



9-13-1860

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 10): September 13, 1860

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 14, No. 10): September 13, 1860" (1860). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 685.
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The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . THURSDAY, SEPT. 13, 1860.

NO. 10.

A Wedding Fifty Years Ago.

The Rev. Dr. S. was the honored and beloved pastor of a large flock on the sea coast—a great haven for ships. Many of his parishioners were sea captains, many mates of vessels, and many more before the mast. Just here, I must tell your readers how the dear old minister himself found a wife, and obtained favor of the Lord. He wasn't old then—just turned of thirty, six feet one in his stockings—a pretty man—just from the companionship of Washington, and returned an exchanged prisoner, from Canada, after that fearful tramp through the woods, in the winter of '76, as chaplain with the detachment under Gen. Arnold. Ministers in those days studied the things which make for peace. Fresh from the wars he was a peace man—settled for life, under a stated salary, and having out of his patrimony, built him a house, good and strong, (it remained upon this day.) Having completed the mansion, and given it two good coats of paint, then we cannot doubt, that after meditating in the tenanted rooms, upon such passages of scripture as 'It is not good for man to be alone,' he consecrated those rooms, the parlor, and the sitting room, and the North sitting room, and the study, to the God who setteth the solitary in families, that he prayed often and long, that he might be Divinely directed in the choice of a wife—that God Himself would provide a helpmeet for him.

I have said that the dear man, though fresh from the wars, was a man of peace, as in those days no town in New England before N. P. could boast of fairer maidens; young women more godly, who could spin more, make better butter—better housewives. All these on such occasions were caused to pass in mind before him, but the Lord had not chosen them. Perhaps he had his fears of the consequences of selecting one out of so many from his own parish—it might interfere with his usefulness! But how, and where did he get his wife?

I will tell you. He had heard that godly Dr. H. at N. away out upon the borders of the Commonwealth, had five marriageable daughters, of good repute. On a Monday morning he saddled his horse, and went on his way upon his important mission. On the third day he lifted up his eyes, and the silver Connecticut was at his feet. Who can doubt upon what portion of the guide of his youth, the man of his counsel, he most did meditate upon that day!

I cannot tell what were the beatings of that manly heart, as he hitched his horse and rapped at the door, and wondered to wit, whether the Lord had made his journey prosperous or not; but I can tell you of what was going on within the manse at that moment, for I had it from her precious lips, who was that day a maid of nineteen summers, and who was soon to be the wedded wife of him who was waiting at the door—such a mother in Israel.

It was ironing day. Mother dear was busy, we girls were driving along the ironing. We all heard her rap. "Hannah," said mother, "go to the door; take off your apron first!"

"Mother it is clean—it's good enough to see the king in." (Sweet one, how little did she dream that one so soon to be dearer to her than all but the King of Kings himself, was at that door.) I tucked up the corner of my apron, opened the door, and you, dear husband, stood before me.

"Oh! yes," said the old man; "I will remember it," and laughing until the tears ran down his cheeks—"O yes; I remember it all—it was that checked apron that did the business for me."

But to my story. I have told you that a good portion of the old pastor's parishioners were of that class who go down to the sea in ships. Jack is a strange sort of a fellow. Having had some experience among a class of them who have a wife in every port—some little of his own fickleness—when he is taken all aback, with true love in the society of the virtuous and the good, in the port he sails from—and has plighted his troth, and has changed rings; is it strange that he should be a little jealous, lest on his return from a three years' cruise, he should find his sweet heart like Sampson, given to his companion? Have many lusty matches were made, and many a couple spoiled, even after the 'forty-nail was loosed, and sometimes after the signal gun for tripping the anchor, had been fired. A very good proportion of all the weddings were of this sort. 'Parson S.' was of all others the sailor's choice to 'tie the knot.' Jack was often heard to say, 'the parson does it quick, and does it strong.' And then there were often kind words spoken at parting, such as 'she is one of my children. I will look after her, &c., &c. These words Jack carried with him, and along, in sunshine and in storm. All this made the pastor's house the scene of weddings at a moment's warning, and at strange hours. And beside, it was the custom in that day, (and one much to be commended) that all (even for weddings) went into the 'pina money' purse of the pastor's wife.

Having a large family to support, sons at college, and a stated salary, she, dear woman, looking to the main chance, cultivated this source of income. She always had a loaf of frosted cake and a glass of wine ready on such occasions. It was the good man's custom, as soon as the 9 o'clock bell had done ringing, to call the family in to prayers, and then all to bed.

The occurrence of which I am to speak took place in January, 1810. Early in the morning of that day it began to snow gently, with a light breeze from SE, increasing as the day advanced, until, as night shut in, with the wind backed in to the NE, and by S, a furious snow storm was fast blocking up the roads—men shut up their shops early; at the office of the underwriters, men taking sea risks, gathered maps and letters were consulted; the probable latitude and longitude of every expected ship was canvassed—the character for prudence and for driving of every captain was talked over. It was a dirty night, too thick to see the lights. Any vessel caught in the bay was a 'goner' before morning.

Let us pass to the parson's sitting-room. What a fearful night! said the good man, as at 8 o'clock he closed the shutters and called the family to prayers—surely we shall have no calls to night. With more than usual fervor he remembered that night a class never forgotten in his prayers—and if any ship that night were in the 'bight of the bay,' driven by the wind, tossed to and fro—now up in the heaven, now down into depths, the seamen at their wits' end, he commended them to him who sits upon the whirlwind and directs the storm.

Amid the howlings of that dreadful storm, all retired, and were soon in peaceful sleep. It was not a long continuance. Rap, rap, rap! went the ponderous brass knocker, sounding deep and loud in every room. The wife arose. "Somebody dying, I fear." The window was raised, the head out in the storm asked, "Who's there?" "It's me, came up with the blinding snow. What's wanted?" "We want to be married."

In went the head and down went the window. "It's nobody dead, but a couple want to be married. Then came a feeling after the tinder box—a striking a light." An apology

on behalf of the wife for not going down—an earnest exhortation to be quick and return to bed as soon as possible, then the instructions about the cake and wine followed, and down the good man went to perform the ceremony, if the way was clear.

The certificate of John Fitz, town clerk, was all right—the minister wished them joy, himself served them with cake and wine—all said good night, the wedding party went out into the storm, and the pastor hurried back to his warm nest.

A few words, as who were the parties, what was the fee, &c., and the good man went into his second. Not so she by his side. She was not at peace, and could not sleep. She was thinking bitter things against herself. "How could I lie thus in self-indulgence—I have not honored my husband, my head—and I have dishonored the ordinance of my husband's God." Suddenly things more temporal seized upon her.

Husband dear, are you awake? No response. She took measures to awake him. "My dear, I cannot sleep—I have done wrong—but which side of the closet did you take the wine from?"

Why from the right as you told me—Oh! what have I done—Did they drink it? "I believe so," all Mr. S. I have killed the poor things—they have drank wine of speck.

No time was lost—click, click, click again, went the flint against the steel. At length a light was procured, the good minister was dressed, and hurried out into the storm after the wedding party. He found them but too soop. He hardly passed one street, before he found them, but in a most pitiable plight—the wine was operating powerfully. Help was obtained, the bride and bridegroom taken home—they recovered.

After a while, friends ventured to ask questions, among them 'how it tasted?' "Strangely! but we thought it was because we were getting married."

The Accursed Greed for Gold.

The difficulty of getting rich is commented on by the Albany Knickerbocker, in noticing the failure of Jacob Little. He was once worth two million dollars in ready money, and had credit for five millions; just as much as when he had only two thousand he wanted that to become four thousand, he now desired to change his two millions to four millions. He was not satisfied with an income of three thousand dollars a week, but like Oliver Twist he wanted more. Reverses came and the great Bear of Wall street was prostrate. Again he recovered; and again he fell before the changing tide; and we believe he has suffered five failures, each time however, like an honorable man, paying in full all demands against him. At his present age it is doubtful if he will be able to prevent the fortune he has so long been in pursuit of, but he will undoubtedly yet make Wall street feel he is alive.

