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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1850.

NO. 44.

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TERMS.
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If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
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ORIGINAL POETRY.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

They tell me that in foreign lands
There's beauty, wealth, and power;
And that the sun's splendour gives
To many a dome and tower.
They speak of lofty buildings rare;
Of piles stupendous thrown,
Which point to ages long since past,
And nations that are gone.
They say that o'er Italia's bends
A sky all pure and bright,
Which wraps the poet's spirit
In dreams of pure delight;
That o'er the sunny vale of France
Extends a genial ray,
Which from the often weary heart
All sorrow drives away.
But I'd ask not for foreign wealth,
Nor dream of foreign power,
Nor long to live beneath the shade
Of gilded dome or tower;
Nor give one sad, regretful thought,
That I may never stand
And gaze upon those noble piles,
That grace the foreign land.
But there's a spot more dear to me
Than sunny vales of France;
A sky whose very clouds surpass
Italia's softest glance.
A place by memory more endeared,
By fancy more enshrined,
Than all the wealth of beauty found
In foreign lands combined.
There is, on free New England's soil,
And 'neath her clear cool sky,
A spot, to which, in childish grief,
I bid a long good bye;
A spot, to which, though far away,
In fancy oft I roam,
Till once again I seem to stand
Within my childhood's home.

POPULAR READING.

KATE LORIMER:

OR THE PEARL IN THE OYSTER.

By MISS EMMA C. EMBURY.
"The pearl in ocean's embryo lies,
The feather floats upon the wave."

KATE LORIMER was neither a beauty, a wit, nor an heiress; she was only one of those many common-place young ladies, who are 'brought out' every winter to laugh, dance and flirt, for a season or two, then to marry, and fulfil their destiny, by immuring themselves in a nursery for the rest of their lives. So said the world—but for once that many-eyed and many-tongued gossip was mistaken. Kate was very unlike most young ladies. With her Juno-like figure, and fine, though somewhat massive, features, there needed only a careful study of the toilette to make her appear what dandies call 'a splendid woman.' But Kate, though in reality she was neatness itself, generally seemed but one degree removed from a sloven; so careless was she respecting the color, make, and adjustment of her clothes. Then she had what Shakespeare calls 'a very pretty wit,' a certain shrewdness of intellect, a quiet sense of the ridiculous, which wanted only the piquant sauce of boldness and ill-nature to make her what the wittings in primrose kids would style 'brilliant.' But Kate was equally indifferent to her own looks and manners. She seemed like a kind of human machine, moved by some invisible springs, at the volition of others, but by no positive will of her own.

What, you will ask, was the secret of this cold abstraction in a young and not ungifted girl? There was no mystery about it; Kate was only one of the many instances of 'a candle placed in the wrong socket,' as my poor friend—used to say. She was one of a large family, but she was neither the oldest—the first inheritor of its fond dotage. Her elder brother, a tall, graceful youth, was the pride of both father and mother, and whatever privileges Kate might have claimed as the first of the troop of dandies who chattered their days away in the nursery and school room, they were entirely forgotten in favor of the second daughter, who chanced to be extremely beautiful. The fact was that Kate occupied a most insignificant position between a conceited eldest son and a sister who was a belle. Her brother Tom's sententiousness overwhelmed her and crushed her into nonentity, while Louisa's beauty and vivacity threw her completely into the shade.

At her first entrance into society, Kate felt that she had only a subordinate part to play, and there was a certain inertness of character about her, which made her quietly adopt the habits befitting her inferior position. Her mother, a handsome, stylish woman, with an easiness of temper which won affection but not respect from her children, and a degree of indolence which sadly interfered with the regularity of her household—sometimes fretted a little at Kate's sluggishness, and wished she was a little less 'lumpish' at a party. But there was a repose in Kate's manner, which, upon the whole, Mrs. Lorimer rather liked, as it effectually prevented any rivalry between the two sisters. Aunt Bell, a somewhat precise, but sensible old maid, was the only one who was seriously dissatisfied. She remembered Kate's ambition as a schoolgirl; she preserved among her most precious mementoes all Kate's 'prizes,' rewards of merit, etc. And she could not conceive why this enthusiasm and eagerness for distinction should have died away so suddenly and so completely. Aunt Bell suspected something of the truth, but even she, who loved Kate better than any body in the world, could not know the whole truth.

