



5-6-1852

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 42): May 6, 1852

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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



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

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 05, No. 42): May 6, 1852" (1852). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 249.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/249

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

The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. V.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1852.

NO. 42.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
MAXHAM & WING,
At No. 31-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.

TERMS.
If paid in advance for twelve months, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

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

ORIGINAL POETRY.

JOSEPHINE.

BY INEZ.

Sometimes, when the summer even
Gentle lulls the day to sleep,
When the starlight, soft and dreamy,
Floats on wings of music deep,
When the floods of gleaming moonlight
Bathe the lake in silver sheen,
On my heart like shadows gather
Memories of Josephine.

Then the vesper star above me,
We have watched in days of yore,
And the white cloud, lightly sailing,
Lightly, brightly as before,
And beyond the heavy branches,
That above the waters lean,
Star and cloud, and foliage drooping,
Only murmur—Josephine.

And no more I list the music
Gushing up from thousand flowers,
And no more I watch the heavens,
Thro' the calm midsummer hours,
They have lost for me their glory,
And the night wind stealing by,
Bears a song whose sadful burden
Ever is a faithful sigh.

Round that name a spell is twining,
Memory's powers are round it wreathed,
"Days long gone" are warmly glowing
When that one soft word is breathed;
And I walk the treasure gardens,
Where life's faded blossoms bloom,
O how many a cherished fondle
Smiles above a hidden tomb.

Long ago, when evening hasted,
In the old, remembered hall,
Through whose pleasant, sunlit windows,
Night was gathering over all,
While the hours went by unheeded,
We would dream the brightest dreams,
Till the future "land of promise,"
Seemed to send forth starry beams.

And the past, too, lived around us,
With its eloquence and song;
Voices full of olden music,
Deep and still were borne along,
With the zephyr, no less tender,
That above our warm brows swept:
Till the stars came out in heaven,
We our dreamy vigils kept.

Passed away—the breath of twilight,
Flows and mingles upon my brow,
Evening's numbers clear in my spirit,
And the heavens are brilliant now;
But thy voice no longer murmurs,
Over the page, the violet bed,
Night is beautiful around me,
But I see thy form no more.

Many a year on life's stern ocean,
Have our paths been severed wide,
Different hopes and thoughts have filled us,
While we've been in the changing tide;
Yet when Fancy's world is glowing
'Neath the moonlight's silver sheen,
On my heart, like shadows, gather
Memories of Josephine.

MISCELLANY.

THE LOST FORTUNE.

A GOOD OLD ENGLISH STORY.

The evening of Thursday, the 15th of February, 18—, was one of the most delightful I ever remember. I was alone; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins; as meeting with no checks or impediments to its current, and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and of brilliant hopes. My apartment looked delightfully comfortable and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without? The rain was pattering upon the sky-light of the stair-case; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtains—as the hearth rug yielded to the pressure of my foot, while beating time to my own music, I sung, in rather a louder tone than usual, my favorite old air of 'Judy O'Flannigan'; the whistling of the wind and the pattering of the rain only served to enhance in my estimation the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from my evening engagements. Men—married men—may expatiate, if they will in good polished sentences, on the delights of their firesides, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles; but I do not hesitate to affirm that we, in our state of single-blessedness, possess not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself, than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to pretend to derive from it. We have their parties without the expense of them; we have their parties without the fatigue of those interminable domestic discussions inseparable from the preliminary arrangements; we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes, when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and economy; and, having participated in the sunny calm, the halcyon hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory delusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady's countenance and temper, and to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perversities of her offspring. No man can be really *chez soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodation afforded by his own house, and fireside, and furniture, and presume to exercise the right of a master over them, unless he be independent of the fetters of wedlock. No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life, unless he be a young, unmarried man, with an attached elderly parent to wait upon him; I am so, so thoroughly persuaded of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for Maria could persuade me to relinquish my untroubled, free condition. Nothing but my adoration of such a union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence; but, under my peculiar and most favored circumstances, I only pass from a lower to a higher degree of happiness; true, the idle, the wayward, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of laboring to secure an angel's happiness beneath the cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles.

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown, which, by the by, is far the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen—a large running pattern of gold hollyhocks, with silver stocks, and leaves, upon a rich, deep, Pompadour-colored ground—and walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued—There never was, there never can have been, so happy a fellow as myself! What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria adores me—I adore Maria. To be sure, she's detained at Brighton; but I hear from her regularly every morning by the post, and we are to be united for life in the fortnight—Who was ever so blessed in his love? Then again, John Fraser—my old school-fellow! I don't believe there's anything in the world he won't do for me. I'm sure there's no living thing he loves so much as myself, except, perhaps, his old uncle Simon and his black mare!

I had by this time returned to the fireplace, and, resenting myself, began to apostrophize my magnificent black Newfoundland, who, having partaken of my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug, as it digested—And you, too, my old Neptune, aren't you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?

Neptune, finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression.

'Ay, to be sure you are, and a capital swimmer too?'

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the floor with his tail, first to the right hand and then to the left.

'And is he not a fine faithful fellow? And does he not love his master?'

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation by again sinking into repose.

'That dog's a philosopher,' said I. 'He never says a word more than is necessary. Then again, not only blessed in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, and in these times, too, that old, lumbering house of my father's with its bleak, bare, and hilly acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down, on the very day the bargain was concluded.'

By the by, though, I had forgot—I may as well write to Messrs. Drax & Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately into Coutt's—mighty honest people and all that; but faith, no solicitors should be trusted or tempted to far. It's a foolish way, at any time, to leave money in anybody's hands—and I'll write about it at once.'

As I said so I did. I wrote my commands to Messrs. Drax & Drayton, to pay my eighty thousand pounds into Coutt's; and after desiring that my note might be forwarded to them the first thing in the morning, I took my candle, and accompanied by Neptune, who always keeps watch by night at my chamber door, proceeded to bed as the watchman was calling 'past twelve o'clock,' beneath my window.

It is indisputably very beneficial for a man to go to bed thus early; it secures him such pleasant dreams. The visions that filled my imagination during sleep, were not of a less animated nature than those of my waking lucubrations. I dreamed that it was day break on my wedding morning; that I was dressed in white satin and silver lace, to go and be married; that Maria, seated in a richly painted gilt and sedan chair, was conveyed to the church by the parson and clerk, who wore white favors in their wigs, and large nosegays in the bosoms of their canonicals; that our hands were joined by Hymen in person, who shook his torch over our heads at the altar, and danced a *pas de deux* with the bride down the middle of Regent street, as we returned in procession from St. James's; that I walked by the side of Neptune, who was in some unaccountable manner, identified with my friend John Fraser, and acted as father of the bride and alarmed me in the midst of the ceremony by whispering in my ear that he had forgotten to order any breakfast for the party; that on returning to my house, which appeared to be the Pavilion at Brighton, I found a quantity of money bags, full of sovereigns, each marked £80,000, ranged in rows on a marble table; £80,000, ranged in rows on a marble table; I was beginning to empty them at the feet of the bride with an appropriate compliment, when my dreams were suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of my valet, who stood in pale and trembling by my bed side, and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note, as ordered, to the office of Messrs. Drax & Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and he had seen Mr. Drax; but that Mr. Drayton had decamped during the night, taking away with him my £80,000, and £500 of his partner.

I was horror struck!—I was ruined!—what was to be done? The clock had not yet struck ten; but, early as it was, I determined to rise immediately and see Drax myself upon the subject. In an instant—in less than an hour—I was dressed, and on my way to Lincoln's Inn. Twenty minutes after, I stood in the presence of Mr. Drax.

