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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 04): August 12, 1852

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUG. 12, 1852.

NO. 4.

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

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE TREASURY.

BY INEZ.

It is only  
A treasury of flowers,  
Of withered flowers,  
Yet in my lonely  
And in my thoughtful hours,  
They are to me  
Beautiful messengers of love,  
Of early, truthful love,  
Given in childhood's morning, pure and free.  
And at times,  
As I bend over them,  
Thinking each bud a gem  
From the unfading, summer clime  
Of the past:  
Thinking each withered leaf  
A twilight shadow of the brief,  
Sweet hours forever gone;  
O, then each look—  
Glances from well remembered eyes  
Again before me rise,  
And I read as in a charmed book,  
Every forgotten word,  
Breathed by the voices that no more are heard.  
By the side  
Of the bright, sunlit river,  
Whose gleaming tide,  
In the glowing, summer time,  
Wandered ever  
Amid thickly clustering flowers,  
Whose musical hum  
Filled with voices the swift, winged hours;  
I am standing once again  
With Sarah, and  
And from her fairy glen,  
She gives to me a pale, half folded rose;  
It is here,  
It has been treasured for many a year,  
And with more than its early beauty glows,  
A little child,  
An elf-like, wild  
And joyous being,  
Such as we ever fear  
The angels will from earth be fleeing,  
Even while its careless song  
Is borne along  
Upon the listening air,  
Gave me this blossom fair,  
This frail and fragrant flower;  
O may his life as sweet  
An influence richly shower,  
Whatever path his feet  
May wander o'er,  
As the pure fragrance which their lips felt pour.  
Beautiful, white  
Lily of the valley,  
Faded lily of the valley,  
Thou, too, with many a bright  
And sunlit thought,  
Art lavishly fraught,  
Yet an undertone,  
Amid the whisperings of those glad days,  
Tells, in mournful lays,  
Of a dream of friendship withered and down.  
Flowers of spring  
Their simple beauty bring,  
My treasury to grace,  
With memories, like clouds with silver lined,  
Which years with sorrow twined,  
Can nevermore efface.  
I cannot listen  
To their voices, whose keepakes linger here,  
Nor see their eyes, as in years gone, glisten  
Kindly and clear,  
Yet amid life's shadows of darkest gloom,  
In my heart, for these flowers, there shall still be room.

## MISCELLANY.

### 'MURDER WILL OUT.' A GENUINE OLD GHOST STORY.

By the author of 'Guy Rivers,' 'The Yemassee,' 'Daniel of Darien,' etc.

The world has become monstrous matter-of-fact in latter days. We can no longer get a ghost story, either for love or money. The materialists have it all their own way; and even the little urchin, eight years old, instead of deferring with decent reverence to the opinions of his grandmothers, now stands up stoutly for his own. He believes in every 'ology' but pneumatology. 'Faust' and the 'Old Woman of Barkley,' move his derision only, and he would laugh incredulously, if he dared, at the Witch of Endor. The whole army of modern reasoning is on his side; and, however he may admit at seasons that belief can scarcely be counted a matter of will, he yet puts his veto on all sorts of credulity. That cold-blooded demon called Science has taken the place of all the other demons. He has certainly cast out innumerable devils, however he may still spare the principal. Whether we are better for his intervention is another question. There is reason to apprehend that in disturbing our human faith in shadows, we have lost some of those wholesome moral restraints which might have kept many of us virtuous, where the laws could not. The effect, however, is much the more seriously evil in all that concerns the romantic. Our story-tellers are so resolute to deal in the real, the actual only, that they venture on no subjects, the details of which are not equally vulgar and susceptible of proof. With this end in view, indeed, they too commonly choose their subjects from convicted felons, in order that they may avail themselves of the evidence which led to their conviction; and, to prove more conclusively their devotion and adherence to nature and the truth, they depict the former not only in her condition of nakedness, but long before she has found out the springs of running water. It is to be feared that some of the coarseness of modern taste arises from the too great lack of that veneration which belonged to, and elevated to dignity, even the errors of preceding ages. A love of the marvellous belongs, it appears to me, to all those who love and cultivate either of the fine arts. I very much doubt whether the poet, the painter, the sculptor, or the romancer ever yet lived, who had not some strong bias—a leaning, at least—to a belief in the wonders of the invisible world. Certainly, the higher orders of poets and painters, those who create and invent, must have a strong taint of the superstitious in their compositions. But this digressive, and leads us from our purpose.

It is so long since we have been suffered to see or hear of a ghost, that a visitation at this time may have the effect of novelty, and I propose to narrate a story which I heard more than once in my boyhood from the lips of an aged relative, who succeeded, at the time, in making me believe every word of it; perhaps, for the simple reason that she convinced me she believed every word of it herself. My grandmother was an old lady who had been a resident of the

seat of most frequent war in Carolina during the Revolution. She had fortunately survived the numerous atrocities which she was yet compelled to witness: and, a keen observer, with a strong memory, she had in store a thousand legends of that stirring period, which served to beguile me from sleep many and many a long, winter night. The story which I propose to tell was one of these; and when I say that she not only believed it herself, but that it was believed by sundry of her contemporaries, who were privy themselves to such of the circumstances as could be known to third parties, the gravity with which I repeat the legend will not be considered very astonishing.

The revolutionary war had but a little while been concluded. The British had left the country; but peace did not imply repose. The community was still in a state of ferment which was natural enough to passions, not yet at rest, which had been brought into exercise and action during the protracted seven years' struggle through which the nation had just passed. The state was overrun by idlers, adventurers, profligates and criminals. Disbanded soldiers, half-starved and reckless, occupied the highways,—outlaws, emerging from their hiding-places, skulked about the settlements with an equal sentiment of hate and fear in their hearts,—patriots were clamoring for justice upon the Tories, and anticipating its course by judgments of their own; while the Tories, those against whom the proofs were too strong for denial or evasion, buckled on their armor once more for a renewal of the struggle. Such being the condition of the country, it may easily be supposed that life and property lacked many of their necessary securities. Men generally travelled with weapons, which were displayed on the smallest provocation; and few who could provide themselves with an escort ventured to travel any distance without one.

There was about this time, said my grandmother, and while such was the condition of the country, a family of the name of Grayling, that lived somewhere upon the skirts of 'Ninety-Six' district. Old Grayling, the head of the family, was dead. He was killed in Buford's massacre. His wife was a fine lady, not so old, who had an only son named James, and a little girl, only five years old, named Lucy. James was but fourteen when his father was killed, and that event made a man of him. He went out with his rifle in company with Joel Sparkman, who was his mother's brother, and joined himself to Picken's Brigade. Here he made as good a soldier as the best. He had no sort of fear. He was always the first to go forward; and his rifle was always good for his enemy's button at a long hundred yards. He was in several fights both with the British and Tories; and just before the war was ended he had a famous brush with the Cherokees, when Picken took their country from them. But though he had no fear, and never knew when to stop killing while the fight was going on, he was the most bashful of boys that I ever knew; and so kind-hearted that it was almost difficult to believe all we heard of his fierce doings when he was in battle. But they were nevertheless quite true, for all his bashfulness.

