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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. 19, 1852.

NO. 5.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

"I'M GOING TO A BETTER COUNTRY."

(Uncle Tom's Cabin.)

BY L. L. V.

"I'm going to leave you soon, papa;
I may not longer stay,
For I've heard again that gentle voice,
Calling my soul away.
Nay, father, do not look so pale,
Nor clasp so tight my hand;
Your Eva will not leave her home
But for a purer land.
And, father, when the twilight falls
So soft o'er flower and wave,
Will you not come and sit by me,
Or by my little grave?
I shall not be far off, papa;
I'll listen when you sing,
And sometimes I will come to you,
Come on an angel wing.
O, father! will the sweet vines creep
Still kindly o'er my bower?
And will the birds still warble here,
And peep at every flower?
Or will they know that I am gone,
And hush their music free?
O, no! they'll sing for you, papa,
As now they do for me.
And, father, you will lonely be
When I am gone away;
But Uncle Tom will love you still,
And he will pray for you;
And when he sits so patiently
Within his lonely cot,
You'll sometimes come and read to him,
As I do—will you not?
O, father! do not sit so still,
And look so pale and cold;
But take your Eva in your arms,
And closer to you hold
Your child; for I am tired, papa,
And gladly would I rest;
So hold me in your arms once more,
My head upon your breast,
And place your hand upon my brow,
And smooth my curls again;
I did not mean to grieve you thus!
I would not give you pain!
And gladly would I stay, papa,
Till you might go as well.
But, father, Jesus calls me home,
In heaven, with Him to dwell.
And you will come full soon, papa!
The angels told me this
Last eve, when I but half awoke
To feel your good-night kiss—
And then we'll happily be, papa,
Where all is pure and bright;
So do not cry!—I'll not go yet—
One kiss—papa—good night!

MISCELLANY.

"MURDER WILL OUT!"

A GENUINE OLD GHOST STORY.

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

[CONCLUDED.]

Somewhat wondering that the major should have turned aside from the track, though without attaching to it any importance at that particular moment, James Grayling took up the borrowed axe and hurried back to the encampment, where the toil of cutting an extra supply of light-wood to meet the exigencies of the ensuing night, sufficiently exercised his mind as well as his body, to prevent him from meditating upon the seeming strangeness of the circumstance. But when he sat down to his supper over the fire that he had kindled, his fancies crowded thickly upon him, and he felt a confused doubt and suspicion that something was to happen, he knew not what. His conjectures and apprehensions were without form, though not altogether void; and he felt a strange sickness and a sinking at the heart which was very unusual with him. He had, in short, that lowness of spirits, that cloudy apprehensiveness of soul which takes the form of presentiment, and makes us look out for danger even when the skies are without a cloud, and the breeze is laden, equally and only, with balm and music. His moodiness found no sympathy among his companions. Joel Sparkman was in the best of humors, and his mother was so cheery and happy, that when the thoughtful boy went off into the woods to watch, he could hear her at moments breaking out into little catches of a country ditty, which the gloomy events of the late war had not yet obliterated from her memory. "It's very strange!" soliloquized the youth, as he wandered along the edges of the dense bay or swamp-bottom, which we have passively referred to,—it's very strange what troubles me so! I feel almost frightened, and yet I know I'm not to be frightened easily, and I don't see any thing in the woods to frighten me. It's strange the major didn't come along this road! Maybe he took another higher up that leads by a different settlement. I wish I had asked the man at the house if there's such another road. I reckon there must be, however, for where could the major have gone?

The unphilosophical mind of James Grayling did not, in his further meditations, carry him much beyond this starting point; and with its continual recurrence in soliloquy, he proceeded to traverse the margin of the bay, until he came to its junction with, and termination at, the high-road. The youth turned into this, and, involuntarily departing from it a moment after, soon found himself on the opposite side of the bay thicker. He wandered on and on, as he himself described it, without any power to restrain himself. He knew not how far he went; but, instead of maintaining his watch for two hours only, he was gone more than four; and at length a sense of weariness which overpowered him all of a sudden, caused him to seat himself at the foot of a tree, and snatch a few moments of rest. He denied that he slept in this time. He insisted to the last moment of his life that sleep never visited his eyelids that night,—that he was conscious of fatigue

and exhaustion, but not drowsiness,—and that his fatigue was so numbing as to be painful, and effectually kept him from sleep. While he sat thus beneath the tree, with a body weak and nerveless, but a mind excited, he knew not how or why, to the most acute degree of expectation and attention, he heard his name called by the well-known voice of his friend, Major Spencer. The voice called him three times,—James Grayling!—James!—James Grayling! before he could muster strength to answer. It was not courage he wanted,—of that he was positive, for he felt sure as he said that something had gone wrong, and he was never more ready to fight in his life than at that moment, could he have commanded the physical capacity; but his throat seemed dry to suffocation,—his lips effectually sealed up as if with wax, and when he did answer, the sounds seemed as fine and soft as the whisper of some child just born.

"Oh! major, is it you?"
Such, he thinks, were the very words he made use of in reply; and the answer that he received was instantaneous, though the voice came from some little distance in the bay, and his own voice he himself did not hear. He only knows what he meant to say. The answer was to this effect:

"It is, James!—It is your own friend, Lionel Spencer, that speaks to you; do not be alarmed when you see me! I have been shockingly murdered!"

James asserted that he tried to tell him that he would not be frightened, but that his own voice was still a whisper which he himself could scarcely hear. A moment after he had spoken he heard something like a sudden breeze that rustled through the bay bushes at his feet, and his eyes were closed without his effort, and, indeed, in spite of himself. When he opened them, he saw Major Spencer standing at the edge of the bay, about twenty steps from him. Though he stood in the shade of the thicket, and there was no light in the heavens save that of the stars, yet he was enabled to distinguish perfectly, and with great ease, every lineament of his friend's face. He looked very pale, and his garments were covered with blood; and James said that he strove very much to rise from the place where he sat, and approach him;—"for in truth," said the lad, "so far from feeling any fear, I felt nothing but fury in my heart; but I could not move a limb. My feet were fastened to the ground; my hands to my sides; and I could only bend forward and gasp. I felt as if I should have died of vexation that I could not rise; but a power which I could not resist, made me motionless, and almost speechless. I could only say, 'Murdered!'—and that one word, I believe I must have repeated a dozen times."

"Yes, murdered!—murdered by the Scotchman who slept with us at your fire night before last. James, I look to you to have the murderer brought to justice! James!—do you hear me, James?"

