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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 01): July 27, 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. II.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1848.

NO. 1.

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## Miscellaneous.

### LOST AND WON:

#### THE THIRD SEASON.

'Yes; he shall propose this season, and then I shall have the gratification, the delight, the exquisite triumph of refusing him. It will only serve him right!'

Such was the language of Florence Neville's eyes as she contemplated, with no little satisfaction, the graceful reflection of her figure in the glass, before which she was attiring for the first ball of the season.

Of whom was she speaking? of whom thinking? why did that short rosy lip curl with such beautiful scorn as the last look was given at the snowy dress, which hung in its lace folds like summer clouds round the fairy form of its young mistress? Florence was at that moment picturing to herself the subjugation of one high heart which had obstinately refused doing homage at her shrine—of one being in the wide world who had denied her power, calmly gazed at her undoubtedly lovely countenance and tranquilly disapproved her style. It was insufferable: so Florence determined that her third season should be distinguished by the conquest of the haughty, high, and handsome Earl of St. Clyde—not that she cared for him; ah, no! she was only determined to make him propose. Indeed there was a sort of playful wager between her cousin, Emma Neville, and herself on that subject, and Florence felt her credit at stake if she failed.

'Have you thought of your wager, Florence?' said Emma Neville, as they descended to the drawing-room together.

'To be sure!—you think I shall lose it. I can read your thoughts.'

'If he is the St. Clyde of last season, you certainly will, laughed Emma. 'The man is invulnerable, Florence.'

'None verities, none verities,' said the beauty, and taking her father's arm, she sprang lightly into the carriage.

It was a brilliant ball! the rich and the noble, the young and the beautiful—all were there; and in the centre of an admiring circle, dazzlingly conspicuous, stood Florence. She was preparing to waltz with a tall, dark, unbending-looking personage, who was apparently quite indifferent whether he supported her light figure or that of any one else. This was Lord St. Clyde. Florence on the contrary, was all sparkling gaiety. She was dancing with him for the third time. Another moment and they were flying round the circle with rapid grace.

Things went on exceedingly well. Florence knew her ground and the game she was playing, and as she passed Emma the cousins exchanged glances. That of Florence said 'He is won! that of Emma, 'Not yet.'

'I'm afraid you are fatigued,' said Lord St. Clyde, as he led his partner to a seat.

'Oh, no, not much,' replied Florence; but the rooms are very warm. It is impossible to dance, and still more to breathe—particularly here.'

'The conservatories are cool,' said the Earl, but he did not offer to lead her there. Florence was perfectly aware that the conservatories were cool, but she knew also that they had another advantage—they were perfect groves of the choicest flowers and orange trees, consequently no spot was ever better suited for a flirtation, perhaps for a proposal. With experienced policy, however, she only leaned gracefully back and gently fanned herself.

Lord St. Clyde stood by her side. He was anything but a ball-room man, for though his figure was faultless, and his dancing just enough to show off, he had none of that charming fluency of conversation which a dancing partner should have; he could not pay a compliment if he did not feel it—he would not if he thought it was expected; therefore, had he been Mr. St. Clyde, jun., he would have been a great bore in society; as it was, he was a delightful young man—so much proper reserve.

The *galloppe* in *Gustave* roused the Earl from a reverie.

'Are you too much fatigued to join in the *galloppe*, Miss Neville?' said the Earl.

'Oh, yes! I never *galloppe*, it fatigues me so! It is impossible you like that romp, Lord St. Clyde.'

The Earl persisted, but Florence would not dance—she persuaded, but she would not listen; he condescended to repeat the request, and almost allowed a compliment to escape him—no, Florence was firm—the Earl said no more, but drew himself up. Suddenly Florence rose with her brightest smile.

'I am too selfish, my Lord; that *galloppe* is so inspiring that I cannot resist it.'

A change came over the spirit of St. Clyde: he was another creature, and Florence was herself again, all triumphant. The next moment the dancers were thrown into confusion, there was a rush towards the windows, and Lord St. Clyde was seen darting through the crowd toward the conservatory with a fainting figure in his arms—it was Florence Neville.

The cousin bent affectionately over the insensible girl, and the Earl knelt by her with a glass of water.

'It was my fault!' exclaimed St. Clyde, in an agitated voice, 'I made her dance—God! how lovely she looks! she does not revive—what shall we do?'

'Has no one salts?' asked Emma; 'call my uncle, I think we had better go home—oh, who has any salts?'

The Earl was already gone for them. With a stifled laugh Florence opened her wide, beautiful eyes and started up.

'Was it not well done?'

'Good heaven, Florence!'

'Well, my dear, did you never hear of any one fainting before? You will lose the wager, cousin!'

Emma did as she was desired and forbore to ask any questions until they got home; then she anxiously inquired, 'Did he propose?'

'No! provoking man! but very nearly. Did I not faint well?'

'Yes—but that will not do, Florence, that man does not care for you.'

'Never mind that, he shall propose.'

'But do you not care for him?'

'Qu'importe? he shall propose.'

'Never!'

'I will make him! Remember, this is only the first ball of the season!'

Lady Montague gave a fete at her villa at Putney. Mr. and Miss Neville were there of course. Florence had an exquisite bouquet, but he saw Lord St. Clyde advancing toward her; therefore, she prudently dropped it into the centre of a large myrtle bush.

'You have no bouquet, Miss Neville,' was one of his Lordship's first remarks, 'are you not fond of flowers?'

'Yes, passionately,' said Florence; 'but I have lost mine. I am sorry, for I fear I shall not find another so beautiful.'

'Will you allow me to endeavor to supply its place with this?' was the instant reply.

Florence smiled and blushed as she took it; the smile was art, but the blush nature, for she could not help it. Lord St. Clyde's eyes were fixed on her face, and the next moment she found herself walking with him, whilst Mr. Neville was speaking to the hostess, whose gaunt daughter was looking very spiteful. Florence played her part to admiration. Lord St. Clyde was in her power, for she had engaged him in an animated flirtation. They were standing on the brink of a beautiful fountain, when the Earl exclaimed, 'Do you know the language of flowers, Miss Neville?'

'No,' said Florence, 'but it must be very pretty; do you know it, my Lord?'

'Yes, by heart.'

'Then tell me what these flowers mean?' exclaimed the beauty, quite innocent, as she offered him his bouquet, which was composed of a white rose, a pink rose bud, some myrtle, and one geranium. The Earl hesitated, and laughed, then suddenly recovering himself he said, 'They speak in their simple language the sentiment that I dare not in words express.'

Florence felt her heart beating, but she only laughed—that laugh encouraged the Earl.

'Florence! forgive me if—'

'Ah, Miss Neville, I have been looking for you everywhere, and here you are all alone; cried one of Florence's gay train, the elegant Sir Percy Hope.

'Oh, no, not alone,' said Florence, rather annoyed, 'Lord St. Clyde—why, where is—'

The Earl was gone.

'Florence, did Lord St. Clyde propose to-day?' said Emma to her cousin, in the evening.

