigma of social wrong and social progress, in a more practical way than the wisdom of the scholar and the judge—for teach but ignorance, and we evil diminish! That night the old man smiled less upon those books, he took them down; he read them; and Alice from that hour fitted around him in her useful, humble duties, and surpassed poor Becky, because she had been better taught. Becky soon after fell ill, and on her dying bed, told the old man of that theft; how the pity of her heart had made her save—and Alice was the fruit! "She, sir, who is so very good, and waits so gently on you. Be good to her—be good to her."

"I will—and take a lesson from you, Becky, that shall make not only the law, but my own heart better."

These great books of the great jurist are no longer smiled upon. The retired judge will bequest his great wealth to put their spirit into action; and with Alice, in her humble duties, suffering round him, devises plans for the better bearing out the great progress questions of reformatory law; and no longer ending his chain of ethic caus

having encountered a gale and been thrown over. The boats were stove, foremast and bowsprit carried away, and after remaining in the rigging some time the entire crew with the ladies were taken off by a vessel and carried to London. The ship was insured for \$17,000 on freight. On the 29th of May the ship was taken in with by the American ship Scotia and carried into Gravesend, England.

The Eastern Mail.

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

WATERVILLE . . . JUNE 28, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & 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. A. N. B. (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertiser, No. 135 South Main 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 either to the business or editorial departments of this paper should be directed to "MAXHAM & WING," or "EASTERN MAIL OFFICE."

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.—The recent nomination of two democratic presidential tickets, in addition to the two tickets previously before the people, constitutes a variety out of which the most fastidious voter ought to satisfy himself. We have little faith in political pledges or platforms, except as they help to call out the relative ingenuity of candidates; but we may as well make a mark of the positions claimed by the several parties on the subject of slavery—this being the principal point of difference between the four parties now in the field.

The Bell and Everett ticket, of the so called 'Constitutional Union' party, claim to ignore the whole matter of slavery, so far as relates to discussion or agitation, and fix no platform except what may be developed in the national constitution by its application to executive or legislative measures. However ludicrous this position may seem at first sight, it is rendered still more so by inquiring which of the other parties proposes to violate the constitution in its measures touching slavery?—and it is only by carefully looking at the leaders in the movement, and inquiring after their ultimate object, that we can see how cowardly a position was ever taken. They foresaw the present divisions of the pro-slavery public, and a position 'nowhere' would be the most convenient one from which to dodge in and take the spoils from the hands of the victors. If ever a party took its stand where success would be dishonor, the one which now pretends to ignore the only question which divides the country, is emphatically that party.

Lincoln and Hamlin, the nominees of the republicans, stand upon the platform of no extension of slavery, and no power, under God, to extend it beyond its present limits; conceding at the same time all the protection guaranteed to slavery by the constitution, in the States where it now exists. This position needs no explanation.

Douglas and Johnson may be set down as the nominees of the democratic party proper, so far as that party can claim identity. They stand upon the plank of 'squatter sovereignty,' which gives the territories the power to sustain or reject slavery by the popular vote, independent of the national government. It is by no means fair, however, to give them this position without the qualification of the following resolution, which was adopted by the convention before the nomination was made, and without which it could not have been made:

"Resolved, That it is in accordance with the Cincinnati platform, that during the existence of Territorial governments, the measure of restriction, whatever it may be, imposed by the federal constitution on the power of the Territorial Legislature over the subject of the domestic relations, as the same has been or shall hereafter be finally determined by the Supreme Court of the United States, should be respected by all good citizens, and enforced with promptness and fidelity by every branch of the general government."

The complete negative character of this resolution towards popular sovereignty, as heretofore defined by Mr. Douglas, hardly needs to be suggested in order to be seen. It not only concedes 'a measure of restriction' in the general government, but leaves that measure unrestricted; thus operating, in principle, as a complete negative of the Douglas interpretation of the Cincinnati platform. It endorses the notorious Dred Scott decision, as binding upon territorial governments, 'that the negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect,' and binds all departments of the general government to see its principles enforced. The simplest mind can see that this resolution is a complete overlay upon the plank of 'squatter sovereignty'—leaving it to mean just nothing at all, and constituting simply one of the convenient dodges which artful politicians are careful to prepare. Its most disgusting feature is seen in the bungling manner in which it is done, and the boldness with which it asserts a contradiction.

