

THE UNION AND EASTERN JOURNAL.

"ETERNAL HOSTILITY
TO EVERY FORM OF OPPRESSION OVER
THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—Jefferson.

LOUIS O. COWAN, Editor & Proprietor.

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THE MIND OR BODY OF MAN."—Jefferson.

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POETRY.

THE AUTOGRAT'S VERSES.

The "Autocrat" of the Atlantic Monthly closes
his paper in the April number with the follow-
ing:—"But what shall I do about these verses I
am going to read to you? I am afraid that half
mankind would accuse me of stealing their thoughts
if I printed them. I am convinced that several
of you, especially if you are getting along a little
in life, will recognize some of these senti-
ments as having passed through your consciousness
at some time. I can't help it—it's too late now.
These verses are written, and you must have them.
Listen, then, and you shall hear."

WHAT WE ALL THINK.

That age was older once than now,
In spite of looks untimely shed,
Or silvered on the youthful brow;
That babes make love and children wed.

That sunshine had a heavenly glow,
Which faded with those "good old days,"
When winters came with deeper snow,
And autumns with a softer haze.

That—mother, sister, wife, or child—
The "best of women" each has known,
Were school-boys ever half so wild?
How young the grandpas have grown.

That but for this our souls were free,
And but for that our lives were blest;
That in some season yet to be,
Our cares will leave us time to rest.

When'er we groan with ache or pain,
Some common ailment of the race,
Though doctors think the matter plain,
That ours is "a peculiar case."

That when like babes with fingers buried,
We count our bitter maxims o'er,
Our lesson all the world has learned,
And men are wiser than before.

And when we sob or fancy woes,
The angels hovering overhead,
Count every pining drop that flows,
And love us for the tears we shed.

That when we wander with tearful eyes,
And turn the wanderer from our door,
They still approve us when we sigh,
"Ah, but I but one thousand more."

That weakness smoothed the path of sin,
In half the slight sinners we know,
And whoso'er's blame has been known,
That Mercy flows on faults outgrown.

Though temples cumber the crumbled brink
Of o'erhanging truth's eternal flow,
Their tablets dumb with what we think,
Their echoes dumb with what we know.

That one unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above,
Nor cranking pile nor cursing creed,
Can burn or blot it: "God is Love!"

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC OF OCEAN.

"And the people of this place say, that, at certain
seasons, beautiful sounds are heard from the ocean."
—Morse's Voyages.

Lonely and wild it rose
That strain of solemn music from the sea,
As though the bright air trembled to disclose,
An ocean melody.

Again a low sweet tone,
Faintly murmurs on the listening day,
Just bade the exalted thought its presence own,
Then died away.

Once more the gush of sound,
Struggling and swelling from the hearing plain,
Thrill'd a rich pulse triumphantly around,
And fell again.

O, boundless deep! we know
Thou hast strange wonders in thy gloom con-
ceal'd,
Gems, flashing gems, from whose unearthly
Sunlight is sealed.

And an eternal spring
Showers her rich colors with unsparring hand,
Where coral trees their graceful branches ring
O'er golden sand.

But tell, O, restless main!
Who are the dwellers in thy world beneath,
That thus the watery realm contain
The joy they breathe?

Emblem of glorious might!
Are thy wild children like thyself array'd,
Strong in immortal and uncheck'd delight,
Which cannot fade?

Or, to mankind allied,
Toiling with woe, and passion's fiery sting,
Like their own home, where storms or peace
As the wind brings?

Alas for human thought!
How does the sea exist, woe and old,
To win companionship with beings wrought
Of finer mould!

"Tis vain—the reckless waves
Join with loud revel the dim ages down,
But keep each secret of their hidden caves
Dark and unknown."

THE LOST LIGHT.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.
BY BRAD THORNTON.

"The light that never was on land or sea."
On the banks of Spring, old Winter's bark,
With freight of snowy fancies,
With shrouds of ice and sleety sails,
Has struck and gone to pieces:
We've well escaped from scuttled storms
That may have perished with her,
And those of late through overboard,
Good-bye to all together!

