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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 42): May 11, 1848

Ephraim Maxham

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# The Eastern Mail.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

TERMS, \$2.00; \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1848.

NO. 42.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, IN  
WINGATE'S BUILDING,  
MAIN STREET, (OPPOSITE DOW & CO.'S STORE.)

TERMS.  
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50  
If paid within six months, 1.75  
If paid within the year, 2.00  
Country Produce received in payment.

## Miscellany.

### THE SEAMSTRESS.

BY MRS. C. CAMPBELL.

"Clara, I wish you would assist me with this sewing; Miss Grey was not well yesterday, and I fear she will not be able to come here today."

"And do you wish me to take her place, and turn seamstress? No, no, aunt Letty, I dislike sewing; plain sewing is horribly vulgar, and besides I've no time; after taking my Italian lesson I will finish one more row on my worsted netting, and then I must dress for a walk. I don't know why Mary Grey has those everlasting headaches; people who live by their needle should act differently; she knows me, will be disappointed if she is not here, and I think she might have exerted herself a little to oblige me."

"You cannot be so unreasonable as to wish her to work when she is unable to do so."

"Unable! I believe half the time she is only putting on airs; and it is pa's fault, for he treats Mary as if she were an equal, instead of an old maid who is paid by the day for plain sewing!"

"Clara! Clara! I am grieved to hear you talk so unfeelingly. From your cradle you have been surrounded by luxury, every wish has been gratified, and just in proportion as you have been removed above the toiling thousands around you, in just such proportion you have become pampered and selfish."

"I wish no lectures, aunt Letty. Your sympathy for the single sisterhood is not to be wondered at; old maids—pshaw!"

The young lady took her lesson, finished her row of netting, dressed herself with extreme care, and then went out to walk.

Clara's mother was out of town, and the duty of superintending the household concerns devolved wholly on aunt Letty. Indeed, this was no rare occurrence, for her sister-in-law, when in town, was obliged to receive and return so many visits, that—Letty, will you give orders to cook this morning—Letty, will you help Miss Grey with this sewing—Letty, will you stay in the nursery until the baby goes to sleep, the little thing does not like nurse, and I am engaged for the evening—requests that had been made in a gentle, insinuating manner, as if a favor would be granted if aunt Letty complied with them, were now equal to commands, when uttered by Mrs. Alexander Boardman to her husband's sister.

While thoughts of her own happy girlhood were thronging round her heart, aunt Letty felt that she was indeed an old maid, as with tears blinding her eyes she sat down alone to "stitch, stitch, stitch," for her brother's wife.

From the death of her aged mother, Letitia Boardman had resided with her only brother, a wealthy merchant. Affectionately attached to his sister, Mr. Boardman always wished her to act as if his house were her own, and daily engaged in business, he knew not but his dear Letty was happy as he desired she should be. Of the many services looked for as a matter of course by Mrs. Boardman, and exacted as a right from the "old maid" by Clara, he knew nothing, for his sister would not stoop to complain, nor did she wish to wound his feelings by showing him how matters really stood.

"Is not Miss Grey here to-day?" inquired Mr. Boardman of his sister, when they sat down to dinner. "I thought you told me she would remain for two weeks, Letty."

"She was not well yesterday, and was obliged to go home, and I fear is no better to-day, or she would have been here."

"Poor thing," said Mr. Boardman, compassionately. "You must go and see her after dinner, Clara; perhaps she wants something that we can send her."

Clara looked up with a flushed face. "Go and see her! go and see Mary Grey, pa?"

"Yes, that is what I said; you look surprised—what do you mean, Clara?"

"Nothing—but I think Duncan might go instead of me."

"But I wish you to go, and not your maid!"

"Well, pa, this is so strange; I don't know where Mary lives, and it is certainly more fitting that Duncan should visit our seamstress, than that I should go trudging into some out-of-the-way street to look after her."

Mr. Boardman gave one long, searching look at his daughter, and without replying to her, he turned to his sister.

"Letty, dear, you will see Miss Grey this afternoon; if she requires medical advice let Dr. Walker go to her immediately. When I return in the evening we will consult together how we may best benefit her without wounding her delicacy of feeling."

Pained by Clara's exhibition of unfeeling pride, Mr. Boardman found that he had committed a great error; he had left his daughter's education, and her moral training, wholly to the mother, and to teachers of her mother's selection, without pausing to think whether the mother was fitted for the holy duty entrusted to her. He resolved in future to watch more carefully the temper and the habits of his child, while he comforted himself with the thought that Clara was barely seventeen, and that it would be easy to uproot from her young heart the tares of pride and selfishness.

"Well, Letty, have you seen Miss Grey?"

"Yes, she was quite ill when I went there, and there was no one with her but her nephew. I sent him for the doctor, who administered some medicine, and when I came home I left Betty to stay with Miss Grey until to-morrow."

"You did quite right, quite right, dear sister, and now, if you will step into the store-room you will find some fresh fruit I ordered while you were out; select the finest and send it to Miss Grey."

As her aunt left the room, Clara curled her lip contemptuously, and wondered why her father took so much interest in the seamstress, the still old maid! Mr. Boardman saw the look, and with some severity he said: "Clara, I am surprised at the manner in which you conduct yourself when Miss Grey is spoken of, and I wonder that you have so little consideration

for the feelings of others. I might say, so little good breeding, as to speak of unmarried women by the sneering title of *old maids*, in the presence of your aunt Letty."

"Oh, pa, I can't bear them. They are all so queer and fidgety, and they dress so oddly, their clothes are never in the present fashion, but look as if made ten years ago at least—What a fright Miss Grey is sometimes, with her old-fashioned white cambric gown, and her hair frizzed, and that everlasting gold locket, and her stately manners, as if she fancied herself some grand lady, instead of what she is, a mere sewing woman, hired at so much a day."

Your prejudices are unreasonable, Clara; there are quite as many married women who are queer and fidgety, as you term it, quite as many who dress oddly, as there of women who remain single. The mere fact of her being married, is certainly no proof of a woman's superiority over those of her sex who do not enter into the marriage state, for it is as undeniable that many common-place, silly women, have husbands, as that many richly-gifted, estimable women have none. If we could look into the past history of those whom you call old maids, what lessons of self-sacrifice might we not read there. The heart of one lies in the grave of the betrothed of her youth—that of another gave its all of love to one unworthy of the gift—another still, has laid the fondest wishes of her life upon the altar of duty."

"Oh, pa, you find excuses for them because aunt Letty is one; but they are all disagreeable, I don't believe one of them ever had an offer."

Mr. Boardman was vexed at the flippant tone of his daughter. He had been proud of her personal appearance, proud of her graceful manner, proud of her accomplishments, without knowing whether the cultivation of her mind kept pace with these outward adornments.

"Clara," said he, "I have a story to tell you, which may serve to make you less unjust in your opinions; come and sit beside me. You know the beautiful house that you have admired so often, and that I promised I would tell you all about some day or other."

"Yes, yes, I know; Mrs. Dashing lives in it now."

That house was once owned by a gentleman possessing a large capital, and having business transactions with many of the most influential houses abroad. His numerous vessels traded to foreign ports, bringing him profitable returns on their various cargoes, and he was, in the fullest sense of the term, a prosperous man. His family consisted of a wife, and two daughters. The sisters had in all respects equally shared the love of their parents. They were both beautiful, both highly accomplished, but their characters and dispositions were as opposite as their persons. The elder of the two was fair and delicate, rather *petite*, and of mild and gentle manners.