"These," said James, "I think were the very words, or near about the very words, that I heard; and I tried to ask the major to tell me how it was, and how I could do what he required; but I didn't hear myself speak, though it would appear that he did, for almost immediately after I had tried to speak what I wished to say, he answered me just as if I had said it. He told me that the Scotchman had waylaid, killed, and hidden him in that very bay; that his murderer had gone on to Charleston, and that if I made haste to town, I would find him in the Falmouth packet which was then lying in the harbor and ready to sail for England. He farther said that everything depended on my making haste,—that I must reach town by to-morrow night, if I wanted to be in season, and go right on board the vessel and charge the criminal with the deed. 'Do not be afraid,' said he, when he had finished; 'be afraid of nothing, James, for God will help and strengthen you to the end.' When I had heard all, I burst out into a flood of tears, and then I felt strong. I felt that I could talk or fight, or do almost anything; and I jumped up to my feet, and was about to run down to where the major stood; but with the first step which I made forward, he was gone. I stopped and looked all around me, but I could see nothing; and the bay was just as black as midnight. But I went down to it, and tried to press in where I thought the major had been standing; but I couldn't get far, the brush and bay bushes were so close and thick. I was now bold and strong enough, and I called out loud enough to be heard half a mile. I didn't exactly know what I called for, or what I wanted to learn, or I have forgotten. But I heard nothing more. Then I remembered the camp, and began to fear that something might have happened to mother and uncle, for I now felt, what I had not thought of before, that I had gone too far round the bay to be of much assistance, or, indeed, to be in time for any, had they been suddenly attacked. Besides, I could not think how long I had been gone; but it now seemed very late. The stars were shining their brightest, and the thin, white clouds of morning were beginning to rise and run towards the west. Well, I bethought me of my course,—for I was a little bewildered and doubtful where I was; but after a little thinking, I took the back track, and soon got a glimpse of the camp-fire, which was nearly burnt down; and by this I reckoned I was gone considerably longer than my two hours. When I got back into the camp, I looked under the wagon, and found uncle in a sweet sleep, and though my heart was full almost to bursting with what I had heard, and the cruel sight that had seen, yet I wouldn't waken him; and I bent about and mended the fire, and watched, and waited, until near daylight, when mother called to me out of the wagon and asked who it was. This wakened my uncle, and then I up and told all that had happened, for if it had been to save my life, I couldn't have kept it in much longer. But though mother said it was very strange, Uncle Sparkman considered that I had been only dreaming; but he couldn't persuade me of it; and when I told him I intended to go off at daylight, just as the major had told me to do, and ride my best all the way to Charleston, he laughed, and said I was a fool. But I felt that I was no fool, and I was solemnly certain that I hadn't been dreaming; though both mother and he tried their hardest to make me put off going, yet I made up my mind to it, and they had to give up. For, wouldn't I have been a pretty sort of a friend to the major, if after what he told me I could have stayed behind, and gone on only at a wagon-pace to look after the murderer? I don't think if I had done so that I should ever have been able to look a white man in the face again. Soon as the peep of day, I was on horseback. Mother

was mighty sad, and begged me not to go, but Uncle Sparkman was mighty sulky, and kept calling me fool upon fool, until I was almost angry enough to forget that we were of blood kin. But all his talking did not stop me, and I reckon I was five miles on my way before he had his team in traces for a start. I rode as briskly as I could to get on without hurting my nag. I had a smart ride of more than forty miles before me, and the road was very heavy. But it was a good two hours from sunset when I got into town, and the first question I asked of the people I met was, to show me where the ships were kept. When I got to the wharf, they showed me the Falmouth packet, where she lay in the stream ready to sail as soon as the wind should favor."

James Grayling, with the same eager impatience which he has suffered to describe in his own language, had already hired a boat to go on board the British packet, when he remembered that he had neglected all those means, legal or otherwise, by which alone his purpose might be properly effected. He did not know much about legal process, but he had common sense enough, the moment that he began to reflect on the subject, to know that some such process was necessary. This conviction produced another difficulty; he knew not in which quarter to turn for counsel and assistance; but here the boatman, who saw his bewilderment, and knew by his dialect and dress that he was a back countryman, came to his relief, and from him he got directions where to find the merchants with whom his uncle Sparkman had done business in former years. To them he went, and without circumlocution told the whole story of his ghostly visitation. Even as a dream, which these gentlemen at once conjectured it to be, the story of James Grayling was equally clear and curious; and his intense warmth and the entire absorption which the subject had effected of his mind and soul, was such that they judged it not improper, at least, to carry out the search of the vessel which he contemplated. It would certainly, they thought, be a curious coincidence—believing James to be a veracious youth—if the Scotchman should be found on board. But another test of his narrative was proposed by one of the firm. It so happened that the business agents of Major Spencer, who was well known in Charleston, kept their office but a few rods distant from their own; and to them all the parties at once proceeded. But here the story of James was encountered by a circumstance that made somewhat against it. These gentlemen produced a letter from Major Spencer, intimating the utter impossibility of his coming to town for the space of a month, and expressing his regret that he should be unable to avail himself of the opportunity of the foreign vessel, of whose arrival in Charleston and proposed time of departure, they themselves had advised him. They read the letter aloud to James and their brother-merchants, and with difficulty suppressed their smiles at the gravity with which the former related and insisted upon the particulars of his vision.

"He has changed his mind," returned the impetuous youth; "he was on his way down, I tell you,—a hundred miles on his way,—when he camped with us. I know him well, I tell you, and talked with him myself half the night." "At least," remarked the gentleman who had gone with James, "it can do no harm to look into the business. We can procure a warrant for searching the vessel after this man, Macnab; and should he be found on board the packet, it will be a sufficient circumstance to justify the magistrates in detaining him, until we can ascertain where Major Spencer really is." The measure was accordingly adopted, and it was nearly sunset before the warrant was procured, and the proper officer in readiness. The impatience of a spirit so eager and so devoted as James Grayling, under these delays, may be imagined; and when in the boat, and on his way to the packet where the criminal was to be sought, his blood became so excited that it was with much ado he could be kept in his seat. His quick, eager action continually disturbed the trim of the boat, and one of his mercantile friends, who had accompanied him, with that interest which curiosity alone inspires, was under constant apprehension lest he would plunge overboard in his desire to shorten the space which lay between. The same impatience enabled the youth, though never on shipboard before, to grasp the rope which had been flung at their approach, and to mount her sides with catlike agility. Without waiting to declare himself or his purpose, he ran from one side of the deck to the other, greedily staring, to the surprise of officers, passengers and seamen, in the faces of all of them, and surveying them with an almost offensive scrutiny. He turned away from the search with disappointment. There was no face like that of the suspected man among them. By this time his friend, the merchant, with the sheriff's officer, had entered the vessel, and were in conference with the captain. Grayling drew nigh in time to hear the latter affirm that there was no man of the name of Macnab, as stated in the warrant, among his passengers or crew.

"He is—he must be!" exclaimed the impetuous youth. "The major never lied in his life, and couldn't lie after he was dead. Macnab is here—he is a Scotchman!"

"The captain interrupted him—

"We have, young gentleman, several Scotchmen on board, and one of them is named Macnab."

"Let me see him—which is he?" demanded the youth.

By this time, the passengers and a goodly portion of the crew were collected about the little party. The captain turned his eyes upon the group, and asked,

"Where is Mr. Macnab?"

"He's gone below—he's sick!" replied one of the passengers.

"That's he! That must be the man!" exclaimed the youth. "I'll lay my life that's no other than Macnab. He's only taken a false name."

It was now remembered by one of the passengers, and remarked, that Macnab had expressed himself as unwell, but a few moments before, and had gone below even while the boat was rapidly approaching the vessel. At this statement the captain led the way into the cabin, closely followed by James Grayling and the rest.