The bonny yacht, the Spring, comes on,
With pennons gaily streaming,
The fairest craft of all the four,
She sets the fancy dreaming:
Unlocks again the door of hope,
Ere cloudy sorrow, looming,
Chased our last light down the slope
And left us in the glooming.

O sweet lost light of boyhood's life,
Thou deathless joy Elysian,
Thou art not found on land or sea,
By manhood's quest and questing;
But sometimes to his inmost soul,
To inward eyes reverted,
Returns that radiant control—
The presence long departed!

It may be but a wood-bird's wing,
A flower, its cold grave breaking—
Some breath or tender note of Spring
With fairy charm of waking,
That flashes on the eye and ear,
The long-lost light, enchanted,
That shines not on life's rippling grain,
But shines when it was planned!

O fair lost light of early days,
Shall we forget thy story?
Shall darkness overcome our ways
And blind us to thy glory?
Till, prone to error, we feel no more
Spring's winning sky that's over us,
Lose those pure gleams of Heaven that were,
Nor reach to those before us!

New York, March 23d, 1858.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The First Quarrel.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

O man may bear with suffering; his heart
Is a strong thing, and god-like in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
One chord affection clings to, part one tie
That binds him to a woman's delicate love,
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

N. P. WILLIS.

"To think he would have said that; in such
a tone, too, and I have not been his wife but
six little months." And a deeper shadow
drifted over the beautiful face; the small,
rosy fingers tucked back with a perfunctory
motion the brown curls that flowed over the
cheeks, and a fresh flood of tears poured
from the soft eyes.

Those bright, bitter tears, they looked
strangely out of keeping with all the sur-
roundings of the young wife. The pale
light of the winter day came through the
damask curtains, and filled the tastefully
furnished room with a rosy spring-like glow.
The fire curled with its thousand bright or-
biting tongues up the black mouth of the
chimney, and as Ellen Howard sat there in
his shine, it seemed as if only happy thoughts
could find a nesting place in a heart wound
with so many of earth's blessings clustered.

But that day for the first time a shadow
had drifted across her married life; it had
originated in some trivial matter, but the
inclination of the wife and the opinion of
the husband had been brought in collision,
and after considerable pouting, and an angry
remark from Ellen, which Henry How-
ard the next moment had recalled, Henry How-
ard had spoken peremptorily, almost angrily,
to his young wife and left the house.

She was the only "heart-flower" of the
home whence he had transplanted her, and
she had been nurtured in an atmosphere of
love and kindness, such as little strength-
ens the spirit for the trials and the strife
which, sooner or later, all must encounter.

Henry Howard loved his young wife with
an intensity of affection which strong, proud
natures such as his can alone feel; but he
never dreamed when her brown head rested
against the heart whose very pulse throbbled
with a love for her which it is seldom the
lot of woman to receive, that a strong will
and resolute purpose, which no circum-
stances had evolved to her perceptions,
might for a time hold in subjection even love
for herself.

"He shall not see how his remark pained
me; I will wipe away these tears, and he
shall never dream I have shed any," said
Ellen, rising up, and pacing the parlor
with flushed cheeks and an unsteady
step. "I will meet him with cool politeness
on his return, and he shall learn that Ellen
Howard is not a child, whom he can order
at his will. O, Henry, Henry! to think!"

The tears were dashed away and the rising
sob hastily swallowed down, but a very
bright vision in the past and a dark one
in the future, which she could not but
call to mind, were mingled in her thoughts.

"Well, I suppose I did speak rather basely
to Nellie, this noon, and I feel half like
calling myself a scoundrel for it," solilo-
quized the young merchant as he paced a
small room situated at one end of his large
building, that afternoon, with an abstracted
air and rather troubled brow. "I dare say
the poor child sits there, all alone, feeling
as if her heart was almost broken, and
hangs it, her remark touched my feelings
at a point where they are most sensitive, and
the words had passed my lips before I was
aware of it. I ought to remember, too, how
I took her (bless her sweet little self!) from
a home where never a stern or angry word
had met her ear, how I told her, on the night
when she lifted her blue eyes so trust-
ingly to me, and laying her little hand in
my own promised to be mine, that I would guard
her from the very shadow of evil, that her
happiness should be far dearer to me than
the life which would be nothing without her."