A violet by a mossy stone,  
Half hidden from the eye—

"The younger was of a proud and commanding figure. Her rich tresses were folded smoothly on her forehead, and gathered in a low knot on her beautifully-formed head, while her dark eyes flashed with the light of a haughty and unsubdued spirit. They were surrounded by all the elegancies of life, caressed by a large circle of gay friends, and sought in marriage by many who knew they were to inherit large fortunes."

Among the occasional visitors at the hospitable house of the merchant, was a young clergyman, who had charge of a country parish, with the enviable salary of five hundred dollars a year. A man of polished manners and refined mind, he found much that was congenial in the society of the merchant's eldest daughter, nor could he help observing that she regarded him with kindness. But he never dreamed that she could be his wife, and when he found that love had stolen into the place of friendship, he absented himself from the house, and strove, in the strict discharge of his duties, to conquer a passion that to him appeared hopeless.

The last man to whom the merchant would have given his youngest daughter, was the very one she had chosen for a husband, and no entreaties of her parents could induce her to pause ere she gave her final decision. With the same obstinacy which had always appeared when her pleasure or her will were to be gratified, Adelaide assured her parents that she would never marry any other than Vincent Barclay. Fearing that his daughter might be married clandestinely, the merchant unwillingly gave his consent to the union.

As long as Mary hoped to influence her sister, and deter her from committing an act which she feared would bring sorrow and anguish to their happy home, so long did she plead and entreat Adelaide, to wait one year before she wedded. But when Mary found her sister's resolution was not to be shaken, then in her own loving hopeful manner did she strive to smooth all difficulties, and endeavor to persuade her parents and herself that Vincent Barclay might be a better man than the world thought he was. Mary could not deny that there was a charm and elegance in his manner well calculated to fascinate a gay and thoughtless girl; but to her it seemed false and hollow; there was no heart-warmth, none of that open frankness of character which wins upon a nature frank and confiding as its own. She had never liked him from the first. There was that involuntary repulsion, for which she could not account, and which it was impossible to overcome. She strove to reason on the subject, but feeling was stronger than reason. She blamed herself for being prejudiced, and uncharitable, and how that Barclay was the affianced of her sister, Mary tried more than ever to get rid of her distrust.

The wedding was what is called a brilliant affair. By the guests, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay were declared to be formed for each other, and judging from outward appearances, there seemed to be nothing wanting to complete their happiness. Soon after their marriage, Adelaide and her husband went abroad, and passed their first winter together in the giddy vortex of Parisian gaiety.

The admiration excited by her grace and beauty, where there were so many graceful and beautiful women to contest the palm, gave a still greater impetus to her vanity, and the richest dresses, and most costly ornaments, were ordered without any regard to utility, that she might retain the epithet of *queen*, by her admirers.

She enjoyed but little of her husband's society, as it would have been in shocking bad taste for a husband to be caught in a fashionable circle, paying any little civilities or attentions to his wife, and so she was frequently left to the charge of Monsieur De L'Orme, who performed the part, without receiving the name, of *cavalier servant*. Mr. Barclay was, of course, at liberty to lavish his smiles and his politeness on any lady who, for the moment, he thought the most agreeable, and in one successive round of amusements was spent the first winter in Paris.

In the spring, Adelaide wrote to her parents that her husband and herself had decided on staying abroad another year. They were to spend the summer months at Baden, and would return in winter to the French capital. The letter closed with a request for a large remittance, as Mr. Barclay had been disappointed in receiving the money he expected from his agent at home. The remittance was sent, and her father wrote kindly, yet firmly, of the necessity there was for prudence and economy. The only remark made by Adelaide, as she put down her father's letter, was, "Economy! what a vulgar word, it is tantamount to parsimony!" Once more in the gay circle of her admirers, Adelaide strove to forget the many unpleasant scenes with her husband, which had occurred during their late tour, when they had been obliged, in travelling, to spend not only hours but days together. Too proud to let the world suspect she was unhappy, no voice was more cheerful than hers, and no smile was brighter, as she returned the salutations that greeted her reappearance. She had married Vincent Barclay wilfully, and what had been his great attraction? She blushed as her heart answered the question. The attraction had been, not his gifted intellect, not his moral worth; but his fine person, and his graceful manners.

Alas, alas, how beauty of person becomes positive deformity, when it is found to be but the covering for a corrupt mind. Admiration of the beautiful, love for it in every variety in which it is presented to us, seems to be an innate feeling of our nature. We gaze on a lovely picture, or a noble statue, with emotions akin to reverence; and when we look admiringly on the living beauty of one made in the likeness of God, how are we shocked to discover that the beauty is that of Lucifer, fair as the morning without, and dark as the midnight within.

"Although Adelaide was too proud to betray her unhappiness to the world, the world is generally clear-sighted enough in discovering faults, follies and misfortunes, and equally loud-mouthed in noising them abroad.

"Nor was there waiting matter for the tongue of scandal, when it was known that Mr. Barclay had eloped with the wife of a young officer who had been his most intimate friend, and who had frequently loaned him money to pay his debts of honor at Frescati."

Adelaide was humbled. She had been wounded, not in her affections, but in her pride. Her haughty spirit would have borne much could it have been concealed; but that her friends should see another preferred by her husband to herself, that she should know she had no power over his heart, this was indeed humiliating!

"What would be said at home? How could she who had left it an envied bride, return a deserted wife? And how could she remain abroad without the means of living as she had done hitherto? In the last letters from her sister, Mary had plainly spoken of embarrassment in her father's affairs, and begged her to be more prudent."

In this state of suffering, and while uncertain how to act, Adelaide was forced to listen to words of condolence from women who had envied her superior attractions; and who were secretly glad of her misfortunes.

From De L'Orme she met with the kindest sympathy. His manner toward her was gentle, and reserved, as if fearful of wounding her delicacy by obtruding himself upon her notice. Her every look was studied, her every wish anticipated, and feeling the need of some friend on whom she might rely, she was grateful for his kindness.

In less than a month after being deserted by her husband, another letter from home told of the dangerous illness of her mother, and that her father was on the verge of bankruptcy. The shock was great.

De L'Orme was with her when she received the letter, and her agitation on reading it was too great to be concealed. In a subdued and earnest tone he begged to know the cause of her distress. Was he not her friend? Was he not entitled to her confidence? Glad of sympathy, and regarding him as a man of true honor, she told him the state of her father's affairs, and her own perplexity. De L'Orme listened with deep and quiet attention, and when Adelaide paused, he sat silent, for some minutes, without offering either condolence or advice. Then, suddenly, as if waking from a reverie, he said in an agitated tone, while he took her hand and pressed it softly in his own, "My dear Mrs. Barclay, will you confide in me?"

"There is no one else in whom I can confide. O, De L'Orme, among all the hollow smiles that day after day are given me, all the hollow professions to which I listen from those who triumph in my misery, how thankful I am my poor heart that in this strange land I have still one friend."

"Adelaide, dearest," said De L'Orme, passionately, "you have spoken truly—you have long loved you—who will protect you while he has life—shall it not be so, my Adelaide?"

Starting as if stung by a serpent, Adelaide sprang from her seat, and was about to leave the room without speaking. Misinterpreting her silence, De L'Orme followed and endeavored to detain her.

"Touch me not, De L'Orme," said Adelaide, with quivering lip, while neck, cheek, brow, were crimsoned with shame indignation, "touch me not, my confidence has been misplaced; but from you, De L'Orme, from you, should not have come this added humiliation."

"Listen to me, Adelaide. Your husband has left you alone and unprotected; he has broken the vows that made you his, and you are free. I will be to you—"

The unhappy woman turned on him a look of proud and stern reproach, yet so mournful withal, that De L'Orme's eyes fell beneath her gaze, and he was too much confused to proceed.

