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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, NOV. 7, 1850.

NO. 16.

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E. MAXHAM & D. R. WING.

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TERMS.
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If paid within six months, 1.75.
If paid within the year, 2.00.

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

POETRY.

THE WITHERED LEAVES.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The Summer is gone and the Autumn is here,
And the flowers are withering their early bier;
A dreary mist o'er the woodland swims,
While rattle the nuts from the windy limbs;
From bough to bough the squirrels run,
At the noise of the hunter's echoing gun,
And the partridge flies, where my footstep leaves
The rustling drifts of the withering leaves.

The flocks pursue their southern flight—
Some all the day and some all night;
And up from the woodland marshes come
The sound of the pheasant's feathery drum.
On the highest bough the mourner crows
Sit in their funeral suit of woe—
All nature mourns—and my spirit grieves
At the noise of my feet in the withering leaves.

Oh! I sigh for the days that have passed away,
When my life like the year had its season of May;
When the world was all sunshine and beauty and truth,
And the dew bathed my feet in the valley of youth!
Then my heart felt its wings, and no bird of the sky
Sang over the flowers more joyous than I.
But youth is a fable—and beauty deceives;
For my footsteps are loud in the withering leaves.

And I sigh for the time when the reapers at morn
Came down from the hill at the sound of the horn—
Or when dragging the rake I followed them out,
While they tossed their wild sheaves with laughter about.
Through the field, with boy-daring, barefooted I ran;
But the stubbles foreboded the path of the man!
Now the uplands of life lie all barren of sheaves—
While my footsteps are loud in the withering leaves.

MISCELLANY.

[From Arthur's Home Gazette.]

MIRIAM TEMPLE;

THE CONSEQUENCES OF A KIND ACT.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

'THERE is enough to make a beginning with,' soliloquized Miss Miriam Temple, emptying the contents of a green silk net purse upon a work table by her side.

The yellow gleam of two half eagles was discernible among the silver coins of various sizes that lay on the table, and although she knew the exact sum contained in the whole, she counted it with great care. When she had finished, she again said to herself.

'Yes, there is enough to make a beginning with.'

The little room, where Miriam Temple sat, had once been used as a milliner's shop, and occupied one half of the ground floor of a small building which she had received, as a bequest, from a distant relation, who, several years prior to his decease, had been a helpless invalid. He lived long enough to spend what little property he had, except this small building, and the spot of land on which it stood; and now, that he was gone, it became necessary that Miss Temple should do something for a livelihood. She had often, during the lifetime of the old gentleman, whom she had nursed with the most untiring assiduity, when she looked at the small counter and shelves, that above all things she should like to keep store; and now, with the money by her side, which she had earned with her needle, at such times as her patient did not require all her attention, she came to the determination to realize her ideal of a pleasant mode of obtaining a living.

Early the next morning she commenced making her purchases. A few articles of earthen ware, as being at once cheap and showy; several kinds of dried fruits, and a variety of those belonging to the season, were obtained and arranged on the counter and shelves, with all the taste and skill of which Miss Temple was mistress. But what constituted her secret delight of heart, was the show box, which formerly belonged to the milliner, for which she had procured various articles which she hoped would at once strike the eye and captivate the fancy of the beholder. Rolls of ribbon, comprising all the colors of the rainbow; sewing silks of the gayest hues; and little fancy boxes of different patterns and sizes, were interspersed with brass and bell-metal trinkets, rows of shining pins, and cards of gilt buttons. On the counter, near the window, were baskets filled with crackers, seed-cakes, and gingerbread.

Miss Temple arranged all these with closed shutters, by the light admitted from the adjoining apartment. She had just finished, when a man, whom she had engaged for that purpose, came and placed her sign over the door. It had been painted several weeks as a preparatory step to the grand movement which she had at length ventured upon. There was barely daylight enough left to enable the man to perform his task, and when he was gone, Miss Temple placed a lamp on the counter, and seating herself at a point which commanded a kind of panoramic view of the whole apartment, she feasted her eyes, at the same time that she employed her fingers in knitting a child's red worsted sock intended for sale.

When the bell rung for nine, she laid aside her knitting, and taking the lamp from the counter, she went as far as the door. Here she turned and looked around, to see, as she said mentally, if a spark did not fall from the lamp in its transit from the counter to the door, but in reality to take another look of the shelves filled with crockery and fruit, and the window with oranges, lemons, peaches, tumbler of chestnuts, almonds, and English walnuts. She even thought of going to the show box, to see if, by some incomprehensible means, a spark had not found its way beneath the glass cover.

It must have been midnight before Miss Temple could compose herself to sleep. She had never, from pleasurable excitement, been kept awake so long but once before in her life, and that was the night succeeding a rainy day, on which Simon Short, a young man whom she thought particularly good looking, assisted her across a gutter. It is true, that, owing either to his awkwardness or her own trepidation, she slipped and wet both of her feet, in consequence of which she took cold and was confined to the house a week. She knew, however, that he meant to do her a kindness. But that was when she was in her teens. Twelve

years, with their weight of toil, and care, and sorrow, had since been added to her life, and she had, a few months before concluding on opening a store, made Simon Short's wedding vest, as calmly as she would have made the vest of any other man.

'Simon,' said she, 'has made a very good choice—Sally Dikes will make him a good wife, and she is a great deal handsomer than I am.' She had, from early childhood, been meek and patient—qualities which being in constant requisition under the training of a stern, severe and exacting task-mistress, were, of course, more and more developed. They stamped themselves upon her countenance, and were exhibited in every movement. There was something even in the manner in which she braided her hair, and parted it on her forehead, which showed that she was of a gentle, submissive disposition, and if a phrenologist had examined her head, he would have found that the bump of reverence was uncommonly prominent.

When Miss Temple did go to sleep, visions of crockery, oranges, needles, chestnuts, ribbons, and raisins, with plenty of customers, mingled together in strange confusion, were constantly before her. She awoke early and rose before the sun. When the mists, left by slumber, had fairly cleared away, she found that the picture which had been floating in her mind, and which to her half-aroused faculties presented shapes as varying and undefined as the floating cloud, was nothing more nor less than the bright, cheery little room, which she had so lately garnished with articles pleasant to palate and eye.

Her first care, after leaving her chamber, was to unlock the shutters of her store, and open the door. She then looked carefully up street and down, and finding that no person appeared to be stirring, she crossed over to the opposite side, that she might have a full view of the show window in all its glory. There, too, over the door, was the sign with a black ground and 'Miriam Temple' painted in large, yellow capitals. As a whole, it appeared better than she had expected, and she was conscious of a greater degree of self-consequence than she had ever experienced before—a feeling she was unable wholly to subdue. She hastened back and commenced preparing her breakfast, not without stopping many times to listen, thinking she certainly heard some one enter the shop door.

After breakfast she sat two full hours behind the counter, her hands busily employed in knitting, and her eyes busily employed in watching the persons who passed when a little, forlorn looking boy, with a broken hat much too large, and a ragged jacket much too small, stopped opposite the store. He looked wistfully at the window where rows of golden oranges, luscious peaches, and red-cheeked apples were displayed, then thrust his hand into his pocket and took from thence a handful of something which he carefully deposited upon a smooth paving stone.

'There's money, I know,' murmured Miss Temple, 'for I heard it ring.'

