



5-30-1850

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 45): May 30, 1850

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 03, No. 45): May 30, 1850" (1850). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 148.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/148

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1850.

NO. 45.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

R. MAXHAM & D. E. WING.

At No. 31-2 Bouteille Block, Main Street

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50

If paid within six months, 1.75

If paid within one year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in pay

at the current market price.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POETRY

[From the Knickerbocker.]

THE OLD MILL.

Don't you remember, Lily dear,
The mill by the old mill side,
Where we used to go on summer days,
And watch the water glide?
And the leaves of the fragrant beech,
On its breast so smooth and bright,
Where they floated away like emeralds,
In a flood of golden light?
And the miller, old, with his stately cap,
And eyes of misty gray,
Singing the long day,
And the boat that hung on the rusty rail,
And the rule old door, with its broken sill,
And the string, and the wooden hatch?
Lily, dear!
And the water-wheel, with its giant arms,
Dashing the pulsed spray,
And the weeds it pulled from the sand below,
And the steam in the air,
And the sheaves, Lily, with moss o'ergrown,
Like sentinels stood in pride,
Breasting the waves, where the chinks of time
Were made in the old mill side,
Lily, dear!
And the miller, Lily, is dead and gone!
He sleeps in the vale below,
I saw him stately in the winter time,
Under a drift of snow,
But now the willow is green again,
And the wind is soft and low,
I send you a spring to remind you, love,
Of him and the dear old mill,
Lily, dear! M. E. W.

POPULAR READING.

DAWN OF THE HUNDRED DAYS.

BY R. J. DE CORDOYA.

The evening of a cold and stormy day in February had just set in, when a travelling carriage of rather a better order than usual arrived at the gates of the large and populous town of L., in the south of France. The horses were covered with foam, and hung their heads with that jaded appearance of fatigue which tells of the labors of a long and hasty journey. The postilion presented the anomalous appearance of a dispirited Frenchman—drenched to the skin, and bespattered with mud, he descended from his seat on the near horse, and ejaculating with considerable fervor that pithy monosyllable "peste!" which Sterne has rendered famous, he opened the door of the vehicle for the travelers to alight.

The interior of the carriage was occupied by two men, of whom the elder might be five-and-thirty years of age, and the younger nineteen. The one was a handsome, bold-looking, tall man, with rather large black moustaches, and eyes of the same color; the younger had soft and delicate features, much more effeminate than manly, but prepossessing and attractive with blue eyes, delicate brown moustaches and whiskers, and dark brown hair. The younger of the two awoke as the carriage stopped, and called to the other in a delicate and musical voice, which accorded with his juvenile appearance. "Rouse up, Pierre; we are already at L." The sleeper awoke at the summons, and motioning his companion to be silent, bade the postilion call the sergeant of the guard, in order to enter the passports, as the travelers were invalids, whom it would be dangerous to remove. The boy did as he was desired, and in a few minutes returned with the officer of the guard, who bore a huge sword in one hand and a lantern in the other. "Bon soir, Monsieur l'officier," said the elder traveler.

"Bon soir, Monsieur le voyageur," returned the other drily.

"Do you know the reason, M. l'officier, why I have come to L?" asked M. Pierre.

"Dame!" replied the officer, "how should I know why you have come to L? My business is to see that your passports are correct, if you please, and I will trouble you to show them to me as early as you can make it convenient to do so, for standing in the rain does not benefit the constitution."

"I am sorry, returned the traveler, "that you have so little courtesy, my friend; but as you will not ask me the question, I will tell you the reason of my own accord. I came here because I knew that Jacques Lapin would be the officer on guard to-night, and would allow me to pass even if he suspected my disguise."

"Diable!" shouted the other. "Eh! pardieu! no man knows me by that name except my former colonel, Monsieur Desart, and he looked up in the face of his visitor, by the light of the lantern which he held in his hand. "Yen-troblem, it is indeed he, and the other must be—"

"Silence!" interrupted the colonel. "Here are the passports, let them be scarce directly. The alacrity with which the order was obeyed manifested some authority on the one hand, and no small amount of obedience on the other. In considerably less time than usual the passports were returned to the travelers, the gloomy postilion mounted to his former perch, and the carriage slowly rolled through the ill-lighted, and other wise ill-appointed town of L.

"Until they reached the tidal neighbor of the travelers could trust himself to speak. The victory over impending danger and the present sense of security were too much for words. But as soon as the door of the double-headed room, which had been ordered had closed upon them, they threw themselves into each other's arms, and sunk on their knees together in gratitude for their deliverance."

"Colonel Desart had risen from a very humble rank in a foot regiment to be its colonel—Maine a great measure owed his promotion to courage, excellent military judgment, and that

admirable *savoir-faire* which is peculiarly characteristic of an educated Frenchman. He was nevertheless indebted for much of the signal good fortune which had attended his rise to the partiality of the emperor. Napoleon, who was a profound believer in physiognomy, and who moreover prided himself on being an almost infallible physiognomist, imagined that he could discover marks of great fidelity in the lineaments of Desart's visage, and trusted him accordingly. Nor was he mistaken; for Desart was ever grateful for the patronage bestowed, and the kindness which was manifested toward him.

It was owing to this partiality that Desart had been able to intercede successfully with the emperor for the life of Jacques Lapin, who had once been condemned to be shot, for a frolic which might have been attended with serious consequences. Nothing would please M. Jacques Lapin, private of the 4th foot, on the evening before Jena, when it was absolutely necessary that the position of the army should be kept as much as possible from the knowledge of the enemy, but to adorn two stuffed images of the Emperor of Austria and his imperial spouse with heavy cartridges, and display the same by the aid of fire, before the eyes of his delighted countrymen. The reflection of Lapin's pyrotechnic pleasantry shone even in the tent of Napoleon. The offender was dragged forth and ordered for instant execution. But Desart seized the moment when the emperor's anger had somewhat abated, ridiculed the exhibition of the unfortunate artist, proved to a demonstration that he had been incited thereto only by his hatred of the enemies of France, got the emperor into good temper and secured a pardon for Lapin, who, as we have seen, did not omit to be grateful in the hour of need.

After basking for so long a time in the sunshine of the emperor's favor it was with sincere grief that Desart learned, on his return from Moscow, after a long and tedious illness which afflicted him on his way, that his patron and benefactor had quitted France and was then on the island of Elba. His first impulse was to disregard his own feelings as a father, to leave to his young and amiable wife, the still ample remnant of his once considerable fortune, and to follow his illustrious patron to his place of exile. But the formation of those wild but heroic clubs of "Bonapartists" led him to change his determination. He felt that he could do more good to the cause of the emperor by assisting it with his counsel, and, if necessary, with his sword, than if he were to retire to the presence of Napoleon for the purpose of sharing an exile which, to say the least, was inactive and useless. He therefore resolved to remain in France. He joined one of the most powerful of these clubs, and became so enthusiastic in his desire for a counter revolution that he was unable, in public, sufficiently to conceal his political bias. He soon fell under the suspicion of the suspicious court, and was fortunate to receive, from a devoted brother officer, information of an arrest having been signed, within a minute or two after that document had passed under the hand of the minister. He had scarcely time to effect the necessary disguise of his person, and to pass thro' one of the gates of Paris, before the alarm was given generally, and ordered to be disseminated throughout the provinces. With the aid of an old passport, however, the date of which had been ingeniously altered, he contrived to evade all the posts on the route, until he arrived at L., where his confidence in his disguise failed him, and he resolved to trust rather to the fidelity and gratitude of his former subordinate soldier.

Le Chevalier Pierre Babat de la Bombonerie, and his brother Monsieur Louis Babat, soon became extremely fashionable in L. Everybody thought it a duty to call on so accomplished a nobleman who, there was no doubt, had much influence at court; and the chevalier's table soon "groined," as the fashionable novelists of the day term it, "under the weight of visitors' cards." The papers of all the respectable families in town called on the new comers, and not a few manmas of unmarried daughters waited with impatience the visit of the fashionable brothers, to whose credit a vast deal of interest with the king was immediately set down.

