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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1850.

NO. 26.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
BY E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.
At No. 3-1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.

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

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY.

SONG OF THE SNOW.

BY MRS. M. N. McDONALD.

Whirling about we go, we go—
Hurrah, hurrah, for the white-winged snow!
We have heard old Winter's trumpet-blast,
As he blithely streams in his fotters blast,
We have caught the breath of the frozen North,
And we come from his icy palace forth—
Over the earth, and over the sea,
Blithe and swift shall our journey be.

Merrily, merrily how we go,
Hither and thither, the flakes of snow!
Tossing about like an elfin throng,
Cheerily frolicking all night long,
Over the hills in our mad delight,
Down to the valleys in swift flight,
Out on the meadows and heaths so brown,
Flinging a mantle on tower and town.
Cheerily frolicking, how we go,
Hither and thither, the flakes of snow!

Busily, busily, thus we go,
Hurrying onward, the light-winged snow,
Sweeping the stones where the soiling feet,
Hastily traverse the crowded street;
Clothing in white the ruined wall,
Draping the roofs, and the steeples tall;
Hanging strange garlands of spotless hue,
O'er the lattice pane where the roses grew;
Oh! a gift of beauty we bring to-night,
O'er the lowly cot of the peasant wight;
O'er the poor man's hut by the brooklet's side,
And the brave old trees in the forest wide;
O'er the dwarfish shrubs on the barren lea,
And the gallant ships on the foaming sea—
Busily, busily, how we go,
Journeying earthward, the mantling snow!

Tenderly, tenderly, fall we low,
Down on the church-yard, the quiet snow!
Weathing the tombs with our garlands fair,
And the humble mound with a mournful care;
Spreading a pall over the silent clay,
Soon in the sandbanks to melt away.
Yet rising again, as the just shall rise—
Like them to meet in the tranquil skies:
For a season we sink below—
Hurrah, hurrah, for the white-winged snow!

POPULAR READING.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

INNOCENT AND GUILTY: OR, LOST AND FOUND.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE OFFICER.

The following advertisement appeared in several of the London journals in the year 1832:—
"If Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, and who, it is believed, resided for many years in London, as clerk in a large mercantile establishment, will forward his present address to X. Y. Z., Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, to be left till called for, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage."

My attention had been attracted to this notice by its very frequent appearance in the journal which I was chiefly in the habit of reading, and from professional habits of thinking, I had set it down in my own mind as a trap for some offender against the principles of *meum and teum*, whose presence in a criminal court was very much desired. I was confirmed in this conjecture by observing that, in despair of Owen Lloyd's voluntary disclosure of his retreat, a reward of fifty guineas, payable by a respectable solicitor of Lothbury, was ultimately offered to any person who would furnish X. Y. Z. with the missing man's address. "An old bird," I mentally exclaimed on perusing this paragraph, "and not to be caught with chaff; that is evident." Still more to excite my curiosity, and at the same time bring the matter within the scope of my own particular functions, I found, on taking up the "Police Gazette," a reward of thirty guineas offered for the apprehension of Owen Lloyd, whose person and manners were minutely described. "The pursuit grows hot," thought I, throwing down the paper, and hastening to attend a summons just brought me from the superintendent; "and if Owen Lloyd is within the four seas, his chance of escape seems but a poor one."

On waiting on the superintendent, I was directed to put myself in immediate personal communication with a Mr. Smith, the head of an eminent wholesale house in the city.

"In the city!"
"Yes; but your business with Mr. Smith is relative to the extensive robbery at his West-end residence a week or two ago. The necessary warrants for the apprehension of the suspected parties have been, I understand, obtained, and on your return will, together with some necessary memoranda, be placed in your hands."

I at once proceeded to my destination, and on my arrival, was immediately ushered into a dingy back-room, where I was desired to wait till Mr. Smith, who was just then busily engaged, could speak to me. Casting my eyes over a table, near which the clerk had placed me a chair, I perceived a newspaper and the "Police Gazette," in both of which the advertisements for the discovery of Owen Lloyd were strongly underlined. "Oh, ho," thought I; "Mr. Smith, then, is the X. Y. Z., who is so extremely anxious to renew his acquaintance with Mr. Owen Lloyd; and I am the honored individual selected to bring about the desired interview. Well, it is in my own vocation—one which can scarcely be dispensed with, it seems, in this busy, scheming life of ours."

Mr. Smith did not keep me waiting long—He seemed a hard, shrewd, business man, whose very frame, brisk, active gait and manner, and clear, decisive eye, indicated—the snow of more than sixty winters had passed over his head—a yet vigorous life, of which the morning and noon had been spent in the successful pursuit of wealth and its accompaniments—social consideration and influence.

"You have, I suppose, read the advertisements marked in these papers?"
"I have, and of course conclude that you, sir, are X. Y. Z."

"Of course, conclusions," rejoined Mr. Smith

with quite a perceptible sneer, "are usually very silly ones: in this instance especially so. My name, you ought to be aware, is Smith: X. Y. Z., whoever he may be, I expect in a few minutes. In just seventeen minutes," added the exact man of business; "for I, by letter, appointed him to meet me here at one o'clock precisely. My motive in seeking an interview with him, it is proper I should tell you, is the probability that he, like myself, is a sufferer by Owen Lloyd, and may not therefore object to defray a fair share of the cost likely to be incurred in unkenning the delinquent, and prosecuting him to conviction: or which would be far better, he may be in possession of information that will enable us to obtain completely the clue I already almost grasp.—But we must be cautious: X. Y. Z. may be a relative or friend of Lloyd's, and in that case, to possess him of our plans would answer no purpose but to afford him an opportunity of baffling them. Thus much premised, I had better at once proceed to read over to you a few particulars I have jotted down, which, you will perceive, throw light and color over the suspicions I have been within these few days compelled to entertain. You are doubtless acquainted with the full particulars of the robbery at my residence, Brook Street, last Thursday fortnight?"

"Yes; especially the report of the officers, that the crime must have been committed by persons familiar with the premises and the habits of the family."

"Precisely. Now, have you your memorandum-book ready?"

"Quite so."

"You had better write with ink," said Mr. Smith, pushing an inkstand and pens towards me. "Important memoranda should never be where there is a possibility of erasing it, be written in pencil. Friction, thumbing, use of any kind, often partially obliterates them, creating endless confusion and mistakes. Are you ready?"

"Perfectly."

Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, and it was understood, descended from a highly respectable family. About five feet eight; but I need not describe his person over again. Many years with us, first as junior, then as head clerk; during which his conduct, as regards the firm, was exemplary. A man of yielding, irresolute mind—if indeed a person can be said to really possess a mind at all who is always changing it for some other person's—incapable of saying "No" to embarrassing, impoverishing requests—one, in short, Mr. Waters, of that numerous class of individuals whose fools are nobody's enemies but their own, as if that were possible.

"I understand; but I really do not see how this bears upon"—
"The mission you are directed to undertake? I think it does, as you will presently see.—Three years ago, Owen Lloyd having involved himself, in consequence of the serious defect of character I have indicated, in large liabilities for pretended friends, left our employment; and to avoid a jail, fled, no one could discover whither. Edward Jones, also a native of the principality, whose description, as well as that of his wife, you will receive from the superintendent, was discharged about seven years ago from our service for misconduct, and went, we understood, to America. He always appeared to possess great influence over the mind of his considerably younger countryman Lloyd.—Jones and his wife were seen three evenings since by one of our clerks near Temple Bar. I am of opinion, Mr. Waters, continued Mr. Smith, removing his spectacles, and closing his note-book, from the first step in crime, or criminal imprudence, which feeble-minded men especially long hesitate or boggle at; and I now more than suspect that, pressed by poverty, and very possibly yielding to the persuasions and example of Jones—who, by the way, was as well acquainted with the premises in Brook Street, as his fellow-clerk—the once honest, docile Owen Lloyd, is now a common thief and burglar."