What is true of Jacob Little is true of everybody, for he has only acted out human nature. Men are never rich on their millions more than thousands or hundreds; they are never satisfied, whatever they have; they never are, but always to be blessed. We start out into the world without a cent, and think, while we toil for a mere pittance, that if we had a house over our heads we could call our own, we should be independent and contented; then we want five or ten thousand dollars; and by the time that has accumulated the expenses of living have pressed upward so fast that we must double it to keep clear of absolute want. Next the man may have his fifty or a hundred thousand; but the value of money has changed to him; a dollar was once bigger than a double now; and there is the same desire to be rich as when the half eagles in his pocket were only pennies. Happiness is not in riches; wealth is not in abundance; independence and contentment depend not upon the extent of lands, the number of ships, or the list of stocks one calls his own; it all depends upon the state of mind; and he who learns to do without what is not absolutely necessary, is making just as much progress towards contentment—perhaps more—as he who has acquired the means of satisfying that needless want. The actual wants of mankind are few and simple and easily supplied; it is the artificial—the luxuries, that make us slaves; and beyond these we have imaginary or anticipated wants, which may never come to us, that burden and perplex the soul. We have not the least comprehension that the future will supply its own needs, that to-morrow will be as abundant as today; we have no faith that God will temper the storms to the condition of the man, or give supplies when required and to the exact amount needed; and therefore doing our own work and assuming God's supervision, living in to-day all the future, and seeking for all to supply natural and artificial wants, for all time, civilized society is a state of servitude.

The ruling passion of this nation and this age is love of riches, not alone for riches, but for the power which riches give, and the happiness hoped for from abundance and influence. The first thing we teach a child is to fall down and worship the molten calf, to sacrifice all the fresh feelings and generous impulses of the soul, perhaps banish God himself from all his thoughts, to obtain the golden fruit. If there are any saints in this country they are not those canonized for piety and benevolence, who gave all for the glory of God and the good men; who sacrificed power to aid the lowly, gave up fortunes to feed the hungry, put away rich apparel to clothe the naked, and went about always doing good; they are the Gerards and the Astors, the money kings, who may be have denied themselves what human nature demanded, and forgot that others lived and suffered; who could remember how many perished, crushed to earth in their race for gold, but whose account books, when they shall be opened in the great judgment, will not show one act of goodness or benevolence performed by their own self-denial.

But while the greed of gain is not to be commended as the ruling passion of life—to engross all the faculties and absorb all our moments; to contract the understanding, vitiate the moral sense, and render us insensitive to the happiness of others, still the acquisition of wealth, when regulated by justice and moderation, is both profitable and desirable. It is the basis of action that advances and develops the race, that civilizes and christianizes the world. It is the abuse and not the use of acquisitiveness that is to be censured. The lust for gold is the cause of many vices; but a rational desire for it, not as an object worthy in itself but as a means and instrument, is the source of our virtues. It is this that awakens

enterprise, and gives the spring to our commerce; it whittens every sea with our sails and fills every port with our ships; it clears away the forests and changes the wilderness to a garden; and it calls into existence lovely villages and busy cities. It gives employment, happiness, and hence higher morality and virtue.—[Newburyport Herald.]

Wholesome Truth.

In looking through some of the Annual Reports of the Massachusetts Blind Asylum, we find the following concise and forcible exposition of the responsibilities of the parental relation, which we cannot forbear copying, though we have already published much to the same purport. It occurs in Dr. Howe's Report for 1848.

Men violate the natural laws; they go out of the way of nature. Nature would bring them back; she sends outward ailments as signs of inward infirmities; this not being enough, she says, I will visit these infirmities upon your children to the third and fourth generation; if ye will not mind for your own sakes, ye shall for theirs.

I believe that a general knowledge of the existence of this stern and inexorable law will do more to diminish the number of infirmities with which the human race is afflicted than anything else can do, and I shall therefore dwell still longer upon it in reference to the blind.

The experience of many years, an acquaintance with several hundreds of blind persons, and much personal inquiry, have convinced me that when children are born blind, or when they become blind early in life, in consequence of diseases which do not usually destroy the sight, the predisposing cause can be traced to the progenitors in almost all cases. Moreover, I believe, that where the predisposing cause cannot be so traced, it is only in consequence of our ignorance, and not because there are exceptions to the rule.

When the parents or relatives of blind children are questioned in a way which seems to imply the suspicion of the existence of some hereditary cause of the infirmity, they at first deny the possibility of such cause, and often repel the supposition indignantly, as something derogatory to the honor of the family. They usually do this, also, in all honesty and sincerity; for they are not aware of the number and extent of the causes.

A single case, which occurred recently, one out of a hundred similar ones, may illustrate my meaning. I was questioning a man as to the causes of the blindness of his son, about which he was not only in ignorance, but, much worse, in error, for he half believed that his wife having seen the eyes of a cat glittering in the dark had something to do with it. As for any hereditary cause, he never dreamed of it; and yet this man himself was exceedingly purblind; he could not see a thing without poking his nose into it; and always went about with his eyes half shut, and winking and blinking, when the daylight was strong. I found, upon inquiry, that his own sister was as purblind as himself, and could never bear the strong light of day without half closing her eyes; and moreover, that his father and mother were of feeble temperament, and full cousins.

The hereditary tendency to disease among the progeny of persons related by blood, or of persons whose physical condition is vitiated in various ways, is not seen at once, and may be entirely overlooked, for various reasons. In the first place, there may be only a strong tendency or predisposition to some infirmity, as blindness, deafness, insanity, idiocy, &c., which is not developed without some immediate exciting cause. Thus I have known persons of a particular family become blind of one eye in consequence of a slight blow from a chip; then, after some years, become blind of the other from a trifling injury with a finger; or from other causes, so slight as to be borne with impunity by ordinary persons.

Now, if some members of such a family should, by great regularity of life, or by rare good fortune, escape all accidents or exciting causes, which would bring on disease, they would probably never suspect the existence of their danger. Or if they were fearful of the tendency, and by great caution escaped the danger, it would be exceedingly difficult to prove the existence of any hereditary taint.

It is common to say of certain families, of which, perhaps, only one person was quite mad, that there is something odd about all the members of it. Now, if we could see the manifestations of tendencies to a morbid condition of the body, as we see the tendencies to insanity in strange actions of men, we should discover them where none are supposed to exist.

In the second place, diseased tendencies in parents, whether derived from their ancestors, or planted in their constitutions by intemperance or abuse, do not always manifest themselves by the reappearance of the same infirmity or disease in the offspring. Scrofula, for instance, will reappear in a thousand forms; it may be blindness, it may be deafness, it may be white swelling, it may be something else. I have known cases where it was impossible to find any instances of blindness occurring in a family previous to the one under examination, and yet, upon further inquiry, learned that there had been cases of insanity and rickets among the immediate relatives. A clear understanding of this law of the transmission of diseased tendencies, both of body and mind, will do much towards banishing disease and suffering from among the children of men.

It will be seen that the wit of a man cannot devise a way of escape from the penalty of a violated law of nature; that not a single abuse, not a single excess, not a single abuse of any animal propensity, ever was or ever can be committed without more or less evil

consequences; that sins of this kind are not and cannot be forgiven. There may be those who will harden their hearts and stiffen their necks, and be willing to bide the consequences to themselves for the sake of their sensual pleasures. But there will appear in the far-off and shadowy future, the beseeching forms of little children—some half, or lame, or blind, or deformed, or decrepit, crying in speechless accents, 'Forbear, for our sakes; for the arrows that turn aside from you are ranking in our flesh'; others, having the seeds of direful passions—envy, hatred, malice, uncleanness—say sadly, 'O, bridge your passions, or they will tear us aunder like wild horses!'. Then it shall be seen, that, if the fathers will not curb their passions, the children's teeth shall be set on edge; that many a mother is responsible for the pride, the vanity, the lust of her daughter; that many a father is as guilty of the death of his son upon the gallows as though he twisted the rope about his neck with his own hands.

