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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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Original Poetry.

MY PLACE AT HOME.

Guard well for that treasured place
In the circle of love, at home,
Though it vacant be—O let no one come
To fill it, while I shall roam;
Let never the words I so fondly prize
Cling round another's name,
Nor the soft caress, or gentle smile,
Become but a common claim.

I would not a stranger step should tread
In my little room, so dear,
And a cold hand idly turn the books
To the friends I love and dear;
I would not a careless eye should scan
Or a thoughtless hand should pass
When the air is rich with the breath of love
And the heart's deep treasure most.

When the evening circle gathers close
For music's holy hour,
Let no rude touch the soft keys sweep,
And seek to wake their power;
Let never another breathe the song
O'er the memory of my love
In the fading echoes dwell.

Let no one dare at the well-known hour
To steal with a welcome away
To my father's side—for his life are won't
By his darling alone to grieve;
Let no one claim from my mother dear
The smile and the fond caress,
And the word of love that is waiting now
Her absent child to bless.

My brother, too, and the gentle one
We've welcomed as a bride—
Let never another's hand touch the hair
That we've loved and dear;
The place near his side, and
No, no, his wife, that seat,
And the smile that once was his own
Till again, once more, we meet.

In the heart of each let my place be sure,
And my presence ever near,
When memory nestles close with love
Shall breathe me a welcome dear;
Let never another breathe the words
Of love, that are only mine,
And the heart's deep, deepest, fondest life,
Dear Home, shall be ever thine.

Miscellany.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

Frank Seldon was as fine a young fellow as ever breathed. He was gay, open, generous, full of talent, and had the kindest and best heart in the world. Yet with a characterless and uncalculating almost to a fault, he laughingly, but quite seriously, declared his determination of becoming a fortune-hunter; and he explained his views on the subject to his friends, somewhat thus:—

"Here am I," he would say, "a poor devil of an M. D., who, despite great talents and much learning, has not, and as the world goes, cannot reasonably expect ever to get any practice, without a helping hand from some one. My father has just failed in business, so I can have no help from that quarter—I have no one else to look to but myself. I am a handsome enough young fellow—my affections are entirely disengaged; I must look upon them as my stock in trade, and dispose of them so as to bring in the largest return. It's as easy to fall in love with an heiress as any other woman, and depend upon it, I shall prudently contrive to make love and interest meet, some of these days."

Not long after these prudential resolutions were formed, two young ladies from Boston came on a visit to the house of Mrs. Clement, a lady of our fortune-hunter's acquaintance. As though fortune favored his views, one of these ladies, Miss Mary Bancroft, was a great heiress; the other, Miss Mary Dana, was the portly daughter of an artist.

Doubtless with a view of reducing theory to practice, our hero presented himself at Mrs. Clement's soon after the arrival of her young guests. When he entered the drawing-room the young ladies were at the piano singing a duet, together, and several gentlemen of the neighborhood, drawn, as young Seldon suspected, by the same magnet which had attracted himself, stood near the piano listening. Entering the room quietly so as not to disturb the musicians, our hero seated himself by Mrs. Clement on the sofa, and employed himself till the song ended in studying the countenances of the two young ladies. One was a tall blond, with regular features, and stately bearing; the other a brunette of middle size, her figure full but very graceful, her face so varying with changing expressions that the beholder was never at leisure to ascertain the style of the features.

Young Seldon's eyes, after scrutinizing both ladies, rested with the most pleasure on the mobile face of the beautiful brunette—he hoped she might be the heiress. But no; when the song was ended, and he was introduced to the young ladies, the taller responded to the name of Miss Bancroft, the other to that of Miss Dana.

Young Seldon sighed, but resolved to be discreet, and accordingly addressed his conversation to the legitimate object. Still, with all his prudence, he could not prevent his eyes wandering occasionally to the bright face of Miss Dana, who remained sitting at the piano, carelessly touching the keys, and looking up with varying expressions on her brilliant face, while conversing with a young gentleman who was standing beside her.

