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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 13, No. 52): July 5, 1860

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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She was only a child, a few years old, and she sat by the window, looking out at the snow-covered ground and the snow-covered trees. The snow was falling fast, and the wind was blowing hard. She was looking at the snow, and she was thinking of the old man who had been with her for so long. She was looking at the snow, and she was thinking of the old man who had been with her for so long.

Here and there were men and women, some of them looking at the snow, and some of them looking at the old man. They were all looking at the snow, and they were all looking at the old man. They were all looking at the snow, and they were all looking at the old man.

She was looking at the snow, and she was thinking of the old man who had been with her for so long. She was looking at the snow, and she was thinking of the old man who had been with her for so long. She was looking at the snow, and she was thinking of the old man who had been with her for so long.

There was a change in the great house when the snow came. The snow was falling fast, and the wind was blowing hard. She was looking at the snow, and she was thinking of the old man who had been with her for so long.

Poverty came also. The splendid family property passed at his death into the hands of a distant connection, and but a mere pittance, raised from the sale of furniture and other valuables, remained for the bereaved widow.

In all their trouble, he had never sought after God. He was not in all their thoughts. So far as it was possible they forgot him entirely, and when his chastening hand was laid upon them, they rebelled and murmured, and seemed by their continued carelessness and worldliness to defy his power.

There were two young men in the pew with them, and they smiled and chatted together, wholly unmindful of the sacred services of the house of God. It was not till the preacher, unable to pursue his solemn theme with such a spectacle of irreverent mirth before him, severely reproved them that they seemed to be aware that any deference was expected from them.

It was the last time they came to Church. Laura died in the autumn, and Anne, unable to endure the solitude of home, went to spend the winter amid the gayeties of the city. In May she was brought home in her coffin to be buried. She had ruptured a blood vessel while dancing at a ball, and lived but four hours afterwards. Even in those last fearful hours vanity triumphed, and all her remaining strength was spent in directing how her body should be attired for the grave.

Remember very well how she looked in the rich coffin, which was lined, as she had ordered, with crimson satin. Her own dress was white satin, richly trimmed with lace, and cut low in the neck. There were pearls on her arms and neck, white flowers were wreathed in her curls, and her cheeks and lips were painted, but no art could restore the sunken, half-open eyes, or soften the rigidity of the features. Death, unsoftened death, was there, made ten-fold more repulsive by the efforts to disguise its presence.

But memory brings fairer pictures to the old lady as she sits by the window, now that the shadows of night creep into the little room. She is poor and decrepit with age, but she thinks of the time—it is twenty years ago now—when, humbled by long suffering, she knelt in that same room and found Jesus Christ at last to be the chiefest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely.

For twenty years her soul has been at rest, and the peace of God has filled her heart, and it is a look of joyous trust and love that she values to the evening sky as she says, "It is true that I have now no earthly means of support; I have fuel and food for a day only, but God is my refuge and strength, and not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his knowledge."

Go down the street a few rods, then a short turn to the right, and at the end of a narrow lane you will see a low, brown cottage. A man and a boy of twelve years are busily clearing away the snow in front of the door, and a fat-faced little girl is watching them from the window. As the red flint of the sunset deepens she turns quickly to a pleasant-looking woman who is sewing by the fire.

"One more, mamma, and then—"

"Well, what then, child?"

"It will be New-Year's day, mamma. O, don't you glad?"

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1860.

NO. 52.

worn four winters, but now, turned and refitted by her skillful fingers, and brightened by a little new trimming, could scarcely be recognized.

"Well, John, now does it look?"

"Very well," he slowly answered. "Not just like a new one though."

"But very nice and comfortable for all that. Don't you think so?"

"And so the money that you have saved for a new one is really going to buy Madam Bretton's winter fuel?"

"So we agreed, John, if I could make this one do. See how nicely it fits across the shoulders! And the trimming matches it exactly."

"But ten dollars, Ellen, is a large sum for us to give away. A great many comforts could be bought for ten dollars. You need new dresses, and this shell of a house, which is a hovel compared to that where the old lady lives, needs a great deal done to it. Besides, there is Benny's jacket, already looking threadbare at the elbows."

"Don't, John, don't talk in that way. If I had spent the money for a cloak it would have bought nothing else, and surely all the luxuries in the world would not make us happy if we knew that Madam was suffering."

"But I don't think she would suffer. The town would see to that."

"Do you remember, John," said his wife as she turned away to hide the starting tears, "do you remember when she nursed me through that dreadful fever when Benny was a baby? Not a neighbor dared to enter the house, and she did not wait to think of contagion, but she went right in and nursed me, and she was an angel of mercy to us all. O, John, what is ten dollars compared to that?"

"There, there, Ellen, don't say another word. She is welcome to the money a thousand times. I only felt a little worried and poor, because when the rent is paid to-morrow there will be little left to make the house tight and comfortable for you and the children."

"We shall manage to get along somehow," returned Ellen cheerily. "Never fear for that. We have good health now, plenty of work and no debts. That is what I call being rich. Then, only think, we've a whole pig salted in the cellar, and such a heap of delicious potatoes—real Drovers. Why, the Queen of England never tasted better ones. Then there's our wood for winter all cut and stowed away. We can snap our fingers at want. Poverty may look in at the door if he likes, but he can't come in."

The cloud of care passed from the husband's brow, and he smiled as he patted Nelly's red cheek.

"We'll caulk the doors and windows, John, and paper the cracks in the walls till old Winter is quite shut out. Bless me! what a merry tune that tea-kettle is singing! See if you can't beat it, Nelly, while you help me set the table. Listen! It sounds like sleigh-bells. Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling!"

"It says, 'a happy new year,' mamma," said the child, who had listened intently.

"It says that to you, no doubt, darling, for you can think of nothing else. A very sensible wish, too, even for a tea-kettle to utter, and I don't know who is more likely to realize it than ourselves. Steady with those plates, little one. Now, whose merry voice will call brother while I toast the bread?"

"You are a perfect sunbeam, Ellen," said her husband. "I came in with a mountain of care and anxiety on my shoulders, and it has disappeared."

"Is it quite gone?"

"Yes. Not a shadow is left. I can't help often wondering at you. Your burden is heavier than mine, for these little irritating housekeeping perplexities do not fall upon me at all. I believe I should give up at once if they did, but you bear up as cheerfully as if we were secure against misfortune. You are always hopeful and full of bright anticipations. You are a mystery, Ellen."