Well, when the war was over, Joel Sparkman, who lived with his sister Grayling, persuaded her that it would be better to move down into the low country. I don't know what reason he had for it, or what they proposed to do there. They had very little property; but Sparkman was a knowing man, who could turn his hand to a hundred things; and as he was a bachelor, and loved his sister and her children just as if they had been his own, it was natural that she should go with him wherever he wished. James, too, who was restless by nature, and whom the taste he had of the war had made more so,—he was full of it; and so, one sunny Monday morning in April, their wagon started for the city. The wagon was only a small one with two horses, scarcely larger than those that are employed to carry chickens and fruit to the city from the Wassamans and thereabouts. It was driven by a negro fellow named Clytus, and carried Mrs. Grayling and Lucy. James and his uncle rode the saddle too well to shut themselves up in such a vehicle; and both of them were mounted on fine horses, which they had won from the enemy. The saddle that James rode on,—and he was very proud of it,—was one that he had taken at the battle of Cowpens, after he had tumbled the owner. The roads at that season were excessively bad, for the rains of March had been frequent and heavy, the track was very much cut up, and the red clay gullies of the hills of 'Ninety-Six' were so washed that it required all shoulders, twenty times a day, to get the wagon-wheels out of the bog. This made them travel very slowly,—perhaps not more than fifteen miles a day; and another cause for slow travelling was, the necessity of great caution, and a constant look-out for enemies both up and down the road. James and his uncle took it by turns to ride ahead, precisely as they did when scouting in war, but one of them had always kept along with the wagon. They had gone on in this way for two days, and saw nothing to trouble or alarm them. There were few persons on the high-road, and these seemed to be full as shy of them as they probably were of strangers. But just as they were about to camp, the evening of the second day, while they were splitting light-wood, and getting out the kettles and the frying-pan, a person rode up and joined them without much ceremony. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere between forty and fifty; had on very coarse and common garments, which he rode a fine black horse of remarkable strength and vigor. He was very civil of speech, though he had but little to say, and that little showed him to be a person without much education and no refinement. He begged permission to make one of the encampment, and his manner was very respectful and even humble; but there was something dark and sullen in his face—his eyes, which were of a light gray color, were very restless, and his nose turned up sharply and was very red. His forehead was excessively broad, and his eyebrows thick and shaggy—white hairs being freely mingled with the dark, both in them and upon his head. Mrs. Grayling did not like this man's looks, and whispered her dislike to her son; but James, who felt himself equal to any man, said promptly—

'What of that, mother! We can't turn the stranger off and say "no"; and if he means any mischief, there's two of us, you know.'

The man had no weapons—none, at least, which were then visible; and he departed himself in so humble a manner that the prejudice which the party had formed against him when he first appeared,—if it was not dissipated

while he remained,—at least failed to gain any increase. He was very quiet, did not venture an unnecessary word, and seldom permitted his eyes to rest upon those of any of the party, the females not excepted. This, perhaps, was the only circumstance that, in the mind of Mrs. Grayling, tended to confirm the hostile impression which his coming had originally occasioned. In a little while the temporary encampment was put in a state equally sociable and warlike. The wagon was wheeled a little way into the woods, and off the road; the horses fastened behind it in such a manner that any attempt to steal them would be difficult of success, even were the watch neglected which was yet to be maintained upon them. Extra guns, concealed in the straw at the bottom of the wagon, were kept well loaded. In the foreground, and between the wagon and the high-way, a fire was soon blazing with a wild but cheerful gleam; and the worthy dame, Mrs. Grayling, assisted by the little girl, Lucy, lost no time in setting on the frying-pan, and cutting into slices the haunch of bacon, which they had provided on leaving home. James Grayling patrolled the woods, meanwhile, for a mile or two round the encampment, while his uncle, Joel Sparkman, foot to foot with the stranger, seemed—if the absence of all care constitutes the supreme of human felicity—to realize the most perfect conception of mortal happiness. But Joel was very far from being the careless person that he seemed. Like an old soldier, he simply hung out false colors, and concealed his real timidity by an extra show of confidence and courage. He did not relish the stranger from the first, any more than his sister; and having subjected him to a searching examination, such as was considered in those days of peril and suspicion by no means inconsistent with becoming courtesy, he came rapidly to the conclusion that he was no better than he should be.

'You are a Scotchman, stranger,' said Joel, suddenly drawing up his feet, and bending forward to the other, with an eye like that of a hawk stooping over a covey of partridges. 'It was a wonder that he had not made the discovery before. The broad dialect of the stranger was not to be subdued; but Joel made slow stages and short progress in his mental journeyings. The answer was given with evident hesitation; but it was affirmative.

'Well, now, it's mighty strange that you should ha' foun' with us and not agin us,' replied Joel Sparkman. 'There was a precious few of the Scotch, and none that I know on,—savin' yourself, perhaps,—that didn't go dead agin us and for the Tories, through thick and thin. That "Cross Creek Settlement" was a mighty ugly thorn in the sides of us whigs. It turned out a real bad stock of varmints. I hope,—I reckon, stranger,—you ain't from that part.'

'No,' said the other; 'oh no! I'm from over the other quarter. I'm from the Duncan settlement, above.'

'I've heard tell of that other settlement, but I never know'd as any of the men foun' with us. What general did you fight under? What Carolina general?'

'I was at Gum Swamp, when General Gates was defeated; I was the still hesitating reply of the other.

'Well, I thank God, I warn't there, though I reckon things wouldn't ha' turned out quite so bad, if there had been a little sprinkling of Sumter's or Picken's, or Marion's men, among them two-legged critters that run that day.—They did tell that some of the regiments went off without ever once emptying their rifles. Now, stranger, I hope you warn't among them fellows.'

'I was not,' said the other, with something more of promptness.

'I don't blame a chap for dodging a bullet if he can, or being too quick for a bagnet, because I'm thinking a live man is always a better man than a dead one, or he can become so; but to run without taking a single crack at the enemy, is downright cowardice. There's no two ways about it, stranger.'

This opinion, delivered with considerable emphasis, met with the ready assent of the Scotchman, but Joel Sparkman was not to be diverted, even by his own eloquence, from the object of his inquiry.

'But you ain't said,' he continued, 'who was your Carolina general? Gates was from Virginia, and he stayed a mighty short time when he come. You didn't run far at Camden, I reckon, and you joined the army agin, and come in with Greene, was that he?'

To this the stranger assented, though with evident disinclination.

'Then, moutbe, we sometimes went into the same scratch together? I was at Cowpens and Ninety-Six, and seen service at other odds and ends, where there was more fighting than fun. I reckon you must have been at "Ninety-Six,"—perhaps at Cowpens, too, if you went with Morgan?'

The unwillingness of the stranger to respond to these questions appeared to increase. He admitted, however, that he had been at 'Ninety-Six,' though, as Sparkman afterwards remembered, in this case as in that of the defeat of Gates at Gum Swamp, he had not said on which side he had fought. Joel, as he discovered the reluctance of his guest to answer his questions, and perceived his growing doggedness, forebore to annoy him, but mentally resolved to keep a sharper look-out than ever upon his actions. His examination concluded with an inquiry, which in the plain-dealing regions of the south and south-west is not unfrequently put first.

'And what may be your name, stranger?'

'Macnab,' was the ready response, 'Sandy Macnab.'

'Well, Mr. Macnab, I see that my sister's got supper ready for us; so we moun't as well fall to upon the hoeecake and bacon.' Sparkman rose while speaking, and led the way to the spot near the wagon where Mrs. Grayling had spread the feast. 'We're pretty nigh on to the main road, here, but I reckon there's no great danger now. Besides, Jim Grayling keeps watch for us, and he's got two as good eyes in his head as any scout in the country, and a rifle that, after you once know how it shoots, 'twould do your heart good to hear its crack, if so be that twa'n't your heart that he'd draw sight on. He's a perdition fine shot, and as ready to shoot and fight as if he had a natural calling that way.'

'Shall we wait for him before we eat?' demanded Macnab, anxiously.

'By no sort of means, stranger,' answered Sparkman. 'He'll wait for us while we are eating, and after that I'll change shoes with him. So fall to, and don't mind what's a coming.'

