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THE RASH MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER I.
Alone!
And in youth, but chastened, I depart.

Once more upon the waters, yet once more!
CHILDIE HAROLD.

Before the day had fallen upon little Katy's coffin, Adelaide had determined to leave her home. She really believed that her husband would not in the least regret her absence; and she felt that she could no longer endure the misery of dwelling beneath the same roof with him, and yet being to all intents and purposes a stranger. She felt that the cold glance which she was forced to meet each day was freezing her very heart's blood; that the calm, quiet, formal tone in which he addressed her, was more intolerable than the bitterest reproaches—and she could not bear it.

While she was hesitating whether she should speak to him of her intention, she received a letter from an acquaintance in the Western part of the State. The writer said that Mrs. Ellsworth—a friend of hers—was about to join her husband in England, and wished to take with her a lady who would be both a companion for herself and act as governess for her children, and inquired if Mrs. Fletcher could inform them where such a person could be found. She stated also that her friend would wish to sail in something less than three months, and concluded with a few words respecting salary, etc., and an apology for the liberty she was taking.

Adelaide's plan was at once formed; she would accept the situation thus thrown in her way herself, bearing a different name, of course, and in a foreign land and among strangers, she might, perhaps, forget a part of her grief.

Her courage failed her as the time drew near, and it is more than probable that if Mr. Fletcher had been at home when the hour for her departure arrived, she might have betrayed herself. But his opportune absence seemed to her almost providential; and as Mrs. Allen she joined the party of Mrs. Ellsworth at London on the day appointed.

They proceeded at once to Boston, and during the ensuing week sailed for England. Long before they reached the shores of the fast-anchored isle, Mrs. Ellsworth had learned to feel almost a sister's love for the gentle, penitient stranger by her side; and her children—one of them, a little blue-eyed fairy, nearly as old as Adelaide's lost treasure—clung to "sweet Mrs. Allen," as they called her, as if she had been the friend of years rather than of weeks. They all seemed to take it for granted that she was a widow—her mourning-dress strengthening the impression; and she continued so to evade their questions as not to deceive them.

Indeed, Mrs. Ellsworth soon discovered by Adelaide's quivering lip, and the increasing paleness of her cheek whenever any allusion was made to her former life, that her history, whatever it might be, was a painful one; and with true kindness she ceased to make any inquiries in reference to it.

At the close of a long, bright summer day, rather more than two years after Adelaide became a member of Mrs. Ellsworth's family, she sat with that lady and her children in the parlor of the beautiful little cottage that Mr. Ellsworth had chosen for their residence while in England.

It was a quiet, home-like room—not too elegant for comfort, nor too stylish for ease and freedom. Frank, if he pleased, might bring his tiny boat, and sit on the carpet while he mended the rudder—no fear of any frowns if he did make a few chips; and Amy might convert the ottoman into a couch for her baby, without incurring any danger of a lecture.

Mrs. Ellsworth was reading, and Gertrude, the eldest daughter—a sweet girl of about fifteen—was seated at the piano, warbling song after song as carelessly, and seemingly, with as little effort as a bird.

Adelaide sat by the window—her work had fallen upon her lap—her eyes were fixed upon the golden clouds of sunset, but her thoughts were far away—with her husband. She wondered if he ever thought of her—if the past haunted him as it did her; then, as the glow faded and the clouds became gray and sombre, she pictured to herself a pall and a coffin; and then again wondered if he were living. If he were not, he knew now how well, how truly she had loved him. Death was nothing when compared with their estrangement—and she found almost pleasure in the thought.

Gertrude, do sing "Sweet Home," will you? Oh! I am so glad we are going back—aren't you, Amy? asked Frank, as he threw away his book. It was too dark to see any longer.

I don't know anything about any home—but this, replied little Amy; and it is very pleasant here, said Gertrude, remembering anything about America—and are not glad to go back? Oh, but I forget, you are only a girl! said Master Frank, with a very perceptible sneer at the idea of a girl's patriotism. But, hush! hush! Gertrude is singing.

Just as the last sweet strains of the familiar air had died away, they heard the sound of footsteps on the gravel walk. There, father has come—I know his step, cried Amy, as she sprung to the door. It was father, and his pockets were crammed full of papers, magazines, and letters. The steamer has come in, and we have more than our usual allowance of good things; he said, after the usual greetings were exchanged; and calling for lights, he began to relieve himself of his welcome burden.