"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shall thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." That is God's word, John, and I believe it.

## CHAPTER III.

Early in the morning Benny went to the village to take home some work that his mother had finished the previous evening. It was a pleasant sight to watch the little fellow as he made his way through the snow. He whistled and sang by turns; he danced, and ran, and whirled round on one foot, and laughed aloud in his exquisite enjoyment of the frosty air. He looked so bright and rosy when he at last delivered his bundle, that the lady of the house called him into the parlor just to have the pleasure of looking at him. It does one good to see a face so full of sunshine.

There were two gentlemen and several ladies in the room, and the boy tried hard to put on a sedate look, but he couldn't.

"Tut! snow makes fine fun for you lads," said one of the gentlemen. "You enjoy it, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. But—Benny's bright, dark eyes glared round at the strangers present, and he hesitated."

"But what, my boy? Speak out, don't be afraid."

"Why, it's New-Year's day. I wish you a Happy New Year."

"Bravo!" said the other gentleman, coming forward, laughing, from the window. "You wish me the same, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. And—with another shy glance at the ladies—and everybody."

"Indeed. And how much is it to cost?"

The gentleman rattled some loose change in his pocket.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," replied Benny, a little bewildered.

"Why, you expect to be paid for your good wishes, don't you?"

"No, sir," said Benny, emphatically. "I do not."

"Mamma says," he added in a lofty manner, "that good will is not bought or sold."

"Well, don't. Bravissimo!"

"Don't tease him, Ned," said the other gentleman. "Come here, my boy, and tell me what it is that makes this such a great and happy day for you?"

Benny had often seen this gentleman in his visits to the house with his mother's work. He had seen him also in the Sabbath school, where he was one of the teachers. His kind manner and pleasant words had won his boyish regard long ago, and he was quite ready to open his whole heart to him.

"Perhaps you don't know Madam Bretton, who lives up stairs in that house by the pond where we skate in the evenings—we

boys, I mean," Benny explained; "and we build a great fire in the middle of the pond, and we skate backward, and play tag, and draw the girls on our sleds like—like everything."

"To be sure."

Everybody smiled at the child's enthusiasm. And Madam Bretton comes out and skates with you?" said Ned.

"Don't mind his teasing, Benny," said his friend, almost laughing at the amazed look that spread over the child's face at the bare idea of the old lady on skates. "I have seen Madam Bretton. She lives in one of your houses. Ned, the one that has such a long, sloping roof. Have you forgotten how you used to put pebbles up and down on the roof on purpose to tease her? A mere boyish freak," he added kindly, as he saw his friend's face flush at the remembrance.

"But inexcusable even in a boy," was the reply. "I have felt ashamed of such boyish freaks, and wish I could recall them many a time when I have been thousands of miles away. Is Madam Bretton the tenant that you mentioned as being unable to pay her rent longer?"

"The same."

"You said she would probably come upon the town."

"But she won't go to the town, sir," interposed Benny very decidedly.

"She won't?"

"No, sir. Because we are all helping her. I was going to tell you. That is why it is so pleasant and bright to day, said Benny, looking out to assure himself that the sun did shine brighter than usual.

The gentlemen both cast a puzzled and rather unbelieving look over the boy's patched clothes, but his earnest manner had excited their curiosity.

"Suppose you tell us all about it," said Ned.

"Well, sir, you see, she is very old, eighty years old, mamma says, and we heard last week that she had only wood enough to last a few days and very little meat. It made us all feel very bad, for you don't know how good she always was to everybody when she was strong. Mamma had sold eggs and done odd jobs at different houses till she had earned enough to buy a new cloak for herself, besides doing as much as ever for us all. It was ten dollars. Do you understand, sir?" asked Benny, who seemed to think his auditors were not so much impressed as they should be at the mention of such an enormous sum.

"Yes, quite well. Go on."

"I saw it all with my own eyes," said Benny. "Ten silver dollars! Well, mamma thought about the old lady, and planned and contrived for her, but nothing came of it till a day or two ago, when she happened to think that she would make over her old cloak and buy wood for Madam Bretton with the money. And she did, sir, and it is a real beauty, and mamma looked prettier with it on this morning than—the boy cast a shy, curious look at the ladies, who were listening with breathless interest—"than any lady I ever saw."

"What, Benny, prettier than Miss Alice here?"

"O, yes, sir, a great deal." Benny's manner was quite decided. "But that is not all, Mr. Ned. My sister Nellie and I opened our savings bank this morning, and we have bought some tea, and sugar, and bread, and meat, enough to last the old lady a week. O, is not New Year's day a happy day?"

The boy's artless story had moistened every eye in the room with tears. Even Ned, fondling Ned, just returned to his native town after ten years' foreign travel, was obliged to turn to the window to conceal his emotions.

"So you see," said Benny in conclusion, "that Madam Bretton won't go to the town."

"That is evident. Well, you are a happy little fellow. Here is the pay for your mother's work and a dollar for yourself."

"Thank you, sir. I will get butter with it to put in the basket for the old lady."

They all stood at the window to watch the boy as, with renewed antics and whistling, he retraced his path toward home.

"That little lad and his parents shame us all," said Ned at last.

"Not if their example provokes us to love and good works," said one of the ladies. "Suppose we make up a sum sufficient to buy mamma a cloak. What do you think of it, Henry?"

"It would spoil all, in my opinion. They have made a sacrifice. Let them enjoy the luxury of doing good. But we can assist them in making the old lady comfortable. What are you thinking of, Ned?"

"Of a plan that just occurred to me like an inspiration. Hurrah! It's just the thing if, as I suspect, the lad's parents live in that brown hut up the lane where aunt and I stopped to leave that very bundle of work on Monday."

"That is the place. What is the plan?" asked one of the ladies.

"A secret, Alice. You know, coz, that such things are never entrusted to the care of women."

## CHAPTER IV.

The clear, cold day passed on, and another sunset, as fair as the last was brightening the western sky. Benny had fed the chickens, as he persisted in calling the matronly hens; he had filled the wood box by the stove, and broiled his basket of kindling-wood for morning; he had held the pincushion while Nellie undressed her big rag doll, and was now whistling a low accompaniment to the lullaby that the little girl was singing as she rocked the said doll to sleep.