When he looked up she was gone. In her own chamber all Adelaide's assumed composure vanished. She threw herself on a couch and gave way to an agony of tears. Her pride had utterly supported her. Through all her misfortunes she had dared, by word or look, to treat her with undue familiarity, and now the

only one in whom she had confided, was the first to make her feel how utterly defenceless and humiliating was her present position. Anything else she might have borne, rather than return alone to the home she had left so proudly, almost triumphantly. De L'Orme wrote repeatedly, but his letters were returned unopened, and with all speed Adelaide prepared to leave Paris. Her maid accompanied her to Havre, and was there dismissed; and alone and unattended, Adelaide embarked on board the packet. The weather was stormy, the voyage long and wearisome, and her health began to give way. Oh, how the stricken one longed for home! When she had landed and procured a carriage, she gave the driver her father's address, and in a state of nervous anxiety threw herself back in the seat, and tried to think how it would look at home.

"The day was drawing to a close, and the streets were thronged with multitudes all hurrying homeward. The laborer, with his weary frame and toll-stained garments, and the successful money-maker, with his self-satisfied bearing and fine apparel, were jostling each other in their eager haste. Their object was the same—to reach their home—how widely different!"

With a beating heart Adelaide ascended the steps of her father's house. It had a strange, deserted look. There were no lights in the drawing-room, and the servant who opened the door was not old Hector, who had been in the family since her childhood. She was passing through the hall without speaking, when the servant asked her whom she wished to see.

"Miss G—," replied Adelaide, "is she not at home?"

"She does not live here, madam."

"Not live here! this is Mr. G's residence, is it not?"

"The servant hesitated a moment, and then answered, 'It was, madam, but Mr. G— moved away two weeks ago.'"

Adelaide was stunned, and leaned against the wall for support.

"Can you tell me where he has removed to?"

"The man gave her the direction, and with sad forebodings Adelaide turned from the home of her happy years. She could scarcely believe that the humble-looking tenement to which she had been directed could be the shelter of her parents and her sister. Parental

alas, she had but one. A week before her arrival her mother had died, even while praying that she might be spared to see her child. The shock of meeting her family under such altered circumstances preyed upon Adelaide's already enfeebled frame, and in four months after her return she was laid beside her mother, leaving an infant of two weeks old to the care of her sister.

From the moment that misfortune overtook the once prosperous merchant, Herman Hope, the young clergyman to whom I have alluded, was a constant visitor when in the city. It was he who stood by the bedside of Adelaide's mother, when death released her from her sorrows, and it was his voice which repeated at the grave the blessed words, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' It was he who poured the baptismal water on the brow of Adelaide's child, and in her conflict with the King of Terrors, administered the consolations of religion to Adelaide herself. It was he who whispered comfort and resignation to the sadly-stricken survivors, showing them that the 'Lord loveth whom he chasteneth,' and that these outward afflictions which are but for a moment, worketh for us an exceeding weight of glory."

Herman Hope was the last of a family who had one by one passed away, with a beaming of the eye and a burning of the cheek which was beautiful to the last. Often had Mary trembled as the azure veins in his forehead grew more transparent, and the bright flush came and went more rapidly; but Herman, buoyed by the hope of calling her his wife, gave no heed to the disease stealing stealthily upon him. The knowledge came too soon. The physician told them his only hope for Herman's recovery was in a winter's residence at Santa Cruz, and he had to be sent.

Poor Mary! how many a wakeful, fearful night she spent in preparing the many little things a woman's love deems necessary for the comfort of an invalid. She could not go with him, and smooth his pillow, and day by day watch beside him, speaking tender words of love and hope. Her father, and her sister's helpless infant, claimed her care; and commending her betrothed to the protection of Him who watches over all his creatures, she turned to her home-duties with a feeling of loneliness greater than she had ever known before.

Mary received a letter from her lover soon after his arrival. It was written in that glad and buoyant tone which always marks the renewed health of one who has been suffering from illness, and who feels the life-current once more flowing warmly through his veins.

And now Mary's step grew lighter, and her heart-pulse beat quicker, as she played with the child, or administered some gentle restorative to her parent. It was time that she should receive another letter, but when none came, she thought it was because Herman wished to surprise her with his presence, and daily did she picture their happiness when he should again be at her side. Nestle a little longer, thou bright-winged angel of hope, nestle a little longer in the maiden's heart! A little longer let her dream, for hers will be a fearful waking! The beloved—the betrothed—has passed away to the Silent Land, and she sat not by him when the dark angel veiled his eyes in shadow—she kissed not his last breath, when the bright angel bore his soul to bliss. A look of hair! a ring! and these are all that is left. Precious mementos of the dead, to be laid aside secretly, to be wept over in secret, to be kissed by the lips, to be pressed to the heart until the hand can no longer clasp its treasures! Of Mary's sorrow I may not speak. It would be profanation. A wife bereaved of her husband, has no need to hide her grief. But a maiden bereaved of her betrothed, must fold the agony in her own heart; maidenly delicacy prompts her to hide all sign of grief, and only in solitude can her parting feelings have vent in tears.

Notwithstanding Mary's strict economy, the little that had been spared her father by his creditors was nearly spent, and the time she could steal from attendance on him, and the child, was given to her needle.

Many a beautifully embroidered fabric was adorned by her former associates, without their being aware that to the merchant's daughter was due the praise so freely given.

A few years more, and Mary was left alone with the child. She still toiled on, though, owing to the failure of her eyesight, she had ceased to embroider, and was obliged to resort to plain sewing to earn a subsistence. Some of her former friends wished to aid her, but she gently refused their kindness, and for fourteen years she has maintained herself and the orphan boy.

Mr. Boardman paused, and Clara eagerly asked, "Where is she now, papa? What is her name? How I should like to see such a woman! And she never got married? What a pity!" (Clara seemed to think that woman's only mission was the mission matrimonial.)

"Well, I should like to see her, though. Do you know where she lives, papa?"

"Yes, and if you had gone where I requested you to yesterday, you would have known too."

"Why pa, it can't be—no, no, it can't be Miss Grey!"

"Yes, Clara, it is Miss Grey of whom I have been speaking, one of the most amiable, suffering, self-sacrificing women I have ever known. Miss Grey, cradled like yourself in luxury, and now your mother's sewing woman, hired at so much a day!"

Clara blushed with shame, and her father proceeded.

"It is a long story I have told you, my daughter, but my feelings were too much interested to allow of my shortening its details. There is a brief tale connected with it which I will also relate to you."

You remember that I said Mr. Grey had many vessels trading to foreign ports. The mate of one of these vessels was often at the office of the merchant, and sometimes at his house, on business, where he was always received with kindness. Frequently, at dusk, he met a very pretty girl leaving the house, who he ascertained, did the plain sewing of the family. One evening they chanced to leave the house at the same time, and the mate walked by the young girl's side, and by degrees entered into a conversation with her, which was only interrupted by her stopping before her own door, and thanking him for his civility. He still lingered without bidding her good night, and with some little hesitation she invited him to enter.

He did so, gladly. After one or two more voyages she became his wife. His captain died, and through the kindness of the owner he was promoted to the command of a fine ship. In time he became owner himself of part of her cargo. Fortune smiled upon him, all his investments were profitable, and in a few years he no longer went to sea, but took his place among the wealthiest merchants of the city.

His wife was a handsome, fashionable woman, and his eldest daughter was, in many respects like mother. The father was fond of his daughter, too fond to see her faults. He did not know how deeply the hateful weed of pride had taken root in her heart, until he heard her speak contemptuously of the class to which her mother had belonged, until he heard her refuse to visit one to whose father her own owed all his prosperity.