Then many a woman will rouse herself to the stern duty of observance of every law of health, of abstinence from all luxury and all slothfulness, for the sake of those dear ones who may be born to her; and many a man will abandon sensual indulgences which he would have clung to through life but for fear of cursing his future offspring with hellish passions.

Then will some soar to such an exalted pitch of virtue as to forego their dearest hopes, and resolutely keep aloof from any relation of life that might cause them to hand down bodily or mental infirmities upon the innocent ones of the coming generations.

Then will light be thrown upon the laws of the pestilence that walketh in darkness—from generation to generation, and the wisdom and goodness of God be made manifest even in them.

Then many a case of blindness, or deafness, or infirmity, instead of being looked upon as a mysterious dispensation of Providence, will be seen to be only the penalty of a violated law which was enacted in kindness and love.

Then the love of God to men will be manifested even in afflictions, and his praise will be perfected out of disease and suffering, as well as out of health and enjoyment.

Then it will be seen, that, if this world is a vale of tears, it is full of deformity, and suffering, and sickness and crime, it is man and not God that maketh it so.

OUR FOREMOTHERS—Some good-natured wag, zealous for the honor of womanhood, has given utterance to the following tribute to his ancestors on the female side. It is well done and well worth the reading:

We hear enough about our forefathers. They were nice old fellows, no doubt. Good to work, eat or fight. Very well. But where are their helpmates, their 'chims'—who, as their helpmates, urged them along? Who worked and dived for our forefathers, brushed up their old clothes, and patched their breeches? Who also involved themselves for the cause of liberty? Who nursed our forefathers when sick—sang Yankee Doodle to their babies—who trained up their boys? Our foremothers.

Who landed at James River, and came over, in the Mayflower, and established the other early settlements? Were there any women among them? One would think not. Our Yankee neighbors, especially, make a wonderful talk about the Pilgrim Fathers who squatted on Plymouth Rock, and there is a great ado made over it every time they wish to get up a little enthusiasm on liberty, and refresh themselves by crowing over Freedom; and the chivalry of Virginia are not a whit behind them, when they take a notion to vaunt themselves upon the glory and greatness of the Old Dominion; and our staid Pennsylvania Quakers, too, like to plume themselves slyly upon the merits and doings of William Penn and his associates; but, with all the 'blarney' so plentifully distributed on all sides, what do we hear or gather about the foremothers? Didn't they land on a rock too? Didn't they encounter perils and hardships? And, after all, didn't they, with their kind hearts, sustain the flagging spirits of their male companions?

Who ushered us into this world—our forefathers? Bah! No, indeed, it was our foremothers. Who nursed George Washington, Anthony Wayne, Ben Franklin, Israel Putnam, and a host of other worthies whose names will live forever, and taught them to be men and patriots? Didn't our foremothers? And who gives them the credit they deserve? Nobody.

We have our monuments commemorating, and our speeches, our songs, our toasts, and our public dinners, celebrating the wonderful deeds of our forefathers, but where are those in honor of our foremothers? We had better be getting them ready. We talk ourselves hoarse, and write ourselves round shouldered while belling over with enthusiasm about the nice things our forefathers did, and yet nothing is said about our foremothers, to whom many a virtuous act and brave deed may be ascribed, such as any hero would be proud to own.

We wish not to detract. All hail to the noble old men, our forefathers, say we. May the glory of their deeds never be less; but the good book tells us to 'render unto Caesar, etc., and we wish to speak a word in season for women generally, and especially for our noble and self-sacrificing foremothers, lest time and the one-sided page of history shall blot them forever from our memories.

ATTRACTION AND CONDUCTION.—It seems very difficult to root out the long settled popular opinion that lightning rods are not simply conductors; they do not perform the office of attracting and thus drawing the lightning. One says: if an iron rod has no attractive power for lightning, would not wood or any other substance, answer just as well for lightning conductors? In order to correct such views, we will state at the outset that attraction and conduction are two entirely different principles of operation. The rain which falls upon the roof of a house is conducted to the ground by a pipe; but it is not the pipe or conductor which causes it to flow to the ground, but the attraction of gravitation. It is just the same in principle with lightning and electric conductors. A magnet possesses attractive powers and it holds fast those bodies which it attracts, but lightning-rods do not hold fast the electric fluid; their functions are entirely different; they simply transmit the electric fluid through them. Copper is far superior to

steel as a conductor, yet it does not possess magnetic attractive properties. No person can tell why it is that one metal is a better conductor than another, or why glass is not a conductor of electricity; we only know by practice and experiment that such is the case. Silver is the best of all conductors; and if the Washoe mines, in California, should continue for many years to yield the large amounts of silver which are stated to have been obtained from their ores, we may yet have the pleasure of beholding silver, instead of old, rusty, iron rods projecting above the roof of every mansion and barn in our country. [Scientific American.]

Each the Best.

A gentleman called for medical advice the other day, whose reputation as the manufacturer of a certain article of hardware would sell anything with his name upon it. On being asked if the quality of the article depended on any secret mode of preparation or any peculiarity of handwork, or any patent protection he replied: 'Nothing of the sort; the article is not patented, nor is there any secret in my establishment. On the contrary, while my process is peculiar, it has at the same time been made public, and I have debated the propriety of my course, and defended it against my friends and rivals in the same business. I took my stand at the age of twenty years, and have resolutely adhered to it for nearly a third of a century, through every phase of the market; there is no year of all that time, in which we failed to make money; although, at times, we may have been compelled to sell at actual cost. But how, for many years, I have had the preference in the markets of the world; seeing this, my name was printed by thirty manufacturers in Manchester, at one and the same time, and in every single case, the English courts decided in my favor and compelled the rectification of the wrong.'

My plan was simply this; I allowed my name to be stamped only on the very best article my establishment could turn out. I had a finished expert in each particular branch and stage of the manufacture, to inspect the article; he had nothing else to do, and it was not passed, until each one had declared that it was without a flaw. At first multitudes were thrown aside, but by rigidly requiring each department to strive to make each successive article better than any that preceded it, we now habitually make 'each the best,' and this is the answer to your question. So he will live longer, who will strive to make each day the best, in industrious exercise and a comprehensive temperance; who, if he work too little to-day for a good night's rest, will strive to work more to-morrow; if he eats too much to-day for subsequent comfort, will retrench to-morrow, or so modify his eating in quantity or quality, that there will be no unpleasant reminder after any meal, that an excess has been committed; this apparently little thing has engaged the attention, and waked up the resolves, and baffled the efforts of the greatest minds in all ages; showing that a brute appetite wars daily with a nature divine, as, in landslides, capidity tempts integrity, and generally overcomes it; hence so few men, in any branch of business legitimately succeed in the long run.

Let every nurse, then, endeavor to do better with each succeeding invalid; let every physician endeavor to give more thought and attention to each new patient, and let us all, in all things, strive patiently, resolutely, persistently, to make each day better than any that preceded it, and thus do more than could possibly be done in any other way, to prevent our lives being a failure; a calamity than which no greater could befall any man. Reader! let you and I strive to live so that it may be justly inscribed on the slab which covers our graves, 'HE DID NOT LIVE IN VAIN.'

[Hall's Journal of Health.]