There was nothing for Adelaide, of course; and taking up a magazine, she cut the leaves, and was soon absorbed in its fascinating contents. Her new friends had at first thought it very strange that Mrs. Allen had no correspondents; but as they became more intimately acquainted, Adelaide told Mrs. Ellsworth a little—a very little—of her history, yet enough to satisfy her. Mrs. Ellsworth and Gertrude were busy with their letters, and Frank and Amy amused themselves with the pictures. At last Mr. Ellsworth broke the silence.

See here, Mary—here is something that will interest you. Mrs. Fletcher, if not a friend of yours, was a friend of your friends, wasn't she? Adelaide looked up, and saw that Mrs. Ellsworth was holding a letter in her hand.

His wife threw aside her own letters, and leaning on the back of his chair, looked over his shoulder, and read aloud. I forgot half this I write you, my dear friend, and I have forgotten, also, whether our townsmen, Willis Fletcher, is an acquaintance of yours; but you must know him by reputation, at least. Did I ever write you anything about his wife's desertion? She left him about the time you went to England, and has not been heard of since. For several months after her disappearance, Mr. Fletcher travelled from one State to another, ostensibly in search of health and amusement, but in reality striving to discover some trace of his lost wife. The strangest thing of all is, that though

he has always been considered a stern, proud man, he never seemed to be at all enraged at his wife's leaving him, and would not suffer the least shadow of blame to attach itself to her. He told his friends—he has no relatives—that there had been error on both sides, but that her desertion was entirely his own fault. Well, about a year ago he returned, with the weight of a settled grief crushing him to the very dust; his wife herself would hardly have known him. He gave up all hopes of finding the lost one, and apparently merely to change the current of his thoughts, plunged headlong into business. Every one predicted the result. He was wild—recklessly so in his pecuniary ventures—and last week he failed. It is said he has lost everything, and must begin the world anew. Melancholy— isn't it?

It is a very sad affair, indeed, said Mrs. Ellsworth, as she finished reading. I feel greatly indebted to Mrs. Fletcher, for it was by her that we were directed to Mrs. Allen. I never heard of any trouble between Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher—did you, Mrs. Allen? she inquired, turning toward Adelaide as she asked the question.

With an exclamation of surprise she sprang forward. You are very ill, Mrs. Allen; here, lean on me. Gertrude, bring a glass of water and my volatile salts—quick!

Adelaide was sitting bolt upright in her chair, with her hands clenched so firmly that the nails were a dark purple, and her eyes fastened upon Mrs. Ellsworth with a wild, vacant stare. Her lips were very white, and moved rapidly. Mrs. Ellsworth bent her head and strove to catch the half-formed words. Read it again—read it again! she faintly whispered.

A suspicion of the truth flashed across Mrs. Ellsworth's mind in an instant; but with rare prudence and caution, she kept it to herself. Gertrude—or, Mr. Ellsworth, perhaps you had better come—and give Mrs. Allen the support of your arm; she will be better in her own room where she can lie down.

They assisted her up stairs, and then Mrs. Ellsworth dismissed Gertrude, who had followed them, and closed the door. By this time a flood of tears had come to Adelaide's relief, and her kind friend allowed her to weep in silence. The color slowly came back to her lips again, her eye resumed its natural expression, and at length, with an effort to restrain her emotion, she said quite calmly, You must think my agitation very unaccountable, Mrs. Ellsworth.

Not by any means, my dear Mrs. Allen. I have only a very slight knowledge of your history, it is true, but I think it would be much more singular if you were not agitated. I do not wish to learn anything that you think proper to conceal; but if I can assist or comfort you in any manner, I beg you will confide in me.

I will confide in you, Mrs. Ellsworth—I must do so. Oh, you do not know how often, since I have been under your roof, I have longed to tell you the whole of my sad story, and receive from you the counsel and sympathy that I knew you would not refuse me—but I could not trust myself, and now I presume it is not necessary for me to tell you that I am the runaway wife of Willis Fletcher?

Mrs. Ellsworth clasped her hands impulsively. I knew it! I was sure of it! Oh! I am so glad. There are happy days in store for you, my dear Mrs. Allen—no, Mrs. Fletcher, I mean. Which shall I call you now?

Call me Mrs. Allen, still, replied Adelaide with a faint smile. I voluntarily resigned my husband's name, and I do not feel as if I had any right to resume it now.

You have the best right in the world. Do you not remember that our friend wrote that Mr. Fletcher would suffer no blame to attach itself to you, and that he said your desertion was his own fault?

Oh! it was not so—it was not so, exclaimed Adelaide, as she laid her throbbing head upon Mrs. Ellsworth's shoulder. I alone was to blame; but I thought he had ceased to love me, and that he would be glad to have me go. I believed that he despised me—that he thought I had married him because he was rich, while in reality my heart was devoted to another.