It was far from being the interest of the colonel to keep himself secluded from society. Retirement would have created mystery, and mystery would have set all the officious mischief-mongers of L. writing voluminous despatches to the minister of police in Paris; by means of which his retreat would have been discovered and his plans frustrated. He accordingly returned all the visits which were paid at his hotel, sometimes accompanied by his brother, but most frequently alone. In the meanwhile, the young ladies of L. had, individually and collectively, lost their hearts to the young Monsieur Louis Babat. He was considered charming, *piquant*, so delicate a figure, so sweet a voice, so elegant an every thing in fact. The strangers were duly feted, and amused in every variety of way which the ingenuity of the inhabitants could invent. The gentlemen became jealous as fast as the young ladies grew enamored of Monsieur L., and the peace and quiet of the town of L. was more disturbed by the arrival of Monsieur Chevalier and his brother, than Paris had been by his departure.

Madame la Comtesse de Demibete, in particular, was very desirous to bring about a match between her daughter and Monsieur Louis. This young lady was, to say the truth, much superior to the generality of lady butterflies who were so much attracted by the new lights; but as she was enamored of a young merchant, on whose birth the proud mamma looked down with considerable disdain, and who was then on a voyage to the Indies, she was not likely to fall very readily in the plan of captivation which her mamma designed for the young *nouveau riche*. (Between Mademoiselle Mathilde and Monsieur Louis, however, there appeared to grow up a sort of feeling which nobody could understand. It was not love, for it seemed to be devoid of every thing like passion; it was not indifference, for there really appeared to exist a sort of affection between the two young people. All therefore that the scandal-mongers of L. could discover was, that they knew nothing about it, and that it was impossible to fathom the nature of the partiality which was so palpably evinced on both sides. Immediately, however, it was discovered, that there was a penchant on the part of Monsieur Louis for one of the young ladies, all the rest broke out into bitter enmity; against the offending boy! (a great deal was meant to be conveyed

by the use of this word) who would dare to choose one particular young lady from among so many who voluntarily offered. And she, too, as they one and all remarked, "by no means pretty or witty, or even tolerably sensible." It was at a large evening party given by M. Bassecour, a converted Bonapartist, (people were converted most miraculously after the abdication,) who preserved a sort of middle place between the aristocracy and the people, and whose company, consequently, consisted generally of a strange melée of both classes, that the first positive out-break took place.

The chevalier and his brother had arrived late; and, in spite of all their attempts to appear at ease and cheerful, there was an evident disquiet and an unusual degree of thoughtfulness unwillingly expressed on their countenances. The rooms were filled when they arrived, and several dancers were enjoying their favorite exercise in excellent spirits. Such of the young ladies as were not dancing, immediately separated and repaired to unoccupied sofas, where they might have spare seats beside them—a manoeuvre which is often performed by young ladies when a favorite enters the room—for what reason, of course, they best know.

Monsieur Louis Babat looked rather wearily round the room for his friend Mathilde. She was dancing with the brother of the young merchant, much to the rage and chagrin of her aristocratic mother. Shunning the too lively clatter of the ladies, Louis seated himself near two dowagers, who were warmly discussing the correct pattern of the new court-sleeve for evening dresses, hoping they would be too much engrossed by their worthy combat to attend to him. He was doomed to disappointment. Madame Nezrouge no sooner discovered who her neighbor was than she immediately turned to the attack.

"Ah! Monsieur Louis, I am charmed to see you. You are late this evening—but you seem ill! Is anything the matter?"

"Yes, madame," answered Louis, "I have not been well to-day."

"Ah! returned the old lady, "I see how it is. You young men dissipate too much. You should marry, Monsieur Louis. You should look out to settle yourself in life: all young men should. But I do not wonder, indeed I cannot, at young men remaining single. The young ladies of the present day are not what they were when my lamented husband had the honor of carrying Louis the XVI's snuff-box. They are too bold, Monsieur Louis—much too bold. I am sure I preach enough to my girls. Many and many's the time I say to them, 'continue, my dear children, in your present course. Do not imitate the follies and vanities of your companions. The great aim of a woman's life should be to make her husband happy.' Thank heaven, my girls listen to my advice. They are not like the rest. I'm sure, my poor lamented husband, who had the honor of carrying the king's snuff-box used often to say—"

"Who knows what to-morrow may bring forth?" murmured Louis between his teeth, carried away from the babble of his neighbor by the intensity of his own feelings.

"Why, yes, Monsieur Louis," continued the old lady, "he did say that, sometimes, tho' how you ever came to know it, I am sure I can't tell—but what I was going to say—"

"Pardon me, madam, but Mademoiselle Mathilde is about to sing. Would you permit me to join her at the piano?"

"Oh! certainly, if you wish it," returned Madame Nezrouge, bridling up. "Of course; oh! certainly."

In fact, Mathilde had already taken her place at the piano. She had one of those sweet, clear, yet mellow voices which belong only to southern countries, and she sang with deep feeling, as well as artistic correctness. As Louis walked to the piano, his brother whispered in his ear, "Be firm, for God's sake; he is here."

The lips of Louis quivered as he prepared to turn the leaves of the music before Mathilde, and he was so excited that he did not hear one syllable of the following song.

THE MEMORY OF LOVE.
Though boundless seas between us roll
And keep our lips and eyes apart,
Thou art not absent! for my soul
Is ever with thee, and my heart
In every throb thy name repeats.
Ah! Memory's spell on me is strong,
Thou art not absent! every thought
Is thine alone! Thou'rt still with me!
For my mind's eye, by memory taught,
Looks back into my mind—on thee,
In sleep, a voice, ah! not unknown,
My pillow speaks to me,
Thou art not absent! every thought
Is thine alone! Thou'rt still with me!
For my mind's eye, by memory taught,
Looks back into my mind—on thee,
In sleep, a voice, ah! not unknown,
My pillow speaks to me,
Thou art not absent! every thought
Is thine alone! Thou'rt still with me!

Before the song was concluded, a group of ladies had been formed in the centre of the room wondering what could possibly cause the singular agitation of Monsieur Louis. Some whispered that it was love—others that it was wine—and one or two audibly expressed a pious wish that it might not "prove something worse," which many persons are ever ready to do whenever they happen to be profoundly ignorant.

As Louis gave his arm to Mathilde to lead her to the piano, his brother whispered in his ear, "Courage for one more hour—it is all right; Lapin has returned."

A ray of joy shone over the pallid features of the youth, as he heard these words; yet he seemed to tremble. He had advanced as far as the group of ladies, with his brother on one arm and Mathilde on the other, when a sinister-looking individual was seen to approach from the other end of the room. There appeared, for the moment, to be considerable excitement among the company, but every thing was as silent as the grave while the strange man-marched slowly up to the chevalier.

"Du par le Roi," said he as he approached, "I arrest you, Colonel Desart, on a charge of treason against the king."

"Colonel Desart, the Bonapartist!" shrieked the horrified ladies in discordant chorus.

"The same, ladies, at your service," replied the colonel, with that look of quiet and sarcastic disdain which annihilates impertinence.

"Du par le Roi," continued the savage-looking individual, addressing Louis, "I arrest you, Monsieur Desart, nee Plestours."

The storm of voices here interrupted the officer's speech.

"What! Madame Desart, a woman!"

"Yes, ladies," returned the soft, sweet voice of the abashed lady, "I could not leave my husband in his danger. She turned as she spoke, and fell fainting in the arms of the affectionate

Mathilde, whose penetration had long since discovered the secret of her sex, but whose prudence and good breeding had put a seal upon her lips on that subject.

"You are my prisoners," said the dark man, turning towards the colonel, who was quietly putting his whiskers and black wig into the fire; "you will, if you please, prepare for instant departure to Paris."