He appeared before me, among the last of the pig tails, with his powdered head, his smooth black silk stockings, and his polished shoes, the very immutable Mr. Drax whom I had remembered as a quiz from the earliest days of my childhood. There he stood, in the same attitude, in the same dress, the same man of respectability, calculation, and arrangement, that my father had always represented to me as the model of an attorney, but with a look of bewildered paleness as placed in a situation where his respectability became doubtful, his calculations defeated, and all his arrangements discomfited.

'Oh, Mr. Luttrell!' he exclaimed, 'I beg pardon, Mr. Lionel Luttrell, you've received intimation, then, of this most extraordinary occurrence; what will the world think? what will they say? The house of Drax & Drayton! Such a long established, such a respectable house! and one of the partners—Mr. Drayton, I mean—to abscond!'

'Ay, Mr. Drax, but think of my eighty thousand pounds!'

'Went away, sir, without leaving the slightest instruction where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him! A most extraordinary proceeding!'

'You'll drive me mad, Mr. Drax. Let me implore you to inform me what's to be done about my money?'

'Your money, Mr. Lionel Luttrell?—here has the same party taken off with him £500 of the common property of the house;—all the loose cash we had in our banker's hands; drew a draught for the whole amount; appropriated

it to himself; and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transaction! Why, sir, I might have drawn a bill this morning—many things less improbable occur—and might have had my draft refused acceptance!'

'Oh, Mr. Drax, this torture will be the death of me. Sir, sir, I'm ruined, and I'm going to be married!'

'A most unfortunate event. But Mr. Luttrell, you gay young men of fashion at the west end, cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business. My situation—'

Incapable of listening any longer to the lamentations of Mr. Drax, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own affairs, to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat, and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

'I'll go to John Fraser,' I exclaimed; 'he's always sensible, always right, always kind—He'll feel for me at all events; he'll suggest what steps are best to be taken in this most painful emergency.'

Upon this determination I immediately proceeded to act and hastened towards Regent st. with the rapidity of one who feels impatient of every second that elapses between the conception and the execution of his purpose. As I was pressing forward on my hurried way, my thoughts absorbed in the anxiety of the moment, and my sight dazzled by the rapidity of my movements, and the confused succession of the passing objects, I was checked in my course by Edward Burrell, the Pet of the Dandies, 'Stop, Lionel, my dear fellow, stop. I want to congratulate you!'

'Congratulate me! Upon what?'

'On your appointment; inspecting Postman for the district of St Ann's Soho; of course you're he, none but personages of such elevation could be justified in using such velocity of movement, and in running over so many innocent foot passengers.'

'Nonsense! Don't stop me! I've just heard of the greatest imaginable misfortune. Drayton, my attorney, has decamped, heaven only knows to what country, and carried off the whole of my fortune.'

'Oh! indeed! So you're upon the innumerable list of bankrupts! A failure! Don't be angry, Lionel; I always said you were rather a failure. And so the attorney man—what's his name? has absconded and ruined you for life in his successful speculation in hops.'

The Pet of the Dandies walked off, laughing as immoderately as a professed exclusive 'ever dares to laugh. It had made what it believed to be a pun. That is, I suppose, I dare say the sentence is capable of some quibbling interpretation. The words are unintelligible, unless they contain a pun: whenever I hear a man talk nonsense, and find others laugh, I invariably conclude that he is punning; and the last parting words of Edward Burrell real-ly do exhibit a specimen of this vulgar kind of solecism, the puppy was more than indemnified for the distresses of his friend, as any punster would necessarily be, by the opportunity of hatching a joke upon them. 'It will not be so with you, John Fraser!' I muttered to myself, and in a few seconds I rapped at the door of his lodgings in Regent street.

They detained me an age in the street—I rapped and rapped again, and then I rang, and at the ringing of the bell, a stupid looking, yellow-haired, steamy mind servant, in a dingy lace cap issued from the scullery, wiping her crimson arms in her check apron to answer the summons.

'Is Mr. Fraser at home?' I demanded, in a voice of somewhat angry impatience.

'Mr. Fraser at home? No sir, he ain't.'

'Where's he gone?' rejoined the girl, in a low drawing voice.—'I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, nor I.'

'Is his servant in the way?'

'Is his servant in the way? No, sir, the other gentlemen's gone too.'

'His servant gone with him? why how did they go?'

'How did they go? Why a post-chay, and four to be sure—they sent for him from Newman's.'

'Heavens, how provoking! Did they start early?'

'Start early? no, to be sure, they started very late; as soon as ever master came home from dining in Russell Square.'

'Russell Square! what the devil should John Fraser do dining in Russell Square! How very distressing!'

'Master came home two hours before Mr. Robert expected him, and ordered four horses to be got ready directly.'

'Indeed! what can possibly have happened?'

'What has happened? Oh, Mr. Robert told us all about what had happened; says he, 'my master's great friend, Mr. Luttrell, is clean ruined; his lawyer man's run off with all his money. Master's in a great quandary about it, says Mr. Robert, and so I suppose, says he, that master and I are going out of town a little while to keep clear of the mess.'

'Merciful God and can such cold hearted treachery really be!'

'And so, continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my vehement ejaculation, 'and so I told Mr. Robert I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like as long as they've got every thing comfortable about them; but when they're broke up, or anything of the kind, why, then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle or make in their concerns.'

The girl was a perfect philosopher upon the true Hume and Rochefoucault principles. She continued to promulgate her maxims in the same low, monotonous, cold, languid vein; but I did not remain to profit by them. I hurried away to conceal my sorrow and my disappointment in the privacy of those apartments, where on the preceding evening, surrounded by so many comforts, I had proudly, perhaps too proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness, and had at large expatiated on my many delectable topics of self-gratulation. How miserably was that stock of happiness now impaired! But, hopeful as I am by nature, my sanguine temperament still triumphed; and as I ascended the stairway to my apartment, Maria's image presented itself in smiles to my imagination, and I repeated to myself, 'My fortune's gone! My friend has deserted me! But Maria! thou dearest, still remains to me. I'll tranquillize my mind by the sweet counsel of your daily letter, and then proceeded to deli-

berate and act for myself. I know that the post must by this time have arrived.

I approached the table where my cards and letters were constantly deposited—but no letter was there. I could not believe my eyes; I rung and asked for my letters—none had arrived during my absence from home. 'Had the post-boy gone by?' 'Yes, many an hour ago.' It was too true, then—even Maria was perfidious in his misfortunes. This was the severest blow of all. The cause of distrust was apparently slight—possibly accidental; but, occurring at such a time, it fell with all the weight of a last and consummating calamity on one who was already overthrown. I clenched my teeth I stamped upon the floor; I tossed about my arms with the vain and objectless passion of an angry child. My dog, amazed at the violence of my gesticulations, fixed his large dark eyes upon me, and stared with astonishment, as well he might, at the agitated position of his master. I saw or imagined I saw, an expression of tenderness and commiseration in his looks; and in an agony of tears—don't laugh at me, for in the same situation, under the same circumstances, you probably would have done the same—I flung myself down on the floor by his side, exclaiming, 'Yes Neptune, everything on earth has forsaken me but you, my fortune, my friend, my love, my fortune; and you, you alone, my good old faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of affliction!'

I started up and paced my apartment backward and forward with wide and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid succession of painful events, bewildered in mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the extreme.