She could not help peeping out. The little boy, with his pale lips puckered up in an attempt to whistle, selected from half a dozen rusty nails, one cent. This he retained in his hand, returning the nails to his pocket. He entered the store, but by the way in which his eyes wandered from one thing to another, he evidently could not make up his mind what to purchase. In the meantime Miss Temple's compassion was awakened as her eyes rested on his little pale face, which looked so thin and pinched beneath the torn rim of his heavy hat.

'Had you not better have some gingerbread?' she at length asked of him. 'I will give you a nice large piece for a cent.'

'I think I had, ma'am,' was his reply. Miss Temple gave him just twice the worth of his money, and, in addition, slipped a fine large peach into his hand. The boy did not speak, but his whole countenance was illuminated by smiles, while bright tears, for they were tears of joy, filled his eyes.

'Call again,' said Miss Temple, 'when you want another piece of gingerbread.'

'I will, when Mr. Loftus gives me another cent for doing an errand for him—he commonly pays me in something which he says is better than money for me.'

'My first sale has not been a very profitable one,' thought Miss Temple. 'But I don't care, for I never saw a little fellow look so pleased as he did. I couldn't have thought that a piece of gingerbread and a peach could have brought so much light to his sad and mournful looking face. I am afraid he has no one to care for him,' and then, in her mind, she took an inventory of certain garments contained in an old chest, which, though considerably worn, she thought might afford material to make him a warm suit of clothes for the approaching winter.

Quite a number of persons called in the course of the day, yet, when at night she made an estimate of what she had sold, the amount fell somewhat short of her expectations. She hoped, however, that when it came to be generally known that she had opened a store, her custom would increase. Time proved that she did not entertain false hopes. She was soon enabled to add a variety of articles to those with which she commenced. There were times when she could hardly realize that she, Miriam Temple, was the owner of so well filled a store, but a look at the little sign, over the door, seldom failed to convince her that she was laboring under no hallucination.

The little boy, who paid Miss Temple the first piece of coin she ever put into her money drawer, did not again make his appearance for several weeks. She had often thought of him and wondered why he did not call, when one damp, chilly evening, he entered the store. He looked paler than when she saw him before, and he shivered with the cold.

'Why have you staid away so long?' she inquired. 'I couldn't get a cent before to-night,' he replied. 'Mr. Loftus said that the bread and cold meat which the "club" left of their weekly supper, and letting me sleep in the stable, was more than enough to pay me for sweeping the club room and running errands for him.'

'Haven't you a mother,' said Miss Temple. The boy shook his head mournfully without speaking.

'No, my father?'

'No, my father and mother both died a long while ago, and then my brother William and I went to live with Aunt Mary.'

'Why don't you live with your Aunt Mary now?'

'She died more than a year ago.' 'And your brother—where is he?' 'Gone to sea. He went a good while before Aunt Mary died. He is eight years older than I am.'

'Your brother's name is William—is that yours?'

'Alfred—Alfred Dennia.'

'Well, Alfred, come and sit by this bright fire—you look cold—and here is an apple and seed cake for you.'

Alfred obeyed with great alacrity. 'I haven't sat by a fire before since Aunt Mary died,' said he.

'Poor child—what did you do last winter?'

'Mr. Loftus used to let me creep in amongst the hay in his stable.'

He remained silent a minute, and a soft smile stole over his face. A pleasant memory had been called up. 'I used,' said he, 'to sleep in a bed when I lived with Aunt Mary.'

'And you shall sleep in one this blessed night,' said Miss Temple, with energy, hastily brushing away a tear. 'I often think that I fared hard when I was a child, but I never suffered a great deal from cold, nor much from hunger, though my meals were always coarse and sometimes scant. Here, Alfred, try on this cap.'

As she spoke, she handed him a very pretty and comfortable looking cap, which she had selected from a dozen others. He tried it on, and it fitted him exactly.

'You may have it for your own,' said Miss Temple. 'That large broken hat is not fit for winter.'

'My own? Oh, I must do you ever so many errands to pay you for it,' said he, in brisk, joyous accents.

'You can, without doubt, be useful to me in a great many ways,' said she; and then, seeing how quickly the little seed cake and apple which she had given him had disappeared, she went and cut a large, thick slice of bread, and spreading it with butter, gave it to him, saying, as she did so, 'I am afraid that you had no supper to-night.'

'I have had nothing to eat since morning,' he replied.

'Well, you can eat as much as you wish for now—I have a plenty.'

He evidently felt somewhat ashamed of his voracity, but his hunger got the better of his sense of decorum.

'I see that you are sleepy,' said Miss Temple, soon after he had finished his meal; 'so come up stairs with me, and I will show you where you are to sleep.'

He did as she directed him, hardly realizing that he was not only to sleep in a house, but in a bed.

'This is a spare bed,' said Miss Temple, as she conducted him into a neat, though scantily furnished chamber. 'I have no relations or friends who care enough about me to ever make them wish to come and spend a night with me, so that I shall have a great pleasure, without any inconvenience, in allowing you a comfortable room and bed, now the weather is getting cold.'

'I believe that my face and hands are quite clean,' said Alfred, looking at the nice white counterpane that covered the bed.

'Yes, indeed—and your clothes, too, though they are old and torn, are not dirty. I have been wondering how you kept yourself so clean.'

'I learnt of Aunt Mary. She liked to see me neat and clean, and I always tried to please her.'

'I will leave the lamp,' said she, as she turned to leave the room, 'and when I think you have done with it, I will come and take it away.'

The genial warmth communicated by a good fire, a plentiful meal, and a comfortable bed, possessed influences too soporific to be resisted, and though he strove with all his might to keep awake so as to bid Miss Temple good night when she returned for the lamp, he had by that time sunk into a profound sleep. She went to his bedside and looked at him for a minute or two, and as she noted the sweet and gentle expression of his thin, pale face, the blue veins crossing his temples standing out like delicate cords, she felt thankful that he had been thrown in her way, for he could not, she thought, much longer have coped with the hardships and privations of a vagrant life.

'Will not the gentleman you do errands for want you to-day?' said Miss Temple to Alfred the next morning, as they sat at breakfast.

'I hardly think he will, for yesterday he said he should be obliged to dismiss me, I acted so shiftless when I swept the club room. I told him that I was weak for the want of something to eat, and he only said that I must mind then and not be so greedy as to eat all the meat and bread I had for sweeping before the week was out. If I had only had such a nice breakfast as this, I think I could have swept to suit him.'

'I have been looking at you,' said Miss Temple, 'and can see that you look better than you did last night.'

Miss Temple liked to look at him. He was handsome, though so thin and pale, and she liked to look at whatever was beautiful, for she had poetry in her heart—a great deal of it, and that of the right kind, though she had never recognized it by its true name. She had never read any poetry, except Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns, and Lyric Poems, and she supposed Dr. Watts to be the greatest poet in the world. Her poetry was not like his, destined to be written on paper, but on hearts and faces, too, for kindness and gentle words, which find their way to the heart, will, like golden sunbeams, glance up thence and irradiate the countenance.