JOHN NEAL.—A Portland correspondent of the Boston Journal of Saturday, furnishes the following condensed sketch of the varied experience and labors of one of our eminent citizens:

Speaking of the authors, I saw one to day who has filled a large space in early American literature, and with Irving and the late Robert Welch, was among the first natives of the United States who, by their writings in English magazines and reviews, first made the name of American respected in literary circles abroad. I refer to John Neal, also a Portlander. What a career his has been! Born Quaker, but emancipating himself at an early age, he became a young broad brim, when a boy of twelve, placed in a dry goods shop, salesman in Portland and Portsmouth, teacher of penmanship in the principal Eastern towns, Clerk, shopkeeper and speculator in general, in Boston and New York, capitalist and partner with John Pierpont (who has also run a singular career, but has not come out so well as Neal), half owner of a wholesale store in Charleston, S. C., and of two of the same kind, and one retail establishment in Baltimore—great business—crash—failure—Pierpont studied divinity, and Neal—the lawyer—becomes author, turns editor, in 1817 writes a book entitled 'Keep Cool,' a novel, written in hot weather (the author's subsequent description of it is a 'foolish, fiery thing, with a good deal of nature and originality and much more nonsense and flummery in it,' writes poetry, becomes popular, supports himself handsomely by his literary labors, writes a two volume novel ('Randolph') in twenty-nine days, many more books slip out from his pen, goes to England, and becomes a regular contributor to the leading English reviews and magazines; is sought by Jeremy Bentham, and a warm friendship ensues, and Bentham's house is Neal's home as long as the latter remained in England; travels on the continent; after four years absence returns to the United States, and again becomes editor, lawyer, and finally settles down in his own beautiful 'Forest City.' The greatest and noblest change I have not mentioned. A few years ago John Neal became a Christian, and as such may now often be seen in places and in labors which years ago were farthest from his thoughts. No one to day, who sees him at the head of his Sunday School class in Dr. Chickering's lecture-room, would dream that that animated, smiling countenance which looks the very essence of perennial youth, has been shone upon by sixty-six summers. Authorship he has not entirely laid aside, for during the past year Ticknor and Fields have published his 'True Womanhood,' which embodies certain phases of the revival of 1858. He now lives in one of the prettiest parts of Portland, and employs a part of his leisure time in writing literary notices and re-

views upon his own initials, for the Portland Transcript.

SHOW AND FAIR

OF THE
N. KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
TO BE HELD AT
WATERVILLE, ME.
Tuesday & Wednesday, Oct. 22 & 23, 1860.

PREMIUM LIST.
HORSES.
For best Stallion \$10; 2d, do. \$5; 3d, Vol. Agriculture of Maine.
Best Breeding Mare, \$5; 2d, \$3; 3d, do.
Best pair matched Horses for all work \$5; 2d, \$3; 3d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Best Mare or Gelding \$2; 2d do. Vol. Me. Agriculture.
Com. Tufson Simson, Frank Lawrence, G. H. Bowman.

CATTLE.
For best colt Mare or Gelding, 8 years old, \$3; 2d do. Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Best colt Mare or Gelding, 2 years old, 2,00; 1 year old, 1,00; 2d, same.
Best Stud Colt, 8 years old, 3,00; 2d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Best Stud Colt, 2 years old, 2,00; 2d, same.
Com. Charles C. Stratton, Sam'l S. Parker, Omer Taylor.

BULLS.
Best Bull, 2 years old or upward, 5,00; 2d do. 3,00; 3d, 2,00.
Best Bull, under 2 years old, 3,00; 2d, 1,00; 3d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Best Bull Calf, 2,00; 2d, 1 Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Com. Charles Burgess, Elbridge Johnson, Charles B. Crowell.

COWS.
Best Dairy Cow, 3,00; 2d, 2,00; 3d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Com. Warren Percival, Chas. A. Dow, Nathan Perry.

HEIFERS.
Best Heifer, 3 years old, 2,00; 2d, Volume Maine Agriculture.
Best Heifer, 2 years old, 2,00; 2d do. Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Best Heifer, 1 year old, 2,00; 2d, same.
Com. Josiah Morrill, Charles Hayden, Daniel Holway.

OXEN.
Best pair matched Oxen, 5,00; 2d, 3,00; 3d, 2,00; 4th, Volume Maine Agriculture.
Com. Seth Holway, Erastus Piper, Elbridge Morrison.

DRAWING OXEN.
Best Drawing Oxen, 4,00; 2d, 3,00; 3d, 2,00; 4th, Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Best Drawing Oxen under 5 years old, 4,00 2d, 3,00; 3d, 2,00; 4th, Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Com. Bradford Sawtelle, Crowell, Bickford, Leonard Getchell, Silas Hoxie, Albion Richardson.

STEERS.
Best pair Steers, 3 years old, 3,00; 2d, 2,00; 3d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Best pair Steers, 2 years old, 2,00; 2d, \$1; 3d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Best pair Steers, 1 year old, 2,00; 2d, 1,00 3d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Best pair Steer calves, 1,00; 2d, Vol. Me. Agriculture.
Best trained Steers, by a boy not over 16 years old, 2,00; 2d, 1,50; 3d, 1,00.
Com. Watson Jones, William Eldred Cheaton Drummond.

TEAM OXEN.
Best Team of Oxen from any town, 8 pairs or more, 8,00; 2d, 6,00; 3d, 4,00.
Best Team of Steers from any town, 8 pairs or more, 6,00; 2d, 4,00.
Com. Alfred Lawrence, Perry Tiffany, Bainbridge Crowell.

SHEEP.
Best Flock 25 or more, 6,00; 2d, 4,00; 3d, 2,00.
Best Fine Wool Buck, 3,00; 2d, 1,00; 3d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Best Long or Middle do. 3,00; 2d, 1,00; 3d, same.
Best 6 or more Fine Wool Ewes, 3,00; 2d, 1,00.
Best Long Wool do. 3,00; 2d, 1,00.
Best 6 or more Ewe Lambs, 2,00; 2d, 1,00.
Best 2 or more Bucks do. 2,00; 2d, 1,00.
Best 6 or more Fat Sheep 2,00; 2d, 1,00.
Com. Albert N. Greenwood, E. C. Snell, Amasa C. Shores.

SWINE.
Best Boar 2,00; 2d, 1,00.
Best Sow 2,00; 2d, 1,00.
Best Litter of Pigs, 5 or more, 2,00; 2d, 1,00.
Com. George Wentworth, W. B. Hamlin, Elijah Woodman.

FAT CATTLE.
Best Fat Oxen 2,00; 2d, Vol. Maine Agriculture.
Best Fat Cow, Steer, or Heifer 2,00; 2d, Volume Agriculture.
Com. John A. Jenkins, A. Richardson, Sam'l Huzzey.

FOWLS.
Best lot Hens, 1,50; 2d, 1 Volume Maine Agriculture.
Best lot Turkeys, 1,50; 2d, 1 Volume Maine Agriculture.
Best lot Geese, 1,50; 2d, Volume Maine Agriculture.
Com. James S. Craig, H. P. Cousins, Willoughby Taylor.

TROTTER HORSES.
For Fastest trotting Stallion \$15; 2d, 10,00; 3d, 5,00.
For Fastest trotting Mare or Gelding \$15; 2d, 10,00; 3d, 5,00.
For Fastest trotting Mare or Gelding under 5 years old, 10,00; 2d, 5,00.
For Fastest trotting Mare or Gelding under 4 years old, 8,00; 2d, 5,00.
No premium to be paid unless the time made is under 4 minutes.
Com. John Huzzey, J. C. Bartlett, and John Mullen.

CROPS AND MANURES.
For Best Crop of Corn, 75 or more bushels per acre, 3,00; 2d, 2,00; 3d, 1,00.
Best Crop of Oats, 50 or more bushels per acre, 2,00; 2d, 1,00; 3d, Volume Maine Agriculture.
Best Crop of Barley, 40 or more bushels per acre, 2,00; 2d, 1,00; 3d, Volume Maine Agriculture.
Best Crop Summer or Winter Rye, twenty bushels or more per acre, 2,00; 2d, 1,00.
Best Crop Peas and Beans 1-2 acre or more, 1,00; 2d, 1 Volume Maine Agriculture.
Best Crop of Peas or Beans raised with Potatoes 1,00; 2d, 1 Volume Maine Agriculture.
Best Crop of Potatoes not less than 200 bushels per acre, also Turnips, Beets and Carrots, not less than 500 bushels per acre, each, 2,00; 2d, 1,00; 3d, 1 Volume Maine Agriculture.

Best sample Corn, Beans, Peas, Barley, Oats, Rye, Potatoes, Turnips, Beets, Carrots, Onions, Tomatoes, Squashes, Pumpkins, Cabbages, each 1 Vol. Me. Agriculture.
For the largest and best lot of manure prepared at the least expense, with written statement of amount, method, and cost of the same.

to embrace some improvement upon the common method of manufacturing and saving manure, 3,00; 2d, 2,00; 3d, 1,00.

For the most extensive and satisfactory experiment in the application of manure to the hoed crops, 3,00; 2d, 2,00; 3d, 1,00.