Impelled by that restlessness of body which results from the agitation of the mind, I took up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and prepared to seek abroad that distraction for my grief which could not be found in the quiet of my home. In leaving the room, my eye accidentally glanced toward my pistol. My hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived that to approach the place where they lay, was like tempting hell to tempt me; but a tho't flashed across my mind, that to die were to punish the unworthy authors of my sorrow—were to strike imperishable remorse to the hearts of Maria and of John; and I took the pistols with me muttering, as I concealed them in my breast, 'Perhaps I may want them.'

In this frame of mind, wandering through back and retired streets, with no other motive to direct me than the necessity of locomotion, I at length found myself on the banks of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster Bridge. My boat was kept near this place. On the water, I should be delivered from all apprehensions of observing eyes. I should be alone with my sorrow; and, unfavorable as the season and the weather were, I proceeded to the spot where my boat was moored. 'Bad time for boating, Mr. Luttrell,' said Piner, who had charge of my wherry; it's mortal cold, and there's rain getting out there to the windward! But careless of his good natured remonstrances, I seized the oars impatiently from his hand, and proceeded in angry silence, to the boat. I pushed her off, and rowed rapidly up the river toward Chelsea, with Neptune lying at my feet. When I thus found myself alone upon the water, with none to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief, breaking through all the restraints that had confined it as long as I was exposed to the inspection of my fellow creatures, burst forth in vehement exclamations of indignation and passion. 'Fool! Fool! I was to trust none! Nothing on earth shall ever induce me now to look upon them again. Oh, Maria! I should have thought it happiness enough to have died for you; and you desert me—to fall away from me, too, at the moment when a single smile of yours might have indemnified me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the treachery of friendship! As to Fraser, men are all alike—selfish by nature, habit, education. They are trained to baseness, and he is the wisest man who becomes earliest acquainted with suspicion. He is the happiest of men, scornful their hollow demonstrations of attachment, constrains every sympathy of his nature within the close imprisonment of a cold and unparticipating selfishness; but I'll be revenged. Fallen as I am, sunk, impoverished, despised as Lionel Luttrell may be, the perfidious shall yet be taught to know, that he will not be spurned with impunity, or trampled on without reprisal.'

At these words, some violence of gesture accompanying the vehemence of my sentiment, I was quietly sleeping at the bottom of the boat. The dog went into his impatience in a quick and angry growl. At that moment my irritation amounted almost to madness. 'Right—right!' I exclaimed, 'my very dog turns against me. He withdraws the mercenary attachment which my food had purchased, now that the sources which supplied it have now become exhausted.' I imputed to my dog, the frailties of man, and to take a severe and summary vengeance on his ingratitude, I drew forth a pistol from my breast, and ordered him to take to the water. I determined to shoot him as he was swimming, and then leave him there to die. Neptune hesitated in obeying me. He was scarcely aroused—he did not comprehend my command. My impatience would not brook delay; I was in no humor to be thwarted. Standing up in the boat I proceeded, with a sudden effort of strength, to cast the dog into the river. My purpose failed—my balance was lost and in a moment of time, I found myself engaged in a desperate struggle for existence with the dark, deep waters of the Thames. I cannot swim. Death, death in all its terrors—instantaneous, inevitable death was the idea that pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its faculties. But poor Neptune required no solatification. He no sooner witnessed the danger of his master, than he sprang forward to the rescue, and sustaining my head above the water, swam stoutly away with me to the boat.

When once resented there, as I looked upon my preserver shaking the water from his coat as composedly as if nothing extraordinary had happened, my conscience became penetrated with the bitterest feelings of remorse and shame. Self-judged, self-corrected, self-condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the presence of that noble animal, who, having saved my life at the very moment I was meditating his destruction, seemed of too generous a nature to entertain that the act he had performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his service, or deserved any special gratitude from his master. I felt as one who had in intention committed

murder on his benefactor, and, as I slowly rowed towards the land, eloquent in the praise of the unconscious Neptune, the recollection of my perilous escape—the complete conviction of my having in one instance been mistaken in my anger—and, perhaps—most unromantic as it may sound—the physical operation of my cold bath, and my wet habiliments—all these causes united, operated so effectually to allay the fever of my irritated passions, that the agitation of mind was soothed. Mine was the spirit of one in sorrow, not in anger. Humbled in mine own opinion, my indignation against Maria and John Fraser, for their cruel desertion of my distresses, was exchanged for a mingled sentiment of tenderness and forgiveness.

On reaching the landing-place, I hastened to take possession of the first hackney-coach, and, calling Neptune into it, drove off to my lodging in Conduit street.

On arriving at my apartments, the first object that presented itself to my eye, was a note from Maria. I knew the peculiar shape of the billet, before I was near enough to distinguish the hand-writing. All the blood in my veins seemed to rush towards my heart, and there to stand trembling at the seat of life and motion. I shook like a terrified infant. Who could divine the nature of the intelligence which that note contained? I held the paper some minutes in my hand before I could obtain sufficient command over myself to open it. The writing conveyed to me the sentence of my future destiny. Its purport was pregnant of the misery or happiness of my after-life. At length, with a sudden, a desperate effort of resolution, I burst the seal asunder and read:

'Dearest Lionel, I did not write yesterday, because my aunt had most unexpectedly determined to return to town to-day. We left Brighton very early this morning and are established at Thomas's Hotel. Come to us directly; or if this wicked theft of Mr. Drayton's—which, by the by, will compel us to have a smaller, and quieter, and therefore a happier home than we otherwise should have, compels you to be busy among law people, and occupies all your time this morning, pray come to dinner at seven—or if not to dinner, at all events, you must contrive to be with us in Berkeley Square some time this evening. My aunt desires her best love, and believe me, dearest Lionel, your affectionate Maria.'

And she was really true! This was by far the kindest, the tenderest note I had ever received. Maria was constant, and my wicked suspicions only were in fault. Oh, heavens! how much was I to blame! how severely did my folly deserve punishment!

The operations of the toilet are capable of incalculable extension or diminution. They can under certain circumstances, be very rapidly despatched. In five minutes after the first reading of Maria's note, I was descending the staircase, and prepared to obey her summons. My valet was standing with his hand on the lock of the street door, in readiness to expedite my departure, when the noise of rapidly approaching wheels was heard. A carriage stopped suddenly before the house—the rapper was rapidly and violently beaten with a hurried hand—the street door flew open—and John Fraser, in his dinner dress of the last evening, pale with watching and fatigue, and travel, and excitement, burst like an unexpected apparition upon my sight. He rushed towards me, seized my hand and shaking it with the energy of an almost convulsive joy, 'Well, Lionel, I was in time, though I should be. The fellow drove capriciously—deuced good horses, too, or we should never have beat him!'

'What do you mean? Beat whom?'

'The rascal Drayton, to be sure. Did not they tell you he had got out of the starting-gate, and off after him with an hour of his departure?'

'No, indeed John, they never told me that.'

'Well, never mind. I overtook him within five miles of Canterbury, and horse-whipped him within an inch of his life.'

'And—the money?'

'Oh, I've lodged that at Coutt's. I tho't it best to put that out of danger at once. So I drove to the Strand, and deposited my eighty thousand pounds in a place of security before I proceeded here to tell you that it was safe.'

If I had been humbled and ashamed of myself before—if I had repented my disgusting suspicions on seeing Maria's note, this explanation of John Fraser's was little calculated to restore me to my former happy state of self-satisfaction. Taking my friend by the arm and calling Neptune, I said, 'By and by, John you shall be thanked as you ought to be for your kindness; but you must first forgive me. I have been cruelly unjust to Maria, to you, and to poor old Neptune here. Come with me to Berkeley Square. You shall there hear the confession of my past rashness and folly; and when my heart is once delivered from the self-reproach that now oppresses it, there will be room for the expansion of those happier feelings which your friendship and Maria's tenderness have everlastingly implanted there. Never again will I allow a suspicion to pollute my mind which is injurious to those I love. The world's a good world—the women are all true, the friends are all faithful, and the dogs are all attached and staunch; and if any individual under any possible combination of circumstances, is ever, for a single instant, induced to conceive an opposite opinion, depend upon it, that that unhappy man is deluded by false appearances, and that a little inquiry would convince him of his mistake.'