"Mr. Macnab," he said, with a voice softer, what elevated, as he approached the berth of that person, "you are wanted on deck for a few moments."

"I am really too unwell, captain," replied a feeble voice from behind the curtain of the berth.

"It will be necessary," was the reply of the captain. "There is a warrant from the authorities of the town, to look after a fugitive from justice."

Macnab had already begun a second speech declaring his feebleness, when the fearless youth, Grayling, bounded before the captain, and tore away with a single grasp of his hand, the frail curtain which concealed the suspected man from their sight.

"It is he!" was the instant exclamation of the youth, as he beheld him. "It is he—Macnab, the Scotchman—the man that murdered Major Spencer!"

Macnab, for it was he, was deadly pale. He trembled like an aspen. His eyes were dilated with more than mortal apprehension, and his lips were perfectly livid. Still, he found strength to speak and deny the accusation. "He knew nothing of the youth before him;—nothing of Major Spencer—his name was Macnab, and he had never called himself by any other. He denied, but with great incoherence, everything which was urged against him."

"You must get up, Macnab," said the captain; "the circumstances are very much against you. You must go with the officer."

"Will you give me up to my enemies?" demanded the culprit. "You are a countryman—a Briton. I have fought for the king, your master, against these rebels, and for this they seek my life. Do not deliver me into their bloody hands!"

"Liar!" exclaimed James Grayling. "Didn't you tell us that our own camp-fire that you were with us? that you were at Gates's defeat, and Ninety-Six?"

"But I didn't tell you," said the Scotchman, with a grin, "which side I was on!"

"Ha! remember that!" said the sheriff's officer. "He denied, just a moment ago, that he knew this young man at all; now, he confesses that he did see and camp with him."

The Scotchman was agitated at the strong point which, in his inadvertence, he had made against himself; and his efforts to excuse himself, stammering and contradictory, were such as served only to involve him more deeply in the meshes of his difficulty. Still he continued his urgent appeals to the captain of the vessel and his fellow-passengers, as citizens of the same country, subjects to the same monarch, to protect him from those who equally hated and would destroy them all. In order to move their national prejudices in his behalf, he boasted of the immense injury which he had done, as a traitor, to the rebel cause; and still insisted that the murder was only a pretext of the youth before him, by which to gain possession of his person, and wreak upon him the revenge which he had naturally enough provoked. One or two of the passengers, indeed, joined with him in entreating the captain to set the accusers adrift and make sail at once; but the stout Englishman who was in command, rejected instantly the unworthy counsel. Besides, he was better aware of the dangers which would follow any such rash proceeding. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, had been already retitled and prepared for an enemy; and he was lying at that moment under the formidable range of grinning teeth, which would have opened upon him at the first movement from the jaws of Castle Pinckney.

"No! gentlemen," said he, "you mistake your man. God forbid that I should give shelter to a murderer, though he were from my own parish."

"But I am no murderer," said the Scotchman.

"You look cursed like one, however," was the reply of the captain. "Sheriff, take your prisoner."

The base creature threw himself at the feet of the Englishman, and clung with piteous entreaties to his knees. The latter shook him off, and turned away in disgust.

"Steward," he cried, "bring up this man's luggage."

He was obeyed. The luggage was brought up from the cabin and delivered to the sheriff's officer, by whom it was examined in the presence of all, and an inventory made of its contents. It consisted of a small, new trunk, which it afterward appeared he had bought in Charleston, soon after his arrival. This contained a few changes of raiment, twenty-six guineas in money, a gold watch not in repair, and the two pistols which he had shown while at Joel Sparkman's camp-fire; but with this difference, that the stock of one was broken off short just above the grasp, and the butt was entirely gone.

It was not found among his chattels. A careful examination of the articles in his trunk did not result in anything calculated to strengthen the charge of his criminality; but there was not a single person present who did not feel as morally certain of his guilt as if the jury had already declared the fact. That night he slept—if he slept at all—in the common jail of the city.

His accuser, the warm-hearted and resolute James Grayling, did not sleep. The excitement, arising from mingling and contradictory emotions,—sorrow for his brave young commander's fate, and the natural exultation of a generous spirit at the consciousness of having performed, with signal success, an arduous and painful task, combined to drive all pleasant slumbers from his eyes; and with the dawn he was again up and stirring, with his mind still full of the awful business in which he had been engaged. We do not care to pursue his course in the ordinary walks of the city, nor account for his employments during the few days which ensued, until, in consequence of a legal examination into the circumstances which anticipated the regular work of the sessions, the extreme excitement of the young accuser had been renewed. Macnab or Macloed,—and it is possible that both names were fictitious,—as soon as he recovered from his first terrors, sought the aid of an attorney—one of those acute, small, chopping lawyers, to be found in almost every community, who are willing to serve with equal zeal the sinner and the saint, provided that they can pay with equal liberality. The prisoner was brought before the court, under *habeas corpus*, and several grounds submitted by his counsel with the view to obtaining his discharge. It became necessary to ascertain, among the first duties of the state, whether Major Spencer, the alleged victim, was really dead. Until it could be established that a man should be imprisoned, tried and punished for a crime, it was first necessary to show that a crime had been committed, and the attorney made himself exceedingly merry with the ghost story of young Grayling. In those days, however, the ancient superstition was not so feeble as she has subsequently become. The venerable judge

was one of those good men who had a decent respect for the faith and opinions of his ancestors; and though he certainly would not have consented to the hanging of Macloed under the sort of testimony which had been adduced, he yet saw enough in all the circumstances to justify his present detention. In the mean time, efforts were to be made to ascertain the whereabouts of Major Spencer; though were he even missing,—so the counsel for Macloed contended—his death could be by no means assumed in consequence. To this the judge shook his head doubtfully. "Fore God!" said he, "I would not have you to be too sure of that." He was an Irishman, and proceeded after the fashion of his country. The reader will therefore bear with his bull. "A man may properly be hung for murdering another, though the murdered man be not dead; ay, before God, even though he be actually unhurt and uninjured, while the murderer is swinging by the neck for the bloody deed!"

The judge,—who it must be understood was a real lawyer, and who had no small reputation in his day in the south,—proceeded to establish the correctness of his opinions by authorities and argument, with all of which, doubtless, the bar were exceedingly delighted; but, to provide them in this place would only be to interfere with our own progress. James Grayling, however, was not satisfied to wait the slow processes which were suggested for coming at the truth. Even the wisdom of the judge was lost upon him, possibly, for the simple reason that he did not comprehend it. But the ridicule of the culprit's lawyer stung him to the quick, and he muttered to himself, more than once, a determination "to lick the sauce out of that impudent chap's leather." But this was not his only resolve. There was one which he proceeded to put into instant execution, and that was to seek the body of his murdered friend in the spot where he fancied it might be found—namely, the dark and dismal bay where the spectre had made his appearance to his eyes.