The other gentleman, like young Seldon, attached himself to the heiress. More music was requested, and our hero being no indifferent musician, soon found himself taking part in a trio. He felt that he never sang better, he saw that his companions were pleased with him, and his spirits rose high. He thought both ladies were charming; both had charming voices. He sang several duets with each. Miss Bancroft's voice was a high and pure soprano; Miss Dana's was a rich contralto. Connoisseurs might prefer Miss Bancroft's, that he thought very likely; but he felt that Miss Dana's voice accorded best with his own, which was bass.

ed new delightfully. At the close of one of them, Mrs. Clement seated herself at the piano to play a waltz for her young guests. Quite a number of young people were assembled in her pleasant drawing-room, besides our hero, and at the first sound of her spirited touch on the piano, gay couples were whirling as though by magic round the room. Frank Seldon had been too late in bethinking himself of his resolutions to secure the hand of the heiress, but he repaired this misfortune as much as possible by soliciting the hand of Miss Dana. Never did sylph move with lighter, more aerial grace, than did the little fairy Frank held in his arms; she seemed to float on the music—to rise and fall with its cadence; not as by voluntary action, but as though her movements were away by the music, and were its effect. Frank felt that he had never known what waltzing was before. He stood beside his partner when he chose to sit down, fanning her, and gazing delighted into her bright, glowing face, brilliant with the color dancing had called into her cheeks, and gay with the laughing jests she addressed to him. I know not what our fortune-hunter was thinking about; but he started as though he had been doing something wrong, when a little movement behind him apprized him that Miss Bancroft wished to seat herself by her friend.

As though suddenly remembering something he had forgotten, he begged the favor of her hand for the next waltz. Soon they were moving together round the room; but how different a thing was this waltz from the last. True, Miss Bancroft's steps were perfectly correct, and her carriage not ungraceful—but spirit, and feeling were wanting. Instantly our hero's brain began to spin a theory as to the mode of determining a woman's character by her manner of waltzing.

As soon as Frank's attention was no longer required by his partner, his eyes were eagerly in search of Miss Dana. She was waltzing with Mr. —, the gentleman with whom he had observed her talking the first evening he had ever seen her. A pang of jealousy shot through his heart. He could not endure to think the delight which so lately had thrilled to his inmost being, should be common to others as well as himself. Even when the waltz was ended, his tortures were not over, for Mr. — still lingered near his partner, and our fortune-hunter envied him every smile he gained from the portly friend of the heiress.

Still, notwithstanding the strange fascination which Miss Dana exercised over him, our hero was far from succumbing without a struggle to her impulses. He had made up his mind to be a fortune-hunter, and a fortune-hunter he was still determined to be. After his old fashion of soliloquizing, he often talked to himself thus:—

"The idea of my marrying for love is simply preposterous. I couldn't afford it; and besides, I'm not in love. Miss Mary Dana is very enchanting, I own,—here, he always paused, and sighed before proceeding—but Miss Mary Bancroft is more classically beautiful, and any man might be proud to call such a woman his wife. Yes, to-night I will go to Mrs. Clement's with my wits about me, and not let every trifling temptation divert me from my object."

Thus bravely our hero talked; but, alas! for human weakness; the first tone of Miss Dana's rich voice, the first sound of her merry laugh, the first glance of her roguish eye, made his heart bound, and fettered his every thought upon herself. The little which seemed aware of the power she wielded, and disposed to use it tyrannically. She piqued young Seldon, she flirted with him, she repulsed him, she enticed him; she was cold, warm, teasing, alluring, quarrelsome and tender, twenty times in a day. Worst of all was it for our hero, when she made him jealous by flirting with Mr. —. It did not require the keen eye of a lover to see that he was much interested in her. He was a man of refinement, and superior character; by no means a rival to be despised. Frank felt this, and ere long every thought of fortune-hunting was forgotten in the absorbing struggle to eclipse his rival in Miss Dana's regard.

She, little coquette as she was, showed no preference for either.

One bright morning in May, a gay party of equestrians left Mrs. Clement's door. They were to ride to a lovely spot in the country, where they were to spend the day. Servants were to follow them in wagons, bringing refreshments, and other necessities; a collation was to be spread on the grass, and after a day of pleasure they were to return home by moonlight.

The day was propitious, and in high spirits the party arrived at the place of destination. True, our poor fortune-hunter's spirits were a little dashed by having been too late to secure the honor of escorting Miss Dana, and his temper tried by observing the tender gallantry of Mr. —, who rode beside her; these circumstances, however, did not appear to affect the general happiness of the party, and all was smiles and sunshine.