'I can't for the life of me understand, Lionel, what you are driving at.'

'You will, presently,' I replied; and in the course of half an hour—seated on the sofa, with Maria on one side of me, and John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune lying at my feet—I had related the painful tale of my late follies and sufferings, and heard myself affectionately pitied and forgiven, and concluded, in the possession of unmingled happiness, the series of my day's reverses.

LOOKING GLASSES FOR BIRDS.—A correspondent of the Gardiner's Chronicle says:

'The following plan is perfectly efficacious for scaring birds from fruit and other produce. One of my servants having by chance broken a looking glass, it occurred to me that the broken pieces, suspended by a string, so as to turn freely in every direction, would give the appearance of something moving about, which would alarm the birds.'

I accordingly tried the plan, and found that no bird, not even the most foolhardy of them, dare come near. They had attacked my peas; on suspending a few bits of the looking glass amongst them the marauders left the place. The tomits attacked my apple pears, to which they seem very partial; a bit of looking glass suspended in front of the tree put a stop to the mischief. My grapes were then much damaged, before they were ripe, by thrushes and starlings; a piece of looking glass

drove these away, and not a grape was touched afterwards. I had before tried many plans, but never found any so effectual as the above.

HUGH MILLER ON THE SABBATH.

In his 'First Impressions of England and its people,' Hugh Miller makes the following forcible remarks upon the importance of the Sabbath. Though written for England, they apply equally to us, while the Reformers he describes can be found this side of the Atlantic.

'Among the existing varieties of the genus philanthropist—benevolent men bent on bettering the condition of the masses,—there is a variety who would fain send out our working people to the country on Sabbath, to become happy and innocent in smelling primroses, and stringing daisies on grass stalks. An excellent scheme theirs, if they but knew it, for sinking a people into ignorance and brutality,—for filling a country with unhappy paupers: 'Tis pity rather that the institution of the Sabbath in its economic bearings, should not be better understood by the utilitarian. The problem which it furnishes is not particularly difficult, if one could but be made to understand, as a first step in the process, that it is really worth solving. The mere animal, that has to pass six days of the week in hard labor, benefits greatly by a seventh day of mere animal rest and enjoyment. The repose according to its nature, proves of signal use to it, just because it is repose according to its nature. But man is not a mere animal; what is best for the ox and ass, is not best for him; and in order to degrade him into a poor unintellectual slave, over whom tyranny in its caprice may trample rough-shod, it is but necessary to tie him down, animal-like, during his six working days, to hard, engrossing labor, and to convert the seventh into a day of frivolous, unthinking relaxation. History speaks with much emphasis on the point. The old despotic Stuarts were adepts in the art of kingcraft, and knew well what they were doing, when they backed with their authority the Book of Sports. The many unthinking serfs, who early in the reign of Charles the First, danced on Sabbaths round the May-pole, were afterwards the ready tools of despotism and fought that England might be enslaved. The Ironsides, who in the cause of civil and religious freedom, loved their crown, were staunch Sabbatharians.'

In no history, however, is the value of the Sabbath more strikingly illustrated than in that of the Scotch people during the seventeenth centuries. Religion and the Sabbath were their sole instructors, and this in times so little favorable to the cultivation of the mind, so darkened by persecution and stained with blood, that, in at least the earlier of these centuries, we derive the knowledge of the character and amount of the popular intelligence, mainly from the death-testimonials of our humble martyrs, here and there corroborated by the incidental evidence of writers such as a Burnet. In these noble addresses from prison and scaffold,—the composition of men drafted by oppression almost at random from the general mass—we see how vigorously our Presbyterian people had learned to think, and how well to give their thinking expression. In quieter times which followed the revolution, the Scotch peasantry existed as at once the most provident and intellectual in Europe; and a moral and instructed people pressed outward beyond the narrow bounds of their country, and rose into offices of honor and importance in all the nations of the world. There were no societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge in those days; but the Sabbath was kept holy; it was a day from which every frivolity was excluded by a stern sense of duty. The popular mind, with weight imparted to it by its religious earnestness, and direction by the pulpit addresses of the day, expatiated on matters of grave import, of which the tendency was to concentrate and strengthen, not scatter and weaken, the faculties; and the secular cogitations of the week came to bear in consequence, a Sabbath day stamp of depth and solidity. The one day in the seven struck the tone for the other six. Our modern apostles of popular instruction rear up no such men among the masses as were developed under the Sabbatarian system in Scotland. Their aptest pupils prove but the eloquent gabblers of their respective workshops—shallow superficialists, that bear on the surface of their minds, a thin diffusion of ill-remembered facts and crude theories; and scarcely, indeed, do we see them rising in the scale of society; they become Socialists by hundreds, and Chartists by thousands, and get no higher. The disseminator of mere useful knowledge takes aim at the popular ignorance; but his inept and unscientific parable does not include in its calculations the parabolic course of man's spiritual nature; and so, aiming direct at the mark, he aims too low, and the charge falls short.'

A FRENCHMAN'S YANKEE.—A French traveller, in the United States, sends the following unflattering sketch to a Parisian journal: 'Picture to yourself, if you please, a lean figure, with bony wrists; feet, with dimensions that would forever tarnish the scutcheon of a gentleman; a hat stuck upon the back of the head; straight hair; a cheek swollen, not by an accidental cold, but, from morning till night, by a lump of tobacco; lips stained by the juice of the same weed; a black coat, with narrow skirts; a tumbled shirt; the gloves of a gendarme; trousers, in harmony with the rest of the equipment; and you will have before you the exact portrait of a thorough bred Yankee.'

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL'S JOKE ON A NEW CORNER.—In a country printing office you will always find the imp who is about to graduate, initiating his successor by the drollest practical jokes. In a printing office near Boston, the new imp was sent to a neighboring newspaper office for a 'quart of editorial.' He was sent back with a picture of a jackass. This was rather severe upon the jokers—but they immediately told the boy to go back, and say it was 'the editorial' they wanted, and not the 'editor.'

REPLY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—'The gallant Duke' lately met a young clergyman, who, being aware of his Grace's former residence in the East, and of his familiarity with the ignorance and obstinacy of the Hindoos in support of their religion, gravely proposed the following question: 'Does not your Grace think it is almost useless and extravagant to preach the gospel to the Hindoos? The Duke immediately rejoined, 'Look, sir, to your marching orders: 'Preach the gospel to every creature.' (Mark xvi. 15.)

MISCELLANY.

HEALTH.

What an important interest does HEALTH sustain in social life. Not a friend meets friend, but the first inquiry is about health. The foundation of beauty—the arbiter of our destiny—it controls the enjoyments of the human family. A boon as precious as that contained in the golden shores of the Pacific; yet its attainment is but idly regarded. We are intrusted with the keeping of a temple fearfully and wonderfully made. Should ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the wheel be broken of our being, from our violation of the laws of our being, shall be held responsible for such transgression. A rapid declension in life and health has taken place; for how few there are who do not mourn the early dead. Two thirds of the human race have some chronic ailments which they have inherited, or entailed upon themselves.