"And now, when she has been the sun-
shine of my home for only six months,
and I have done to her what she has done
to me, and there's no use in denying it, and you
don't deserve that little jewel of a wife you have,
any more than some other persons you tho't
didn't."

The heart of Ellen Howard beat quickly
that night as she went over the house-
hold for her ear caught the well known
footfall in the hall.

Then a quiver of pride rippled over the
red, instead of springing forward, as she
had always previously done, to receive his
caress, she remarked, quietly, lifting her
eyes from the pages which she had been for
the last two hours pursuing, "You are late
this evening, Henry."

The voice, the manner, chilled the tide of
warm feelings which had been gaining depth
and strength all the afternoon, for Henry
Howard had returned with the full intention
of making full confession to his wife for all
that was hasty or unkind in his conduct at
noon.

But the words he was about to speak died
on his lips, as he met the cool, almost ironi-
cally courteous reception, and he simply re-
marked, "Yes I was unavoidably detained,"
and seated himself by the fire and took up a
book.

In a little while they went out to supper.
How unlike it was to former ones. The
lamp still poured its soft, silvery shine on
the white china and the glittering urn; but
the smiles which had sweetened the tea, and
the loving words which had given a richer
flavor to the muffins, were no longer there.

But a shadow on two loving hearts—and
a breach widening continually between them—
these were there.

And so the meal ended. Alas! it was
but the type of others.

Two days had passed away, and the cold-
ness which had sprung up between the new-
ly married pair still continued.

"I can bear this no longer; this very night
I will go to him, and lay my cheek against
his, just as I used to, and say to him, 'Henry,
put your arms around me and call me
your own Nellie once more, or my heart
will break.'"

"I can't bear it any longer—I've got so I
dread to go home; I don't believe Nellie
loves me as well as I thought she did,"
said the young merchant, as he made his way
homeward with a weary step, very unlike
his quick joyous gait.

And they met again, and the old demon
pride came back to both hearts, and neither
dreamed of the bitterness which each was
meeting to the other.

"I am going out a little while to-night,
Ellen; I shall return early." She bowed
her head—that was all, for the tears were
coming, and she would not that he should
see them.

"And he could leave me thus—all alone

without one kind word," murmured the now
really wretched wife, as she heard the door
close, and the footsteps grow fainter in the
distance.

Then she threw herself on the lounge,
and burying her brown head in the crimson
cushions, wept loud and bitterly, and be-
tween the sobs that convulsed the figure of
Ellen Howard, came the self-accusing words,
"Oh, if I had only told him!"

At last, exhausted with his violent weep-
ing, the lids closed over her eyes, and Mrs.
Howard sank into a heavy slumber.

She started up quickly, for the silver-
voiced time-piece had broken in with its story
of ten o'clock, on the hush which filled the
room.

"And he has not come yet! He who never
left me alone an evening before! Oh, if
harm should have befallen him! He is
pang shot through the heart which had been
very heavy before with its weight of shad-
ows."

She went to the window, and looked up
at the clear, cold stars. She went to the
door and listened for his footstep; then she
went to the grate, and stirred up the glow-
ing bed of anthracite, until a golden light
filled all the room; but still he came not.

Eleven o'clock came, and yet he was not
there.

Twelve o'clock came, and still Ellen How-
ard sat alone.

One o'clock—what pen shall record the
sufferings which during those two hours had
been the portion of Mrs. Howard.

The bell rang—it was a loud, startling
peal; and she hurried to the door, for all
the domestic had retired.

There were two gentlemen there—she
recognized them as acquaintances, and the
third—one glance, and as she looked she
grasped the door-handle, or she would have
fallen.

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Howard," said
one of the gentlemen; "your husband has
not experienced any injury, and a good night's
rest will restore him. He was at a supper
given by one of our club this evening, and,
unfortunately, drank rather freely." They
carried him in, his wife leading the way,
with faltering steps, laid him on the bed and
immediately departed. She was alone with
him, and the scales had fallen from her men-
tal eyesight.