The fourth and last ticket, in the order of nomination, is that of the Southern bolting faction—Messrs. Breckenridge and Lane. These institute no limits to the progression of the 'glorious institution' of slavery, but claim it as a duty as well as a privilege to 'extend its beneficent sway' over the earth as far as possible.

We have thus given in brief, and as fairly as we know how, the several alternatives presented to the voters of the country. For ourselves, we have 'faith in the people,' that their judgment will be a righteous one. Never before have the different positions of the several contestants been so definitely and simply stated. There are no collateral entanglements. Shall slavery be confined to its present limits, with an honorable regard for all obligations assumed thus far, or shall it have power to extend its blighting influence wherever the cupidity and niggardly of man see fit to extend it? This

is the simple question. Take your choice you who glory in the name of freemen.

ANOTHER YANKEE NOTION.—Mr. Simon Wing, our well known Daguerrean artist—a man of active ingenuity, who is never satisfied with the apparently good enough so long as a better can be conceived—has recently perfected an improvement in the camera, which cannot fail to commend itself to all Daguerreotypists, and as it seems to us most entirely revolutionize the business of picture making. By the aid of a simple but curious apparatus, the merits of which can only be fully appreciated after a personal examination, he multiplies pictures with wonderful rapidity and in great variety—twenty being given in the time of an ordinary sitting. These different pictures, too, may be alike or different; the position, expression and costume may be changed, and those that please may be preserved and the others rejected. The advantages of this improvement, we think, will be readily perceived by all; and as pictures can be so cheaply produced, especially when made in large numbers, all daguerreotypists will be compelled to adopt it. Confident that it meets a popular demand and will find favor with his brother artists, Mr. Wing proposes to enter the field, for the disposal of the right to use it, it being protected by a patent. He will leave in his rooms here, however, a gentleman competent to fill his place, who will not suffer the reputation of the establishment to decline, and at whose hands the public will be sure of receiving good work and courteous attention.

By the kindness of Mr. Joseph H. Lunt, one of our Washington Territory subscribers, we are in receipt of several papers printed in that far off region. The appearance of these journals indicates a good degree of business life and activity in that community, and a careful study of the advertising columns shows that the people there are favored with all the adjuncts of modern civilization, including a liberal supply of lawyers, patent medicines, and all sorts of villainous drinks. They are far enough advanced, too, to cheat the printer; for we see that one poor devil gives notice that, after date, no legal advertisements will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash, his reason being given as follows:—"We have been humbugged by the living and cowered by the dead, to such an extent that we are compelled to adopt this course to protect ourselves."

In the local column of one of these sheets we get news of our old friend, Yankee Adams, who, after playing at Victoria, embarked about the first of last April for Australia. Golden opinions he had won, and not much else, but was hopeful and happy.

CONGRESS.—Congress adjourned very quietly on Monday last, but, as usual, matters were hurried in such a way at the close that some little time must elapse before we can tell exactly what has been done. It appears, however, that the Post Office Deficiency Bill passed both Houses and has become a law; the Post office (route) bill failed; the Homestead Bill was defeated by the veto of the President; the Kansas and Morrill tariff bills, too, they passed the House, got no attention from the Senate, and the River and Harbor bill, in which the North was specially interested, was laid over, of course. Among the last bills approved by the President was one reducing the printing rates 40 per cent, to take effect on its passage. We copy a synopsis of the President's recent message, with the action of the House thereon:

The President sent a message relative to the action of the House on the Corvode Committee report. His opinion is that the House exceeded its constitutional rights, tending to degrade the Presidential office, and rendering it unworthy of acceptance by any honorable man. And he asks by what authority the House undertook to investigate the Executive course as to the Lecompton Constitution, to pry into foreign relations, assailing our Mexican Minister, as to the Tehuantepec route, to investigate removals from office, and so forth, notwithstanding the power of removal was decided by the first Congress as belonging to the President.

He speaks of the vindictive manner in which witnesses were examined, and says the first intimation of testimony he received injuriously affecting him, was from a New York paper. "The committee had spread a drag net over the whole Union to catch disappointed applicants willing to malign his character. There had been nothing like it since the days of Robespierre."

If the proceedings should be sanctioned by the House, the executive will be no longer an independent branch of the Government, and the worst fears of the early patriots and statesmen realized. In the name of the people, standing on the ramparts of the Constitution, he solemnly protests against the unconstitutional proceedings.