Serofula, in some of its Hydra forms, taints the life-current of the race. All the symptoms, which cluster around the human body, are aroused at the alarming encroachments, which disease is making upon the human family. The character of disease is changed; those of an older date and type, excite nothing of the dread their more modern rivals create. Ship Fever, Cholera and Dysentery—dread triumvirate—have enshrouded the globe with their victims. Nations have been decimated by their ravages, and their black wing has hovered along the highways of commerce. The strong man trembles at the doubtful tenure of his life. It is evident that long-continued violations of the physical laws of our being have weakened the vitality of the race, and to that cause can we trace the premature decay of the child in which we dwell. It would be sacrilege to charge the vast evil and its effects, to nature, for nature is kind. Her efforts are always for health; from the gathering of the dew on the tiny floweret, to the raging of the tempest, when the storm-kings are abroad. If man is responsible for the fearful increase and malignancy of disease, the clamor of alarm should be sounded. The hardihood of the race depends upon our efforts. What is needed? It is not medicines, for their profusion has long been deleterious. We must return to the noble, invigorating customs of the Greeks and Romans. We must establish the Gymnasium and the Baths.

Our fragile and delicate ladies must take to the open air. Health must be wooed in long rambles on the hill-tops, in equestrian journeys, and in the cultivation of flowers, whose rosy tints will reflect their hues on the pulch checks.

The perpetuity of the race depends largely upon those, who are to fill the places of our once hardy mothers.

Out-door plays and pastimes, as the game-hoop, battle-dore, jumping rope, skating and sleigh-riding, in imitation of Northern Europe, must become universal. Immediate attention should be paid to the subject of ventilation. All public and private rooms should be properly ventilated, for every adult person requires over two hundred thousand cubic inches of pure air every twenty-four hours to properly oxygenize the blood; while in that time is expelled, forty thousand cubic inches of carbonic acid gas, which is destructive to life. Bathing, as conducive to health, should be religiously performed. The Mohammedan, who, to fulfill the requirements of his religion, will bathe in sand when he cannot find water, ought to be an example to us. The skin is an important waste-organ to the system, and its millions of pores need a daily ablution to perform their health-preserving office. Too much attention has been paid to the intellectual, to the neglect of the physical faculties. Our lunatic asylums are crowded with those whose physical energies were unable to sustain the excitement of intellectual organs. Insane asylums are a modern necessity.—[Family Circle and Parlor Annual.

Public Rumor.

There is a passion known among men, as the most implacable, the most eager, the most remorseless of passions—a most curious, designated by psychologists as the *odium theologium*.

Nothing short of this could have inspired and directed the efforts of the prosecution in the present case. This passion lives on the slightest possible food. It feeds on air. PUBLIC RUMOR is quite substantial enough for its richest diet. It is confessedly on PUBLIC RUMOR alone that this prosecution is based. The learned counsel, in defending the Presentment against my exceptions, said that the charges were as specific as the Committee could make them, considering that they had not been able to see the witnesses, to get at the first sources of information. He said they had a right to found charges on public rumor; that public rumor has been, from the earliest ages, a sufficient foundation for proceedings against a clergyman; that a clergyman must be beyond reproach as well as clear of offence; and that it was no injury to him to be called upon to come forward and exculpate himself; but that he ought rather to be grateful for the opportunity. But, may I please your reverencies, I have otherwise read the book of human nature. I have always heard it said, that a man could not wish his worst enemy a worse fate than that his character should be the subject of a defence. I had looked upon mere public rumor as one of the sins of the tongue let loose, soulless, bodiless, irresponsible, false and fleeting, a common trumpet, the slave of every lust. But the eager and persecuting spirit of party theology, has made her an ally, taken her to his bosom, and on her false breath founded its attack upon the character, name, usefulness of a brother!

Public rumor! I was educated to despise it. A sound, well considered public opinion, on a subject upon which public opinion can intelligently act, I regard with due respect; but mere rumor I should be ashamed to own as a motive for one action of my life. When the counsel for the prosecution passed his eulogy on the memory of the late Dr. Croswell, I could not but think what a rebuke his life was to public rumor. If ever a man was the destined victim of public rumor, that man was William Croswell! Not left to its low haunts, but elevated to the dignity of Episcopal sanction, promulgated by Episcopal proclamation of the general or canonical propriety of which I do not now wish to speak. It charged him with 'degrading the character of the Church and perilling the souls of our people.' But in patience and confidence, he lived it all down!

He went forward in the daily discharge of his noble duties, in daily prayers, daily public service, daily ministrations to the poor and sick and afflicted, not without much suffering from the relentless attacks on his name and usefulness, sufferings which shortened his days on earth; and the daily beauty of his life made ugly the countenance of detraction and defamation. Public confidence, a plant of slow growth, grew about him. Public justice was rendered to him, without a movement of his own. He fell at his post, with all his armor on!

About the time of the evening sacrifice the angel touched him, and he was called away!

He fell, with his face to his altar, with the words of benediction on his lips, surrounded by an almost adoring congregation, mourned by an entire community. All men rose up and called him blessed. From the distinguished rector of St. Paul's Church, in his noble sermon from the text 'My father! my father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof,' to the humblest orphan child in the obscure alley, who missed his daily returning voice, all, all, with one accord, sent up their voices as incense to Heaven. I had the honor and privilege to be one of the few, who, seven years before that day, received him on his entrance into the city to take the charge of his infant parish. I am proud and grateful to remember that I was one of those, on whom, in his long struggle, in a measure, according to my ability, he leaned for support. And seven years, almost, I believe quite, to the very day, I had the melancholy privilege, with that same company, of bearing his body up that aisle, which he had so often ascended in the beauty of holiness!

I should be an unworthy parishioner, pupil I may say, friend of his, if I allowed myself to defer for a moment to public rumor, on a question of character or principle. I should be forgetful of his example, if I allowed any one to do so, who looked to me for counsel and direction. No, gentlemen, let us all, lay or reverend, call to mind his life and his death, and let public rumor blow over us as the idle wind, poisonous only to those who open their senses to receive it.—[Speech of Richard H. Dana, Jr., in Defence of Rev. Oliver S. Prescott, reported for the Boston Traveller.

Advantages of Mules over Horses.

Having of late received several inquiries respecting the advantage of mule labor over that of the horse, and thinking some communication on this subject might be interesting to your readers, I take the liberty of addressing to you my own experience.

For nearly three years, I have made use of two pairs of mules, and most of the time of one span of horses. The present season, I have two heavy span of horses, the one weighing 2200 lbs., the other 2350—while the pair of mules weigh only 1700 and 1900 lbs., respectively. The horses and mules have both been used in hauling wood, the average load being a cord of green oak. The heaviest pair of mules can outdraw either of the spans of horses, and are now in as good condition as in the fall, while the horses have fallen away very much. In the winter, when taxed to their utmost capacity, the mules are fed 12 quarts of oats each, per day, and the horses 20 quarts; the amount of hay consumed by each being in nearly the same proportion. When not in constant use, the mules are fed little or no grain, and in the summer may be allowed to go unshod without injury. They suffer less from horses from the heat; are not so easily teased by the flies, and are equally hardy to the cold. They are far less subject to disease, and will endure constant labor for a much longer time. As they walk so as to bring their feet in almost an exact line, they are superior for plowing and working between the rows of growing crops, being less liable to tread them down. When hitched to a load, their walk is more rapid than the horse, and I consider them preferable in almost every particular, except for quick or pleasure driving. The mule is not a gourmandizer, and if fed sufficiently at night, and it is not convenient to feed again till the next, he experiences no inconvenience.

