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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. IV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22 1850.

NO. 5.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY

E. 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 the year, 2.00

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POETRY

"NOT TO MYSELF ALONE."

The little opening dove transported cries:
"Not to myself alone I bid and bloom;
With fragrant breath the breeze I perfume,
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes:
The bee comes sipping, every eve, I
The butterfly with my cap doth hide
From threatening ill!"

"Not to myself alone,"
The circling star with honest pride doth boast:
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronal of jet;
His power and skill who formed my myriad host;
A friendly beacon at Heaven's open gate,
I point the way."

"Not to myself alone,"
The heavy laden bee doth murmuring hum:
"Not to myself alone from flower to flower
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
And to the hive at evening weary come:
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
With busy care."

"Not to myself alone,"
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way:
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
I scatter life and health on every side,
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ry gay:
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
My gladness true."

"Not to myself alone,"
Oh, man, forget not thyself, honored priest,
"In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part,
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the pilgrim, turn thy native clod,
And self devote."
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

MISCELLANY.

[From Chambers's Journal.]

THE REFUGEE.

THE events which I am about to relate occurred towards the close of the last century, some time before I was called to the bar, and do not therefore in strictness fall within my own experiences as a barrister. Still, as they came to my knowledge with much greater completeness than if I had been only professionally engaged to assist in the catastrophe of the drama through which they are enveloped, and as I conceive, throw a strong light upon the practical working of our criminal jurisprudence, a brief page of these slight leaves may not inappropriately record them.

About the time I have indicated, a Mrs. Rushton, the widow of a gentleman of commercial opulence, resided in Upper Harley Street, Cavendish Square. She was a woman of family, and by her marriage had greatly lowered herself, in her relatives' opinion, by a union with a person who, however wealthy and otherwise honorable, was so entirely the architect of his own fortunes—owed all that he possessed so immediately to his own skill, sagacity and perseverance—that there was an unpleasant rumor abroad about his widowed mother being indebted to her son's success in business for having passed the last ten years of her life in ease and competence. Mr. Rushton had left his widow a handsome annuity, and to his and her only son a well-invested income of upwards of seven thousand a year. Since the death of her husband, Mrs. Rushton, who inherited quite her full share of family pride, if nothing else, had sought by every method she could devise to re-enter the charmed circle from which her union with a city merchant had excluded her. The most effectual mode of accomplishing her purpose was she knew, to bring about a marriage between her son and a lady who would not be indisposed to accept of wealth, and a well-appointed establishment in Mayfair as a set-off against birth and high connection.

Arthur Rushton, at this time between two and three-and-twenty years of age, was a mild, retiring, rather shy person, and endowed with a tenderness of disposition, of which the tranquil depths had not as yet been ruffled by the faintest breath of passion. His mother possessed almost boundless influence over him; and he ever listened with a smile, a languid, half-disdainful one, to her eager speculations upon this numerous eligible matches that would present themselves, the "season" and their new establishment in Mayfair—of which the decorations engaged all her available time and attention—enabled them to open the campaign with effect. Arthur Rushton and myself had been college companions, and our friendly intimacy continued for several years afterwards. At this period especially we were very cordial and unreserved in our intercourse with each other.

London at this time was crowded with French exiles, escaped from the devouring sword of Robespierre, and his helpers in the work of government by the guillotine, almost all of whom claimed to be members of, or closely connected with, the ancient nobility of France. Among these was an elderly gentleman of the name of De Tourville, who, with his daughter Eugenie, had for a considerable time occupied a first floor in King St. Holborn. Him I never saw in life, but Mademoiselle de Tourville was one of the most accomplished, graceful, enchantingly-interesting persons I have ever seen or known. There was a dangerous fascination in the pensive tenderness through which her natural gaiety and archness of manner would at intervals flash, like April sunlight glancing through clouds and showers, which, the first time I saw her, painfully impressed as much as it charmed me—perceiving, as I quickly did, that with her the future peace, I could almost have said life, of Arthur Rushton was irrevocably bound up. The

fountains of his heart, were for the first time stirred to their inmost depths, and, situated as he and she were, what but disappointment, bitterness, and anguish could well-up from those troubled waters? Mademoiselle de Tourville, I could perceive, was fully aware of the impression she had made upon the sensitive and amiable Englishman; and I sometimes discovered an expression of pity—of sorrowful tenderness, as it were—pass over her features as some more distinct revelation than usual of the nature of Arthur Rushton's emotions flashed upon her. I also heard her express herself several times, as overtly as she could, upon the impossibility there existed that she should, however much she might desire it, settle in England, or even remain in it for any considerable length of time. All this I understood, or thought I did, perfectly; but Rushton, bewildered, entranced by feelings altogether new to him, saw nothing, heard nothing, but her presence, and felt without reasoning upon it, that in that delicious dream it was his fate either to live or else to bear no life. Mrs. Rushton—and this greatly surprised me—absorbed in her matrimonial and furnishing schemes and projects, saw nothing of what was going on. Probably the notion that her son should for an instant think of allying himself to an obscure, portionless foreigner, was to a mind like hers, too absurd to be for a moment entertained; or—But stay: borne along by a crowd of rushing thoughts, I have, I find, anticipated the regular march of my narrative.

M. and Mademoiselle de Tourville, according to the after-testimony of their landlord, Mr. Osborn, had, from the time of their arrival in England, a very constant visitor at their lodgings in King Street. He was a tall French gentleman, of perhaps thirty years of age, and distinguished appearance. His name was La Houssaye. He was very frequently with them indeed, and generally he and M. de Tourville would go out together in the evening, the latter gentleman not returning until very late. This was more especially the case after Mademoiselle de Tourville ceased to reside with her father.

Among the fashionable articles with which Mrs. Rushton desired to surround herself, was a companion of accomplishments and high breeding, who might help her to rub off the rust she feared to have contracted by her connection with the city. A Parisian lady of high lineage and perfect breeding might, she thought, be easily obtained; and an advertisement brot Mademoiselle de Tourville to her house. Mrs. Rushton was delighted with the air and manners of the charming applicant; and after a slight inquiry by letter to an address of reference given by the young lady, immediately engaged her, on exceedingly liberal terms for six months—that being the longest period for which Mademoiselle de Tourville could undertake to remain. She also stipulated for permission to spend the greater part of one day in the week—that which might happen to be most convenient to Mrs. Rushton—with her father. One other condition testified alike to M. de Tourville's present poverty and her own filial piety: it was, that her salary should be paid weekly—she would not accept it in advance—avowedly for her parent's necessities, who, poor exile, and tears stood in Eugenie's dark lustrous eyes as she spoke, was ever trembling on the brink of the grave from an affection of the heart with which he had long been afflicted. Mademoiselle de Tourville, I should state, spoke English exceedingly well as far as the rules of syntax and the meanings of words went, and with an accent charming in its very defectiveness.