"Indeed!"
"Yes. A more minute search led to the discovery, the day before yesterday, of a pocket-book behind some book-shelves in the library. As no property had been taken from that room—though the lock of a large iron chest, containing coins and medals, had been evidently tampered with—the search there was not at first very rigorous. That pocket-book, here it is, belonged, I know, to Owen Lloyd when in our service. See, here are his initials stamped on the cover."

"Might he not have inadvertently left it there when with you?"
"You will scarcely think so after reading the date of the five pound note of the Hampshire County Bank, which you will find within the inner lining."

"The date is 1831."

"Exactly. I have strong reason for believing that Owen Lloyd is now, or has been lately, residing in some part of Hampshire."

"That is important."

"This letter," continued Mr. Smith; and then pausing for a brief space in some embarrassment, he added, "the commissioner informed me, Mr. Waters, that you were a person upon whose good sense and discretion, as well as sagacity and courage, every confidence might be placed. I therefore find less difficulty than I otherwise should in admitting you a little behind the family screen, and entering upon matters one would not willingly have bruited in the public ear."

I bowed, and he presently proceeded.
"Owen Lloyd, I should tell you, is married to a very amiable, superior sort of woman, and has one child, a daughter named Caroline, an elegant, gentle-mannered, beautiful girl, I admit, to whom my wife was much attached, and was consequently a frequent visitor in Brook Street. This I always felt was very imprudent; and the result was, that my son Arthur Smith—only about two years her senior; she was just turned of seventeen when her father was compelled to fly from his creditors—formed a silly, boyish attachment for her. They have since, I gather from this letter, which I found yesterday in Arthur's dressing room, carried on, at long intervals, a clandestine correspondence, waiting for the advent of more propitious times—which, being interpreted," added Mr. Smith with a sardonic sneer, "means my death and burial."

"You are in possession, then, of Miss Caroline Lloyd's living with her father, of his precise place of abode?"

"Not exactly. The correspondence, it is

seems, carried on without the knowledge of Owen Lloyd; and the girl states in answer, it should seem, to Arthur's inquiries, that her father would never forgive her if, under present circumstances, she disclosed his place of residence—we can now very well understand that—and she intreats Arthur not to persist, at least for the present, in his attempts to discover her. My son, you must understand, is now of age, and so far as fortune is concerned, is thanks to a legacy from an aunt on his mother's side, independent of me."

"What post mark does the letter bear?"
"Charing-Cross. Miss Lloyd states that it will be posted in London by a friend; that being, I nothing doubt, her father's confederate, Jones. But to us the most important part of the epistle is the following line:—'My father met with a sad accident in the forest some time ago, but is now quite recovered.' The words in the forest have, you see, been scratched out, but not so entirely as to prevent their being, with a little trouble, traced. Now, coupling this expression with the Hampshire bank-note, I am of opinion that Lloyd is concealed somewhere in the New Forest."

"A shrewd guess, at all events."

"You now perceive what weighty motives I have to bring this man to justice. The property carried off I care little comparatively about; but the intercourse between the girl and my son must at any cost be terminated."—He was interrupted by a clerk, who entered to say that Mr. William Lloyd, the gentleman who had advertised as X. Y. Z., desired to speak to him. Mr. Smith directed Mr. Lloyd to be shown in; and then, snatching up the "Police Gazette," and thrusting it into one of the table drawers, said in a low voice, but marked emphasis, "A relative, no doubt, by the name; be silent, and be watchful."

A minute afterwards Mr. Lloyd was ushered into the room. He was a thin, emaciated, and apparently sorrow-stricken man, on the wintry side of middle age, but of mild, courteous, gentlemanly speech and manners. He was evidently nervous and agitated, and after a word or two of customary salutation, said hastily, "I gather from this note, sir, that you can afford me tidings of my long-lost brother Owen: where is he?" He looked eagerly round the apartment, gazed with curious earnestness in my face, and then again turned with tremulous anxiety to Mr. Smith. "Is he dead?" Pray do not keep me in suspense."

"Sit down, sir," said Mr. Smith, pointing to a chair. "Your brother, Owen Lloyd, was for many years a clerk in this establishment. 'Was'—was," interrupted Mr. Lloyd with greatly increased agitation; "not now, then—has he left you?"

"For upwards of three years. A few days ago—pray do not interrupt me—I obtained intelligence of him, which, with such assistance as you may possibly be able to afford, will perhaps suffice to enable this gentleman"—pointing to me—to discover his present residence."

I could not stand the look which Mr. Lloyd fixed upon me, and turned hastily away to gaze out of the window, as if attracted by the noise of a squabble between two draymen, which fortunately broke out at the moment in the narrow, choked-up street.

"For what purpose, sir, are you instituting this eager search after my brother? It cannot be that—No, no—he has left you, you say, more than three years; besides, the bare supposition is as wicked as absurd."

"The truth is, Mr. Lloyd," rejoined Mr. Smith, after a few moments' reflection, "there is great danger that my son may disadvantageously connect himself with your—your brother's family—may, in fact, marry his daughter Caroline. Now I could convince Owen—"

"Caroline!" interjected Mr. Lloyd, with a tremulous accent, and his dim eyes suffused with tears—"Caroline!—a truly lovely daughter would be named Caroline." An instant afterwards, he added, drawing himself up with an air of pride and some sternness: "Caroline Lloyd, sir, is a person who, by birth, and I doubt not, character and attainments, is a fitting match for the son of the proudest merchant of this proud city."

"Very likely," rejoined Mr. Smith, dryly; "but you must excuse me for saying that, as regards my son, it is one which I will at any cost prevent."

"How am I to know, observed Mr. Lloyd, whose glance of pride had quickly passed away, "that you are dealing fairly and candidly with me in this matter?"

In reply to this home-thrust, Mr. Smith placed the letter addressed by Miss Lloyd to his son in the hands of the questioner, at the same time explaining how he had obtained it. Mr. Lloyd's hand trembled, and his tears fell fast over the letter as he hurriedly perused it. It seemed by his broken, involuntary ejaculations, that old thoughts and memories were deeply stirred within him. "Poor girl!—so young, so gentle, and so sorely tried!—Her mother's very turn of thought and phrase. Owen, too, artless, honorable, just as he was ever, except when the dupe of knaves and villains."

He seemed buried in thought until some time after the perusal of the letter; and Mr. Smith, whose cue it was to avoid exciting suspicion by too great eagerness of speech, was growing fidgety. At length, suddenly looking up, he said in a dejected tone, "If this is all you have ascertained, we seem as far off as ever. I can afford you no help."

"I am not sure of that," replied Mr. Smith. "Let us talk calmly at the matter. Your brother is evidently not living in London, and that accounts for your advertisements not being answered."

"Truly."

"If you look at the letter attentively, you will perceive that three important words, 'in the forest,' have been partially erased."

"Yes, it is indeed so; but what?"

"No, can you think of no particular locality in the country to which your brother would be likely to betake himself in preference to another?"

Gentlemen of fancy and sentiment," added Mr. Smith, "usually fall back, I have heard, upon some favorite haunt of early days when pressed by adversity."

"It is natural they should," replied Mr. Lloyd, heedless of the sneer. "I have felt that longing for old haunts and old faces in intensest fever, even when I was what the world calls prospering in strange lands; and how much more—But no; he would not return to Wales; to Caernarvon, to be looked down upon by those amongst whom our family for so many generations stood equal with the highest. Besides, I have personally sought him there, in vain."

"But his wife, she is not a native of the principality?"

"No. Ah! I remember. The forest! It must be so! Caroline Heyworth, whom we first met in the Isle of Wight, is a native of Beaulieu, a village in the New Forest, Hampshire. A small, very small property there, bequeathed by an uncle, belonged to her, and perhaps has not been disposed of. How came I not to think of this before? I will set out at once; and yet pressing business requires my stay here for a day or two."

"This gentleman, Mr. Waters, can proceed to Beaulieu immediately."