The first cost of a good pair of mules, is more than a span of working horses; but the mule capital will last for thirty years, while the entire horse capital must be renewed, at least every ten years. My estimate for the relative expense of keeping a horse and mule team, in working order is as follows:

Span of Horses, one year.	
30 qts oats each, a day—451 bush at 37 1/2 c.	\$171 00
5 tons of hay at \$8 per ton.	40 00
Shoeing once a month, half new, 1880	18 00
Farrier's bill on an average.	5 00
Depreciation each year 10 per cent on \$200	20 00
Total	\$234 00

Pair of Mules, one year.	
12 quarts oats, each per day—273 bushels.	\$102 00
3 tons of hay.	24 00
Shoeing once in six weeks, half new.	12 00
Depreciation 3 per cent on \$350.	10 50
Total	\$150 50

Making a balance in favor of mules of \$83 50

A mule is no more likely to be vicious than the horse. Their vision and hearing seem to be better, and they never take fright—a danger from which you are never secure with the horse.

The breeding of mules is an extensive business in some sections of the western states.—They are mostly bought by New Haven shippers, and shipped at the age of three years.—The market price of unbroken mules at New Haven Ct., in large lots, is about \$80 each.—This is the best place to purchase, as they can be selected from droves, and well worked. At three years, they will do as much work as a common span of horses, and continue to improve for ten years. It appears to me that farmers might save much by substituting mules for horses.

I suppose that in the United States there are three millions of good working horses, whose place might be equally well supplied by mules. In my estimate, I made the balance in favor of the mule over \$50 yearly; but allowing it to be only \$20, the annual saving of expense would be sixty million dollars.

[Corr. of the Albany Cl.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.—An Englishman, perusing an American newspaper, exclaimed impatiently, on noticing some of Webster's orthographical improvements: 'These people ought to be denied the use of the English language if they can't treat it better.'

'English language?' echoed a Yankee, without removing the cigar from between his teeth; 'guess you're mistaken, hoss; it's the American language.'

'American?' repeated the wondering Englishman.

'Guess it's that,' said Jonathan, coolly; 'we've annexed it!'

HITTING BACK.—A friend tells the editor of the Philadelphia Ledger the following good story, of the circumstances of which he was a witness. It is hard to beat:—

Happening in at a celebrated gunsmith's, a short time since, he found present a number of persons, some of whom were exhibiting their presumed familiarity with the use of the gun, by the severity of their jokes upon the bad shooting of one of the number, a tall, thin Yankee, in whose company they had evidently been a day or two previously enjoying the sport of shooting. The Yankee stood the jokes of his companions very well, by explanation and retort, until, at length, the gunsmith joined in with the others, with some remarks at his expense. This seemed for a time to finish him off, and he had no more to say, until a gentleman entered the place and inquired of the gunsmith if he kept powder for sale.

Gunsmith.—'Yes, sir, how much do you want?'

Stranger.—'Is it good—of the best quality?'

Gunsmith.—'Certainly, sir; I keep none but the very best. How much would you like?'

Yankee.—(Breaking in and addressing himself to the customer with emphasis)—'Yes, sir, it must be the very best powder, for I saw him weighin' some on it out just now, and droppin' his cigar into it he sot it afire! and I vewed the whole batch was nearly burned up afore we could git it out!'

The customer left, the Yankee sloped, the company dispersed, the gunsmith was vexed, and our friend laughed.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE..... MAY 6, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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 Seelye'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. PETERS, G. L. & Co., Newspaper Agents No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Is Alcohol Poisonous?

I am not a little surprised that the above question should cause any one to hesitate, even for a moment. Not even a child, it seems to me, can become acquainted with the numerous accounts of the ravages of alcohol, which are daily presented to the public, without at once deciding this question a priori. At every corner of the streets we have abundant evidence, both direct and indirect, that alcohol is an active poison. Here behold a patriarch, whose stock of vigor, threescore years and ten seem hardly to have impaired. His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs and undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct, and fidelity to the laws of temperance. His fair complexion and pure breath, show that he has never yielded his digestive apparatus for a vintage cess-pool; his exact language, a keen apprehension that his brain has never been drugged, or stupefied, by the poisons of the distiller. But look at the rum drinker. He is a lazar-house of diseases. Nature has hung labels all over him. 'Alcohol loosens all the joints, sends tremors along the muscles, and bends forward the frame, as if to bring the hapless being upon all-fours, with kindred brutes. It disfigures the countenance, sends foul spirits to inhabit the breath, pours rheum over the eyes, and shrieks, as with a trumpet, from every pore of the body, behold a tramp!'

Yonder is a shuddering wretch clawing at his breast, to tear away the worm that gnaws his heart. By him is another, whose limbs are dropping from his ghastly trunk. Next, sweaters another, in reeking filth; his eyes rolling in bony sockets, every breath a pang, and every pang a groan. But yonder lies one, whose yells of frantic agony appall every ear. Clutching his rags with spasmodic grasp, his swollen tongue lolling from a blackened mouth, his bloodshot eyes glaring and rolling, he shrieks oaths, blaspheming God. He shouts and boots, and shakes his grisly head from side to side, cursing or praying, now calling death and then, as if driving away fiends, yelling aloud! 'Avaunt! Perverse imagination flings him into a pit of snakes and slimy toads, and makes him to feel their cold coil, or piercing fangs, upon his body. Another has been ridden by pain until he can no longer shriek; but lies foaming, and grinding his teeth, and clenching his bony hands, until the nails pierce the palm. Next comes an idiot, drowsical and moping; all day he wags his head, and chatters and laughs, and bites his nails; then he will sit for hours motionless, with open jaws, and a glassy eye fixed on vacancy. Do you say this is a mere fancy sketch? that nature, long trespassed on and abused, will not cast down the wretch, search every vein, make a road of every nerve for the scorching feet of pain to travel on, pull at every muscle, build fires in the brain, eat out the skin, and cast living crops of torment on the heart? I tell you I can show you this, in our hospitals for the sick. In them there are pangs worse than ever a savage produced at the stake; than ever a tyrant wrung out by engines of torture. 'There is no inquisition so bad as that which the Doctor looks upon.' This bitter anguish and agony, is brought on by alcohol. Every year, in every town, wretches die, seared and scorched, with agony like this; and yet we are interrogated as to whether alcohol is a poison, with all the coolness and deliberation of a statesman. But what says medical science upon this point? Prof. Christison classes it under the head of the 'narcotic acid' poisons. 'It slowly induces cancer of the stomach, catarrh of the bladder, inflammation, supuration and hardening of kidneys, inability to retain the urine, disease of the heart and great vessels, disease of the lungs, varicose veins, mania, epilepsy, tendency to mortification of wounds,' &c. 'Prof. Orfila found that alcohol is a violent poison, when injected into the cellular tissue.' Says Prof. John Bell of Philadelphia, 'than whom there is no better authority.' Cautionary advice should be added by the physician who recommends stimulants, wine and distilled spirits, to be given to his patient. It is, not to confound their occasionally curative powers in some extreme cases of disease, with their effects when used habitually. Opium, and arsenic itself are given in disease; but the fact furnishes no argument for their daily use, by a person in health. In the one case as in the other, a medicine thus regularly used, in a common state of the animal economy, becomes a poison; and it is doubtful whether this principle could be more clearly demonstrated by the habitual use of arsenic, than it is by that of brandy, rum or whiskey. In the 'Cyclopaedia of Practical Medicine,' alcohol is classed with the narcotic poisons; such as nightshade, nux vomica, foxglove, &c. Says the author of this work, 'Looking to the history of the symptoms produced by alcohol, it would appear that it should be classed with the

purely narcotic poisons; which are prussic acid, henbane, &c.