Kate Lorimer was like one of those still, quiet mountain lakes, which at one particular spot are said to be unfathomable, but whether because they are so deep, or because a wonderfully strong under-current carries away the

line and plummet in its descent, is never clearly ascertained by those who skim over the surface of the sleepy waters. Almost every one liked her; that is, they felt that negative kind of liking which all persons have for a quiet, good-humored sort of a body, who is never in the way. At a crowded party Kate always gave up her place in the quadrille if there was a want of room on the floor; if beaux were scarce, Kate was quite content to talk with some frowsy old lady in a corner; if a pair of indefatigable hands were required to play interminable waltzes and polkas, Kate's long white fingers seemed unwearied; in short, Kate never thought of herself, because she honestly believed she was not worth any body's thinking about.

Was she so inordinately humble as to set no value upon herself? Not exactly that; but she had so high a standard of excellence in her own soul, and she was so conscious of her utter inability to attain to that standard, that she grew to feel a species of contempt for herself, and therefore she neglected herself, not as a penance, but because she would not waste tho't or time upon any thing appertaining to herself. No one understood poor Kate, and of course no one appreciated her. When she spent hours in dressing her beautiful sister for a ball, and then twisting up her own fine hair in a careless knot, and slipping on a plain white dress, was ready in ten minutes to accompany the belle to the gay scene where she knew she could never shine, people only called her slovenly and careless, but gave her no credit for the generous affection which could lavish decorations on another, and be content through a whole evening

Praise of a sister with unwounded ear.
When she refused invitations to parties that she might stay at home and nurse Aunt Bell through a slow fever, people said—'She is so indolent, she is so glad of an excuse to avoid the trouble of going out.' No one knew that she was not so indolent to watch through the long hours of night beside the sick-bed of the invalid, while her lovely sister was sleeping off the fatigues of the dance. When she gave up a gay season at the Springs, rather than disappoint her old grandmother, who had set her heart upon a visit from one of the sisters—when she spent a long, dull summer in a hot summer-house, with no other companions than Aunt Bell and the infirm old lady, and no other amusement than could be found in a book—case of Minerva-pressed novels, then people—those wonderfully knowing people—again said, 'Kate Lorimer is turning her indolence to account, and will earn a legacy out of it; while the fact was, neither Aunt Bell nor grandmother had a cent in the world beyond their life-interest in their old country home.

'If Louisa makes an engagement this winter, I think I shall hurry Ella's education a little, so as to bring her out next season,' said Mrs. Lorimer to her husband during one of those 'certain conferences' which are quite the opposite to 'certain lectures.'

'Why should you do that? You will have Kate still to provide for, and Ella will be all the more attractive for another year's study,' was the reply of the calculating though kind father.

'Oh, Kate is a hopeless case; she will never be married, she is too indifferent; no man will take a fancy to a girl who at the first introduction shows by her manner that she does not care what he thinks of her.'

'Then you think Kate is one of the "predestinate old maids"?' 'I'm afraid so.'

'Well, Kate is a good child, and we shall want one of the girls to keep house for us when we grow old; so I don't know that we need regret it much.'

'You don't consider the mortification of bringing out two daughters at a time and having one left on hand, like a bale of unsaleable goods, while such a woman as that vulgar Mrs. Dobbs has married four red-headed frights in two seasons.'

'How was that done?' 'Oh! by management; but then the girls were as anxious as the mother, and helped themselves along. As to Kate, I don't believe she would take the trouble to walk across the town in order to secure the best match in the country.'

'She certainly is very indifferent, but she seems perfectly contented.'

'Yes, that is the trouble; she is perfectly satisfied to remain a fixture, although she knows that she will have to rank with the "antiques" as soon as I begin to bring out her four younger sisters.'

'Perhaps it would be better to bring out Ella next winter,' sighed the father.

'Yes, Ella is lively and fresh-looking, and during the festivities which will follow Louisa's wedding, she can slip into her place in society without the expense of a "coming-out" party.'

'You speak as if Louisa's marriage were a settled thing.'

'Because she can have her choice now of half a dozen, and by the time the season is over she will probably decide.'

'Well, under your guidance, she is not likely to make an imprudent choice.'

'I hope not. To tell the truth, I am waiting for one more declaration, and then there will be no more delay,' said the mother.

'Has she not admirers enough?'

'Yes, but if she can secure young Ferrers, it will be worth waiting.'