Sparkman had just broken the hoeecake, when a distant whistle was heard.

'Ha! That's the lad, now!' he exclaimed, rising to his feet. 'He's on the trail. He's got a sight of an enemy's fire, I reckon. Twon't be onreasonable, friend Macnab, to get our weapons in readiness; and so speaking, Sparkman bid his sister get into the wagon, where little Lucy had already placed herself, while he threw open the pan of his rifle, and turned the priming over with his finger. Macnab, meanwhile, had taken from his holsters, which he had before been sitting upon, a pair of horseman's pistols, richly mounted with figures in silver. These were large and long, and had evidently seen service. Unlike his companion, his proceedings occasioned no comment. What he did seemed a matter of habit, of which he himself was scarcely conscious. Having looked at his priming, he laid the instruments beside him without a word, and resumed the bit of hoeecake which he had just before received from Sparkman. Meanwhile, the signal whistle, supposed to come from James Grayling, was repeated. Silence ensued then for a brief space, which Sparkman employed in perambulating the grounds immediately contiguous.—At length, just as he had returned to the fire, the sound of a horse's feet was heard, and a sharp, quick halloo from Grayling informed his uncle that all was right. The youth made his appearance a moment after, accompanied by a stranger on horseback; a tall, fine-looking young man, with a keen, flashing eye, and a voice whose lively, clear tones, as he was heard approaching, sounded cheerily, like those of a trumpet after victory. James Grayling kept along on foot beside the new-comer; and his hearty laugh, and free, glib, garrulous tones betrayed to his uncle, long ere he drew nigh enough to declare the fact, that he had met unexpectedly, with a friend, or at least, an old acquaintance.

'Why, who have you got there, James?' was the demand of Sparkman, as he dropped the butt of his rifle upon the ground.

'Why, who do you think, uncle? Who but Major Spencer—our own major!'

'You don't say so!—what!—Lionel Spencer, for sartin! Lord bless you, major, who'd ha' thought to see you in these parts; and jest mounted too, for all nature, as if the war was to be foun' over agin! Well, I'm real glad to see you. I am, that's sartin!'

'And I'm very glad to see you, Sparkman,' said the other, as he alighted from his steed, and yielded his hand to the cordial grasp of the other.

'Well, I know that, major, without you saying it. But you've just come in the right time. The bacon's a frying, and here's the bread;—let's down upon our haunches, in right good earnest, camp fashion, and make the most of what God gives us in the way of blessings. I reckon you don't mean to ride any further to-night, major?'

'No,' said the person addressed, 'not if you will let me lay my heels at your fire. But who's in your wagon? My old friend, Mrs. Grayling, I suppose?'

'That's a true word, major,' said the lady herself, making her way out of the vehicle with good-humored agility, and coming forward with extended hand.

'Really, Mrs. Grayling, I'm very glad to see you.' And the stranger, with the blandness of a gentleman and the hearty warmth of an old neighbor, expressed his satisfaction at once more finding himself in the company of an old acquaintance. Their greetings once over, Major Spencer readily took a group about the fire, while James Grayling, though with some reluctance,—disappeared to resume his toils of the scout while the supper proceeded.

'And who have you here?' demanded Spencer, as his eye rested on the dark, hard features of the Scotchman. Sparkman told him all that he himself had learned of the name and character of the stranger, in a brief whisper, and in a moment after formally introduced the parties in this fashion—

'Mr. Macnab, Major Spencer. Mr. Macnab says he's true blue, major, and foun't at Camden, when General Gates run so hard to "bring the d—d militia back." I reckon you had as good as count him one of us.'

Major Spencer scrutinized the Scotchman keenly—a scrutiny which the latter seemed very ill to relish. He put a few questions to him on the subject of the war, and some of the actions in which he allowed himself to have been concerned; but his evident reluctance to unfold himself—a reluctance so unnatural to the brave soldier who has gone through his toils honorably—had the natural effect of discouraging the young officer, whose sense of delicacy had not been materially impaired amid the rude postings of military life. But, though he forbore to propose any other questions to Macnab, his eyes continued to survey the features of his sudden countenance with curiosity and a strangely increasing interest. This he subsequently explained to Sparkman when, at the close of supper, James Grayling came in, and the former assumed the duties of the scout.

'I have seen that Scotchman's face somewhere, Sparkman, and I'm convinced at some interesting moment; but where, when or how, I cannot call to mind. The sight of him is even associated in my mind with something unpleasant and painful. Where could I have seen him?'

'I don't somehow like his looks myself,' said Sparkman, 'and I mislits he's been rether more of a tory than a whig; but that's nothing to the purpose, now; and he's at our fire, and we've broken hoeecake together; so we cannot rake up the old ashes to make a dust with.'

'No, surely not,' was the reply of Spencer.

'Even though we knew him to be a tory, that cause of former quarrel should occasion none now. But it should produce watchfulness and caution. I'm glad to see that you have not forgot your old business of scouting in the swamp.'

'Kin I forget it, major?' demanded Sparkman in tones which, though whispered, were full of emphasis, as he laid his ear to the earth to listen.

'James has finished supper, major,—that's his whistle to tell me so; and I'll jest step back and make it clear to him how we're to keep up the watch to-night.'

'Count me in your arrangements, Sparkman, as I am one of you for the night,' said the major.

'By no sort of means,' was the reply. 'The night must be shared between James and myself. If so be you want to keep company with one of 't'other of us, why that's another thing, and of course, you can do as you please.'

'We'll have no quarrel on the subject, Joel,' said the officer, good-naturedly, as they returned to the camp together.

The arrangements of the party were soon made. Spencer renewed his offer at the fire, to take part in the watch; and the Scotchman, Macnab, volunteered his services also; but the offer of the latter was another reason why that of the former should be declined. Sparkman was resolute to have everything his own way; and while James Grayling went out upon his lonely rounds, he busied himself in cutting bushes and making a sort of tent for the use of his late commander. Mrs. Grayling and Lucy slept in the wagon. The Scotchman stretched himself with little effort before the fire; while Joel Sparkman, wrapping himself up in his cloak, crouched under the wagon body with his back resting partly against one of the wheels. From time to time he rose and thrust additional brands into the fire, looked up at the night, and round upon the little encampment, then sunk back to his perch and stole a few moments at intervals of uneasy sleep. The first two hours of the watch were over, and James Grayling was relieved. The youth, however, felt in no mood for sleep, and taking his seat by the fire, he drew from his pocket a little volume of Easy Reading Lessons, and by the flitful flame of the resinous light-wood, he prepared in this rude manner, to make up for the precious time which his youth had lost of its legitimate employments, in the stirring events of the preceding seven years consumed in war. He was surprised at this employment by his late commander, who, himself sleepless, now emerged from the bushes and joined Grayling at the fire. The youth had been rather a favorite with Spencer. They had both been reared in the same neighborhood, and the first military exploits of James had taken place under the eye, and met the approbation of his officer. The difference of their ages was just such as to permit of the warm attachment of the youth without diminishing any of the reverence which should be felt by the inferior. Grayling was not more than seventeen, and Spencer was perhaps thirty-four—the very prime of manhood. They sat by the fire and talked of old times and told old stories with hearty glee and good-nature of the young. Their mutual inquiries led to the revelation of their several objects in pursuing the present journey. Those of James Grayling were scarcely, indeed, to be considered his own. They were plans and purposes of his uncle, and it does not concern this narrative that we should know more of their nature than has already been revealed. But, whatever they were, they were as freely unfolded to his hearer as if they had been brothers, and Spencer was quite as frank in his revelations to his companion. He too, was on his way to Charleston, from whence he was to take passage for England.