The tendrils which Miriam Temple's heart sent forth in search of some object to which they might cling for sympathy and support, even when rudely thrust aside, did not recoil upon their source and weave around it a nest of selfishness, but turned to other objects. A bird, a flower, a spray of green leaves, or a little patch of blue sky softly arching the space between the roofs of the houses, were things to exercise and cherish her kindly feelings and emotions. Hence her heart, instead of hardening, as is sometimes the case, under ungentle usage received in childhood, had become quickened and invigorated, in all its generous and loving impulses. As she now sat looking at Alfred, 'He will,' she thought, 'be a beautiful boy when his cheeks get well rounded and blooming, as they will be sure to do, as soon as good usage brings back his health.'

There was a little plot of ground, scarcely two yards square, at the back door, where a few clusters of hardy, late-blooming flowers

remained still unblighted by the frost, and Alfred, after breakfast, went out to look at them. The morning being bright and sunny, Miss Temple threw open the store door and took her usual seat.

A minute or two afterwards, a tall, and a very pompous-looking man, walked slowly by, who, during the whole time, kept his eyes fixed on her face. She turned very red, and the moment he had passed, she ran to the looking glass, for she felt afraid that her hair, or, perhaps, some portion of her dress, had become very much disarranged. But her hair, far too meek to ever think of such a thing as attempting to curl, much more of getting into a tangle, lay smoothly parted above her forehead, and the little and somewhat stiffly starched cambric collar encircling her throat, was as smooth and white as if carved from ivory. This was not the first time he had passed by and looked at her as on the present morning, though she did not happen to observe him.

The next day, and at nearly the same hour, the tall, pompous-looking man again passed Miss Temple's store, and kept his eyes fixed upon her as pertinaciously as before. She did not know what to think. As for Alfred, the moment he appeared in sight, he hid himself behind the counter; but Miss Temple's attention was too exclusively directed another way to notice him.

Miss Temple fell into a fit of musing after the man had passed, which Alfred, for reasons of his own, did not interrupt. Before night, he passed a second time, again calling up the blushes of Miss Temple by staring at her with his dull, lead-colored eyes, while Alfred again hid behind the counter. Miss Temple almost wished that she had had on her new gingham dress and her muslin collar trimmed with edging. Certain thoughts, though, more vague and loose, yet similar in some respects to those which occupied her mind when Simon Short helped her over, or rather into, the gutter, were called up. But when, in the evening, she happened to look towards the window and saw the same pair of lead-colored eyes peeping in at an opening between some articles arranged at the window, she became seriously alarmed.—He certainly must, she imagined, be devising ways and means to feloniously possess himself of some portion of her stock in trade. One thing, however, puzzled her. Instead of dodging aside, when he must have seen that she had discovered him, he boldly kept his post, without so much as winking.

The truth was, ever since he had particularly noticed her, he had entertained serious thoughts of speaking to her on the subject of marriage. There was something so decidedly anti-belligerent in her demeanor, communicating itself, as if by some magnetic influence, even to her dress, he thought, after weighing the subject pretty thoroughly in his mind, that she might answer for him a wife; whom he intended should supply the place of a housekeeper, and a maid of all work, at the expense of her board and clothing.

'I think that I cannot be deceived in her appearance,' said he, mentally, as he stood staring at her through the window, marking in a particular manner, as he did so, that her brown, silky hair, with its shining braids, looked as if it were trying to shrink still closer to the reverential-looking head it adorned. At last, when Miss Temple's fears became nearly insupportable, the town clock commenced striking eight. The sound seemed to have the effect of breaking the spell which had bound him to the window, for he turned suddenly away, and walked down street so briskly, that Miss Temple, who ran to the door, caught only a glimpse of his receding figure, looming up, in the glimmering lamp-light, to a height which she deemed almost gigantic.

'I knew,' said Alfred to himself, raising his head above the counter, when he saw Miss Temple go to the door, 'I knew he would be off to the club room the minute the clock struck eight.'

Miss Temple soon returned to her chair and took up her sewing, for she had commenced making some clothes for Alfred, and was anxious to complete them. It pained her to look at the worn jacket and trousers which he had entirely outgrown.

Miss Temple did not rest so quietly that night as usual; she could not entirely shake off her fears respecting thieves and house-breakers. Fears of this nature vanished with the rising sun, yet, when she seated herself in her store, she was restless and fidgety to a degree which scarcely had a precedent in the annals of her quiet, uneventful life.

After a while, steps on the pavement, more emphatic than the rest, made her aware that the man who was in the habit of staring at her as he passed, was close at hand. He perceptibly slackened his pace as he drew near the door, and then, instead of passing, he entered.

An inventory of every article in the store crowded itself into poor Miss Temple's head, as, rising and resting her hands on the counter, she waited for him to make known his wants.

'You don't keep gentlemen's vest patterns, do you, ma'am?' said he, taking a leisurely survey of the neatly-arranged shelves, where various articles had gradually displaced the crockery.

'Unfortunately, I have none now,' she replied; 'but I have gentlemen's gloves, which are very nice—a superior article. Shall I show them to you?'

'No, not now,' said he, waving his hand in an extremely dignified manner.

'He has the air of a lord,' thought Miss Temple.

She probably meant that he had a lordly air. Yet, though he neither wanted the gloves nor inquired for any thing else, he seemed in no hurry to depart.

After a silence of some minutes, which had mostly been spent in staring at Miss Temple, he said,

'You seem to understand the business of store keeping pretty well, but understanding such business, and knowing how to cook a good dinner, are two things.'

Miss Temple was at a loss to know whether his remark required an answer or not; she, however, ventured to say,

'Certainly, sir.'

'It needs a good deal of knowledge and experience in the culinary art to cook a real good dinner,' said he, emphatically.

Miss Temple again ventured a—

'Certainly, sir.'

'And there is not one person in a thousand who knows how to dine, let the dinner be ever so good.'

The 'Certainly, sir,' with which Miss Temple, at its commencement, intended to respond

to this remark, was exchanged for a slight attempt to cough, for she was suspicious he was not in his right mind. How so large a majority as nine hundred and ninety-nine persons to one, should not know how to eat a good dinner, when it was set before them, provided there was no lack of appetite, was a problem much too hard for her to solve. She therefore, tho' she did not speak, took a sidelong glance at him, to see if she could discover any look of wildness indicative of a deranged intellect.

'I don't mean, by my last observation, resumed he, 'to have you understand that there is not one in a thousand who cannot eat a good dinner. What I mean is, that they know nothing about dining, scientifically speaking.'

'Certainly not,' replied Miss Temple.

'It is an art, I may venture to say, in which women never attain any perfection. It is, indeed, what they should never aspire to. A woman should know how to cook a good dinner, but to understand the art of dining belongs not to feminine accomplishments.'

Perhaps he thought that some little time was necessary for Miss Temple to digest this last remark, for it was full five minutes before he spoke again. He then said,

'Do you know who I am, Miss Temple?—Do you know my name?'

'I do not.'

'I thought that you did not—my circle is a little higher than yours; but I think you have seen that large brick house—it is four stories—at the corner of B—street?'

'I have.'

'And you may have noticed the name on the door-plate?'

'I never have.'

'If you had taken the trouble to look, you would have seen that it was Kinkum Loftus. It is my name that is on the door-plate, and I am the owner of the house.'