The suggestion was approved,—though he did not need this to prompt his resolution,—by his mother and uncle, Sparkman. The latter determined to be his companion, and he was farther accompanied by the sheriff's officer who had arrested the suspected felon. Before daylight, on the morning after the examination before the judge had taken place, and when Macloed had been remanded to prison, James Grayling started on his journey. His fiery zeal received additional force at every added moment of delay, and his eager spurring brought him at an early hour after noon, to the neighborhood of the spot through which his search was to be made. When his companions and himself drew nigh, they were at a loss in which direction first to proceed. The bay was one of those massed forests, whose wall of thorns, vines, and close, tenacious shrubs seemed to defy invasion. To the eyes of the townsman it was so forbidding that he pronounced it absolutely impenetrable. But James was not to be baffled. He led them round it, taking the very course which he had pursued the night when the revelation was made him; he showed them the very tree at whose foot he had cunk when the supernatural torpor—as he himself esteemed it—began to fall upon him; he then pointed out the spot, some twenty steps distant, at which the spectre made his appearance. To this spot they then proceeded in a body, and essayed an entrance, but were so discouraged by the difficulties at the outset that all, James not excepted, concluded that the murderer nor his victim could possibly have found entrance there.

But, lo! a marvel! Such it seemed at the first blush to all the party. While they stood confounded and indecisive, undetermined in which way to move, a sudden flight of wings was heard, even from the centre of the bay at a little distance above the spot where they had striven for entrance. They looked up, and beheld about fifty buzzards—those notorious domestic vultures of the south—ascending from the interior of the bay, and perching along upon the branches of the loftier trees by which it was overhung. Even were the character of these birds less known, the particular business in which they had just been engaged, was betrayed by huge gobbets of flesh which some of them had borne aloft in their flight, and still continued to rend with beak and bill, as they tottered upon the branches where they stood. A piercing scream issued from the lips of James Grayling as he beheld this sight, and strove to scare the offensive birds from their repast.

"The poor major! the poor major!" was the involuntary and agonized exclamation of the youth. "Did I ever think he would come to this!"

The search, thus guided and encouraged, was pressed with renewed diligence and spirit; and at length, an opening was found through which it was evident that a body of considerable size had but recently gone. The branches were broken from the small shrub trees, and the undergrowth trodden into the earth. They followed this path, and as is the case commonly with waste tracks of this description, the density of the growth diminished sensibly at every step they took, till they reached a little pond, which, though circumscribed in area, and full of cypresses, yet proved to be singularly deep. Indeed, it was an alligator hole, where, in all probability, a numerous tribe of these reptiles had their dwelling. Here, on the edge of the pond, they discovered the object which had drawn the keen-sighted vultures to their feast, in the body of a horse, which James Grayling at once identified as that of Major Spencer. The carcass of the animal was already very much torn and lacerated. The eyes were plucked out, and the animal completely disembowelled. Yet, on examination, it was not difficult to discover the manner of his death. This had been effected by fire-arms. Two bullets had passed through his skull just above the eyes, either of which must have been fatal. The murderer had led the horse to the spot, and committed the cruel deed where his body was found. The search was now continued for that of the owner, but for some time it proved ineffectual. At length the keen eyes of James Grayling detected amidst a heap of moss and green sedge that rested beside an overhanging tree whose branches jutted into the pond, a whitish but discolored object, that did not seem native to the place. Bestriding a fallen tree, he was enabled to reach this object, which, with a burst of grief, he announced to the distant party was the hand and arm of his unfortunate friend, the wristband of the shirt being the conspicuous object which had first caught his eye. Grasping this, he drew the corpse, which had been thrust beneath the branches of the tree, to the surface; and with the assistance of his

uncle it was finally brought to the dry land.—Here it underwent a careful examination. The head was very much disfigured; the skull was fractured in several places by repeated blows of some hard instrument, inflicted chiefly from behind. A closer inspection revealed a bullet-hole in the abdomen, the first wound, in all probability, which the unfortunate gentleman received, and by which he was perhaps tumbling from his horse. The blows on the head would seem to have been unnecessary, unless the murderer—whose proceedings seemed to have been singularly deliberate,—was resolved upon making 'assurance doubly sure.' But, as if the watchful Providence had meant that nothing should be left doubtful which might tend to the complete conviction of the criminal, the constable stumbled upon the butt of the broken pistol which had been found in Macloed's trunk. This he picked up on the edge of the pond in which the corpse had been discovered, and while James Grayling and his uncle, Sparkman, were engaged in drawing it from the water.—The place where the fragment was discovered at once denoted the pistol as the instrument by which the final blows were inflicted. "Fore God," said the Judge to the criminal, as these proofs were submitted on the trial, "you may be a very innocent man after all, as by my faith I do think there have been many murderers before you; but you ought, nevertheless, to be hung as an example to all other persons who suffer such strong proofs of guilt to follow their innocent misdoings. Gentlemen of the jury, if this person, Macloed or Macnab, didn't murder Major Spencer, either you or I did; and you must now decide which of us it is! I say, gentlemen of the jury, either you, or I, or the prisoner at the bar, murdered this man; and if you have any doubts which of us it was, it is but justice and mercy that you should give the prisoner the benefit of your doubts; and so find your verdict. But, before God, should you find him not guilty, Mr. Attorney you can scarcely do anything wiser than to put us all upon trial for the deed."

The jury, it may be scarcely necessary to add, perhaps under certain becoming fears of an alternative such as his honor had suggested brought in a verdict of 'Guilty,' without leaving the panel; and Macnab, alias Macloed, was hung at White Point, Charleston, somewhere about the year 178—

"And here," said my grandmother, devoutly, "you behold a proof of God's watchfulness to see that murder should not be hidden, and that the murderer should not escape. You see that he sent the spirit of the murdered man—since by no other mode could the truth have been revealed—to declare the crime, and to discover the criminal. But for that ghost, Macnab would have got off to Scotland, and probably have been living to this very day on the money that he took from the person of the poor major!"

"But, grandma, did James Grayling ever whip the enemy lawyer, as he promised?"
It has always seemed to me that the story—for this is a genuine legend of Carolina—ended with singular abruptness, when it left this important question without an answer. It might somewhat impair the moral character of James Grayling, could we fancy that he failed to keep so solemn a promise!

INSUBORDINATION AMONG THE SLAVES IN VIRGINIA.—The Richmond, Norfolk and Fredericksburg papers allude frequently to the spirit of insubordination among the slaves, which they attribute to a recent pardon by the Governor, of a slave who had killed an overseer. The Fredericksburg Herald says:

"It is useless to disguise the fact, its truth is undeniable, that a greater degree of insubordination has been manifested by the negro population, within the last few months, than at any previous period in our history as a State. Our exchanges from all quarters of Virginia come to us freighted with accounts of attacks of negroes on their masters or overseers, and a general laxity of punishment seems to pervade the length and breadth of the Old Dominion. And not only is it abroad that the spirit of mischief seems brewing, but even here, we might cite several notable instances that have been named to us."

"We have heard of negroes who refused to be chastised by overseers, and who have gone so far as to resist. Kitchen servants, who teach their children that no such relative position as master and slave ought to exist, and that henceforth the term is to be repudiated, and instead of master it is to be Mr. And instead of their offspring applying the terms heretofore known as father and mother among the blacks, it is to be pa and ma! This might be tedious to comment upon, but it shows the progressiveness of the times, and develops a feeling among the colored population which has never before been known to exist."