'I'm rather in a hurry to reach town,' said he, 'as I learn that the Falmouth packet is preparing to sail for England in a few days, and I must go in her.'

'For England, major!' exclaimed the youth, with unaffected astonishment.

'Yes, James, for England. But why?—what astonishes you?'

'Why, lord!' exclaimed the simple youth, 'if they only knew there, as I do, what a cutting and slashing you did use to make among their red coats, I reckon they'd hang you to the first hickory.'

'Oh, no! scarcely,' said the other, with a smile.

'But I reckon you'll change your name, major?' continued the youth.

'No,' responded Spencer; 'if I did that, I should lose the object of my voyage. You must know, James, that an old relative has left me a good deal of money in England, and I can only get it by proving that I am Lionel Spencer; so you see I must carry my own name, whatever may be the risk.'

'Well, major, you know best; but I do think if they could only have a guess of what you did among their sodgers at Hobbirk's, and Cowpens, and Eutaw, and a dozen other places, they'd find some means of hanging you up, peace or no peace. But I don't see what occasion you have to be going clear away to England for money, when you've a sight of your own already.'

'Not so much as you think for,' replied the major, giving an involuntary and uneasy glance at the Scotchman, who was seemingly sound asleep on the opposite side of the fire. 'There is, you know, but little money in the country at any time, and I must get what I want for my expenses when I reach Charleston. I have just enough to carry me there.'

'Well, now, major, that's mighty strange.—I always thought that you was about the best off of any man in our parts; but if you're strained so close, I'm thinking, major,—if so be you wouldn't think me too presumptuous,—you'd better let me lend you a guinea or so that I've got to spare, and you can pay me back when you get the English money.'

And the youth fumbled in his bosom for a little cotton wallet, which, with its limited contents, was displayed in another instant to the eyes of the officer.

'No, no, James,' said the other, putting back the generous tribute; 'I have quite enough to carry me to Charleston, and when there I can easily get a supply from the merchants. But I thank you, my good fellow, for your offer.—You are a good fellow, James, and I will remember you.'

It is needless to pursue their conversation farther. The night passed away without any alarms, and at dawn of the next day the whole party were engaged in making preparations for a start. Mrs. Grayling was soon busy in getting breakfast in readiness. Major Spencer consented to remain with them until it was over; but the Scotchman, after returning thanks very civilly for his accommodation of the night, at once resumed his journey. His course seemed, like their own, to lie below; but he neither declared his route nor betrayed the least anxiety to know that of Spencer. The latter had no disposition to renew those inquiries from which the stranger seemed to shrink the night before, and he accordingly suffered him to depart with a quiet farewell, and the utterance of a good-natured wish, in which all the parties joined, that he might have a pleasant journey. When he was fairly out of sight, Spencer said to Sparkman—

'Had I liked that fellow's looks, nay, had I not positively disliked them, I should have gone with him. As it is, I will remain and share your breakfast.'

The repeat being over, all parties set forward; but Spencer, after keeping along with them for a mile, took his leave also. The slow

wagon-pace at which the family travelled, did not suit the high-spirited cavalier; and it was necessary, as he assured them, that he should reach the city in two nights more. They parted with many regrets, as truly felt as they were warmly expressed; and James Grayling never felt the tedium of wagon travelling to be so severe as throughout the whole of that day when he separated from his favorite captain. But he was too stout-hearted to have made any complaint, and his dissatisfaction only showed itself in his unwonted silence, and an over-anxiety, which his steed seemed to feel in common with himself, to go too rapidly ahead. Thus the day passed, and the way-farers at its close had made a progress of some twenty miles from sun to sun. The same precautions marked their encampment this night as the last, and they rose in better spirits with the next morning, dawn of which was very bright and pleasant, and encouraging. A similar journey of twenty miles brought them to the place of bivouac as the sun went down; and they prepared as usual for their securities and supper.—They found themselves on the edge of a very dense forest of pines and scrubby oaks, a portion of which was swallowed up in a deep bay—so called in the dialect of the country—a swamp-bottom, the growth of which consisted of mingled cypresses and bay-trees, with tupelo, gum, and dense thickets of low, stunted shrubbery, cane grass, and dwarf willows, which filled up every interval between the trees, and to the eye, most effectually barred out every human intruder. This bay was chosen as the background for the camping party. Their wagon was wheeled into an area on a gently rising ground in front, under a pleasant shade of oaks and hickories, with a lonely pine rising loftily in occasional spots among them. Here the horses were taken out, and James Grayling prepared to kindle up a fire; but, looking for his axe, it was unaccountably missing, and after a fruitless search of half an hour, the party came to the conclusion that it had been left on the spot where they had slept last night. This was a sad disaster, and while they meditated in what manner to repair it, a negro boy appeared in sight, passing along the road at their feet, and driving before him a small herd of cattle.—From him they learned that they were only a mile or two from a farmstead, where an axe might be borrowed; and James, leaping on his horse, rode forwards in the hope to obtain one. He found no difficulty in his quest; and, having obtained it from the farmer, who was also a tavern-keeper, he casually asked if Major Spencer had not stayed with him the night before. He was somewhat surprised when told that he had not.

'There was one man stayed with me last night,' said the farmer, 'but he didn't call himself a major, and didn't look much like one.'

'He rode a fine sorrel horse,—tall, bright color, with white fore foot, didn't he?' asked James.

'No, that he didn't! He rode a powerful black, coal black, and not a bit of white about him.'

'That was the Scotchman! But I wonder the major did not stop with you. He must have rode on. Isn't there another house near you, below?'

'Not one. There's ne'er a house either below or above for a matter of fifteen miles. I'm the only man in all that distance that's living on this road; and I don't think your friend could have gone below, as I should have seen him pass. I've been all day out there in that field before your eyes, clearing up the brush.'

[REMAINDER NEXT WEEK.]

**SELLING A PHRENOLOGIST.**—A friend of ours, who had been doing some work for a celebrated phrenologist firm, not quite a hundred miles from Clinton Hill, sent in his bill, a few days since, by his collector, when the managing partner of the concern, after examining it, pronounced the charge a swindle, and refused to pay it. It so happened that the man who sent the bill was not known, personally, to the phrenologists; so when the bill was brought back to him with the accusation of swindling, he put on his hat, walked round to the office of the phrenologist, and asked to have his head examined phrenologically, and a chart of his character furnished him. His request was immediately complied with, as a matter of course, and a first rate character given him, particularly as respects the moral sentiments, conscientiousness, &c. So he took the chart, returned home, and enclosed it in a letter to the phrenologist with his bill, asking him if he thought the possessor of such a head could have been guilty of a swindle. The phrenologist saw the suit at once; he must either confess that his science was at fault, or retract the charge. Of course he did the latter, and paid the bill.—Probably he will be cautious, hereafter, about applying bad epithets to gentlemen whose heads he has not first examined.—[Saturday Courier.]

**DRESS OF CHILDREN.**—The editor of the Prairie Farmer makes the following sensible remarks on the present juvenile fashions:—'Is there any good reason why the dress of children should be contrived so as to leave naked the arms, shoulders and the upper part of the chest? Fashion has done this, and to the serious injury of the child. Now, as there is no good reason for this, there are serious ones against it. It is natural to suppose that leaving these parts uncovered makes one uncomfortable; an experiment on yourself would at once convince you. If you doubt, try it. Leave your arms, shoulders and upper part of the chest exposed to the variations of temperature during the working hours of any day; and on trial you will be compelled to say the covering those parts is most agreeable. Now, have compassion on your children to furnish them with similar protection against the vicissitudes of weather. The objections on the score of comfort are not the greatest ones. The mode of dress is detrimental to health. The state of the lungs and other internal organs greatly depends on the state of the skin, and is in no way so disordered, than by any cause which interrupts the due process of insensible perspiration. In tropical countries the fashion might be tolerated with impunity, but in these northern and western states and territories, where the temperature of the atmosphere varies, and at times suddenly—from fifteen to thirty degrees in ten hours—it should be considered entirely wrong and out of place. If such as have arrived at years of discretion will hazard their lives by observing and conforming to fashion, the worst is their own; but do not impose this kind of penance on young children, for it is wrong—inexcusable.'