For the best and most successful experiment in top dressing grass land 2,00; 2d, 1,00. Com. Thomas Ayer, H. C. Borleigh, Chas. Stuart.

FRUIT.

For best display of Fruit of all kinds, 2,00; 2d, 1,00.

Best display of Winter Fruit, 1,00.

Best display of Pears, 3 or more kinds, \$1; 2d, 1 Vol. Me. Agriculture.

Best display of Plums and Grapes, 3 or more kinds, 1,00.

Com. Daniel R. Wing, I. W. Britton, John P. Stratton.

BREAD, BUTTER, CHEESE, HONEY, SUGAR.

For best lot butter 20 pounds or more, \$3; 2d, 2,00; 3d, 1,00.

Best of Cheese 50 pounds or more, 3,00; 2d, 2,00; 3d, 1,00.

Best lot Flour Bread, 1,00; best Brown Bread, 1,00.

Best sample Honey, 20 pounds or more \$1; 2d, 50.

Best sample Maple Sugar, 20 pounds or more 1,00; 2d, 50.

Best sample Maple Syrup, 1 gallon or more 1,00.

Com. E. L. Getchell, and Wife, John L. Servey and Wife, and C. H. Davis & Wife.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES AND IMPLEMENTS.

For Best Sward Plow, showing some improvement from those heretofore shown, 2,00; 2d, 1,00.

For best Stubble Plow 1,50; 2d do. Vol. Me. Agriculture.

For best Harrow or other instrument for pulverizing the soil, an improvement upon the wedge tooth Harrow 1,00; 2d, 50.

For best Hay Fork, Manure Fork, Scythes, Shovels, Hoes, Axes, Horse Rakes, Wheel Barrow and Hand Cart 1,00.

For best Single Wagon, Double Wagon, 2,00 each; 2d, 1,00.

For best 1 Horse farm wagon, Horse cart, and Sleigh, 1,00 each.

For best Ox cart, Horse hoe, 1,00.

For best Ox yoke and Bows 1 Volume Me. Agriculture.

For best Improved Seed planter, 1,00; best Fan Mill, 1,00.

For best Specimen Cabinet Work, 2,00; of House Doors, 1,00.

For the largest and best exhibition of farm ing implements from one establishment, 2,00; 2d, 1,00; 1 Vol. Me. Agriculture.

Com. Ira E. Getchell, Alonzo Davis, William Brown.

LEATHER AND LEATHER GOODS.

For best half dozen Calf skins, 1,00; best Sole Leather, 1,00.

For best Calf Cowhide Boots, 1,00; best Calf Boots 2 pairs or more 1,00; best specimen Ladies Winter Boots, 1,00; best specimen Child's Winter Boots or Shoes 1,00.

For best Double Harness, \$2; best single Harness 2,00.

Com. William Jordan, Andrew Archer, Henry B. White.

HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

For best Flannel for fulled cloth, Cotton and Wool Flannel, Wool Carpeting, Cotton and Wool Carpeting, or Rag Carpeting, 75 each.

For best Hearth Rug, Woolen Shawl, or Wool Cape, 75 each.

For best Wool yarn, Wool mittens, Wool Hose, (Men's and Women's) 6 or more pairs, 50 each; 2d, 25.

For best Specimen Plain and Fancy needle work or Fancy Worsted Work 50 each.

For best specimen of Darning Stockings 50.

Com. Mr. & Mrs. W. A. F. Stevens, Mr. & Mrs. W. K. Lunt, Mr. & Mrs. Alfred Winslow.

GIRLS WORK.

For best Bed Quilt, 50; 2d, 25; best specimen Knitting, Plain Sewing, Fancy Needle Work, worsted, cotton or linen; Mending Clothing or Stockings, 50 each; 2d, 25.

For best specimen Brown or White Bread 1,00; 2d, 50.

Liberal notices and Gratuities will be given for any article, machine, or implement calculated to facilitate and lessen the labor of the Farmer and the Farmer's wife.

Com. Mr. & Mrs. J. B. Bradbury, Mr. & Mrs. E. M. Sawtelle, Mr. & Mrs. C. R. McFadden.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

Com. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Elden, Mr. & Mrs. William A. Coffey, Mr. & Mrs. E. R. D. Hammond.

FINE ARTS.

Com. Rev. & Mrs. W. A. P. Dillingham, Rev. & Mrs. Edward Hawes, Mr. & Mrs. E. Maxham.

FARM STOCK.

Com. Greenleaf Lowe, Elihu Lawrence, Sam'l. Blaisdell.

Com. of Arrangements. L. E. Crommett, Jos. Davis, Simon Keith.

Marshall, Martin V. Heron. Assistant do, Henry H. Percival.

Jos. Percival, Secretary.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Entries of Animals and Articles for the premiums may be made with the Secretary any time previous to the first day of the Show and must be made at any rate before 11 o'clock of said day as at that hour the papers will pass into the hands of the committees, after which entries will not be received. Blanks to be filled by competitors may be had of the Secretary when the entries are made, and must be returned to him before the awards are made by the committees.

Entries of Crops and Manures must be made with the Sec. before the first Monday in November and statements as required by law furnished before any awards will be made.

All Manufactured Articles must be produced within the limits of the Society to entitle them to the premiums; but any article deemed worthy, although of foreign production, will receive the attention and commendation of the committees.

The payment of one dollar constitutes a person a member of the Society and entitles them to all its privileges, which are a free ticket to the Show and Fair for themselves, their Lady and minor children, and the use of the library for one year.

Tickets of admission to persons not members to the Show ground and Fair, 25 cts., or to either of them 15 cts., carriages free.

License for the occupancy of land for the sale of merchandise or refreshments, two dollars for each square Rod and no license granted for a less sum.

In All Animals except trotting horses must be on the ground and in the places assigned by the Marshalls by 10 o'clock on the first day of the Show and competitors must remain with their Animals until the committees have completed their examination.

2d. Arrangements will be made at the Town Hall for the exhibition of manufactured and such other articles as may be presented there, and a competent committee will have charge of them to take proper care and arrange them in the best manner for exhibition, and all articles entered for premium or exhibition must be in the hands of the committee at the Hall at or before 2 o'clock of the first day of the Show, and must remain in their places until 4 o'clock of the second, and must be exhibited without the name of the owner. At the time of making the entry the Secretary will furnish a number for each article, which must be permanently attached.

31. All committees on Stock are requested to report themselves promptly to the Trustees or Marshalls who will show them the Animals to be examined by the several committees. Also the committees on articles at the Hall will be in session at 2 o'clock and close their examination on the first day of the Show, and spectators will not be admitted while the committees are making their examination.

4th. The Hall will be opened to the public at 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening at which time the Waterville Band are expected to be present and also at 9 o'clock on Wednesday and continue open through the day.

An Address will be delivered before the Society in the Hall at 2 o'clock P. M. Wednesday by a member of the Society, after which the adjudge committees will report their awards and such other business be transacted as may properly come before the Society.

Hay will be furnished on the Show ground for the Stock.

Arrangements have been made with Ticonic and Winslow Bridges for Stock with necessary drivers to pass free.

Per order, Jos. Percival, Sec.

The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, SEPT. 13, 1860.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 119 Nassau Street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

S. R. NILES, (successor to V. B. Palmer), Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston, is authorized to receive Advertisements at the same rates as required at this office.

Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial department of this paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING, or 'EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.'

Vote of Waterville.

The vote thrown in this town, on Monday last, was a heavy one—being larger by 213 than last year. The day was pleasant; both parties were active, and very few failed to visit the ballot box. The result was as follows:—

For Governor. Israel Washburn, Jr. 532; Ephraim K. Smart, 247; Phineas Barnes, 22; Reuel Williams, 1.

Representative to Congress. Anson P. Morrill, 504; Benjamin A. G. Fuller, 248; George C. Getchell, 9; Freeman H. Morse, 10; Charles H. Snickpole, 1; John S. Tenney, 1.