She had resided with Mrs. Rushton, who on all occasions treated her with the greatest kindness and consideration, for rather more than two months, when an incident occurred which caused the scales to fall suddenly from the astonished mother's eyes, and in a moment revealed to her the extent of the risk and mischief she had so heedlessly incurred. The carriage was at the door, and it struck Mrs. Rushton as she was descending the stairs that Mademoiselle de Tourville, who had complained of headache in the morning, would like to take an airing with her. The sound of the harp issuing from the drawing-room, and the faintly-distinguished sound of her voice in some plaintive silver melody perhaps suggested the invitation, and thither the mistress of the mansion at once proceeded. The folding doors of the back drawing-room were partially open when Mrs. Rushton, on kind thoughts intent, entered the front apartment. Mademoiselle was seated with her back towards her at the harp, pouring forth with her thrilling and delicious voice a French romance; and there, with her head supported on her elbow, which rested on the marble chimney-piece, stood her son, Arthur Rushton, gazing at the apparently unconscious songstress with a look so full of devoted tenderness—so completely revealing the intensity of the passion by which he was possessed—that Mrs. Rushton started with convulsive affright, and could not for several minutes give utterance to the dismay and rage which choked her utterance. Presently, however, her emotions found expression, and a storm of vituperative abuse was showered upon the head of astonished Eugenie, designated as an artificial intrigante, a designing pauper, who had insinuated herself into the establishment for the sole purpose of entrapping Mr. Arthur Rushton—and a great deal more to the same effect. Mademoiselle de Tourville, who had been at first too much surprised by the unexpected suddenness of the attack, to quite comprehend the intent and direction of the blows, soon recovered her self-possession and hauteur. A smile of contempt curled her beautiful lip, as taking advantage of a momentary pause in Mrs. Rushton's breathless tirade, she said, "Permit me, madam, to observe that if, as you seem to apprehend, your son has contemplated honoring me by the offer of an alliance with his ancient house—Her look at this moment glanced upon the dreadfully agitated young man; the expression of disdainful bitterness vanished in an instant from her voice and features; and after a few moments she added, with sad eyes bent upon the floor, "That he could not have made a more unhappy choice—more unfortunate for him, more impossible for me!" She then hastily left the apartment, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, had left the house in a hackney coach.

The scene which followed between the mother and son was a violent and distressing one. Mrs. Rushton, goaded to fury by his mother's attack upon Mademoiselle de Tourville, cast off the habit of deference and submission which he had always worn in her presence, and asserted with vehemence his right to wed with whom he pleased, and declared that no power on earth should prevent him from marrying the lady just driven ignominiously from the house, if she could be brought to accept the offer of his hand and fortune! Mrs. Rushton fell into passionate hysterics; and her son, having first summoned her maid, withdrew to ruminate upon Mlle. de Tourville's concluding sentence, which troubled him far more than what he deemed the injustice of his mother.

When Mrs. Rushton, by the aid of water-purgent essences, and the relief which even an hour of time seldom fails to yield in such cases, had partially recovered her equanimity, she determined, after careful consideration of the best course of action, to consult a solicitor of eminence, well acquainted with her late husband, upon the matter. She had a dim notion that the Alien Act, if it could be put in motion, might rid her of Mlle. de Tourville and her friends. Thus resolving, and ever scrupulous as to appearances, she carefully smoothed her ruffled plumage, changed her disordered dress, and directed the carriage, which had been dismissed, to be again brought round to the door. "Mary," she added a few moments afterwards, "bring me my jewel case, the small one: you will find it in Made—in that French person's dressing room."

Mary Austin reappeared in answer to the violent ringing of the impatient lady's bell, and stated that the jewel case could no where be found in Mademoiselle's dressing room. "Her clothes, every thing belonging to her, had been taken out of the wardrobe, and carried away, and perhaps that also in mistake no doubt."

"Nonsense, woman!" replied Mrs. Rushton. "I left it not long ago on her toilet-glass. I intended to show her a purchase I had made, and not finding her in, left it as I tell you."

Another search was made with the same ill success. "Mary Austin afterwards said that when she returned to her mistress the second time, to say that the jewel case was certainly gone, an expression of satisfaction instead of anger, it seemed to her, glanced across Mrs. Rushton's face, who immediately left the room, and in a few minutes afterwards was driven off in the carriage."

About an hour after her departure I called in Harley street for Arthur Rushton, with whom I engaged to go this evening to the theatre to witness Mrs. Siddon's Lady Macbeth, which neither of us had seen. I found him in a state of calmed excitement, if I may so express myself; and after listening with much interest to the minute account he gave me of what had passed, I, young and inexperienced as I was in such affairs, took upon myself to suggest that, as the lady he nothing doubted was as irreproachable in character as she was confessedly charming in person and manners, and as he was unquestionably his own master, Mrs. Rushton's opposition was not likely to be of long continuance; and that as to Mlle. de Tourville's discouraging expression, such sentences from the lips of ladies—

"That would be wiser, and not unthought of was I was seldom, if ever, I had understood, to be taken in a literal and positive sense. Under this mild and soothing treatment Mr. Rushton gradually threw off a portion of the load that oppressed him, and we set off in tolerable cheerful mood for the theatre."

Mrs. Siddon's magnificent and appalling impersonation over, we left the house; he, melancholy and sombre as I found him in Harley street, and I in by no means a gay and laughing mood. We parted at my door, and whether it was the effect of the tragedy, so wonderfully realized in its chief creation, or whether coming events do sometimes cast their shadows before, I cannot say, but I know that an hour after Rushton's departure I was still sitting alone, my brain throbbing with excitement, and so nervous and impressionable, that a sudden, vehement knocking at the street entrance caused me to spring from my chair with a terrified start, and before I could master the impulsive emotion, the door was thrown furiously open, and in reeled Arthur Rushton—pale, agitated, wild—his eyes ablaze with horror and affright! Had the ghost of Duncan suddenly gleamed out of the viewless air I could not have been more startled—awed!

"She is dead!—poisoned!" he shrieked with maniacal fury; "killed—murdered!—and by her!"

I gasped for breath, and could hardly articulate—"What! whom?"

"My mother!" he shouted with the same furious vehemence. "Killed by her!—Oh, horror!—horror!—horror!" and exhausted by the violence of his emotions, the unfortunate young gentleman staggered, shuddered violently, as if shaken by an ague fit, and fell heavily—

—for I was too confounded to yield him timely aid—on the floor.

As soon as I could rally my scattered senses, I caused medical aid to be summoned, and got him to bed. Blood was freely taken from both arms, and he gradually recovered consciousness. Leaving him in kind and careful hands, I hurried off to ascertain what possible foundation there could be for the terrible tidings so strangely announced.

I found the establishment in Harley street in a state of the wildest confusion, and dismay. Mrs. Rushton was dead; that, at all events, was no figment of sudden insanity, and incredible, impossible rumors were flying from mouth to mouth with bewildering rapidity and incoherence. The name of Mlle. de Tourville was repeated in every variety of abhorrent emphasis; but it was not till I obtained an interview with Mrs. Rushton's solicitor, that I could understand what really had occurred, or to speak more properly, what was suspected.

Mrs. Rushton had made a deposition, of which Mr. Twytle related to me the essential points. The deceased lady had gone out in her carriage, with the express intention of calling on him, the solicitor, to ascertain if it would be possible to apply the Alien Act to Mlle. de Tourville, and her father, in order to get them sent out of the country. Mr. Twytle did not happen to be at home, and Mrs. Rushton immediately drove to the De Tourville lodgings in King Street, Holborn, with the design, she admitted, of availing herself of what she was in her own mind, satisfied was the purely accidental taking away of a jewel case, to terrify Mlle. de Tourville, by the threat of a criminal charge, into not to admit, under any circumstances, of Mr. Arthur Rushton's addresses. Mrs. Rushton found Eugenie in a state of extraordinary, and it seemed painful, excitement, and the young lady intimated that whatever Mrs. Rushton had to say should be reserved for another opportunity, when she would calmly consider whatever

Mrs. Rushton had to urge. The unfortunate lady became somewhat irritated at Mlle. de Tourville's obstinacy, and the unprovoked contempt with which she treated the charge of robbery, even after finding the missing jewel case in a handbox, into which it had been thrust with some brushes and other articles in the hurry of leaving. Mrs. Rushton was reiterating her threats in a loud tone of voice, and moved towards the bell to direct, she said, the landlord to send for a constable, but with no intention whatever of doing so, when Mlle. de Tourville caught her suddenly by the arm and bade her step into the next room.