"Indeed," coolly replied the colonel, "I shall not go to Paris to-night, nor yet to-morrow."

"Monsieur the colonel," said his captor, "will forgive me if I remind him that I have with me an armed force, to sustain the authority of the king's command."

"Oh! do not disturb yourself on my account," returned the colonel, "I dare say you have an armed force—so have I—what then?"

"Monsieur is jesting," replied the officer—"You must really depart at once for Paris."

"For what purpose, my good friend," asked the colonel, with envious naïveté.

"Parbleu! it is the king's pleasure," returned the other—who began to feel that he was being quizzed.

"But the king will not be in Paris when I arrive, Monsieur l'officier. How then?"

"Oh! diable! you must wait till his majesty comes back—that's all."

"But he will never come back, Monsieur l'officier."

"Mille tonnerres! and why not?" thundered the officer, who was waxing wroth, in proportion as his prisoner became cooler. "And why will not the king come back?"

"Oh, I will tell you why, with all my heart," replied the colonel, "and when you go back to Paris, which you will do by yourself all alone, presently, and even without your soldiers, you can retail the information in every quarter and faubourg. Here! stoop down and I'll tell you quietly."

The officer stooped as he was bidden, with a heart full of misgiving, while the colonel shouted with the voice of an officer commanding a regiment.

"Because the emperor is in France, and will be in L. in a few moments; and further, because his avant-garde is now passing through these streets on the way to the Tuilleries."

He had scarcely concluded the last sentence, before a tremendous shout of "Vive l'Empereur," was heard from the street. The officer turned and fled, as Lapin sprang into the room, threw up the window which overhung the street, and joined, with all his might, in the loud viva of joy which marked the unhappy return of Napoleon Buonaparte to the land which his valor had twice won for him.

Colonel and Madame Desart started for Paris early next morning, in the train of the emperor.

Every Man Chaw his own Tobakker.
That's good advice I reckon, of the Major does give it. I onst asked a Yankee chap that loved himself down in a neck-of-the-wood, sat in that didn't concern me, and the answer I got I hadn't forgot yet. 'Twasnt nothin' new perhaps, but it jist fixed my pizen. Sez he: "I knew a man onst to Boston, that made a fortin by mindin' his own busin, and another twar, that got considerable property by lettin' other folks alone."

"I was up to Middleville onst—up in Georgy State, and I was expectin' some plunder in the waggins from August, and so ye see I went in ter a grocery to wood up, and find out when my traps might be looked for."

"Well, then I see a chap kackin' hisself mity free, a settin' on the counter a smokin' a sea-gar and kickin' his heels, and sez I: "Stranger, when'll that all fired Augusty waggins turn up?"

He took his sea-gar outter his mouth, squinted out at a raft of amber 'twixt his teeth, and then sez he: "Them waggins'll be here to-morrow, sure as shootin'; what mought your name be?"

"It mought be Smith," sez I, "but it aint, by a heap—'tis a Buncombe—Major Buncombe."

"Major Buncombe," sez he, "let's licker—an so we did, and arter we'd swaller'd and choked off, sez I: "Stranger! I've allers hearn tell down in our neck-of-the-woods, that the Yankees were the jolliest fellers agoin' for whittlin' and axin' questions, but I reckon your settlers up here is some, too."

"Some!" sez he, "I allow they ar—this ar grocery is my property, and my customers allers cut up four sets of cheers a year and one counter; that's their allowance, and ef that aint exercise enuff and they does more damage, they club together and pay for it; Yankees aint no whar!"

Thar war Sime Jarrocks that kept store and grocery down to Selma. He war one of yer helph' chaps, allers adoin' subtin for other people, or lettin' his shop keep till, which—seem in the biggest den of his dry good war red eye and old peach—didn't pay. The climin war too favorable to vaperation.

He got to schertin out though. Mobile war'n big enuff for him, so he must take the chune for New Orleans, to see what the people did thar, and lay in a raft of likers. A night or two arter he got thar, he war a standin' in the door of his boardin' house, in Canal street, and a chap cum' tarin' inter the next house, with his arms full of plunder, and the women right in his trail, a hoopin' and hollerin', 'stop thief!'

"Hurray!" sings out Sime, thea, the child war's arter you with a sharp stick, and away he broke, and it was nip and tuck for a while, I tell yer, but the feller findin' Sime war agivin' him fits, dropped the plunder, and Sime picked it up, and the feller too.

Jist then the crowd cum up, and the thief swar he war Sime that had been stealin' and thar war his; the plunder hangin' right on his arm, so they marched him off to the calabass, and he didn't get shut of it till the next day. He larnt that time to let the John Doms hunt their own varmint.

Thar's Bully Wright, that uster run the gal-vanets, he's one of 'em, though I allow you've hearn of him—ef he didn't make the passengers on his flat 'chaw their own tobakker I'd like to know."

He and I allers hitched our critters together mity fine, and he never cut his venties around me.

One day when I war a crossin' the Gulf with him, I see somethin' that he war a thinkin' cum across him, gear, and sez I, "What's that?"

"Cap, what trail's that yer a barkin' on, all alone to yourself?"

"Why," sez he, "Major! aintn't he me? I think of a chap I carried over to New Orleans last year, that cum up with me a few, I tell you."

Ses I: "Old man! ef he got ahead of you I'd like to hear all about it, powerful."

"Well," sez Cap, "ye see this chap cum on to Galveston, and he war pokin' all over the boat, axin' questions, and I let him go on, and war powerful perille till we got shut of the harbor, and then thinks I, old boss, look out how you cum zippin' round this child."

"That night it cum to blow like blazes, and I war a standin' at the pilot house, and the water every minute or so war breakin' all over the hurricane deck, when all at onst the storm stay-sail broke loose, and afore I had time to sing out, I heerd my friend a hollerin'!"

"Hello, thar, Captain, don't you see that sail agoin' to thunder?"

"Ef I warn't mad, 'Mister!'" sez I, "are yer the Captain?"

"No sir."

"Ar' you the mate?"

"No, sir."

"Then what under heaven ar' ye?"

"Why, I'm a passenger, sez he."

"Then sez I, 'Do you see that cabin?'"

"I do," sez he."

"Well, now, ef yer dar' to leave it agin afore we get to Orleans, I'll put you in the hole," sez I; "and you may swar to it."

"Off he went, to be shure, and I didn't set eyes on him till jist as we war roundin' the Balize, and goin' in beautiful. I went inter the cabin, feelin' mity fine, and thar war my friend. Now, thinks I, old fellow, I'll make it up afore we get ashore, so sez I: "Fine mornin'!"

"Fine mornin'," sez he; "very fine mornin'!"

"Gettin' along as fine as silk, sir."

"Well, war ar'?"

"Well, a pleasant trip, all things considered."

"Well we hope, but what's the number of your berth?"

"Oh, I haven't got any, not here."

"Are you a steerage passenger?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Then what the blazes are yer?"

"Why, don't you know, sir, I'm captain of this ship."

"Ye ar? Then Captain, this is the cabin, and ef ye don't clear out of it, and go for-ard, and tend to your own business, I'll hev you tarred and feathered when we get to Orleans."

"I tell ye, Major, I walked off, and I never see that chap but what I asked him to fire up."

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

Our Notions of Tobacco.
Some years ago, Messrs. Fowler asked the editor of The Tribune for a written statement of his opinion of the use and effects of Tobacco, which was given. Finding the letter in a neat twenty-five cent book just issued by them entitled "TOBACCO: Its History, Nature and Effects on Body and Mind," by JOEL STEW. M. D. with the Opinions of Dr. Nott, Rev. H. W. Beecher, &c. &c. and finding it to express our present sentiments on the subject, we make room for it. Cannot our young donkeys who are just learning to brutify themselves by the use of the vile weed be somehow induced to read and think?