'Not quite, but as nearly as possible—I declare I will never speak to Sir Percy Hope again!'

Time! Time! can nothing stay them! The season was passing rapidly, and Florence had four proposals; of course, she had refused them, though they had not been tendered by the Earl of St. Clyde. Still she said, 'He shall propose,' until the last Opera of the season.

Pale, languid, but still delicately beautiful, the spoiled and petted Florence leaned back in her box, deaf to the strain of the siren Grisi—regardless of the adulation around her, and disgusted with every thing in the shape of gaiety. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes for a second; on opening them, she saw a pair of dark eyes fixed with more than common earnestness on her face. It was Lord St. Clyde—those wild eyes could only belong to him. What possessed Florence at that moment? She did not bow—she did not smile—she merely bent forward and whispered the word of departure to her chaperon; then, winding her cashmere around her, she placed her arm within that of Sir Percy Hope, and left the box.

The next morning Florence was really unwell. She said 'not at home' to every one, and began to tune her harp. String after string gave way as she drew them up—'Like me, poor harp,' she sighed, 'you are sinking, spoiling from neglect.'

Suddenly the door opened and a visitor was announced.

'Not at home,' cried Florence, hastily.

'Pardon me, for once, if I disobey,' said a voice, and Lord St. Clyde entered. He continued—I have intruded, I confess, but it is only for a moment. I come, Miss Neville, to wish you—to bid you a long—and perhaps a last farewell!'

'Farewell!' said Florence, dropping her harp key; this resolution has been suddenly taken, has it not?'

'No,' replied the Earl; 'I am going to seek in Italy that happiness which is denied me here.'

'Italy!' exclaimed Florence, turning her eyes like melting sapphires, on the Earl—'dear, bright, sunny Italy! my own fair land!'

'Is it yours, Miss Neville?' said St. Clyde eagerly.

'Yes, my lord; Florence was my birth-place, and my home for fourteen happy years.'

how you make nets, they never answer. Men are shockingly sharp-sighted now!'

[From Labarinie's History of the Girondists.]  
TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

When she was seated on the bench of the prisoners, she was asked if she had a defender. She replied that a friend had undertaken this office, but not seeing him, she supposed his courage had failed him. The president then assigned her the young Chauveau Legarde, afterwards illustrious by his defence of the Queen, and already famous for his eloquence and courage, in causes and times when the advocate shared the peril of his client. Chauveau Legarde placed himself at the bar—Charlotte gazed upon him as though she feared lest, to save her life, her defender would abandon some part of her honor.

The widow Marat wept while giving her evidence. Charlotte, moved by her grief, exclaimed—

'Yes, yes—'twas I that killed him.'

She related the premeditation of the act for three months; her project for stabbing him in the Convention; and the *ruse* she had employed to obtain access to him.

'I confess,' said she with humility, 'that this means was unworthy of me; but it was necessary to appear to esteem this man, in order to obtain access to him.'

'Who inspired you with this hatred of Marat?' she was asked.

'I did not need the hatred of any one else,' she replied. 'My own was sufficient; besides, you always execute badly that which you have not devised yourself.'

'What did you hate in him?'

'His crimes.'

'What did you hope to effect by killing him?'

'Restore peace to my country.'

'Do you, then, think that you have assassinated all the Marats?'

'Since he is dead, perhaps the others will tremble.'

'The knife was shown her that she might recognize it. She pushed it from her with a gesture of disgust.'

'Yes,' replied she; 'I recognise it.'

'What persons did you visit at Caen?'

'Very few; I saw Larue, a municipal officer, and the Cure of St. Jean.'

'Did you confess to a conforming or non-juring priest?'

'Neither one nor the other.'

'Since when had you formed this design?'

'Since the 31st of May, when the deputies of the people were arrested. I have killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the Revolution.'

Faucheux was confronted with her.

'I only know Faucheux by sight,' said she disdainfully, 'I look on him as a man devoid of principles; and I despise him.'

The accuser reproached her with having dealt the fatal stroke downward, in order to render it more certain, and observed that she must doubtless be well exercised in crime. At this suggestion, which destroyed all her ideas, by assimilating her to professed murders, she uttered a cry of horror.

'Oh, the monster,' exclaimed she, 'he takes me for an assassin!'

Fouquier Tinville summed up and demanded that sentence of death should be passed.

Her defender rose. 'The accused,' said he, 'confesses her crime, she avows its long premeditation, and gives the most overwhelming details. Citizens, this is her whole defence.'

This imperturbable calm and entire forgetfulness of self, which reveals no remorse in presence of death—this calm and this forgetfulness, sublime in one point of view, is not natural; they can only be explained by the excitement of political fanaticism, which placed the poignard in her hand; it is for you to decide, what weight so stern a fanaticism should have in the balance of justice. I leave all to your consciences.'

The jury unanimously sentenced her to die. She heard their verdict unmoved; and the president having asked her if she had anything to say relative to the punishment inflicted on her, she made no reply; but turning to her defender, 'Monsieur,' said she you have defended me as I wish to be defended; I thank you; I owe you a proof of my gratitude and esteem, and I offer you one worthy of you. These gentlemen (pointing to the judges) have just declared my property confiscated; I owe something in the prison, and I bequeath to you the payment of this debt.'

During the examination, she perceived a painter engaged in taking her likeness; without interrupting the examination, she smilingly turned toward the artist, in order that he might the better see her features. She thought of immortality, and already sat for her portrait to immortality.

Behind the painter stood a young man, whose fair hair blue eyes, and pale complexion, marked him for a native of the north. His eyes were riveted on the prisoner; and at each reply, he shuddered and changed color. He seemed to drink in her words, and to associate himself by gesture, attitude, and enthusiasm with the sentiments she expressed. Unable frequently to repress his emotion, he drew to himself by involuntary exclamations, the attention of the audience and of Charlotte Corday. At the moment when the president passed sentence of death, the young man rose from his seat with the gesture of a man who protests from the bottom of his heart, and then sank back as if his strength had failed him—Charlotte, insensible to her own fate, perceived this movement, and comprehended that, at the moment when all earth abandoned her, a kindred spirit attached itself to hers, and that, amidst this hostile, or indifferent throng, she possessed an unknown friend, and she thanked him with a look.

This young stranger was Adam Lux, a German republican, sent to Paris by the revolutionists of Mayence, to concert the movements of Germany with those of France, in common cause of human reason and the liberty of the people. His eyes followed Charlotte until she disappeared amidst the *gens d'armes* beneath the arch of the stairs. His thoughts never quitted her.

so long that you must forgive me for having broken my word.'

The executioner arrived; she requested him to allow her time to finish a letter, which was neither the outpouring of weakness nor regret, but the last act of wounded friendship, addressing an eternal reproach to the cowardly spirit that had abandoned her.

It was addressed to Doucet de Pontecoulant, whom she had seen at her aunt's, and on whom she believed she had called in vain to be her defender. The letter was as follows:

'Doucet de Pontecoulant is a coward, to have refused to defend me when it was so easy. He who undertook it performed his task with all possible dignity, and I shall retain a grateful recollection of him to my last moments.'