"Oh, pa," exclaimed Clara, her face crimsoned with mortification, "oh, pa, it can't be!"

"Yes, Clara, it was from the door of Miss Grey's once elegant home, that your father first walked with the SEAMSTRESS."

## JERUSALEM—THE TEMPLE.

My room opened upon a little terrace—the flat roof of a lower apartment in our inn at Jerusalem, and from this little terrace I was never tired of gazing. A considerable portion of the city was spread out below me; not with its streets laid open to view, as would be in one of our cities; but presenting a collection of flat roofs, with small white cupolas rising from them, and the minarets of the mosques springing, tall and light as the poplar from the long grass of the meadow. The narrow winding lanes, which are the streets of eastern cities, are scarcely traceable from a height; but there was one visible from our terrace, with its rough pavement of large stones, the high house-walls on each side, and the arch thrown over it, which is so familiar to all who have seen pictures of Jerusalem. This street is called the Via Dolorosa, the Mournful Way; from its being supposed to be the way by which Jesus went from the Judgment Hall to Calvary, bearing his cross. Many times in a day my eye followed the windings of this street, in which I rarely saw any one walking; and when it was lost among the buildings near the walls, I looked over to the hill which bounded our prospect, and that hill was the Mount of Olives.

It was then the time of full moon, and evening after evening I used to lean on the parapet of the terrace, watching for the coming up of the large yellow moon from behind the ridge of Olivet. By day the slopes of the Mount were green with the springing wheat, and dappled with the shade of the olive clumps. By night, those clumps and lines of trees were dark amidst the lights and shadows cast by the moon; and they guided the eye, in the absence of daylight, to the most interesting points—the decent to the brook Kedron, the road to Bethany, and the place whence Jesus is believed to have looked over upon the noble city when he pronounced its doom. Such was the view from our terrace.

One of our first walks was along the Via Dolorosa. There is a strange charm in the streets of Jerusalem, from the picturesque character of the walls and arch ways. The old walls of yellow stone are so beautifully tinted with weeds, that one longs to paint every angle and projection, with their mellow coloring, and dappled and trailing weeds. And the shadowy archways, where the vaulted roofs intersect each other, till they are lost in the dazzle of the sunshine beyond, are a perpetual treat to the eye. The pavement is the worst I ever walked on; large, slippery stones, slanting in every manner of ways. Passing such weedy walls and dark archways as I have mentioned, we turned into the Via Dolorosa, and followed it as far as the Governor's House which stands where Fort Anton stood, when Pilate there tried him in whom he found, as he declared, no guilt. Here we obtained permission to mount to the roof.

Why did we wish it? For reasons of such force as I despair of making understood by any but those to whom the name of the Temple has been sacred from their earliest years. None but Mohammedans may enter the enclosure now; no Jew, nor Christian. The Jew and Christian who repel each other in Christian lands are under the same ban here. They are alike excluded from the place where Solomon built and Christ sanctified the temple of Jehovah; and they are alike mocked and insulted, if they draw near the gates. Of course we were not satisfied without seeing all that we could see of this place—now occupied by the Mohammedans, after Mecca. We could sit under the Golden Gate, outside the walls; we could measure with the eye, from the bed of the brook Kedron, the height of the walls which crowned Moriah, and from amidst which arose the temple courts; we could sit where Jesus sat on the slope of Olivet, and look over to the height whence the glorious Temple once commanded the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which lay between us and it; but this was not enough, if we could see more. We had gone to the threshold of one of the gates as far as the Faithful permit the Infidel to go; and even there we had insulting warnings not to venture further, and were mocked by little boys—From this threshold we had looked in; and from the top of the city wall we had looked down upon the enclosure, and seen the external beauty of the buildings, and the pride and prosperity of the Mohammedan usurpers. But we could see yet more from the roof of the governor's house; and there we went accordingly.

The enclosure was spread out like a map below us; and very beautiful was the mosque, built of variegated marbles, and its vast dome, and its noble marble platform; with its flights of steps and light arcades; and the green lawn which sloped away all round, and the row of cypress trees under which a company of worshippers were at their prayers. But how could we, coming from a Christian land, attend much to present things, when the sacred past seemed spread before our eyes? I was looking, almost all the while, to see where the Shepherds were, through which the lambs for sacrifice were brought; and the Watergate, through which the priest went down to the spring of Siloam for water for the ritual purification. I saw where the temple itself must have stood, and planned how far the outer courts extended—the Court of the Gentiles, the Court of the Women, the Treasury, where the chest stood on the right of the entrance, and the right hand might give without the left knowing; and the place where the scribes sat to teach, and where Christ so taught in their jealous presence as to make converts of those who were sent to apprehend him. I saw whereabouts the altar must have stood, and where arose, night and morning, for long centuries, the smoke of the sacrifices. I saw where the golden vine must have hung its clusters on the front of the Holy Place, and where, again, the innermost chamber must have been—the Holy of Holies, where none but the High Priest might enter, and he only once a year. These places have been familiar to my mind's eye from my youth up—almost as familiar as my own house; and now I looked at the very ground they had occupied, and the very scenery they had commanded, with an emotion that the ignorant or careless reader of the New Testament could hardly conceive of. And the review of time was hardly less interesting than that of place. Here my thoughts were led back to the early days when David and Solomon chose the ground, and levelled the summit of Mount Moriah, and began the Temple of Jehovah. I could see the lavishing of Solomon's wealth upon the edifice, and the fall of its pomp under invaders who worshipped the sun; and the rebuilding in the days of Nehemiah, when the citizens worked at the walls with arms in their girdles, and in the full glory and security; (as most of the Jews thought) of the Temple, while they paid tribute to the Romans. Oh the proud Mohammedans before my eyes were very like the proud Jews, who mocked at the idea that their Temple should be thrown down. I saw now the area where they stood in their pride, and where, before a generation had passed away, no stone was left upon another, and the plough was brought to tear up the last remains of the foundations. Having witnessed this heart-breaking sight, the Jews were banished from the city, and not even permitted to see their Zion from afar off. In the age of Constantine, they were allowed to approach so as to see the city from the surrounding hills—a mournful liberty, like that of permitting an exile to see his native shores from the sea, but never to land. At length the Jews were allowed to purchase of the Roman soldiers leave to enter the city once a year—on the day when the city fell before Titus. And what to do? How did they spend that one day of the year? I will tell, for I saw it. The mournful custom abides to this day.

I have said how proud and prosperous looked the Mosque of Omar, with its marble buildings, its green lawns and gaily dressed people—some at prayers under the cypresses, some conversing under the arcades—female devotees in white sitting on the grass, and merry children running on the slopes; all these ready and eager to stone to death, on the instant, any Christian or Jew who should dare to set his foot within the walls. This is what we call within. Next we went round the outside till we came by a narrow, crooked passage, to a desolate spot, occupied by desolate people. Under a high, massive and very ancient wall, was a dusty, narrow space, enclosed on the other side by the backs of modern dwellings, if I remember right. This ancient wall, where the weeds are springing from the crevices of the stones, is the only part remaining of the old temple wall; and here the Jews come every Friday, to the Place of Weeping, as it is called, to mourn over the fall of their Temple, and pray for its restoration. What a contrast did these humbled people present to the proud Mohammedans within! The women were seated in the dust—some weeping aloud; some repeating prayers with moving lips; and others reading from books or their heads. A few children were at play on the ground; and some aged men sat silent, their hands drooping on their breasts. Several younger men were leaning against the wall—pressing their foreheads against the stones, and resting their backs on their clasped hands in the crevices. With some, this walling is no form, for I saw tears on their cheeks, I longed to know if any had hope in their hearts that they or their children, or any generation should see that wall, and should help to swell the cry, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, that the King of Glory may come in!" If they have any such hope, it may give some sweetness to this site of humiliation. We had no such hope for them; and it was with unspeakable sadness that I, for one, turned away from the thought,



of the pride and tyranny within those walls, and the desolation without, carrying with me a deep-felt lesson on the strength of human faith, and the weakness of the tie of brotherhood.