Mrs. Rushton mechanically obeyed, and was led in silence to the side of a bed, of which Eugenie suddenly drew the curtain, and displayed to her, with a significant and reproachful gesture, the pale, rigid countenance of her father's corpse, who had, it appears, suddenly expired. The shock was terrible. Mrs. Rushton staggered back into the sitting room, faint and sick, sank into a chair, and presently asked for a glass of wine.

"We have no wine," replied Mlle. de Tourville; "but there is a cordial in the next room which may be better for you." She was absent about a minute, and on returning presented Mrs. Rushton with a large wine-glass full of liquid, which the deceased lady eagerly swallowed. "The taste was strange, but not unpleasant; and instantly afterwards Mrs. Rushton left the house."

When the carriage reached Harley street, she was found to be in a state of great prostration: powerful stimulants were administered, but her life was beyond the reach of medicine. She survived just long enough to depose to the foregoing particulars; upon which statement Mlle. de Tourville had been arrested, and was now in custody.

"You seem to have been very precipitate," I exclaimed as soon as the solicitor had ceased speaking; "there appears to be as yet no proof that the deceased lady died of other than natural causes."

"You are mistaken," rejoined Mr. Twytle. "There is no doubt on the subject in the minds of the medical gentlemen, although the post mortem examination has not yet taken place. And, as if to put aside all doubt, the bottle from which this Eugenie de Tourville admits she took the cordial proves to contain distilled laurel-water, a deadly poison, curiously colored and flavored."

Greatly perturbed, astonished, shocked as I was, my mind refused to admit, even for a moment, the probability, hardly the possibility, of Eugenie de Tourville's guilt. The reckless malignancy of spirit evinced by so atrocious an act dwelt not, I was sure, within that beautiful temple. The motives alleged to have actuated her—fear of a criminal charge, admitted to be absurd, and desire to rid herself of an obstacle to her marriage with Arthur Rushton—seemed to me altogether strained and inapplicable. The desperation of unreasoning hate could alone have prompted such a deed; for detection was inevitable, and had, in truth, been courted rather than attempted to be avoided.

My reasoning made no change in the conclusions of Mr. Twytle, the attorney for prosecution, and I hastened home to administer such consolation to Arthur Rushton as might consist in the assurance of my firm conviction that his beloved mother's life had not been wilfully taken away by Eugenie de Tourville. I found him still painfully agitated; and the medical attendant told me it was feared by Dr. — that brain fever would supervene if the utmost care was not taken to keep him as quiet and composed as under the circumstances was possible. I was, however, permitted a few minutes' conversation with him; and my reasoning, or more correctly, my confidently expressed belief—for his mind seemed incapable of following my argument, which it indeed grasped faintly at, but slipped from, as it were, in an instant—appeared to relieve him wonderfully. I also promised him that no legal or pecuniary assistance should be wanting in the endeavor to clear Mlle. de Tourville of the dreadful imputation preferred against her; I then left him. The anticipation of the physician was unfortunately realized: the next morning he was in a raging fever, and his life, I was informed, was in very imminent danger.

It was a distracting time; but I determined, and with much self-effort, kept down the nervous agitation which might have otherwise rendered me incapable of fulfilling the duties I had undertaken to perform. By eleven o'clock in the forenoon I had secured the native and zealous services of Mr. White, one of the most celebrated of the criminal attorneys of that day. By application in the proper quarter, we obtained immediate access to the prisoner, who was temporarily confined in a separate room in the Red-Lion Square Lock-up House. Mademoiselle de Tourville, although exceedingly pale, agitated, and nervous, still looked as lustreously pure, as radiantly innocent of all evil thought or deed, as on the day that I first beheld her. The practised eye of the attorney scanned her closely. "An innocent of this charge," he whispered, "as you or I, I tendered my services to the unfortunate young lady with an earnestness of manner which testified more than any words could have done how entirely my thoughts acquitted her of offence. Her looks thanked me; and when I hinted at the promise exacted of me by Arthur Rushton, a bright blush for an instant mantled the pale marble of her cheeks and forehead, indicating with the tears, which suddenly filled and trembled in her beautiful eyes, a higher sentiment than mere gratitude. She gave us her unreserved confidence; by which, after careful sifting, we obtained only the following by no means entirely satisfactory results:

Mademoiselle de Tourville and her father had escaped from the Terrorists of France by the aid of, and in company with, the Chevalier La Houssaye, with whom Mlle. de Tourville had previously had but very slight acquaintance. The Chevalier soon professed a violent admiration for Eugenie, and, having contrived to lay M. de Tourville under heavy pecuniary obligations at play—many of them Mademoiselle de Tourville had only very lately discovered—prevailed upon his debtor to exert his influence with his daughter to accept La Houssaye's hand in marriage. After much resistance, Mademoiselle de Tourville, overcome by the commands, intreaties, prayers of her father, consented, but only on condition that their marriage should not take place till their return to France, which it was thought need not be very long delayed; and that no more money obligations should in the meantime be incurred by her father. La Houssaye vehemently objected to delay; but finding Eugenie inexorable, suddenly acquiesced. It was precisely at this

time that the engagement with Mrs. Rushton was accepted. On the previous afternoon Mlle. de Tourville, on leaving Harley street after the scene with the deceased lady, went directly home, and there found both her father and the chevalier in hot contention and excitement. As soon as La Houssaye saw her, he seized his hat, and rushed out of the apartment and house. Her father, who was greatly excited, had barely time to say that he had fortunately discovered the chevalier to be a married man whose wife, a woman of property, was still living at Languedoc, when what had always been predicted would follow an unusual agitation, happened: M. de Tourville suddenly placed his hand on his side, uttered a broken exclamation, fell into a chair and expired. It was about two hours after this melancholy event that Mrs. Rushton arrived.

The account before given of the interview which followed was substantially confirmed by Mlle. de Tourville; who added that the cordial she had given Mrs. Rushton was one her father was in the constant habit of taking when in the slightest degree excited, and that she was about to give him some when he suddenly fell dead.

We had no doubt, none whatever, that this was the whole, literal truth, as far as the knowledge of Mlle. de Tourville extended; but how could we impart that impression to an Old Bailey jury of those days, deprived as we should be of the aid of counsel to address the jury, when in reality a speech, pointing to the improbabilities arising from character, and the altogether ungaily-like mode of administering the fatal liquid, was the only possible defence? Cross-examination promised nothing; for the evidence would consist of the dying deposition of Mrs. Rushton, the finding of the laurel-water, and the medical testimony as to the cause of death. The only person upon whom suspicion pointed was La Houssaye; and that in a vague and indistinct manner. Still, it was necessary to find him without delay, and Mr. White sought him at his lodgings, of which Mlle. de Tourville furnished the address. He had left the house suddenly with all his luggage early in the morning, and our efforts to trace him proved fruitless. In the mean time the post-mortem examination of the body had taken place, and a verdict of wilful murder against Eugenie de Tourville been unhesitatingly returned. She was soon afterwards committed to Newgate for trial.