Her indignation was unjust; the young Pontecoulant, who was absent from Paris, had not received her letter; his generosity and courage were a sufficient guaranty that he would have accepted the office; and Charlotte bore an error and an injustice to the scaffold.

The artist who sketched Charlotte's likeness at the tribunal was M. Haues, a painter and officer of the national guard, of the section of the Theatre Francaise. On her return to the prison, she requested the concierge to allow him to finish his work, and, on his arrival, Charlotte thanked him for the interest he appeared to take in her, and quietly sat to him, as though, while she permitted him to transmit her form and features to posterity, she also charged him to hand down her mind and her patriotism to unborn generations. She conversed with M. Haues on his profession, the events of the day, and the peace of mind she felt after the execution of her design; she also spoke of her young friends at Caen, and requested him to paint a miniature from the portrait and send it to her family.

Suddenly a gentle knock was heard at the door, and the executioner entered. Charlotte, turning round, perceived the scissoring and red chemise hanging on his arm.

'What! already,' exclaimed she, turning pale.

Then recovering her composure, said she to the artist, 'I know not how to thank you for the trouble you have taken; I have only this to offer you. Keep it in memory of your kindness and my gratitude.'

As she spoke, she took the scissors from the executioner, and severing a lock of her long fair hair, gave it to M. Haues.

The portrait, interrupted by death, is still in the hands of the family of M. Haues. The head only was painted and the bust merely sketched. But the painter, who watched the preparations for the scaffold, was so struck with the sinister splendor added by the red chemise to the beauty of his model, that, after Charlotte's death, he painted her in this costume.

A priest, sent by the public accuser, presented himself to offer the last consolations of religion. 'Thank,' said she to him, 'those who have had the attention to send you, but I need not your ministry. The blood I have spilt, and my own which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eternal.' The executioner then cut off her hair, bound her hands, and put on the *chemise des condamnées*.

'This,' said she, 'is the toilette of death, arranged by somewhat rude hands, but it leads to immortality.'

Collecting her long hair, she looked at it for the last time, and gave it to Madame Richard. As she mounted the fatal cart, a violent storm broke over Paris, but the lightning and rain did not disperse the crowd who blocked up the squares, the bridges and the streets which she passed. Hordes of women, or rather furies, followed her with the fiercest imprecations; but, insensible to these insults, she gazed on the populace with eyes beaming with serenity and compassion.

The sky cleared up, and the rain, which wetted her to the skin, displayed the exquisite symmetry of her form, like those of a woman leaving the bath. Her hands, bound behind her back, obliged her to hold up her head, and this forced rigidity of the muscles gave more fixity to her attitude, and set off the outlines of her figure. The rays of the setting sun fell on her head; and her complexion, heightened by the red chemise, seemed of an unearthly brilliancy. Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins, had placed themselves on her passage to gaze on her; for all those who anticipated assassination were curious to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten them on the morrow. She resembled celestial vengeance appeased and transfigured, and from time to time she seemed to seek a glance of intelligence on which her eyes could rest. Adam Lux awaited the cart at the entrance of the Rue St. Honore, and followed it to the foot of the scaffold.

'He engraved in his heart,' to quote his own words, 'this unutterable sweetness amid the barbarous outcries of the crowd, that looked so gentle, yet so penetrating—those vivid flashes that broke forth like burning ideas from those bright eyes, in which spoke a soul as intrepid as tender. Charming eyes, which should have melted a stone.'

Thus an enthusiastic and unceasingly attached companioner without her knowledge, to the very scaffold, and prepared to follow her in hope of an eternal reunion. The cart stopped, and Charlotte, at the sight of the fatal instrument, turned pale, but, soon recovering her self, ascended the scaffold with as light and rapid a step as the long chemise and her pinioned arms permitted. When the executioner, to bare her neck, removed the handkerchief that covered her bosom, this insult to her modesty moved her more than her impending death; then, turning to the guillotine, she placed herself under the axe. The heavy blade fell and her head rolled on the scaffold. One of the assistants, named Legros, took it in his hand and struck it on the cheek. It is said that a deep crimson suffusion overspread her face, as though dignity and modesty had for an instant lasted longer than life.

Such was the death of Marat; such were the life and death of Charlotte Corday. In the face of murder, history dares not praise; and in the face of heroism, dares not condemn her. The appreciation of such an act places us in the terrible alternative of blaming virtue or applauding assassination. Like the painter who, despairing of rendering the expression of a mingled sentiment, cast a veil over the face of the figure, we must leave this mystery to be abated in the abysses of the human heart. There are deeds of which men are no judges, and which must, without appeal, direct to the tribunal of God. There are human actions so strange a mixture of weakness and strength, pure intent and culpable means, error and

truth, murder and martyrdom, that we know not whether to term them crime or virtue. The culpable devotion of Charlotte Corday is among those acts which admiration and horror would leave eternally in doubt, did not morality reprove them. Had we to find for this sublime liberatrix of her country, and generous murderess of a tyrant, a name which should at once convey the enthusiasm of our feelings toward her and the severity of our judgment on her action, we would coin a phrase combining the extreme of admiration and horror, and term her the Angel of Assassination.

A few days afterward, Adam Lux published the 'Apology of Charlotte Corday,' and associated himself with her deed, in order to share her martyrdom. Arrested and sent to the Abbaye, he exclaimed, as he entered the prison, 'I shall die, then, for her.' He perished soon after, slitting, as the altar of liberty and love, the scaffold which the blood of his *model* had hallowed. The heroism of Charlotte was sung by the poet Andre Chenier, who was himself to die for that great father-land for all great souls—pure liberty.

'Where is this tomb?' sings the German poet, Klopstock. 'It is the tomb of Charlotte. Let us gather flowers and scatter them over her ashes, for she is dead for her country. No, no; gather nothing; let us seek a weeping willow, and plant it o'er her tomb, for she is dead for her country. No, no; plant nothing; but weep, and let your tears be blood, for she is dead in vain for her country!'

Vergnaud, on learning, in his dungeon, of the crime, trial and death of Charlotte, exclaimed, 'she destroys us, but she teaches us how to die.'

THE FIRST AND LAST QUARREL.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

'If I am his wife, I am not his slave! said young Mrs. Huntly, indignantly. 'It was more than he dared to do a month ago.'

'If you love me, Esther, don't talk in this way,' said Mrs. Carlisle.

'Am I his slave, aunt?' and the young bride drew herself up, while her eyes flashed.

'No, Ester, you are his wife.'

'To be loved and not commanded! That is the difference, and he has got to learn it.'

'Were Edward to see and hear you now, do you think your words, manner and expression, would inspire him to any new affection for you?'

'I have nothing to do with that. I only express just indignation, and that is a right I did not alienate when I consented to become his wife.'

'You are a silly girl, Esther,' said Mrs. Carlisle, 'I am afraid you will pay dear for your folly. Edward has faults, and so have you. If you understood the duties and responsibilities of your position, and felt the true force of your marriage vows, you would seek to bend into better forms the crooked branches of your husband's hereditary temper, rather than commit an irreparable injury by roughly breaking them. I was not pleased with Edward's manner of speaking; but I must admit that he had provoked—that you were first, and therefore most to blame.'