Mr. Stanton said that this extraordinary message should be placed in the archives. If the position of the executive was correct, the machinery of the government was different from what he supposed. He (Stanton) maintained the right of the representatives of the people to investigate the secret and public acts of the executive. He moved that the message be referred to a special committee of five, who shall examine the constitutional questions involved, and report at the next session.

Mr. Reagan contended that if the President violated the law he should be tried by impeachment.

Mr. Barksdale defended the President, and moved that the message be referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Stanton's motion was carried.

GOOD COW.—Mr. Joshua Gage, of this town, gives us the following statement of the product of a cow owned by him:—Butter made from 10th March to 10th April, 52 lbs.; sold and used in the same time 55 quarts milk. Butter made from 10th April to 10th May, 46 lbs.; milk sold and used 70 qts. Total for two months 98 lbs. butter; milk sold and used 135 qts.

RATIFICATION MEETING.—The citizens of Skowhegan and vicinity held an enthusiastic ratification meeting last Thursday evening, at which speeches were made by Gov. Morrill and J. G. Blaine, of Augusta.

OUR TABLE.

THE YEAR OF GRACE: A History of the Revival in Ireland, A. D. 1859. By the Rev. William Gibson, Professor of Christian Ethics in Queen's College, Belfast; with an Introduction by Rev. Baron Stow, D. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

So strange were some of the phenomena attending the recent great revival in Ireland, that a narrative of the wonders wrought there will be read with great interest, even by the careless unbeliever; while Christians, every where, to whom this book will truly be 'good news from a far country,' will peruse its details with eager gladness. The historian of the Revival in Ireland, though a devoted and earnest Christian, is evidently neither a bitter sectarian nor a crazy seer, but an honest and conscientious man of cool judgment, who truthfully describes what he saw and heard—giving God the glory of the work, but only because he thinks it honestly belongs to him. In an appendix are given some interesting statistics, showing the favorable effect of the Revival upon public morality, and disproving the charge that it was a trifling source of insanity. For sale by booksellers everywhere.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The June number has the following table of contents:—The Schoolmaster at Home. Milton. Captain Speke's Adventures in Somaliland, part 2. Norman Sinclair, part 5. Scottish National Character. Domitian and the Turbot. Universal Suffrage in Savoy and Nice. The Fight for the Belt. The Balance of Party.

The first article is full of good common sense, and abounds in valuable practical hints; 'Scottish National Character' is rich in anecdote; 'Universal Suffrage in Savoy and Nice' shows the recent elections held in those provinces to have been mere mockeries; the bard who essays to sing 'The Battle of the Belt,' must have closed his strain before the final settlement, for he makes the conclusion more lame and impotent, even than the reality, unsatisfactory as that was. We copy a few stanzas, by way of sample:—

The Fanny of America
By all creation sworn,
A British champion round his loins
Should gird the Belt no more.
With strange great oaths they swore it,
And chose a man straightway.
And felt his arm and said him hit,
And loathed, and chewed, and cursed, and spit,
And sent him to the fray.

Like ancient heroes fabled
Of strange descent to be,
The Transatlantic hero claimed
A curious pedigree.
His dam an alligator,
A fiery steed his sire,
Remoter thus the tale I read
A snapping turtle bore the breed,
Infusing force and fire.

But now the ring was forming
Around the champions twain;
The circling crowd kept surging on,
And murmured and roared in vain.
And the weak were sorely damaged,
And by dextrous hands and sly
Pockets were searched, for priggish swells
(As Amosworth, my informant tells)
Now faked the nipping cly.

One Saturday Reviewer,
One Mr. Billous Prig,
An old young fellow, with false teeth
And a very youthful wig,
Got bonneted by a Scotchman,
Who jammed his hat so tight
That he couldn't get it off again
In time to see the fight.

And 'mid the throng moved darkly,
And 'mid the throng moved darkly,
His feelings pent from natural vent,
For he couldn't even scold;
And a thief who picked his pocket,
Got 'trotted' by my informant (tells)
Prescriptions for Acidity
And a remedy for Bile.

Most important conclusion
Had this combat long and stout,
Who could be best of the mob
Turned all the scenes to rout.
The ring's fair precincts broken,
Wild rallies, aimless blows,
A strong thrust on the arena gained
Until no fighting space remained—
In turmoil veiled the strife attained,
Its indecisive close.

Close much to be lamented,
To be lamented must remain,
Without a wearer, and my song
Without a crowning strain.
Beyond the unsettled issue
New arguments are seen,
And disputants their weapons wield,
Maneuvering in the boundless field
Of all that might have been.