Mr. Kinkum Loftus did not leave the store till he had made known to Miss Temple that he had thoughts of changing his condition; and that, having satisfied himself of her docility and willingness to be taught, he had in his own mind selected her as the person whom he intended to honor with his hand. He did not appear to think that there was a possibility of her refusing so high an honor; and, to confess the truth, the large brick house did rise up before her imagination, invested with a grandeur beyond what really belonged to it. Some invisible elf, too, seemed to keep whispering in her ear, 'Mrs. Kinkum Loftus,' and that it was at her option whether, for the future, she was to be called Mrs. Kinkum Loftus, or whether she was forever to remain the humble Miriam Temple she always had been.

The temptation might have proved too strong for her, had she not—her attention being attracted by a slight noise—looked down, where she beheld little Alfred pale and trembling, with tears in his eyes, crouching under the counter. All at once, she remembered that Loftus was the name of the man who had employed him to sweep the club room, and do his errands. The spark of ambition which had been kindled in her bosom—and in the meekest and gentlest natures there is always some ambition—was at once extinguished. She gave Mr. Loftus a negative answer. He was astonished. Never before had his dull, lead-colored eyes opened so widely, as when he found that he had counted with too much certainty on her non-resisting qualities.

'A great brick house, indeed,' said Miss Temple to Alfred, in a slightly scornful tone, as, in the evening, they sat before the grate, where glowed a fire just bright enough and just large enough to be comfortable. 'There is not a room in it, I know, that is half so cheerful and pleasant as this.'

'I guess there isn't,' said Alfred. 'Mr. Loftus never keeps a good fire, because he says that it costs too much. How I wish that my brother was here!'

'So do I—but it must be pleasant on the sea, such a still, moonlight evening as this.'

At that moment a boy appeared at the door and asked Miss Temple if she would have the morning paper.

'Yes,' she replied; and having paid for the paper, she unfolded it and turned to the ship news.

'Do you know the name of the vessel your brother sailed in?' said she.

'O yes, I shall never forget it—it was the ship Mary. He chose it for its name, because he said that Aunt Mary was so good and so kind to us.'

'The Mary arrived yesterday,' said she. Scarcely had the words escaped her lips, when a young man with a frank, handsome, and intelligent countenance, who was neatly dressed in sailor's costume, entered the store and asked for some apples. Alfred looked at him for a moment, and then going up to him somewhat timidly, for he was not free from doubt, said,

'Are you not my brother William?'

'Alfred—my little Alfred!' exclaimed the young man. 'I have found you at last, and the next moment Alfred was clasped in his brother's arms. 'I found that Aunt Mary was dead, and could find no one who could tell me any thing about you.'

'Come, William,' said Miss Temple, when her own emotion and that of the brothers had a little subsided—'come and sit by this bright fire, and tell us your adventures, and Alfred shall tell you his sufferings, because we hope they are now at an end, and the darkness of the past will make the present seem brighter.'

They made a long evening of it; and the much was said which might not be interesting to others, not a word was spoken which was not full of interest to them. Even the sound of each other's voices was enough to make the brothers happy, and to look at their smiling faces was joy enough for Miriam Temple.

William concluded not to go to sea any more, and having a talent for business, it was not many years before there was enough for them all to do in one of the largest and best-filled stores in the city.

Often would Miss Temple say to Alfred, 'This is all owing to you. Little did I think, at the time, that that little pale face of yours, by exciting my pity, would prove the means of gathering round me so many blessings and comforts. But, what was best of all, you saved me from the temptation of that great brick house at the corner of B—street, and from any desire to be called Mrs. Kinkum Loftus.'

INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.—It is related in the life of the celebrated mathematician, William Halton, that a respectable looking country woman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to

her, and sought other company, frequently passing his evenings from home, which made her feel extremely unhappy; and knowing Mr. Halton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she should manage to cure her husband. The case was a pretty common one, and he thought he could prescribe for it without losing his reputation as a conjurer.

'The remedy is a simple one,' said he, 'but I have never known it to fail. Always treat your husband with a smile.'

The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a courtesy and went. A few months afterwards she waited on Mr. Halton with a couple of fine fowls, which she begged him to accept. She told him with a tear of joy and gratitude glistening in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

Genius vs. Talent.

Keats, the poet, and James Mill, the historian, were contemporaries. The one, according to the language introduced by Coleridge, was a man of genius; the other was a man of talent. In the soul of Keats, if ever in a human soul at all, there was a portion of the real poetic essence—the real faculty divine; Mr. Mill, on the other hand, had probably as little of the poet in his composition as any celebrated man of his time; but he was a man of hard metal, of real intellectual strength, and of unyielding rectitude. In certain exercises of the mind he could probably have crushed Keats, who certainly was no weakling, as easily as a giant could crush a babe. But suppose the two men to have sat together on Hampstead Heath in a starry night, which of them would then have been the stronger—which would have known the more ecstatic pulses? Or, to make the case still more decisive, suppose the two men to have been Keats and Aristotle; Keats, a consumptive poetic boy, and Aristotle, the intellect of half a world. Does not such a contrast bring out the real injustice that has been done to many truly great and good men by the habit which, since the time of Coleridge, has become general, of placing all the men that belong to the so-called category of talent? For, granting, as we certainly do, the reality of some such distinction as is implied between the two substantives, is it not clear that the general mass of mind possessed by a man reputed to belong to the inferior category, and consequently, also, his general power to influence the soul of the world, may exceed a thousand times that possessed by a man of the other? In other words, may not a man rank so high in the one kind, that, even allowing the kind itself to be inferior, it may be said with truth that he is a hundred times greater a man than some specified lower man in the other? Practically, the tenor of these remarks is that we are in the present day committing an injustice by following the tendency of our young Coleridgeans to restrict the meaning of the quantitative word 'genius' within the limits of the qualitative 'greatness.' And, speculatively, their tenor may be expressed in the proposition that this quality or mode of mind called genius, the poetic sense, creative power, and so on, may exist in association with all varieties of intellectual or cerebral vigor, from the mediocrity of a Kirke White, or an Anacreon, up to the stupendousness of Shakespeare.

[North British Review.]

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.—Mr. C., of Newburyport, was one of the irascibles. Many a story is told of his fretful temper. One winter, his son, who kept

MISCELLANY.

The Nobleness of a True Life.

Whoever yields to temptation debases himself with a debasement from which he can never arise. This, indeed, is the calamity of calamities, the bitterest drag in the cup of bitterness. Every unrighteous act tells with a thousand fold more force upon the actor than upon the sufferer. The false man is more false to himself than any one else. He may despoil others, but himself is the chief loser. The world's scorn he might sometimes forget, but the knowledge of his own perfidy is undying. The fire of guilty passions may torment what ever lies within the circle of its radiations; but fire is always hottest at the centre, and that centre is the profligate's own heart.

A man can be wronged and live; but the unresisted, unchecked impulse to do wrong is the first and second death. The moment any one of the glorious faculties with which God has endowed us is abused, or misused, that faculty loses forever a portion of its delicacy and its energy. Every injury which we inflict upon our moral nature in this life, must dull, for ever and ever, our keen capacities of enjoyment, though in the midst of infinite bliss, and weaken our powers of ascension, where virtuous spirits are ever ascending.

It must send us forward into the next stage of existence maimed and crippled, so that, however high we may soar, our flight will always be less lofty than it would otherwise have been; and however exquisite our bliss, it will always be less exquisitely blissful than it was capable of being.