'I objected to going with him to the opera, because I particularly wanted to go and see Anna Lewis to-night. When I make up my mind to anything I do not wish to be turned from my purpose.'

Edward resembles you rather too much in that respect. Therefore there must be a disposition to yielding and self-denial one side or the other, or unhappiness will follow. Hitherto, as far as I have been able to see, the yielding has all been on the part of Edward, who has given up to you in everything. And now when he shows that he has a will of his own, you become very indignant, and talk about not being his slave.'

'It is too bad for you to speak so, aunt!—You never think that I do anything right! And Esther burst into tears.'

Meantime Edward Huntly was at the opera, listening to but not enjoying the beauties of Norma. It was only a month since he had led to the altar his beautiful bride, and felt himself the happiest man in the world. Before marriage he had thought only how she should please Esther. The deference of his wishes to hers was felt as no sacrifice. But after the hymeneal contract had been ratified, his feelings began gradually to change. What he had yielded in kindness was virtually demanded as a right, and against this, the moment it was perceived, his spirit rose in rebellion. In several instances he gave way to what savored, much more than he liked, of imperiousness.

Norma had just been brought out, and received unprecedented favor. The newspapers were filled with its praises, and the beauties of the opera were spoken of by every one. A friend lauded it with more than usual enthusiasm, on the day it was advertised for a third performance.

'You haven't heard it yet?' he said with surprise, on learning that Huntly had yet to enjoy that pleasure.

'No, but I think I will buy tickets for to-night.'

'Do, by all means, and get them at once, or you will not be able to secure a seat.'

It was in the afternoon, and Huntly could not ask his young wife about it unless he made a special errand home, which, as he lived some distance away from his office, would be inconvenient. Not in the least doubting, however, that Esther would be pleased to go to the opera, as she had more than once expressed a wish to see and hear Norma, he secured tickets and considered the matter settled.

Now that the gratification of hearing the opera was so near at hand, Huntly kept thinking of the enjoyment he was to have, and wishing for the time to pass more rapidly. He pictured, too, the pleasure that Esther would feel and express when she found that he had procured tickets. Half an hour earlier than usual he was at home. He found Esther and her aunt, Mrs. Carlisle, with whom they were living, in the parlor.

'We are going to see Norma to-night,' said Huntly, in a gay voice, and with a broad smile on his face, as he sat down beside Esther and took her hand.

'We are?'

'The tone and look with which this was said, chilled the warm feelings of the young man.'

'I am, at least,' he said in a changed voice. 'And I am not,' as promptly and much more decidedly, replied Esther.

'O, yes you are.' This was said with a suddenly assumed, half playful, yet earnest manner.

ner. 'I have bought tickets, and we will go to-night.'

'The least you could have done was to have asked me before you bought tickets,' returned Esther. 'I wish to go somewhere else to-night.'

'But as I have the tickets now, you will go of course. To-morrow night will do as well for a visit.'

'I wish to make it to-night.'

'Esther! said Huntly, assuming a calm, but cold exterior, and speaking in a firm voice, 'I have bought tickets for the opera to-night, thinking that to go would give you pleasure, and now my wish is that you accompany me.'

'A wish that you will certainly not have gratified. I believe I am your wife, not your slave to command.'

There was something so cutting in the way this was said that Huntly could not bear it. 'Without a word he arose, and taking his hat, left the house. In a fever of excitement he walked the street for an hour and a half; and then, scarcely reflecting upon what he did, went to the opera. But the music was discord in his ears, and he left before the performance was half over.'

The moment Esther heard the street door close upon her husband, she arose and went from the room where she was sitting with her aunt, moving erect and with a firm step. Mrs. Carlisle did not see her for two hours. The tea bell rang, but she did not come down from her chamber, where, as the aunt supposed, she was bitterly repenting what she had done. In this, however, she was mistaken, as was proved, when, on joining her in her room for the purpose of striving to console her, the conversation with which our story opens took place.

When the fit of weeping with which Esther received the reproof her aunt felt called upon to give, had subsided, Mrs. Carlisle said in a most solemn and impressive manner.

'What has occurred this evening may prove the saddest event of your whole life. No matter whose the fault, the consequences that follow, may be alike disastrous to the happiness of both. Are you prepared, thus early, for a sundering of the sacred bonds that have united you? And yet, even this may follow. It has followed with others, and may follow with you? Oh! the consequences of a first quarrel! Who can anticipate them?'

The voice of Mrs. Carlisle trembled, and then sunk almost with a sob. Her manner more than her words startled Esther.

'What do you mean, aunt?' she said.

'But her aunt was too much disturbed to speak for some minutes.'

'Esther,' she at



response to this, as she paced the floor, with uneasy step. "Oh! if she should never return!"

Once possessed with the idea that he would never return, the poor wife was in agony of fear. No suggestion made by her aunt, in the least relieved her mind. One thought—she feared—absorbed everything else. Thus passed the evening until ten o'clock came. From that time Esther began to listen anxiously for her husband's return, but hour after hour went by, and she was still a fearful watcher.

"I shall go mad if I sit here any longer," murmured Huntley to himself, as the music came rushing upon his agitated soul, in a wild tempest, towards the middle of the opera, and, rising abruptly, he retired from the house. How still appeared the half-deserted streets! Coldly the night air fell upon him, but the fever in his veins was unabated. He walked first up one street and then down another, with rapid steps, and this was continued for hours. Then the thoughts of going home crossed his mind. But he set his teeth firmly and muttered audibly.

"No! To be defied, and charged with being a tyrant? No! And has it come to this so soon?"

The more Huntley brooded, in this unhappy mood over his wife's words and conduct, the denser and more widely refracting became the medium through which he saw. His pride continually excited his mind, and threw a thick veil over all the gentle emotions of his heart. He was beside himself.

At one o'clock he found himself standing in front of the United States Hotel, his mind made up to desert the young creature, who, in a moment of thoughtlessness, had set her in opposition to him. To leave the city, under an assumed name, by the earliest lines, and go, he knew not where, but not to return. Blind passion was his prompter and guide. In this feverish state, he entered the hotel and called for a bed.

Eleven, twelve, and one o'clock came, and found Mrs. Huntley in a state of wild agitation. Edward had not yet returned. The silence and evident distress of Mrs. Carlisle struck down the heart of Esther, almost as much as her own fears. The too vivid recollection of one terrible event in her own life, completely unbalanced the aunt's mind, and took away all power to sustain her nerves.

"I will go in search of him, aunt!" exclaimed Esther, as the clock struck two. "He cannot leave the city before day-light. I will find him, and confess all my folly before it is too late."

"But where will you go, my child?" Mrs. Carlisle asked in a sad voice.

"Where—where shall I go?" eagerly inquired Mrs. Huntley.

"It is midnight, Esther. You cannot find him now."