His father had not yet come to tea, and his mother had not returned from Madam Bretton's, where she had been all the afternoon. Benny was used to staying with his sister, and never found it dull work to amuse her, but tonight he did wish that mamma would hurry home. He wanted to know what the old lady thought of her New Year's gifts, especially the eatables bought with the money he and Nelly had saved.

"Ticked half to death, I'll bet," said he aloud; "and I don't blame her. She don't get such a haul every day. But there comes papa, and I haven't made the tea. Well, here it goes. A good strong cup for New Year's day."

"No, Benny, make it just as usual."

"You here, mamma? How did you come? I've watched an hour and didn't see you. Did the old lady like the tea, and the rolls, and the bacon, and the butter, and—"

"Stop, stop, my son. One question at a time. And, hey! I am here. Next I walked down the street as usual. Take care, Benny, you will drop those cups."

"Mamma, what did she say to the wood?"

Did you tell her that Madam had offered to saw it, and that I and Bob Peters are going to bring it up stairs and pile it up for her? Didn't she think that that butter looked nice, mamma?"

"To tell me everything."

"How can I?—You won't let me speak. Nellie, love, place papa's chair at the table, and when we are all seated I will answer Benny's questions. Papa would like to hear about it too."

"Yes, to be sure I should," answered a hearty voice from the little back room where John was washing his hands at the sink.

"Will you make haste, papa, please?" urged the impatient boy, who could hardly wait till the blessing of God was invoked upon their humble meal before he broke out afresh.

"Now, mamma, please tell us. What did the old lady say when—"

"Be quiet, Benny," said his father. "Now Ellen, begin at the beginning and tell us the whole story. Perhaps you would like to rest first."

"I am not tired, thank you. When I went in I thought Madam had had her rather anxious look. She didn't look exactly worried, only a little sad. So I asked what was the matter."

"Nothing very bad," she replied, "but I heard to-day that Edward Abbott has come home. He owns this house, you know, and he will be anxious to rent it. The lower rooms have been empty for a year now."

"That is strange," I answered, "for they are such convenient, nice rooms. I never come in here without wishing we could afford to hire them."

"I wish you could, my dear. Two of the chambers go with that tenement. I have only this room and that place under the eaves where I keep my wood. I have been thinking that Mr. Abbott will not like to have the rooms empty."

"But if a family should move in you would be better off. It isn't safe for you to live alone. I feel very anxious about you when we have such storms as this last. What if you should be taken suddenly ill?"

"I was not thinking of that, Ellen. A stranger family might want the whole house, and I can no longer pay the rent even of this little room. Don't look so troubled, my dear. It will all work together for my good; and surely, I who have so often proved the goodness of my Father in heaven, should not distrust him now. He will provide."

"That is true," said I, suddenly recollecting my errand. "Why, only think, I came over this afternoon to tell you that a person, who don't wish to be known, is going to send you dry wood enough to last all winter. And Madam is to cut it, he offered to do it, and the children will pack it under the eaves for you. It will be here directly. And here is a trifle from my little ones, just to show that we don't forget your goodness to us. They saved their pennies instead of buying candy. John and I encouraged them to do so, for candy spoils the teeth, you know."

"The old lady gave one unmeasured look at the contents of the basket, and then turned directly round and knelt down by her chair in the corner. I knew she was thanking God, and I hurried to put all the things in the cupboard out of sight, for I didn't want her to thank me."

"Why not, mamma?" She ought to, I am sure."

"Ah, Benny, her silent tears of gratitude said more than any words."

"But what did she say after all, mamma?"

"She had no time to say anything, for directly she stood up with bags and barrels, and boxes stacked at the door, and a clear loud voice asked if Madam Bretton lived there. I ran down stairs to reply, and met a tall, smiling-looking gentleman in the entry."

"I want to speak to Madam Bretton."

"She lives up stairs, sir."

"I have a load of groceries here. Where shall I put them?"

"A new tenant coming in, I suppose?" I said.

"Well, yes, I hope so. Are you Benny Strong's mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. The same eyes and smile. Here, Tom, put all those things into this room for the present. Now, mamma, if you please, let us see the old lady."

"He was up stairs introducing himself before I had crossed the entry, for my heart failed me as I thought that his probable errand was to warn the old lady out. But I followed as soon as I could."

"My name is Edward Abbott, I heard him say. Do you remember me? You used to call me Noddy when I was a boy and teased you. You have not forgotten me, I hope."

"No, sir. Your features are too like your father's for me to forget them. He was my husband's chum in college, and afterward they were dear friends. It was a long time ago, sir, too long ago for you to remember, but you look now as he did then."

"My father died just a month before I was born, which makes my recollections of him rather indistinct, you see."

"I wish, John, that I could give you an idea of the fun that twinkled all over his face as he spoke."

"No need, Ellen, no need, I knew him when he was a lad."

"He told Madam that he came in on an errand."

"I understand," she replied. "You own this house, and I've wanted to see you about it ever since I heard of your return. I have no money to pay the rent longer, and I ought to move out directly. Still I have thought that perhaps I might stay here and pay for it by being useful to the family below if one should move in. I could mend for them, or wash dishes, or do most any of the lighter chores about the house. Don't you think I could, sir?"

"Mr. Abbott had walked to the window and pretended to be watching the unloading of the sled. It was empty now, and he turned suddenly round."

"No, mamma, said he, 'I don't think you could. You are too old and too good for a household drudge. Both the rent, he continued, speaking up very loud, though I saw his eyes were full of tears, I don't want any rent. Do you take me for a heathen? You can stay here till the day after tomorrow if you want to. Mrs. Strong, those things below are for her. Mr. Henry Clark and the ladies at his house sent them. At least they provided the most of them. You will know now to dispose them conveniently for her use.'

"All this time he had been looking through

the door, through which he vanished with a hasty 'good day to you both,' before we could collect our wits to utter a word of thanks. There we stood staring at each other and laughing and crying like little children."

"I believe you," said John, drawing his coat sleeves across his eyes.

"Well, the wood came, and Madam came to cut it; so I got him to help me arrange the things. I wish I had brought home a list of them to show you. Flour and salt pork, and two fine hams, butter and cheese, and potatoes—O, I can't think of half—but the old lady is provided for till spring, and I am so glad, so thankful! That Mr. Abbott is a true nobleman, John. He has such a bright, cheerful look, it does one good to look at him, and—bless me!"