"That must do, then. You will call on me, Mr. Waters; here is my address; before you leave town. Thank you. And God bless you, sir," he added, suddenly seizing "Mr. Smith's hand, 'for the light you have thrown upon this wearying, and I feared, hopeless search. You need not be so anxious, sir, to send a special messenger to release your son from his promise of marriage to my niece. None of us, be assured, will be desirous of forcing her upon a reluctant family. He then bowed, and withdrew."

"Mr. Waters," said Mr. Smith with a good deal of sternness, as soon as we were alone, "I expect that no sentimental crotchet will prevent your doing your duty in this matter?"

"What right," I answered with some heat, "have you, sir, to make such an insinuation?" "Because I perceived, by your manner, that you disapproved my questioning Mr. Lloyd as to the likelihood of securing his brother."

"My manner but interpreted my thoughts; still, sir, I know what belongs to my duty, and shall perform it."

"Enough: I have nothing more to say."

I drew on my gloves, took up my hat, and was leaving the room, when Mr. Smith exclaimed, "Stay one moment, Mr. Waters: you see that my great object is to break off the connection between my son and Miss Lloyd?"

"I do."

"I am not anxious, you will remember, to press the prosecution, if, by a frank, written confession of his guilt, Owen Lloyd places an insuperable bar between his child and mine. You understand?"

"Perfectly. But permit me to observe, that the duty you just now hinted I might hesitate to perform, will not permit me to be a party to any such transaction. 'Good day.'"

I waited on Mr. William Lloyd soon afterwards, and listened with painful interest to the brief history which he, with childish simplicity, narrated of his own and brother's fortunes. It was a sad, oft-told tale. They had been early left orphans; and deprived of judicious guidance, had run, William more especially, a wild career of dissipation, till all was gone. Just before the crash came, they had both fallen in love with the same woman, Caroline Heyworth, who had preferred the meeker, more gentle-hearted Owen, to his elder brother.—They parted in anger. William obtained a situation as bailiff and overseer of an estate in Jamaica, where, by many years of toil, good fortune and economy, he at length ruined his health and restored his fortunes; and was now returned to die rich in his native country; and as he had till an hour before feared, unlamented and untended save by hirelings. I promised to write immediately after I had seen his brother; and with a sorrowful heart took leave of the vainly-rejoicing, prematurely-aged man.

I arrived at Southampton by the night-coach, the railway was but just begun, I remember, and was informed that the best mode of reaching Beaulieu, Bewley, he pronounced it, was by crossing the Southampton river to the village of Hythe, which was but a few miles distant from Beaulieu. As soon as I had breakfasted, I hastened to the quay, and was soon speeding across the tranquil waters in one of the sharp-stemmed wherries which plied constantly between the shores. My attention was soon arrested by two figures in the stern of the boat, a man, and woman. A slight examination of their features sufficed to convince me that they were Jones and his wife. They evidently entertained no suspicion of pursuit; and as I heard them tell the boatmen they were going on to Bewley, I determined for the present not to disturb their fancied security. It was fortunate I did so. As soon as we had landed, they passed into a mean-looking dwelling, which, from some nets, and a boat under repair, in a small yard in front of it, I concluded to be a fisherman's. As no vehicle could be readily procured, I determined on walking on, and easily reached Beaulieu, which is charmingly situated just within the skirts of the New Forest, about twelve o'clock. After partaking of a slight repast at the principal inn of the place—I forget its name; but it was, remember, within a stone's throw of the celebrated Beaulieu Abbey ruins—I easily contrived, by a few careless, indirect questions, to elicit all the information I required of the loquacious waiting maid. Mr. Lloyd, who seemed to bear an excellent character, lived, I was informed, at a cottage about half a mile distant from the inn, and chiefly supported himself as a measurer of timber, beech and ash; a small stock, the oak was reserved for government purposes, he usually kept on hand. Miss Caroline, the girl said, did beautiful fancy work; and a group of flowers painted by her, as natural as life, was framed and glazed in the bar, sure enough! Mr. Lloyd, there could be no longer a doubt, had unconsciously betrayed his unfortunate, guilty brother into the hands of justice, and I, an agent of the iron law, was already upon the threshold of the scheme. To have bravely and honestly stood up against an adverse fate for so many years, only to fall into crime just as fortune had grown weary of persecuting him, and a long-straggled brother had returned to raise him and his family to their former position in society, was melancholy indeed! And the young woman, too, whose letter breathed so pure, so gentle, so patient a spirit!—it would not bear thinking about—and I resolutely strove to look upon the affair as one of every-day routine. It would not do, however; and I was about to quit the room in no very enviable frame of mind, when my boat companions, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, entered, and seated themselves at one of the tables. The apartment was rather a large one, and as I was seated in the corner of a box at some distance from the entrance, they did not at first observe me; and several words caught my ear which awakened a strong desire to hear more. That I might do so, I instantly adopted a very common, but not the less often very successful device. As soon as the new-comers perceived me, their

whispered colloquy stopped abruptly; and after a minute or so, the man said, looking hard at me, "Good-day, sir; you have had rather a long walk!" and he glanced at my dusty boots.

"Sir," I replied, enclosing my left ear with my hand in the manner of a natural ear trumpet, "did you speak?"

"A dusty walk," he rejoined in a voice that might have been heard in a hurricane, or across Fleet Street.

"One o'clock!" I replied, pulling out my watch. "No; it wants a quarter yet."

"Deaf as the Monument," said Jones to his companion. "All right."

The suspended dialogue was but partially resumed.

"Do you think," said the woman, after the lapse of about five minutes, "do you think Owen and his family will go with us? I hope not."

"Not he; I only asked him just for the sake of the thing. He is too chicken-hearted for that, or for anything else that requires pluck."

Finishing the spirits and water they had ordered, they soon afterwards went out. I followed.

As soon as we had gone about a hundred paces from the house, I said, "Pray, can you tell me which is Mr. Lloyd the beech-merchant's house?"

"Yes," replied the man, taking hold of my arm, and hallooing into my ear with a power sufficient to really deafen one for life: "we are going there to dine."

I nodded comprehension, and on we journeyed. We were met at the door by Owen Lloyd himself—a man in whose countenance guilelessness, even to simplicity, seemed stamped by nature's own true hand. So much, thought I, for the reliance to be placed on physiognomy!

"I have brought you a customer," said Mr. Jones, "but he is as dead as a stone." I was courteously invited in by signs; and with much hallooing and shouting it was finally settled that, after dinner, I should look over Mr. Lloyd's stock of wood. Dinner had just been placed on the table by Mrs. Lloyd and her daughter. A still very comely, interesting woman was Mrs. Lloyd, though time and sorrow had long set their unmistakable seals upon her. Her daughter was, I thought, one of the most charming, graceful young women I had ever seen, spite of the tinge of sadness which dwelt upon her sweet face, deepening its interest if it somewhat diminished its beauty. My heart ached to think of the misery the announcement of my errand must presently bring on such gentle beings—innocent, I felt confident, even of the knowledge of the crime that had been committed. I dreaded to begin; not, Heaven knows, from any fear of the men, who, compared with me, were poor, feeble creatures, and I could easily have mastered half-a-dozen such; but the females—that young girl, especially—how encounter their despair? I mutely declined dinner, but accepted a glass of ale, and sat down till I could muster sufficient resolution for the performance of my task; for I felt this was an opportunity of quietly effecting the capture of both the suspected criminals which must not be neglected.

Dinner was just over when Mrs. Lloyd said, "Oh, Mr. Jones, have you seen anything of my husband's pocket-book? It was on a shelf in the room where you slept—not the last time, but when you were here about three weeks ago. We can find it nowhere; and I thought you might possibly have taken it by mistake."

"A black, common-looking thing?" said Jones.

"Yes."

"I did take it by mistake. I found it among my parcels, and put it in my pocket, intending of course to return it when I came back; but I remember, when wanting to open a lock of which I had lost the key, taking it out to see if it contained a pencil-case which I thought might answer the purpose; and finding none, tossing it away in a pet, I could not afterwards find it."