The Old Bailey session was close at hand, and Arthur Rushton, though immediate danger was over, was still in too delicate and precarious a state to be informed of the true position of affairs when the final day of trial arrived. It was not the fashion in those days to exaggerate the details of crime, and, especially before trial, give the wings of the morning to every fact or fiction that rumor with her busy tongue obscurely whispered. Twenty lines of the "Times" would contain the published record of the commitment of Eugenie de Tourville for poisoning her mistress, Caroline Rushton; and, alas! in spite of the quipped but earnest efforts of the eminent counsel we had retained, and the eloquent innocence of her appearance and demeanor, her conviction and condemnation to death without hope or mercy! My brain swam as the measured tones of the recorder, commanding the almost immediate and violent destruction of that beautiful masterpiece of God, fell upon my ear; and had not Mr. White, who saw how greatly I was affected, fairly dragged me out of court into the open air, I should have fainted. I scarcely remember how I got home—in a coach I believe; but face Rushton after that dreadful scene with a kindly-meant deception—lie in my mouth, I could not, had a king's crown been the reward. I retired to my chamber, and on the plea of indisposition directed that I should on no account be disturbed. Night had fallen, and it was growing somewhat late, when I was startled out of the painful reverie in which I was absorbed by the sudden pulling up of a furiously-driven coach, followed by a thundering summons at the door, similar to that which aroused me on the evening of Mrs. Rushton's death. I seized my hat, rushed down stairs, and opened the door. It was Mr. White!

"Well!—well?" I ejaculated.

"Quick—quick!" he exclaimed in reply. "La Houssaye—he is found—has sent for us—quick! for life—life is on our speed!"

"I was in the vehicle in an instant. In less than ten minutes we had reached our destination—a house in Duke Street, Manchester Square. He is still alive," replied a young man in answer to Mr. White's hurried inquiry. We rapidly ascended the stairs, and in the front apartment of the first floor beheld one of the saddest, mournfullest spectacles which the world can offer—a fine athletic man, still in the bloom of natural health and vigor, and whose pale features, but for the tracings there of fierce, unquenched passions, were strikingly handsome and intellectual, stretched by his own act upon the bed of death! It was La Houssaye! Two gentlemen were with him—one a surgeon, and the other evidently a clergyman, and as I subsequently found, a magistrate, who had been sent for by the surgeon. A faint smile gleamed over the face of the dying man as we entered, and he motioned feebly to a sheet of paper which, closely written upon, was lying open on a table placed near a sofa upon which the unhappy suicide was reclining. Mr. White snatched, and eagerly perused it. I could see by the vivid lighting up of his keen gray eye that it was, in his opinion satisfactory and sufficient.

"This," said Mr. White, "is your solemn deposition, knowing yourself to be dying?"

"Yes, yes," murmured La Houssaye; "the truth—the truth!"

"The declaration of a man," said the clergyman with some asperity of tone, "who defyingly, unrepentingly, rushes into the presence of his Creator, can be of little value!"

gave a full, detailed account, written in the French language, of the circumstances which led to the death of Mrs. Rushton.

La Houssaye, finding that M. de Tourville had by some means discovered the secret of his previous marriage, and that consequently all hope of obtaining the hand of Eugenie, whom he loved with all the passion of his fiery nature, would be gone unless De Tourville could be prevented from communicating with his daughter, resolved to compass the old man's instant destruction. The chevalier persuaded himself that, as he should manage it, death would be attributed to the affection of the heart, from which M. de Tourville had so long suffered. He procured the distilled laurel-water—how and from whom was minutely explained—colored, flavored it to resemble as nearly as possible the cordial which he knew M. de Tourville—and he only—was in the habit of frequently taking. A precisely similar bottle he also procured—the shop at which it was purchased was described—and when he called in King street, he found no difficulty, in an unobserved moment, of substituting one bottle for the other. That containing the real cordial he was still in possession of, and it would be found in his valise. The unexpected arrival of Mlle. de Tourville frustrated his design, and he rushed in fury and dismay from the house. A few hours afterwards, he heard of the sudden death of M. de Tourville, and attributing it to his having taken a portion of the stimulated cordial, he, La Houssaye, fearful of consequences, hastily and secretly changed his abode. He had subsequently kept silence till the conviction of Eugenie left him no other alternative, if he would not see her perish on the scaffold, than a full and unreserved confession. This done—Eugenie saved, but lost to him—he had nothing more to live for in the world, and should leave it.

This was the essence of the document; and all the parts of it which were capable of corroborative proof having been substantiated, a free pardon issued from the crown—the technical mode of quashing an unjust criminal verdict—and Mlle. de Tourville was restored to liberty.

She did not return to France. Something more perhaps than a year after the demonstration of her innocence, she was married to Arthur Rushton in the Sardinian Catholic Chapel, London, the bridegroom having by her influence been induced to embrace the faith of Rome. The establishments in Harley street and Mayfair were broken up; and the newly-wedded pair settled in the county of Galway, Ireland, where Mr. Rushton made extensive land purchases. They have lived very happily a long time, have been blessed with a large and amiable family, and are now—for they are both yet alive—surrounded with children innumerable.

The following "case" for the consideration of young lawyers, is well put, and deserves the attention of the bar:

It is a shindy as a light.
Dick Roe had turned the tables,
And eke should tear a piece from out
John Doe's un-memorable nose—
Quere—in such a case as this,
Which course to go upon?

Should Doe bring suit against Dick Roe,
Or Dick bring suit to John?
Or if compelled to sue Dick Roe,
Say what the New Code teaches,
Should John sue Dick for a breach of the peace
Or for a piece of the breeches?

"I don't care about any more of this gray," exclaimed a young man from the country, a few days since, while sitting at the dinner-table, with a plate of hot and highly-seasoned French soup before him, at one of our fashionable hotels. "I don't care about eating any more of this stuff, and you may have the rest on it if you likes, Sussey. Waiter, give me some biled pig!"

ELDERBERRY PIE.—A correspondent, H., dating at Somerville, St. Lawrence county, New York, sends the editor of the American Agriculturist the following recipe for making pies from black elderberries. As this berry is pretty abundant in this region, we may serve a good purpose in publishing it.

It may not be generally known that the fruit of the common black-berried elder (*Sambucus canadensis*) affords a most delicious and wholesome material for pies. When rightly prepared, it would not be known from those made from the whortleberry, and many would prefer them to the raspberry. A tablespoonful of vinegar should be added to each pie, which will neutralize the peculiar taste, and impart a pleasant acid flavor. No other precaution need be taken, and no difference is observed in preparing them for use.

The red-berried elder is poisonous, but cannot be mistaken for the other, because it ripens its fruit long before the black elder comes to maturity. When this very abundant berry is better known, it will be more highly prized, and doubtless would improve in quality under judicious cultivation.

TO MAKE WHITEWASH THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF.—Mix up a pailful of lime and water ready to put on the wall, then take a quarter of a pint of flour, mix it up with water, then pour on it boiling water, a sufficient quantity to thicken it; then pour it, while hot, into the whitewash. Stir it well together, and it is ready for use.

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican, in an article upon the writings of N. P. Willis, has the following remarks:—"One can hardly help feeling as he hears Mr. Willis talking love and undying devotion, that, although he does it beautifully, he only does it because it is beautiful. There is a smack of sentiment, and a brag style about it, as if he were to say, 'I love you with a devotion that knows no limit, dem me if I don't. Doubt me, and I will throw myself into the sea, I swear I will. My dear, what can I do for you? Have an ice? He talks beautifully of God and worship, and the humble virtues of the christian, but there is a certain something about it all which makes you think he goes to church to see the girls and hear the music."

A man's nature is indicated by his dress.—The open-hearted man wears his clothes loose and comfortable, while narrow-contracted men sport neatness, and white chockers tied very tight. Your modest gentlemen, on the contrary, are close shaved, and look gloomy and crisp, like a new bank note. As Dobbs very justly remarks, never ask a favor of a man who wears a cravat tight.