"We conceive it to be time that all parties understood each other upon this subject, and while we should object to anything which might smack of heartless severity, yet personal safety may demand some abridgment of the extended privileges which are now allowed to the colored population. It is now a debatable point, as to which color shall use the sidewalk, and which give way—a point that we think had better be settled at once. Let the public see to these matters in time, or great severity will be required after a time, while a little wholesome restriction just now will obviate its necessity and application then."

THE POTATO DISEASE, we grieve to say, appears to have commenced its ravages in England and Ireland both. In the neighborhood of Liverpool it has already made very serious ravages. Its appearance is represented to be very sudden, and its action quickly fatal. Reports from the Northern and Western provinces of Ireland represent the potato crop in that vicinity as affected with the disease in its most malignant form. Other crops, however, are reported to be remarkably promising, both in England and Ireland.

GIVING TO THE RICH.—An exchange paper says that Mr. Warren Stagg, a large provision dealer of Cincinnati, has recently packed, in an elaborately finished black walnut sack, glittering on either head with heavy silver nails, a lot of his choice sugar-cured hams, each carefully canvassed in fine cloth, designed as a present for Queen Victoria.

We dare say that Mr. Warren Stagg might have found plenty of poor people in Cincinnati who need his 'sugar-cured hams' much more than Queen Victoria. But then, doubtless, he thought it better that the poor should starve than that his vanity be not fed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

KINDRED SOULS.

Two spirits, at the gate of Paradise,
Paused, as they parted for an earthly life;
They knew it was a dark, tempestuous sea,
A world of weariness and sin and strife;
Yet to perform their heavenly mission, they,
Unshrinking, sought to tread the shadowy way.

"And are we parted for a life-long day?"
One angel spoke, and clasped her shining lyre
Close to her bosom, for it was her task,
While dwelling on the earth, to wake the fire
Of spirit song, and guide the wandering soul,
By holy thoughts, to seek the heavenly goal.

"It may not be that we shall meet again."
The other angel breathed—"We shall forget
Our purer life, and darkly wander on,
Children of earth; and when the wild regret,
And gnashing sorrow fill our brimming cup,
What but this kindred hope will bear us up?"

"But this firm hope, this truth will still be ours,
We know that we shall meet when death is past;
Then drop not, my soul's friend, beneath the storm,
A Father's smile upon our path is cast.
Why should we linger? Angels wait to guide
Our untired feet across the mystic tide."

Gloriously beautiful the starry light
Fell on the bending leaves and sleeping flowers,
That o'er a mansion poured their rich perfume,
While unseen minstrels charmed the dancing hours:
Within the lofty halls, proud forms and bright,
With joy and music thrilled the glowing night.

And one was there, whose eyes of glistering fire
Flashed with a deep and restless brilliancy;
The proudest gathered round her, for her voice
Stirred within each a kindred melody:
An echo from her harp would ever seem
To wake in other souls the same rich dream.

And in the throng was one, a stranger there,
Who silent stood amid the charmed band,
While in his breast was slowly waking
A dim, strange memory of a far off land—
A mystic vision of a home of bliss,
An isle of light that would again be his.

He clasped to his heart the sweet, half-folded dream,
But he had faded; and again his brow
Grew cold; and then he listened to that voice,
Which now was breathing warmly and low,
Unmoved; and when she turned from them at last,
All memories of her magic power were past.

And on her heart a ray of light had shone,
And the rich harpstrings of her lonely breast
Murmured with melody before unknown—
Murmured of thrilling joy and wild unrest.
The kindred souls had met on earth, nor knew
Each other, both henceforth more deeply true.

Spring flowers were kindly blooming on the grave
Of her who parted first from life's dark chain,
In the pure light of Eden's fadeless glow,
Waiting for him still tossed upon the main.
The earthly harp was broken; but above,
The spirit chords yet whispered tones of love.

"O, welcome to thy glorious home;
Long have I waited, but we part no more;
We have performed our mission; we have passed
The stormy waves; and now the radiant shore,
The peaceful gardens and the pure life-river
Of the celestial land, are ours forever."

"And now still onward, onward is our way,
From star to star our shining pathway lies,
Ministers ever to thy glorious will,
Whose smile illumines our blessed Paradise.
Farewell to earthly shadows, earthly strife;
Ours is the summer of eternal life."

MISCELLANY.

DIFFICULTY.

There is an aim which all Nature seeks, the
flower that opens from the bud—the light that
breaks the cloud into a thousand forms of beauty—
is calmly striving to assume the perfect
glory of its power; and the child whose proud
laugh heralds the mastery of a new lesson, un-
consciously develops the same life-impulse,
seeking to prove the power it has felt its own.

This is the real goal of life shining dimly
yet afar; for, as our fullest power was never
yet attained, it is a treasure which must be
sought, its extent and distance being unknown.
No man can tell what he can do, or suffer, un-
tried, his path of action appears there be-
fore him, and while a path appears there is
power to traverse it. It is like the fabled hill
of Genius, that ever presented a loftier elevation
above the one attained. It is like the glory
of the stars, which shine by borrowed light,
each seeming source of which is tributary to
one more distant, until the view is lost to us;
yet we know there must be a life-giving centre,
and to the steady mind, though the goal of life
be dim and distant, its light is fixed and certain,
while all lesser aims are but reflections of this
glory in myriad descending shades, which must
be passed one by one as the steps of the ladder
on which he mounts to heaven.

Man has an unfortunate predilection to per-
vert whatever God throws in his way to aid
him, and thus turn good to evil. The minor
hopes which spur to action are mistaken for the
final one, and we often look no higher than
some mean wish, allowing that to rule us which
should have been our servant. From this false
view rises little exertion, for it is impossible for
man to believe in something better, and be con-
tent with worse. We all aim at self-control
and independence in the shadow of a power
which controls us and whispers inwardly, "Thus
far shalt thou go, and no farther;" but how apt
it is of self-indulgence to suit this limit to its own
measure, and suffer veneration and doubt to
overgrow and suppress the rising hope of inde-
pendent thought. "I am not permitted to know
this, or to do this," is the excuse of the weak
and trivial; but the question should be, "Can
I know or do this?" for what is not permitted
we cannot do. "We may not know the events
of the future, or the period of a thought, or the
Great First Cause, but we may hope to see
and combine the atoms of things—pierce the
realms of space—make the wilderness a garden
—attain perfection of soul and body; and
for this our end we may master all things need-
ful.

There is nothing possible, that faith cannot
do; take the road, and it must lead you to the
goal, though strewn with difficulties, and cast
through pain and shade. If each would strain
his energies to gain what he has hoped for, he
would succeed, for, since that which we love
and honor is in our nature, it is to be drawn
forth, and what is not there we cannot wish.

Our greatest drawback is, not that we expect
too much, but that we do too little; we set our
worship low, and let our higher powers lie dor-
mant; thus are we never masters, but blind
men stumbling in each other's way. As ma-
nitude means self-controlling power, so he who
gains this is, childish, and must submit, in-
fant-like, to be controlled by others. This guid-
ance we must feel in our upward course, and
be grateful for the check; but as we have each
a work to do, we must look beyond help to in-
dependence. The school-boy receives aid in
learning that he may one day strive with his
own power, for if he always depends on help, he
can never be a useful man.