She saw then how truly he had loved her,
how the pride of both had driven him from
his home that evening, and to the sin of
which he had been guilty, and she shuddered
at the brink to which both had been draw-
ing night.

She put back the thick hair from his broad
burning forehead, moaning all the time over
the unconscious man words of love and ten-
derness, which had been spoken earlier,
would never had found him there; and,
at last, when he had fallen into that heavy
slumber, which is too frequently the accom-
paniment of inebriety, she went into the
parlor, and kneeling down in the fire shine,
prayed the Great Father to forgive her sin,
and grant unto her that "meek and quiet
spirit" which is the chief ornament of wo-
man.

During all that night she hung over her
pillow, bathing his forehead, and watching
his restless movements in his troubled slum-
bers. The woman's heart was awakened
now, and the pride had all gone before its
holly whisperings.

The gray dawn was streaking the east,
when, weary with her night's watching, Mrs.
Howard once more repaired to the parlor,
and, throwing herself on the lounge, was
soon in a heavy slumber.

The sun-light laughed brightly thro' the
muslin curtains that draped the windows,
and Henry Howard opened his eyes a mo-
ment—the story of the by-gone night flashed
into his mind—he closed them, and "I shall
never be able to tell Ellen in the face again,"
he murmured.

At last he rose and went into the parlor.
She was lying there, her cheek pillowed on
her hand, and her long, luxuriant curls sweep-
ing upon the carpet.

He bent down and kissed her cheek very
softly; a tear fell on her forehead—she opened
her eyes, and smiled.

"Oh, Henry," and the white arms were
wrapped and the white cheek laid on his
own. "I have been so wretched. You do
not know—you cannot dream of all I have
suffered during the last two days, and last
night, Henry, it seemed as if it would kill
me!"

"And I deserve that it should me, Nellie.
You see, I was very despondent last night,
when I left you, for a terrible fear has been
haunting me ever since I made that cruel
speech to you—a fear that you did not love
me. It was this that drove me to that dread-
ful act last evening, and I feared you never
forgive me this; look up, my sweet
wife, and tell me with those dear blue eyes,
that you do."

"And now, Henry," said Mrs. Howard, as
her husband was leaving her, "I have prom-
ised that the past shall be forgiven and forgot-
ten—I will promise me one thing more, and I shall
be very happy."

"Well, what is it, darling? I will do ev-
erything for your happiness."

"That you will sign the pledge this very
day."

He did so, and when any angry thought
came to the heart, or any angry word to the
lip of Mrs. Howard, she went and looked on
that pledge, and it was a bond of peace be-
tween her and her husband.

A Husband's Confession.

I never undertook but once to set at naught
the authority of my wife. You know her
way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever
grew. Just after we were married, and all
was going on nice and cozy, she got me in
the habit of doing all the churning. She
never asked me to do it, you know, but then
she—why it was done in just this way—
She finished breakfast one morning, and
slipping away from the table, she filled the
churn with cream, and set it just where I
couldn't help seeing what was wanted. So
I took hold regularly enough, and churned
till the butter came. She didn't thank me,
but looked so nice and sweet about it that I
felt well paid. Well, when the next morn-
ing day came along she did the same thing,
and I followed suit and fetched the butter.
Again, and it was done just so, and so it
was regularly in for it every time. Not a
word was said, you know, of course. Well,
by-and-by this became rather irksome. I
wanted she would just ask me, but she never
did, and I couldn't say anything about it,
so on we went. At last I made a resolve
that I would not churn another time unless
she asked me. Churning day came, and
when my breakfast—she always got nice
breakfasts—when that was swallowed there
stood the churn. I got up and standing a
few minutes, just to give her a chance, put
on my hat and walked out doors. I stopped
in the yard to give her a chance to call me,

but not a word said she, and so with a pal-
pitating heart I moved on. I went down
town, up town, and all over town, and my
foot was as restless as Noah's dove—I felt
as if I had done a wrong—I didn't exactly
know how—but there was an indescribable
sensation of guilt resting upon me all the
forenoon. It seemed as if dinner time would
never come, and as for going home one min-
ute before dinner, I would as soon cut my
ear off. So I went fretting and moping
around town till dinner time. Home I went,
feeling very much as a criminal must when
the jury is having in their hands his destiny
—life or death. I couldn't make up my
mind how she would meet me, but some sort
of a storm I expected. Will you believe
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Agricultural.