LETTER TO MESSRS. D. S. & L. N. FOWLER.
GENTLEMEN: You ask me for a statement of what I know and think respecting tobacco. I have had a good deal of experience on this subject; in fact I once smoked nearly an inch of cigar myself. It served me right, and I have never since had any inclination to outrage human nature and insult decency in any such way. I was then some six years old, and naturally aspiring to the accomplishments of manhood and gentility; but the lesson I then received will suffice for my whole life, though it should be spun out to the length of Methuselah's. I have since endured my share of the fumigations and kindred abominations of tobacco, but I have inflicted none.

I wish some budding Elia, not a slave to narcotic sensuality, would favor us with an essay on "The Natural Affinities of Tobacco with Blackguardism." The materials for it are abundant, and you have but to open your eyes (or nostrils) in any city promenade, (glorious Boston excepted), in any village bar-room, to find yourself confronted by them. It is broad, sunny yet airy, with the atmosphere genial and invigorating, so that fair maidens (and also observing bachelors) through the two shilling sidewalk, glad to enjoy and not unwilling to be admired?—Hither (as Satan into Paradise, but not so gently) hies the host of tobacco-smoking loafers, to puff their detested fumes into the faces and eyes of abhorring purity and loveliness, to spatter the walk, and often soil the costly and delicate dresses of the promenaders with their vile expectorations. And even should the smokers forbear to pollute their foul saliva, the chewers will not be far behind (as the Revelator saw "Death on the pale horse, and Hell following after"), industriously polluting the fair face of earth, as their precursors have poisoned the sweet breath of heaven. How long, oh! how long, must all this be suffered.

I have intimated that the tobacco-consumer is not indeed necessarily and inevitably, but naturally and usually—a blackguard; that chewing or smoking obviously tends to blackguardism. Can any man doubt it? Let him ride with uncorrupted senses in the stage or omnibus, which the chewer insists on defiling with the liquid product of his incessant labors, and which even the smoker, especially if partly or wholly drunk, will also insist on transforming into a miniature Tophet by his exhalations, defying alike the express rule of the coach and the sufferer's urgent remonstrances, if he can only say, "Why there's no lady here."

[No ladies in his expression, but the plea is execrable enough, though expressed grammatically.] Go into a public gathering, where a speaker of delicate lungs, and an invincible repulsion to tobacco, is trying to discuss some important topic so that a thousand men can hear and understand him, yet whereinto ten or twenty smokers have introduced themselves, a long pipe projecting horizontally from beneath the nose of each, a fire at one end and a foot at the other, and mark how the puff, gradually transforms the atmosphere (none too pure at best) into that of some foul and pestilential cavern, choking the utterance of the speaker, and distracting (by annoyance) the attention of the hearers, until the argument is arrested or the effect utterly destroyed. If he who will actually, recklessly, impudently, indelibly so much discomfort and annoyance to many, in order that he may enjoy in a particular place an indulgence which could as well be enjoyed where no one else would be affected by it, be not a blackguard, who can he be? What could induce such breeding and a bad heart, if such conduct does

not? "Brethren," said Parson Strong, of Hartford, preaching a Connecticut political sermon, in high party times, some fifty years ago, "It has been charged that I have said every Democrat is a horse-thief: I never did. What I did say was that every horse-thief is a Democrat, and that I can prove." So I do not say that every smoker or chewer is necessarily a blackguard, however steep the proclivity that way; but show me a genuine blackguard—one of the b'boys, and no mistake—who is not a lover of tobacco in some shape, and I will agree to find you two white blackbirds.

HORACE GRELEY.

A Custom-House Reminiscence.
A gentleman who formerly sat at the receipt of customs in New York, but who, out of courtesy, gave up his seat to another gentleman, last spring, tells the following story as one of his experiences, while devotedly serving his country in that capacity:

A tall, thin specimen of the genus Yankee, species Connecticut, landed one morning from a Canada boat. His appearance indicated any thing but a prosperous condition in life, for he had completely run to seed, in every direction. His hair escaped in long, straight masses, from beneath a smoke-stained, palm-leaf hat; his beard was long and dirty; his cotton shirt collar drooped over a dirty handkerchief; his but-terrust coat was worn thread-bare, and his striped homespun trousers had long abandoned the effort to cover his lower limbs, and shrank meekly away, just reaching to the tops of his blue mixed stockings. Such a character was likely to attract but little attention from custom house officials, who are not in the habit of associating the crime of smuggling with so much apparent poverty. So that the seedy passenger was making long trucks in the direction of a Chicago boat, before the inspector on duty discovered that a porter, accompanied by the Yankee carrying an immense trunk. Following him up quietly, the officer ascertained to his satisfaction that the trunk was his property; and in a few minutes had man and luggage both before the tribunal, the solemnity of which had struck terror to the marrow of so many smugglers—to wit, the collector and his clerks.

"Ah! you've caught another of the accursed crew here you? This will be a State prison case, I'm sure," remarked the collector, by way of calming any perturbation which might agitate the prisoner; "we must make an example of some one of them, and we may as well commence here!"

The prisoner being now quite calmed and reassured, he was requested to take a chair, and the inspector explained the case, in the ear of the collector.

"What have you got in that trunk, my friend?" inquired the magistrate.

"Nothin', jest my ornary wearin' parrel, was the reply."

"I dare say—suppose you open it, and let us see!"

The prisoner's face assumed a sickly green hue, as he grinned horribly at a ghastly smile, and seemed inclined to hesitate; but a grim look from the portly official caused him to produce a bunch of keys, tied together with a red tape, and commence fumbling about the lock. After much exertion the trunk was opened, and there appeared an extensive assortment of costly ready made clothing.

"Ah! I see. Your present dress is only your travelling suit; these are your Sunday and holiday garments?"

"Exactly, squire," answered the man, a gleam of hope replacing the look of despondency; "I thought it was too bad to wear good close a 'travellin' round. It's dreadful hard on close."

"Your wearing apparel is of the best quality, I see, and your wardrobe extensive in the articles of coat and trousers, but I don't see any shirts!"

"Oh! I've got them too, taking from his pocket a small roll, which might have contained one of the articles in question, if of a small pattern; "you see I was travellin' in Wesconset, and I called it I could get more shirts up there, but coats an' sich cost like sixty, so I had them made afore I started."

"Now, suppose you jist try this one on," said the collector, "and show us whether the tailor has done you justice."

It was with an air of intense misery that the poor fellow induced himself in the proffered garment, and the sight he presented caused every clerk to resort to his handkerchief for concealment. The coat enveloped him like a morning gown, the skirts nearly reaching the ground, and the cuffs completely covering his hands. He saw the fix he was in, and forthwith began to explain.

"You see I was constable heavier when I was measured for this—"

"Yes—I see," replied the collector; "now try on this one."

The poor fellow began to perspire freely. But it was too late to recede, and he took the other garment with the look of a man gone in cholera. A series of frightful struggles ensued, and the coat was on, as far as it would go. It lacked six inches of buttoning, and the waist buttons were half way up the back, while nothing could have saved the shoulder seams if the prisoner had brought his arms to a perpendicular. A general roar succeeded—a wall of anguish burst from the prisoner, but without stopping to explain farther, he bounded from the door, jumped down stairs, and, when last seen, was dashing across Prime street bridge, with the skirts of his coat continued to the collar. The United States became the happy possessor of his wearing apparel to the number of some twenty coats and trousers!

THE BABY JUMPER BEAST.—Some out Yankee has invented and brought out a grand concern for nursing infants. You put your squaller into the machine, and, by a series of straps, cogs and screws, agitated by the spasmodic splurges of the infant's arms and legs, the machine rolls gently over the floor while a species of hand organ music is emitted, equaling ten penny whistles and a dozen baby's rattles. If this fails to amuse the little sugar lump, you may turn a screw and set in motion a manipulator, something like a human hand, which "by-ye!" the "mudder's" bag of diamonds, tickles and pats it until it roars with laughter or goes to sleep. We believe the inventor intends to make sundry additions to his baby jumper, whereby it may dress and undress the youngster, feed it, wash it, &c. If these Yankees keep on a spell longer, the man may shut up shop and go a fishing, while women hark back in white kids and play evens on the accordion or piano.