"Then it is lost!"

"Yes; but what of that? There was nothing in it."

"You are mistaken," rejoined Owen; "there was a five-pound country note in it, and the loss will—What is the matter, friend?"

I had sprung upon my feet with uncontrollable emotion. Mr. Lloyd's observation recalled me to myself, and I sat down again, muttering something about a sudden pain in the side.

"Oh, if that's the case, said Jones, 'I'll make it up, willingly: I am pretty rich, you know, just now.'"

"We shall be much obliged to you," said Mrs. Lloyd; "its loss would be a sad blow to us."

"How came you to send those heavy boxes here, Jones?" said Owen Lloyd. "Would it not have been better to have sent them direct to Portsmouth, where the vessel calls?"

"I had not quite made up my mind to return to America, then; and I knew they would be safer here than anywhere else."

"When do you mean to take them away? We are so badly off for room, that they terribly hamper us."

"This evening, about nine o'clock. I have hired a smack at Hythe to take us, bag and baggage, down the river to meet the liner which calls off Portsmouth to-morrow. I wish we could persuade you to go with us."

"Thank you, Jones," replied Owen in a dejected tone. "I have very little to hope for here; still my heart clings to the old country."

I had heard enough; and hastily rising, I intimated a wish to look at the timber at once. Mr. Lloyd immediately rose, and Jones and his wife left the cottage to return to Hythe at the same time that we did. I marked a few pieces of timber, and promising to send for them in the morning, hastened away.

A mountain seemed removed from off my breast: I felt as if I had achieved a great personal deliverance. Truly a wonderful interposition of Providence, I thought, that has so signally averted the fatal consequences likely to have resulted from the thoughtless imprudence of Owen Lloyd, in allowing his house to be made, however innocently, a receptacle for stolen goods, at the solicitations, too, of a man whose character he knew to be none of the purest. He had had a narrow escape, and might with perfect truth exclaim—

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

I had just returned to the Beaulieu inn, after completing my arrangements, when a carriage drove furiously up to the door, and who should it be but Mr. William Lloyd and Messrs. Smith, father and son. I hastened out, and briefly enjoining caution and silence, begged them to step with me into a private room. The agitation of Mr. Lloyd and of Mr. Arthur Smith was extreme, but Mr. Smith appeared cold and impassive as ever. I soon ascertained that Arthur Smith, by his mother's assistance, I suspect, had early penetrated his father's schemes and secrets, and had, in consequence, caused Mr. Wm. Lloyd to be watched home, with whom, immediately after I had left, he had a long conference. Later in the evening an *éclaircissement* with the father took place; and after a long and stormy discussion, it was resolved that all three should the next morning post down to Beaulieu, and act as circumstances might suggest. My story was soon told. It was received with unbounded joy by the brother and the lover; and even through the father's apparent indifference I could perceive that his refusal to participate in the general joy would not be of long duration. The large fortune which Mr. William Lloyd intimated his intention to bestow upon his niece was a new and softening element in the affair.

Mr. Smith, senior, ordered his dinner; and Mr. Lloyd and Arthur Smith—but why need I attempt to relate what they did? I only know that when, a long time afterwards, I ventured to look in at Mr. Lloyd's cottage, all the five inmates—brother, uncle, lover, niece, and wife—were talking, laughing, weeping, smiling, like distracted creatures, and seemed utterly incapable of reasonable discourse. An hour after that, as I stood screened by a belt of forest-trees, in wait for Mr. Jones and company, I noticed, as they all strolled past me in the clear moonlight, that the tears, the agitation had passed away, leaving only smiles and grateful joy on the glad faces so lately clouded by anxiety and sorrow. A mighty change in so brief a space!

Mr. Jones arrived with his cart and helpers in due time. A man who sometimes assisted in the timber-yard was deputed, with apology for the absence of Mr. Lloyd, to deliver the goods. The boxes, full of plate and other valuables, were soon hoisted in, and the cart moved off. I let it proceed about a mile, and then with the help I had placed in readiness, easily secured the astounded burglar and his assistants; and early the next morning Jones was on his road to London. He was tried at the ensuing Old-Bailey sessions, convicted, and transported for life; and the discretion I had exercised in not executing the warrant against Owen Lloyd was decidedly approved of by the authorities.

It was about two months after my first interview with Mr. Smith, that, on returning home one evening, my wife placed before me a piece of bread-cake, and two beautifully engraved cards united with white satin ribbon, bearing the names of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith. I was more gratified by this little act of courtesy for Emily's sake, as those who have temporarily fallen from a certain position in society, will easily understand, than I should have been by the costliest present. The service I had rendered was purely accidental: it has nevertheless been always kindly remembered by all parties whom it so critically served.

Christian Humility.
New York papers state that the congregation of Grace Church, took up a collection a few evenings since for the purpose of erecting a Chapel for the 'Poor of that Church,' in Madison street. Grace Church is the wealthiest, probably of any Church in New York, except Trinity, and its congregation have a right undoubtedly to build as many Churches as they please, but to build one for the poor exclusively, and in a street, the vicinity of which abounds in Churches, seems to us in rather bad taste. Why not enlarge their own and let the poor come in and worship with them? Will not a prayer reach the throne of the Almighty, issuing from a poor man's lips, quite as soon as if it proceeds from a rich man's? These notions of separating the poorer from the richer classes, while engaged in religious services, are too aristocratic to suit our views, and call to our mind a remark once made by Mrs. Childs the author, on looking at a picture of the Holy Family.

The Infant Savior, and Mary, "the mother of Jesus," and Joseph her husband, were painted in such costume as the artist's imagination dictated, which was of course according to the rank it is supposed they held in society. After gazing upon the painting awhile, Mrs. C. turned to a friend, saying, "suppose, Mrs., that family (pointing to the picture), were really to come into Trinity Church, just as they are here represented—so plainly clad, do you not think with all their loveliness and purity marked in such beauty upon the countenances, the sexton would give them a back seat?"

"Certainly I do," was the lady's reply.

It is most possible that they had no Chapel for "the poor of their church," then, or she would have answered:

"No, Mrs. C., he would have told the family to go down to the church in — street; that there was the place for poor people."

A Major of militia, somewhere in Pennsylvania, who had recently been elected, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head, on the morning of parade, to 'go out and exercise a little by himself.' The 'field' selected for this purpose, was his own stoop. Placing himself in a military attitude, with sword drawn, he exclaimed—"Attention the whole!" Rear rank, three paces back! He immediately retreated three steps, and tumbled down cellar! His wife, hearing the noise he occasioned in falling, came running out, and asked, "My dear have you killed yourself?" "Go into the house, woman," said the Major. "What do you know about war?"

MISCELLANY.

BY-WORD LYRICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE MAIL BY "CHIB DUDE."

Didn't I love her, sure?
I'll bet I did, 'a heap!

Wasn't she, anyhow, 'one of 'em?
'You'd better believe it, peep.

Couldn't she 'come the fixins'?

I reckon she could, 'a few!

Didn't she 'dash the pure'?

'Well, she did, 'with you.

Wasn't her 'nob' 'a rummy'?

'Nothing shorter, boss!

Couldn't she 'wing the cotton'?

Yes, and 'give 'em goss.

Didn't she 'smash the flimsies'?

'Well, there, 'no use to talk!

Wasn't she 'one of the g-hulls'?

As over 'leathered a walk.

But, Bob, she's 'cut us, sure!

'There you 'touch me tender!

But wasn't she 'simon pure'?

'A regular 'on 'a bender!

We'll 'tip the crockery' to her,

I'll do 'that same, 'a foot!

Ah, Bob, I'll never forget her,

Oh! you'll 'come it sweet!

'Chib Dude' is a Yankee, and as such we commend him to the Boston Post for a critique upon his verses.