Every instance of violated conscience, like every broken string in a harp, will limit the compass of its music and mar its harmonies forever. Tremble then, and forbear, Oh man! when thou wouldst forget the dignity of thy nature and the immortal glories of thy destiny; for if thou dost cast down thine eyes to look with complacency upon the tempter, or lend thine ear to listen to his seductions, thou dost doom thyself to move for ever and ever thro' inferior spheres of being; thou dost wound and dim the very organ with which alone thou canst behold the splendors of eternity.

The world is entering upon a new moral cycle. The great heart of humanity is heaving with hopes of a brighter day. All the higher instincts of our nature prophesy its approach; and the best intellects of the race are struggling to turn that prophecy to fulfillment. Thoughts of freedom, duty, benevolence, equality, and human brotherhood agitate the nations; and neither the pope with his cardinals, nor the czar with his Cossacks, can suppress them.

Were these thoughts imprisoned in the centre of the earth, they would burst its granite folds, speed onward in their career, and fulfill their destiny. They are imbued with a deathless vigor. They must prevail, or the idea of a Moral Governor of the universe is an imposture, and the divine truths of the Gospel a fable.

Here, then, is opened a new and noble career for the ambition of emulous youth; not the ambition of subduing men into slaves, but the holy ambition of elevating them into peers; not for building himself up into principality and kingdom; not merely for gathering renown, as it were, star by star, to be woven into a glittering robe for his person, or to make a crown of glory for his head; but to expand his own soul into grander proportions, to give it angelic and archangelic loftiness of stature, and to fill it perpetually with that song of joy which even the morning stars could not but sing when they beheld the splendor of the Godhead reflected from the new creation.

Here are opportunities, means, incitements, through which the young man may build himself up more and more into a likeness of the universe in which he dwells, and configure himself more and more to the Infinite Perfection that governs it.

In a physical and in a spiritual sense, the universe around us is full; and, as we cannot go beyond the circumference of present physical discoveries without discovering new theories of being, so, also, we cannot go beyond the circumference of existing spiritual relations without finding new spiritual relations.

Columbus was devoted to the study of geography. As the result of his study, he felt that there was a continent to be discovered; and he discovered it. The mind of Newton pondered on astronomical truths. His contemplations engendered the belief that some cohesive principle bound together the worlds on high; and he demonstrated the law of gravitation. Washington was a patriot. He yearned for liberty; and by his valor and his wisdom our republic was established.

So new moral blessings and beauties are certain to reward the efforts of new moral power, whatever direction that power may take. Grand discoveries than any which have yet been made, revelations that lay far beyond the ken of Bacon's far-seeing vision, and beauties that shone outside the imagination of the vast-minded Shakespeare, await the evoking power of philanthropic genius.

Benevolence is a world of itself, a world which mankind, as yet, have hardly begun to explore. We have, as it were, only skirted along its coasts for a few leagues, without penetrating the recesses, or gathering the riches of its vast interior. Hostile nations and repugnant races of men are wayward and devils, or, yet to be brought into a system of brotherhood by the attractions of love. Justice, honor, love, and truth, are the corner-stones of the holy government which is yet to be organized upon earth.

For all true-hearted adventurers into these new realms of enterprise, there are moral Edens to be planted, such as Milton with his celestial verse could never describe, and there are heights of moral sublimity to be attained, such as Roscoe with his telescope could never descry.

Glowing with a vivid conception of these truths, so wonderful and so indisputable, let me ask, whether, among all the spectacles which earth presents, and which angels might look down upon with an ecstasy too deep for utterance, is there one fairer and more enrapturing to the sight than that of a young man, just fresh from the Creator's hands, and with the unspent energies of the coming eternity wrapt up in his bosom, surveying and recounting, in the solitude of his closet or in the darkness of midnight, the mighty gifts with which he has been endowed, and the magnificent career of usefulness and of blessedness which has been opened before him; and resolving with one all-concentrating and all-hallowing vow, that he will live true to the noblest capacities of his being, and in obedience to the highest law of his nature?

If aught can be nobler or sublimer than this, it is the life that fulfills the vow. Such a young man reverences the divine skill and wisdom by which his physical frame has been so fearfully and wonderfully made; and he keeps it pure, as a fit temple for the living God. For every indulgence of appetite that would enervate the body, or dull the keen sense, or cloud the luminous brain, he has a "Get thee behind me!" so

stern and deep, that the balked satans of temptation slink from before him in shame and despair.

Hypocrisy and pharisaical pride are loathsome to the young man of a true heart, yet he rejoices to be known, at all times and everywhere, as a religious man; for, not less in the marts of business and the hilarities of a social intercourse, than in the sanctuary or on the death-bed, he feels how infinitely unmanly it is to be ashamed of the noblest and divinest attribute in all his nature.

And when, in the fulness of patriarchal years, crowned with clustering honors, and covered with the beatitudes, as with a garment, he brings his heroic life to a triumphant close, the celestial light that bursts from the welcoming gates of heaven, breaking upon his upturned countenance, is reflected into the paths of all surviving men; and the wings of his spirit, as it ascends, fan the earth with odors from the upper paradise.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....NOV. 7, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

U. S. B. SIMONSON, General Newspaper Collecting Agent, is authorized to collect our bills. Office in Augusta, over the store of Messrs. Caldwell & Co., with A. R. Nichols; residence at Brown's Corner.

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 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. PETERSGILL, 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 RAMBLE ABOUT HOME

WITH SUBSCRIBERS ABROAD.

Here we are, again, bright and early. The sun has not yet kissed the back of the huge salmon on the steps of the Baptist church.

And speaking of salmon—as Smith is not yet in—here we have the last glimpse we shall get of Ticonic Falls. There is hardly a better water power in New England. The entire privilege was bonded a year ago for \$50,000, but the bond run out. The difficulty is a want of land. The main chance for money making, in extensive manufacturing enterprises generally, is in the rise in value of adjacent lands in consequence of the factories. But the salmon—that old rock in the middle of the river was a famous salmon fishery, in the days of salmon.

Mr. W. Getchell, the father of William and Walter Getchell, did a profitable business there, and in a way most decidedly agreeable. It seems but a few years ago, that he sat there, gaff in hand, with his keen eye fixed upon the water, and now and then pulling out the fat fellows, that in these days would be worth two or three dollars each. This was a pleasant way of making money, as no one will doubt, and the old gentlemen improved it well. Owning the entire rock, his traps and gaff were a source of handsome profit. But the erection of the Augusta dam put a stop to it; and no doubt the salmon fishery is as permanently dammed above that city as the K. & P. Railroad would have been but for the aid of public credit.

But Manley is open, and we will cross over. This is the old stand of Nath'l Gilman, Esq., now of New York. Here he made a considerable portion of his present large property. He was extensively engaged in trade, even in foreign commerce. Here he kept a common country store, after the fashion of the times—buying the wheat, corn and pork of the farmers, and selling tea, sugar, tobacco, cotton cloth, fish and rum. We venture to say, just *inter nos*, that enough of this last article has been sold there, up to the present day—if "judiciously" distributed among young men and "temperate drinkers," and not permitted to be guzzled and wasted among the old rum sponges—to most essentially damn the whole town of Waterville. That it has not done so, is only owing to the rapid work it has made and is still making among the drunkards. Out of pure philanthropy towards the rest of mankind, and human kind too, it has done a most deathly work among that class. The original building was burned two years ago. A profitable business is done here now, and in our humble opinion will long continue, if human and inhuman appetites remain subject to the same laws that induced a good patriarch to "expose his nakedness" some thousands of years ago. But we must pass along, for we have several similar calls to make in this vicinity.