Sensors. Calvin Hopkins, 527; James A. Bicknell, 526; Warren Percival, 527; Amasa Taylor, 248; Harrison Small, 248; Albion R. Miller, 248.

County Commissioners. Nathaniel Chase, 527; Bradford Sawtelle, 249; Isaac Fairfield, 1.

Sheriff. John Hatch, 530; Daniel H. Brown, 257; John A. Pettigill, 1.

Judge of Probate. Henry W. Baker, 528; Emory O. Bean, 240; Chas. H. Snickpole, 1.

Register of Probate. Joseph Burton, 528; Ariel Wall, 248.

County Treasurer. Daniel Pike, 530; Sewall N. Watson, 248; Charles H. Snickpole, 1.

Representative to the Legislature. Joseph Percival, 517; Frederick P. Haviland, 263; Sumner Percival, 4; S. Heath, 2.

The vote for Governor, last year stood—Lot M. Morrill, 383; M. H. Smith, 205; Samuel Fessenden, 1.

THE RESULT AND ITS EFFECT. It is not mainly to exult over a defeated opponent, but it is honorable to rejoice in the triumph of principles for which we have made sacrifice.

The result of the election in Maine does not establish the truth of republican over democratic principles; but it strengthens the hands and hearts of the former by showing that they are gaining the approval of good men while their opponents are losing it. This gives hope and energy for future action, and in the same measure weakens the efforts against which they have to contend. The whole country was looking to Maine, to see how her first blow would tell upon the coming struggle; and it will not be denied by either party that they have done all that could be done to secure a triumph. Not only her own interests, but the interests of all her sister States, were concentrated in the contest; and the best interest of the nation has been contributed to her aid, as if her fate were known to be the fate of all.

The result has been more decided than could have been looked for by either party, and the effect upon the general contest must of course be proportionally beyond all expectation. Cheering beyond measure is the news to the republicans in all the other States, and they will go to their work with a degree of courage and zeal they have not felt before.

In Maine the battle is over. The contest in November will be without doubt on one side and without hope on the other. Twenty-five thousand majority is but a reasonable estimate for the republicans, and their main ambition will be to see how noble a record they can make in one of the most direct contests between freedom and slavery that has ever come to the ballot box.

DROWNED. A fine little boy, aged 5 years, son of Mr. Joseph Richards, who resides at the Head of the Falls, was drowned in the Kennebec on Friday last. He was fishing, with another small boy, and fell from the dam into deep water. His companion supposed he would swim out, and did not give the alarm till too late.

ORDINATION.—On Thursday last Mr. Geo. D. B. Pepper, a recent graduate of the institution at Newton, was ordained as pastor of the Baptist Church in this village. The attendance was not so large as we expected to see, but the house was tolerably well filled and much interest was manifested in the exercises of the occasion. The subject of the sermon, which was by Rev. Dr. Hovey, of Newton, was—'The regenerating power of the Gospel on the moral nature of man.' Eminent plain and practical, from the theological standpoint of the speaker it was sound and logical, and was evidently well relished by the congregation. The prayer of Father Drinkwater, which accompanied the laying on of hands, was simple but quite affecting; and the charge to the candidate, by Rev. N. M. Wood, the former pastor, which next followed, was marked by a manly dignity, eminently characteristic. Rev. Geo. Bullen, recently ordained at Bloomfield, and a fellow student of the new pastor, extended the right hand of fellowship, with a warm, fervid and eloquent address; and Rev. Mr. Felch, of Hallowell, made a charge to the church, abounding in valuable hints, and full of good plain common sense.

There is every indication that the new relation into which pastor and people have entered will be mutually advantageous and agreeable.

BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE.—A call has been issued for a State Convention, to be held in Bangor, on the 2d of October next, for the nomination of a Breckinridge & Lane Ticket. Says the Bangor Union of Tuesday—'The result of the election yesterday has burst the Douglas bubble in Maine and shown that he has well nigh destroyed the party in the State. There are now no names given under heaven whereby the old Democratic party of Maine can be raised from the slough in which Douglasism has plunged it, save the names of Breckinridge and Lane.'

TOM THUMB.—This little great man was in town last week and his loves at the Town Hall, both afternoon and evening, were well attended. 'Now isn't that cunning!' said all the ladies and children, as the little General went through his different performances, and while much was unmistakably amusing, some portions were very pretty—his stately representations and classic posturing, for example. Near the close of the performance, however, Tom met with a poser. As usual—to make a striking exhibition of his littleness—two young misses were put upon the stand by the side of him. One of these—eight years of age, large at that—was nearly as big as two of him; but it surprised a large portion of the audience, and Tom no less, to learn that the other, not so tall as his littleness, by at least two inches, was about twelve years old! The name of this dainty little miss is Mary Merrifield, and she is the daughter of Mr. Jacob Merrifield, of our village. She is healthy, sprightly, perfect in form and feature, and has all the vigor and maturity of intellect usually met with in persons of her age, but has not increased in stature since her sixth year—She is now thirty nine inches high and weighs 31½ pounds. Tom Thumb is advertised as being 23 years old and 33 inches high, but a little margin is always allowed to showmen. The little General, we are told, regretted that the young lady was not of a marriageable age, as he is anxious to negotiate for a life partner.

Mrs. WILSON, a colored woman from New Hampshire, has lectured here two evenings past on the wrongs of the free colored people of the North. She traces these wrongs to the system of Southern slavery, but sends home to the consciences of her free Northern audience a pretty clear sense of their participation in guilt. She is a woman of strong common sense, and is able to secure the close and respectful attention of her audience.

VERMONT ELECTION.—Not a Democrat has been elected to the Senate of Vermont; and but few to the House. All the Republican candidates are elected to Congress by immense majorities over all. The Breckinridge vote is about one-sixth as large as the Douglas vote, but both combined make but a small minority of the vote of the State.

THE REPUBLICAN MAJORITY FOR GOVERNOR is over 21,000—being a gain of about 4,000 from the majority of last year.

ELECTION SUMMARY.—Returns from 205 towns give Washburn 43,857, Smart 31,627, Barnes 1,698; Washburn's majority thus far being 11,732; Washburn over Smart 12,830; net gain over last year 3,241. This indicates a republican majority of sixteen to eighteen thousand. The republicans have selected every Congressman and every State Senator, and the House will be overwhelmingly republican; Piscataquis and Penobscot counties not having a single democratic member.

TICONIC DIVISION of the Sons of Temperance, in this place, have made arrangements for a picnic excursion to Skowhegan to day, in which they expect to be joined by members of Rising Star Lodge of Good Templars, and delegations from various Divisions in this vicinity. A good time is hoped for.

HANDY.—'What's the matter with Washburn to-day?' said the General to Charles on election day, 'he runs hard, and seems to be a little sick, what's the matter with him?'

'Well, I don't know,' retorted Charles, 'but I guess he got poisoned skinning Smart at Augusta last week.'

SPEAKER PENNINGTON'S VIEWS.—Mr. Speaker Pennington made a lengthy Republican speech in Newark, the other evening. According to the Advertiser—

He showed the importance of protecting labor, and that the Republicans were on the record in its favor; that the homestead bill and other important public measures were advocated by that party alone. Concerning the slavery question, Mr. P. said he would not interfere with a single right of the South, but regarding slavery as an evil, he would not extend it one foot. He alluded to the disunion threats of the South, showing that they were all gasconade, made to frighten timid men at the north, to keep the democracy in power another four years. The idea of a dissolution of the Union was ridiculous, and could not be done in any extremity, especially when the South had such men as Winter Davis, Etheridge and Perry. Mr. P. referred to his Congressional career, to the success of the Republicans in filling the Speakership, and closed by predicting that Abraham Lincoln would be the chosen President, and that New Jersey would feel ashamed if she was the only free State that did not assist in such election.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—The Fall term of this institution commenced on Wednesday of last week. The Freshman Class, we are told, numbers thirty-one, with a good promise of further increase.

The little blind girls who interested so many of our citizens last week, are exciting great interest in Bangor.

A Presidential Election.