Train the Blackberry Horizontally.

Many of our readers cultivate the blackberry—some of them the Lawton—some of them the Dorchester—some of them the Nairne—and some of them all three. We have been in the habit, after giving them a good situation, to let them grow up straight or crooked, as accidental circumstance may direct.

Lovey, in this (April) number of his Magazine of Horticulture, has a very good article on blackberry culture, in which he recommends the horizontal training of blackberry stalks as being not only more conducive to productiveness, but as affording much better convenience for picking the fruit when ripe.

All who have cultivated, or observed, the natural habits of the blackberry, know that although the root appears to be perennial, the plant is, in fact, biennial; that the stalk grows one year, bears fruit the next, and dies. He would, for instance, take those that grew last year, and this spring bend them down horizontally, and tie them to stakes. These will bear this season. In the mean time, let the young shoots start up in this spring grow up straight, preparatory to being tied down horizontally next spring.

The following are his directions in the article referred to: "The plants should be eight or ten feet apart. When they have attained sufficient strength to throw up four vigorous shoots, these should be cut in to four or five feet, and trained [horizontally] in the spring to stout stakes. Their horizontal position causes every eye to break and produce an abundance of fruit.

During the season of new growth, or bearing wood for the next year, occupies the centre, and in no way interferes with the gathering of the berries. If the canes grow too tall, and hang over from their weight, the tops may be pinched off at the height of five or six feet, by which means they become stronger. Only four shoots should be allowed to grow annually; all the others being cut away or dug up. Raspberries may be trained in the same way.

Hints on Transplanting.

The soil for fruit trees should be dry, either naturally, or made so by thorough drainage, for they cannot thrive in any soil which retains stagnant moisture. It should be deep, dug and pulverized or twice plowed, the second time being followed by the subsoil plow, and enriched by plenty of well decomposed or compost manure.

Prepare the trees by cutting off smoothly the end of each root, taking away any bruised portions. A finger should be applied as may well be expected to heal kindly as a new tissue, and subject to the laws of life. Dig large holes—spread the roots in their natural position without bending or crowding—let one person hold the tree and another fill in carefully and thoroughly with fine surface soil, bringing every root into contact with it, and leaving no vacancies which cause mold and decay. Let no unmanured touch the roots, unless very old and well incorporated with the soil. Rank manure is little better than poison.

DEPTH.—As a general rule trees should be planted at the same depth as they stood in the nursery, or not more than an inch lower; but to this rule an exception must be made in the case of Dwarf Pears, which should be planted so that the junction between the pear and quince shall be just one inch below the surface of the ground. If the tree is finished, without reference to the height at which they budded or grafted in the nursery. If so planted and properly mulched the quince will emit roots close to the junction, and thus the tree soon become the main roots, and thus the tree grows vigorously. Leaving any portion of the quince above the ground is objectionable for many reasons.

HEADING IN.—The roots of a tree being necessarily shortened in lifting, however carefully it may be done, (the small roots usually extending as far as the branches), the top should be shortened enough to restore the balance. A safe rule is to cut in the last year's growth to three or four buds. This so lessens the demand on the roots that the remaining buds grow vigorously, and soon the tree is larger and healthier than if planted with the entire.

MULCH.—When the tree is planted, by no means forget or neglect to mulch it, by laying around, four feet in width and three inches in depth, a covering of some kind. Half decayed leaves from the forest are best, and coarse manure next best. Refuse hay, straw or seaweed will answer a good purpose, and even spent tan or sawdust is better than nothing. Such a covering preserves uniformity of temperature and moisture about the roots, and is in little danger of being overestimated.