Home Treasures.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been in our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment, by which they might obtain a livelihood in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitifully contemptible it is to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

'I have lost my whole fortune,' said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home: 'we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day, there is nothing I can call my own.'

'Dear husband,' said the wife, who was still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts.'

'Dear father,' said the children, 'do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living.'

'What can you do, poor things?' said he.

'You shall see! You shall see!' answered several voices. 'It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor?' We shall work and make you rich again.'

'I shall help,' said the younger girl, hardly four years old. 'I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll.'

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left their stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture, were sold, and she who had been the mistress of the mansion shed no tears.

'Pay every debt,' said she; 'let no one suffer through us, and we may be happy.'

He rented a neat cottage, and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one instructed in the household, and also assisted the younger children; besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The little cottage was like a beehive.

'I never enjoyed such health before,' said the father.

'And I was never so happy before,' said the mother.

'We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house,' said the children, 'and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees.'

'Yes,' replied the father, 'and you make just such honey as the heart likes to feed on.'

Economy as well as industry was strictly observed; nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The dwelling which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine-covered porch in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy dressing-room.

'We are now thriving and prosperous,' said he, 'shall we return to the city?'

'Oh, no,' was the unanimous reply.

'Let us remain,' said the wife, 'where we have found health and contentment.'

'Father,' said the youngest, 'all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then, she added, 'we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more.'

[Mrs. Sigourney.]

ORIGIN OF FIRES. We would call attention to a fact which, we believe, is not generally known, and if not, it should be—that fire can be communicated to laths through the plastering, or ceiling, without breaking or even discoloring it. Two instances of this nature have occurred in this city within a few weeks. The fire by which the Orthodox Congregational Church in the third Ward was damaged a few weeks since, took from a hanging lamp in the lecture room. The room being low-studded, it was found necessary to hang the lamp near the ceiling, though not nearer, perhaps, than such lamps are often hung; but the heat from it was so great as to ignite the laths and set the house on fire. The plastering was taken off above the other lamps, which were hung in a similar manner, and though the ceiling was not even discolored, the laths were charred!

Another instance of this kind occurred on Monday evening of the present week, in the printing office of Messrs. Bolles & Houghton, in the first Ward. As the workmen were

about to leave the building, the smell of burning pine attracted their attention, and, on making search, fire was discovered between the ceiling of the basement and the first floor of the first story, directly over the place where a hanging lamp had been burning. The fire was thus fortunately discovered and extinguished with trifling damage. This may be an incendiary which has occasioned great loss of property, and it would be well for the community to be on their guard against his further secret and terrible attempts.—[Cambridge Chronicle.]

A Narrow Escape from the Gallows.

The most singular and astounding developments that ever characterized the proceedings of a court of justice, have just been made before the Oyer and Terminer, now sitting in this place. You remember the case of John Talmadge indicted here last spring, for the murder of Wm. L. Dodge, the engineer who was killed by the running of the cars from the track. The catastrophe was produced by stones placed by the accused on the inside of the rails. Talmadge was an intelligent and wealthy farmer of the higher grade, and up to the time of his arrest, had maintained a character and standing that placed him beyond the reach of calumny. Yet he was a high spirited and passionate defender of his own and the rights of others. And as the railroad passed through his farm, he had been coolly subjected to the loss of several cattle, run over by the cars, for which the company refused all remuneration, and in consequence of which, much litigation and bitter animosity had ensued between the parties.

Talmadge had been heard to say, he "hoped to God the cars would run off," and this, together with the circumstance referred to, had concentrated public suspicion upon him, and he was indicted. At length, two witnesses, (Irishmen connected with the road) were found, who saw Talmadge place the stones on the track. Their story was simple and plausible, and there seemed on the part of the accused no possible escape from the gallows. The man whom all had esteemed, who had been honored by the people with many a high public trust, and represented them in the State legislature, was seen, in the reluctant belief of all, to swing upon the scaffold, and expiate the crime of deliberate, cold blooded murder.

Thousands from all sections of the country crowded to the scene, eager to catch every word that seemed to make against the prisoner. The most eminent counsel was employed on both sides. The prisoner, persisting in his entire innocence, with pale countenance and an eye of wild agony, sat trembling and restless in his box. The two principal witnesses took the stage. They were calm and apparently honest in the natural and plausible story which they told, from the effect of which it seemed impossible for the accused to escape. His wife, who sat by his side, and who, up to this moment, had preserved unexampled composure, now burst into a flood of tears, and by her sobs interrupted the proceedings of the court; and the friends of Talmadge began to abandon all hope and to prepare their minds for the awful sentence, and the still more appalling scene that was soon to follow it.

At this point a movement of the crowd took place towards the door of the court room.—'Make way, make way!' resounded through the spacious Hall. Two men pressed up to the prisoners counsel and whispered, agitated and almost breathless, in their ears. A fellow Irishman, who had long known that the story of these two witnesses was all a fabrication, to obtain the reward offered for the detection of the man who placed the stones, had been moved by conscience to disclose it, and to conduct another person to the proof, positive and undeniable, that when the fatal catastrophe occurred, they were not in this country, but in Ireland. This proof was now presented to the prisoner's counsel. The witnesses were placed upon the stand. This evidence of Talmadge's entire innocence was clear and undeniable—the attorney for the people at once moved permission to withdraw the prosecution, and to arrest the two false witnesses on the spot, which was granted, and such a shout as rang through the multitude present, never before thundered from the windows of a court house.

Talmadge was borne off on the shoulders of the people, and the booming of a six pounder as expressive of their exultation, closed up one of the most novel and exciting scenes that ever transpired in any court or country.—[N. Y. Mirror.]

THE FURY IN SOUTH CAROLINA. GENERAL QUATTLEBUM. The Governor of South Carolina has made the wonderful discovery, says the Louisville Journal, that the people of Calhoun's State "must henceforth exist as a military people." We understand that the announcement of this extraordinary fact has created intense excitement from the Savannah to the Pedee. The remarkable military character, Gen. Quattlebum, has not taken off his regimentals for more than a fortnight. To increase his natural ferocity, he eats nothing but game-cocks, bears, coons, tomatos, hedgehogs, and other pugnacious quadrupeds. The effect of such diet on the outer man is both striking and strange. His eye glows with an unwonted fire and his ears are lighted in the focus of their beams by means of burning glasses. His red-top boots are becoming more bloody-minded and are growing up his ponderous legs like stalks of corn in warm rain. A pair of amazing epaulettes are in a state of vigorous expansion on his broad shoulders, and his moustache has stiffened and now sticks out over his compressed mouth like a muzzle of tenpenny nails sucking. He is the realization of that beau ideal of a blood thirsty hero which enchants the dreaming minds of all the chivalry. His step is delectably martial, and as he strides onward with his finely rounded corporation in advance of the remainder of his flesh and his head cocked aloft on the top of his unyielding stock, he snorts like a war-horse as he snuffs innumerable battles in every north wind, and looks and moves as if all the spirits of all the heroes had by some trick in metempsychosis become gregarious and had taken up their board and lodgings in his resplendent body.

Tobacco.

The editor of a Western paper thus 'puts out the pipe' of lovers of the Virginia weed. He uses plain language, but plain language is needed in the case. The last hit suits our ideas exactly:

'The world may be divided into two classes—the Tobacco Users, and Tobacco Non-Users. It is difficult to say which is the largest class; but it is certain that the Non-Users of Tobacco are by far the most ancient and respectable. The Tobacco Users are generally distinguished by a dark, moist looking mouth, especially along the corners, soiled teeth, tainted breath, copious expectoration, stuffed nostrils, sallow complexion, and their heads are usually involved in a fog. They are liable to a great variety of mysterious nervous maladies; lose their power of discerning exquisite odors and flavors; forfeit their freedom of Will, and become slaves to an Appetite; render themselves at times disagreeable to their friends; quite distasteful to their wives; in a word may

be said to be making perpetual demands on the charity of their fellow men.