By none so much as Heenan
Must not mistake the belt,
Who back to those expectant shores
Returns without the Belt,
For, though exalted office
He wears, my informant tells,
Yet, belittled, he will scarcely gain
What conqueror, he might well attain—
The Presidential Chair!

And well may both proud nations
Contend to be best of the belt,
Through all the triumphs of the race
A thread in common runs:
Still Jonathan must feel to John
That he is to be best of the belt,
Still John (tho' sometimes moved to chide),
Watching the boy that left his side,
As on he goes with giant stride,
Must wear and admire.

A new volume of this staunch old Tory organ—genial and true at heart, though a little rough outside—will commence with the next number.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, 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 to any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

THE COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL for June has a fine engraving of Osego Lake, with a view of Cooperstown, the residence of the late J. Fenimore Cooper. It also contains many wood engravings, among which will be found a few spirited portraits of celebrities in literature and art. The reading matter of the number is unusually interesting and spicy. The 'Art Journal' is the organ of the Cosmopolitan Art Association, and is published at 548 Broadway, New York, at \$2 a year. A subscription of \$3 entitles one to the Quarterly for a year; a large set engraving, worth \$5, and a chance in the annual distribution of valuable works of art.—Address C. L. Derby, 548 Broadway, New York.

NEW MUSIC.—The following seasonable novelties have just been published by Oliver Ditson & Co., the well known Boston music publishers:—

The Ball Splitter's Polka. For the Piano Forte.

The Wagon Grand March. With portraits. Dedicated to the Republican Presidential candidate.

Strike for the Right. Words and Music by E. W. Locke.

Honest Old Abe's Quickstep. For the Piano.

Oh! the pleasant in our Home. Ballad. By Adolph Hasse.

All the above can be had in Waterville, of O. K. Mathews, or by mail or express, by addressing the publishers.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—By paying for the Mail before the close of the volume, which will end next week, our subscribers can save half a dollar—and every body knows that a penny saved is a penny earned! So call in and get our autograph appended to a receipt for a dollar and a half.

SUNDAY LAW SUSTAINED.—The Supreme Court of New York has decided that the Sunday law is constitutional, doing the keepest of a German theatre \$250 for keeping open on the Sabbath and annulling his license.

A NEW COMET.—Another comet has been discovered at the Cambridge Observatory, which is now visible to the naked eye.

Fourth of July.

Everything looks well for a good time. The procession will consist of a dozen or more fire companies, several bands of music, floral display, exhibition of trades, &c. A prominent place will be taken by the 'Japanese Embassy,' got up after the fashion of bigger places, with the only reserve that the ladies are not permitted to kiss 'Tommy.' A company of fanatics will appear at 8 o'clock in the morning. Some, other attractions will probably help to make up the street parade.

The procession will probably form near the upper depot, and after a limited march through a few of our principal streets, return to the large building known as the Repair Shop, where a lunch will be served to the fire companies.

The great number of competitors in the trial of engines will probably reduce a little the time devoted to the procession. The trial will be at the steamboat landing, at the Bay, where there will be the best possible chance for everybody to see.

The ladies, as we said before, are making efforts to render the floral procession a very pleasant matter; and this renders it safe for us to promise that it will be so. The 'Japanese Embassy' is in too good hands to disappoint anybody on the wrong side.

THE BOOK AUCTION. in the Plaisance store, Main st., is visited nightly by large numbers of buyers. We judge the reason to be that the works sold are of the most standard and valuable description, and not trashy or ephemeral in their character. Business is done on the square, and the most civil attention is bestowed on all buyers—the prices are also surprisingly low. We understand that it will be continued a day or two longer only, we advise our friends to attend.

RAILROAD MEETING.—The annual meeting of the And. & Ken. Railroad Co. took place in Waterville on Wednesday. The attendance was not large, and the principal business consisted in the election of a board of directors—John Ware, Jediah Morrell, Ira Crocker, Wm. Goodenow, Rufus Horton, S. P. Benson, and Franklin Smith. The report of the Directors says the increase of net earnings upon the line, over last year, is \$14,762. The entire net earnings of the company are reported 'still insufficient to pay the interest upon the debts.' No terms have yet been settled with the Androscoggin road.

We are told that the Selectmen will exclude all horses from the streets where the procession is passing on the 4th, to prevent accidents. An excellent precaution.