Alas! all seem weak alike. Look at the three great places of prayer in the Holy City! Here are the Mohammedans eager to kill any Jew or Christian who may enter the Mosque of Omar. There are the Christians ready to kill any Mohammedan or Jew who may enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. And here are the Jews pleading against their enemies—Remember, O Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem, who said, raze it, raze it, even to the foundation thereof. O daughter of Babylon that art to be destroyed, happy shall be that reward thee as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.

—H. Martineau.

## THE CAPTURE OF GEN. LEE.

[From the Diary of an Officer of the Revolution.]

General Charles Lee was the most eccentric officer in our army. Although an Englishman by birth, and under the half-pay of a colonel in the British army, he early took a decided stand in favor of the cause of the colonies. He and Gates bought plantations in Virginia, and became neighbors of Washington previous to the war. Being soldiers of experience, it was the chief cause of Washington's recommendation of them to Congress as general officers at the time he received his own commission. Lee was made major general, and Gates adjutant general.

Lee had served in Portugal with Burgoyne, and participated with him in several engagements on the frontiers of Spain, particularly at the surprise of Alcantara. He was as brave as he was eccentric, and in some cases his eccentricity bordered upon superstition. He never had less than three dogs about him, for he was very fond of that faithful animal. Whenever he rode out on review days, he was always preceded by these four-footed *avant couriers*; and it came finally to be a jocular saying among the officers, 'Lee is coming, for here are his *aide-du-camp*.' His attachment to dogs is said to have originated from the fact of a noble wolf-hound having saved the life of an ancestor, Sir Henry Lee, of Ditchley, from the hands of a midnight assassin.

Lee was warm in his attachments, and bitter in his hatred. At times he was jocular and droll in the extreme, then again he was morose and short to his best friends. He was generous to a fault, as his favorite *aide-du-camp*, Major Edwards, long afterwards told me. All that it required to get along with Lee was to know the nature and habits of the man.

In December, 1776, Washington was in the neighborhood of the Delaware, and Lee was in command near Hackensack. Washington ordered Lee to join the main army as quickly as possible; but the latter general, from unaccountable reasons, delayed to appear at headquarters. Perhaps I can explain a little the reason, although it may seem *scandalum magnanimum*.

It is generally supposed that Lee was a woman-hater. In regard to the general society of women he was indifferent, nor was he a favorite of them, for he was sarcastic, and at times not very particular about his language.

When in command in New Jersey, he had formed an attachment or *liaison* with the daughter of a small inn-keeper; and the possession of a man standing so high as Gen. Lee was to the simple girl like being elevated to a throne. To speak plain, she became the mistress of the General.

Like Sampson reposing in the arms of Delilah, he forgot the order of his commander, and sacrificed to pleasure duties that required his presence elsewhere.

Washington became somewhat irritated at his non-appearance, for Lord Cornwallis was advancing, and he needed all aid and assistance. I was dispatched from headquarters with a small escort, bearing a message in writing to General Lee for his instant advance without any further delay whatever.

The great difficulty was to find the whereabouts of Lee. It was known he had commenced his march, but what road he had taken was uncertain. It was morning when we left camp—a bitter cold day in December, and an icy sleet falling.

To avoid the enemy we took circuitous by-roads, and about noon we reached a small farm house on the border of Morris county. Chilled and hungry, I ordered a halt, for the purpose of warming ourselves, eating something, and feeding our horses. We found the inmates of the farm-house taking their own meal, in the large old-fashioned kitchen, in the fire-place of which a noble fire was blazing.

We were received with cordiality, and the seven of us were invited to partake of their meal, most of the farmer's family rising from the table to give us room. This, however, I declined—for we had brought our provisions with us—saying permission only to warm our own meal by the fire, and to bait our horses. All was granted instantly. Two or three huge pitchers of cider were placed before us, and one of the farmer's sons went out to feed our horses.

'You belong to the right cause, I see by your uniform,' said the farmer.

'I hope so,' I answered; for I did not like to be too communicative, as that part of Jersey was thought to be rather attached to the Tory cause. He seemed to divine my meaning, for he said: 'I have two sons in the army, in Colonel Ogden's regiment. Here I have to remain neutral, to save my dwelling and family from destruction. We are all whigs at heart, down to the youngest child.'

From the manner in which he spoke there could be no doubt of his sincerity; and hoping to get some information from him, I entered into conversation. He inquired particularly about the situation of Washington, and what I thought of the chances of our final success.

To the latter question I replied in a manner not to admit of a doubt. Our main dependence was on the yeomanry and farmers for supplies, and I knew it would not do to speak gloomily to any of that class.

'I am glad to hear it,' he said, 'a patrolling party of the British were here this morning, and they were boasting with great exultation, that Washington, with all his ragged followers, would be in their hands before three days.'

'Was the party large?' I inquired.

'Some dozen horsemen.' They said a large body of dragoons were on the main road, under the command of Colonel Harcourt, and from what I could gather from words now and then dropped, they were looking out for General Lee. They did not think I was listening.

And where is General Lee? I inquired anxiously.

'My youngest boy, who was out to Peter Van Vorst's tavern this morning, says the stable boy told him the general had been there over night, and was still there.'

What time was this morning? I asked.

'About nine o'clock.'

Did General Lee have any escort with him? I asked.

'I asked my boy that question, and he told me he neither saw or heard of any.'

And a British patrol was here this morning, looking after the general?

'I told you I thought so, from what little I understood when they conversed together.'

'What infatuation!' I could not help remarking. 'You belong to us, for you are on the same side. Is there no way by which I can make a nearer ride to the place where Lee is resting, than by the main road?'

'Yes, and one of my boys shall guide you to the cross-road, where you turn off. You will be the gainers by at least an hour. Put on your great coat, Bob. Mount your horse, and lead these soldiers to the cross-roads by the shortest route.'

'Yes, dad,' replied a lively-looking boy about fifteen. 'I'm glad to go; anything to put down the red coats—not em.'

We were all in our saddles in brief time. The storm, instead of abating, had grown more fierce, and the sleet blew directly in our faces. We turned up a narrow lane, which we followed for about four miles, when we came to what the farmer called the 'cross-roads.' Here the lad halted and said:

'I must leave you now. Take the road that leads to the right, and in about an hour's time you will be at the place.'

'How am I to know the place?' I asked.

'Oh! I forgot that. I was thinking every body knew Van Vorst's tavern. There are three great elm trees at the door—you can't mistake the house. I'd go along, but then it would do daddy harm without helping you, if Van Vorst saw me. He pretends to be a whig, but he's a Tory up to the hub.'

I thanked the lad, and endeavored to make him accept of a few silver coins I had in my pocket, but he was evidently offended at the offer. Waving his hand, he turned his horse's head and rode away.

It was that period of the year when the days reach their shortest span. This season, combined with the gloomy storm of the day, made it dark before we reached the tavern where Lee was, a place easily recognized by the three described trees.

Ordering my men to dismount, we conducted our horses to a shed, and then entered the tavern. Van Vorst himself was at the bar, and seeing our uniforms, he stared as if surprised. Without giving him time to recover himself, I went up to him and said: 'I wish to see General Lee immediately.'

'General Lee? Yes, yes; he's at supper now, but I'll tell him.'