'What! Clarence Ferrers? Why he is worth almost half a million; is he an admirer of Louisa's?'

'He is a new acquaintance, and seems very much struck with her beauty; but he is an odd creature, and seems to pride himself upon differing from all the rest of the world; we shall see what will happen. One thing only is certain, Louisa will be married before the year is out, and Kate will, I think, resign herself to old-maidism with very good grace.'

And having come to this conclusion, the two wiseacres composed themselves to sleep.

Clarence Ferrers, so honorably mentioned by Mr. Lorimer, as 'worth half a million,' was a gentleman of peculiar tastes and habits. His father died while he was a boy, and he had struggled with poverty and hardship in acquiring the education which his talents deserved, and which his ambition demanded. He had stooped his pride to labor, and he had learned to submit to want, but he had never bowed himself to bear the yoke of dependence. His mother had been the first to encourage his youthful genius, and to plant the seeds of honorable ambition within his soul. He had loved her with an almost idolatrous affection, and

when he saw her eking out by the labors of the needle the small annuity which secured her from starvation, in order that he might devote all his own little stipend as a teacher to his education, he felt that gratitude and love alike required him to persevere until success should reward the mother by crowning the son.

There is something ennobling and hallowing in such a tie as that which existed between Mrs. Ferrers and Clarence. A gentle, humble-minded woman herself, she was ambitious that her son should be good and great. She knew the benumbing effect of poverty upon the soul, but she took care that the genial warmth of affection should counteract its evil influence upon the gifted mind of her darling son. She was his friend, his counselor, his sympathizing companion, sharing all his hopes, his aspirations, his pleasures, and his sorrows, as only a true-hearted and loving woman can do. Long ere he reached the years of manhood the bond between mother and son had been made stronger than death; and, alas! far more enduring than life. Mrs. Ferrers lived to see Clarence occupying a position of honor and usefulness, as professor in one of our most distinguished colleges. Her death left him a lonely and desolate man, for so close had been their communion, so thorough had been their mutual sympathy, that he had never till then felt the need of another friend.

But in the enthusiasm of his deep and fervent love, he felt that he was not disserved by the hand of death; and many an hour did he hold converse in his secret soul with the 'spirit-mother,' whom he felt to be ever near him.

Clarence Ferrers had counted his thirtieth summer, when an old great-uncle, who had suffered him to struggle with poverty during all his early years, without stretching forth a finger to help him, died very suddenly, leaving behind him an immense fortune, which he distributed by will, among some dozen charitable associations, whose very names he had never heard until they were suggested by his lawyer, and making not the slightest mention of his nephew. Luckily for him, the will was unexpected, and the neglected Clarence found that, as heir-at-law, he was entitled to the whole of his miserly uncle's hoarded wealth. Years had passed since Clarence had even seen the old man; he certainly owed him no gratitude for the gift which would have been withheld from him if death had not been more cruel even than avarice. But Clarence was not a man to feel selfishly on any subject. One hundred thousand dollars, the fifth part of his newly acquired fortune, was distributed among the charities named in the will, thus fulfilling the supposed wish of the deceased. With another large portion he endowed a 'Home for Poor Gentlewomen,' as a tribute to the memory of his mother, whose life had been one of struggle and care for the want of such a 'home' in the early days of her widowhood. Then, after providing liberally for those who had any claims upon the old miser, he placed his affairs in the hands of a trusty agent, and sailed for Europe.

Clarence Ferrers set out upon his travels with no fixed purpose, except that of acquiring knowledge of all kinds, and of compelling occupation of mind to quiet yearnings of the heart. Eight years elapsed ere he revisited his native land. During that time he had explored every part of Europe, treading the greenward of its by-ways, no less than the dust of its high-roads. From the Islands of the Archipelago to the most northerly part of Russia, he had traveled, commanding respect by his scientific attainments, receiving attentions everywhere for his courtly elegance of manner, winning love wherever he went by his civility and kindness. Then to the East, that land of sacred memories, he turned his steps; Egypt, the land of mystery, too, was not forgotten, and when Clarence returned to his own country, he bore with him treasures of learning and wisdom from every land where the footsteps of man had trod. Yet he was as modest as he was learned, and few would have suspected that the quiet, gentleman-like person, whose tall figure bent so gracefully over some timid girl at the piano, or who so carefully escorted some old lady to the supper-room at a party, was the celebrated traveler and man of world-known science.