Says Dr. Roach, an eminent German physician, 'Whoever shall succeed in banishing brandy from his life, will confer an advantage to humanity, equal to the discoverer of vaccination.' He further says, 'Children are sometimes the victims of even small doses,' and reports five fatal cases. But we are told by those, whose position entitles them to our confidence, that alcohol, in small doses, is not poisonous. But the habitual use of arsenic, opium, &c. in small doses, does not more apparently poison the system; yet no sane person will say that arsenic and opium are not poisons. We are frequently referred to men who have used alcohol, daily, as a drink, for forty or fifty years, and are hale and active yet. But such men have large chests and comparatively small brains. The less brain a man has, the less injury will alcohol do him. A round-shouldered, broad-faced, blunt-nosed, lazy, easy, dull, listless, slow, thick-headed, neither-something-nor-nothing sort of a nobody, may drink a quart without scarcely waking him up. In exact proportion to a person's keenness of feeling, will alcohol affect the mind. Hence it is, that men possessing active minds, men of the greatest talents, who take to drinking, die sooner than those of sluggish minds. Swine, oxen and horses, are not affected in the same proportion that men are; and the higher an animal is, in the scale of being, the more will he be affected by these drinks.

Waterville, May 1st, 1852.

Flourishing Schools.

Catalogues of Waterville Academy, Waterville Liberal Institute, Bloomfield Academy and St. Albans Academy, just published at this office, present the following average of pupils per term—

Waterville Academy	92
Waterville Liberal Institute	85
Bloomfield Academy	68
St. Albans Academy	65

Bearing in mind that there are several other flourishing academies in their vicinity, the average patronage of these schools indicates a good degree of prosperity. Frequent change of teachers has not contributed, as is sometimes the case, to throw them out of general favor.

Mr. Hanson, of the Waterville Academy, by long effort has placed that school in a position to secure confidence; while the Institute in a few years of steady progress under Mr. Weston, has been redeemed from the low state into which it had fallen by these changes, and now stands upon a good foundation, from which to look to the public for the liberal patronage it deserves. Bloomfield Academy has been favored with good management and good instructors for years past, which accounts for its permanent and steady prosperity. It is well located for those who would send their sons or daughters abroad, and its merits, we are glad to see, are well appreciated. St. Albans Academy has a smaller and less fruitful field, but improves it to good advantage under the care of Mr. Snell, whose superior qualifications give that school an excellent reputation and a good patronage. Few schools advance—indeed most schools retrograde—under frequent changes in their board of instruction. A steady, persevering reliance upon the efforts of a good and well tried preceptor, is the true way to success, in our high schools generally.

Corporation Matters.

The meeting, on Monday, called out a large number of voters—an unusual case in the history of Ticonic Village Corporation. The following officers were elected:

Edwin Noyes, Supervisor.
Solymon Heath, Auditor.
Joseph Marston, Chief Engineer.
William Getchell, 1st Ass't. do.
John B. Bradbury, 2d do. do.
Henry B. White, Clerk.

Fire Wards, the same as appointed by the town.

The proposition to purchase a new engine was rejected, by a large majority. Appropriations were made for building reservoirs, paying firemen for past and future service, purchasing a ladder carriage and a quantity of new hose, and for other improvements in the fire department.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.—By reference to the Committee's notice, it will be seen that teachers will be examined on the 12th, at the house of Mr. Thurston, and on the 26th, at the house of Mr. Bean. [See notice.]

KOSSUTH.—The past week has been one of great interest in Boston and the neighboring cities, on account of Kossuth's visit. He has been received with extraordinary parade and enthusiasm. If Hungary receives no benefit from his visit, the United States can hardly fail to be profited through his enthusiastic devotion to civil liberty. He will call the attention of our rulers back to first principles, and incite among the masses a spirit of investigation that will tend to a better appreciation of our own country and government. We do not learn that he is coming to Maine, though we believe he has been invited to visit Bangor.

THE SPERMETER MAN. is promulgating among the Kennebecers. Those who see him will know him. His route points in all directions, and consequently everybody may expect a call. The Spermeter is not his only offering. He has a 'Life-boat' adapted to all waters—and something good for everybody. Have an eye out, we say, for 'The Spermeter Man.'

THE LATE EARTHQUAKE AT THE SOUTH.—The Earthquake on Friday last, 30th ult., which was felt at Raleigh, N. C., and at Washington, D. C., is thus described by the National Intelligencer:—

'Yesterday, at about one o'clock, a tremulous vibratory motion, similar to the shock of an earthquake, was distinctly felt by many of the clerks in the Treasury and Home Department buildings, and by some other persons in this city. This shock was of such a decided character that some persons involuntarily left

the buildings, above mentioned, for the street. The degree of intensity of the shock, was proportionate to the elevation from the ground; those in the upper stories feeling it much more sensibly than those below. Some nine years ago, we believe that is about the time, a shock of the same kind was noticed by the occupants of the Treasury building, and which, though supposed by a worthy citizen to be easily accounted for on a very simple and common-place hypothesis, proved to be a veritable earthquake, having been simultaneously observed for great distances south of us, we think even in South America.'

'ARCADE PLACE.'—Some very nice things, in the eating department, may be found at the new store of J. M. Thing, 'Arcade Place,' Maine St., head of Appleton-st.—Those in that vicinity will do well to encourage a shop that promises great convenience and low prices. For fat lobsters, good fruit, and choice cigars, Arcade Place has already secured a good name. Such as have doubts had better call and taste.

SHOOTING A FUGITIVE.—Philadelphia April, 30. Police officer Ridgely, of this city, was the person who shot the alleged fugitive slave, Smith, at Columbia yesterday. He was pursued by an excited crowd, but succeeded in reaching Shrewsbury during the night, and arrived here this morning. He says, after he had arrested Smith, in order to intimidate him, as well as the crowd of blacks by whom they were surrounded, he fired his pistol. The negro however continued to resist, and in the scuffle got his fingers in his mouth, causing him great pain—when under a sudden impulse he pulled the trigger, and fired, the ball passing through Smith's body and causing instant death. He escaped with difficulty from the infuriated crowd, and is now seeking legal advice.

Upon the result becoming known, Ridgely said he would give himself up to the authorities, but upon the arrival of the officers to take him into custody, it was ascertained that he had escaped. Mr. Snider, who was cooperating with Ridgely in the arrest of the slave, took the cars for Harrisburgh, where he was temporarily arrested, but was subsequently liberated without any examination. Deputy Coroner Fisher held an inquest on the dead body of the slave; and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts before stated. The deceased leaves a wife and two children. He has resided in Columbia 18 months. There is great excitement in the neighborhood of Columbia, and it is alleged that the shooting was intended by Ridgely.

The Governor of Pennsylvania will make an immediate demand upon the Governor of Maryland for Ridgely, who must take his trial in this State for murder.

A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE occurred in Hallowell, Friday morning last, as we learn from the Gazette. It was first discovered at about four o'clock in the morning, issuing from the Hallowell Iron Foundry at the foot of Winthrop street, owned and occupied by Wm. R. Prescott, and in less than half an hour, the entire building was in flames. The engines were promptly on the spot; but the fire had made such headway before the alarm was given, that it was a matter of utter impossibility to save the building.

The brick store owned by T. B. Brooks, on the corner of Winthrop and Water streets, was on fire several times, but the fire proof wall separating it from the foundry, saved it from destruction. F. Hathaway, who occupied the building as a hard ware store, removed all his goods with little damage. Damage to the store trifling. Mr. Brooks' building was insured—also the stock of Mr. Hathaway.