How could I remain under his roof after that? I hated the luxuries that were the means of stealing his heart against me, and I could not be dependent upon him. Our child died. For her sake only had I remained thus long, and soon after she was buried your application reached me. I at once resolved to offer my own services, and you know the rest.

And what will you do now? asked Mrs. Ellsworth. Will you not return to America with us? Adelaide hesitated. Your friend wrote that my husband had failed. Mrs. Ellsworth, do you believe he would receive me now? I fled from him when he was rolling in wealth, but if I go back to him now that he is poor—if I tell him that I am willing to labor with and for him, will he not trust me?

And she looked eagerly and anxiously in Mrs. Ellsworth's face. He will—I am sure he will—my poor child, and he will never regret the loss of his fortune if it is the means of proving to him that he possesses such a treasure as your love. Oh, if husbands and wives would only trust each other implicitly!

But, Willis was not to blame for doubting Mrs. Ellsworth. I did not confide in him as I ought—I concealed some things that he ought to have known before our marriage; and when he discovered it, it was very natural for him to suppose I had kept back more than I did. Well, dear, I will admit that you have been very much to blame, and your husband entirely guiltless, if it will give you any pleasure, replied Mrs. Ellsworth, with a smile;—but I have generally found in such cases that there was some fault on both sides. Now I will leave you to dream of years of bliss that shall make you both forget this long and cruel separation, for I am certain you will yet be reunited. May I tell Mr. Ellsworth? she asked, as she turned toward the door.

Mrs. Allen, brought tears to Adelaide's eyes. Four weeks afterward, to Frank's great delight, they were tossing upon the great Atlantic.

CHAPTER XI.
We shall meet soon. To think of such an hour! Will not my heart, overburdened by its bliss, faint and give away within me, as a flower borne down and perishing by the noonday's kiss? HENRI.

It was early morning, and the city was hardly astir, when a lady, wearing a travelling-dress and closely veiled, entered the drawing-room of one of the first hotels in New York. She seemed to be waiting for some one, and she paused sometimes before one window, and sometimes before another, while her small foot beat the carpet with a restless, uneasy motion. It was Adelaide, and before many minutes had elapsed, Mr. Ellsworth joined her.

What are you up and dressed already, Mrs. Fletcher? For our heroine had ere this resumed her real name.

Oh, yes, and I have been waiting for you this half hour! I thought you would never come.

I am ready to attend you to your husband's boarding-house, as I promised, Mrs. Fletcher; but I do not believe his physicians will allow you to see him yet. They tell me he is very ill indeed. Had you not better wait at least one day more?

I cannot, indeed I cannot wait any longer, Mr. Ellsworth. It is now three days since we landed, and if he is so sick, I must help take care of him. It can surely do him no harm now, while he is too ill to recognize any one.

Very well—we will go then; but you must control yourself. Why, you're trembling now, so you can hardly stand.

I shall be strong enough when we are in the open air, was the reply, and they were presently on their way. In about twenty minutes they ascended the steps of a large brick house in a comparatively retired, and at that hour, quiet part of the town.

Mr. Ellsworth rang the bell—a tidy servant girl answered the summons.

How is Mr. Fletcher this morning—can you tell us?

No, sir; but walk in here, and I will ask some one who can—and she opened the door of a neatly furnished parlor. There is old Betty—that is the nurse, sir—just crossing the hall.

Ask her to be good enough to step here one moment.

The girl did as she was bidden, and Betty soon appeared, courtesying and smoothing down her apron, but saying that she could only stay a minute, for she must hurry back to the sick gentleman.

Adelaide grew pale, and involuntarily drew the folds of her veil more closely over her face as soon as she caught a glimpse of the old woman's portly figure. Old Betty—for by that name she was universally known—had been a servant in Mrs. Fletcher's family from the time of her marriage. She had watched over little Katy, and nursed her in her last illness, and the associations called up by her unexpected appearance had nearly overthrown the fortitude for which her old mistress was struggling.

How is Mr. Fletcher this morning, my good woman? asked Mr. Ellsworth. This lady is an old friend of his—a relative—can she see him?

Oh, my, no, sir! replied Betty; he must not see anybody—so the doctor said, sir. He is very bad, indeed, and only yesterday the doctor was saying to me—I used to be in Mr. Fletcher's family, sir—now, you must keep your master very quiet, Betty; nursing will do him more good than medicine, and you must not let people be coming in to see him.