Such was the man whom Mr. Lorimer pronounced to be 'worth half a million.' I have sketched him to some length, because this is no fancy portrait, and memory has been faithful to her trust in thus enabling me to trace, though but in faint and shadowy outline, the noble character of one of God's noblest creatures. But all this time I have forgotten poor Kate Lorimer. She would have thought it strange that she should ever be remembered, especially when Clarence Ferrers was in one's mind. Kate had seen Clarence Ferrers introduced to her beautiful sister, and had felt a glow of pleasure as she marked his look of genuine admiration. She had listened to words of graceful compliment, so unlike the rapid flattery of others. She had heard the tones of that thrilling voice, whose musical accents had been able to move alike the wild Arab, and the wilder Cossack, by their melody. She sat alone in the only shadowy corner of a gay and crowded saloon, but she would not have exchanged places with the most flattered and courted of the guests; for she could listen unobserved to the gifted traveler, and look unnoticed upon his expressive countenance. She had heard of him from childhood; for Aunt Bell had been one of Mrs. Ferrers' earliest friends, and the story of his early struggles, his devoted love for his mother, and his subsequent good fortune, had been one of Aunt Isabel's favorite themes. But he was a man when Kate was still in the nursery, and was but a shy girl of fourteen when, as she remembered, he called to pay his farewell visit to his mother's friend previous to his departure. To the unappreciated girl, living in the midst of an ungenial though not unhealthy moral atmosphere, the picture of perfect sympathy and affection, as it had existed between the gentle mother and her gifted son, was one which, unconsciously, left its reflection in her soul, and formed a sort of ideal in her half-developed nature. She did not retain the slightest remembrance of his actual appearance, but so vivid an image of his mental and moral gifts were traced upon her memory, that she felt that she needed not the intercourse of social life to make her know him better. Yet as the beauty and vivacity of her sister attracted him closer to her side, it was impossible for Kate, with all her shyness, to avoid becoming acquainted with him; and it sometimes happened that when the beautiful

Louisa was led off to the dance by one of her admirers, she would leave Kate to entertain Mr. Ferrers till her return, thus flattering him by her evident desire to retain his society, and, at the same time securing him from all rival belles.

Clarence Ferrers was now eight-and-thirty, an age when a man, however gifted, will not be insensible to the evident admiration of a young and very pretty woman. He was still a fine looking man, but he was no longer youthful in his appearance. His teeth were fine, and his eyes, those soft, bright, tender eyes, were as beautiful as in boyhood, when his mother loved nothing so well as to kiss those full, heavily fringed lids for the sake of the beaming look which rewarded the caress. But Clarence had not escaped the touch of Time: his luxuriant locks were thinned, and the silver threads were mingled among those dark, curling curls. He appeared full as old as he really was; but who could look on his magnificent brow, watch the play of his flexible lips, or listen to the tones of his exquisite voice, and think of the ravages of Time?

Kate Lorimer was one of the best listeners in the world. There was a certain negligent ease with which she inclined herself towards the speaker, and a look of quiet attention on her countenance, which always gratified the self-love of those who conversed with her. To be sure, in nine cases out of ten, this pleasant manner arose only from her indolent good humor, which a kind of luxurious repose in the monotonous hum of a busy tavern. But when listening to Clarence Ferrers, (for she seldom talked with him, except as much as common politeness required,) Kate soon found that his conversation did not afford her a mere cushion for mental repose. Not that Clarence dealt much in the marvelous, or excelled much in narration, although he abounded in illustrative anecdotes and reminiscences on every subject; but he had the art—so rare and so delightful—of waking up every faculty in the mind of those with whom he conversed. He imparted knowledge in such a manner as to make his hearers feel as if the ideas were his own, and corroborative facts only were the results of the traveller's observation. Yet he was no flatterer, he only, as I said before, had the power of arousing and stimulating the intellect of his hearers.

If Clarence Ferrers had been at first struck with the extreme beauty of Louisa, he was not less sensible to 'surprises of sudden joy' with which he beheld the dawning of Kate's peculiar qualities of character. Her moral nature he had read at a glance, and it inspired him with respect and esteem, but her intellectual being was a mystery even to herself, became a study to the man of science and research. There was so much freshness of thought in her hitherto slumbering mind; such clearness of perception when she was unconsciously led to exercise her mental vision; such harmony of movement between the reasoning and the imaginative faculty, that Clarence became daily more interested in the 'lumpish' Kate, despite the attractions of her beautiful sister.