Somebody calls Quack doctors "the drivers of the last stage of consumption."

MISCELLANY.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

BY CHAS. T. LEWIS.

The old apple-tree where in childhood I played,
Round the chair of my grandfathers, that sat in its shade;
O, the loved ones that once sat beneath its boughs,
And the old apple-tree is deserted and lone.

But dear to my heart is the old apple-tree;
Its blossoms still flourish the fragrance of youth;
The sweetest still rustles its branches among,
And the old apple-tree is deserted and lone.

The grass is still green on the turf underneath,
The sweet-briar distils there its odorous breath;
The rose and the gladiolus still are as fair,
And as sweet as in childhood's best season they were.

O, long may that tree in its verdure be seen,
And long may the turf underneath it be green,
The birds there sing sweetly, and flowers blossom fair,
For the loved ones of childhood are slumbering there.

A Word for the Boys.

In attempting to point out some of the evils attending other branches of business, I did not intend to be understood as intimating that the farmer was without his difficulties. But the great truth which I would, if possible, impress on the minds of the youthful part of the agricultural community, is that the farmer has, on the whole, fewer evils and temptations to encounter, and has within his reach more of the means of substantial happiness, than any other inhabitant of this beautiful world—yes, this beautiful, glorious world of ours, for so it is, notwithstanding what all the croakers may say to the contrary. But labor is his destiny, and this we do not wish to deny or conceal. Indeed, it seems to have been the original intention of the great Creator, that man should spend his days on earth in constant labor and exercise. For what does the good book say?—that he was put into the garden to sit under the shady trees all day, and when he was hungry, merely to stretch out his hand and pick up the fruit? No; it says no such thing. It says, 'The Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dress it and to keep it.' Whether or not he performed that part of his duty well, we are not particularly informed; but as we have an account of his doing one thing that he ought not to have done, I think it is very natural to conclude that he might have left undone some of those things which he ought to have done; and that, in fact, it may be barely possible that if he had been busy 'keeping and dressing' his garden, he might have been out of the way of temptation. Be that as it may, it is very certain that in our day there are many gardens and farms that bring forth 'thorns and thistles' most abundantly, 'for the sake,' or at least 'in consequence,' of the indolence of their occupants; and I believe these are the kind of men most likely to be found in the employment of the Old Serpent.

This brings us, however, to another great truth, which mankind have been and still are to this day slow to believe, namely, that labor is not an evil, but a great and incalculable blessing. Doubtless it may be, and in some cases is, carried to excess, and wears out the man prematurely. Notwithstanding, that constant labor, day after day, is a blessing, and not an evil, is a great truth, which should be impressed on the mind of every man, woman, and child. But that we may know and feel that labor is really and in truth a blessing, the mind and the body must both labor together; and this carries us away back to when I was talking about 'food for the mind.' Here lies the great secret, the 'philosopher's stone' that turns all the iron into gold—food for the mind—or more properly, perhaps, work for the mind. The body cares nothing for work, nor heat, nor cold, nor rain, nor snow, provided the mind too is at work. But when working alone, the body tires, and the mind, for the want of better employment, soon begins to sympathize with the poor body, and both get into a bad fix. On the other hand, the mind cannot long work alone. The body, when left idle, soon becomes enfeebled and diseased; of this, the pale faces and slender forms of multitudes of students and professional men afford the most melancholy and conclusive evidence. Now, the only proper system of education and practice, through life, is that both body and mind work together; for experience proves that they are mutually strengthened and invigorated by constant exercise. And mankind are beginning, though slowly, to profit by the experience. And I think that even a boy may satisfy himself, by a little reflection, that these things are so. Suppose you were to be allowed the privilege of cultivating an acre of land in corn for your own especial benefit, with plenty of manure, and time enough to do it in the best possible manner—and if you could obtain a premium on it from the Agricultural Society, that too should be yours. You would then, of course, like to know how those men who have raised great crops of corn have managed; you would probably look over, carefully, the back numbers of the Central New York Farmer, and perhaps those of the Cultivator and the Genesee Farmer, if you could obtain them, and get all the information you could; then you would take the course which you thought, on the whole, best suited to your particular piece of land, and go to work. Suppose, now, that your corn should come up and grow finely, and flourish even beyond your highest expectations, and that finally it should be allowed that yours was decidedly the best corn in the neighborhood, and probably in the county. Think you it would be hard work to tend that field of corn?—to plow it, manure it, plant it, hoe it, and nurse it throughout? I think not. I believe you would say the happiest days you spent that summer were in that field of corn—and why? Simply because your whole mind was engaged in the thing—or, in other words, was at work. And a scientific practical farmer would have his mind constantly and pleasantly engaged in the management of his farm, and in fact much more so, in consequence of the great variety of objects that would engage his attention. But we must begin to apply all this to the every-day practice of a farmer boy, viz., to assist him, in some measure, to increase his present and future happiness, by furnishing food for his mind, or setting his head to work. I fear, however, that my young friends, will think me more prolix in words than wisdom, as I have again reached the end of my sheet without coming to the end of my subject; but if their patience is not entirely 'used up,' I will, opportunity permit, try my pen once more, and endeavor to be as brief as possible.

UNCLE JONATHAN.

[Central New York Farmer.]

WATER. A calculation of the weight of water and the superficial area of ground, proves that a body of water one inch in depth and covering an entire acre, will weigh one hundred and one tons. Speaking of the recent storm and of the enormous weight of the descending rain, a writer in the National Intelligencer properly says:

How overwhelming is the consideration of the physical law by which this volume has been suspended over before it is permitted to discharge itself before us! And how much more awful and humbling ought to be the reflection, when we look up to that Power, which controls and directs this law, and which re-

strains its liability by a sudden descent to destroy us in an instant."

Clairvoyance.

For the purpose of showing how, in reality, human nature may be mystified by a simple contrivance, we will relate a little incident that occurred at Pease's Museum, one rainy evening several years ago. Mary, a well-known clairvoyant, had just been 'put to sleep,' when a gentleman at the farther end of the exhibition room requested that she would tell him who made the hat he then wore. Her attendant took the hat, and, having read the maker's name inside, put it behind him. The following conversation then ensued between the attendant and the clairvoyant:

"Mary, can you see the name in this hat? If so, tell what it is."

"I can't see it plain. It looks misty and dim."

"Perhaps you can spell it. Will you try?"

"Yes, sir, I'll try."

"What is the first letter?"

"W."

"And the next?"

"A."

"Right. The next?"

"R."

"Next?"

"N."

"O. K., Mary. Now the next?"

"O."

"Correct. Go on."

"C."

"Keep on."

"K."

"That will do," said her interlocutor. "She has spelled out Warnock," he continued, turning to the astonished audience, "and that, you perceive" (showing the hat) "is the name written here."

Of course, the reader has observed that the initial letters of the questions propounded were those which composed the word Warnock. And yet this bit of trickery, so simple when explained, was a great mystery to many present.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE...AUGUST 22, 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.

Y. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, No. 10 State St., Boston, is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PETTINGILL, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 State 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.

A Lesson for poor Boys.

A brief paragraph has been circulating in the papers, stating that the residence of Wm. P. Van Rensselaer, near Albany, New York, has recently been sold by his assignees, to a gentleman of Boston, who is forthwith to make it his residence. The mere sale of a house, and the consequent change of occupants, is a matter of small consequence, and of course the paragraph alluded to attracts but little attention, except with those who know something of the circumstances.