Almost immediately after the collation, which proved a most successful affair, young Seldon observed that Miss Dana had disappeared, and as time slipped on and she did not return, he began to feel some uneasiness on her account. No one else appeared to notice her absence, and Mr. —'s presence proved that he was not with her; a circumstance which Frank observed with satisfaction. His anxiety still increasing as it grew later, he resolved at last to steal away and go in search of her. Happening to pass the large tree where the horses were tied, he perceived with something like a start of horror that Miss Dana's horse was not there.

"Where is Miss Dana's horse?" he inquired of the groom.

The man, in more words than I care to repeat, explained that Miss Dana had mounted her horse two hours before, saying that she was only going a few miles, to explore a pretty spot which had struck her fancy as she passed it in the morning, and should be back in an hour.

Scarcely knowing what he did, Seldon rushed in the direction indicated, his brain in a perfect turmoil of terror, and the most burning love. Yes, in the first moment of apprehension for Miss Dana's safety, his love which had slumbered half unconsciously in his bosom, burst forth with an intensity which left him no longer in doubt as to his feelings. He had gone but about a mile, when he descried a riderless horse galloping toward him. It was Miss Dana's! Our hero made an unsuccessful attempt to catch the reins as the horse passed

ed, and then sped, without delaying for another attempt, still more swiftly onward. About two miles further on he saw a motionless object lying in the road. His heart sank. As he approached he perceived that his fears were realized. Miss Dana lay there totally insensitized. Seldon raised her in his arms, but his agitation was so great that he could not determine if she were alive or dead; and so completely had excess of emotion destroyed his presence of mind, that not one of the many medical remedies, with which he should have been familiar, occurred to him. He could only fold her fondly in his arms, kissing her pale cheeks, and calling on her name in tones of the deepest distress. Suddenly he thought he perceived a faint shade of pink returning to the white cheek—it deepened at the rapturous kiss of thanksgiving he pressed upon her lips—it became a deep blush as he pressed her joyfully to his heart; and when he looked again in her face, the closed eyes half opened, and from under the long lashes a side-long glance of mischievous roguery flashed out, and a smile of peculiar meaning lurked about the mouth. That smile seemed to say, plainly as words, "you're nicely cornered, sir!" Seldon caught its meaning, and instantly jumped at the conclusion that the whole scene had been but a preconcerted trick. Hurt and indignant, he sprang from Miss Dana's side, and was about to utter some angry word, when he perceived by his companion's sinking form, and pallid face, that she was again nearly fainting.

"I believe I am somewhat hurt," she said, pointing to her arm, which hung listless by her side. Our hero knelt beside her with words of concern and sympathy. He saw at once that the arm was broken, and summoning his own resolution, he asked Miss Dana if she had strength and courage to have it set on the spot, telling her that by this promptness she would be saved much future pain, and promising to exert his utmost skill. Miss Dana assented, and bore the necessary pain Seldon was obliged to inflict, with such unflinching fortitude as increased still more the exalted admiration which he already entertained for her.

Carried away by the excitement of the moment, and the tender compassion called forth by the occasion, words of love escaped our hero's lips, of which he was unconscious till it was too late to recall them—nor did he wish to do so. In spite of the whispers of prudence, his heart exulted in their utterance, and he listened breathlessly for Miss Dana's reply. It was so low that he had to bend his head to catch her whisper.

"They told me you wanted to marry an heiress," said Seldon.

"Seldon bit his lip.

"Why don't you marry Miss Bancroft?" continued his tormentor—"she's a fortune, and they say you're a fortune-hunter."

An angry flush rose to Seldon's cheeks, but mastering himself in a moment, he replied, "Your aunt comes home to me with some truth; but surely, Mary, I had no reason to expect it from you."

How Mary replied, and how the question was settled, I know not; I only know that half an hour afterward they were found by some of their friends who had come in search of them, having become alarmed by the return of Miss Dana's horse without a rider. They appeared to be on the best of terms with each other, and notwithstanding Miss Dana's painful accident, her face, as well as that of our hero, was radiant with happiness.

Miss Dana was duly ecstasied for her imprudence, and pitied for her misfortune; and, as to ride home on horseback was impossible, the gentlemen contributed their overcoats, and the ladies their shawls, to form a couch for her on the bottom of one of the wagons. Thither Seldon carefully lifted her, and insisted on driving the vehicle himself.

One morning, about a week from this time, an elderly gentleman, Mr. Bancroft, arrived at Mrs. Clement's. He had come on to escort his daughter and her friend home. Seldon was at the house at the time of his arrival, having called, as in duty bound, to visit his patient. He heard Mr. Bancroft's name announced; what was his surprise, then, to see Miss Dana spring into his arms, exclaiming, "my dear father!" Mr. Clement's surprise was as great as his own. Her expressions of astonishment called forth an explanation, by which a romantic maneuver of the young ladies was brought to light.