He who seeks for himself no path, but merely
follows where others have been before, cover-
ing his own want with another's industry,
may find the road not long or thickly set, but
he does not gain anything. He who bows to
difficulty, settling at the foot of the hill instead
of struggling to its top, may get a sheltered
place—a snug retreat; but the world in its glo-
ry he can never see, and the pestilence from
the low ground he must imbibe. We may rest
in perfect comfort, but health that comes of la-
bor will fade away. The trees of the forest
were not planted that man might pass round
and live between them, but that he might cut
them down and use them. The savage has lit-
tle toil before him, but the civilized man has
greater power of happiness.

Would a man be powerful and bid his genius
rule his fellow-men, he must toil to gain means;
while his thought rends the hearts that he would
save, he must be led into temptation, and pass
through pain and danger, ere he can know what
another may endure. Would he pour golden
truth upon the page of life, he must seek it
from every source, weigh the relations of life,
and concede to its taste, that he may best apply
it, for the proverb must be written in fair, round
hand, that common men may read it. Would
he picture the life of man or nature, he must
go forth with heart and eye alive, nor turn from
the sordest notes of human woe, or the coarsest
notes of vice; he must watch the finest rays of
light, and mark the falling of the last withered
leaf. Would he be actively benevolent, winter
cold and summer lassitude must not appal him.
In season and out of season he must be ready.
Injured pride, wounded feeling, must not un-
string his energy, while stooping to learn from
the simplest lips the nature of those wants to
which he would minister.

In all accomplishments there is difficulty;
the greater the work, the greater the pains.—
There is no such thing as sudden inspiration or
grace, for the steps of life are slow, and what
is not thus attained is nothing worth. In dark-
ness the eyes must be accustomed to the gloom
when objects appear, one by one, until the
most distant is perceived; but, in a sudden
light, the eyes are pained, and blinded and left
weak.

At school, we found that when one difficulty
was surmounted, another was presented; man-
nering "addition" would not do—we must try
"subtraction"; so it is in life. A finished work
is glory won, but a mind content with one ac-
complishment is childish, and its weakness ren-
ders it incapable of applying that which it has
learned to other things. From him that hath not,
shall he be taken away even that which he hath;
his own talent shall rise up to him as a shame.
A little sphere insures but little happiness.

There is a time of youth for all; but youth
has a sphere of hope that, embracing the whole
aim which man must work for, gives unbounded
happiness. Thus God would equalize the lot
of all; where necessity would create difference;
it is only when states are forced unnaturally
that misery ensues. When those who would
seem to be men are children in endeavor, we
seek that God's will is not done, but a falsehood.
The greatest of us have asked and taken guid-
ance in their rising course, and owned inferiority
without shame; but his is a poor heart that
looks to be inferior ever; and shameful indeed
it is, when those who are thus poor imagine or
assume a right to respect, as self-supporting
men. How painfully ridiculous it is to see the
lazy man look down on his struggling wife as
the "weaker vessel," or the idle sinner hold
contempt for the tradesman who is working his
way to higher wealth by honest toil. Were
the aims of living truly seen, no man could be
dishonored because useful. But wait awhile;
the world is growing near the real point, and
we shall find the self-denying, fearless energy,
that works its will in spite of pettiness, must
gain its end, and become richest; that the man
who begins with a penny in the hope of thou-
sands, will grow wealthier than his aimless
brother of the snug annuity; for while the
largest wealth that is not earned is limited, the
result of ceaseless toil is incalculable, since the
progress of the soul is infinite.

Brief Discourse.

TEXT.—"There is a way which seemeth right to man,
but the end thereof is death."

We hope it will not be deemed sacrilegious
to quote here this sublime precaution from Or-
acles of Divine Truth, as a text to discourse
from, in the manner which follows, although in
aid of subjects somewhat of a secular nature,
appertaining, however, to morality.

It may seem right to a man—to neglect pay-
ing his debts for the sake of lending or specu-
lating upon his money, but the end thereof is
a bad paymaster.

It may seem right to a man—to live beyond
his income, but the end thereof is—wretched-
ness and poverty.

It may seem right to a man—to live upon the
fashion of the time, but the end thereof is—dis-
gusting to all sensible folks, and ruinous to
health, reputation and property.

It may seem right to a man—to attempt to
obtain a livelihood without industry and econ-
omy, but the end thereof is—hunger and rags.

It may seem right to a man—to trouble him-
self very much about his neighbor's business,
but the end thereof is—great negligence in his
own.

It may seem right to a man—to be constan-
tly slandering his neighbors, but the end thereof
is—nobody believes anything he says.

It may seem right to a man—to indulge his
children in every thing, but the end thereof is
—his children will indulge themselves in dis-
honoring him.

It may seem right to a man—to put off ev-
erything which might be done to-day until to-
morrow, but the end thereof is—such things are
not done at all.

It may seem right to a man—to attempt to
please everybody, but the end thereof is—he
pleases nobody.

It may seem right to a man—to exult in his
neighbor's extravagance and luxury, but the
end thereof is—he exalts them in folly.

It may seem right to a man—to take no news-
paper, but the end thereof is—that man and
his family are totally ignorant of the ordinary
occurrences of the day.

It may seem right to a man—to pay every-
body before he pays the Printer, and the Min-
ister, but the end thereof is—he pays the most
needily last—if he pays them at all.

It may seem right to a man—to worship the
creature more than the Creator, but the end
thereof is—an idolater.

It may seem right to a man—to be incredu-
lously hoarding up the treasures of this world,
but the end thereof is—he has none in the
world to come.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—The Scientific
American says that George Little, an electric
telegraph engineer has made a valuable discovery
in the production of uninterrupted streams
of electricity to work telegraphs without the
use of batteries. Mr. Little informed the edi-
tor of the Scientific American that he had been
experimenting for six years in London, with a
view to obtain this result. He has brought his
working models along with him, and the editor
has examined some of the messages which they
print; they are like Bain's chemical messages.

He calculates that his discoveries will effect a
saving of \$200,000 per annum to the Tele-
graph Companies. He does not use platinum,
mercury, nitric acid, nor sulphuric. If this in-
vention effects such a saving, it will be hailed
as a boon by all classes; for the telegraph, we
believe, is far from being perfected. Perhaps
it may be the means of working a line 3,000
miles long across the Atlantic; something which
cannot be done with our voltaic batteries at
present.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE..... AUG. 19, 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 Seely'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 Subscrip-
tions at the same rates as required at this office. Their
receipts are regarded as payments.

For the Eastern Mail.

A Petition.