'Mamma, I don't believe I can put off Frank Dormer any longer; he is desperately in love, and determined to make a declaration,' said Louisa, one morning, as she sat assisting Kate to trim a ball-dress with which she expected to charm all eyes.

'It would be a pity to lose so rich and generous an admirer, Lou,' was the reply of the prudent mother.

'But suppose I should accept him, mamma?'

'That you would not do; Frank Dormer is only rich in expectancy, while Clarence Ferrers has both wealth and fame.'

'I like Frank best,' said the young lady coolly.

'My dear Louisa, have you lost your senses?'

'No, madam; but you may as well let me tell you now, that for all his fortune, I would not marry Clarence Ferrers.'

'Why not?'

'Oh, he is so frightfully sensible, I should never dare do or say an absurd thing for fear of seeing those great lamping eyes looking reproval at me. Besides, he does not seem inclined to offer himself.'

'How can you say so, Louisa? I am sure he never leaves us at a party, and seems never so happy as when sitting near us and watching your graceful movements when you are dancing.'

'Well, he can't expect me to drop into his arms by the mere fascination of his look. If he were not so rich, I should not think of him for a moment, while I really like Frank. He is full of gaiety and frolic, and with him I should have a merry life. Clarence Ferrers is too old and grave for me. Don't you think so, Kate?'

Kate started at the question; she had evidently been in one of her dreamy moods, and perhaps had not heard a word of their conversation.

'Poor Kate! she bent over her sewing, and seemed intent only on placing at proper distances the delicate white roses which looped the gauze drapery of Louisa's new dress; but she felt a sudden faintness come over her, which required all her habitual self-control to subdue. Not until the dress was finished and displayed upon the sofa to the mother's criticism; not until the pearl ornaments had been laid upon the beauty's dark curls by the all-enduring Kate; not until she had listened to all her sister's ideas respecting the sash, which was to be tied at the side, with long floating ends; in short, not until all the important trivialities of a belle's ball-costume had been discussed and decided upon by the aid of Kate's taste, was she at liberty to retire to her own room. At last she was released, and as Louisa sprang up stairs, humming a lively Opera air, Kate, gathering up her sewing materials, slowly followed till she arrived at the door of her own apartment, which, in consideration of its being the smallest room in the house, and in the fourth story, she was permitted to occupy alone. This had long been poor Kate's sanctuary, where she could think and feel and act as she pleased. Now she quietly looked the door, and then, when she had secured herself from intrusion, she sat down in the rocking-chair which had been her companion from childhood, and gave way to the tears which were pressing so painfully against her hot eyes.'

Kate had often wept—much oftener than those who called her indifferent and cold in temper; could have imagined—but never had she shed such bitter, burning tears as now. There was grief and shame, and wounded affection, and mortified pride, all blended in the

emotion which now agitated her. She could not have analyzed her own feelings; she only knew she was very unhappy and very lonely.

That evening Kate was too unwell to accompany her sister to the ball. A severe headache, arising from an attack of influenza, which accounted for the humid eyes that would weep in spite of all poor Kate's efforts, was sufficient apology. So Mrs. Lorimer, with her tall son and beautiful daughter, were whirled off to the gay scene, leaving Kate to read the newspaper and play backgammon with her rheumatic father, who never went out after sunset.

But the old gentleman's evenings were generally short. By nine o'clock he was comfortably fixed in bed, and Kate sat alone in the deserted drawing-room, when she was startled by the sound of the door-bell. It was too late for a visitor, and Kate's first thought was that it might be a message for a parcel for her brother. She did not alter her position, therefore, but sat with head bent, her hands listlessly lying in her lap, and her whole attitude one of the deepest dejection. A gentle footstep, and the tones of a well known voice, startled her from her painful dream, and as she looked up her eyes fell on the stately form of Clarence Ferrers.

'I heard you were kept at home by indisposition, Miss Lorimer,' said he, 'will you pardon me if I have availed myself of this opportunity to see you alone.'

Kate was a little bewildered, but she murmured something about the pleasure of seeing him, etc., like a well-bred young lady.