It appeared that Miss Bancroft, (late Miss Dana), haunted by the idea that she was only sought for her fortune, prevailed on her friend on their arrival in an entirely new place, to change names with her. Mrs. Clement was easily imposed upon, since, though an old friend of Miss Bancroft's family, she had never seen our heroine since she was an infant; and the real Miss Dana was also personally a stranger to her. Thus favored by circumstances, the heiress indulged her whim of seeing how far she owed the homage she had been in the habit of receiving to her own attractions, and Miss Dana, on her part, was pleased with the éclat of passing herself off for an heiress.

Just as our heroine had finished her hurried apologies and explanations to Mrs. Clement and her father, the former was summoned from the room by the arrival of some visitors—a circumstance at which Miss Bancroft inwardly rejoiced, as she bashfully presented her bewildered lover to her father, whispering, as she put her arms coaxingly round his neck, "The gentleman, father, whom I wrote to you about."

"See, I see," cried the old gentleman, deliberately putting on his spectacles, and scrutinizing our hero narrowly; "this is your fortune-hunter, eh?"

Miss Bancroft blushed for her lover's embarrassment at this ill-timed question, and replied warmly, "No sir—no fortune-hunter, as he has shown by his conduct, which has proved him better than his words."

She paused a moment, and then with a charming blush and smile, she extended her hand to Seldon, and added, still addressing her father—"He is a very good fellow, and a very good son."

"He convinced me, sir, entirely, of my satisfaction, that he was sincerely in love with the portly Miss Dana—I shall not easily be persuaded that he does not feel an equally strong attachment to Miss Bancroft."

For an only child, and, as the reader may imagine, under such circumstances all difficulties were swept away. Yet no sooner had the old gentleman given his consent to their engagement, than our hero, with that remarkable facility people have of tormenting themselves with little difficulties, when they have overcome great ones, felt himself disturbed by the error he constantly committed of calling his betrothed Miss Dana, that he allowed her no peace till by changing her name to Mrs. Seldon, he was relieved from so annoying an embarrassment.

In justice to our hero we must say, that his first feeling on discovering the young ladies' secret, was one of actual and positive disappointment, that all his disinterestedness had been thrown away, and that he had wooed and won a fortune after all. Still, time reconciled him to his calamity, and he could not but acknowledge that his wife's fortune stood him in good stead till he had succeeded in establishing himself in his profession.

Frank Seldon was ever long regarded as the first physician of the place, and his skill and ability are unquestioned by all except his tormenting, leeching little wife, who sometimes gravely shakes her head and warns her friends not to trust him in cases of dangerous fainting fits, as his practice on such occasions is peculiar, and such as she does not approve of.

I am sorry to be obliged to add that the number of the bona fide Miss Dana's admirers suddenly diminished when she resumed her true character of a portionless maiden. One of them, however, who had been almost too modest to advance his claims when he thought her an heiress, now stepped boldly forward and offered her his hand. Touched by his generous conduct, Miss Dana promised to consider his suit favorably, and ere long she became the wife of one of the noblest of men.

THE CHARM OF MANNER.

OR, EASE, GRACE AND COURTESY.

"To move with easy though with measured pace,
And show no part of study but the grace."
So gently blending courtesy and art,
That wisdom's lips seem formed of friendship's heart."