"But I must see him before he leaves me, perhaps forever! It will kill me. If I wait until morning, it will be too late."

Mrs. Carlisle bent her eyes to the floor, and for the space of more than a minute remained in deep thought. She then said in a calm voice,

"Esther, I cannot believe that Edward will desert you on so slight a provocation. For a few hours, his mind may be blinded with passion, and be swayed by false judgment. But morning will find him cooler and more reflective. He will see his error and repent of any mad act he may have contemplated. Still, to guard against the worst of consequences, should this salutary change not take place, I think it would be best for you to go early to the boat, and by meeting him prevent a step which might cost you such a life of wretchedness."

"I will do it! He shall not go away! Oh! if I could once more meet him! All would be reconciled on the instant."

Confident in her own mind that Edward had determined to go away from the city in the morning, and fully resolved upon what she would do, Esther threw herself upon the bed, and in snatches of uneasy slumber, passed the remainder of that dreadful night. At day dawn she was up, and making preparations for going to the boat to intercept her niece.

"Be self-possessed, my dear niece," urged Mrs. Carlisle, in a voice that trembled so she could scarcely speak.

Esther tried to reply, but, though her lips and tongue moved, there was no utterance. Turning away just as the sun threw his first rays into her chamber window, she went down stairs, and her aunt, no longer able to restrain herself covered her face with her hands and wept.

On the day before—Esther had laid her gloves on one of the parlor mantels, and she went in to get them. It was so dark that she could not see, and she therefore, opened a window, and a sound between a sigh and a groan fell upon her ear, and caused her to turn with a start. There lay her husband, asleep upon one of the sofas! A wild cry that she could not restrain, burst from her lips and springing toward him, she threw her arms about his neck as he awoke, startled from his incubent position.

An hour's reflection, alone in the room he had taken at the hotel, satisfied Huntley that he was wrong in not going home. By the aid of his night key he entered, silently at the very time his wife resolved to seek him in the morning, and throwing himself upon a sofa in the parlor to think what he should next do, and thought himself to sleep.

All was of course, reconciled. With tears of joy and contrition Esther acknowledged the error she had committed. Huntley had his own share of blame in his impatient temper, and thus he was also ready to confess. He did not, however, own that he had thought of deserting his wife on such slight provocation, nor did she confess the fearful suspicion that had crossed her mind.

It was their first and last quarrel.

UTILITY OF A DREAM.—Several years since the inhabitants of Lower Lyme, having lost their minister, found much difficulty in settling another—more perhaps, because in that section they are settled for life—making it very important that both members of the church and society should be well united in the selection. Many candidates preached their three trial sermons, and several gave very general satisfaction; but whenever a meeting was convened for the purpose of giving a formal call, its unanimity was always destroyed by a store-keeper in the place by the name of Huntly. Having considerable influence, he kept up the discord, until many gave up the idea of ever having another settled minister. However, one more candidate offered, and after preaching very acceptably several Sabbaths, another meeting was called in the church, to see what could be done. Old Deacon Lord was early on the spot, but no other person having arrived, the deacon, wearied with the labors of the day, retired to one of the corners most distant from the desk, where he remained undiscovered. In the meantime the meeting was organized, several motions made, and resolutions offered and carried, and all present seemed to fancy themselves once more under their own vines and fig trees, with none to molest, when Huntly suddenly made his appearance, and commenced a speech, by express-

ing himself pleased with the harmony and good feeling which seemed to exist, but insisted that as it was a matter of much importance, much deliberation was necessary; for his part he wished to pursue a prudent course; they could hardly judge a man's usefulness by hearing three or four of his picked sermons, and, as usual, produced an unfavorable impression. Upon taking his seat, all seemed struck dumb; when, providentially, the chairman discovered Deacon Lord apparently asleep. He immediately called out, 'Deacon Lord, you should be at your post, instead of dreaming there in the corner, and help us in our difficulties.'

The deacon replied that he was indeed dreaming, and as his dream had reference to the state of things then existing he would relate it. He dreamed he was taken sick and died, and that he went directly to hell. He had not been long in that place of woe, when he was accosted by Satan himself, with 'What! what! Deacon Lord, are you here? Things have been going on very well for me lately, in Lower Lyme. How was it when you left?' The deacon replied that when he left, a meeting was in session, and there was every prospect of at last settling a minister with much unanimity. His majesty, much surprised at this information, turned suddenly to an imp near and said—'Dick! Dick! bring me my black horse, saddle, bridle and martingale—I must go to Lower Lyme at once; but hold! Deacon, was my friend Huntly at the meeting?' 'He came in,' replied the deacon, just as I left.

'You needn't go then, Dick. If Huntly's there, he'll do just as well as I could do myself.'

Huntly took his hat and left the meeting. The minister, who was settled over the church, has proved a very useful man, and, for aught we know, is preaching there yet.

ANIMAL FIGHTING IN THE EAST.—The combats of wild beasts were now to commence. We were conducted to a gallery, from which we looked down upon a narrow court, surrounded by walls and gratings. This was the arena on which the exhibition was to take place. Unluckily the place allotted for spectators was, on account of the great number of English ladies present, so circumscribed, that we could find only a bad standing-room, and one moreover in which the glare and heat of the sun were most oppressive; however, the spectacle exhibited before our eyes, in the depth of the battle-field, was of such a nature that all discomfort was soon forgotten.

We there beheld six powerful buffaloes, not of the tame breed, but strong and mighty beasts, the offspring of the Arnees of the mountains; measuring at least four feet and a half in height to the back, with huge and wide-arching horns, from three to four feet long. They there stood, on their clumsy legs—snorting violently, and blowing through their distended nostrils, as if filled with forebodings of the approaching danger. What noble animals! what strength in those broad necks! Pity, only, that such intense stupidity should be marked in their eyes!

A clatter of sticks, and the roar of various wild beasts now resounded; to which the buffaloes replied by a hollow bellowing. Immediately, on the opening of a side door, there rushed forth a strong and formidable tiger, measuring, I should say, from ten to eleven feet in length, from head to tail, and about four feet in height. Without deliberating long, he sprang, with one mighty bound, into the midst of the buffaloes, and darting unexpectedly between the redoubtable horns of one of the boldest champions, he seized him by the nape of the neck, with teeth and claws. The weight of the tiger nearly drew the buffalo to the ground. A most fearful contest ensued. Amid roars and groans, the furious victim dragged its fierce assailant round and round the arena, while the other buffaloes, striving to liberate their comrade, inflicted on the foe formidable wounds with their sharp and massive horns.

Deep silence reigned among the audience; each spectator watching, in breathless suspense, to mark the issue of the combat, and at the same time the fate of the few unhappy monkeys which, constrained, as if in mockery, to witness the bloody scene, looked down at first with indescribable terror, from the tops of their poles, but, when these were violently shaken by the horns of the buffaloes, fell down as if dead, and lay, extended at full length, with the utmost resignation, expecting their end, without making the least attempt to avert it.