We say a Presidential Election, and not the Presidential Election because we are not speaking specifically of the contest that now animates the good people of the United States, and which will be concluded in November next, no doubt to the great joy of most of those who are engaged in it. We have nothing to do with party matters, and purpose treating only of the Presidential office, and of the manner of filling it.

The President of the United States is chosen not directly by the people, but by Electors, who are popularly chosen in all the States but South Carolina, where they are named by the Legislature. The mode of choosing a President seems absurd to many, in view of the utter want of independence on the part of the Electors, who have no more a will of their own than has the locomotive that is attached to a railway train, but must do the bidding of the men that chose them. But, originally, it was intended that the Elector should be an independent officer, and at liberty to vote for any person he might think proper to support, regard being had to constitutional qualifications. This was a fine theory, but somehow or other, it never worked well. A blow was given to Electoral independence at the very first election that was held, in 1788, when every Elector was expected to vote for Washington, and did so vote. This was right, for Washington was the man for the hour, as he was for all time; but what became of the Elector's freedom? The same thing happened in 1792, and helped to change the character of what was meant to be an institution. By 1796, parties had assumed their positions, and Electors were forced to go with their parties, which they did, and have done ever since. The change was inevitable, and it would be idle to regret it. But the fact is not the less fixed, that when created the Electoral colleges were to occupy as independent a place as is now held by the national Senate.

As the Constitution first stood, a majority of the Electoral votes was necessary to the choice of a President, but the person who had the next highest number of votes, whether that number were or were not a majority, became Vice President. Thus, at the first election all the votes, 69, were given for Washington, for President; but John Adams became Vice-President with only 34 votes in his favor, the other 35 being cast for ten different persons, the most distinguished of whom were John Hancock, John Jay, George Clinton, and John Rutledge. This system broke down in 1801, when it was found that Mr. Jefferson and Col. Burr had the same number of votes, 73, and the choice of President devolved upon the House of Representatives. Mr. Jefferson was chosen by the House, and Col. Burr became Vice President without further action. In 1792, when Washington received all the votes, 130, Mr. Adams had about 77. The remainder were given for George Clinton, Jefferson and Burr. Mr. Jefferson became Vice-President in 1797 in consequence of his having the next highest number of votes to Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams had 71 votes and Mr. Jefferson, 69, one of those 'tight squeezes' of which there have been so many in our political history. The whole number of votes was 138, and 70 were necessary for a choice.

Electors were not at first chosen by the people, as they now are, except in one or two States. Generally they are chosen by the State Legislature, as Senators ever have been. In Massachusetts, the people of each Congressional district named three candidates, and of those three the Legislature chose one, and also the Electors at large. Gradually a change came over these arrangements, and now, with the exception of South Carolina, every State has its Electors chosen by the people, and by a general ticket. Thus the change has been both popular and centralizing in its character. The district system, which once was not uncommon, has been practically annihilated, and to offset this the majority of the voters decide the character of the vote in their respective States.

When there is no choice of President by the people, the election of a President devolves upon the House of Representatives. Twice has this happened in sixty years; once in 1801, when Mr. Jefferson was chosen by the House; and the second time in 1825, when Mr. J. Q. Adams was elected by that body, receiving 13 votes, while Mr. Jackson had 7, and Mr. Crawford 4. The voting in the House is by States, each State having one vote, the character of which is decided by the character of the majority of its delegation. The House can vote only for the three highest candidates who have been voted for by the people. To describe the manner of proceeding, let us suppose that the present election shall result in no choice at the polls of the number of Electors large enough to secure the Presidency for any one of the five candidates now in nomination. The House would then have to vote by States, and as there are 35 States the candidate who should succeed would require 17 votes. The vote of each State would be governed by the vote of its Representatives. Massachusetts has eleven members, and six of these eleven would be sufficient to control her vote; but in making up her vote, all her members would be counted, and the successful party would be required to have six of the eleven members at least. When the delegation of a State is equally divided, and its vote is not given for any candidate, it is counted against all the candidates. There must be absolute majority for the victor, who must succeed through his own strength, and not through the weakness of his rivals. In the present House of Representatives, no party has a majority of the States; and the delegations of three States are evenly divided, but the votes of those States would have to be counted all the same, though they should be given in blank throughout the whole contest.

When no choice of Vice President has been made by the people, through Electors, the choice of that officer passes to the Senate, which body must elect one of the two candidates who shall have received the highest number of Electoral votes. Only once in our his-

tory has the Senate been called upon to choose a Vice President. This was in 1837. At the election of 1836, Mr. Van Buren was chosen President, receiving 124; Colonel Johnson was on the same ticket with Mr. Van Buren, as candidate for Vice President, but the 23 Virginia electors, though of his party, refused to vote for him, so that he had but 147 votes, or just one half of the whole number, lacking one vote of being chosen. In February, 1837, the Senate had to choose a Vice President, and its choice was limited to Colonel Johnson and Mr. Francis Granger of New York, who had received 77 electoral votes, he having run on the Harrison ticket. The Senate, in such cases, votes by the head, and Col. Johnson had 34 votes and Mr. Granger 16. Every senator was present, and all but two voted, namely, Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Preston, of South Carolina.

The Vice President becomes President in case of a vacancy occurring in the Presidential office, as has twice happened, 1841 in and in 1850, so that we have had two Presidents who were not chosen by the people specially to fill the first office in the nation. If there should die a President who had thus obtained the office, or a President should die when there should be no Vice President, the President pro tem of the Senate becomes acting President, until a new election to fill the vacancy shall have been held; and an election must be held to fill it on the first Wednesday of December, but two months notice of the vacancy must be given by the Secretary of State to the Governors of the States. If there be no President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives becomes acting President. Beyond this there is not, we believe, any provision for the occurrence of a vacancy.—[Olive Branch.]

Shocking Catastrophy.

CHICAGO, Sept. 8.—The steamer Lady Elgin, of the Lake Superior Line, which left here last night, was run into by the schooner Augusta, off Waukegan, at half-past two o'clock this morning. The steamer sunk in 20 minutes in 300 feet of water. Only 17 persons are known to be saved, including the clerk, steward and porter. From 350 to 400 persons were on board, and among them the Black Yagars, the Green Yagars and Rifles, and several companies of Milwaukee, who were on a visit to this city. Col. Lumsden of the New Orleans Privateer and family were on board and supposed lost. At the time of the accident the schooner was going at the rate of eleven miles an hour.

The son of the proprietor of the London News was on board and is supposed lost.—The books and papers of the steamer are all lost. After the collision the steamer floated south to Waukegan, where she sunk.

The clerk of the boat made the following statement:—

The Lady Elgin left Chicago at 11 1/2 o'clock for Lake Superior. Among her passengers were the Union Guard, of Milwaukee, composing a part of 250 excursionists from that city. At about 2 1/2 this morning, the schooner Augusta, of Oswego, came in collision with the Lady Elgin, when about ten miles from the shore. The vessel struck the boat at the amidships gangway on the larboard side. The two vessels separated instantly, and the Augusta drifted away in the darkness. At the moment of the collision, there was music and dancing going on in the forward cabin. In an instant after the crash all was still, and in half an hour she sunk. A boat was procured at once with the intention of going round on the larboard side to examine the leak. There were two oars belonging to the boat, but just at that time some person possessed himself of one of them and we were powerless to manage the boat. We succeeded once in reaching the wheel, but were quickly drifted away and thrown upon the beach at Waukegan. Only two boats were left upon the steamer; one of them contained 13 persons, all of whom were saved. The other boat had eight persons, but only four of them reached the shore alive, the other being drowned on the beach. Before I left the steamer, the engines had ceased to work, the fires having been extinguished. The force and direction of the wind was such that the boats and fragments of the wreck were drifted up the Lake, and would reach the shore in the vicinity of Waukegan. As I stood upon the beach, hopelessly looking back upon the route over which we had drifted, I could see in the gray of the morning objects floating upon the water, and sometimes I thought human beings struggling with the waves.

(Signed.) H. G. CARYL, Clerk of Lady Elgin.