There is nothing so well calculated to touch and win, as a graceful manner. It serves to embellish and beautify the outward man, and in some degree to adorn and dignify, not only the equal but the intellectual character. What polish is to the diamond, manner is to the individual. It heightens the value and the charm. One of easy manner, always quiet, graceful and self-possessed—always bland, courteous, and captivating, cannot fail to secure friends, and make a favorable impression. What indeed is more delightful in youth than a manner which at once acknowledges respect for age, indicates modesty and discretion, and at the same time is free from the awkward and uncouth air, which too often defaces and disfigures. A polished manner is essential to every true gentleman. He must not only understand and be able to govern himself, but he must appreciate the feelings, the circumstances and the position of others. It is moreover, quite an easy task to be affable and courteous, when once the habit is permitted to grow, and thus become identified with character. In the course of an address that was recently delivered at the Anniversary of the State Normal school at Albany, Dr. Horatio Potter contended that manner should be a leading feature in education. He described it as the "outward expression of the mind, not merely of its knowledge or strength of reason, but of the degree to which it had been softened and humanized by culture, and of the point which it occupied in the scale between barbarism and perfect civilization." And this is emphatically true. How often we are carried away by the force of first impressions! A single look will sometimes linger in the soul for years. We may have heard of an individual again and again, have become familiar with his heart and character, by letter or through the representations of others, and have thus formed a sort of friendship or attachment, and yet much of this may be dissipated at a single interview, through the influence of an awkward mal-apropos, uneasy and ungraceful manner. Who cannot point out some young gentleman of his acquaintance, who is perpetually blundering into difficulties, dilemmas and awkward predicaments, simply in consequence of an abrupt, brusque, uncouth and indelicate manner! He can neither stand at ease, walk with grace, nor speak with elegance—and this too, despite the fact that his heart may be good, his mind may be well informed, and his acquaintance with the world may be comparatively extensive. It is either his misfortune or his fault to be awkward in manner, and this will often prove a stumbling block in life, and especially among the fair daughters of Eve, who, in such matters, are so observing, so critical, and so satirical. These latter qualities, as we are aware, unjust and ungenerous under the circumstances, for some of the noblest hearts that ever animated the human frame, are so faulted under awkward forms, and associated with ungainly figures. Better, too, have the principle than the manner—better the heart, within than the form without. Nevertheless, both are desirable, and hence we argue in favor of a manner that combines ease, grace, courtesy and self-possession—one that not only wins respect, but that pays it—one that expresses by its every movement a proper appreciation for the taste, the feelings, and even the prejudices and passions of others. Who, for example, that is properly cultivated, can admire the coarse, the rude, and the violent, the blustering, the insolent, the reckless and the bold! The manner is in some sense the mirror of the mind. It pictures and represents the thoughts and emotions within. It indicates not only the condition of the intellect, but the spirit of courtesy and propriety. It is, says Dr. Potter, "through the manner, more than almost any other way, that we continually impress and influence, favorably or unfavorably, those who are about us. We cannot always be engaged in expressive action. But even when we are silent, even when we are not in action, there is something in our air and manner, which expresses what is elevated or what is low, what is human and benignant, or what is coarse and harsh." Let us not be misunderstood. We would not have society cold, formal, or artificial. We would not check or restrain the gushings of a guileless heart, or the overflowings of a joyous spirit. Still there is a wide difference between the boisterous and the frank, between the affected and the genial, between the heart that is cultivated and softened by education, and the rough nature that exists because it is rough. Affection more or less should be carefully guarded against. It is

an error of little minds. It is a weakness rather than a polish; and yet it is too often mistaken by those who indulge in it for the latter. The charm of manner consists in its simplicity, its ease, and its grace. It not only becomes, but it adorns. It not only beautifies, but it subdues, and who are equal in other respects. Let them be of similar positions in life—equal in fortune—equal in good looks, and like in disposition.—But let them differ broadly and distinctly in manner, and the contrast will strike every beholder. There are indeed, many who cannot enter a room, where half a dozen individuals, male and female, are assembled without displaying some awkwardness, perpetrating some blunder, or uttering some mistimed remark.—The difficulty with most of such is, that they cannot command or control themselves. They become excited and confused, and this excitement of the mind extends to the manner and the tongue, and induces them very often to render themselves ridiculous. Once in such dilemmas, they go on from bad to worse, and in an effort to escape, they only get themselves more involved. How important, then, the study of manner! And yet it is neglected, almost universally, while some of our teachers are themselves anything but models in this respect. The idea of ease and grace in personal deportment, seems never to have entered their minds. They forget that the first impression is often made through the eye, and hence an awkward way may be ruined, before he has an opportunity to display his mental qualities.—According to an old aphorism, "manner maketh the man." We are not disposed to go so far, but it is quite certain, nevertheless, that an easy, graceful, polished manner, has often been the pioneer to position, power, and fortune.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

"SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS."—The New York Courier and Enquirer, in publishing the Letter of Professor Farraday, exposing an incident connected with the "Spiritual Rapping" delusions, indulges in a train of useful thought, from which we take the following:

"Thus ends another chapter in the history of human credulity. In some respects it has been a striking, though we can hardly say a strange one. The very men who have been wont to scout at religion as a superstition, and to pride themselves upon their exemption from the credulity of ordinary mortals, have been the very first to be duped by this piece of folly. Of the late infidel convention at Hartford, it may safely be assumed that nine-tenths were believers in spiritual manifestations. Robert Owen, who has lived more than eighty years in utter disbelief of the soul's existence after death, has recently published to the world that an interview with a medium in London has produced a change in his opinions. So strictly true is the remark which has so often been made, that of all men in the world the infidel is the most credulous. No human evidence, according to Hume, can in any case render the miracles of scripture credible; but there is no absurdity too gross for his followers to swallow at the very first sight, provided it be anti-scriptural—no superstition too unearthly to be embraced as soon as it is conjured up, provided it promises to obliterate the sense of Deity and the moral sanctions, and thus prepare the way for the total subversion of every institution, both social and religious, which men have been accustomed to revere. 'All human discoveries,' says Sir William Herschel, 'seem to be made for the purpose of confirming more strongly the truths contained in the sacred writings;' and yet none the less are the imaginations of these men continually on the stretch to body forth from the thick earth or the thin air some airy nothing which shall make the bible a forgery. Science, which they once hailed as their strongest champion has now become their dreaded enemy. If it but ever so lightly touch their illusions, they are whirled aloft into the limbo where lies the receptacle of all things lost on earth. We should like to account this one of the hopeful signs of the times; but alas, though Science every day grows wiser and stronger, human nature remains unchanged. The Folly of the Foolish will long continue to conjure up these illusions quite as fast as the Wisdom of the Wise can lay them."

FEMALE BEAUTY.—I once heard of a lady, "de par le Monde," as honest De Bourdeilles says, who, after looking at her plain face in the glass, said, beautifully and pathetically, "I am sure I should have made a good wife to any man, if he could have got over my face!" and bewailing her maidenhood in this touching and artless manner, saying that she had a heart full of love, if anybody would accept it—full of faith and devotion, could she but find some man on whom to bestow it; she but echoed the sentiment which I have mentioned above, and which caused in the pride of her beauty the melancholy of the lonely and victorious beauty. "We are full of love and kindness, ye men!" each says; "of truth and purity. We don't care about your good looks. Could we but find the right man, the man who loved us for ourselves, we would endow him with all the treasures of our hearts, and devote our lives to make him happy."

How much finer a woman's nature is than a man's (by an ordinance of nature for the purpose no doubt devised) how much purer and less sensual than ours, is in that fact so consoling to misshapen men, to poor men, to men scarred with the small pox, or ever so ungainly or unfortunate—that their ill looks, or misshapen don't influence women regarding them and that the awkward fellow has a chance for a prize. Whereas, when we, brutes that we are, enter a room, we sidle up naturally towards the prettiest woman; it is the pretty face and figure which attract us; it is not virtue, or merit, or mental charms, be they ever so great. [Thackeray.]

LIFE AND HEALTH INSURANCE.—Associations for the avowed object of insuring on the health and life of persons, have taken money out of the pockets of the people of the United States, within a few years, by thousands. At one time, we remember, agents soliciting applications and policies were to be hourly met with, importuning at all hours and seasons for money. The result has been a pretty general revulsion. The success of one institution, insuring at a per centage that gave promise of ability to encourage others to organize, which, to obtain business, offered to take risks at a lower

rate, and the rate of per centage was at last brought down to a point so low that the receipts of an office, would little more than pay agents and officers, much less its losses. We know of companies that found themselves failing, and seeing their inability to meet their engagements, (or professed they couldn't) laid further assessments, and appealed to its members to send another dollar, each, to save the company and save the money the insured had previously paid in. Undoubtedly, the last call was made to raise the wind, and to line the pockets of parties concerned. Several companies broke down, and hundreds and thousands, who had paid their money, in the hope of a return, in case of illness or accident, found themselves riddled entirely out of it, and there is not so much as a "grease spot" left of companies or officers, to tell them where or by whom they were swindled.

These insurance swindlers preyed mostly upon the mechanics and middle classes in society—persons ill able to bear even the small losses they were thus subjected to. It is a pity timely action was not taken by the insured, to seize hold of and expose the rotten concerns that thus cheated the community. It is now probably too late, and the most that can be done is to profit by the lessons learned, and not get bitten again. We would give a general caution to beware of all unknown travelling agents, who ask for money without giving a present substantial return therefor.

[Bath Mirror.]

Capital Punishment.