THE AROOSTOOK HERALD.—Four papers are now published in Aroostook County, a new one, with the above title, having just sprung into existence at Presque Isle. It is Republican in character, and is published by Joseph B. Hall, who originally started the *Pioneer*, the first paper printed in Aroostook. Mr. H. has had considerable editorial experience, and under his charge the *Herald* will be conducted with spirit and energy—doing much for the spread of correct political principles and for the reputation and material prosperity of the locality in which it is published.

The Hartford Times says—The 'seventeen year locusts' are due, according to programme, this summer. But the advance guard, sent to spy out the land, happened to see one of the numerous 'portraits' of 'Old Abe,' and fled in dismay!—Their return report induced the entire squad to migrate to Africa.

And there is another class of destructives, more mischievous than those above named, that will just as surely be driven before the 'coming man.' We refer, of course, to the hungry crew of blood-sucking, unscrupulous office holders, now preying upon the vitals of the nation.

FOR EVERYBODY!—"Bayard Taylor's Cyclopaedia of Modern Travel" is a work of intense interest, full of the discoveries and adventures, in all parts of the world, for which the author has become famous. It is in two large and elegant volumes, with choice and useful illustrations, and is selling rapidly. Mr. A. Lyford the general agent for N. England, is now selling it in this place. He also offers good inducements to agents, of which there is a good field for hundreds. Mr. L. may be found at his house on Temple-st.; his business locality is at 23 Court-st., Boston.

SAD ACCIDENT.—Mr. Dennis Berry, of Augusta, had both hands blown off, while engaged in firing a salute in honor of the Baltimore Democratic nominations on Tuesday, and was otherwise injured so that it is feared he will not live.

The *Herald's* correspondence has the following sketch of the betting mania which the Democratic nominations appear to have aroused at Washington:

"Mr. W., a distinguished Pennsylvanian, asserted that Douglas would carry that State by fifty thousand majority. Mr. B., an equally distinguished Breckenridge man from Massachusetts, offered to bet one dollar on each vote that he would not. The Douglasite caved. An Oregonian boasted that Douglas would carry Oregon. A Breckenridge man offered to bet Breckenridge and Lane would carry more of their States than Douglas and Fitzpatrick would of theirs. Douglasite refused. An Illinoisian offered to bet \$10,000 that Douglas would carry Illinois. An Ohio Republican accepted the bet, and proposed to put up a forfeit of \$10,000 until to-morrow, when the remainder would be deposited, but Illinois thought he saw a rail, and declined. An M. C. of New York offered to bet an indefinite sum that Douglas would carry his State, whereupon a Maryland Breckenridge man said he would bet \$10,000 that Lincoln would carry Illinois and New York. New Yorker backed down. These are not only specimens of the kind of betting that has been going on here to-day, but it is singularly true that it is a true reflex of the confidence manifested by the different men for their favorite candidates."

The Boston Post runs up the flag of Breckenridge and Lane, and so do the Bangor Union and the Belfast Journal.

THREE THINGS!—First, our citizens all remember with pride the pleasant celebration we had four years ago, and the good order and almost complete absence of rum and drunkenness which marked that occasion. For this they thanked the selectmen of the Town, whose forethought, energy and promptness were such as to secure that result. Second, everybody who attended the celebration at Gardiner last year knows how the authorities of that pretty city suffered her to be degraded in the eyes of all visitors, by wasting their energies in punishing or hustling out of sight the swarms of drunks, while they left the rum-sellers free in their wicked work. Third, and by no means least, how should we, and how would we, and how shall we have it in the coming celebration? We have faith in our present board for such an emergency—that they will do what they can, and that they can do what they will, to preserve our village from the disgrace which rum always aims to bring upon such occasions. By all good citizens they will be sustained in the most stringent measures allowed by law to restrain the rum-sellers of our village on that day. We believe they are disposed to do it, and that they will do it.

HARDWARE.—We call attention to the business card of D. WARREN LANCET, Portland. This has the reputation of being one of the best Hardware houses in Portland, and the well known character of the proprietor for promptness and integrity, earned by years of business intercourse, as well as residence, among the people of Somerset county, has given his present establishment extensive trade in their section of the State. Few houses in this line, this side of Boston, are better known to the trade in Penobscot, Somerset and Kennebec, than this; and none, we venture to say, are more uniformly commended for their prompt and honorable manner of doing business. Eastern traders who have not done so, should make an acquaintance at Lancy's, 147 Middle St.