MISCELLANY.

Leached Ashes as a Manure.

The value of leached ashes on dry soils, and in dry seasons, as a manure for grain and grass lands, has been conclusively shown, in this and other countries, by carefully conducted experiments. Yet, as it seems useful and necessary to "keep before the people" such facts as are not fully understood and considered, we give some observations drawn from experiments heretofore published, for fear that this subject, in the hurry of the season, might otherwise be neglected and forgotten.

The German agriculturist, Albert, of Roslan, gives a circumstantial account of an experiment commenced in 1827, and continued for five years. A dry, sandy soil, which had lain in grass for eight years, was dressed with leached ashes, at the rate of sixty-six bushels per acre. The soil was first carefully turned under, then the ashes heaped on and spread, with a plow about two inches deep; remaining in this condition six or seven weeks it was again plowed three inches deep, so as to bring up the ashes, and sowed to buckwheat. A portion of the field, to which no ashes were applied, was treated in the same manner, so that the difference might be noted.

The cost of the application was \$6 25 per acre. The increased product of the first year was five and a half bushels of buckwheat, with four hundred and seventy pounds of straw, estimated \$4 05. The increased product of the second year, when sown with rye, was six bushels per acre, with six hundred pounds of straw, estimated at \$5 25. The increased product of the third year, when in oats, was ten and a half bushels, with five hundred and fifty pounds of straw, estimated at \$3 62 1/2. The fourth year, the increased product, when in pasturage, was estimated at \$3 00 per acre. The fifth year it was again sown to rye, and the increased product was four and a half bushels, with four hundred and seventy pounds straw, estimated at \$4 06 per acre. The value of the increased product is \$20 00; and we have no reason to suppose their effects were exhausted when the experiments were concluded. The estimates were made by Mr. Wagner, the translator, from the prices paid at the time in this country, as also was the cost of the ashes and labor.

Unleached ashes produce a more powerful effect, and hence a less quantity is required.—In the Albany Cultivator for 1842, the result of an experiment is given, on an old meadow, mowed nearly half a century—of clay soil, stocked with all kinds of grass, where strong ashes were applied, at the rate of thirty-two bushels per acre, producing an increased product of nearly one fourth of a ton, while the same quantity of air-shaken lime produced no beneficial results; and two bushels of clear, dry cowdung increased the product only one hundred and four pounds, and the same quantity of horse manure but sixteen pounds per acre.

In the first of these experiments, four thousand four hundred and twenty-two pounds of leached ashes were applied, producing, in five years, an increase of four thousand three hundred and forty one pounds of grain and straw, besides pasturage equivalent to at least a ton of hay. In the second, about one ton of ashes increased the product, in one year, one fourth that amount of hay; and in favorable seasons, we cannot doubt but that its effect would continue at the same rate for four years longer.—So the action of ashes must be chemical in its nature, giving a capacity to appropriate, other fertilizers, which it does, perhaps, by imparting to the soil its potash, which dissolves the silica or flint of the soil, producing silicate of potash, which according to Liebig, is required by all plants of the grass kind, in large quantities.

On wet ground, it should be borne in mind that ashes produce no effect; and in wet seasons, the benefit is much less than in dry.—[Rural New Yorker.]

Paine's Hydro Electric Light.

Henry M. Paine, of Worcester, who is extensively known as a mechanical genius, has invented an apparatus for decomposing water and producing an inflammable gas, at a small cost. The announcement of the discovery which was made some months since, was received with considerable distrust. It appears however, from the following statement copied from the Worcester Tribune, that Mr. Paine has overcome every difficulty so far as to produce the results at which he has arrived, and in a manner quite satisfactory to those who have witnessed them.

Water being composed of oxygen and hydrogen, in the relative proportions, by weight, of eight and ten, and eight ninths of water being oxygen, which is the chief supporter of combustion, it would appear that an easy and cheap means of separating the two gases which compose water, and of using the inflammable portion so separated, must prove one of the greatest discoveries which has blessed mankind. Mr. Paine claims to have effected this object.

Last Saturday evening, in company with a friend, we called at the house of Mr. Henry M. Paine, on Beacon street, to see his newly discovered gas light, produced from cold water. To those who know nothing of Mr. P.'s discovery, this may seem ridiculous, but it is true that he lights and heats his whole house with cold water. He has discovered a process of decomposing water, separating the two gases, and by the use of one he can produce the most brilliant light ever beheld, besides heat enough for all the ordinary purposes of cooking and warming; he had three jets burning; one in the entry hall, one in his parlor, and one in his sitting room. And the light surpasses anything we ever beheld. It is a white, pure, solid, intensely bright flame, completely throwing into the shade all the lights hitherto produced.

Two jets, such as were burning in his house, would be sufficient to light a moderate-sized hall every night, at an expense of the interest on the cost of the machine, (about six dollars per annum,) with only the little trouble of occasionally filling the water cistern. It will undoubtedly be used, in light houses, for it surpasses anything ever yet used for that purpose. Mr. Paine placed a reflector behind the burner in the entry, and the effect was a white light, more like sunlight than any thing else—so brilliant that our eyes could scarcely endure it. But this is not all; the intense heat of the flame serves for warming a room, and to cook a dinner, or for any use to which fire is ordinarily applied. And there is not only a saving of expense, but of work, and the inconvenience and care of wood, coal, and ashes, and the danger from fire are almost completely annihilated.

This is not supposition; we saw the lights, followed the pipes to the cellar, and saw the apparatus employed for the decomposition of the water; and we must say we can hardly find words to express our astonishment at the simplicity of the machine, when at the same time we think of the greatness and grandeur of the discovery. This must rank, if not above, certainly equal with, the greatest discoveries and inventions of the age. Wood and coal, and oil, and fluid, may all be dispensed with,

by the use of Mr. Paine's apparatus. And though he may meet with much opposition from those who do not know the actual value of the discovery, it must come into use as fast as it becomes known. But we have no fears for him now. He has triumphed, and the result of his long and laborious struggle can be seen and realized.

Fact Against Theory.

An incident at the late Anti-Slavery meeting in New York, irresistibly reminds us of one of the wicked Peter Pindar's wicked stories, which must be familiar to many. Some philosopher—we think it was Sir Jos. Banks—was represented as maintaining the theory that fleas are but a diminutive species of lobster. He brought a great deal of scientific learning and research to the support of this odd conceit. There was one practical way of testing it; namely, by boiling the fleas in water, and if they should turn red, a triumph awaited the philosopher—his theory was verified. If the boiling should not have the coloring effect upon them, it would be proof positive that they did not belong to the respectable family of lobsters. The experiment was no sooner suggested than it was tried. The fleas were boiled.—With intense anxiety Sir Joseph watched them in the pot—incredulously sees them retain their original color—wipes the perspiration from his forehead, and looks more closely—indignantly observes the perverse insects, in utter disrespect of his theory, putting on no change of hue—until he vents his chagrin and disgust, and, at the same time, recants his theory, in the exclamation: 'Fleas are not lobsters—d—n their souls!'

When Dr. Grant got up at the Anti-Slavery meeting to prove that the negro was but a higher order of the monkey, he was very cordially welcomed by many, who seemed to be fully of his opinion. Most glibly and leapedly did he discourse to us of the distinguishing marks of inferiority, which exclude the negro from the genus homo, and render it philosophically a falsehood, for the white man to call him brother. He bade us mark the retreating forehead, the jet black complexion, the protruding heel, the woolly hair, uniform in its color, the thick skull, the long fingers, so like those of the orang outang, and so unlike those of the Caucasian man. He showed, most conclusively to many, that the negro, by his physical formation, was necessarily 'uncultivable'—(that was his word)—a creature 'by the hand of nature marked,' and commissioned to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, and nothing more. The attempt to elevate him was an attempt to circumvent nature and the laws of God. The instinct, which led us to hold the black man in subjection, was true to science and physiological laws. And all persons who would patiently interrogate science would convince themselves of this fact.