Occasionally, some of this strange class of beings turn philanthropists; but it is a queer thing to see a man discharging at one breath, the juice of tobacco, and at another, the overflowing of philanthropy. A great Reformer, with a magnificent cigar in his mouth, is about as pleasant an exhibition as a tee-totaller with a jug of 'the creature' in his hand."

The captain of one of our mercantile vessels called his Yankee steward to the dinner table one day, and holding up a small amphibious-looking object, slow-dripping with semi-fluid bean-soup said:

"How the deuce, sir, came this mouse in the beans?"

"Mouse? Yeas! Well, cap'n, that's what I'd like to know, too!"

There was no further 'satisfaction' for the captain in the premises. The steward was prepared to seek, rather than to give information touching the phenomenon.

'What is ratio, John?'

'Ratio, sir?'

'Yes, ratio. Why, ratio is proportion?'

'Very well. But what is proportion?'

'O, Proportion, sir. Why, proportion is ratio.'

'Certainly, but what are ratio and proportion both?'

'I can only answer one question at a time?'

replied the boy.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 17, 1850.

LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the offices to which they are directed they are held responsible till they have settled the bill and ordered the paper discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a paper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of an intentional fraud.

Congress.

Our readers, we feel sure, will not thank us to fill our columns with the "dull details" of the journals of Congress. When matters transpire that involve the public interest—we mean beyond eight dollars a day—we intend to publish them in all cases. Of this character is the debate upon the Vermont resolutions, showing the change in public sentiment within a half a dozen years. The remarks of Mr. Hale will be highly interesting to his friends.

THURSDAY, JAN. 10th. In the Senate, Mr. Clay presented the memorial of Wm. A. Seely of New York, and said, that two or three years ago, the Prince and Princess of Orange lo, from the palace at Brussels, the personal Crown jewels, worth over a million of dollars, and no trace could be discovered of them, or the thieves, for a long time; but it was supposed they had fled to this country. The Government of Holland applied to the Government of the United States to aid them in recovery of the jewels, and obtaining possession of the thieves; and directions were given to the Public Officers of the United States to give such aid as they could afford. Subsequently, some trace of the thief was discovered, and Mr. Seely, a professional gentleman—a lawyer, he was informed—was induced to give up a lucrative business, and devote his time and services to the discovery and recovery of the lost property. The result of a vigilant search was, that the jewels were recovered, and the culprit sent back to Europe. The discovery of the thief was a matter of great interest to the Prince of Orange, because his honor was concerned in consequence of an intimation, that, being in embarrassed circumstances, he had himself purloined the jewels, and gambled them away. Mr. Seely then applied for compensation for his services, but from that time till this, the Government of Holland had failed to make him any adequate compensation, although the American Minister at the Hague had made an earnest appeal in his behalf.

It was known that the United States, having assumed a debt due by the City of Washington to Holland, and having yearly to pay interest and instalment on the same, it had suggested to Mr. Seely to apply to Congress, and to ask them, as they hold the means of indemnity in their hands, that they should withhold from Holland an amount of the debt due her, sufficient to compensate him for his services. In the papers which the petitioner presented with his memorial, he gave what were believed to be precedents for the action which he proposed. Mr. Clay said he was aware that the general rule was, that when a citizen of the United States contracts with a foreign government, he shall rely upon the good faith of that Government for its fulfillment. It was thought, however, that there were exceptions to this general rule, of which this appeared to be one. As the Committee on Finance had charge of the bill making the appropriation out of which the petitioner asked relief, he moved a reference to that Committee.

Mr. King contended that there was no propriety in the course suggested. The claim was against the Prince of Orange for certain services, and it was now proposed that money should be taken from the pockets of the private citizens of Holland,—to withhold moneys which we have contracted in good faith, to pay to them, and which they expect to receive, in good faith, to pay debts due by the Prince of Orange,—or the Government of Holland, if you please—to a private individual.

Mr. Clay said the Senator had stated the general rule. The proposition was to pay a debt, due in part, at least, by the Government of Holland, and it was as proper to attach the debt due Holland, in this country, under the circumstances, as to attach any other property of any foreign creditor.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the motion to print the resolutions of the Vermont legislature on the subject of Slavery.

Mr. Chase, having the floor, addressed the Senate. He rejoiced that the precedent set in the case of Vermont ten years ago, was now to be reversed, and that papers from Legislatures of States are to be received and referred, no matter what may be their character. He wished he could also know that the petitions of the sovereign people were to be treated with the same respect; and he wished that the petitions of the people on certain questions might be received and referred, instead of, as now, the motion to receive being laid upon the table. It was certainly best that the people of each section and party might know the sentiments of the other upon all subjects. He would take

this occasion to say, also, that he condemned language of crimination and recrimination, whether in memorials, resolutions, or any thing else; they were highly impolitic, unnecessary and improper. Let all questions be calmly and deliberately presented and considered, and let no one be intimidated, as he would not be, from the performance of his duty, whatever presented itself as that duty.

Mr. Chase proceeded to remark upon the threatening intimations thrown out during this debate, by Southern gentlemen, and inquired into the reasons for such intimations. Had not the South always had their full share in the legislations, the honors and power of the country; and did they not still maintain their legitimate position in all these respects? Why was it that the South endeavored to dictate to the advocates of freedom, telling them that they must not press their views upon the South, and in the same breath saying to the North, that if a certain course is not pursued, they will dissolve the Union? Why was not the question met in the true spirit which dictated the ordinance of '87? He designed no aggression upon the South; he only asked that Congress should do its duty within the Constitution, and prevent the extension of slavery, and absolve the North from participation in its support, where it exists under the sanction of the Federal laws. He would be the last man to propose an interference with it in the States.

Mr. Clemens said these resolutions did not stop where the Senator from Ohio did. They went much farther; they not only objected to the extension of Slavery, but also insisted on its abolition in every State which has come in to the Union since the adoption of the Constitution. He would vote for the printing of these resolutions, for fifty thousand copies of them, if the Senator would move it. He wanted the South to understand them. We do not want to intimidate the gentleman; we want him to come up and face the music. We have not endeavored to intimidate the North; we are actuated by different motives.

The North have told us, often, that our opposition to their aggression was not genuine, that we did not mean what we said. In view of that, we have united in expressing to you our firm determination to resist, to the last, any further encroachment. We believe that abolition will never pass in its progress. If we yield to their present demand, others will be made; the internal slave trade, the abolition of Slavery in the States created, since the formation of the Constitution, and, finally, wherever it might exist. The gentleman had said that he belonged to the Free Democracy. He understood him to be in favor of a strict construction of the Constitution. Where did he find the provision which gives Congress power to legislate on Slavery any where? If the Constitution did not give them equal participation in the advantages and privileges of the country and guarantee their rights of property, he was prepared to maintain their natural rights under any circumstances.

Union with degradation was worse than disunion, no matter what might be its consequences. The North had insulted and attempted to degrade the South by appeals from the pulpit even. They had hired lecturers to inflame the public mind, and printed and circulated pamphlets among the slaves, in which the grossest misrepresentations were coupled with the most inflammatory appeals to the worst passions of the slave; thus placing the lives, peace, and property of the South in jeopardy. There were too many evidences that the speech of Seward in Ohio, which took broader ground than Mr. Chase, was endorsed by the great body of the people of that State, and the responsibility, then, was upon them. The South had a right to hold this exposition of the sentiments of their constituents. They made no threats of dissolution; the Union was already dissolved. It had been dissolved when the North committed the robberies upon the South, its aggressions upon their rights and their honor. If the North wanted the Union preserved let them repeal the laws which violated the Constitution, and deprived the South of their rights under that instrument.

The Senator from Vermont had said, that these resolutions expressed the sentiment of the civilized world. Sir, no man having a proper respect would have dared, upon this floor, to give expression to such sentiments as these. No body of men, who deserve to be recognized as belonging to a civilized country, would ever have so forgotten the respect due to themselves, and to their fellow citizens, as to give expression to such sentiments.