"What is it, Ellen? What do you see?"

"Why, there he is himself, and he is coming straight up the lane to our door."

Benny ran to open the door before the gentleman had time to rap.

"Ah, it is little Ben-evole, is it?" said Ned.

"No, sir. It's Benny Strong."

"Well, how goes the New-Year? Are you tired of it yet?"

"No, indeed. I think," said Benny, hesitating for a word to express his full appreciation of the day, "I think it's tip-top."

"Do you? I agree with you. Is your father in?"

"Yes, sir. And mamma too. And she says, sir, that the old lady is going to prime. An't you glad you helped?"

"An't I! You see, my boy, that it takes you and me to finish up things properly; so whenever you need help in such a case you must call on me."

"So I will. I should be glad to," said Benny with much earnestness. "And I guess it won't be our fault, sir, if folks are not pretty comfortable after this."

Here John, wondering at the child's tardiness, came out to invite his visitor in.

"I can stop but a moment, Mr. Strong. I came to ask a favor of you."

"I shall be glad to oblige you, sir, if I can. John looked with admiration into the kindly face, which, though browned and roughened by exposure to different climates, was still young and handsome."

"You have grown old, Mr. Strong, since I saw you last. Ten years have wrought many changes, but you are not much older than yourself, I think."

"Two years older. I am thirty-three. We are both older than we were when I helped build the west wing of Squire Clark's house with you and Miss Alice to oversee the work."

"Ned colored and laughed. 'I don't realize it. I don't feel a day older. But you, Mr. Strong, are really getting old too fast.'"

"I have had to work hard, sir, and with sickness in my family and the worst of it, I have had anxiety enough to wrinkle my forehead a little. But we are all well now, and business is looking up; so we think the future looks quite promising. Perhaps I shall grow young again."

"I hope so. Now for my errand. I have had several chances to day to rent the house where Madam Bretton lives, but I don't like to put strangers in with her. How would the house suit you? I should like you for a tenant very much. I want some one there who will look after the old lady a little. She tells me that her husband and my father were intimate friends. It was a long time ago, to be sure—you know my father was an old man when he married—but I feel as if she had a claim on my affection and care. Now, if you could go in there I should feel quite easy. I could shift the responsibility on to your shoulders. If she happened to get out of pepper or salt, or if she could let me know and save me the trouble of investigating her affairs. Don't say no, Mr. Strong. I know it is cold weather, but I could send persons to assist you about moving."

"Ellen is not thinking of the trouble of moving," replied John. "We have not so much to move as to make it a burden. Besides she has always desired to live in that house. But we have found it difficult to pay the rent of this, and I am afraid we should not be able to pay more. Your house rents for twice the sum we pay."

"What of that? I meant you to understand that Mrs. Strong would pay the rent by looking after the old lady. John Strong, you are not above giving or receiving a kindness. You will really oblige me by agreeing to my terms and moving into the house at once. When will you be ready to move, Mrs. Strong?"

"To-morrow."

"That is right. Shall I send some help?"

"No, sir. But you must let us thank you, for indeed we appreciate—"

"Yes, yes, I know. Excuse me for hurrying away."

"Indeed, sir," persisted Ellen, following him to the door, "I must say one word. We shall be quite rich and—"

"Good evening. A happy New-Year to you both. Come, little Benny. The moon is coming up clear and bright. Let us take your sled here, and coast a little on the hill-side yonder. See how it sparkles! It makes me a boy again. I would ask you all to join in our sport, but Benny and I don't want any old folks with us, do we, Benny

## The Eastern Mail.

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EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 5, 1860.

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## The Celebration.

The Glorious Fourth is no Janus-faced institution; it always comes with the same glowing countenance. The elements are always propitious, and the throat of every noisy thing, from the booming cannon to the crying baby, is untopped to herald the day that gave birth to a great and free nation. So it was in Waterville, July 4, 1860. The arrival from abroad commenced with the incoming trains on Tuesday afternoon; and from that time both population and noise bore steady increase. Not a whit less than fifteen thousand persons, by most careful estimate, rocked the cradle of liberty in Waterville on this anniversary. Those who know our cozy little village, snuggled down among the trees and along the banks of the river, can imagine how densely such a living mass would pack our streets. But everybody seemed willing to be crowded; and while everybody felt welcome, everybody was apparently glad to see them. Never in all our lives saw we such general quiet and good order in so vast a multitude. It was honorable to the growing sobriety and general morality of the great population of our vicinity, and must have been marked by good men for this indication.

The procession was formed on Front street, and took up its line of march about half past 10 o'clock. The route was short, for there was much to be done and time was precious. The long column moved up Front street to College street; down College and through Elm street to Silver street below the Universalist church; up Silver to Main street; up Main street to the A. & K. Depot, where the engine companies were to dine at the Repair Shop. The following was the order of the procession:—

## Engine Companies.

Waterville 3. Waterville. W. A. Caffray, Foreman.  
Warren 1. Roxbury, Mass. Thomas S. Robinson, Foreman.  
Victor. Kendall's Mills, Fairfield. H. B. Maynard, Foreman.  
Androscoggin 3. Lewiston.  
Foreman. This company were compelled by the hard hearted authorities of Lewiston to appear without their engine.  
Lewiston 1. Lewiston. Nahum Littlefield, Jr., Foreman.  
Defiance. Rockland. Capt. Allen.  
Excelsior. Stillwater. Wm. Henderson, Foreman.  
Ticonic. Waterville. J. C. Bartlett, Foreman.  
Pacific 4. Augusta. G. S. Ballard, Foreman.  
Tiger 6. Bangor. Ichabod E. Leighton, Foreman.  
Androscoggin. Topsham.  
Torment 2. Hallowell. Capt. Davenport.  
Tiger 4. Hallowell. Capt. Young.

## Japanese Embassy.

Two Princes, in carriage.  
Two First Ambassadors and First Interpreter.  
Two Artists on foot.  
Standard Bearer.  
Two Physicians.  
The Treaty Box with Spy borne in carriage.  
Tommy on foot, giving presents to the ladies.  
Other members of the Embassy following on foot, arranged in a triangle.