Mr. Prescott's loss in buildings, steam engine, patterns, finished work, &c., is upwards of \$8000; insured for \$1500 in the New England Mutual Company, Concord, N. H. The workmen in the building lost most of their tools.

A COURT DISORDERED BY A MOB.—In Grayson county, Virginia, a man, named Chmut, was lynched for tampering with the slaves. He instituted a suit against the parties, who afterwards held a meeting and passed resolutions, notifying the court and lawyers not to undertake the case, upon pain of a coat of tar and feathers. The court, however, convened at the appointed time, when a band of armed men marched around the court house, fired their guns by platoons, and dispersed the court in confusion. There was no blood shed. This county and the county of Wythe have held meetings and passed resolutions, sustaining the movements of the citizens of Grayson.

CHALLENGE TO AMERICAN YACHTSMEN.—A Mr. Mace, of Blackwall, has challenged any gentleman in America to build a vessel which will compete with one he will construct, in a race similar to that in which the America won. One hundred pounds it is proposed to stake on the result. We notice some of our yachtsmen have replied through the New York papers, to the effect that it might look like assumption for them to throw themselves further upon the generous hospitality of their English friends, or send over another vessel after the America. They invite the trial upon our own waters, and offer our hospitalities to the English, in return for theirs.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Peter H. Clark was instantly killed, while walking on the track of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad in Oxford, on Sunday, by an express to Norway, to visit a person dangerously sick at that place. The engine driver, on perceiving Mr. C. on the track, immediately rung the bell and sounded the whistle. Mr. C. being deaf, did not notice it, and the brakes were applied, but the fatal result could not be avoided. He was a single man, aged about 27.—[Portland Adv.]

DEATH OF HON. CHARLES ANDREWS.—The Oxford Democrat, of yesterday, announces the death of the Hon. Charles Andrews, Representative in Congress, from the fourth Congressional District. He died in Paris, yesterday morning, aged 38 years and 2 months.

HAS THE WORLD IMPROVED?—This question is very pertinently asked by the Puritan Recorder, in view of the late condemnation of Dr. King, at Athens.

'Eighteen hundred years ago Paul preached the Gospel in Athens, in the most public manner, without being imprisoned or banished. In the present year, Dr. King, for preaching the same Gospel, has been both imprisoned and banished. The professed Christians who occupy Athens, it seems, are more unchristian than their pagan predecessors. Yes, and the Turks are better Christians than they; for in Turkey our missionaries find a welcome, while in Greece they find a prison.'

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN QUESTION.—Washington, May 3.—In the Central American question, the Secretary of State and the British Minister, have agreed upon a protocol for the adjustment of all the questions in dispute, as far as it was competent for the two Govern-

ments to act, and that their arrangement proposes to cover, with the consent of Costa Rica and Nicaragua, the points of delicacy and interest which have, heretofore, embarrassed a good understanding between them.

A Privilege not a Principle.

The following is an extract from Kossuth's speech in Faneuil Hall:

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Do me the justice to believe that I rise not with any pretension to eloquence, within the cradle of American liberty. If I were standing upon the ruins of Prytanum, and had to speak whence Demosthenes spoke, my tongue would refuse to obey; my words would die away upon my lips, and I would listen to the winds, fraught with the dreadful realization of his unheeded prophecies.

Spirit of American eloquence, from not at my boldness, that I dare abuse Shakespeare's language in Faneuil Hall! It is a strange fate, and not my choice.

My tongue is fraught with a down-trodden nation's wrongs. The justice of my cause is my eloquence; but misfortune may approach the altar, whence the flame arose which roused your fathers from degradation to independence. I claim my people's share in the benefit of the laws of nature and of nature's God. I will nothing add to the historical reputation of these walls, but I dare hope not to sully them, by appealing to those maxims of political truth, the promulgation of which, made often tremble these walls, from the thundering cheers of freemen, roused by the clarion sound of inspired oratory.

'Cradle of American Liberty!'—it is a great name, but there is something in it which saddens my heart. You should not say 'American Liberty.' You should say 'Liberty in America.' Liberty should not be either American or European—it should be just 'Liberty.' God is God. He is neither America's God, nor Europe's God; He is God. So should Liberty be. 'American Liberty,' has much the sound as if you should say 'American privilege,' and there is the rub. Look to history, and when your heart saddens at the fact that Liberty never yet was lasting in any corner of the world, and in any age, you will find the key of it in the gloomy truth, that all who yet were free, regarded liberty as their privilege, instead of regarding it as a principle. The nature of every privilege is exclusiveness—that of a principle is communicative. Liberty is a principle; its community is its security; exclusiveness is its doom.

What is aristocracy? It is exclusive liberty, it is privilege; and aristocracy is doomed, because it is contrary to the destiny of man. Aristocracy should vanish, not in the nations, but also from amongst the nations. So long as that is not done, liberty will nowhere be lasting on earth. It is equally fatal to individuals as to nations, to believe themselves beyond the reach of vicissitudes. To this proud reliance, and the isolation resulting therefrom, more victims have fallen than to oppression by immediate adversaries. You have prodigiously grown by your freedom of seventy-five years; but what is seventy-five years to take for a charter of immortality? No, no! my humble tongue tells the records of eternal truth. A privilege never can be lasting. Liberty restricted to one nation never can be sure. You may say, 'We are the prophets of God; but you shall not say, 'God is only our God.'—The Jews have said so, and their pride of Jerusalem lies in the dust. Our Saviour taught all humanity to say—'Our Father in Heaven; and his Jerusalem is lasting to the end of days.

'There is a community in mankind's destiny,' that was the greeting which I read on the arch of welcome on the Capitol Hill of Massachusetts. I pray to God the Republic of America would weigh the eternal truth of those words, and act accordingly; liberty in America would then be sure to the end of time; but if you say 'American Liberty,' and take that grammar for your policy, I dare say the time will yet come, when humanity will have to mourn about a new proof of the ancient truth, that without community, national freedom is never sure. You should change 'American Liberty' into 'Liberty,' then liberty would be forever sure in America, and that which found a cradle in Faneuil Hall, never would find a coffin through all coming days.

'WHY DON'T YOU ENFORCE THE LAW?'—To this enquiry of the opponents of the Maine Law, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher interposes the following reply:—

'It is said, why don't you execute the present laws? This puts me in mind of an old rat, who sleek and fat, comes out of his hole, sees a new trap, walks around it, peeps into it, nibbles at it, and finds that it is not like the old one—it is all wire, and there is no getting out of it. So he goes to the keeper of the house and says, 'Why are you not satisfied with the old trap with the wooden bottom, through which I have crawled forty times?' So with these old liquor rats; they know how to evade them; they can crawl almost through anything, but they don't like the Maine Law. 'These men can tell what the law means. The outcry that they now make,' leads me to think that they smell fire. I never was so much in favor of the law as when I found out how the rum-sellers opposed it.'

'MORAL SUASION.'—We often hear men engaged in the liquor traffic denouncing the Maine Law, because it seizes upon and destroys their property; and affords them no remedy for this unusual sacrifice. They labor under a very great mistake; they have a remedy; precisely the same remedy which we have had for intemperance during the last twenty-five or thirty years. They can use moral suasion; they are great strikers for this kind of suasion, and they can use it to their hearts content. We have their authority for saying that this is a good weapon. Let them pow try their own medicines, and see how they like it. It is hard to keep pace with the pleas put forth by the rum-seller and his truckling covies. O, yes, say they, a departure from moral suasion will ruin the temperance cause. 'Now, they have not lost all their love for the cause, we hope they will make free use of the weapon which they have so much boasted of as being a good one.—[Norristown Paper.]