SEASON.—The question is often asked whether spring or fall be the better time for planting. The opinion formerly prevailed that spring was preferable, but such is not now the opinion of the best cultivators. From necessity first, and now from decided choice, our own practice is changed to early autumn, (October 10th to November 10th is preferable). The following reasons are strongly in its favor:

The ground is in better condition to work. It is a time of more leisure, and the planting is likely to be more faithfully done. The trees get better established before the heat of summer overtakes them, and suffer far less from droughts the succeeding season.

Where there are doubts of the hardiness of any tree or plant, spring is the safer season, and the character of the soil should always be taken into consideration, as in light and dry soils autumn planting succeeds better than in heavy loams. Trees planted in autumn should always have a hill of earth piled around them, to be removed in spring, and replaced by a mulch.

AFTER CULTURE.—When a tree is well planted, its culture is only well begun—keep the soil free from weeds and grass. Before an unusual supply of food, and once a year at least, wash the trunk and limbs with soap-suds.

If orchards must be laid down to grass, wait until the trees are well grown, and, if you will, demand of the soil hay and fruit, feed it for both crops.

TESTING SEED CORN. There is so much damaged corn this year, much care will be requisite in selecting such as is suitable for seed. I have seen several modes suggested for testing its germinating qualities, but they are inefficient, intricate, or attended with too much trouble to be generally used. The following mode will be found simple, practical and certain, and can be applied to any extent desired. Put the shelled corn in a vessel or vessels of such dimensions as are required for the quantity to be tested. Four water over it about the temperature of milk from the cow, till it is fully covered, adding to the water from time to time, if the absorption and swelling of the corn should raise it above the surface. Set it in a moderately warm place, and let it remain twenty-four hours. Then pour the water off, cover the corn with some thick cloth, and let it stand in a mass, still in a warm place, till it sprouts. This will take place in from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, usually, if the corn is good.

I prepare all my corn for planting in this manner, though I know the seed to be good.

I plant sometimes with the sprout half an inch long. The result is that it brings the plant forward about a week earlier than planting dry. This advantage in the fall is sometimes very important. The damaged corn from my field last year did not exceed five per cent.—Cincinnati Gazette.

A Sad Honey-moon.

Charles Albaugh was recently tried, convicted, and sentenced, in Cleveland, Ohio, for robbing the mail. The Columbus (Ohio) Gazette says:

"Charles Albaugh is only 20 years of age, and the events of the past few months will fill an important chapter in his life's history. On Christmas day he eloped with his landlady's daughter, a Miss German, in his sixteenth year, went to Alexandria, Pa., and was married. An effort was made to keep the girl's parents, who were highly incensed at their daughter's imprudence. On the 28th of January, Mr. Prentiss, the United States Mail Agent, arrested Albaugh upon a charge of robbing the mail. He was taken to Cleveland, tried, convicted, and sentenced before the United States Court, and upon reaching Cardington, on his way to the Penitentiary the young wife came aboard the cars to bid farewell to her convict husband.

The meeting was a painfully affecting one. She begged him to keep up his spirits, to make a firm resolve to do his whole duty while in prison. She vowed to stick to him through all the rest of the world should she ever see him. "Charles, we are both young; we have years of happiness in store for us; when your time has expired, we can go to some other land, where the offence will not be known, where we can live happily together, and earn an honest livelihood."

The poor girl nerved herself to the task, and as she wiped the tears from the cheeks of her young husband, who never whimpered, she said to him, "Charles, we are both young; we have years of happiness in store for us; when your time has expired, we can go to some other land, where the offence will not be known, where we can live happily together, and earn an honest livelihood."

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The Yankee Pedlar.

The importance of importing your own stock if you are going into the wool business is very emphatically enforced in the following capital story, that comes to us from a very agreeable correspondent:—