I am not habitually a grumbler; a 'tempest
in a teapot' is to me absolutely abominable.—
I am naturally quiet and unobtrusive.—fond of
seeing others without being seen by them—not
very philosophical but rather reflective. I
never trouble myself about trifles. If my neighbor
puffs his cigar-smoke directly in my face I
always tell him I like it, and beg him to repeat
the operation. If I upset a cup of tea on his
wife's new silk, I always tell her it's very for-
tunate that it was not coffee. This premising
my character, it follows that I have good reason
to present myself as a complainant at the bar
of public opinion. I have found out from
slight experience that a person cannot forever
exist upon Hope. Expectation will do pretty
well for a lunch; but we want something more
substantial for dinner. She is a pleasant com-
panion for a street promenade, but for a ride
to the Cascade command me to somebody full
as bewitching but not so immaterial. Thus
reasoning I have at last arrived at the sage
conclusion, by a train of logic not very ab-
stract and not very peculiar, that there is a cer-
tain line beyond which forbearance merges into
a weakness, and patience ceases to be a vir-
tue. That Rubicon has now been passed.—

That conclusion became most alarmingly ap-
parent the other night when a loose plank flew
up from the side walk, on Mill street, and nearly
put an end to all my mental contentions. Had
I been an inch shorter, or the young lady at
the other end an ounce heavier the good
townspeople of Waterville would never have
known what a Prophet lived unhonored amongst
them; and many an other uncomplaining and
amiable 'victim' might have come to the same
untimely end. It is useless any longer to dis-
guise the fact. The sidewalk, or rather gird
of a sidewalk, on Mill street is a remarkably
poor attempt at a skeleton imitation. Now, I
would respectfully inquire what sidewalks are
designed for? It is true that some sneerers
have had the impudence to assert that the Se-
lectmen of Waterville have been bribed by the
surgeons to leave this particular one in its
present dilapidated state as a professional trap.
I do not believe this, for two reasons—first,
that it supposes too little honor on the part of
the town authorities, and secondly, that it as-
sumes too much wit on the part of the Doctors.

But I ask if it is not too bad that we who live
down in this vicinity must pay a much higher
percentage on Life Insurance policies than
any others? Perhaps the Selectmen do not
appreciate our worth, but I can assure them
that we are quite a respectable set—people who
as a general thing attend to our own business
and like to see others do the same, particu-
larly the Selectmen. I am not personally ac-
quainted with either of the three gentlemen
who are presumed to watch over the safety of
their fellow citizens; but if I had been I should
have gone directly to them and upon my knees,
with tearful eyes, expostulated and remonstrated.
I don't expect they will either give us a
new sidewalk or repair the old. That would
be, possibly, too exacting. But I would humbly
beseech them either to demolish the old one
completely, (and although a dangerous job
yet it could be done very quickly) or else have
a placard stuck up at both extremities of this
orphan-creating spectrality with this inscription:

"CAUTION!—All foot passengers are earnest-
ly advised to walk in the middle of the road."
Perhaps it would be a good plan also, to have
a little boy stationed there, particularly in the
evening, who, if he saw any one fool-hardy
enough to venture on this 'Bridge of Sighs,'
should run to the nearest Physician and direct
him immediately to the corner of Elm and
Mill streets. This is my prayer and petition,
and if it is acted upon I shall most heartily
wish that our present Officers may 'live a thou-
sand years, and their shadows never be less.'
It is an evil, which ought to be remedied, for
on my part, I think the way to the grave is
quite short enough without taking a near cut
over the Mill street sidewalk.

W.

[Our correspondent has called attention in a
pleasant way to this evil—which, by the way,
is not confined to Mill-st. There are loose
planks in other sections, that call for a nail.]

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—Contents of
the July number.—ART. 1, Secular Educa-
tion; 2, England's Forgotten Worthies; 3, The
Future of Geology; 4, Lord Jeffrey and the
Edinburgh Review; 5, Tendencies of England;
6, The Lady Novelists; 7, The Political Life
and Sentiments of Niebuhr; 8, The Restora-
tion of Belief; 9, Sir Robert Peel and his Pol-
icy; 10, Contemporary Literature of England;
11, Contemporary Literature of America; 12,
Contemporary Literature of Germany; Note
to the April Number.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.—Contents
of the July number.—ART. 1, Art and Na-
ture under an Italian Sky; 2, Kaye's History

of the War in Afghanistan; 3, New Reforma-
tion in Ireland; 4, Count Mollin's Memoirs; 5,
Lord Cockburn's Life of Jeffrey; 6, Contem-
porary History—Mr. Rochuck and Miss Mar-
tineau; 7, Lady Theresa Lewis's Clarendon
Gallery; 8, Lord Holland's Memoirs of the
Whig Party; 9, Postscript.

Published by Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fal-
ton street, New York. The Reviews and
Blackwood are furnished at the following prices:
—For one Review, 3 dols. a year; for
two, 5 dols.; for three, 7 dols.; for the Four,
8 dols.; Blackwood's Magazine, and the Four
Reviews, 10 dols.

Pleasant Visitors.

The past week has brought very agreeable
visitors to Waterville, and it can hardly be told
when we have had 'such a good time.' On
Tuesday, some six or seven hundred of the
worthy men, beautiful women and lovely chil-
dren of Winthrop and vicinity, made us a fly-
ing visit over the Railroad. They were heartily
welcomed, and after a delightful interview
of several hours on the College grounds, they
returned home; leaving behind them an im-
pression of their kind hearts and agreeable
manners not easily erased.

On Wednesday came the firemen, the repre-
sentatives of generous and bold hearts—the
Pioneers, No. 1, of Biddeford, accompanied by
the Cornet Band. They were cordially received,
though with little display—dined with the
'Ticonic Boys' at the Williams House—marched
through our principal streets—and left in
the Boat at 3 o'clock. By general consent they
were one of the very best companies that ever
visited the Kennebec; and it is deeply regret-
ted that rum should have interfered to render
the close of the interview shameful alike to
our village and its guests.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—
The undersigned would like to inquire of 'Medicine'
what is the *modus operandi* of alcohol, when it 'inflicts
injuries which send the child to a premature grave, or
inflicts upon it a feeble constitution for life,' as he as-
serts in his article No. 2 on the Medical Use of Alco-
hol?

QUESTIONS.

Our statement last week respecting the res-
ignations of several of the Faculty of the Col-
lege was slightly inaccurate. That of Prof.
Keely was presented six months ago, to take
effect at Commencement, that of Prof. Loomis
was intended to take effect at the same time,
instead of at the expiration of three months, as
we at first supposed. Prof. Loomis is not ex-
pected to return. The services of a competent
instructor will, however, be secured for his de-
partment. An arrangement has also been
made, as we learn, with Prof. Keely, by which
he will continue to give instruction in his de-
partment until the next meeting of the Board
of Trustees, which will be held in December
next.

Godey's Lady's Book for September is a
double number, of which there have been sev-
eral this year, and contains a large number of
engravings, with numerous articles of a varied
character from pens known to fame.

MELANCHOLY.—We learn verbally that on
Thursday last, Mrs. Stoddard, of Farmington,
in a state of partial insanity, attempted to
drown her two young children, one an infant
and the other two, or three years old. Taking
the younger in her arms and leading the elder,
she proceeded to the river, where she succeeded
in drowning the former, but was discovered
by some boys while endeavoring to drown the
other by holding it under water.—The boys
rescued the child, whereupon, the mother at-
tempted to drown herself by plunging into the
water, but was rescued by the boys.

The new steamer Atlantic, Capt. Knight, has
taken the place of the John Marshall, on the
route between Portland and Boston.