The death of the great "patron," General Van Rensselaer, a few years since, at his magnificent seat in the suburbs of Albany, excited some interest at the time, and is doubtless recollected by most of our readers. His estate was one of those most prominent in the grievances of the Anti-Renters. It fell, on his decease, to his two sons, and was subsequently divided between them, one taking the portion on the east and the other that on the west side of the river. Wm. P. Van Rensselaer took the half on the east side of the Hudson river, opposite Albany. This portion of the old manor of Van Rensselaer is about twelve miles square, embracing one of the most valuable farming sections in the vicinity, including the village of Bath, on the river shore. All this property pays an annual rent to the patron. The home residence, which is called "Beaverwyck," consists of about 600 acres, with a mansion house that cost over \$75,000. This homestead is the portion said to be sold by the assignees. It is one of the most magnificent residences in the Union, and previous to the erection of Barnum's splendid oriental villa, was said to be unequalled in the country. Its hall with mosaic floor of polished woods, its frescoed apartments, its marble staircase, and its spacious conservatory, almost put competition out of the question. The grounds were laid almost regardless of expense, embracing nearly ten miles of winding gravel roads and walks—over charming meadows and through shady dells, sunny pastures and woody groves; reminding one of a nearer alliance with Paradise than the sequel indicates.

This is the beautiful and magnificent homestead from which Mr. Van Rensselaer is ejected by creditors only a few years after it became his. How easy to live in poverty!—how hard to surrender such wealth! How much better to be the poor boy that accumulates, than the rich heir that wastes and comes to poverty—even though that poverty be what one more humbly bred would regard as wealth. What a blessing is competency, combined with industry and contentment! Those who have seen the beautiful and splendid residence of the deceased patron, in the immediate environs of the city of Albany, can hardly count it less than exceedingly fortunate to be born and nurtured in such a home. And a blessing indeed is such a fortune, in one sense, when prudently enjoyed. But when lavished upon excess even beyond its own vast capacity, how much better a patrimony of a few hundred acres, or barely health and industry, than to fall from such a dizzy height that recovery is out of the question! In such opulence even economy is degrading, as the world goes; and industry a thing not to be thought of; and when the result of these virtues in the grand-father, has forsaken an unworthy descendant, a degrading poverty is the only hope. The wealth to be enjoyed, in the fullest sense of the term, is that which we honestly accumulate ourselves. Let the poor boy believe this, and count himself none the less fortunate for being

poor. With health and integrity he has the means of accumulating wealth; and this is far better than wealth itself.

The following hint, as it seems to us, is a good one; and we can hardly doubt that the enterprising men now engaged in this department of business will see to it that they secure the chance of furnishing the village with a convenience which it will not much longer do without.

Meat Market.

MR. EDITOR:—Among the numerous improvements which are going on in our village, why can't we have a meat market established at some central point? As it is now, all our meat is butchered at one end of the village, and it is generally found that the carts are rather lean before they reach the other end. Besides, I object altogether to the distribution of meat by carts. It subjects one to the annoyance of being called on when he is not in want of meat, and what is still worse, the vexation of not being called on when he is in want of it. It does not go upon the principle, "First come, first served," but rather, "First met, first served." "Largest dealer, first served," &c. Now what we need in this village is a regular meat market, where any one and every one who wants a piece of meat can go and get it; and by going in season can get as much as he wants. Whoever will establish such a market will be sure not to want for patronage.

ONE OF MANY.

Complimentary. Our friend Emery, of the Eastport Sentinel, took some pains to see Waterville on his way to the whig convention; and he very sensibly says of it:

"This place, famous for its fine college, is one of the most beautiful in New England. At the head of steamboat navigation on the Kennebec, it lies on a gently undulating surface, and appears at once with all the refinements of city life, and all the freshness and simplicity of a new country. Its streets are beautifully laid out, wide, well shaded, and lined with a great many pretty and neat but not splendid residences. It has water power sufficient to operate another Lowell; a number of manufactories; opposite the village one of the most beautiful sites for business men's residences, and already one of the most excellent farming regions in the State."

Thanks for your fair speech, brother. Waterville is, as you say, "a place which one may not only read of but experience with pleasure," and we are flattered when gentlemen of refined taste praise us.

A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, who writes as a Commencement visitor, besides bestowing unbounded but well deserved praise upon Elmwood Hotel, says—

On looking over my notes I find much more to say about this beautiful village and its attractions. * * * If any Bostonian wishes to pass a week or so pleasantly, let him take the cars to Waterville, and put himself under the charge of mine host; and be assured that the river, the forest, and the fairer portions of creation, in which Waterville is abundantly blessed, will make his stay one which he will look back upon with an ardent desire for its repetition.

The number of gentlemen who took the degree of A. M. on Commencement day, was nine, instead of three; and as follows—

Stephen Longfellow Bowler, Hiram Cushman Estes, Charles Edward Hamlen, Abner Oakes, James Monroe Palmer, Elkanah Andrews Cummings, Thomas Milton Symonds, David Sawyer True, George Greenwood Fairbanks.

AMERICAN ART UNION.—The Bulletin for August contains a fine portrait of Inman, and a beautiful picture entitled 'First Love,' illustrative of Motherwell's well known poem of 'Jenny Morrison'; it also contains the usual amount of reading matter valuable to all who are interested in the promotion of the fine arts. Although we have often set forth the objects of the Union, and its claims to public confidence and patronage, we will venture yet one more brief statement of what the members for the present year will be entitled to on the payment of five dollars; feeling well assured that there is small danger, let the matter be ever so often and strongly presented, that our money-loving people will do any more than they ought for the promotion of the good work in which this association is engaged.

They will be entitled—1. To such numbers of the 'Bulletin' as may be issued after the date of the payment of their subscriptions. 2. To a print from the fine line Engraving by Burt, from Leslie's celebrated painting of 'Anne Page, Slender and Shallow.' 3. To a set of five Engravings, executed in the highest style, after Cole's 'Dream of Arcadia,' Edmunds's 'New Scholar,' Lautze's 'Image Breaker,' Durand's 'Dover Plains,' and Woodville's 'Card-Players.' 4. To a share in the distribution of Paintings, Statuettes, Medals, and other works of art.

Hon. Edwin Noyes, of this village, is Honorary Secretary of the Union, and will receive subscriptions and deliver pictures.

The following gentlemen are respectfully informed that they have had our paper as long as we can afford to send it without pay. If they will call and pay up we will trust them further.

Lithco Cole, Clinton.
John Cole, do.
Sam'l Wheeler, Jr. Canaan.
Amos Gulliver, Winslow.
Joseph H. Jacobs, Fairfield.

The man who will not pay for a newspaper, in these days of Homestead Exemption, ought to be known to his neighbors.

PERMANENT INNOVATION. Innovation is making long strides as well as rapid ones; and the only trouble is that she walks so much in the sand that she leaves but few permanent foot prints. When she happens to tread upon solid marble, those who discover her track should sound the alarm. Opposite our window, in the wall of the brick block nearly completed, belonging to Hon. Timothy Boutelle, is a block of marble with the name of the building, 'Phoenix.' O for the— and also for the CE, when the learned and venerable thus show

their orthographical faith by their works. Innovation has indeed planted her foot for an enduring mark: though fortunately for the cause of sound learning, when she set her toe upon the CE, she brained her heel upon the P-h, or we should have had 'Phenix' in letters of marble. Long may it be ere 'Phenix' Hall gives place for another Fenix Bieldin!

Visitors from the City.