ANOTHER RUM TRAGEDY.—A good deal of excitement was occasioned in Farmington, about a fortnight ago, by the sudden death of Mr. Horace Bradford—a worthy mechanic whose only enemy was rum—who for some days had been in a constant state of intoxication. Being unable to procure liquor any longer, he resorted to opium, &c., and finally swallowed nearly a half pint of essence of peppermint, under the effects of which he died. An inquest was held and a verdict rendered in accordance with the above facts.

No news from the Great Eastern yet, which sailed on the 16th inst. from Southampton, though there is a report that she was seen off Cape Race on Tuesday afternoon.

VERMONT.—Hon. Erastus Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury, was nominated for Governor, and Levi Underwood of Burlington, for Lieut. Gov. at the Republican State convention yesterday. The proposed celebration of Independence Day at Hallowell will be postponed. The Tiger Engine Co. it will be noticed, are to be here on that day.

DEMOCRATIC DELEGATES.—The following delegates to the Democratic State Convention, which meets in Portland to-day, were selected at a caucus held in this town on Saturday last:—A. P. Stevens, Hill Clifford, Guy T. Hubbard, Henry W. Barney. A majority of them are said to be opposed to Douglas.

There will be trotting for prizes, on the Fourth of July, at Skowhegan and North Anson.

Frederick A. Pike, of Calais, has been nominated as the Republican candidate for Representative to Congress, in the 6th district of this State.

The Supreme Court of Louisiana has decided that the Mexican steamers seized at Vera Cruz are not lawful prizes.

By the premature explosion of a gun, while firing a Douglas salute at Bangor the other day, Charles Howard, of Brewer, lost his hand, and the thumb of Knowles Gordon, of Bangor, was disjunct.

The Liquor Dealers' Association of New York has recently been presented as a nuisance by the Grand Jury.

Saltpetre, we see, is very confidently recommended as a remedy for bronchitis—a very small quantity effecting a cure. A small lump is to be taken into the mouth, at a time, and swallowed as it dissolves.

CORN.—Those who go to Portland on the Fourth to buy corn or flour, (and everybody goes there for something) will refer to our Portland cards and see that Mr. C. E. Cram, on Commercial St. has just what they want, and is just the man to trade with. Don't forget!

The following is taken from the report of the proceedings of the Connecticut Legislature:—"Bill to tax geese and bachelors, taken up.—Mr. Harrison was opposed to the provision of taxing bachelors. There was a tax already laid upon a goose, and any man who lived twenty-five years without being married could be taxed under that section. The bill was postponed."

What has become of the Pleuro-Pneumonia? There is not a new case reported since the Legislature adjourned. Some say that the cows were disgusted with State action; and others that the cattle, since Dr. Loring's southern speech, will not be named in that connection. Any way, between the Legislature, Dr. Loring and the other cattle, the disease has disappeared. Newburyport Herald.

The last advices from England have brought intelligence that Great Britain has accepted the sovereignty of the Fejee Islands, which was made to it a short time since. The same offer was made to the United States about three years ago and declined. The result is another proof of the disinterested moderation of England and of the grasping propensity of the United States.

We regret to learn that Capt. Isaac Gage, of this city, was on Monday last, attacked with a paralytic shock, and that his life is despaired of. [Maine Farmer, and other papers.]

THUMB AND FINGER PRUNING.—Now is the precise season, say from June 15th to July 10th, to perform one of the most important operations in the apple orchard; that of removing the young shoots which started in the spring, and have made a growth of from one to six inches in length. The shoots start out mostly on the upper side of the large branches, grow with great rapidity, and if not arrested early, form that part of the tree which it is the most dangerous to cut off. If they are allowed to grow two or three years, they are sometimes an inch through at their base, and cannot then be removed by saw or knife without leaving an ugly scar upon the tree, and the wound becomes a dangerous one, unless made when the tree is in a favorable condition, and it is treated with proper skill.

It is natural for apple trees to throw up a thick bushy head. Whoever saw ones that sprang from the seed in a pasture, and that had not been fashioned by the hand of man, that presented any other form? This original impress seems to retain something of its power even after the tree has been budded or grafted, so that it requires the constant watchfulness of the orchardist to train his trees into those forms that make them the most convenient for cultivation, and for the harvesting of their fruit. In order to do this it must be remembered that all our budded or grafted trees are in an artificial condition; they have lost much of their original character by the process of moulding them to the will and purposes of man. It is just so with the peach, plum, potato, celery, and many other plants. In changing them as we have, they have probably lost something of their native hardihood and vigor, and will always require more attention than trees in their natural condition.