Some years ago I was travelling on the eastern shore of Maryland, and stopped for the night at the house of a gentleman by the name of Jones. He was not at home, but his wife received me very politely, though I was in the capacity of a travelling merchant, a peripatetic vendor of notions, vulgarly called a pedlar. She made a few purchases of articles useful in the family, and for my horse, and had not more than finished, when she called me into the parlor, and commenced abusing me most roundly, and said he didn't want any pedlars about his house. I gave him back the change in his own coin until he cooled down, when I asked him what made him mad at all gentlemen in my line of business. He told me Mr. Jones had been selling his tin ware and taking his pay in anything he could get. My neighbor, Mr. Brown, had a very troublesome ram. One time he jumped the fence and got into the wheat, and another day into the corn, and was always where he had no business to be. One day, just as the farmer and his wife were about to go to bed, the pedlar came along and wanted to sell his tin ware. Mr. Brown said he would sell him the old ram and take his pay in tin. The pedlar took him up, offering him two dollars' worth of his truck for the ugly old sheep. The farmer agreed, picked up his tin things, and the pedlar hoisted the ram, with legs tied, into his confused old cart, and drove right at along to my house, and had the impudence, yes, the scoundrel had!—to tell me the ram had been imported from England by order of one of the rich farmers, Jeffers, down the country, and he had agreed to take it to him. It had cost \$200 on landing, and he was to have \$250 for it when he had delivered it to Mr. Jeffers, but he was so tired of having the plaguey thing in his wagon that he would take \$100 for it, and drove right at along here. I was quite anxious to improve my stock, and thought this so fine an opportunity to buy an imported full-blood, as the rascal warranted it to be, that I paid the fellow \$100 and he cut the strings and let the ram run. Sure enough, he did run, full split, right over the fence, and I after him, and my niggers coming on. In fifteen minutes my ram, niggers and driver got up in Brown's yard. I found that I had been sold as well as that scoundrel old sheep. Before I got back the pedlar had sold ten dollars' worth of wooden nutmegs and nonsense to my wife, and had gone off to parts unknown. He never came this way again; and if you are one of that sort you had better put up your traps and be moving.

For the time I prevailed on him to let me stop till morning, and to accept a few Yankee notions without fee or reward. But he will never forget that \$100 and his neighbor's ram.

EDITORIAL CASUALTY.—A Pennsylvania editor says: "Somebody brought one bottle of sour water into our office, with the request to notice it as lemon beer. If Esau was green enough to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we will tell a four-shilling lie for five cents."

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

SELEUCUS ADAMS,
No. 1 BIDEFORD HOUSE BLOCK,
—now opening—

NEW SPRING GOODS!
Elegant Child Delaines.
New styles Robe De Chambre.
New styles Delaines at 12 1/2 cts. per yard.
New styles Mourning at 10 cts. per yard.
—also—
Prints.
44 French Prints, 17 cts. per yard.
Elegant Black Silks at \$1.00 per yard.
New styles Black Silks at 75 cts. per yard.
—also—
Printed Brilliants.
Printed Brilliants.
Printed Brilliants.
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Printed Brilliants.
Printed Brilliants.

Owing to the heavy purchases I have made, and tightness of the money market, sales will be made at such low prices as to afford you a chance to secure these splendid goods at a great bargain.

DRESS GOODS AT GREAT BARGAINS.
Suits made to order for cash. Come early and bring along your friends and acquaintances with you.

SELEUCUS ADAMS,
No. 1 BIDEFORD HOUSE BLOCK,
N. B.—My only place of business. 1417

At a Court of Probate held at Alfred, within and for the County of York, on the first Tuesday in April, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, by the Honorable Edward E. Bourne, Judge of said Court.

BENJAMIN T. FURNESS, named Executor in a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of **THOMAS WHEELER**, late of Biddeford, in said County, deceased, having presented for allowance, and praying that the said executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively, in the Union and Eastern Journal, printed at Biddeford, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Biddeford, in said County, on the first Tuesday in May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

Attest, Francis Bacon, Register.

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EDWARD E. BOURNE, Jr., Administrator in a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of **STEPHEN LITTLEFIELD**, late of Biddeford, in said County, deceased, having presented for allowance, and praying that the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively, in the Union and Eastern Journal, printed at Biddeford, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Biddeford, in said County, on the first Tuesday in May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

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EDWARD E. BOURNE, Jr., Administrator in a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of **STEPHEN LITTLEFIELD**, late of Biddeford, in said County, deceased, having presented for allowance, and praying that the said administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively, in the Union and Eastern Journal, printed at Biddeford, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Biddeford, in said County, on the first Tuesday in May next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

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