**CURIOSITY.**—Looking over other people's affairs, and overlooking our own.

# MISCELLANY.

## "COME SING ME THE SONG."

A PARODY.

Come sing me the song that you sang years ago,  
When we sat in the old porch at home,  
With those whom we loved in a group by our side.  
And we talked over bright years to come.  
Though seasons have passed and years flitted by,  
With many of those then so gay,  
And brows then so fair, and hearts that beat high,  
Have withered and gone to decay.  
Yet sing me the song that you sang years ago,  
When we sat in the old porch at home,  
With those whom we loved in a group by our side,  
And we talked over bright years to come.

Come, sing me the song that you sang years ago,  
When we sat in the old porch at home,  
With those whom we loved in a group by our side,  
And we talked over bright years to come.

## THE STOLEN KISS.

My dear Ned, did you ever steal a kiss from a beautiful girl, in some unguarded moment, when she was totally unconscious of the proximity of your lips to her own, until the treasure was pilfered and past redemption?

If so, then listen to me, and I will give you an account of a bit of fun in that line, when I was at the mature age of fourteen. At the district school where I attended, there was a little blonde, a classmate of mine, whose roguish eye and dimpled cheek played the mischief with my studies.

Every day, after school was dismissed, I galled Kate B— to her home; and when there was snow on the ground I always insisted on her taking a seat on my sled, while I, proud of my load of loveliness, would draw her up the steep hill to her home. The other boys, envious of Kate's selecting me as her champion, seemed determined to ridicule us to the extent of their power; and when Kate and I were on our way to school, our appearance on the play-ground was the signal for a perfect broadside of raillery.

"There comes Kate and her beau," says one.

"Hallo, Jack! why don't you lock arms with your sweetheart?"

"Oh, they ain't engaged yet," answered another.

And poor Kate would blush into the school-room, and I would propose come play to turn the conversation.

The intimacy between us grew stronger day by day, until I used to call at her house for nothing else but to hear her sweet laugh and talk, until it was time for me to leave.

One fine summer evening, I thought I would walk up to Kate's and find out what she thought of a small ring that I had sent to her the day before by an urchin that I had hired, as I had not the courage to give it to her myself. As I neared the house, I saw Kate reclining on a small lounge that had been removed from the sitting room into the open verandah. Her father was reading the paper and smoking a large pipe, with his feet placed on an old chest, that stood in the corner of the kitchen, and her mother sitting in her rocking chair, with her knitting work in hand, while to complete the group, a monstrous mastiff dog lay under the table, asleep. I crept softly up to the lounge without being discovered. She was gazing through the lattice work at the moon, and humming a favorite song of mine. How beautiful she looked!

"I'll kiss her if I have to swing for it," said I to myself, while the blood rushed through my veins like red hot lava, and my breath grew quick and hurried.

I pressed nearer to her and stood near enough to catch the covered cup of nectar; but my courage failed me, and I would have given it up as a bad job, if the little witch had not at that moment held up to the bright moonlight an exquisite little hand, with the very ring I had sent her, on the third finger. She looked at the ring for a moment, and then with a quick motion pressed it to her bosom. *Ama, ama, amamus!* I could bear it no longer. In an instant I had grasped her little waist with my arm, and glided my lips to the sweet creature's mouth. Ye gods and little fishes! what a scream she gave!

She slipped from my embrace like an eel, and sprang for the open door. I caught her by the waist again.

"Kate, Kate! don't you know—"

"Wool! You—down and I went, flat on my back, with old Towser's dental arrangements fastened in my shoulder.

"Get out, Towser! Father, father, help! he'll kill him!" cried Kate, who had recognized my voice; and the poor girl was in an agony of tears.

Out rushed Squire B., and loosened me from the grip of the dog. Kate's mother made me take off my coat, that she might see the extent of my wounds. They were not dangerous, and after applying some ointment, the pain left me, and I took a chair by the side of Mrs. B—.

"Why, what in the world made you scream so Kate!" said her father.

Poor Kate blushed to the tip of her fingers and said nothing, but cast an imploring glance at me.

"What was it, Jack!" he inquired.

"Why, the truth is, Mr. B—, when I came to the verandah, I saw Kate on the lounge looking so bewitching, that I could not help taking a kiss, and as I took it without her leave, it startled her somewhat."

Squire B— roared with laughter, while Mrs. B— looked at Kate with such a comical expression, that she slipped out of doors to hide her confusion.

I went out a moment after, and found her in a little arbor in the rear of the house.

"Dear Kate," said I, "and I will give you back that kiss I stole."

She looked at me a moment, and then turned her head away; but she did not struggle violently when I repaid her the kiss I had stolen under the verandah. I have kissed beautiful girls since, but never found the zest of that stolen kiss. Ah, Kate!

HOW TO COOK AN EGG.—An egg should not be boiled; it should only be scalded—*scald*, coddled. Immerse your egg in water. For time, proportion the same to the size and number of your eggs, and the collateral accidents. If you cook your eggs upon your breakfast-table, more time will be required. But if you station your apparatus on a good and wholesome hob, where there is a fire, and so the radiation of heat is less positive, less time will suffice. The latter way is mine, winter and summer, and the differences of the surrounding circumstances equalize, or nearly so, the time. I keep one egg under water 9 minutes; two, 9 1/2; three, 10; and four, nearly 11 minutes. The yolk first owns the power of the calorific, and will be even firmer set, while the white will be milky, or at most tremulously gelatinous. The flavor, superior to any thing

which a plover ever deposited, will be that which the egg of the gallinaceous domestic is intended to have; the substance, that which is delectable to the palate, and easy of digestion. There is perfect absence of that gutta serena quality, in the white especially, at once the result and the source of dyspepsia. I believe that eggs would be much more patronized and much more wholesome, if boiling were discarded.—Cottage Gardener.

TO MAKE CORN STARCH. The ripe grain must be mashed and ground to a fine meal, and then placed in a glazed mortar, and rubbed and triturated with a small quantity of water, until all the cornaceous particles are broken down. It is then to be transferred to a fine linen filter, washed, and expressed with successive portions of water. The liquid that passes through, must be allowed to stand for sixteen or twenty hours, for the sediment or starch to subside. The water is then to be drawn off and the residue dried in the usual manner.

This is the simplest and cheapest mode yet known for preparing the corn starch for pudding and other useful applications. E.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE..... AUG. 12, 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 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. PETERSON & 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.

### Commencement.

The weather, as usual, smiled benignantly upon this favorite festival; and the concourse of people was very large—exceeding, it is thought, that of any previous year. As a whole, the anniversary has been one of the most pleasant within the recollection of our citizens.