'Kate—Miss Lorimer—will you answer me frankly? I have lately indulged the hope that we may be united in a closer bond than even the friendship with which you have honored me; have I deceived myself with vain fancies?'

Kate's heart seemed to stand still for a moment, and an icy coldness ran through her veins. She saw it all in a moment. Clarence Ferrers wanted to learn from her his chance of success with her beautiful sister. What should she do? Louisa did not love Clarence, but it was a desirable match. Should she sacrifice the prospects of her sister, or should she betray the noble confidence of him who called her his friend? How could she decide when her own heart was just awakened to a dim sense of its mad folly and weakness?

Clarence watched her countenance, and marveled at the lights and shadows that flitted so rapidly across it. 'I am afraid I have given you pain, Miss Lorimer,' said he at length. 'I meant not to distress you; only tell me whether I have done wrong in believing that I might yet occupy a nearer and dearer place in your esteem; whether I have been mistaken in my hope of finding you my strongest advocate?'

Kate felt that she must speak. 'You can scarcely need an advocate,' said she timidly. 'I presume I understand your meaning, and I can only say that any woman might be proud to be the object of your choice.'

'And is this all you can say? Am I to think that on the empty gifts of fame, or the paltry advantages of fortune, I must depend for the most precious of earthly things, a sympathizing heart. "Proud to be my choice,"—oh! Kate, I did not expect such a cold rebuff from you.'

Tears rushed into Kate's eyes; she felt herself growing weaker every moment, and she determined to put an end to the conversation.

'Have you spoken to my sister, Mr. Ferrers?' said she, while she strove in vain to check the quick gasps that almost suffocated her.

'To your sister!' said Clarence in some surprise. 'No, Miss Lorimer, I preferred coming first to you.'

'I have but little influence over Louisa,' said the trembling girl, 'but all that I have shall be exerted in your behalf.'

'Louisa—your sister—I really do not comprehend you, Kate.'

A momentary feeling of wounded pride aroused Kate, and mastered her coming weakness. She rose from her seat; 'Did you not ask me to be your advocate with my sister?' asked she, while her cheek and lip grew white as ashes.

'My advocate with your sister!' exclaimed Clarence; 'no indeed! Kate! my own dearest Kate! it was with your own sweet self that I wanted an advocate, and hoped to find my strongest one in your heart.'

Kate grew dizzy and faint; a mist gathered before her eyes, and when it cleared away she was sitting on the sofa, with a strong arm lovingly twined around her waist, and on the soft white hand which lay in the grasp of Clarence glittered the betrothal ring, though how or when it was placed there she never clearly could remember.

'How strangely Clarence Ferrers disappeared from the ball to-night,' exclaimed Mrs. Lorimer, as she pulled her way up to her room at two o'clock in the morning.

'I was not sorry he went, mamma, for it gave Frank the chance he has so long wanted. He offered himself last night, while we were in the midst of that last polka; and I referred him to papa, said Louisa, as she turned toward her own room.'

'Well, I only hope that you have not been too hasty,' said the mother, too sleepy just then to care much about the matter.

The next morning Mr. Lorimer was visited in his private office by the young and handsome Frank Dormer. He was an only child; his father was prepared to 'come down' handsomely with the cash, and Mr. Lorimer gave a ready assent to the proposition of the enamored youth. He had scarcely finished his afternoon nap, on the same day, when Clarence Ferrers sought an interview. Matters were soon arranged with a man who was 'worth half a million,' and Mr. Lorimer chuckled and rubbed his hands with infinite glee, as he reminded his wife of her prediction that 'Kate was a predestinate old maid.'

Kate has been more than two years a wife, and in the elegant, self-possessed, dignified woman, whose statuesque repose of manner seems now the result of the most perfect grace, no one could recognize the dull, indifferent, 'lumpish' Kate of former years. In the atmosphere of attention every faculty of mind and body has attained perfect development. She has learned to value herself at her true worth; because such a man as Clarence Ferrers has thought her deserving of his regard. She is not the less humble, but she is no longer self-deceiving and self-neglectful. In order to do honor to her husband, she has striven to be all he would have her, and the result is one of the most intellectual and elegant women of

whom our country can boast. The 'light' which was threatened with extinction has now found 'its right socket,' and no brighter luminary shines either in the world of fashion, or in the circle of home.

Parisian Doggo.