Very learned was the Doctor; and very big words did he use in explaining and urging his theory. Very sincere he appeared also; and if half that he said was true, then the simple negroes at Chagres, who eat monkeys, are no better than cannibals. Very loudly was the Doctor applauded by the pro-slavery gentlemen present, as he concluded. He sat down as complacent and self-assured, as Sir Joseph Banks was after reading his paper on fleas to the members of the Royal Academy, before the boiling ordeal had been tried.

The speech of Douglas, the colored orator, made a sad rent, however, in the Doctor's theory. Prompt as a steel trap when it touched, Douglas had a retort ready for every interruption. For instance, as he was enumerating the mental offices to which the prejudices of the whites confine the blacks, some one said—'You would cut our throats if you could.' 'O no, we would cut your hair,' replied Douglas. He surpassed every speaker present, including even the redoubtable Doctor, in the eloquence, pith and rhetorical grace of his address.

But it was objected to Douglas that he was only half a negro. Dr. Grant's theory was not yet wholly demolished. There was still gas enough in it to keep it floating. But at that moment, a stout bull-necked negro, thick-lipped, bow-legged, blacker than midnight, with every African characteristic exaggerated, made his appearance, sudden as Banquo's ghost, on the stage. Captain Rynders started back, and exclaimed with an oath—that that's the genuine article, and no mistake! Dr. Grant seemed struck with dismay, and began to fear that fleas might not be lobsters, notwithstanding all his quotations from Blumenbach, Agassiz and Lawrence.

The sable apparition was the Reverend Mr. Ward, a respectable clergyman from the interior of New York state. With perfect self-possession, and in a clear, well-modulated tone of voice, he entered upon an extemporaneous address in reply to the monkey theory of Mr. Grant. But Mr. Ward himself was enough. His presence was the best confutation of the scientific absurdities which had been uttered. The intelligence, the command of language, the good humor and good sense, which he displayed, were irresistible. It was one of those instances, wherein a simple practical fact falls and pulverizes a huge pyramid of speculation. Never was the argumentum ad hominem used so triumphantly. Every sentence from the lips of the speaker seemed to pierce the Doctor's theory, until down it came flat before the audience, like a perforated balloon. Cheers and plaudits and laughter attended the collapse; and in the midst of the tumult, there was a still, small utterance, which being interpreted, signified: 'Negroes are not monkeys; d—n their souls!'—[Boston Transcript.]

THE INFLUENCE OF AN ENERGETIC MAN'S NAME. At a recent Railroad supper here, a gentleman who has been active in settling right of way claims against the C. & C. Railroad Company, on being toasted, related the following portion of his experience. He was settling claims in Richmond county; among them was one stubborn old man who wouldn't be satisfied, and declared he'd be hanged if he'd settle, for he knew the road wouldn't go through. Said the old man, 'I lived in Newburgh once, when the Ohio Canal was laid out, and I fit sign it tooth and toe; but it wasn't no use, that Alfred Kelly was pushing it along and I give in; but I moved out here where the peasy ditches can't come, and you needn't talk of splitting me up with a railroad; whose going to do it?' Alfred Kelly is President of the Company; was the quiet reply. The old man seemed dumfounded for a moment and then fairly yelled out, 'if that are is true my eyes is sot—stranger, make out the papers, it ain't no more use my trying to stop Alfred Kelly's rail road than it would be to try to run down a steamboat with a canoe—I cave!'—[Cleveland Herald.]

A young man in New York received a box the other day, which he supposed might be some infernal machine. He carried it to the Chief of Police, and a consultation was held as to the manner in which it should be opened.—It was finally decided to soak it in water, and after three hours it was opened, and found to be a neat mahogany box, containing daguer-type likenesses of two of the gentleman's

young lady cousins, which were completely ruined by the soaking.

BANKRUPTCY. Judge Wells in a Bankrupt case at Bangor says:—
"All the debts of a bankrupt are due in conscience, notwithstanding he has obtained his certificate, and there is no honest man who does not discharge them, if he afterwards has it in his power to do so."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAY 30, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at 8 Congress st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETERSON, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 St. Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

Damage by the late Freshet.

We confess that notwithstanding our high expectations, the actual details of disaster and damage fall far behind our estimate. All the most valuable bridges and mills seem to have been spared. Much property of this kind was reported, at different times, to be in imminent danger; but the result has leaned to the side of the owners.

The damage sustained in this town is not great. Some lumber was lost, and some injury sustained by roads, fences, &c. Several small houses on the bank of the Kennebec, a few roads above the Falls, occupied mostly by French families, were saved with much effort.

The bridges at Sebasticook and Hunter's Mills are both gone, and great fears were entertained that the bridge at Winslow would share the same fate, on account of a jam of lumber a short distance above it.

Mr. J. H. Williams, of N. Anson, writes to the Clarion:

There is not a small bridge in this section of the country that is not swept away, or made impassable. . . . It will cost the town of No. Anson at least fifteen hundred dollars to repair roads and bridges. . . . Mr. Wm. Weston has been a heavy loser. The water burst round the end of his dam, cutting a new channel, carrying away the road between the mill and houses. His loss must be at least \$1500.

The Clarion says that in that town almost every bridge over small streams has been carried away or materially injured. Among the items of loss, that paper mentions the dam and bridge at Moore's mills; the tannery of E. Robbins & Co. greatly injured; two bridges over the Wesseron destroyed, and a mill removed from its foundation; the dam and fulling mill at Solon village swept away, and \$1000 damage to roads in Skowhegan.

But little damage has been done on the Penobscot. The most important we hear of is the loss of the old free bridge at Oldtown, and the breaking of Vezzie's boom.

The only material damage sustained by the railroad was a slight one at Lewiston, which interrupted the trip of the Tuesday morning train from Portland. On Tuesday evening the train arrived as usual.

Visitors. We hear that the Portland Light Infantry, accompanied by the Portland Brass Band, are contemplating a visit to Waterville. They shall be heartily welcome. We have some obsolete dignitaries of the bloody fields of Madawaska, who will be delighted to extend to them all possible courtesy. As for us, we know little of military duty, but have great tact in what they call 'inspection.'

It is also said that one of the Portland Engine Companies is coming here. Our citizens generally will be interested in this visit. Three or four years of interesting discussion upon the nature and expediency of such 'institutions' has made them exceedingly curious to see a real Engine Company. It is said they don't tax anything for a sight.

And finally—though neither last or least—Samaritan Lodge of Odd Fellows, of this place, are expecting a visit from the members of Androscoggin Lodge at Lewiston. We pledge them a cordial greeting and a 'good time.' There are warm and generous hearts in the order here, that will be glad to meet them on the true platform of 'Friendship, Love and Truth.' Come and see us, brothers—and don't make us weary with waiting. Your shadows shall not be diminished by the visit. Come!

NOTICE—most respectful! The following gentlemen need not longer trouble themselves to send or call for our paper till they make an endorsement on old account. By our rule, those who take papers without either intending or trying to pay for them, are very likely to get a hint of this kind.

Hartwell Bragg, China.
Elbridge Waldron, Sebasticook.
Cyrus Southard, Winslow.
Amos Gullifer, Winslow.

This list will be enlarged from time to time, as we discover occasion. All who belong to the above class will, by running their eyes over the list, ascertain the fact.