Of the various exercises it is hardly necessary to speak in detail. The graduating class was small, but the character of their performance secured the favorable estimate of the audience. The following were the exercises of the class—

- 1.....ORATION OF THE FIRST CLASS. "Pursuit of Wealth in the United States." SELDEN FLETCHER NEAL, Madison.
- 2.....ORATION OF THE SECOND CLASS. "Romance in Real Life." GEO. MARSHALL PRESTON, Beverly, Mass.
- 3.....ORATION OF THE FIRST CLASS. "Political Opinions of John Milton." "BENI. FRANKLIN KELLEY, Calais.
- 4.....ORATION OF THE FIRST CLASS. "The Uses of the Beautiful." DANIEL WEBSTER WILCOX, Shelburne Falls, Mass.
- 5.....ORATION OF THE THIRD CLASS. "The Dark Side of Life." RICHARD MEANS NOTT, Kennebunk Port.
- 6.....ORATION OF THE FIRST CLASS. "Aspect of Affairs in Europe." "BENEZER HAWKES LIBBY, Windham.
- 7.....ORATION OF THE FIRST CLASS. "The Reign of the Stewarts." "GEORGE WASHINGTON DOW, Windsor.
- 8.....ORATION OF THE FIRST CLASS. "Poets and Poetry." FRANCIS MACOMBER DODGE, Wrentham, Mass.
- 9.....ORATION OF THE SECOND CLASS. "Experience Essential to the Statesman." GEORGE BOARDMAN GOW, Waterville.
- 10.....ORATION FOR THE MASTER'S DEGREE. "Unrequited Talent." GEO. McLELLAN STAPLES, Farmington.

The degree of A. B., in course, was conferred upon the above gentlemen, except Mr. Kelley, and also upon Mr. W. H. Hobbie, of the class of 1844.

The Honorary degree of A. M., in course, was conferred upon Mark H. Dunnell, Wm. S. Greene, James S. Newell, George N. Staples, and Versal J. Walker; and upon Benj. F. Butler, Esq., Lowell, Mass., of the class of 1838.

The Honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon Dr. J. F. Potter, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Literary Societies celebrated on Tuesday evening. The oration, by Bev. T. S. King, of Boston, subject, "Property," was received as a first class production by an unusually large audience. Of the poem, by Rev. Mr. Phelps, we cannot speak. It may have been good enough to reward us for standing another hour on the door-step, where we could hear only each fourth word, with a balustrade of high-top hats in front and a kind neighbor resting on each shoulder. We did not think so—though it is well spoken of.

The Class of 1849 held a social meeting, of which there was a good attendance. It was ascertained that 5 only of the class are married; 10 have turned their attention to theology; 5 to medicine, and 2 to law. None of the class are dead. Twelve have been engaged in teaching. They adjourned to meet again in 1860 at the 40th anniversary of the foundation of the College.

The annual Dinner, which has become a very reasonable part of the 'feast of reason' incident to Commencement, was served by Mr. Seavey, of the Elmwood Hotel. It is pronounced by those skilled in the science of eating, a perfect specimen for such an occasion. It bro't the intellectual into such subjection to the physical, that brevity was connected not only with wit, but with everything else.

Bond's Cornet Band gave life to the great total of Commencement proper, giving the highest satisfaction and commanding the praise of all.

We regret to learn that President Sheldon and Professors Keely and Loomis have tendered the resignation of their respective offices; the former to take effect at the expiration of six months, and the two latter of three.

CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATION.—The Whig Convention, held in Augusta on Tuesday of last week, nominated Hon. S. P. Benson to represent this District in the next Congress. On the first ballot the votes stood for H. W. Paine, Esq., of Hallowell, 56; Hon. S. P. Benson, of Winthrop, 46; Hon. George Evans of Gardiner, 32. On the second ballot, Benson, 70; Paine, 65; scattering, 3.

### For the Eastern Mail.

#### Medicinal use of Alcohol.

Nothing can move me from the purpose I have distinctly avowed; to assail the medical use of ardent spirits, as not merely unnecessary and injurious, but as a powerful and mischievous source of intemperance, and most formidable obstruction to the benevolent designs of the temperance reformation.

Says Prof. John Bell in reference to the use of alcohol in medicine—"Medical ethics require a supervision on this point so as to quicken the sensibilities of physicians to their responsibilities for the habits of their patients after convalescence from disease, for these habits are often the result of formal advice as well as casual suggestion offered by the medical man, and lead to downright drunkenness."

The use of ardent spirits as a medicine begins at birth, and is only relinquished when the person is dead. Till within a very few years, the first odor that saluted the olfactory of most infants at birth and the last at death was that of the fumes of alcohol. No sooner was a child born into the world than spirits must be applied to the whole surface of the body.

This vile practice, I am rejoiced to know, has quite passed away in reference to the infant, but a large share of nurses and mothers think a little is necessary for the latter. But the only reason I can devise for a practice so mischievous is, the opportunity it affords for some of the party to swallow a little while applying it. Some wish for it to apply to the head, but I fear, like the good lady who was advised to use brandy as a wash for sore and weak eyes, they are unable to get it above their mouths.

Others use it to bathe the body, but the death of many a mother has been caused by this vile and pernicious use of alcoholic spirits. The faintness on these occasions, being mistaken for actual weakness, is made an indication for excitation, and recourse is had to distilled spirits—brandy, rum or old whiskey, diluted with hot water and sweetened. Though, unhappily, articles of familiar use in health, and in consequence their operation not apt to be duly weighed in disease, these liquors of very doubtful efficacy in a large majority of cases which are supposed to call for stimulus, should be discarded from the sick chamber at such times. I never allow them in my presence if I can rule but direct water in their stead, thus avoiding many diseases incident to both mother and child when bathed in rum. I speak now as a physician who has watched their effects, and who drew his conclusions independent of any temperance society.

If a child cries and is troublesome, something must be given to make it sleep, and if some simple quietus of herb-tea, which often contains a little gin, does not produce the desired effect, then comes the far-famed Godfrey's Cordial, paregoric, or some other stupefying draught made of rum and opium. Thus in earliest infancy the medical use of ardent spirits often inflicts injuries which send the child to a premature grave, or inflicts upon it a feeble constitution for life. Now every man in the profession understands all this use of alcohol, as a medicine, to be not only useless but hurtful; and yet it is suffered, because to oppose it is to encounter the prejudice of those superannuated nurses, who have been taught to use it from time immemorial.

This is one argument and not a powerless one with some DOCTORS of both physics and morals, by which they urge the necessity of keeping alcohol for a medicine; and it is as unanswerable as any which the apologists of rum can furnish. By the way I very much question the propriety of a body of men doing what is not proper for an individual to do. What is true of a single individual is true of a combination of individuals. If it is wrong for A. to sell an article, 'tis equally wrong for the whole alphabet to appoint any single one of their number to do so and put the proceeds into the common treasury. One person cannot give to society what he never possessed. If a man says to his next neighbor, 'when I have wrested your purse from you on the highway,'—and this is 'trash' to what the rumrunner takes from a man, whether he sells for himself or a number,—'seize me and shut me up; and in like manner when your turn comes I will serve you in the same way,'—and such an agreement was justifiable, would it be justifiable for one of their number to steal and put the effects of his efforts into a common treasury? No. Nor if the number were a thousand instead of ten, who might form such a compact, nor a million who should so agree, would this increase of partners vary one jot the moral character of the transaction. Upon what unheard of principles of morality is an act of one individual converted into an act of justice, whenever another subscriber has joined for mutual benefit? But I cannot pursue this subject farther at present, and remark,—

Another mischievous use of alcohol is the practice of using it to cover the taste of medicine. The evil is not merely the counteracting effect of the alcohol, but the child is taught that its use is right, and an appetite for it is often created which increases till health and life are destroyed. In far too many families it is common to have bitters which are for the most part prepared in alcohol; of these all in the family drink for some of the nameless diseases of which they are supposed to suffer; and thus have more drunkards been made than by all other causes combined. These, with all the tribe of stomachic bitters, cordials, elixirs, are but devices founded upon the medical use of ardent spirits, and for the most part possess no active properties, other than those the alcohol imparts.

### MEDICUS.

Waterville, August 12th, 1852.