## Floral.

The thirty-three States with Goddess of Liberty, represented by 34 young ladies who sang the ode written by Mr. Leonard, as they passed.  
The Captive.  
Spring.  
Summer.  
Autumn.  
Winter.  
Hiawatha's Return to his Lodge.  
Bird's Nest.  
That world renowned old Woman who lived in a Shoe, with all her children.  
Boat, filled with children.  
Old Oaken Bucket.

Shoemaker's Shop, in active operation, from the establishment of C. S. Newell, Printing Press.

The appearance of the procession, when a view was had commanding a good portion of its length, was very fine. Fourteen fire companies, in uniform of great variety, their beautiful machines glistening in the sunshine, with music sounding and banners flying, the numerous spectators that thronged the streets, and filled every available spot, formed a most imposing spectacle. The Floral Display was not extensive, but every feature was most excellent; while the Japanese Embassy (the work of the College boys) was a little ahead of the "original Jacobus," that so crazed the Gothamites. Boston—slighted Boston—would do well to send for these formidable rivals and run an opposition to her sister cities, of whom she has been so envious.

The dinner for the firemen was at the repair shop of the A. & K. Railroad Co., and so liberal was the provision made that though one thousand persons ate of the good, plain and substantial food provided, there remained many baskets untouched, when all the numerous company were filled.

After the wants of the inner man had been supplied, and proper time allowed for rest and recuperation, the companies re-formed and took up their line of march for the place prepared for the great event of the day—the trial of engines. This was at the Bay, nearly opposite the foot of Healy Island—a spot

most admirably chosen both for the convenience of contestants and spectators. The advantages of the place were great—a broad and spacious amphitheatre, with gently sloping heights circling around, giving each individual of all that vast multitude an opportunity for witnessing the trial without crowding or jostling his neighbor. The gorgeous spectacle that greeted the eye of the beholder, when the vast throng had assembled—the firemen with their machines in the centre of the picture, at the water's edge, and the spectators crowding all the space from the Blanchard house to the head of the Plain—has not often been equalled and will not soon be forgotten by those who saw it. It was only at that moment we fully realized what a mighty host was with us.

Nature having provided so liberally for the accommodation of all concerned, there was little left for Art to do, but that little had not been neglected. Those having the matter in charge, had done everything that could be done to ensure a fair trial of the capacities of the companies and machines assembled; and nothing defeated this but a few of those accidents that will occasionally happen—bursting of hose and breaking of machines. A spacious platform had been constructed, which not only sustained the engine playing, but provided the best possible standing for the men at the brakes; a dial was placed in view of the company, that they might know how the time was passing, and not get fretted or impatient; a strong police force secured the platform and the whole length of the hose and stream to the company playing and the judges; and we think all the parties will agree that if there was ever an honestly managed trial of engines, this was one.

The order of playing had been decided by lot. The Excelsior, of Stillwater, having drawn, was first put upon the platform, and in the allotted time made five good plays, the best being 208 feet 9 in.

Warren, of Roxbury, Mass., came next. At the first trial she burst her leather hose. The Pacific hose was then put on, but this also failed. The hose of Waterville 3 was then put on, but that gave way, and she retired from the contest, having burst her hose five times. Best play, 203 feet.

Pacific, of Augusta, was third in the list. She made four good plays, the best measuring 205 feet 5 inches.

Torment, of Hallowell, was the fourth to play, and her hose burst five times, when she was compelled to retire.

Dirigo, of Portland, the fifth, made 5 plays without interruption, the best measuring 174 feet 5 inches.

Tiger, Bangor, was the sixth to take the platform. At the first trial a shackle bolt was broken; at the second she burst her air chamber and her game was up.

Androscoggin, of Topsham, the seventh, made five good plays, the best being 187 feet 9 inches.

Tiger, of Hallowell, was the eighth to mount the platform. She made five good plays, her best being 161 feet.

Victor, of Kendall's Mills, the ninth, burst her hose twice, but made two good plays, the best measuring 213 feet and 9 inches. Her play was through an inch nozzle.

Lewiston, of Lewiston, came next, and though she burst her hose once, she got three good plays. Her best one was 188 feet 4 inches.

Defiance, of Rockland, was the last. Five good plays were made, quietly but with a will, without unnecessary noise. Her best figure was 191 feet 8 inches.

This playing was horizontal, and through 200 feet of hose—the size of the stream optional with each contestant. That a comparison of the performances may easily be made we recapitulate below:—

Company	Best Play	Length
Excelsior, Stillwater	Best play	208 ft. 9 in.
Warren, Roxbury, Mass.	Best play	203
Pacific, Augusta	Best play	205 ft. 5 in.
Torment, Hallowell	Best play	140 ft. 7 in.
Dirigo, Portland	Best play	174 ft. 5 in.
Tiger, Bangor	Best play	161 ft. 1 in.
Androscoggin, Topsham	Best play	187 ft. 9 in.
Tiger, Hallowell	Best play	161
Victor, Kendall's Mills	Best play	213 ft. 9 in.
Lewiston, Lewiston	Best play	188 ft. 4 in.
Defiance, Rockland	Best play	191 ft. 8 in.

This table shows big figures, and it may not be amiss to state, that the water was drafted but four feet, being the same all the time; the playing was with the wind, a gentle breeze drawing down the river; the stream being also protected from any side current of air; and though the pipemen stood on a level with the engine, there was a descent of about two and a half feet in the two hundred feet measured. With this descent, we are quite sure that much of the playing was too high. We are also of opinion that three plays in the allotted time would be preferable to five—no engine ever bettering her second play; and that the time devoted to each play might be shortened nearly one half without any loss in distance, and with great relief to the men who are exhausting themselves needlessly.

The contest being finished, the judges—E. L. Getchell, Gen. F. Smith, J. B. Bradbury, Esq., F. P. Haviland and J. W. Phillips, of our village, and Mr. A. G. Bodfish, of Kendall's Mills—decided upon the award, and the prizes were presented to the winners by Mr. Getchell, as follows:—

First Prize, silver trumpet, valued at \$125, to Victor, of Kendall's Mills.

Second Prize, silver trumpet, valued at \$75, to Excelsior, of Stillwater.

Third Prize, a flag, valued at \$40, to Pacific, of Augusta.

LUCKY.—Two fellows from down-river, who brought run enough with them to make them late each other, fell to fighting on the wharf just before the engines began to play. The crowd had such a regular "craziness" to be close witnesses of the sport that they pressed them beyond the line between land and water, and they went to the bottom on the softer side. Too much "bad water" had prepared them to stand soaking, and both came to the top and were marched off by the police in a very forgiving condition.