THAT SALT to which we alluded—the best and purest article to be found—the reader will see advertised by E. L. Smith, in another column. Also the Gardner Sack Flour, and other nice articles. Indeed, we have noticed since the railroad opened that he has taken extra pains to offer his customers choice articles, of all kinds. This accounts for the great increase of his business. There is no better way to secure good customers than by offering good articles at low prices.

WATERVILLE AHEAD. Travellers all praise the beauty of our village, the elegance of our ladies, and the good manners of our gentlemen. A gentleman who has visited the best cities of the civilized world, and seen not only the heathen, but the elephant—who has been among the negroes at the South, the Acadians at the North, and spent several evenings at the 'Almacas' of the Five Points—who protests that he has seen the most vulgar gentlemen, and the most genteel vulgarities this

side of the places where missionaries go,—this wise traveller and "travelled fool" was heard to assert openly at the Williams House, and in front of Boutelle Block, and as some say, in the immediate vicinity of the colleges, as follows: That in all his travels he has seen no place where the best bred gentlemen and leaders in taste and fashion parade the streets in open day with cigars in their mouths! He says that law prohibits this in the cities of Boston and New York, and decency forbids it everywhere else. This traveller was informed by a committee of the "Order of Decency," that this custom was introduced and made legal by the lawyers; declared respectable by the merchants; wholesome by the doctors, and classical by the students—and that every sham professor of good taste was engaged in giving daily lessons to the "boys of larger growth" in this accomplishment. He was therefore advised to watch the rising generation, encourage the Prosecuting Committee, and avoid the company of such as do not claim "all the decency." He left in the cars, promising to be this way again.

News from the Cuba Marauders.

The story of the great Cuban expedition, to which we alluded last week, is more briefly told than was anticipated. Gen. Lopez may exultingly exclaim, "Veni, vidi—Red-It!" He made the quickest trip to Cuba that can be found on record. The history of the voyage is equally short.

Lopez landed at Cardenas with 500 men, attacked the jail, burned the house of the governor, and "succeeded in escaping from that port!" closely pursued by the Spanish war-steamer into Key West. We next hear of Gen. Lopez in Savannah, where he is arrested by the U. S. Marshal, examined and discharged. He is followed and surrounded at his lodgings by an enthusiastic crowd; to whom he makes a most patriotic speech, and receives in return the most vociferous cheers.

We trust this is the termination of this most foolish and unprincipled enterprise. Should Lopez persist in his efforts to make conquests for Slavery in the name of Liberty, we trust the integrity of our government will be made so plain that such fools as he and his dupes may read without running.

Falstaff "took his ease in his inn," and the consequence was that he got nicely fat. This fact has always been, to us, one of the most interesting items to be found in Shakespeare. We have read it again and again, and wondered what kind of 'ease' it was that made Jack so respectably plump—for to our mind he was but just in decent 'order' for a good-natured man. He was fond of sack, but that was not the secret; for many a puny swain gets that, and only grows lean upon it. To our mind it is clear that Dame Quickly set a good table, and that while Jack was really easy enough, so far as legs and arms were concerned, he had an active stomach that he always kept employed. Neither Hudson or Giles advances this idea, though we are assured it is the view taken by the guests of the 'Williams House,' without a dissenting voice. Accordingly landlord Williams, who attends more to substance than ceremony, has been regaling them with luxuries that would almost tempt the shade of Jack to take lodgings there. Green peas, lettuce, radishes, and everything of this kind, have for some time been as common on his table, as cod-fish and sawdust pudding on ours. We don't say that his guests are getting fat for we are specially towards fat men—but we do advise such men as are addicted to improper leanness, to secure a room at the Williams House.

P. S.—That distinguished traveller, "the First Salmon," has not yet arrived in town—but lodgings are prepared for him at the Williams House. For notice of his arrival see our next paper.

J. C. Cluer, again. An anonymous correspondent who writes from Gardiner, after notifying us that Mr. Cluer's character has been investigated or questioned in N. York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine, expresses the opinion that we "must have been entirely ignorant in regard to Mr. Cluer's standing." This looks rather cool: though we may safely argue that it is high time to plead ignorance when so much doubt prevails with others. We however thank the writer for a copy of the following resolution, adopted by a meeting of the friends of temperance in Gardiner, in February last:

Resolved, That the evidence presented by brother John C. Cluer, of his standing, both in the old country and in N. England, is sufficient to satisfy us that he is worthy of the esteem and confidence of the community.

This is perfectly satisfactory—so far as it goes. But this is not what we asked for. We were not the opinions of others, that we wished to call out; but direct facts, from which individuals might form opinions of their own. We did not expect to be indebted to an anonymous correspondent for even this. We cannot doubt that the friends of Mr. Cluer will give to the public the facts, which we doubt not exist, upon which this resolution is based. That his opponents are men engaged in bad business, and some of them of the worst class of society—that they are instigated by bad motives and have handled his character with great severity—and that they deserve no return but silent contempt, may all be true. It is not his enemies, but his friends, who are demanding weapons with which to defend him.

MATRIMONY has a peculiar relation to household furniture. True, but a great pity—to see it clogged with such difficulties. We never say anything to make this matter worse. On the contrary, we advise all economical husbands to be cautious and not allow their wives to get a sight of the beautiful furniture displayed at CAFFEY'S—especially their new and beautiful style of Chamber-Sets. Verbum sat sapienti—to women in particular.

[Now, friend Caffrey, set your things in order, for every wife as a wife is going to call on you, husbands to the contrary notwithstanding.]

Vegetable Instruction.—The editor of the Clarion, in making some sound remarks upon the subject of education, says that teachers of common schools "should be well versed in physiology, so that they can determine the bent of every child's mind." We approve the sentiment, if the editor means vegetable physiology—which would enable the teacher to judge the relative merits of beech and birch, and decide how large a branch might be 'bent' over the 'young idea' without breaking it—the back.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.—All the numbers of this magazine are excellent, but the one for June is superlatively so: among other attractions will be found a 'Review of Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter,' by Henry Giles, and a story by the author of 'Susy L.—'s Diary.' With this number the labors of Mr. C. F. Briggs cease as editor; and the new volume, which commences in July, will be under the editorial charge of William H. Dietz and Henry Fowler. Seven hundred and twenty pages of original matter of a high order, with tasteful embellishments, are furnished for a single dollar; and no lover of good reading ever yet rose dissatisfied from that literary feast. The new editors, however, promise to make that better which would seem to be good enough already: an improvement is to be made in the engravings, and the articles are to be even more racy and readable than heretofore.

No magazine in the country better deserves the support of the people than Holden's. Its low price places it within the reach of the humblest, and its liberal, progressive spirit will ensure it a warm welcome to their homes and hearts; while its superior excellence commends it to the most intelligent.

A Hard Bargain. We accepted the proposal of the Burlington Sentinel to exchange, without arranging the precise terms. We have sent the Mail three months without earning a copy of the Sentinel. In three months more, if we hear nothing, we shall decline exchanging any longer. The Green Mountain Boys drive too hard a bargain for us Down-Easters.

BOSTON WEEKLY MUSEUM.—This truly excellent paper commences a new volume on the 15th of next month. In the brief time which has elapsed since it was first started, it has won for itself a good name and a large list of subscribers: as a family paper it has few equals and no superiors. To enrich its columns, its talented editor has the assistance of a score of contributors, of varied talent. In addition to tales, essays, biographies, criticisms, poetry, jokes, news, &c. &c., each number is enriched with a choice piece of music, which would cost at the music stores five times the price of the Museum.

The Museum is printed in quarto form, on fine paper, and in neat style, at \$2 a year: Charles A. V. Putnam, Editor and Proprietor.

We thank the Waterville member of the legislature for his kind attention to our wants, in respect to documents. We have no doubt he is equally attentive to the duties he owes his constituents.

We receive numerous favors in the news department, including Boston and Portland papers in advance of the mails, through the hands of Mr. Plaisted, of the A. & K. Railroad—for which we thank him in general, without stopping to enumerate. With his aid our dates are only ten or twelve hours from Boston.