Two other tigers, somewhat inferior in size, were now, with great difficulty, driven into the battle-field, while the struggle still continued. Nothing, however, could induce them to make an attack in any quarter; they paced slowly round the scene, rubbing themselves, cat-like, against the wall as they moved, whenever the buffaloes—which without regarding them, were ever and anon goading their adversary with their horns—approached nearer to them. But now the dread tiger received a thrust upon his ribs, which forced him to quit his hold; he fell with violence, and then slunk timidly into a corner. Thither he was pursued by the buffalo—rendered furious by his mangled neck—and was made the butt of many a revengeful blow and thrust, while he merely betrayed his pain by the hideous contortions of his mouth, not making the least movement in self-defence.

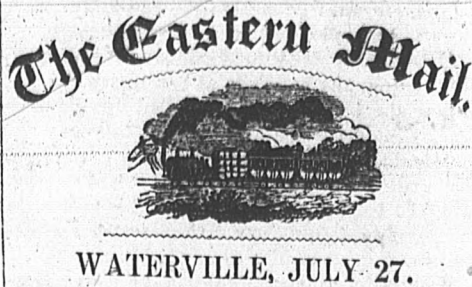
Fresh actors now appeared on the scene; two Himalaya bears of different species were—though not without most arduous exertions—forced into the fight, to the very point whither the tiger had retreated. Many a wound inflicted by sharp claws, and many a rude blow on the ears were now interchanged, and fierce growls and roars. Blood was streaming from the face of every combatant. While all were furiously engaged in one tremendous melee, the wounded buffalo, which meantime had been occupied with one of the half-dead monkeys, renewed his attack, drove them altogether in a heap, and did not desist from his infuriated assault until the wound of an adversary's claws had torn a great part of the skin from off his muzzle.

A universal exhaustion now prevailed; the first tiger lay as if dead, save his horrible grimaces; the others, lame from their wounds, hobbled from one corner of the arena to the other; the bears, too, maintained a most peaceful tranquillity, so soon as they ceased to feel the sharp goading sticks of the keepers.

It was truly a savage and a horrid spectacle, but not the less entertaining, for the ladies and gentlemen! However, only that unfortunate buffalo lost its life, in consequence of its wounds; the tigers are all yet living, one only having had a rib broken. The Nabob keeps sixteen powerful tigers in his menagerie, all destined for this sort of spectacle. (Hoffmeister's Ceylon.)

MODEST LITERARY REQUEST.—One morning last spring, Scott said, 'I opened a huge lump of a despatch, without looking how it was addressed, never doubting that it had travelled under some unimportant name, like the First Lord of the Admiralty's; when lo! and behold, the contents proved to be a MS. play, by a young lady of New York, who kindly requested me to read and prolong it, equip it with

prologue and epilogue, procure for it a favorable reception from the manager' of Drury Lane, and make Murry or Constable bleed handsomely for the copyright; and inspecting the cover I found that I had been charged five pounds odd for the postage. This was bad enough—but there was no help, so I groaned and submitted. A fortnight or so after, another packet of not less formidable bulk arrived, and I was absent enough to break its seal without examination. Conceive my horror when I opened the same identical tragedy of 'The Cherokee Lovers,' with a second epistle from the authoress, stating that, as the winds had been boisterous, she feared the vessel entrusted with her former communication might have foundered, and therefore judged it prudent to forward a duplicate.'



OUR SECOND VOLUME.

When we issued the first number of the Mail, we could not but consider it doubtful whether it would survive to commence a second volume. The present number removes this uncertainty, and a generous patronage induces us to look forward with much confidence to the successful completion of future volumes. For this encouragement we are indebted to those who now read our paper; and to all such we tender a gratitude proportioned to their generosity.

We commence our second volume with a subscription which seems to warrant the undertaking; but to venture upon improvements necessary to render our paper such a one as this community needs, our list must be very much increased. Our success thus far induces us to expect an increase of patronage proportioned to the growth and importance of the section to which our circulation is limited. Without this, we cannot venture to promise much improvement upon our past volume; but with it, we promise an expenditure of labor and money which shall meet the best wishes of a generous community. It is due to our readers, and to ourselves; and when our means will warrant—and gradually in proportion as they warrant—expectation shall be fully met in this respect. We are not wanting in gratitude for our success thus far, though limited. It has exceeded our hopes, and of course we are satisfied. How far we have given satisfaction to those who have felt an interest in our enterprise, we judge only from our books. So far as our efforts may have been judged deserving, we look for continued favor—beyond which, if we wish it, we do not venture to ask. We pledge, for the volume now begun, our best endeavors to render our paper an interesting and useful family visitor, and are confident that so far as we succeed we shall have our reward.

TEN HOUR BILL.

Legislation on subjects connected with political economy, in some cases leaves matters precisely where they were before men discussed, debated and established the grand reform. Within the last ten or fifteen years much has been said with respect to the hours of labor, and, probably, much time has been wasted and much fair paper blotted to little purpose. "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," has been the popular cry in Europe and here, as if legislation could accomplish, in this matter, any desirable result for workmen. We suspect that the ground of the whole mistake lies in false estimates of what constitutes labor. The man who labors with his hands is not the only laborer. There are other laborers—such as the clergyman and editor—men who cannot gauge their work by ten, twelve, or even fifteen hours a day. These two classes, for the actual work which they perform and for the number of hours in each day in which they are engaged, are paid most sparingly by the community. It is very rarely that they derive a dollar per diem for their labor, though they work throughout the day and frequently a portion of the night. Yet these classes and others similarly situated do not complain. But Reuben Blake and three thousand one hundred and eighty-eight men of the State do complain; and have petitioned the Legislature to make ten hours a legal day's work. That more have not signed the petitions, speaks well for the general intelligence of the community; for the decree may go forth, and matters stand relatively just where they do at present. For one we say, let it be so. Make ten hours the legal day's work. It is long enough; and the employer and employed will stand to-morrow just where they do to-day.

The Act regulating the hours of labor, proposed to be passed, has two sections. The second provides that "no minor under the age of sixteen years, shall be employed in any labor for any manufacturing or other corporations, for more than ten hours in any one day; and if any manufacturer, or agent, or other officer of any corporation, shall employ any such minor in violation of the provisions of this section, he or they shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars." This is well; but it might have been better. It should provide that females of any age should not be subject to more than ten hours labor daily; and even that is probably too much, if we may judge by the number of bodies which are sent from factory villages for burial every season—to say nothing of the thousands who return to their homes reduced to skeletons by consumption.

On the whole, the Act will have a wholesome effect; and much as we doubt the important changes which will be produced with respect to the employer and the employed, by the first section, we have no disposition to oppose the passage of it, or even of one which

may reduce the hours of labor to six or eight. The price will decrease in proportion to the demand—and the rise and fall of wages will not be affected by the law.

"A friend shew us a letter the other day," says the Lewiston Falls Journal. So much for that new coat,—we were afraid of it. Let us conjugate for you—present, show; imp. shew; part. shaw; brother Journal. If you don't improve we shall put you under the tuition of the editor of the Clarion.