## OUR TABLE.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—The engraving in the July number are—Wynn-Say, Establishment, Eng., and a spirited portrait of Rev. Charles Collins, D. D., President of Dickinson College. "Provoking to Good Works," on our outside, may be regarded as a fair sample of what may be found in the story department of this excellent magazine. Published by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$2 a year; J. P. Magee, Boston, Agent.

YOUTH'S CASSETTE AND PLAYMATE.—The June number concludes the twelfth volume of this juvenile magazine. It is full of the best sort of reading for the little folks—stories, poetry, anecdotes, &c., with plenty of chat, lots of puzzles, conundrums, charades, and other contrivances for exercising the wits. Send in your subscriptions in season to commence with the next number. Published by William Guild & Co., Boston, at \$1 a year.

STRAWBERRIES!—Notice, ye sweet toothed ladies and gentlemen, the "Strawberry Festival" at Town Hall, this evening. There will be other good things, besides a good time generally. Music by Waterville Band.

FANTASTICS.—There was many a hearty and healthy laugh, in the fresh morning air, as the Fantastics paraded through the several streets on the Fourth. Everybody should laugh at the Fantastics. They are an institution consecrated to the day, and as necessary as Santa Claus to Christmas. They call up children in the morning, and prepare them by a hearty laugh to enjoy all that follows. Kind hearted fellows, we always say—what pains they are willing to take to give us a good laugh. Good hearts among those rags, and the boys understand it so. May they long live and always come to the celebration of independence!

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.—It was highly gratifying to our citizens, one and all—as we will not doubt—to mark the good order that everywhere prevailed during the 4th. For this lot all hearty commendation goes where it is deserved, and let the example be retained for practical use on all proper occasions. The arrangements of the selectmen were well planned, and their faithful execution by the police deserved great praise; while the cheerful co-operation of our citizens, and their marked approval of the result, is most pointed evidence of the progress community is making in this respect. The few cases of intoxication that attracted attention were more than accounted for by the liquor brought in the pockets of visitors from other places. It is worthy of note that a man from Gardiner secretly put several barrels of ale into a room on Main street, a few days in advance, and privately retailed it during the day. Sellers of liquor here—to their praise be it said—suspended their sales during day. The result makes an agreeable reference, and should be remembered.

TROTTER AT THE PARK.—The trial of engines served to entertain great numbers who doubtless would have been at the Park. The distinguished horses, "Hiram Drew" and "Hector," both in fine condition, contended for the first prize of \$100. An accident to "Hiram" made it for some time doubtful whether he would trot. While walking near the track, in harness, with his driver at the bit, some men fell from the top of the high board fence directly upon his gig, and he dashed about with great fury for a time, his driver hanging all the while at the bit with most determined grasp. The gig was completely wrecked, but the beautiful horse was brought to a stand uninjured, though at great hazard on the part of Mr. Titus, the driver. The reputation of the horses gave the audience great interest in this trial. They came up for the word like two old soldiers, and got it the first time. Hiram kept the lead most of the way, and won the heat in 2:39 1/2, Hector making 2:40. The second heat was a close one. Hiram broke and fell behind, Hector leading off in fine style to the last quarter, when Hiram shot forward and came in a good neck ahead, amid cheers and shouts from the audience. The driver of Hector came up to the stand and claimed that Hiram gained by breaking. The driver of Hiram in reply charged his opponent with crowding him from his place, but called for the decision. The judges announced "a dead heat." There was a clamor of surprise and protest in the crowd about the stand, and one of the judges, the minority, withdrew and refused to return. After some discussion between the friends of the two horses, the judges announced that the "trotting on both sides was perfectly fair," but persisted in ruling "a dead heat." The driver of Hiram protested, and refused to go again, and though he offered to "leave it to the people" to direct him, he persisted in the decision and withdrew. Hector went one heat alone, and the multitude proceeded to disperse. The discovery was made that still another heat must be had just as we left the ground, and after the judges left the stand; and whether or not it came off, neither we nor the audience waited to see.

We have been thus particular in detailing this trial, for the reason that the great interest felt in it on both sides renders it likely to be misrepresented, especially as the trustees of the society proposed to take time to consider the matter before paying the prize. The audience declared loudly for Hiram, who is a well known favorite on the Kennebec, and applauded Mr. Titus, who drove and had charge of him, for the decided but gentlemanly manner in which he acted. On the other hand, nobody blamed Mr. Robinson, the owner of Hector, for claiming the award of the judges. Both horses have their warm friends, and well deserve them. The judges were Reuel Howard, Asahel M. Savage, and J. M. Judkins—the latter leaving the stand and protesting against the award.

This trial came off last, by arrangement, to enable more persons to be present—the trial of engines. The trials for the two other prizes were both taken by horses going from 3 minutes to 3 1/2, making very close heats, and to the complete satisfaction of a large audience.

## Massachusetts Correspondence.

Gaston Junction, June 30, 1860.

The note which you appended to my former communication, has caused me to remember with some sadness that before many years Waterville will cease to be the place which memory brings to mind. By this I am led to think how idle it is for us to live through this life without forming attachments to things eternal. Every man knows that as he grows old the severing of ties becomes more and more painful. Therefore it is high time that we begin to bind ourselves to things from which we can never be severed; to cut loose from every lie and all that make a lie, and become bound to truth and those who being of the Truth are heirs of eternal life.