See advertisement in this paper, of Messrs. Leland & Co., Proprietors of Metropolitan Hotel, New York City.

Hon. Robert Rantoul, Jr., member of Congress from Mass., died at Washington on Saturday last, after a short illness.

### [For the Eastern Mail.]

#### Why are these things so?

Please give me the remedy for the following evils now existing in the town of Waterville—

We have almost unequalled advantages for building up a town, but such is the policy pursued by the large holders of Real Estate here, that it requires a comparatively wealthy man to purchase a house lot, and when purchased and built upon, our assessors frequently value it on their tax list at more than the original cost—this is the secret of our enormous State and County Taxes—thus, strangers are deterred from coming here, and the door actually shut in the faces of those who, under other circumstances, would become residents here and pursue some active branch of industry—

We have a Superior Water Power, but it is held at such high rates, as to preclude the probability of any Company undertaking to purchase, and the owners, like dogs in the manger, will neither make improvements themselves, nor allow others to do so—

We have a natural position that should command and secure for us the business and trade of our neighboring towns; and yet, from a want of union and energy among our citizens, we are rapidly losing this business—

If you can suggest any remedy for the above, you shall soon hear of a few more subjects of complaint from an

OLD CITIZEN.

This last proposition is rather a hindrance than an inducement to our solution of these questions. There is no lack of complaint, either in Waterville or any other place that we know of; and it is much easier to complain of difficulties than to remove them. Breath intended to cool porridge should not be aimed at the fire. The few dogs in the manger, alluded to, if there really are such, will only derive obstinacy from kicks. There is evidently a great lack of wisdom in some of the holders of water power at Waterville. But for this, we should long ago have been a thriving manufacturing village. It is to the blame of those obstinate owners that we have failed to be so—

How, otherwise, should one of the best privileges in New England remain unimproved? But complaints avail little. Any man can see what should have been done; but who can tell us what is now proper and practicable? This is what we need to know; and if our correspondent is prepared to suggest, he shall have the use of our columns to any extent.

SENSELESS.—The New York Atlas, in commenting upon the late steamboat disaster on the Hudson, has the following well timed remarks:

"The public press of this city, is deeply to be censured for its conduct towards those who engage in racing. Last year, scarcely a day elapsed, without witnessing a race, either against time, or against a competitor, on the North River. And the press—we among others, we are ashamed to admit—encouraged it. If a boat made an extraordinary run between New York and Albany, or Albany and New York, at the risk of the lives of hundreds, forthwith the fact was chronicled, and the successful boat and her commander, were lauded and commended to public consideration and patronage. 'Our favorite boat the Reindeer,' and 'our favorite commander, Captain Albert De-groot'—and he is justly entitled to the respect of all, for his gentlemanly deportment, tact, skill and good conduct, came in for a superabundant amount of wholesome eulogy. Instead of applauding hot water racing, let every press unite in condemning it. If it does its duty, it will never again eulogize a boat or a commander, who has engaged in racing."

The public at large, especially the travelling public, is answerable for much in reference to steamboat racing. If they find themselves on board of a steamer when a race is commenced, with what zeal and earnestness they enter into the contest! Too much steam cannot be got up to suit them—the boat in which they are embarked cannot sail fast enough—and when the struggle becomes desperate they are even anxious and willing to risk absolute collision. They think of nothing, care for nothing, but conquest, as long as boiler, engine, and boat will hold together. If a frightful accident occur, it is then that they hold up their hands in horror, and demand punishment for those who have indulged in the criminal business of racing!

### The Crops.

A venerable old farmer of this town wishes us to mark the prediction that all potatoes planted before the first of June will escape the rot. He thinks others will be but little affected, and perhaps none. This seems to be the general opinion in this section. There is good reason to hope that this singular scourge is about to take its leave of the potato crop.

In everything but hay, the season promises to be one of the most prolific we have had for many years. In the language of our friend above alluded to, 'the man who grumbles this year deserves to starve.' Apples, in particular, promise to be abundant. Corn is at least two weeks earlier than last year, with an unusually thrifty growth; and can hardly fail to be out of the way of frost. With an unusually good crop of corn and oats, the farmers' means for keeping stock will be but little behind last year, if any.

### Throwing Cold Water.

On the arrival of Bond's Cornet Band, on Tuesday, at the Elmwood Hotel, Mr. Bond was very politely informed by a member of the Committee having the charge of the matter, that as no liquor could on any terms be obtained in the house, or in the place, arrangements had been made for furnishing, in a private way, whatever liquors the band might want to drink during their stay! Mr. Bond kindly replied that he was duly grateful for the intended courtesy, but that as most of the members of his band were strict temperance men, the Committee would be very cheerfully excused from furnishing the least item of intoxicating liquors for their use! Talk about 'throwing cold water'!—if anybody ever got a more icy dash than in this case, the story is yet to be told.—We mention this incident because the band deserve the credit and the Committee the shame it reflects.

RUM AND COMMENCEMENT.—The uniform sobriety, and evident absence of intoxication, which characterized this celebration, are subjects of general remark. Hardly a single intoxicated man was seen during the day. The

like was never known before. Those who visited the Circus pronounce it one of the most sober and quiet exhibitions, in this respect they ever attended. This fact speaks well for the Maine Law.

Justice Heath of Waterville has decided in the case of State vs. Barney, 'that the law does not contemplate the prohibition of the traffic in strong beer, ale, porter, &c.' We hope it does. If the law sanctions either of them to be drunk as a beverage, we should greatly prefer, for the health of the people, brandy, gin or rum. Either of the latter as a beverage would not have so baneful effect as the former.—[Pansophist.

'THE AGE'—meaning the religious age, probably—is the title of a new weekly paper at N. York, from the press of John H. Gray. It proposes to 'embrace the scientific as well as the social and moral aspects of man,' and to 'advocate the principles of the New Dispensation, as unfolded in the writings of Swedenborg.' Its columns give good evidence of talent, and are imbued with the spirit of love that characterizes Christianity. Price \$2 a year.

'SO FAR'—The Eastern City has made the run from Eastport to St. John in three hours and ten minutes. The Admiral's best time is three hours and twenty-six minutes.—[Calais Advertiser.

The Fountain and Journal copies the above paragraph. This is the way the press invites steamboat racing; and when the natural consequences of disaster and death follow, it invokes public indignation upon the heads of those who have the weakness to take such hints as the above. Brother Fountain, we look for more caution in you, because you make louder professions.

It is announced in another column that S. P. Benson is nominated for Congress in the Kennebec district, and since a nomination is virtually an election, we prospectively congratulate both him and the district on his election. We are glad to see such men go to Congress, for he is both a right down clover fellow and an honest man. If he can go and breathe the atmosphere of Washington, and come back as sound as he goes, it will be a crowning glory.—[Lewiston Journal.

[We say ditto to that.]

See the notice of E. B. Simonton & Co. They are about getting out a splendid new work, which promises good business for agents.

A sensible cotemporary says:—"The women ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco."

So they had! but the deuce of it is, all the handsome men use it in some shape! and 'kissing' is a luxury not to be dispensed with! As to a female kiss, laugh! there's no overference in it it's as flat as an unmixed soda powder! If I'm victimized that way, I always take an early application of soap and water. You will see women practice it sometimes, just to 'keep their hand in' (lips, I mean), but it's a miserable substitute! a sham, article! done half the time to tantalize some of the male audience! (I hope to be pardoned for turning State's evidence, but I don't care a pin if I ain't!) Now, kissing is a natural gift, (not to be acquired by any bungler!) when you meet with a *gifted brother*, make a note on't, as Capt. Cuttle says. There's your *universal* kiss, who can't distinguish between your kiss and your grandmother's—laugh!—there's your philosophical, transcendental kiss, who goes 'through the motions' in the air! then there's—oh! my senses!—they say there's such a thing as 'unwritten music,' and 'unwritten poetry.' I have my private suspicions there are 'unwritten kisses'!