Mr. Hale remarked that the honorable Senator from Alabama had convinced him of one thing, if he had failed to convince him of anything else, and that was, that concessions to fanatics never satisfied fanaticism. He wanted the North to know that fact, and expressed the hope that when Northern Senators and Representatives return to their homes they would impress it upon the timid and wavering everywhere, that concession never satisfied fanaticism. He must also say that he was gratified exceedingly, with one of the remarks made by that Senator, and that he believed the whole North would be gratified also.

There were yet a great many timid good folks at home, who had been very much frightened by the speeches made here, and seemed very alarmed about the "wreck of matter and rush of words" sort of sentiments, with reference to the dissolution, not alone upon the Slavery question. Well, now, said he, it strikes me that these timid people will feel great joy when they come to find out that the Union has been already dissolved, for so says the honorable Senator, and they knew nothing about it. [Laughter.] I will relate a little circumstance that occurred once in my recollection, when I was a justice of the peace, for I once filled that office before I became a Senator.

A couple came to me to be united in the holy bands of wedlock; well, I made short work of it. I said to the man, do you take this woman to be your wife? Certainly, said he, I came here on purpose. [Laughter.] Then said I to the lady, do you take this man to be your husband? Yes, I do, said she. Then you are man and wife, I replied, that's all. Both of them looked at me with evident astonishment, and after a pause the lady asked me, "Is that all?" [Great laughter.] Yes, I replied, you are man and wife. Well, she remarked, it's not such a mighty affair after all. [Renewed merriment.] Well, sir, I think that would be the case with these timid advocates of freedom, when they read the speech of my honorable friend. They will conclude that dissolution was no such mighty affair after all.

The Senator had presumed to speak for the South; the right of any one gentleman to speak for the whole South had been questioned on this floor,—the South being a considerable part of a country. He did not design to speak for the whole North, but he must be allowed to speak for a small piece of it, which lies a good way north—New Hampshire. The Senator had referred to the factory operatives of the North, and as other gentlemen had done several times in his presence, alluded to them as slaves. Indeed, he had been appealed to by gentlemen who honestly endeavored to assure him, that

the factory operatives of the North could not compare in physical comforts, nor in moral or intellectual privileges with the Southern slaves.

As he lived in a town mostly made of this class of persons, he thought proper to make some explanation, and if he erred, his colleague, who also lived in a manufacturing town, would correct him. The village which he lived contained about one thousand female operatives; in the same village, over three hundred thousand dollars were on deposit, in the Savings Bank, more than one-half of which was deposited by these Factory Slaves, so called. Sir, they are most of them the daughters of individuals who live at a distance, and when poverty, distress, death, or any other misfortune, visits the household, and when palsy places its remorseless hand upon the aged parents, come to these villages, and by industry and frugality, make happy and comfortable the declining years of those they leave behind them.

And now I will say, sir, that nowhere can you find, in whatever circles of intellect, fortune, or position in life you may seek, purer morality, greater correctness of deportment, a higher intellectual cultivation, or persons better understanding all the proprieties and duties of life, whether social or domestic, than most justly be conceded to these same factory slaves. The men are equally commendable, prudent, industrious, honest and educated—they are the pride of New England, and I would like any man, sir, I care not how chivalric or bold he may be, to go among them and tell them they are slaves. Compare them with slaves, do you, sir? I will not make that comparison—lay aside your slaves—bring forward your masters, and if the weight of intelligence, education, and every thing else that elevates the human character is not on the side of these despised factory operatives, then your masters will be found a superior class to any whom I had the honor to behold.

Sir, I do not know of any population, North or South, with whom they will not compare most favorably, in all that is worthy of emulation or commendation. Mr. Hale denied that the North sent out lecturers to preach murder to the slaves or the violation of the wives and daughters of their masters. He had been conversant with the movement in his section, and if the first letter of any such doctrine had ever been printed, he had failed to see it. It all declared that they did not, and would not, preach insurrection to the slaves; they besought them to bow with meekness to a power they cannot resist, but at the same time to send up their earnest, united petitions for redress to that God who has declared himself the God of the oppressed. If any such society existed as had been suggested, he knew nothing about it.

"The Delays of Justice."

P. C. Conway has given us a full statement of his grievance—but like the other tribunals to which he has applied, we are obliged to be a little tardy in attending to his case. We have only time, today, to advise him to be contented with the blessing of living under our glorious constitution till next week, when we promise that his case shall be called for trial.

Lycium Lectures.

By reference to the advertisement it will be seen that this course of lectures will be commenced on Friday evening of this week. It is not certainly known by whom the lecture will be given, but we understand probably by Rev. Dr. Peabody of Portsmouth. But the committee have secured a good substitute, in case they shall be disappointed in obtaining the services of Dr. P.

Very commendable efforts have been made by the Com. of Arrangements to procure distinguished lecturers, and we trust the public mind will be so much interested in the lectures that the great Pic-nic question will be indefinitely postponed.

Great Railway Scheme.

Friend Maxham: As "we" obtain about all our railroad information through the 'Mail,' we wish to inquire through the same channel, what is meant by "Grat wal tu Nolej" we sometimes read of lately.

In answer to our correspondent we would say that the "Grat wal tu Nolej" he speaks of, is doubtless the Spelling Reform, which is attracting some attention in this country, but more in England. It is claimed by the advocates of this "route" that a person may be conducted as far on the road from ignorance "tu Nolej" in a few months, as by the present route in as many years. The long job of learning to spell and read correctly is reduced from the dreadful task of memorizing the spelling of each word in the language, to the simple act of learning the sound of forty letters; which is enough to commend it to the attention of all practical minds.

A neat, semi-monthly paper, advocating the reform, and printed mostly in Phonotypy, may be had by sending one dollar, post paid, to Longly and Brother, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LARGE HOG. Mr. Joseph Trafton, of this town, recently killed a hog, 19 months old, the weight of which was 712 pounds—probably the largest slaughtered in this town or section this season.

WOOD. We shall be glad to receive a few loads of wood, in exchange for the Mail, if delivered before we get our supply.

THE QUESTION. Are those persons who drive through our streets with horse and sleigh, sometimes at a rapid and dangerous rate, aware that it is a violation of the law to do so without bells? In case of injuring any one, they must of course be liable for damage, however little to blame in other respects. We have heard of some very narrow escapes, especially to females—and it is presumed that the civil rulers among us are watching narrowly for an opportunity to enforce the law. (?)

AFFECTED DIGNITY. Here is a waif, floating about on the sea of print, without any owner, which is as full of truth as an egg is of meat:

"The best proof of a vulgar man is to be found in the quantity of dignity that he wraps himself up in. In the opinion of such men the only way to set a proper value on yourself is to treat with contempt every body else. Such men are generally rich and very ignorant. The 'biggest feeling' man we ever knew was a swelling blockhead, who imagined that the tragedy of Hamlet was written by Damon and Pythias, and who couldn't tell

without consulting his *vade mecum*, whether Shakespeare was the author of Macbeth, or Macbeth was the author of Shakespeare. As a general thing, your dignified men are great asses. They keep at a distance, that their neighbors may not discover what counterfeits they are. Across the street a galvanic watch appears to be bullion. Men are like ships—the more they contain, the lower they carry their heads."

NEW RAZOR. The London Patent Journal contains an engraving of a *guarded razor*, warranted not to cut the skin in the process of shaving. Mr. Wakely, in the London Lancet, calls it a splendid invention, and affirms that "it can be used in almost any situation. It can be used in a bed, on a railway, or even in a carriage on common roads. The operation of shaving is effected in an inconceivably short space of time, even by the most timid or nervous."

SALMON. A fine salmon was caught in the Kennebec, at a place nearly opposite here, on Monday last. The salmon was caught by Mr. Runnels with a smelt hook, and weighed five pounds and three quarters. This, we suppose, may properly be called the first of the season.—[Hal. Cultivator.]