It was my privilege to be present, this week, at the examination of the Orcad Institution of Worcester, now under the care of Dr. Pattison, formerly our fellow townsman and President of the College. I found, what I had reason to expect, that the instruction had been excellent. Those who remember the clearness and accuracy of the instruction of Miss Fanny Pattison, when connected with your Academy, will not need to be assured of this. The whole management of the school is orderly in the highest degree, and the discipline strict, yet there is no show of government. Everything moves without the appearance of authority, as in a well regulated family. The most prominent feature of the school is its religious character. Religion, in its happiest and most beautiful appearance, pervades the exercises and employments of the whole establishment. What is somewhat rare, is that all the members of the family and school, except a few very young pupils, are professors of evangelical Christianity. Worcester is a beautiful city. The Orcad is a splendid building with extensive grounds, finely situated and commanding a view of the entire city. Parents may feel sure that their daughters are under the best influences, moral, social, and intellectual, while there.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, the anniversary of the Theological Seminary at Newton occurred. Among the incidents of this interesting occasion was the dinner speech of a Virginian divine, of the Presbyterian church. He spoke of the advanced state of New England civilization, and his surprise at the great contrast he had observed between the state of things here and in the Old Dominion. He had been greatly delighted, and should go home to tell his own people what he had heard and seen. He spoke with much candor and evident good will towards Northern Institutions. But in the evening he doubtless met a new phase of New England life; one which did not so much surprise him. The preacher of the evening was Dr. Ide, of Springfield, a strong Republican and an Abolitionist to boot. His subject was "Our day and its lessons." Among the encouraging aspects of our day he said, is the rapid progress which is being made towards the abolition of slavery. The accursed traffic in human beings is sure to cease. It is written in the decrees of the Almighty—Slavery must come to an end. I have seldom heard a more thorough going denunciation of the system, on high moral grounds. It was in keeping with the speech of Senator Sumner, and like that speech went not beyond the truth. He evidently looked upon the Republican party as an agency in the hands of the Almighty by which the overthrow of Slavery is to be accomplished; for he spoke of a certain party that had planted itself on the principle that—Slavery shall not extend itself. He spoke quite feelingly of those who ignore the living issues of the day and rattle the dry bones of the past over the heads of men. The address was practical and powerful throughout.

The exercises of the graduating class were of a high order. I believe this is true of all anniversary exercises, if we may trust newspaper reports. One of the speakers is soon to be, as I am informed, a fellow citizen of yours. The subject of his essay was "The Interdependence of Doctrinal Truth." Those who heard it will congratulate you that Mr. Wood's place is to be filled by a young man of so strong and so clear a mind and so eloquent manner. You need not fear to raise high your anticipations of his power in the pulpit and his usefulness in community.

The institution at Newton is in a very prosperous condition. Its officers are men of well known ability. Its financial condition might of course be improved, but with \$100,000 of invested funds it rests on a permanent basis. Its friends have resolved to substitute a new building for the one now used, for chapel, lecture rooms, &c. The hill upon which the Institution is situated commands a view of the city and harbor of Boston, seven miles distant, and is one of the most beautiful and healthy spots in New England.

I find among your book notices one of the Year of Grace, a history of the revival in Ireland. I hope the book will be read by your readers. To those who befriend and adopt the views which it assumes it will be a source of incitement and encouragement. To others it will be a strong argument of the truth of those views.

I am informed that Hamilton's Logic, for which the world has been waiting for some months, will be out during the month of July. If our friends wish for a hymn and tune book, prepared for congregational singing, they will find one admirably adapted to their wants in the Church Choir Book, prepared by B. F. Baker & J. W. Tufts. It follows the German style of congregational singing, which is for the congregation to sing the melody of the tune and leave the harmony for the organ alone. It will not take the place of the Sabbath Hymn Book, the Plymouth Collection, and the Psalter with music, with those who now use these books. It seems to have been prepared rather for those who would not be likely to use these. The sentiments of the hymns, however, ought not to exclude it from any society. It is fitted

for choir use equally well as for congregational singing. It is to be hoped that before many decades of years our people will be prepared to praise God with the voice of singing.

G. B. G.

BANDS.—Firemen always have "music in their souls," and most of the companies who visited us on the 4th were "heralded by sweet sounds." The star of the occasion, in this respect, was the Rockland Band of nineteen pieces. It is an old and well known band of high reputation at home and abroad, and with its elegant uniform, gentle bearing, and excellent music, won the particular attention of the vast multitude. May they live to visit us again, in more quiet times. Augusta Band of sixteen pieces, is a compliment to the good taste of the State capital and did much to put us in harmony with it. Oldtown Band, of fifteen pieces, secured its full share of praise, "and yet deserved the share it failed to get." And our own Waterville Band, with its modest lack of pretence, but so fit for "sweet home" and all its associations, more than surprised us by its new developments. We commend them at home or abroad, in sum or detail, as full up to all they claim.

TEMPERANCE CELEBRATION.—There was quite a spirited Temperance demonstration at Freedom, on the Fourth. Rev. Mr. Leonard spoke to a large assemblage in a pleasant grove, and was followed by Hon. E. Knowlton, of Montville. Other exercises were had, making the occasion one to be remembered with pleasure by all who were present.

MR. JUDD, who has been selling books at auction in our village for nearly two weeks past, has gone to Augusta, to give the people of that vicinity an opportunity to provide themselves with a store of good reading. His books are all fresh and new, and first class works; while the prices are such as people choose to give. We commend him to our down river friends, as one whom they will not fail to find honorable and straightforward in his dealing—gentlemanly in his manner, and enough of a scholar and a humorist to enable them to spend an evening in his auction room very pleasantly and profitably, whether they make any purchases or not.

THE VICTOR. The "Victor" is at length victor indeed, verifying in a measure the prediction of her name. Let her wear her honors modestly, as she has won them fairly and boldly. We confess to a becoming measure of rejoicing in her success, not only because she is a near neighbor and frequent visitor, but because our sympathy runs easier with the current than against it.

Victor Co. took Defiance Co. home with them as their guests for the night; and a ball at Bunker's, to the music of the Rockland Band, consecrated the occasion to such rejoicing as firemen know how to enjoy in the glow of victory.

How it was. Those who saw the first announcement that Mr. George Robinson's horse Hector would trot against the Hiram Drew, and afterwards noticed that Mr. Lang's "General Knox" would take his place, may wonder how it was that the trial finally came off as first advertised. The explanation is that the Trustees supposed themselves authorized to announce Hector, but afterwards found his owner unwilling to enter him. Mr. Lang was applied to, and to save a fatal disappointment, with his well known generosity he tendered to the society the use of any of his horses that might be needed to meet the emergency. The announcement was made by posters. Afterwards Mr. Robinson claimed the privilege of entering Hector for the first prize; and we are glad to say that it was only with the approval of Mr. Lang that the trustees again changed the programme. We venture to say it would not have been changed without it. The society are too grateful for the repeated favors of Mr. Lang to permit him to receive abuse for generosity.