As he went out of the room, I softly followed, determined not to be put off with excuses. He opened a side-door, and there I beheld the general seated at a well-supplied table, and beside him a girl of not more than eighteen, handsome in features, but to a close observer those features were masculine and brazen. They were the only persons in the room.

'General,' said the landlord, 'there is an American officer—'

'With dispatches from headquarters,' I said, finishing the sentence. The landlord turned round, much surprised to find I had followed him, and gave me an angry look.

'Ah, yes!' droned Lee, for he happened to be in a fit of good humor.

'Come in, come in, my lad. Van Vorst, you can leave us. As for Moll, here she can remain. Give me the dispatches.'

I handed him the papers, and took a seat by the fire as he read them. After he had finished, he turned to me and said: 'Your name and rank?'

'Captain Evans, recently attached to the artillery under Knox.'

'Captain, draw up to the table. Charles Lee has ever a plate for an officer or a friend; it is not so, Moll? and he pulled his *chère ami* by the ear.

'La, general! how can you act so,' she replied in a manner where bashfulness struggled with impudence.

'Excuse me, general,' I answered, decidedly. 'I must return immediately to headquarters. Shall I bear a written or verbal answer back?'

'Really, sir, I like your promptness, and will not urge you to partake of my humble cheer. Say to the general-in-chief I shall be with him by to-morrow night, at the longest.'

'Can I see you a moment alone, general?'

'Certainly. Spare me, Moll, for a moment, and he followed me into the entry.

'Do you know that a large horse patrol of the enemy are out in search of you, and may be now but a few miles off?'

'Nonsense! My intelligence of the movements of the British troops are better than yours.'

'I tell you the truth, sir.'

'Dah! Give the commander-in-chief my reply. Good night! and be left me.'

I put my little command in motion, and reached the main army next day about noon.

That very morning Colonel Harcourt, with his body of four hundred cavalry, cut off all communication between Lee and his troops, then encamped three miles off. Lee was captured in his bed, and carried to New York, being allowed barely time to dress himself. Delilah had overcome Sampson.

The cause of his capture was well known in the army at the time; but Washington, to save Lee's reputation, hushed the matter, and I never record it as one of the secrets of unprinted history.

OUR SUMMER SCHOOLS.

The time for the commencement is at hand. Let the announcement of the fact serve to remind our three or four thousand school agents of some minor duties which are to be discharged, if they would be faithful to their obligations, before the opening of the school. We say minor duties—not because they are such in our estimation—but because they are so regarded by a majority of school agents, and for the simple reason, perhaps, that the performance of them requires but little effort. The object of this article can be obtained by propounding a few brief inquiries, which every agent can answer to himself; the answer involving the performance or dereliction of duty.

Has the condition of the school-house and out-buildings been made the subject of a searching examination? Have the breaches made by last winter's frost been repaired? Have the broken panes of glass been replaced? Has the school-room been made to assume a cheerful aspect, by the expenditure of one hour's labor and a little whitewash upon its walls and ceilings, covering last winter's smoke-work, or while inanimate nature all around it is wreathed in smiles, does the school-room alone wear a frown? Has provision been made for comfort and cleanliness? Are the water-pails, the dipper, the broom, in their places, and in a fit condition for entering upon actual duty? Have the warped and discolored blackboards been refitted, and, if necessary, repainted? In fine, has everything been done which can be, within the scope of the agent's authority, for the comfort, health and happiness of teachers and children?

The agent who can answer these inquiries in the affirmative, and has employed his teacher, has but two remaining duties to perform, which require his immediate attention. The one is to notify the School Committee of

the time when the school is to commence;—whether to be kept by a master or mistress, and for how long a time such instructor is engaged.

The second is to 'return to the Selectmen, in the month of May, a list, by him certified to be true, of the children in his district, of the age of four years and under the age of twenty-one years, as they existed on the first day of said month; exclusive of such as may have come from other places, where they belong, to attend any college or academy, or to labor in any factory, in any such district.' These services are to be performed under the sanction of an oath, which the honest agent will not disregard.—*Com. Sch. Adv.*

REMINISCENCES OF A 'COMMITTEE MAN.'

Of the offices 'in the gift of the people,' some may be coveted for their emoluments, others, for the titles they confer; some, for their honors, others, for the respect paid to their possessor. But he who craves a seat on the School Committee, must be influenced by 'pure, unmixed benevolence.' Its emoluments scarcely cover its expenses; it confers no title, makes a man neither Colonel nor Judge, not even plain 'Squire,' but simply a 'Committee man.' It brings no honors. The most faithful discharge of its duties is as likely to be rewarded with enmity as gratitude; and its possessor receives no homage, save in a few antiquated school-houses, where the pupils are taught to rise up at the entrance or exit of 'the Committee' from the school-room. And yet few offices are more important, or demand more sterling qualities in their occupants. Were the people duly sensible of this fact, no vote would be more carefully weighed than that thrown for Superintendent School Committees. On the other hand, were men rightly informed of its ungrateful labors, few would accept the office; for few have leisure, tact, and patience to discharge its duties, and a consciousness of the faithful performance of its obligations is the only reward to be expected.

I took up my pen, however, without any intention of writing a labored article on this important topic, but merely to note down a few reminiscences of some ten years' service, by way of illustrating the 'life of a committee man.'

If the recital should seem amusing, I can assure my readers these scenes were accompanied by other feelings than mirth, when acted out in real life. I was called to the duty almost at my first entrance on the stage of manhood. The other members of the Committee were older and more experienced, and had some knowledge of the inside of a school-room as teachers, while I had never entered one but as a pupil. I however tried to learn my duty, and to do it as well as I knew how. This had been comparatively an easy matter, had the various persons concerned done their duty. But I soon learned that little reliance could be placed on the recommendations with which the teachers were so abundantly supplied. Masters came, duly certified by preceptors of academies, and literary gentlemen, and even school committees in other towns, who were unable to pass the examination demanded by the statute. School agents, too, in those days, engaged teachers before they had obtained a certificate, and often I have known the master to come Saturday evening to be examined, when all the arrangements had been completed for him to commence the school on Monday morning; and in some cases, not till after he had actually been keeping a week or two. The agents and teachers acted, in many instances, as if the certificate would come as a matter of course.

A teacher came to my house one morning in great haste, and with a tone that implied a demand rather than a request, signified her wish to have my signature to a certificate she had received from another member of the committee.

'I am in a great hurry,' said she, without sitting down, 'and my school begins on Monday, and I must have my certificate soon.' I had some difficulty in convincing her that I could not certify to an examination I never made; but she yielded at last, and as she answered the questions promptly, I made due consideration for her hurry, and dismissed her with the desired signature.

Another teacher came with a bundle of certificates from another town, but she failed to pass in some of the most important branches. I gave her a fortnight to review them. She came sometime afterwards, and I asked her if she had reviewed the studies I mentioned. She replied with a good deal of spirit, 'No! I, of course, refused to repeat the examination. She was rather a belle in her way, and adorned with that class. She was accompanied by a spruce, sleek youngster, who I judged was her beau.' He pleaded her cause like a lawyer, and I doubt not his client's cause lay near his heart. 'Why,' said he, in his personation, 'I have no doubt she is qualified to keep school.' 'Very well,' I replied, 'then you could give her a certificate, but I cannot do it on your convictions. I must be convinced myself.' She reluctantly gave up at last, and went home to her books. She came the third time, and said she had reviewed the branch in which she was deficient, and it was evident she had, to some purpose, for she passed a very satisfactory examination.