The Philadelphia North American closes an article relative to the recent murders committed in that city by the notorious Arthur Spring and others, with the following observations:—

"It is but a few years ago that a very earnest aversion to capital punishment sprang up, and diffused itself to a considerable extent throughout the country, both here and elsewhere. Even highly respectable and intelligent men united in a vigorous movement to have it absolutely abolished, and legislative bodies were appealed to, impudently and powerfully, to authorize what was solemnly alleged to be a reform exacted by the enlightened and Christian spirit of the age. The same ungodly philanthropy which sought this essential change in the penal system of the State, soon made its way into the criminal tribunals of the land, until it was with the utmost difficulty that juries could be impelled to try men for capital offences, and next to impossible to execute them where there was the least pretext on which this sentimental humanity could base a prayer for pardon."

"That more sober, and far more truly humane, judgment which opposed the attempt to alter the law, and apprehended the worst consequences from even the proposition of such a measure, has, within a short time past, been abundantly realizing its fears. With the practical impunity to crime, which a weak social sympathy for criminals has secured, outrage of every grade and form has fearfully multiplied, and life and property have been gradually becoming more and more exposed to the untrained passions of the burglar and assassin. Two months only have witnessed the perpetration, in Philadelphia, of no less than three cold-blooded homicides, unparalleled in atrocity and boldness. The public mind has scarcely had time to recover from the terror of one human butchery, before it has been startled by the news of another, exceeding its predecessors in enormity. Happily for us, the fruitful source of this unprecedented license is evidently destined to be cured by its effects. A wholesome revulsion of sentiment in reference to the punishment of crime is rapidly taking place, and even those who, but a little while since, permitted their regard for the peace and order of society to be borne away by a most absurd compassion for cut-throats and incendiaries, and rashly advocated the demolition of the only effectual protection which penal justice afforded against their violence, are now being frightened back to their propriety, and are likely to become as anxious as any for a faithful and vigorous enforcement of the laws, and an application of the extreme sanctions with which judicial discretion or legislative ingenuity can guard public morals and private safety."

Under the influence of a false philanthropy, we were fast verging towards a fearful state of insecurity and licentiousness. The current of popular feeling is now returning to the right channel; and after the terrible experiences it has had of the folly of its recent aberration, will not, we trust, soon depart again into the excesses of a sickly tenderness for remorseless villains and malefactors. Our quietness and protection hereafter can be derived only from a firm and prompt execution of the laws. The voice of the community should, therefore, sustain the magistrate in a punctual discharge of his duties, and the Executive authority should cordially co-operate in bringing those who offend against civil order and virtue, strictly and expeditiously to justice."

But we should omit an important part of our duty in relation to this subject, if we closed these remarks without saying that the discovery and condemnation of guilt are not enough to satisfy the requisitions of justice, or to protect society. The punishment should follow, and follow without unnecessary delay. We are now in that sad situation when impressive examples of judicial severity are greatly needed, and when clemency in the execution of a sentence can only encourage crime. It is to be wished, therefore, that the penalty may be applied in all cases as speedily as is consistent with decency."

In *Black House*, there are two excellent characters—the boy Joe, and the policeman who is ever telling him to move on. Joe may be looked upon as the allegorical representative of old foginess, while the policeman is the genius of civilization urging him forwards. Joe "did not want to move on or nothing," and the same is true of the old fog. But what the policeman was to the former, so are steam engines and locomotives to the other. The great characteristic of the day is to "move on." Joe's of all kinds must yield to it, whether they are young Joe's, half Joe's, or old Joe's of the stock market. "More on" is the motto of the nineteenth century, and the man or nation who resist will get what the policeman promised Joe—"a hammer for his wickedness."—[N. Y. Dutchman.]

A SWEET PLACE.—At Aurora, Ind., there are two large distilleries situated on a small stream called Hogan. A Methodist preacher, describing Hogan and its appearances, says, "And now, gentle reader fancy a universal concert of pole-cat, rock dogs, musk rats, take key buzzards, each one doing his best to make all noses shudder, and you have some faint conception of these distilleries. Fancy a terrific forty feet wide and ten feet deep of ass-farts, brimstone, butter-horn, and tobacco juice, thickened with rotten carcasses, and you have some idea of the beautiful Hogan that flows through Aurora. These things—hog pens, still slop, whiskey fumes, dead fish, dead dogs—altogether make up a case truly interesting. It is said that the man in the moon holds his nose while passing over Aurora."