THANKS. To the chief Marshal, Maj. Joseph Marston, and his efficient aids, Messrs. George Jewell, Joseph Eaton, M. P. Getchell, Wm. Platt, Mr. Hersom, W. W. West and Henry Percival, and to the several committees whose earnest labors secured the success of our celebration, are due the earnest thanks of our citizens. None but the experienced have any idea of the amount of labor required for such an undertaking, and it is pleasant to see that in this case these labors are approved.

THE FOURTH AT S. CHINA.—The members and ladies of "Lake Division," with a large number of the friends of temperance, had a quiet cold water celebration at South China village. A procession was formed in front of the Division Hall, under the direction of A. H. Abbott, Esq., as Chief Marshal and marched to a beautiful grove near the shore of China Lake, where they were addressed by Mr. C. A. Smiley of this town—we venture to say in his usual forcible and interesting style, for upon the subject of Temperance he is always earnest and eloquent. After the exercises at the grove were finished the company proceeded to the Hall and partook of an abundant and elegant collation, concluding with the usual variety of toasts, songs and speeches.

GOSPEL BANNER.—This staunch defender of the faith accepted by the Universalists, appears in new type this week, and makes a remarkably handsome appearance. The Banner has for many years been one of the best printed papers in New England; and though always managed with great ability, it probably never stood higher in the estimation of the denomination, whose organ it is, than it does to-day.

DARING ROBBERY.—The safe of N. T. Talbot, of Rockport, was opened on Friday night last, and robbed of nearly \$1800—the thief having first entered Mr. T.'s house and abstracted the keys of the office and safe from the pockets of his pantaloons.

"Three Cheers and a Tiger."—Ah, that tiger! Often as we had read of this addition to the good old fashioned "hurrah" it was only faintly appreciated by our imagination, until the Fourth, when it addressed our senses as a vivid reality. It was neither slow nor small, as delivered by the Warrens, when parting with the Threes, at the Depot; but there was truly a wild, exultant, savage ferocity in the sound—something almost devilish—a startling compound of snarl, growl and yell—as, enforced by appropriate gesture, it burst from the Ex-Tigers of Bangor, who, ninety-eight strong, welcomed the Victors at the Depot, at the close of the trial on the Fourth. The victorious company came marching up the street—feeling well, no doubt, but bearing their honors very modestly—evidently looking for nothing beyond an ordinary salute, even when they saw the Tigers drawn up to receive them. As soon as Capt. Maynard called a halt, the Tigers began, and over and over again, it was "three cheers and a tiger"—yell upon yell, until the men were fairly exhausted. Then they broke ranks at the word, and rushing at the Victors they shook hands, embraced, congratulated, swore everlasting friendship, danced, jumped, hallooed, and yelled again, in true Frenchman style, while the amazed Victors blushed like boys at the violent demonstrations of regard on the part of their friends, and in their embarrassment hardly knew which way to turn.

CORRECTION.—We were in error in stating that the Belfast Journal had run up the Breckenridge and Lane flag. Eagerly clutching that new plank in the platform, it adheres to the northern fragment of the democratic party—claiming, and justly, too, that that resolution contains a substantial endorsement of the Dred Scott decision, and leaves the question of Slavery with the Supreme Court, the decisions of which Mr. Douglass stands bound to enforce, if elected, "though they should be made in the very teeth of a thousand squatter sovereignty legislatures." Our brother is right: Stephen A. Douglass has caved, and is playing a game of political thimble-rig.

"THE BOBOLINK MINSTREL," or Republican Songster.—Is the title of a nice little collection of campaign songs for the Republicans. It is compiled by George W. Bungey, and published by O. Hutchinson, 272 Greenwich St., New York.

PETERSON'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR for July contains a list of fifty-eight new counterfeiters, of which full descriptions are given.—It is a valuable work, for all who handle paper money. Published by T. B. Peterson and Bros., Philadelphia, at \$1 for the monthly edition, and \$2 for the semi-monthly.

Messrs. Bailey & Noyes, of Portland, have sent us a sample of De Wolfe's Copper "Erodim Pen," which we find perfectly satisfactory. If it will not corrode in ink, as is claimed, it must meet with an extensive sale.

The long expected Great Eastern steamship arrived at New York on Thursday last, having made the passage in eleven days. She was not driven to the extent of her capacity, as the great aim was to have the first trip a successful one, leaving her speed to be shown by future operations. Only a dollar is charged for admission on board. It is thought she will visit several other ports before she returns, Portland being one.

Dr. Esculapius Edwards of Baltimore, is respectfully informed that we shall give heed to his warning, "Beware of Quacks," and shall not insert his advertisement without pay in advance.

A telegraphic dispatch announces the death of Hon. Milford P. Norton, of Corpus Christi, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Texas. Mr. N. was a native of Maine, and for several years practiced law in Waterville, where he married a daughter of the late Nathaniel Gilman, Esq. He held several offices of honor and responsibility, before he left his native State.

By a funeral notice, received through the mail, we are also apprised of the death of Mr. Charles G. Norton, of the firm of H. D. Norton & Brothers, of San Antonio, son of the late Hon. M. P. Norton. His funeral occurred on the 18th ult.

CONSIDERATE.—That the energies of our readers might not be overtasked, and to leave them free to celebrate our national birth day, the editor of the Clarion kindly omitted his editorial department this week. Those who see the Clarion every week, will not fail to appreciate the favor.

EVENING COURIER.—A neat daily paper, with this title, has recently been started in Portland by Starbird & Brock, with Dr. H. H. Hiley, formerly of the Advertiser, for editor.—Like the Mail, it claims to be an independent sheet; and a demonstration against the term "neutral" expresses our own sentiments, exactly:—

FROM THE EVENING COURIER (Neutral).—Such was the credit given in the Bath Times to a leading editorial of ours, "Neutral." Dearly beloved Times, did you read our initial article? Did not we in that spirit upon the word "neutral"? My dear fellow, we claim to be independent, and the privilege of putting the good in when and where we please. Do not call us "neutral" for the future "an you love us!"

TEN THOUSAND PERSONS, of their own unaided accord, have testified that no remedy ever in the market equalled Hedding's Russia Salve in the curing of cuts, burns, acids, corns, or wounds of any description. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a box.

Cosby, a native of the Chatham Islands, was drowned at Gardiner on Sunday morning while bathing. As he was an excellent swimmer it is supposed that the accident was occasioned by the displacement of a life-preserver which he was trying. He was about 44 years of age, and was brought from the Chatham Islands, at his own request, by Mr. F. G. Bradstreet.