Every one who frequents the reading room of the theatre de—, has observed a little old man with a quiet melancholy air, who calls himself a dramatic author, but who, to the best of our knowledge, has never speculated on any other than ten cent pieces.

As soon as he sees a new comer, he goes right up to him, and, after having made a few common-place observations, says:

'I bet you could not jump over a ten cent piece.'

'I don't understand your *jeu de mots*,' answers the person addressed.

'In plain language, without *jeu de mots*, I bet you do not jump over a ten cent piece.'

'What do you mean?'

'Lend me a ten cent piece, and you will see.'

The old man, as soon as he receives the ten cent piece, places it on the window sill, and throwing up the sash, says, with a bantering air, pointing at the same time to the pavement of the street below:

'Now jump over it!'

The spectators, *par politesse*, laugh at the trick—the old man twirls the little piece of money in his fingers—slaps his man familiarly on the back and shoulders, as if to encourage him to laugh,—then, by the way of reflection, remarks carelessly:

'It seems very simple, but everything depends on where one puts the money.'

At the same time, with an air of the most innocent abstraction, he slips the ten cent piece into his pocket; the trick is done!

This harmless industry brings its inventor the daily means of supplying his simple wants. Those who have once seen his victims, are never sorry to see another fall into the snare.

A NOBLE BOY.—A boy was once tempted, by some of his companions, to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

'You need not be afraid,' said one of them; 'for if your father should find out that you had them, he is so very kind that he would not hurt you.'

'That is the very reason,' replied the boy, 'why I would not touch them: It is true, my father would not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else.'

A boy who grows up 'with such principles,' would be a man in the best sense of the word. It betokens a regard for rectitude and firmness that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE FACT. The old proverb that 'many a true word is spoken in jest,' was forcibly illustrated a few Sundays since. A Free Church minister in Glasgow, gave out as the morning lesson, the fourth section of the 119 psalm; and while the congregation were looking out the 'portion' in their Bibles, the Dr. took out his mull, and seizing a hasty pinch with finger and thumb, regaled his nose with the snuff—he then began the lesson: 'My soul cleaveth unto the dust!'

The titter that ran around the church, and the confusion of the poor priest, showed that both the congregation and he felt the psalmist's 'pinch.'

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.—A work has been recently published in London, giving some account of the social condition and education of the people in England, as compared with other parts of Europe. The book is regarded as a well-digested production, and its statements are taken as good authority in relation to the matters of which it treats.

Among the statistical facts presented by this publication, is an authentic estimate that some eight millions of persons in England and Wales cannot read or write. This is nearly half the population. It is also calculated that of all the children in England and Wales between the ages of five and fourteen, more than half the number do not attend school at all; and that those belonging to the poorer classes who do receive instruction, receive such a meagre and inefficient amount as to render it of no practical value.

Some statements are made concerning lapid proprietors, which indicate a tendency rather surprising. In 1770, there were two hundred and fifty thousand freehold estates in the hands of as many independent families; at the close of 1815 the whole of the land of England belonged to thirty-two thousand proprietors. 'Under ordinary circumstances,' says the London Times, 'an English laborer has no more prospect of becoming a proprietor than he has of acquiring a kingdom.'

RESPONSIBILITY OF RAILROAD COMPANIES. Mrs. Margaret Hart recovered a verdict against the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad Company, a few days since, for the amount of baggage lost on the route from Whitehall to Troy. She purchased a through ticket at Whitehall, over the two railroads, the Whitehall and Saratoga road, Rensselaer and Saratoga road. The defense urged that the two roads had no connection with each other, that there was no evidence that the baggage had ever been transferred from one to the other, and that the road which had received the baggage should be responsible for it, if either. Judge Parker charged that the company were responsible for the delivery of the baggage at the end of the whole route for which they had sold tickets, and that they were also responsible for the acts of their agents.

A printer of Greenock having been fined for printing news on unstamped sheets of paper, 'prints upon cloth,' which is not specified in the act, and calls his journal the Greenock 'Newscloth,' in allusion to that material. In debate on the paper duties in Parliament, on a subsequent day, Mr. Gibson handed a copy to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.—It is related, that when the British soldiers were about to march out and lay down their arms at Yorktown, Washington said to the American Army:—

'My boys, let there be no insults over a conquered foe! When they lay down their arms, don't huzza; posterity will huzza for you!'

'Old Zack' talks of coming North this season.