Our village was honored, yesterday, with a picnic visit from Portland; the company consisting of some three to four hundred gentlemen and ladies. They arrived in a special train at 10 o'clock, spent the day, and left at 6 P. M. They were most cordially welcome; and it is a matter of general regret among our citizens that circumstances did not seem to permit the hospitalities their hearts dictated. Our courtesies are not accustomed to the 'narrow gauge,' and if suitable arrangements were not made for their reception, it was because they seemed not to be desired by the committee of the company. The convenient and beautiful groves and grounds of the College were freely tendered them; and those ladies and gentlemen who partook their collation at the sheds of the depot, must attribute the fault, if they count it such, rather to our unwillingness to interfere with private speculation, than to the lack of high respect for our visitors.

But so it is—and we can now only say to the ladies and gentlemen of Portland, in a style of courtesy much colder than we feel, 'Come again!' Give us leave to throw out the latch-string, and make your acquaintance, and if you don't find yourselves better entertained than you were yesterday, our hospitality shall lose its good name at your hands.

PIANO-FORTES.—Excellent bargains are offered in this article, by Mr. George Clark, at 101 Federal-st., Portland. His establishment is not extensive, but with a few superior and experienced workmen he has the reputation of getting up instruments of great beauty and of exceeding brilliancy of tone; and what is better still, at very low prices. Those who purchase or hire should by all means apply to him.

A letter from California, recently received in Bath, and published in the Mirror, has the following advice, which from the well known fact that other letter writers concur in it, we have no doubt is sound and worthy to be followed:

"Mind what I tell you—Don't come here! The mines are crowded, and the cities are crowded, and wages have a downward tendency. Business is overdone, and will be killed in a short time, there is such a rush here."

Wages may continue to 'have a downward tendency,' and so may everything else there, for a long time to come; but who has heard, or who expects to hear, that anything has an upward tendency—unless it be the miners on their way to the mountains, or the souls of the poor emigrants who become food for wolves on their way out!

THE LADY'S BOOK, for September, is very rich, though the same may be said of every number of this most popular of all the magazines. The 'Family Picture' is positively charming.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—We have received No. 3 of 'The Illustrated Family Bible,' now in course of publication in New York, of which it is praise enough to say that it is equal to its predecessors. Redding & Co., No. 8 State st., Boston, are general agents for the work. Copies may be seen at Mathews's, where the work can be obtained.

Nos. 21 and 22 of Phillips & Sampson's edition of Shakespeare are already issued.—It is not too late to get the whole work of C. K. Mathews.

Profits of the Nursery.

The following from the Albany Cultivator will probably convey some information to those not intimately acquainted with the management of the Nursery, and show that the Nursery is not all income and no outlet:

To estimate the actual value of a nursery would be impossible. The accidents which befall young trees are so numerous, that to say how many actually become fine saleable trees, would be entirely conjectural. Many failures occur—sometimes thousands are killed in a single winter by the heaving of the soil, or by severe or unusual winter, or by freezing of the inserted bud, or by breaking down under deep snow, or by drying of the grafts, by severe drought, by ungenial soil, or by all these causes more or less combined. We have known different nurseries to expend hundreds, and in some cases thousands of dollars in attempting to raise certain kinds of trees on land naturally unsuited to them, though highly manured, without receiving ten per cent on the outlay; we have known the value of thousands of dollars destroyed by frost in one winter in a single nursery; we have seen young and tender trees perish by tens of thousands in the excessive drought of a summer. The facilities for disposing of trees, also, are greatly influenced by circumstances. Sometimes the demand for a particular variety may be great; in a few years it may become unsaleable, or eclipsed by others not always better, and large sacrifices result from such an overstocked market. Large deductions must often be made to agents; for it rarely happens that a nurseryman is able to dispose of his entire stock at full retail prices. A ten-acre nursery, if properly conducted, costs nearly \$1000 a year—taking every thing into account, it would probably exceed this sum. The profits must come from one fifth, or two and a half acres yearly average. The superintendent or proprietor of such a nursery, who is his own salesman, book-keeper, clerk, traveller, and general manager, would hardly expect less than \$500 per year for his services; especially if from this amount he had to pay his house rent, and furnish his family (if he has one) with food, clothing and fuel, to say nothing of paying doctor's bills. Twenty-five hundred dollars yearly must come from two and a half acres; and when it is remembered that, in usual practice, not half the trees planted ever attain a marketable appearance, and that there are in fact often not more than one thousand good trees on two and a half acres, which at this rate should have to be sold at 25 cents each, as an average,—it will be perceived that the present prices of trees cannot be much reduced except at a loss. Ex-

treme cases occasionally occur of a much greater amount of good trees per acre; but formidable losses also occur, greatly reducing the average. In conclusion, it may be therefore remarked that this, like all other business requiring judgment, activity, vigilance and intelligence, may if industriously pursued, afford a return for the labor bestowed. We have known a few men who have thus accumulated comfortable estates. We have known a large number who have either lost or become insolvent;—and a still greater number who have just succeeded in making a living. The question often arises, whether the farmer can most cheaply raise his own trees or purchase them.

If he has some knowledge of the business, trees of good varieties to propagate from, and considerable leisure, he may easily raise them; otherwise not. Whatever is done by wholesale, is usually most cheaply done; and this is especially the case where new varieties are to be introduced. The nurseryman may procure such, and furnish a hundred or a thousand, at a lower rate than an amateur could procure it from the same source, and raise but a single tree.

MARBLE WORK.—We have once before called attention to the beautiful marble work, of various kinds, executed at the shop of Dea. Stevens, in this place. In the style and finish of lettering particularly, on monumental and other work, it excels country shops generally. Grave stones are executed in a degree of taste that would not disturb the slumber they are designed to record; which is an object not always secured, if we may judge from the records of most cemeteries. A stock of choice marble, including the best samples of Italian, is always on hand. No establishment in the State, probably, offers better inducements to those in want of ordinary articles of marble work.

RIGHT. The establishment alluded to in the following notice deserves all that is said in its praise.

Among the late arrangements for trade in Portland is the newly modeled establishment of Messrs. Smith & Robinson, to whose advertisement we invite the attention of our readers. Their spacious rooms—Nos. 90 and 92 Middle Street—have been fitted up with excellent taste and judgment, and seem to be well supplied with almost every thing that can be sought for, not only in a fancy dry goods store, but in a general house furnishing establishment. Carpets and upholstery, beds and bedding, window shades and paper hangings, contribute to make up the elegant variety of their up-stairs stock, while below stairs they appear to offer all the inducements to retail purchasers. We are glad to see our Portland dealers preparing themselves for a thriving business, and we trust that their taste and industry and enterprise will not go unrewarded. [Portland Argus.]

THE GREAT RAILWAY. The meeting at St. John on Thursday, in favor of the Great Railway scheme, was quite fully attended, and was a very enthusiastic one. Mr. Gray and Mr. Wilmot were among those who addressed the meeting. Resolutions were passed approving the measures adopted at the Convention held here—also that Books be opened for subscription to the Stock for thirty days—shares to be \$100 each, and \$1 per share be required at the time of subscribing to defray preliminary expenses. The Resolutions were carried unanimously and the meeting dissolved with three hearty cheers. We shall notice these Resolutions more at length, hereafter. The Editor of the St. John Courier says—"In our next we shall inform our Portland friends how warmly their hospitable conduct towards our Delegates was expiated upon by the respective speakers."—[Id.]

AN ACCIDENT. As the train was coming over the bridge, before entering the depot at the west end of the city, yesterday afternoon, the draw was discovered to be up, to let a canal boat through. The train was checked as soon as possible, by the engineer, who with the fireman, stuck as long as they could, when the locomotive plunged into the gap—and, as the boat was just underneath at the time, the engine went into the boat, the tender piled on top of that, and the baggage cars on to that.—The first passenger car was checked at the brink with some slight injury. Nobody hurt, but a narrow escape. How much damage was done we do not know.