FIRE. The turpentine factory, near Shepard's Wharf in this town, was destroyed by fire on Friday evening, Dec. 28. The building together with fifteen barrels of spits, turpentine and a large lot of pitch was entirely consumed. Loss about \$300. It was owned by the Cascade Mill Company. Another building has already been erected and the works are again in operation, showing conclusively that there is yet some enterprise left among us. [Hal. Cultivator.]

Rev. Samuel W. Field, late of Hallowell, has become pastor of the Pine-street Baptist Church, Providence.

According to poetry, says the Albany Dutchman, there is no weather in the almanac worth singing about except that which we make roses-buds and June out of. This only shows that poetry knows but little of the luxuries connected with hugging, kissing, and sleigh-riding! In our opinion, there is more fun perpetrated during "a spell of sleighing" than the season of poppy and prickly heat ever dreamt of.

MATTERS AND THINGS AT MATANZAS.—The Creole girls here are showing much more spirit than the men. They frown down the Government officers, won't dance with an epaulette, or cocked hat, nor buy any thing from a Spanish shop. A young American named Cooley, who had a small dry goods store there, is likely to make a fortune, for they will trade only with him. He has already been obliged to take a larger store, and replace his fall purchases. I long to go up and see the little de

FARMERS' HOME.

A COUNTRY HOME FOR ME.

I do not ask that city spires
May round my mansion rise,
But that my home may be where trees
Are pointing to the skies;
Where flows the silvery mountain fill
With a sweet and merry sound,
And the echo of the hunter's gun
Shall through the woods resound.
I cannot live the city's pomp,
Its fashion and its pride;
I'd rather dwell in a humble cot
Upon the mountain side,
Where sweetly blooms the acacia tree,
The tulip, and the rose,
And where, beside the rivulet,
The early violet grows.
I would not give my quiet home,
Its happiness and health,
For all the city palaces,
Its pleasures and its wealth;
I love to breathe the mountain air,
And roam where all is free;
Let others chase a city life,
But a country home for me.

Impolicy of Burning Green Wood.

Few things show the tenacity with which we cling, even after the clearest demonstration that such is the truth, to antiquated error, than the fact that there are many individuals, and what is worse, so far as regards the comfort of themselves and families, practice the doctrine that green wood for fuel is better, and of course more economical than dry. We think this season one most admirably adapted to cure such an error as we think this opinion to be; and now, while the farmer is suffering with cold fingers from his green wood fire, and he is in good earnest lamenting the leanness of his wood yard, we would request him candidly to review the whole subject, and ask himself if he had not better desert a position which both sound theory and daily experience show is no longer tenable.

The direct experiments of Dr. Black on fuel, and the later ones of Count Rumford, as to the best mode of producing and economizing heat, have, in conjunction with others, demonstrated the very great loss those sustain who use unseasoned wood for the purpose of fuel. Making an estimate of the various kinds of green wood, hard and soft together, and of the same wood when thoroughly seasoned by exposure to the air, the difference is found to be equal to at least one third of the whole; and if dried at a temperature of one hundred, the difference will exceed this proportion. Green wood, therefore, contains at least one third its weight of water, and allowing a cord of such wood to weigh three thousand pounds, there will be one ton of wood and half a ton of water in every cord. That the wood will not burn so long as this water is present in the wood, all will admit; it must therefore be evaporated or driven off in the form of steam; or, in other words, caloric, or heat enough from other sources, must be combined with water to boil away half a ton, or about one hundred and twenty gallons; and as this heat mostly passes off in a latent state, no possible benefit is derived from so great a waste.

The amount of dry fuel necessary to perform this operation of boiling away half a ton of water every farmer can estimate for himself; and we think no one can avoid seeing that whatever this amount may be, it is a total loss to himself. It is true, as many argue, that the consumption of a green stick of wood is less rapid than that of a dry one; but such forget, it seems, that a much larger quantity must be constantly kept on the fire to produce the same degree of heat; and that until the green wood has absorbed from other sources sufficient heat to expel the water with which it is charged, the fire is dull and the heat feeble; there is abundance of smoke, but combustion goes slowly on, or not at all.

Since the fact of the difference between the weight of dry and green wood as above stated is indisputable, we think that those who have considerable quantities of wood to remove would do well to bear in mind, as by attending to this circumstance, a very great diminution in the amount of labor required may be made; and the striking off the transportation of thirty-three tons in one hundred, all will agree, is no trifling affair. To labor is honorable; but it is time our farmers should learn that to expend it needlessly is not profitable.—[Genesee Farmer.]

The great error in regard to health is in neglecting to preserve it, and, when it is gone, relying too much on medicine, instead of good management, to restore it. The old and true saying, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," is worthy of far more consideration than it usually receives. Many persons do not truly value health while they possess it. The poet justly observes,
"How blessings brighten as they take their flight!"
[New England Farmer.]

EXPOSURE TO THE AIR.—The importance of attending to the habitual exposure of children to the air, is not duly estimated. At no period of life does any cause produce such permanent ill effects, as in the feeble and susceptible age of children. The bad effects of want of pure air and exercise are seen in children confined to manufactories, and in those inhabiting a dense and badly-ventilated part of a large city. Contrast these with children of the country, and we shall see a wonderful difference.

TO BAKE APPLES.—Take sour apples, those of a keen acid, and to every square tin filled with them, pour over a tea-cup full of water, and one tea-cup full of sugar. Bake them slowly till done. Eat them with cream and the juice which cooks from them. Nobody knows much of baked apples who has not eaten them in this way. No quince, pear, peach, or plum preserves are equal to this simple dessert.

DANCING.—"I am now an old fellow," says Cowper, in one of his letters, "but I had once my dancing days, as you have now; yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of a woman's real character by dancing with her, as conversing with her at home, when I could observe her behavior at the table, or at the fire-side, and in all trying scenes of domestic life. We are all good when pleased; but she is the good woman who wins not the fiddle to sweeten her."

A vast majority of the human race spend all their time, and employ their whole mind in getting enough to eat and drink, and guard against the inclemency of the weather. The hen who picks worms from the ground, the fox who steals geese, and the bird who wades into the water for fish, do as much. What a noble creature is man! He is endowed with reason, which serves the purpose of turning an honest penny.

When a daughter remarks: "Mother, I would not help for I can assist you to do all the work in the kitchen," set it down that she will make a good wife.

Portland Advertisements.

LOWELL & SENTER,
DEALERS IN
Chronometers, Fine Watches,
Surgical Instruments, Silver and Plated Ware,
Drawing Instruments, and Fancy Goods,
TABLE CUTLERY, RICH JEWELRY & FANCY GOODS, &c.

EMERY & WATERHOUSE,
152 Middle-st., Portland.
ARE IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
TIE HARD-WARE GOODS, and would respectfully
ask the trade to compare prices with those recently paid in Boston.
They have a hand at all times a good stock of
German Window Glass,
embracing the various sizes. Dec. 2, 1879.—[20.]

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
BY
MORIS WOODWARD,
PORTLAND.
17.
WARREN & LEACH,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
W. I. GOODS, TEAS, LEATHER, OILS, &c.
No. 187 Fore Street, PORTLAND.
20,4m.

ARE YOU COMING TO PORTLAND
TO BUY YOUR
DRY GOODS,
Carpetings, Feather, Mattings & House Furnishing
Materials?

IF SO, WILL YOU CALL ON
SMITH & ROBINSON,
60 92 Middle-st.

HAVING recently enlarged our store, to meet the expected
increase of NEW GOODS, we would call the public
attention to the fact that we have now on hand, in our
store, a large and complete stock of all the latest
and most desirable goods, and at prices as low as our
competitors.

Carpetings—such as Mixed do do
Tapestry King and American do do
Brussels do do
Tapestry King and American do do
Super do do
Common do do
Rug do do
Bed Ticks, Bedstead and Pillow
Cases, and all kinds of
Furniture, and all kinds of
Clothing, and all kinds of
Household Goods, and all kinds of
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