"The Waterville Brass Band, said to be the best on the River, arrived about noon." So says the Hallowell Cultivator, in detailing the proceedings of the 4th at that place. We have no doubt the commendation is deserved.

THE ALIEN BILL.—Some of the wisacres of our Legislature at Augusta are very busy upon a subject that the people of this Commonwealth are not disposed to have stirred over. A bill was read and assigned on Monday last, the object of which is to permit aliens to hold real estate. Of the particulars of the bill, or of its origin, we are not specially informed; but one thing is certain, that such a bill, in any possible shape, is a monstrosity in legislation; and must eventually be spurned by men of all parties. The bill, to all appearances, is sliding as smoothly as a snake into the roots of the law; but it is not too late to stop its progress. We have not space to exhibit the reasons which may be adduced for a positive and complete opposition to any such bill, but will content ourselves, for the present, with warning all good men to beware of introducing privileges for aliens which strike at the foundation of all enterprise, and if encouraged, may eventually interfere with the elective duties of citizens. We should be happy to know, from some of our neighbors who watch the political arena, what person or persons may be concerned in the matter, and how far they propose to go. The subject is one which men of all parties must be anxious to meet on common ground. We are not disposed to adopt any principle, the tendency of which is to make another Ireland in the State of Maine.

THE CHOLERA, with all the horrid characteristics exhibited by that disease in this country fifteen years ago, is raging with dreadful fatality in Russia and Turkey, and to some extent in other parts of Europe. It will be remembered that it travelled from East to West, in its former visit, commencing in Asia and ultimately ravaging a great portion of the United States; consequently it will be looked for here, in its second circumnavigation of the globe, in the course of a year. Whether the ravages of war will be accepted as a substitute, and thus the hand of the Avenger be stayed, remains to be seen.

Our citizens who so kindly contributed to aid Mr. Mangan in bringing to this country several relatives who were suffering from the famine in Ireland, will be gratified to learn that Mr. M. has succeeded in accomplishing his object. His friends arrived here a few weeks since, and are all grateful and happy; with enough to eat and enough to do. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—This is, unquestionably, the cheapest magazine published, and we know not how it can be sold so low. It contains a larger amount of reading matter than the three-dollar magazines; and its selections are well adapted to meet popular taste, without contributing as much to its faults as some other works. It will doubtless obtain a wide circulation. It can be had of Redding & Co., Boston.

A correspondent of the 'Fountain,' who dates at West Waterville, insinuates pretty plainly that the citizens of this town who professed to relinquish the traffic in liquors last spring, have not 'kept the pledge'—in as good faith as was conceded to them. How is this, gentlemen? We thought 'honor bright,' would hold the 'critter,' if locks and keys could not. We feel bound—by your promise, however—to think the writer mistaken. No, no!—such pledges, under such circumstances, would bind the meanest man that ever drew a cork.

THE UNION MAGAZINE has reached its 3d volume. The connection between the proprietors and Israel Post has ceased, and James L. De Graw has now the general agency. It is one of the best magazines for the ladies, now published in this country.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK continues its extraordinary pictorial attractions. Nothing can excel the August number. It has established a reputation as the magazine for the ladies, and is said to have secured an enormous circulation.

BREAST AND WATERVILLE RAILROAD.—The bill to incorporate this company was taken up in the House on Monday. Several motions to amend were rejected, and on motion of Mr. Lowney of Belfast the bill was again laid upon the table.

In the Legislature, on Monday Mr. Hanscom of Albion, presented the remonstrance of inhabitants of Albion against the establishment of the county of Sebastocook, which was transmitted to the senate.

MORALITY.—The Maine Farmer is defending the good people of Augusta against the charge of immorality, brought by somebody in the shape of a petition to the Legislature. "Take it quietly, brother Farmer—you recollect somebody at Augusta was recently caught throwing ashes against the wind, and the promise is that such shall inevitably suffer about the eyes. We are glad to see your attention diverted for a moment from the 'morals of Waterville.' This is a famous land for throwing stones, notwithstanding the abundance of glass houses."

A laborer in Milton, Mass., near the railway village, while raking hay on Thursday last, was dangerously bitten by a rattlesnake.

GOOD.—The following toasts were given at a recent celebration in Massachusetts:—

Drunkards.—The worst slaves of the worst villains; may they lay hold of the hope set before them in the temperance reformation.

Rum-sellers.—The aristocracy of paupers.—May the state provide them an appropriate asylum.

The Fathers of Temperance.—May they all become 'Sons.'

The Daughters of Temperance.—The Minerva of our organization; for they came from Nature already armed with 'Love, Purity and Fidelity.'

King Alcohol.—May he have cobweb pantaloons, a porcupine saddle, a hard-trotting horse, and a never-ending journey.

King Alcohol.—When he flees from an indignant people may he take his lords with him.

THOUGHTS ABOUT FISH.—Some odd fish, and fervent disciple of old Isaac Walton, of pleasant memory, thus finically discourses about the finny tribes. He will immortalize himself as a natural philosopher:—

Humanity demands that fish should always be taken with a hook and line, otherwise the poor things are liable to be driven insane. Female fish are fond of flowers, and plant great quantities of roses in beds.

Fish are remarkable for their fondness of learning, very aged individuals of the species being often found in schools.

A Cockney remarks that fish are entirely unlike Achilles, their heels being almost invulnerable.

They possess no property, and therefore have no heirs.

Fish are distinguished for justice, possessing its attributes in a remarkable degree, many of them carrying the sword, and all the scales.

The larger species are religious, and prey continually.

The females are domestic, and make their own beds.

When fish approach too near the top of the water, it is supposed that they take cold in their heads; although they do not cough, they are liable to hawk!

Fish should avoid small heavy substances which descend into the water attached to lines—often it's lead to their destruction.

None but honest persons should be allowed to go a-fishing, there are such opportunities to look.

Although fish have no paper money, in fact nothing but shiners, they often make a run up on the banks.

They have no fondness for any kind of fruit except currents.

COMMENCEMENT at Waterville College, Wednesday, Aug. 9th. The usual arrangements are in progress to render the anniversary interesting.

Great interest is felt, if we may judge from the newspapers, in the result of the Free Soil Convention at Buffalo. Should its nominations be unsatisfactory, great numbers of voters will be ready to commit their suffrages for some of the various candidates now in the field—which said voters, should the Free Soil candidates be to their liking, will throw up their hats with great relish. Our hands are tied with our pledge to neutrality, but our hat is at the service of any honest voter who wishes to beat another hole in its crown, without reference to parties or candidates. It sits with little comfort without a political shaking, when so many other hats are whirling in the air.—Who will give it a swing or two for "our candidate?" It is "used to it," and needs it.

MR. EDITOR:—We take this method to enquire, with all due respect of the proprietors of the several steamboats running between this place and Hallowell, if it is not possible for them to make some arrangement by which some degree of punctuality can be secured in the time of leaving Hallowell and Augusta, and of arriving here. For leaving this place there is a time set. Pains are taken always to arrive at Hallowell in season to take the Boston steamers, but the passage up the river is a different matter. The Boston boats arrive in the morning; one of the Waterville boats is ready to take passengers, who are told that they leave at once for Waterville. The boat moves off; but the stoppages at Hallowell and Augusta often detain the passengers till 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, before passing the lock; and generally an entire day is spent in going about twenty miles.