Some of the teachers were fond of 'showing off.' I always anticipated some amusement when they began that game, for the chairman was a plain-spoken man of the old school, and never showed any mercy to such exhibitions. We were together one day examining a master in arithmetic. He had given the 'grand flourish' two or three times, and I was quietly waiting to see his pious clipper. The chairman, however, bore it with unusual patience, till the teacher, grown bold by indulgence, began to suggest different modes of operation in some of the rules of arithmetic, and to inquire which he liked best, and how he would work out certain sums. 'We came here,' gruffly responded the old man, 'not to teach you, but to see how much you know.' It was a damper—he attempted no more flights, but submitted to his examination like a hero.

Amongst the items of news last received from Mexico was one that Gen. Cidwader was on his way home. It is now stated that he has resigned his commission in the army. The Union, however, contradicts the report that he had resigned his commission; and states that so far from this being the case, he has been nominated by the President as a brevet Major General.

The Bristol County Democrat states that a child, but a few days old, was found in the river near Wier bridge, on Sunday week, with a stone attached to it. Suspicion fixes upon an Irish girl as its mother, who was near by when the infant was held, but cannot now be found.

A decision was given recently in the Supreme Court of Louisiana, that editors, collectors, reporters, printers, &c., have no lien upon the materials in a printing office, and are not preferred creditors in the eye of the law.

The Providence Journal states that a negro named Scott, imprisoned in the R. E. Penitentiary, on a sentence of seven years for bur-

glary, made his escape Saturday night. He succeeded in removing the stone so as to enlarge the opening of the window, and then appears to have thrown out his clothes, and having scooped his body, to have squeezed himself through the narrow aperture.

glary, made his escape Saturday night. He succeeded in removing the stone so as to enlarge the opening of the window, and then appears to have thrown out his clothes, and having scooped his body, to have squeezed himself through the narrow aperture.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAY 11.

In looking over events which have recently transpired in Europe, the Boston Traveller makes the following remarks. They are so much to our liking, that we beg leave to adopt them as our own. Every great event in the world's history is attributed to an Alexander or a Bonaparte—but how feeble instruments are these in the hand of Him who 'rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.' How much wiser to look beyond them, than to believe that the destinies of this world are swayed by creatures who breathe its air for a short period, and then mingle with its dust.

THE SHAKING OF THE NATIONS. The occurrences in Europe during the past few months are so astounding as to seem more like the indistinct visions of the night, than the sober realities of day. It has long been the boast of the old monarchies, that the Government of these United States would soon be dissolved, and anarchy and confusion would be followed by our recognition of the divine right of kings to rule over the nations. But, instead of the fulfillment of this comforting prophecy, what do we see? That of another prediction, from an infinitely higher and purer source—the general shaking of the monarchical nations of the earth! There is not a throne in Europe that has not been shaken by the uprisings of the past few months; and there is not one in the world that will not feel the effects of these movements of the nations in asserting their claim to a more influential part in the governments of the earth.

What we are now contemplating may be but one of those earthquake shocks, which are designed by the providential Governor of the universe to bring about his own wise and glorious purposes, in the complete emancipation of men from the oppression, and ignorance, and suffering, and sinfulness under which they have so long groined; and this shock may be followed, at intervals, by others, which will gradually work out the full accomplishment of the divine purpose, to emancipate the human family from their long continued and apparently hopeless degradation. But that the work of overturning and overturning in the earth, of which the ancient prophets sang, has been commenced in very deed, it seems impossible to doubt.

The mere statesman may see in these momentous movements the natural consequences of mis-administration of government—of an unwise policy in this or that particular—of too much rigor here, and insufficient decision and energy there; the stockjobber and financier, whose whole creed is, 'money answereth all things,' may ascribe these movements, or at least the great impulsive power of them, to financial mistakes—too great an expansion or too sudden a contraction—to injudicious expenditures or unprofitable investments; the merchant may see the whole difficulty to have arisen from some unwise regulation of trade and commerce—from insufficient protection or too little encouragement. So it is with all the different classes of society—few look beyond the proximate and incidental instruments of these mighty revolutions, to the mightier hand which wields these instruments at his pleasure to accomplish the ends which he has ever had in view, and which many hundreds of years ago he caused to be announced by the voice of his prophets in language sufficiently distinct to be understood by all who have lived to witness the stirring events of these days.

THE PORTLAND MOB.

Now that all is quiet, our Portland neighbors are able to learn what they have been doing—which is doubtless more than they knew at the time. As good luck would have it, they find nothing to regret but the mob—which is in fact the whole matter. The interest manifested for a pretty girl is certainly commendable—though we would look among the leaders of that or any other mob, for one out of every two men, capable of becoming the instrument of the very ruin here sought to be averted. That no injury resulted from this tumult, but the demolition of furniture, the mutilation of buildings, and great abuse to certain citizens of Portland, is to be attributed to what? The moral sense of the mob? No—for who doubts that they would have added even murder to the catalogue, had opposition to their demands summed to make it necessary? When was a mob moved by moral sense—or ever by common sense?—or restrained by any regard for the general reputation? To save the young lady from a life of infamy, was a commendable act; but to do it in outrage upon law and order reflects no credit upon Portland. The Washington Journal gives the following details of this affair:

Mrs. Tuttle was a Portland girl, but has resided for a number of years in New York, and is generally believed that she has kept, and still keeps a house of ill-repute, and that she has become wealthy—and that she passes under the name of Mrs. Lyons. Her daughter, Ellen, has lived in this city from her infancy with her grandmother and other friends; it being understood that her mother has paid for her board, schooling, &c.

Of late, Ellen has lived with her uncle-in-law, Mr. Davis, and has possessed an unblemished character, as admitted by all. She moved in respectable circles, attended until within a year or two, the Sabbath School, and has been highly regarded at the Week day Seminary for young ladies. She was quite well educated, and pursuing a good educational course of study, and was considered very interesting as well as virtuous.

In the fall, Mrs. T. came on, and as is supposed used every artifice to induce her daughter to go with her, but persuasion was in vain. She then attempted coercive measures, or there were fears entertained that she would resort to this course, when the friends of Ellen secreted her, and she remained concealed in the house of one of our most respectable citizens. Her uncle at this time assisted in protecting her, and secured the services of Joseph Adams, Esq., as her guardian. The mother was followed

in this attempt and Mr. Adams afterwards wrote to her, informing her of the new position which he had assumed and assuring her that he should perform with fidelity the duties devolving upon him. He received an unceremonious reply; but we are not aware of any further correspondence; at least, on the part of Mr. A.

Things went on quietly until the latter part of the winter. In the mean time a mutual attachment was formed between Ellen, now about 17 years of age, and one of our respectable young men, Mr. Smith. This attachment finally resulted, as it is said, in an engagement. From some cause or other, the uncle had formed a dislike to Mr. S. and was unwilling that Ellen should receive his addresses, at his house. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that Ellen should be a little impatient of constraint and that she should very frequently visit her friends, where she could receive the addresses of the young man alluded to. This, probably, caused some unpleasant feelings on the part of the uncle and his family, and further restraints may have increased this feeling. We may suppose, at this juncture, that the uncle received a letter from the mother, renewing her request for her daughter and promising to send her for a time to a public and respectable seminary, near New York. This seminary is understood to be under the control of the Roman Catholics, with a nun attached, although not consequently connected with it. She also requested him to apply to R. A. L. Codman Esq., for advice.

At the close of the winter, or early in the spring—perhaps eight or ten weeks since—Mr. Davis applied to the guardian for a permit for the mother to take her daughter, and from the representations that were made, and with the idea that she was to be put to a respectable seminary—and that she was not much under the constraint of her uncle—and also, with the advice of another uncle, Mr. Johnson, he agreed not to interfere with her going.