There is an old building standing next, with two shops; one a small meat market, kept by Mr. Desroches, and the other a grocery store, by Maj. R. M. Dorr. This building is one of the "old settlers," and like all other settlers, has not always stood in the same place. Do you remember when it stood over the other side of the street, about where Mr. Chick's shop now is? In one end, at a certain time, was a milliner's shop, and in the other the post office. Dr. Chase did the town good service for many years, in that building, as postmaster. You recollect he was about the last whig victim in the State under Gen. Jackson's administration. When he was ousted, the old building, as if determined not to stand such an outrage, passed over to the other side, where it now is. But the Doctor stood firm, just where he was, is now, and ever will be, in politics.

Now we come to a respectable range of brick stores. This is "Merchants' Row." Step out here in front and count those eight doors. This was, and perhaps we may say still is, about the legitimate business centre of our village. The railroad is making sad inroads upon this claim, and how it will stand a few years hence we dare not predict. Under that first sign, A. P. Stevens, is another famous watering place—that beverage of heaven being sold there under as many disguises and contortions, as are exhibited by the patrons of the place, from the time they take the first drop, till the last glass takes them off. It is due to Mr. S. to say that few men in Waterville stand higher, in that line of business, than he; though it may

perhaps be said of all, that they number among their patrons many warm and ardent friends, who will stand by them as long as they can, over whom they exert a strong influence, and with whom they drive a spirited business.

The next store, Paine & Getchell, does an extensive business in dry and W. I. goods and groceries, and is the basis of extensive lumbering and other business. It is an old and well known stand, and so extensively connected with honest labor, that with its motto of "prompt and honest," which every body concedes to it, it promises long to be one of the places where money is made.

The next door, under the sign of H. Haskell, was an extensive retail liquor shop a year ago, but made a treaty of honor with the prosecuting committee, and was cleared for a time. No doubt the treaty is honorably regarded, just as such treaties have generally been in Waterville.

The old stand of Mr. Shorey, merchant tailor, has no doubt given you *fits* till you have no difficulty in finding it. The worst Hunchback that goes in there comes out a trim looking man—if he has the rhino. The distinguished Count D'Orsay never refused to buy all his Sunday clothes of Shorey.

Here, next to Shorey, is where Phillips sold D'Orsay hats, caps and furs. J. C. Bartlett & Co. have bought out his stock, and removed it to the old stand of Meader & Phillips, farther up-street, where we shall spend an hour or two to-morrow. Look at their advertisement in the mean time. We hardly know what has taken Phillips's place. It is a good stand for something.

Here is a stairway that leads to the theatre of the famous Coolidge murder. We remember our introduction to Dr. Coolidge, a few days prior to the tragedy. Young and handsome, with an air of decided modesty, his kind manner, elegant person and tasteful dress, aided us in pronouncing him a very agreeable and well bred gentleman. His faults were but little known till after the murder was proved beyond question. No wonder the ladies all knew him innocent. The elegant furniture of the rooms was scattered by the auctioneer, and his solitary empiness harmonized well with the gloomy associations that dark deed has thrown around them. Mathews was killed in the back office. There is the dark stairway down which the body was carried, dripping its blood, at midnight; and from the window may be seen the entrance to the cellar where the poor victim was found.

Up the second flight is the office of our friend John S. Carter, of the ancient and honorable fraternity of printers; who has a very neat book and fancy job printing office, and does his work on reasonable terms. You remember him like a book—or a handbill. He was here before us, and is one of the veterans who have seen enough of both the newspaper and magazine business to be glad to retire from it.

Now we come to a store you never heard of—Doolittle's. Not the old one of S. Doolittle & Co., but Doolittle's dry and W. I. goods and groceries. This is the old stand of Elah Esty, now of the firm of Esty, Kimball & Co.—who keep one of the stores that will claim a long call in due time. Doolittle has a fine store, and with his very agreeable business and social habits, must be doing well. The very name, as associated with the good old City Hotel, in Boston, has a sound of hospitality as well as comfort in it, that commends it to honest patronage.

Here we have one of the oldest brick buildings in town, and one associated with much thriving and honorable trade. It is the last but not least in Merchants' Row, as we pass up. It was built by Edward Esty, Esq., known in his day as Uncle Ned, but long since deceased. He was a fine sample of the polite and agreeable Yankee, and a man of considerable enterprise in his day. Here, at one time, traded our fellow citizen, Zebulon Sanger, in the firm of Farrar & Sanger. The senior partner has since removed from Waterville, and the junior is a few doors above here; having, by a long and honorable course of trade, taken a place "up higher." An extensive business is now done here by Messrs. Percival. Here the farmers apply for agricultural machines and implements, and talk about the price of country produce, legislative proceedings, and North Devon cattle.

But, friend, the night is upon us before we thought of it. Here is an excellent hotel;—just go and tell landlord Williams we recommend you there for good fare, take a cigar and a night cap, and in the morning we will call for you.

At the annual meeting of the First Universalist Society in Waterville, holden Nov. 4th, 1850, the following resolution was unanimously passed: Resolved, That it is with deep regret and sorrow that we have received a letter of resignation from the Rev. Calvin Gardner, who has felt it to be his duty to dissolve the connection which has so long and happily existed between him and this society as pastor and people. The members without exception cherish for him an abiding respect, friendship, and affection; and they would invoke upon him and his the choicest blessings of Heaven in all coming time.

Voted, To publish the above resolution in the Gospel Banner and Eastern Mail. G. ALFRED PHILLIPS, Secretary. Waterville, Nov. 6th, 1850.

GLENDON IRON.—The American Institute of the city of New York has awarded a Gold Medal to the Glendon Works, at East Boston, Mass., for Locomotive and Car Tires, and beautiful specimens of Iron.

PICTORIAL FOR THE MILLION.—We have received a beautiful pictorial sheet from Wm. F. Miskiey & Co., of Philadelphia. It is published as a supplement to the Commercial Intelligence. It is the most beautiful and best

executed work of the kind that we have seen. It can be obtained of the publishers at six cts. for one copy, \$1 for thirty copies, or \$2 for seventy-five copies.

Arrangements for the Fowl Exhibition.

The committee selected at a meeting of fowl breeders and fanciers in Waterville, to make arrangements for an exhibition of fowls, would give notice that the same will take place at the Town Hall, Waterville, on the 20th inst., to commence at 9 o'clock A. M. and continue through the day. All those interested in raising and improving the breeds, native or foreign, of every variety of domestic fowl in the State, are invited to be present with specimens of their stock in season for the Show. The committee recommend that contributors of fowls present them in neat and compact coops, each labelled with the name of the owner, and class and age of the stock. Mr. W. Dyer has been appointed and will act as secretary upon the occasion, and contributors are requested to enter their names and the stock which they present with him, and when convenient furnish him with written or verbal statements of the manner and cost of feeding and amount of profit of the same. Persons will be in attendance at the hall to receive the fowls and arrange them to the best advantage, and to see that they are properly cared for.