We are happy to know that the small steamers are paying a good profit on the investment, and we can see no reason why this profit will be diminished by punctuality and proper diligence in transporting passengers up the river as well as down. On the contrary, we have the best reason to know, the number of passengers would be increased. We cannot but believe that the enterprising gentlemen, who have the control of this, will see that it is for their interest to attend to the matter at once. The evil complained of is a real one, and the dissatisfaction with the present arrangement is widely spread.

MANY PASSENGERS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'CANAN.' The United States, the Constitution and the Constellation were built in 1797.

'N. R.' A lady, on being introduced to a gentleman, gives her hand first—but it is not etiquette to offer the hand on either side in ordinary introductions. An obeisance is sufficient. Short sleeves are full dress, and only worn on public occasions and at parties—never in the street, except by small children.

'WIKNOW.' The largest silver eel that we have read of measured six feet in length, from 25 to 30 inches in circumference, and weighed 34 pounds. It was taken on the shores of the Medway, August, 1810.

'T. Y.' Yes. The book of Esther. It has ten chapters, but neither Lord nor God is found in them.

'T. B.' Edmund Burke died in 1797—aged 67. He opposed the French revolution.

A Woman's Convention was to assemble at Seneca Falls, N. Y., on the 19th and 20th inst, to deliberate upon their social civil and religious condition and rights.

M. de Chateaubriand, so long known to the world as an author and a statesman, died at Paris on the 4th of July. For many years he had lived quite secluded from society, devoting little attention to public affairs.

George Lafayette has been chosen one of the six Vice Presidents for the Bureau of the French Assembly.

A letter from Alexandria states that no hopes were entertained of the recovery of Mehemet Ali, and that his death was every day expected.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ONE WEEK LATER FROM EUROPE.

Arrival at N. Y. of the Hibernia.

British mail steamer Hibernia arrived below New York on Friday afternoon.

The following synopsis, from Wilmer & Smith's European Times of July 8th, was received in Boston by magnetic telegraph.

Trade has been quiet, but considerably improved. During the week now closed the produce markets have presented a tranquil appearance, and both in London and Liverpool holders have manifested a great desire to sell. Cotton is in good demand, and the market for broadstuffs is steady.

The iron trade is in a languid position. From the manufacturing districts the reports are still dull, but they exhibit more activity than has prevailed for some time past.

FRANCE. On the 27th ult. as some national guards were searching a house in the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, they found in a cellar 37 armed men, with 167 loaded muskets and instruments for casting balls in their possession. The men surrendered without resistance. More than 100,000 muskets have already been returned to the arsenals of the State. An eye witness thus describes the subsequent appearance of the different localities where conflicts had taken place on the 30th ult:—"I made a further tour through the theatre of the greatest destruction of property, and I find it is not so extensive as has been reported. The chief points are the end of the Rue St. Antoine, near the Hotel de Ville, where the street becomes narrow. There are several houses on the north side, battered by the cannon, in a tottering condition; on the south side the windows and wood work are damaged by musket balls. In the Rue de Faubourg du Temple, the entire line of street, from the Boulevard to the Barriere Belville, is more or less damaged. The houses on the north side of the canal are considerably battered. Pursuing the line of the exterior Boulevards to the head of the Rue de Menilmontant, there are marks of fighting, but no great destruction of property. Descending the Rue de Menilmontant to the canal, all the houses are damaged, but there are no traces of cannon shot.

The most striking destruction of property is a point at the lower end of the Rue Faubourg St. Antoine, next the Bastille. The cannon placed on the place near the column and at the entrance of the Boulevard played directly on the houses forming the angles of the Rue de la Ronnette, the Quai des Jénappes, the Rue Faubourg St. Antoine, the Rue de Charenton, the Rue de Plancoet, and the Rue Contrescarp. The several houses forming the angles of these converging streets are literally battered to pieces—two or three of them are in ruins—the others exhibit large holes in the walls—three or four feet in diameter, and are in a tottering condition. The shower of balls thrown upon the Rue Faubourg St. Antoine riddled the houses on either side to a distance of some hundred yards, the windows and woodwork are for the most part destroyed and large fragments chipped from the walls in every part.

The following is the latest report of the superior officers killed and wounded in the insurrection:—Gen. Nagier, killed; Gen. Brea, assassinated; Gen. Francois and Gen. Regnaud killed; Gen. Bourgon received a ball in the thigh, since dead; Gen. Corte, wounded in the leg; Gen. Damesme's leg has been amputated; Gen. Duvivier wounded in the foot; Gen. Foucher wounded; Gen. La Fontaine since dead. The number of colonels and superior officers put hors de combat is immense.

On the 29th a sentinel observed a cabriolet, in which were two men, pass by him, which attracted his attention. He called on the driver to stop. The men were obliged to descend, and a large sum in gold of Russian coinage and a considerable quantity of cartridges were found. They were arrested and taken before the commissary of police. They were armed with daggers and pistols.

A great number of the balls extracted from the wounded of the national guard and the army were composed of pieces of iron, which were pierced, and a piece of copper wire introduced, which projected on each side.

In the best informed circles the general opinion prevails that the real chief of the late insurrection was Causseville. It is said things were not unknown to Louis Blanc but that he shrank from any active share. The evidence already obtained by the committee of inquiry as to the insurrection goes to show that on the day before the insurrection, on Thursday, during the whole day, the chiefs of each of the principal sections of the insurgent's examined the places that each of their sections was to occupy, and that those who were to command received their instructions. There were lieutenants, brigadiers and chiefs of detachments. Independently of these arrangements the chiefs all met on Thursday evening to confer and encourage each other for the meeting of the following day. Documents of the highest importance have been seized, which will show from whence proceeded the money distributed, and who were really the chiefs of the insurrection.

The number of troops of the line in Paris was only 10,000 on the 22d of June; there are now 60,000. It is said that the minister of war intends to form three military camps.—The rigor usually attendant on a state of siege is now considerably relaxed, and such of the tradespeople of Paris as are not bankrupt have re-opened their shops and bureaux. A notice has been sent to the theatres and places of public amusement, by the police, that they are authorized to re-open. The theatres, however, show no intention of responding to this.

Gen. Lamoriciere was accompanied in one of his visits to some of the prisoners taken in the late insurrection by M. Theirs. On hearing who was the person who accompanied the general, one of the prisoners addressed M. Theirs, telling him that he had killed 14 persons with his own hand, and only regretted that his victim, were so few. One of the insurgents who has been taken to the Abbaye boasts of having killed 22 persons in the Faubourg St. Jacques. Documents have been found implicating Girardin in having received money from Russia, the Carlists, Orleansists and Bonapartists. Russian roubles have been said to have been found in his apartments. The attempts to poison soldiers and gendarmes still continue, and the men of the garde mobile have been warned not to accept wine, &c. from per-



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