The summer pruning is a part of the artificial process. There should be little use for the saw or knife in an orchard less than forty years old, unless in case of accident; after that time, or perhaps ten years later, some of the limbs begin to die, and then these tools become necessary. The pruning should be performed when it can be done with the thumb and finger, and now is the time to do it. Pass through the orchard, examine all the limbs that start directly from the main stem of the tree, and whenever young shoots are found rub them off, being careful to take them so close as to prevent an after growth. They should all come off, with a single exception, viz:

If the tree, by accident, unskillful pruning, force of wind, or any other cause, has lost a proper balance, if one side has more branches than another, or if the top is open, and too much exposed, then leave one of these young shoots, and train it to occupy the very place you wish to have filled.

By this process of pruning, you will rarely need to use the knife; the trees may be brought up smooth, and with symmetrical form, and they will not be full of internal wounds to weaken them, and hasten their decay in later years.

Let us urge upon the young orchardist, at least try this method now, and if the knife and saw are necessary, now is the time to use them. [New England Farmer.]

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—Mr. Henry F. Graves was killed at a saw-mill, at what is called Reed's Brook in Ellsworth, on Friday June 25, in the following manner:—The men were hauling up logs from the mill, or pond, when the chain round the shaft did not work as desired, and Mr. Graves put his hand to the chain to push it one side, and it caught in the chain, and he was carried over the shaft two or three times before he could be rescued. He was injured, it is supposed, in the head, and died about four hours afterwards. He leaves a wife and one child.

The Iowa City Reporter counts up from the most reliable date one hundred and two persons killed in that State by the tornado, sixty-five houses destroyed other than those blown down at Camanche and in Clinton county, while the estimated amount of property destroyed reaches about six hundred thousand dollars. The number of wounded in Iowa reaches 205.

A CLERGYMAN KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—The Rev. N. K. George was instantly killed by lightning while riding near the iron works at Franconia, N. H., Tuesday afternoon; also, the animal upon which he was mounted. The reverend gentleman had but recently returned from Maine, where he had been preaching for about two years. He was generally known as a zealous disciple of Christ, and was much beloved.

A MAINE MAN SUSPECTED OF MURDER.—Bryant Moore, who states that he came from Waterville, Maine, and once lived in Augusta, has been examined and bound over, at Lowell, Mass., upon the charge of murdering his wife. From the evidence of his daughter and granddaughter, it would seem that the deed was committed in the chamber, by a blow from some heavy instrument, and that efforts were made by Moore to give it the appearance of suicide.

"What do I think of boys' debating clubs?" repeated Quip. "Why, I think they are a nuisance. Nothing is so pernicious to the youthful mind as 'gab' without ideas—or a diarrhoea of words without meaning—or at least without rhetorical connection or logical order. Conversation is far better than debating, for any useful purpose. No one attempts to talk without having something to talk about, but the moment it comes to speech-making, the younger rattles away—usually in a bombastic strain—without grace or grammar, sense or sentiment, at a furious rate of vociferation, and thinks, all the while, that he is discussing a question and pouring a flood of light on a subject of which he knows next to nothing at all! But does not that sort of exercise give the talker confidence? Yes, and a deal too much of it. But (temerity is not rational assurance; and to be at once impudent and ignorant is the greatest of mental misfortunes. Nothing is so common in this land of freedom as fluency and flippancy in debate; nothing so rare as logical argument and a correct and impressive utterance. What we want is not more 'gab,' but more knowledge, more thinking, more propriety, more condensation in our speeches, and fewer of them."—[Boston Post.]

A Mississippi planter has paid 7000 for a house in Cleveland for the exclusive use of his daughter, an octogenarian, 16 years of age. She goes to Cleveland to receive a thorough education, the daughter of a clergyman in that city having been engaged as her instructor. The young lady, although born a slave, is now free. It is stated that her income while she is in Cleveland, will be \$3000 per annum.

John Mitchell advises all Irishmen at the North to support the Republicans in the approaching Presidential election, and all Irishmen at the South to support the same ticket as Hon. William L. Yancey, whatever that may be. This is but an application to existing circumstances of the old injunction, "When at Rome, do as Rome does."

E. K. Smart was nominated for Gov., at the democratic convention in Portland, to-day.