STATE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—It will be
seen that the annual festival of this Associa-
tion takes place, this year, at Winthrop. We
know Winthrop is 'a darling green spot,' but
we are selfish enough to regret that our place
could not have been favored again, as their
meetings afford one of the most agreeable en-
tertainments of the entire year. In times past
the members have professed to think well of
Waterville; and when they fix on time and
place for their next session, we beg them to
bear our village in mind. Till that time their
memory shall be green in the hearts of the lov-
ers of sweet sounds here;—and such as cannot
go to Winthrop will join in wishing a deli-
gious season to those who can.

ST. LOUIS FEMALE INSTITUTE.—A cata-
logue of this institution, at St. Louis, Mo., indi-
cates a better and more extensive school than
we had supposed to be common at the south-
west. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Crowell, late of this
place, are the Principals, assisted by a large
board of instruction, among whom we notice
the name of Miss Hannah E. Richards, also
from Waterville. The number of pupils, course
of study, &c., indicate an excellent school, and
a high degree of prosperity.

THE SCALPEL.—This medical Quarterly, 'a
Journal of Health, adapted to popular and pro-
fessional reading, and the exposure of quack-
ery,' is out for August, as spicy as ever. 'The
way the editor tomahawks all charlatanism,
regular and irregular, is cautionary to all
quacks, and very amusing as well as instructive
to lookers-on. It is published by the editor,
Edward H. Dixon, M. D., New York, and can
be had at C. K. Mathews's, Waterville; price,
25 cts. a number.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.—
has just been received. It is handsomely em-
bellished and its contents are of a varied and
interesting character. It can be had of Math-
ews or Griffin, Waterville, or of the publisher,
Geo. R. Graham, Philadelphia. Price \$3 dols.
per annum, or 25 cts. a single number.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The last number
of this good old magazine always seems the

best, which shows that it is constantly improv-
ing. The number for August, just received, is
a glorious one. 'Twenty-four pages of 'Table',
says the editor, 'will do, guess,' and we guess
so, too. Published by S. Hueston, 139 Nassau
street, New York, at 3 dols. a year, remember
and not 5 dols. as formerly.

Judge Chandler's Position.

Gen. Chandler's views stood in danger of misrep-
resentation, till, as in case of the other candidates, a com-
mittee came to his relief. He has answered frankly and
boldly, though with prudent caution; and now stands
with three other candidates for the same office, to re-
ceive the votes of such as favor his views. Here is his
letter to the Committee:

CALAIS, August 4th, 1852.

Gentlemen:—Your letter of the 12th ult.,
is received. In it you say in substance, that
you herewith send the proceedings of the State
Temperance Convention, holden on the 7th and
8th inst.; that, by a vote of that Convention,
you were to send a copy of the same to the sev-
eral candidates for Governor in this State, and
that they were to be interrogated by you as to
their position in relation to the 'Maine Law.'
You therefore ask, if in my views on the sub-
ject, the law should be modified, and if so, in
what respect?

I do not find with your letter any account of
the doings of the Convention to which you re-
fer; but, in view of the character of your meet-
ing, I presume that by the 'Maine Law,' you
intend the act of our legislature for the sup-
pression of drinking houses, &c.

In regard to the cause for which your society
is professedly engaged, the exclusion of in-
temperance from the land, there can be no dif-
ference of opinion in well regulated minds; I
deem it important. In reference to the means
for its advancement, differences do and may
honestly exist. To confound the means with
the cause, to consider them identical would be
as great injustice to the latter as it would be to
those who should doubt or query as to the means
to denounce them as friends of intemperance.
Justice to the cause, as well as common candor
and charity towards others, requires this dis-
crimination.

As a means, Maine has always had her legal
enactments. On these there has been and con-
tinues to be, difference of views.

You ask mine upon the existing law. You
can not expect of me its analysis and a detail
of opinion upon every item; nor do I suppose
your purpose in asking my opinion requires it.

But if I must speak on the subject I must
say that had I participated in its enactment, I
should have sought to have mollified the spirit
which seems to me to pervade some of its pro-
visions; to have moderated the rigor of some,
which seem unnecessarily of a character to pro-
voke opposition from those upon whom it is
designed to operate, and to call into activity a
spirit there was no occasion to awaken, to have
avoided all unnecessary change from the usual
course of judicial proceedings under the law;
and, if possible, also to have avoided some of
the existing occasions of doubt in the unpro-
fessional as well as legal minds, as to the validity
of a portion of its provisions.

I should have sought them out of regard for
that self-respect, that consciousness of security,
and reverence for and obedience to law, hitherto
so marked and desirable to be preserved
among us, and the wounding or impairing of
what is so dangerous.

I should have sought these as a means, as
well as by other motives, of inducing a more
ready acquiescence in the law by the commu-
nity; a more effectual enforcement if it were
necessary, and a more certain maintenance of
whatever point of progress might be gained.

The law is the opinion of the legislature.—
The above are my views, not expressed as ar-
ranging the law, not volunteered, but given
from respect to your request. I do not look
upon it as a matter to be contended for or against
for the sake of the thing itself; but respect is
to be had to the end and the adaptation of the
working of law to its attainment, and its gen-
eral influence upon the community.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, with great
respect, your obedient servant,
ANSON G. CHANDLER.

PENOBSCOT AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.—
Directors Pickering, Moor, Strickland and Ap-
pleton publicly announce the safety of the Char-
ter, that the election of the new board was il-
legal and they are still Directors. They say:

Upon an examination of the stock books of
the company it appears that neither of the gen-
tlemen elected, except Mr. Wood, were stock-
holders, and therefore, by the charter and by-
laws of the company, could not be elected Di-
rectors. The time and place for holding the
annual meeting is fixed by the by-laws of the
company, and the adjournment to Portland
was not a legal adjournment. The charter of
the company provides that the old board of Di-
rectors shall hold their places until a new board
is chosen, and until a majority of them have
accepted their offices. Under these circum-
stances the old board of Directors are still in office,
and will remain until they call a special meet-
ing of the stockholders to fill the vacancies.—
Messrs. Moor and Appleton were appointed a
committee, by a vote passed the 13th of last
May, to open the books of subscription and dis-
pose of the stock not before subscribed for.—
That appointment is still in force, and will so
remain, the by-laws having reposed in the Di-
rectors the power of disposing of the stock not
subscribed for at the organization of the com-
pany. The committee re-opened the books for
subscription, and we appeal confidently to the
citizens of Bangor, and to others interested,
to come up to the work of carrying through
this enterprise, and to take into their own hands
the management of this future great avenue of
business to and from our city.

It will be seen by the statement of the Di-
rectors of the Penobscot and Kennebec Rail-
road, that 'their foot is on their native heath,
and their name is MacGregor.' Since the at-
tempted 'coup d'etat' of the Portland Direc-
tors, the gentlemen whose names are appended
to this document have not been idle. They
have given the project which was entrusted in
part to their hands their undivided attention,
and we are happy to announce the gratifying
result to our citizens 'that the charter is safe,
and to give confident assurances that the work
will go on. It is encouraging to know that
with the right of the case, they have the law
and the testimony.' 'Thrice he is armed who
hath his quarrel just!' Their generous and
faithful labors, we believe, will be appreciated
and responded to by the citizens of Bangor and
of other towns interested in this enterprise.—
[Bangor Mercury.]

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—Mr. Rufus Me-