It must have been gross carelessness, to disturb the bridge, when the train was expected. Hundreds of persons flocked up there last evening to see the wreck. Efforts were making to put things in shape again. Some estimate the damages at 8 to 4000 dollars. The 5 o'clock train for Boston was not hindered by the smash-up.—[Id.]

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DROWNING. Man is the only animal that drowns naturally. He does so only because he is endowed with reason—that is to say, with a large spherical brain with a skull on it, that rises above his nose. If he fall into deep water, in spite of his great brain, he has not presence of mind enough to stick his nose out of water and keep it out, as he easily might do; but his heavy head, like stone, presses his nose under water. In this position he inhales and fills his chest with water,—so that he becomes on the whole so much heavier than water as to sink. While the lungs are filled with air, the body is lighter than its bulk of water, and of course swims just as an iron vessel does. All, therefore, which is necessary to keep a person from drowning in deep water is to keep the water out of the lungs. Suppose yourself a bottle. Your nose is the nozzle of the bottle, and must be kept out of water. If it goes under, don't breathe again till it comes out. Then, to prevent its going down again, keep every other part under—head, legs, arms, all under water but your nose. Do that, and you can't sink in any depth of water. All you need to do to secure this is to clasp your hands behind your back, and point your nose at the top of the heavens and keep perfectly still. Your nose will never go under water to the end of time, unless you raise your brain, hand, knee, or foot higher than it. Keep still, with your nose turned up to perfect impudence, and you are safe. This will do in tolerable still water; in boisterous water you need a little of the art of swimming.

How queer it is to find fault with the laws on capital punishment because they don't prevent crime! You might as well find fault with the law of gravitation because it does not prevent mountains. The object of capital punishment is not to prevent crime, which is an impossibility—but to keep it within bounds—which it does very well. It is true that many people act, without regard to consequences, when excited by passion,—but then there are a vast multitude of respectable people, who never Websterized any fierce and vexatious creditor, and never will,—because they are afraid of being hung!—[Yankee Blade.]

OPENING OF THE ROADS. The first train of cars over the York and Cumberland Railroad and over the Kennebec and Portland, entered our city yesterday forenoon at 11 o'clock, precisely, at Dearing's Bridge. Quite a concourse of our citizens were on the spot and welcomed the 'iron horse' to the back side of the city with three hearty cheers. The train consisted of one passenger and one platform car, well filled with the President and Directors of the road, and the invited guests. The train left the city at 11:14 for Morrill's Corner, and was quite full of members of our City Government and others. A meeting of the Directors came off at the Morrill House at 12, and a collation was served up to numerous guests present. We understand that they had a large company and a pleasant time. The cars run to the Corner every half hour during the day, carrying all who wished to be transported back and forth, and did a large business.—[Id.]

RECKLESS. One day last week as the afternoon train from this city was thundering along between Brunswick and Freeport, conductor Stanley,—whose eyes are always in motion to see if every thing is in proper order—discovered a passenger who forgot to pay his fare, and who to avoid being questioned and bothered for his ticket, took a seat, or crawled in on to the brake frame, under one of the passenger cars, and was riding along as comfortably as his position and the dense cloud of dust in which he was enveloped would admit of.—The cars were hauled up, and the individual, who proved to be a young man, was dragged out and rolled down an embankment. Had he lost his life for his folly, it would not have been too severe punishment.—[Bath Mirror.]

The Springfield Republican, speaking of the case of Wakefield, the apothecary in Boston, indicted for manslaughter, says:—"Apothecaries, while being strictly accountable for their own sins, have saved the reputations of more Physicians than ever won sound ones, without making fatal blunders, known only to themselves. We once were in the company of a physician who issued a prescription for a dose of twenty grains of quinine. A few minutes after, the apothecary's boy came in with the paper, and asked the Doctor if he had not made a mistake. He had written Morphine instead of the substance he intended. The apothecary had saved the Doctor's reputation and the patient's life."

THE BANNER WHEAT. Our wheat has done excellently well this year—as usual.—From a table spoonful, with which we began the cultivation of it six years ago, there have been harvested, as nearly as we can calculate, in the Valley of the Kennebec, this month, between five and six thousand bushels. And it is the handsomest grain ever seen in our State. There will be a general sowing of it all over the State this Fall; but let us advise and beseech people to sow it in August. Don't, if possible, wait till September. Turn over a piece of pasture land, or green sward—plow it deep—dress the top with some old manure, and harrow it in, thoroughly with the grain. If it can be plowed in with a small horse plow, so much the better. Every farmer can select an acre or two in the right location, for this Winter Wheat; and rightly treated, it is as sure as any other crop we have.—[Gospel Banner.]

A GREAT COUNTRY.—The United States have a frontier line of 11,000 miles, a sea coast of 5,340 and a lake coast of 1,160. One of its rivers is twice as long as the Danube, the largest river in Europe. We have single States larger than England, and bayous and creeks that shame the Tiber and Seine. New York harbor receives the vessels, that navigate the rivers, canals and lakes to the extent of 3,000 miles—equal to the distance from America to Europe. From Maine to New Orleans is 200 miles further than from London to Constantinople, a route that crosses England, Belgium, Prussia, Germany, Austria and Turkey. Truly this is "a great country."

Within a few days there have arrived at the mills in this vicinity, a large quantity of saw-logs of superior quality, brought from land on the waters of the St. John river, driven up the lakes which naturally feed that river, and turned into the Penobscot waters through a canal, and thence run down the Penobscot. The men and supplies to procure these logs were despatched from this city last September, since which time constant and daily attention has been given to the business, and after eleven months hard service, the logs have arrived at the mills. This shows one of the features of Penobscot lumbering where the best quality of pine lumber is sought. This enterprise has received the earnest and personal attention of some of the best lumbermen on the Penobscot, and their skill is not surpassed by any in the world, the 'Timber King' himself being judge.—[Bangor Whig.]

The Scientific American has a letter from George Mathiot, a chemist attached to the coast survey, who announces that he has succeeded in obtaining a very brilliant light from passing hydrogen through turpentine, in accordance with Mr. Paine's supposed discovery.—Mr. E. L. Brown, a correspondent of the Boston Transcript, states that he has made the experiment and has succeeded in carburetting or rather catalyzing hydrogen with cold spirits of turpentine.

FEEDING AT SARATOGA.—Some idea may be formed of the extent and magnitude of the United States Hotel at Saratoga, kept by Messrs. Marvin, from the following list of provisions consumed, daily. (There are now about 700 guests at the house to which may be added about 100 children and 800 servants, making 1,500 persons to feed daily. They consume besides many other articles, the following each day: 600 lbs. Beef, 500 do. Mutton, 500 Chickens, 150 Ducks and Turkeys, 2,500 Eggs, 600 lbs. Butter, 1,500 Rolls for breakfast, 4 barrels of Flour.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Joshua Williams, of Strong, in this State, recently died in New York in consequence of fatal injuries received in falling from a building, with the stage on which he was at work. He was on his way to California, but was working temporarily at his trade in that city, awaiting the steamer's trip in which he had taken passage.

We understand that he had the prudence to get an insurance on his life for \$500, which has been promptly paid to his widow by the agent of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, at Farmington, Me.

The Conton prisoners were all discharged at Mobile, by our government, on Thursday of last week, with the exception of three or four, who it is thought may be needed as witnesses in the trial of the indictments at New Orleans, against the originators of the expedition.

At Fort Laramie, July 8, it was computed that 42,000 souls and 9,720 wagons had passed that point this season on the way to California and Oregon. The character of the emigrants was not so good as of last year.—