GETTING IN WHEAT IN WISCONSIN.—A gentleman of this city, a few weeks ago, went out in Walworth county to transact some business. At that time the country was absorbed entirely in the securing of the harvest, and the gentleman had a great deal of trouble in finding anybody to home. We will let him tell his own story:—

'I stopped at the house of my friend B., and knocked all the skin off my knuckles at his front door, but could not start anybody, and just as I was going away, a passer by, in answer to my enquiry, said that 'B. was getting in his wheat.' I then went over into another part of the town, to where an old schoolmate, Squire B., resided. I walked in at the open door, sat down in the parlor a few minutes and no one appearing, I walked up stairs and down stairs, but couldn't find a soul.

When I got around on the porch again, the same fellow came along who had answered my question before, and I hailed him:—

'Is the Squire in town?'

'Get in his wheat, I reckon.'

'Well, where is his lady?'

'She's helping the Squire.'

'And the young ladies?'

'Getting in the wheat, stranger—you'll find 'em all down in the field about a mile from here.'

I then concluded I would try the hotel, and carried my carpet bag to the public house.—There was a notice on the door, saying that the house was closed for a week, as the proprietor was getting in his wheat. Things began to look desperate now. I had carried my carpet bag about five miles already in the hot sun, and it was growing momentarily heavier.

So when I saw a boy coming towards the house, I made up my mind to give him a dollar to carry it for me. I was somewhat surprised, however, when, in reply to my offer, he gazed his digits at the extremity of his nasal projection, and I guessed I'd have to wait till he got his wheat in.

THE EASTERN MAIL,

An Independent Family Newspaper,

Published every Thursday, by

M. A. HAM AND WING,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,

At Fry's Building, Main Street, Waterville.

REF. MAXHAM. DAN L. R. WING.

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50

paid within six months, 1.75

paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in pay

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are

paid except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE—WATERVILLE.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10.00 A.M.

August 10. 10.15 A.M. 10.00 A.M.

North 4.45 P.M. 4.30 P.M.

South 4.45 P.M. 4.30 P.M.

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SUDDEN DEATH.

On Friday evening last,

Mr. Orpelyear Pearson, Esq., of Oldtown,

was present at a Democratic Caucus in that town

and was chosen as the presiding officer. In a

short time after, while in the chair, he suddenly

sunk back in an insensible state, and was

immediately conveyed to his residence—but

he remained unconscious, and died at 8 o'clock

on Saturday morning. His disease was apoplexy.

INCENDIARY.—On Friday morning a fire

broke out in the store recently occupied by

George Goodwin, in Lewiston. The building

was saved in a damaged condition, and the

goods got out without much loss. A candle

was found burning in a box of sawdust satur-

ated with oil, and covered over with a basket,

and set on the shelf next to the ceiling. The

fire had burned through the basket, and run up

the ceiling to the roof.

THE MURDERED METHODIST MINISTER.—

Rev. Mr. Bewley, who was hung in Texas, a

few days on suspicion of abolitionism, will be

remembered by many who attended the

General Conference at Buffalo last May.

He represented the Arkansas Conference, and

was recognized as a peaceful, humble and de-

voted evangelist. His views of slavery were of

the mildest character, and he would be

deemed the last man to thrust his views of

fanatical—mild and conservative though they

were—upon any community. On his removal

to Texas a few months since he carried with

him testimonials of his humility and devotion

to his work. But he was a Methodist! That,

in Texas, is deemed the equivalent of aboli-

tionism; and the devoted minister of Christ,

guilty of no crime, and on the merest suspicion

that he cherished offensive opinions, was hung

up like a murderer!

[Albany Evening Journal, Sept. 5.]

IMPORTANT ARREST.—On Saturday last,

officer Walker, and assistants, armed with

search warrants, made a descent upon the

town of Hermon and arrested five persons.—

The men made resistance, and were only ar-

rested after a severe struggle. For several

months past a series of robberies have been

committed extending from Penobscot to Ken-

bec, by an organized gang, and lately officer

Walker has been ferreting them out. After

arresting them, he searched the house and

found a quantity of stolen goods, and he also

found quantities buried in the earth at three

different points. The men were armed with

slung shot, knives, &c., and were prepared for

resistance, and were determined not to be taken.

A portion of the goods was stolen from Mr.

Hardy's store in Hampden. The rogues were

brought to the city by officer Walker and com-

mitted to jail, and will be tried before the

Police Court to-morrow. Their names are Hart

and Topper.—[Bangor Times.]

SAD CASUALTY.—THREE PERSONS DROWN-

ED.—On Saturday last as a party of five per-

sons were returning from the Northport Camp-

meeting to Rockland in an open boat, they

were capsized off Camden Harbor, and Mrs.

Dr. Colby, Mrs. Nancy Hopkins and Miss

Jameson were drowned. Mr. Thompson and

his wife were saved by clinging to the boat, and

were rescued after being in that situation some

thirty minutes, by a schooner bound from

Camden to New York. The body of Mrs.

Colby was discovered. The others as yet

have not been found. The above were all

residents of Rockland.—[Bangor Times.]

The Republicans tell a good story, which

is true or not we can't say, concerning Col.

Smart, the democratic candidate for Governor.

It is said the Col. endeavored to get a young

Republican to vote for him, because, said he,

"I was one of your father's most intimate friends"

—was long acquainted with him, and helped to

smooth his dying pillow! The young man

said he would not forsake the R-republican

cause, and added:—"I cannot vote for you—

but I shall take the greatest pleasure in re-

ciprocating your kind attention to my father."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Paris correspondent of the London Post

There is no motion before the House, said

the Speaker.

Then I—I—

The silence was breathless.

Then I—I—

Dobbs could not think of anything to say.

But a bright idea came to him, and he finished

with:

"I move to adjourn."

The motion didn't go, but Dobbs did, and

nothing more was seen of him that day.

A well known divine and philanthropist was

walking recently in a crowded street in Lon-

don, at night, in order to distribute tracts to

promising subjects. A young woman was

walking up and down, and he accosted her—

"He pointed out to her the error of her ways,

implored her to reform, and tendered her a

tract, with fervent entreaties to go home and

read it. The girl stared at him for a moment

or two in sheer bewilderment. At last it

dawned on her what he meant and for what

he took her, and looking up with simple

amusement in his face, she exclaimed, "Oh

bless you, Sir, I ain't a social evil; I'm waiting

for the omnibus."

By the fall of a derrick in use on the top of

the Sherman House in Chicago, a stone-cutter

was fixing one of the ropes was swung

clear across the street, and dashed upon the

stone sidewalk, a large piece of the derrick

falling upon him. Of course he was instantly

killed. A little boy with a split on the top

was placed on the spot where the man fell,

giving the fact that he was a honest, sober

man, and left a family; into which before night

were dropped \$177.12. Rude workmen, says

the Press, would pass along and search their

pockets for hard earned coin. Ladies on shop-

ping excursions bent, would pass along and

to the contents of the box.

Parson Brownlow is going to the back-

bone. A rumor having got about that he was

about to become a democrat, a friend wrote

information, and the information was given.—

Hear it:

"I join the democrats"—Never so long as

there are sects in churches—weeds in gardens

—fleas in hogpens—dirt in victuals—disputes

in families—war with nations—water in the

ocean—bad men in America, or bare women

in France! No, Jordan Clark, you may hope

you may congregate—you may reason—you

may sneer—but that cannot be. The

throne of the old world—the court of the uni-

verse—the governments of the world, may all

fall and crumble into ruin—the new world may

commit the national suicide of dissolving the

Union, but all this must occur before I join

the democracy!

"DOCTORS."—In olden times, what a rever-

ence was associated with the name of doctor!

A doctor was a man who by education and

practice acquired a reputation which made him

an object of universal respect. He had about

him a retiring modesty, a dignified air—a

Solon-like aspect and demeanor. When he

visited the domicils of our fathers, how suddenly

was the unbridled liberty of juvenile speeches

hushed into silence! How the domestics and

girls of sixteen would stare! What a peeping

and squinting all about the house, to see the

Doctor! But times have changed. Now the

name of "Doctor" is as common as that of

Colonel, or Captain, or Major. The cognomen

is no longer indicative of profound scientific

learning, or elaborate study of the human sys-