Ellen was accordingly informed that she must go on with her mother, and that, before long she would come after her. This produced a very unpleasant sensation in her mind, and she has exhibited such manifestations as to have attracted the attention of her associates. All this time she has expressed the utmost abhorrence against going to New York, which looks like an unshaken perseverance in a virtuous course of conduct.

On Monday evening, of last week, Mrs. Tuttle arrived in the cars. Ellen was at a friend's until late in the evening. On entering the house and seeing her mother, she is said to have remarked, 'I should not have come home, if I had known you were here'—or words to that effect.

Her mother then said that she was going up to see Mr. Lewis—her mother and Ellen's grandmother—who lives in another part of the city; and wanted Ellen to go with her. A coach was at the door, and after an exclamation of trust in the Supreme Being, she entered it with Mr. Davis and her mother. The coach carried them to Saco, where they remained until next morning, when they left for New York, the coach, with Mr. D., returning the same night. Probably, some considerable discussion passed on their passage to Saco, and with the understanding that she was to be placed in a respectable seminary, Ellen was persuaded to proceed without manifesting resistance.

It is understood that Mr. Codman acted as counsel in the case, that he corresponded with the mother, that he engaged the hack that carried them to Saco, and perhaps tried to secure a saloon in the cars; and that Mr. Constable Danielson acted as a kind of guard when the coach left, and that he went on to Saco, next morning, and saw them safely on their way.

We may have made some slight mistakes, but, so far as we can learn, these are the probabilities, in the case.

Mr. Davis is an active business man, and has always possessed a good character in this community; but when the story of this supposed abduction was circulated on Tuesday and Wednesday, a thousand rumors followed it. It is said that she shrieked when forced into the carriage, and that she cried all the way to Saco; that money had been paid to Mr. D. to give her up; that Mr. Codman had received a letter saying that money should be no obstacle against procuring her; and the idea soon obtained in the public mind, that a young female of virtuous and unblemished reputation, had been carried off against her will, at dead of night, and for the most diabolical purposes. It is no dishonor to a community, that, under this belief, an excited and an indignant feeling existed; it was a feeling highly honorable to the city, while the violent and unlawful manifestation of it was very discreditable and shameful.

On Thursday, the feeling seemed much increased, and exhibited itself in gatherings at the corners of the streets, and at night, soon after nine o'clock, it broke forth in all its violence upon the houses of Mr. Davis and Mr. Danielson, which are nearly opposite to one another, near the corner of Congress and Brown streets.

The fences in front of the houses were broken, the windows, blinds and shades were smashed, and Mr. Davis's house was entered and much of his furniture was injured or destroyed. The family were obliged to escape through the scuttle into the neighboring house and from thence they were conveyed away. The mob then rushed to the house of Mr. Codman, and threatened to commit similar outrages; but on account of the influence of Hon. John Anderson, who addressed them, and promised that the whole subject should be brought to the bottom, they dispersed, but not until a stone had been fired into the house, which is said to have injured and might have killed a member of the family.

On Friday evening, the mob again assembled in front of the house of Mr. Codman, but were finally prevailed upon to retire without committing any violence.

Mr. Adams, in company with Mr. Williams—who has been much interested in Ellen on account of a strong attachment between her and his daughter—Mr. Davis and Mr. Smith went on to New York, and on Monday noon word was received by the Telegraph that Ellen would return on Tuesday.

The company arrived in Boston Friday evening. Saturday morning they left for New York, by the way of the New Haven Railroad, and arrived in New York about 7 o'clock in the evening. They had agreed to persuade the mother to give up the daughter, and if they could not succeed to use force.

They understood that Mrs. Tuttle was in the habit of receiving respectable friends at the City Hotel, and for some other reasons, it was supposed that she had not repaired to her home, 55 Leonard street.

Sunday forenoon Mr. Adams repaired to the house of Thomas Fessenden, Esq., who was at church. Mr. F. was immediately sent for, and a consultation ensued. After several propositions were made, it was at length agreed that Mr. F. should go to the City Hotel, and see if she was there.

The landlord of the City Hotel said that there were three persons—a gentleman named Green and two ladies—in a room by themselves, but he did not know who they were. Mr. Gould was then sent for, who made an examination and pronounced them the persons they were in quest of.

The company from Portland then went to the City Hotel, and on entering the room, to their joy, found indeed that the two females were Ellen and her mother. Ellen was weeping. Mr. Adams told this errand. He asked her if she would like to go to Portland. She said, yes—and expressed great anxiety to return.

Her mother also expressed her willingness to have her return; and she took the arm of Mr. Adams and walked to the house of Mr. Fessenden. Some consultation was now held; and from the character of Mrs. Tuttle, it was thought undesirable to remain in New York, through the night.

A boat was to leave for Albany at 5 o'clock. A coach was called for, which carried them to the Waverly place, and at 4 o'clock, Monday forenoon, they were in Albany. From thence they proceeded home.

PAINTING AND FLOWERS.—Among the many beautiful articles exhibited at the late Ladies' Fair, nothing excelled the samples of wax flowers, executed by Miss Fobes. In their exceeding delicacy of color and finish, and their nice imitation of nature, we have seldom seen them equalled. Those who saw the beautiful samples at the Fair of the Agricultural Society last Fall, will recollect that they were by the same ingenious artist. This is a branch of art in which few excel, though a charming accomplishment when attained.

Next to these in beauty and rarity of skill, were the beautiful window curtains offered by Miss Frances Alden. They were very much admired, and we thought it singular that among so many purchasers of taste and means, they did not find a better sale. They evidently did not know what great patience, close study and careful labor had been called into exercise in their execution. How utterly worthless are the labors of genius and skill, when estimated in dollars and cents! A few days labor of a Paddy in a mud-hole would purchase the best of them.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENTS, for the Spring term, exhibit a vigorous appearance in Waterville. The number of buildings to be erected is probably greater than for many years. Our eye now rests upon no less than twelve dwelling houses, in a small section of the village, upon which labor is already begun. A block of nine brick dwellings has been commenced on Pleasant st., north of Church st., by I. C. Pray, Esq., which will be an ornament to that portion of the village, at the same time supplying a deficiency peculiarly felt, by those who live in their 'own hired houses.'

There is a miserable deficiency of ornamental fence, in many streets, which seem to need but little else to make them beautiful. We have noticed various premises, the proprietors of which are able to keep promptly up with the times in other matters, that need, very much, a small expenditure, to render them a credit to their owners, or tolerable to their neighbors. What right have those who own property in eligible locations, to let it remain in such a condition as to be a nuisance to those around it? There are many such cases in our village, which a commendable pride, or a tolerable public spirit, would immediately change. They should be pointed out, and if necessary, pointed at, till they yield to good taste, and contribute their portion to the beauty of our village.

This is the proper season for setting ornamental trees,—and we speak now not merely of our own village, or of other villages, but of farms and grounds elsewhere,—and those who neglect to attend to it should bear in mind that they lose a year's time and growth before another opportunity, equally favorable, will present itself. It is strange this matter should be so much neglected, when taste, pride, public spirit and pecuniary interest all demand attention to it. There is not a dwelling-house lot in our village, or a farm in our county, if not already supplied, where money invested in this way would not ultimately net 25 per cent. interest in the increased value of the land. Think of this, ye dealers in meager 6 per cents, and let the conclusion set you to work.

A load or two, and probably half a dozen loads, of thrifty young trees, of the right kinds, would sell well in our streets, if offered soon.

DARING OUTRAGE.—The Pennsylvania Freeman gives the following details of one of those cases of stealing human beings, so common in States bordering on territory cursed by slavery. Every generous heart must burn