FANNY FERN.

A HOAX.—Mr. Sands, the acrobat, did not walk on the ceiling of a Town Hall in Wolcott;—the ceiling did not break down; he did not break his neck,—but performed at Oswego on Monday last. The whole narrative of his death, was a hoax.

POMMADE DE SEVILLE.—This is a simple but efficacious preparation in much request with Spanish ladies, for removing from the face the effects of the sun. The following is the recipe.—Take equal parts of lemon juice and white of eggs. Beat the whole together in a varnished earthen pipkin, and set on a slow fire. Stir the fluid with a wooden spoon till it has acquired the consistency of soft pomatum. Perfume it with some sweet essence, and before you apply it, carefully wash the face with rice water.

WATER WHEELS.—There is a good deal of excitement among manufacturers and mill owners in New Hampshire, in reference to a claim of damages for the infringement of what is claimed as the Parker's patent water wheel.—Several individuals in company, claiming to be the agents of Parker of Zanesville, Ohio, have been visiting mill owners in Vermont and New Hampshire, and very many have been induced to pay them to save trouble and cost. The mill owners of Cheshire and Hillsboro' Counties have combined to resist the claim. Three men, it is said, are about visiting Maine. It does not appear that the claim for infringement applies to any particular wheel, but, to a principle of hydraulics which enters into most of the modern wheels, whatever their form. We do not learn that any one considers the claim as just—but that it is a plan to raise money out of the ignorance and fears of men who had rather pay \$50 or 100 dollars than to stand a threatened lawsuit. Such seems to be the impression.—Portland Inquirer.

THE DEATH OF A. J. DOWNING.—Among the victims of the Henry Clay, is Mr. A. J. Downing, the distinguished horticulturist. He had but just started from his residence in Newburgh, for Washington, where he was to superintend the improvements to be made in the grounds of the Executive mansion. Speaking of the decease of Mr. Downing, the N. Y. Times truly says:

"Mr. Downing has done more than any other man to introduce ideas of taste and beauty and adaptation into suburban and rustic gardening. His various works have propagated better notions of the picturesque, among our rural population. Farm and villa architecture has especially experienced the benefits of his advice. His books have had an unusual currency and the 'Horticulturist,' the Monthly which he has latterly made the vehicle of his teachings, enjoys an unprecedented popularity. His loss will be sincerely regretted. The many who appreciate his efforts to introduce purer conceptions of the tasteful and graceful into rustic affairs, will not want sympathizers among such utilitarians as failed to realize the practical use of his labors."

'FLAT BURGLARY'—Considerable of a demonstration was made upon the stores in this city by a gang of burglars, on Monday night last. No less than seven, we learn, were forcibly entered and robbed during the night; viz: those of Wills & Lombard, Martin Carroll, J.

W. Coffran, Charles Bird, E. Packard and J. J. Fuller, on Water street, and A. Staples, on Winthrop street. The amount of money and other property taken, we should judge would be hardly sufficient to compensate for the industry and activity displayed by the rogues in their night's work, and consisted mostly of coppers, smooth silver and counterfeit money to the value, perhaps, of thirty dollars in the aggregate, together with some choice cigars taken from Mr. Staples' store, and which contributed mainly to their detection. Two young men, named Hall and Freeman, who arrived in the 10 o'clock train from Portland, were arrested on Tuesday morning by Marshal Jones, and after examination were committed. One of them was arrested while smoking one of the stolen cigars. Some of the money found upon them was identified as being taken from the drawers of the stores broken into.—[Banner.

QUEEN VICIN FAVOR OF THE MAINE LAW.—The Fountain and Journal states that the report which has been circulated that her Majesty disapproved of the Maine Law, as passed in N. Brunswick, seems to have been without foundation. Asa Coy, Esq., of Frederickton, (capital of N. B.), a distinguished friend of temperance, says, in a note to the St. Johns Telegraph, that he has it from the best authority that the reported disapproval is not true, but on the contrary, that the bill will in due time be approved by Her Majesty's government.

WORKINGS OF SLAVERY.—The Ironton Register details a case of kidnapping in Lawrence county, Ohio. A negro man, who had been for some time resident in that county, loaned some money to a white man by the name of Collier, who was to give a note for it payable on demand; but, instead, a note was given payable in a year, including the interest. The negro could not read, but when he learned what the note was, called upon Collier for the money, which was refused. A day or two after, he sent for the negro to come and get his money. The next morning Collier and two men, named Davis, were seen taking him, bound, toward the Ohio river. Collier soon after returned, and went to church with the negro's clothes on. The absence of the negro, under the circumstances, excited the neighborhood, and Collier and the Davises were arrested and held to bail, jointly, in \$300. It was soon after ascertained that the negro was in jail at Greenup, Ky. He had free papers, which were taken from him. The accused were indicted, but made their escape into Kentucky, where they are at large.

SLAVE DECISION IN TEXAS.—A case has been decided in the District Court for the county of Bexar, in Texas, which, if confirmed in the Supreme Court, will operate, it is said, to declare several thousands of blacks free, who have been held heretofore as slaves. A slave woman was carried from the United States to Austin's Colony, in Texas, in 1826. Slavery was not recognised by the laws of Mexico at the time. The constitution of Coahuila and Texas was proclaimed early in 1827, and the woman, the subject of suit, daughter of the original slave, was born on the Brazos, about the middle of 1827. When the constitution of the year 1836 was adopted by the Republic of Texas, slavery was established, and the mother slave was of the class enumerated in that constitution as slaves. The daughter, having been born in the country, was not included by the provisions of the constitution.

In a suit, involving the question of the freedom of this girl, it has been decided that the condition of blacks in the country during the existence of the Mexican law was that of freedom, and that the act of sovereign power in remanding them to the original condition of slaves, which they held when imported from the United States, did not affect their offspring born in the country, before the adoption of the constitution of the Republic, who are consequently free.—[N. Orleans Picayune.

RAILROADS AGAINST WOLVES.—The effect of railways in promoting and extending civilization is a favorite theme with philanthropists. But the most sanguine believer in that great instrumentality of progress, never predicted the remarkable result attributed to their construction, in the annexed account from the Chicago Tribune. A few years since the depredations of wolves absolutely discouraged the raising of sheep, in some parts of Illinois.—During an excursion to Northern Indiana a few days ago, we learned that since the tracks of the railroads around the lakes were laid down but one single wolf has been seen or heard of south of them, and it is thought that he had never been north since their construction. The farmers of Twenty Mile Prairie and adjacent country are no longer troubled about herding their sheep in places during each night, as they were formerly. The wolf is at all times exceedingly suspicious of traps, and is not disposed to venture near iron or steel, however tempting the bait may be that lies near it; hence their fear of crossing the railroad track to commit depredations on the flocks in the farming country south. At night too, when they leave their dens, the locomotives pass, and their hideous and strange noise is not calculated to inspire the varmints with any remarkable degree of confidence and security from danger.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF HENRY CLAY.—His advice to Young Men.—Two years ago, during Mr. Clay's address to the students of the New York State and National Law School, in Ballston Spa, one object of which is to train young men in the art of extemporaneous speaking, he said, when counting on the advantages of the Institution, 'I owe my success in life, to one single fact, viz: that at the age of twenty-seven I commenced, and continued for years, the habit of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical or scientific book. These off hand efforts were made sometimes in a cornfield, and others in a forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and the ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice of the