The price of admission to the exhibition will be 6-14 cents. The proceeds, after paying the incidental expenses, will be expended in premiums for the best specimens of different classes. The following named gentlemen are appointed, and are requested to be present upon the occasion and sit in judgment upon the exhibition.

R. A. Wainwright, Augusta, Russell Eaton, Warren Percival, Vassalboro', J. F. Hunnewell, China, David Hanson, Albion, Lauriston Guild, Sidney, Sam'l Taylor, Jr., Fairfield, Frederic Paine, Winslow, J. O. Pearson, Waterville, H. P. Cousins, S. P. Benson, Winthrop.

Persons at a distance, who send their stock, can do so on the day previous, and may direct them to the care of committee of arrangements, and they will receive proper attention. Should the weather prove inclement on the above named day, the show will be postponed to the first following fair day. The committee suggest to persons having fancy fowls for sale, that this occasion will give them an excellent opportunity to show and dispose of them to the best advantage. The committee would also suggest to those interested in this matter whether this may not be a good occasion for the formation of a society to promote improvement in fowl breeding, and to insure a future annual meeting of this kind.

JOS. PERCIVAL, REUBEN EATON, WM. H. PEARSON, J. V. WILSON, GEO. WENTWORTH, Committee of Arrangements.

Fugitive Slaves in Boston.

There is no abatement of the rebellious spirit excited in Boston by the appearance of several Southern slave catchers. The report that the President has directed the concentration of a large military force there, in anticipation of open resistance to the operation of the late law, has only contributed to fan the excitement. A Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes Nov. 2, that "The President has to-day given orders for the concentration of the disposable force of the U. S. army at Boston. The companies under orders for Boston, are those at Fort Preble, Newport, New York, Fort Mifflin, Fort McHenry, and Fortress Monroe, and are chiefly artillery." Two companies in Florida, yesterday ordered to the Indian frontier of Texas, were to-day ordered to Boston. Two other companies who are in transitu from Florida, were also ordered.

The Traveller of Tuesday says "The order has not yet been issued to these troops; though the purpose of the Government to take this precautionary step is not questioned."

In the mean time Messrs. Hughes and Knights, two slave catchers who have been stopping in Boston with an eye to the arrest of Mr. and Mrs. Crafts and a slave named Jones, have been driven to so close corners by arrests and threats from the negroes, that they have been compelled to flee from the city.—Mrs. Crafts is the white slave who escaped from Georgia two years ago, in men's clothes, passing her husband as her slave.

The Traveller in allusion to the troops, says—"We should like to see five or six hundred of the best troops in the U. S. army together; and have no possible objection to the concentration of these troops in Boston harbor, if the President judges proper; but the idea that such a measure is necessary to enforce the laws of the United States in Boston, is, in our view, simply ridiculous. A few hot heads in this community, as in every other, might array themselves openly against the law, but the kind of opposition which the law would experience in Boston, an army would find it very difficult to cope with."

The Grand Division, S. of T.

The late annual session, at Bangor, was very fully attended, and gave evidence of the good condition of the Order, both in numbers and principles.

The following officers were elected—

Hon. E. M. Thurston, of Charleston, G. W. P. T. O. Saunders, of Waterville, G. W. A. A. H. Roberts, of Bangor, G. Scrib. Wm. Lewis, " " G. T. Rev. David Jewett, of Levant, G. Chaplain. Boles Atkinson, of Pembroke, G. Con.

The Fountain, in an article relative to the session, pays the following just compliment to the late G. W. P.—to which every S. of T. in this section, at least, will give his Amen!

JOSHUA NYE, Jr., by his manly and dignified course in the chair of the G. D., has won a place in the hearts of his brethren, where he will ever be cherished as a true Son of Temperance, and a fearless advocate of our noble cause.

Attempt to Rob the Bank at Danvers.

One of the robbers killed.—A short time since, the Directors of the Village Bank at North Danvers, received information which rendered it probable that an attempt would shortly be made by a daring and expert gang of robbers to break into and rob the bank.

They accordingly narrowly inspected the defences of their safe for such an attack, and having concluded that it would resist a pretty serious siege, they appointed a citizen of the town, named Aaron Bateman, as bank watchman. This latter fact was not generally known in the town, and the robbers themselves were probably not aware of it.

At two o'clock this morning, Mr. Bateman heard two or three persons approaching the Bank. They came to the door, which is of glass to within a few feet of the bottom, and has no shutters, and hailed to know who was inside, to which the watchman replied that he was there; and to another query as to what he was there for, he replied, to guard the bank. At that the robbers began to press against the door, as if with a view to burst it open. The watchman warned them to desist, saying that he was armed, and if they entered, he would shoot them. They still persisting, and he, fearing that their intention was to get in and overpower him, took up his gun, and fired amongst them, as they stood upon the outside of the door.

The ball from the gun, it was afterwards ascertained, passed through one of the lower panes of glass, carrying away a part of the sash. Immediately after the discharge, the persons outside were seen to run; but one of them, who was evidently wounded, only went a few rods, when he staggered and fell. The others escaped in a carriage, which they bro't with them to the bank.

The noise of the gun awakened Mr. John Page, an aged and estimable citizen of the village, who lives in the house nearest to the bank, and only a rod or two distant. He came out, but did not notice the body upon the ground, and returned into the house. Shortly after, however, he again came out, and was proceeding along in front of his dwelling, when he stumbled over the prostrate body.

He stooped down and discovered that it was his own son. He immediately returned to the house, and aroused his son-in-law, Mr. Weston, who is Cashier of the bank, and together they carried him into the house. At that time he was breathing, but senseless, and he shortly after died. Neither Mr. Weston nor Mr. Page then knew of the affair at the bank, and they at first imagined that he had received a stab in some affray, but they soon had information of what had occurred.

The deceased was named John C. Page, and was unmarried. He was about 43 years old. Until within four or five years, he has carried on the brick making business to a large extent, and sustained a good character. Losses in business are said to have made him rather irregular in his habits. He returned to his father's house some time since, and it was generally hoped that he had reformed. His father is said to have provided liberally for all his wants.

This sad tragedy has caused a great excitement in the region round about the scene of its occurrence. A coroner's inquest is to be held upon the body, when the matter will no doubt be thoroughly investigated. Mr. Bateman, the chief actor in the affair, bears a good character among his townsmen.

Some time ago, the keys of the bank were stolen, and since that time the bank has been in apprehension of an attempted robbery.

It is supposed that the unfortunate man, when he found himself wounded, ran with an intention of getting into the house of his father, where he resided. He fell under an apple tree nearly in front of the house.—[Traveller of Thursday.]

Further developments render it at least probable that no robbery was contemplated by the individual shot; but that he was in the street at a late hour, intoxicated, and hearing a suspicious noise in the bank, made by Bateman accidentally falling over a coal-hod, he staggered against the door and inquired, "Who's there?" The two wagons, mistaken by Bateman as accomplices, are satisfactorily accounted for, as happening to pass at the same time.

REBELLION ON A SMALL SCALE.—A Postmaster in Euflalia, Alabama, refused to deliver the National Era, an abolition paper, to a subscriber. The Postmaster General demanded the reason of this violation of law, and thereupon the citizens assembled and voted to sustain the Postmaster, and, in case of his removal, to permit no other to fill his place.