"The Waverly Magazine" is a new Boston weekly, of good talent and great beauty. Its form is quarto, and its character just what its name indicates—leading us to expect a 'Waverly' newspaper. It is a splendid illustration of what the publisher thinks of the public; but whether they will judge him with equal flattery, remains to be seen. Published by Moses A. Dow, at \$3 a year—and a good bargain at that.

"CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."—We have received a copy of this interesting sea story, written by Mr. Charles J. Peterson, and originally published in Graham's Magazine. It was very popular then, and now that it appears in cheap form must meet with a ready sale. Published by T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, and for sale by book dealers generally.

The following choice bit, inspired by the delightful Spring time, when "all nature is busting into beauty," contains at least two gallons of pure poetry boiled down to a teaspoonful:

I list me to the cheering song
Of robin and wren;
Of crowing cock and turkey-gob,
And our old cackling hen.
The old sow, with her tender brood,
Is rambling over the green—
The pretty little lambs come
How white they are and clean!

RUM'S DORINGS.—A correspondent of the Boston Traveller writing from Nashua, N. H., under date of May 14th, relates the following:

I have just returned from a horrible sight indeed—the drunkard suicide and his murdered child. Scarcely recovered from the shock of a suicide in the case of a hard drinker by the name of Foster, at the close of last week, we were quite unprepared for the still more tragic scene of this morning. There lies the father (a Mr. Allen), ghastly in death, just cut down from the fatal cord and there, mute in helpless innocence, lies the corpse of his little daughter—two years old to-day—the youngest of eleven children, just strangled by the murderous hand of the father, by means of a cord that cut quite through the skin, and nearly separated the head from the body. All this was done while the wife and mother had gone, at five o'clock in the morning, to an upper chamber, to dress the diseased limb of a sick and suffering daughter.

One day last week, the discouraged and distressed wife said to the husband, "We cannot live so. If you will not do anything for the support of yourself and family, if you will continue to take the children's earnings to buy rum, I must make complaint to the Selectmen"—(putting on her bonnet to go). "If you wait till next Tuesday," replied the drunken husband, "I will either go to work or take myself out of the way." Tuesday came, and its deeds are done. And now when the worthless carcass of the drunken suicide shall have been

buried, he will be 'out of the way.' But who shall pluck the sting out of that mother's heart? There she sits with her dead baby in her arms, anxiously waiting the magic work of the daguerotype. 'Oh give me at least this,' she said, 'all that will soon remain of my child!'

'Oh thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.' Where these miserable men obtained their last drink, is not yet known. How long an outraged community will permit this diabolical traffic in the drunkard's drink—sending, for a cursed pelf, this wholesale ruin into helpless families—requires more than a philosopher to explain. Is it because the public heart is become callous by the frequency of scenes so horribly tragic? If so, where shall the end be?

THAT EGG. Astonishing what a competition the "hen speculation" has excited among the better class of biddies. Some of them have succeeded in laying eggs of enormous size;—and the best of the joke is, that many of the very largest ones are laid on editors' tables! An enterprising hen belonging to Master Lucius H. Allen, of this village, was discovered cackling over an egg of the following size—longest circumference 8 inches, shortest do. 6 inches, weight 3 1/2 ounces! Master Lucius offers to match his hen against the best layer exhibited at the 'great hen convention.' Such hens are objects of veneration, and if compelled to grace a Thanksgiving supper, should be eaten with great tenderness. [Where is the egg, Master Lucius?]

NEW MEXICO AND CONGRESS.—We learn from the Evening Post that Hugh N. Smith, the delegate to Congress from New Mexico, has written a letter to his constituents, in which he abounds all expectation that Congress will do anything for them, and recommends to them the immediate organization of a State Government, interdicting slavery. He attributes the failure of his mission entirely to the machinations of the slave power, leagued with a slave-holding Secretary of War. Addressing his constituents he says:

"The most formidable part of the combination against you, is that which originates in the slave interest. It not only rallies against you the whole slaveholding south, but all the influence of the selfish, venal, and ambitious men in the north, looking to speculations in discredited bonds and land jobbing, or to the political honors which the combined vote of the south may promise. The cement of this strength in the south is not so much the interest in slave property, but the political power dependent on it. The great struggle is to secure for the decaying popular force of that section, an equal weight in the Senate of the United States with the rapidly progressive population and multiplying free states of the Union. To this aim the rights and interests, and all the hopes of a rapidly growing and rich posterity, which beckoned New Mexico into the Union, are to be sacrificed. You are left prostrate, that Texas may dismember and divide New Mexico, and subject her to southern influence; that negro slavery may be introduced into the remnant of territory that may not be appropriated to Texas; and finally, that the region thus secured to southern policy, may become the stock on which to engrave new conquests from Mexico."

A NEGRO KIDNAPPED. An outrage of the grossest character occurred in our city yesterday. As we have been able to learn the particulars from the best sources, the following are the circumstances:

About half-past 1 o'clock, a colored man named George Jackson, was arrested by two men, near the corner of Walnut and Fifth sts., and, followed by a crowd, was dragged down Walnut street to the river. When near Fourth street, one of the persons having hold of the negro, brandished a bowie knife, and the other drew a pistol. A man following with a heavy cane, cried out, 'he's my nigger, and I'll have him.' A large crowd collected, but no interference was made until the kidnappers, and their victim arrived at Columbia street, where stones and brickbats were hurled at them, and one of them was somewhat injured. When they reached Water street, the ferry boat was rounding to. The kidnappers hallooed to the captain to 'hold up, or he was no Kentuckian,' and rushed rapidly towards the river. They reached the wharf after the bow of the ferry boat had been pushed off, but were able to force the negro on the stern. A volley of stones was hurled after them by the persons on the bank, but without injury to them.

Jackson is claimed by a man from Tennessee. We understand the kidnapping party did not stop in Covington. We have it on good authority that Jackson has been about our city for several years, and that for some time he kept the bar in the National Theatre! It is asserted, also, that once before he was kidnapped and proved his freedom.

It is a disgrace to Cincinnati that in open day, on a crowded street, in a vicinity where officers 'do congregate,' an outrage of this character should have been successfully carried out.—[Cin. Gaz., May 11.]

FIRE IN CARMEL. We are informed that a Saw Mill, Two Shingle Machines, and a Stave Machine, belonging to Messrs. J. & D. Fuller and John Graham, of that town, together with one hundred thousand shingles and fifteen thousand boards belonging to several individuals, were destroyed by fire on Sunday afternoon 12th inst. The fire is supposed to have been caused by two boys who were firing guns in and about the mill a short time previous to the discovery of the fire. Loss \$2500. Insured in Rockingham M. F. Insurance Company for \$1800.—[Bangor paper.]

SUICIDES. A Mr. Norris, of Wayne, blacksmith, committed suicide on Tuesday last week, by shooting himself. He took an old gun barrel in his shop, loaded it, placed it on his anvil, and after aiming the barrel at his heart, touched it off with a heated rod which was found in his hand. He was dead when found. Had been an intemperate man.

A man in Belgrade by the name of Merchant, committed suicide by hanging himself the same Tuesday.

U. S. SENATOR. The democratic members of the Legislature met in convention in their respective halls on Monday evening, 20th inst., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for U. S. Senator, and Hon. Hannibal Hamlin was selected by both branches. The vote in the Senate stood, Hamlin, 11; J. W. Dana, 4; in the House, Hamlin, 65; Nathan C. Clifford, 1. Thursday, June 20th, has been assigned for the day of election.

SOMETHING NEW.—A matrimonial agency has been established at No. 25 Exchange street, Boston, with a capital of \$15,000.

The heroic Lieut. Mayne Reid is in London. He did not get to Hungary in time, but has written a poem upon the subject. In spite of his indomitable courage, he doubtless finds this a far pleasanter occupation.