And what of it?—and who dares to call this rebellion, even on a small scale? Has the Postmaster General reserved any troops to send to Euflalia? This kind of rebellion has long existed, and most openly, through the whole region of slavery; and when it led to the public robbery of the Post office, and the burning of the mails in the streets of Charleston, who ordered out the national troops? We know no difference between rebellion at the North and rebellion at the South, except that the latter has been too long accustomed to foster it to be able to appreciate society without it.

THANKSGIVING.—by appointment of the Governor—will occur in this State Thursday, Dec. 19th.

FREE-GRATIS.—We invite attention to the card below, and charge nothing for its insertion. Several leading papers in N. Y. city have adopted the system of coercing prominent business men, through fear of losing Southern custom, to lend their names to calls for meetings and in favor of measures they do not approve. Bowen & McNamee have rebelled against this kind of slave dictation.—We hope the press will pass them round.

A CARD.—The public, including the New York Journal of Commerce, are informed that we are silk merchants, and keep an extensive and well-assorted stock of goods, which we offer to responsible buyers on reasonable terms. As individuals, we entertain our own views on the various religious, moral and political questions of the day, which we are neither afraid nor ashamed to declare on all proper occasions. But we wish it distinctly understood that our goods and not our principles are in the market. The attempt to punish us as merchants, for the exercise of our liberty as citizens, we leave to the judgment of the community.

BOWEN & MCNAMEE. New-York, Oct. 26, 1850.

On Friday last, at Searsport, while Mark, son of Mr. Mark Colcord, of that town, was engaged in adjusting some of the machinery in a grist-mill, he became entangled in a band, and was carried around with it, crushing him, and causing his immediate death, before his revolutions could be stopped. His age was eighteen.

MURDER IN WATERBOROUGH.

From the Meredith Bridge Democrat, extra, we learn that the funeral of the young victim, Edward L. Davis, was attended by a large concourse of people. It appears that the murderers cut the main blood vessels of the left arm between the shoulder and elbow, in such a way that the deceased would have bled to death in four or five minutes. He was probably knocked down in a field back of Flanders's house, and then taken to the top of a hill commanding a good view on all sides. Here he was bled to death, and afterward dragged to the bridge and thrown into the river. At about twenty rods from the house were found a pin cushion and some change, supposed to have belonged to Davis, while his watch was found hanging conspicuously upon a bush, near which was a large quantity of clotted blood and Davis's handkerchief. In another part of the field was found the deceased's pocket-knife, open and bloody. Nothing was found in Flanders's house to implicate him.

John Swan and Miss Martha Hackett, the latter a sister of Mrs. Flanders, have been arrested. It will be remembered that the husband of Mrs. Flanders is already in custody on the same charge.

MURDER IN WATERBOROUGH.—We learn that, on Thursday evening, 24th ult., a man named John Smith was instantly killed in Waterborough, Me., by his son. It seems that the murdered man was intoxicated, and was beating his wife, when the son interfered and struck his father a dreadful blow across the neck with a white oak club, killing him, as before stated, instantly.

The young man has been arrested, and lodged in Alfred jail to await his trial. This family resided in the west part of the town, at a place called Smith's Mills.—[Bee.]

FOUL PLAY UNDOUBTEDLY.—A body, recognized as that of John Ford, laborer, who lived on Hancock Street, was found in the dock this morning, near the slip, at the end of Exchange Street. A severe contusion was noticed on the forehead, which at first it was supposed, might have been caused by his fall, but on examination, a wound was discovered on the top of his head, and another horrible gash behind the ear. This together with the fact of a spot of blood observed on the capstan of the wharf, left no doubt that he came to his death by violence. He was last seen in the evening in one of those rum shops on Exchange Street. [Bangor Mercury.]

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—A negro was arrested in New York, a day or two since, for robbery. He was subsequently claimed as a fugitive from Maryland, and a writ of *habeas corpus* was sued out by the reputed master. Pending the proceedings on the writ, however, the fugitive pleaded guilty to a charge of grand larceny, in the court of Sessions, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the State prison. This fact shows the estimation in which the negro held Southern slavery.—[Boston Journal.]

NEWS FROM THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION. Dispatches have been received from Sir John Ross, stating that on the 13th of August, three Esquimaux were found on the ice of Cape York, and on being questioned, they stated that in the winter of 1846 two ships were broken by the ice in the direction of Cape Diggel, and afterwards burned by a fierce tribe of natives; that the ships in question were not whalers, and that captives were worn by some of the white men; that part of the crew were drowned; that the remainder were sometimes in houses of tents apart from the natives; that they had guns, but no balls; and that, being in a weak and exhausted condition, they were subsequently killed by the natives with darts and arrows. The paper from which the above is copied, says that there is good reason to believe that the whole story is a gross misconception, but what those reasons are is not stated.

The American ships Advance and Reserve had penetrated as far as any squadron, and at the departure of the last advices the Advance had got aground, but no serious injury was apprehended.

A SLENDID PROJECT. The Washington Republic contains a correspondence between President Fillmore and the Secretary of the Navy, relating to providing a ship of war to convey articles of American manufacture to the World's Fair at London. The President, in his letter, fully approves of the proposition.

ANOTHER CUBA MOVEMENT.—Washington, Oct. 30. The U. S. steamer Saranac has been ordered to the Gulf of Mexico, supposed in consequence of the rumor that an insurrectionary movement will again take place in the Island of Cuba. It is likewise stated that Commodore Parker, Commander of the Home Squadron, will hoist his flag on board the sloop-of-war St. Mary, and proceed without delay to the same destination.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—Washington, Oct. 30. President Fillmore has announced his determination to enforce the fugitive slave law, let the consequences be what they may, and if necessary, he will protect the U. S. Marshals in the discharge of their duty, by calling to their aid the force of the army.

POWDER MILL EXPLOSION AT CAMDEN, ME. The Powder Mill of Swett & Co., Camden, exploded on Thursday, 31st ult. It appears that Mr. James W. Walker, Elijah Loveland, and Alexander Hopkins, were at work repairing the press, when a cross-bar fell to the ground, striking a large stone which supported the press. A spark was engendered, which ignited the fine powder and dust about the press, and communicated to a large quantity of dry powder within the building.—This exploded, with a report heard several miles, blowing the building to atoms. The building used for drying exploded a moment afterwards. The magazine, a few rods distant, strangely escaped. All the buildings for a quarter of a mile were more or less injured.—Stones weighing two tons were thrown to a distance of fifty rods. Hopkins and Loveland were instantly killed, but Walker lived long enough to give an account of the accident.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT. We learn from an extra Whig from Bangor, that on Tuesday of last week, at Orono, several men were engaged on Stillwater stream in pushing in a quantity of board edgings which had been accumulating for some time, when six of them slipped in, and four of them were drowned. Their names were, Joseph Clark, aged 55 years, a man with a family, a worthy man. J. W. Wilson, of Palmyra, aged 22 years, has left two orphan children. Samuel A. Curtis, aged 24 years, of Exeter, and John W. Whiton, aged 24, of Saco, single men. Mr. Curtis was only a spectator, and had been on the edgings but a few minutes.

A young married man, named Benjamin Sturtevant, committed suicide in Shirley, Piscataquis county, Me., on the 6th ult., by shooting himself with a gun loaded with a bullet.