Mr. Ellsworth was just beginning with—But this lady, etc., when Adelaide rose from the chair where she had fallen faint and trembling upon Betty's appearance, and turning toward her, she raised the veil which had hitherto concealed her features.

The Lord bless us! the Lord bless us! exclaimed the old woman, lifting her hands in bewildered astonishment. Oh, my! if that lady Mrs. Fletcher, now; and I thought you were dead, ma'am, indeed I did! Have you come back to stay, ma'am? asked the faithful creature, in a low, hesitating voice, while something that looked very much like a tear gathered in her eye.

For the present at least, Betty; that is, if you will let me help nurse Mr. Fletcher. You will not refuse your old mistress that favor, even if the doctors do say nay, will you, Betty?

I would be the last one to keep a wife from her husband, ma'am, and surely it's your right to be there; but you must not let him see you when he is awake; he begins to know us now, and this morning he called me "Betty."

I will do just what you tell me I may do, and nothing more, Betty, replied Adelaide. And turning to Mr. Ellsworth, she thanked him earnestly for his many acts of kindness.

Say nothing at all about it, my dear madam, nothing at all; and now I will not detain you. Mrs. Ellsworth will see you in a day or two; and with a kind shake of the hand, he bade her adieu.

Now let us go up, Betty; is he asleep?

Yes, ma'am. But, how pale you are, Mrs. Fletcher! I don't know as I do right to let you see him.

This was said as they were ascending the stairs. In a moment they paused before the door, and Adelaide waited while Betty went in to reconnoitre. Presently the latter reappeared, with her finger on her lip, and beckoned her to come in.

He is asleep yet, she whispered; now if you want to see him, you just step carefully around by the bed there, and if he stirs a bit, you must hide behind the curtain. I don't know but Doctor Grey will en-a-mot kill me, she muttered, as she turned away to wipe the tears that were coursing each other down her withered cheeks; but the poor creature—how could I help it?

ed presence might destroy your husband's reason, if not his life.

I will be very careful, Dr. Grey. Oh, do let me stay with him! I will do just as Betty tells me.

Well, well; only look out for yourself—and so she said.

Mr. Fletcher improved rapidly under the united care of his wife and Betty; but the former, faithful to her promise, had never suffered herself to approach him except when he was asleep. He thought, as he grew better, and began to notice the arrangement of the room, that his kind, old nurse's taste had improved wonderfully; the drapery of the windows was arranged so much more gracefully, and the little vase of flowers always looked so fresh and bright, and he told her so one day, but she only laughed in return for the compliment.

Dr. Grey, said the convalescent one morning, about three weeks after Adelaide's return, you cannot imagine what strange dreams I have. Every night my poor, lost Adelaide comes to me, and bends over me, and I can feel her breath upon my cheek, and hear the rustling of her garments, it all seems so real; and then when daylight comes, I know I have only been dreaming. Sometimes I lie with my eyes shut, and feel her presence in my very heart's core, but dare not look up, because I know that if I do the vision—if I may apply such a term to that which is rather felt than seen—will leave me. Do you believe that disembodied spirits are allowed to visit us? I sometimes think that she is dead, and that—

Oh, pshaw! You mustn't be thinking of such sober things, Mr. Fletcher. I haven't one bit of faith in ghosts or in dreams either, said Dr. Grey with a beaming smile; but now I will just tell you what you may do. The very next time this vision appears to you, suppose you just open your eyes, and see if you can make any discoveries, eh?

Mr. Fletcher opened them very wide, now, and gazed at him incredulously. Oh, nonsense, doctor!

No nonsense at all, I assure you, my dear fellow. I think it the most reasonable proposition I could possibly make.

But, doctor, has Adelaide—is my wife; in short what do you mean?

Precisely what I said; now take this composing draught, and go to sleep. I shall not speak another word to you.

And he did not; but the kind, meaning smile with which he left the room sank far down into Willis Fletcher's heart, and awakened there a world of hope and happiness, for which he could not account, and he resolved to follow his advice.

How impatiently he waited for the night! He watched the sunbeams upon the window-blinds, as they sank from one slat to another, and thought they would never reach the lowest; it seemed to him that there never was such a long afternoon; that the sun never would go down.

Betty, isn't it time for me to have my toast and tea?

La! no, sir; it's only four o'clock. Are you hungry?

He turned uneasily upon the bed, with a sigh of weariness.

Only four o'clock! Was he dreaming now? Surely his sigh was echoed, very, very softly, and not by old Betty either. A faint tingling of red stole over his cheek, and his blood flowed faster; but, in a moment, he chided himself for his folly, and tried to go to sleep.

At last it was really dark—the evening wore away. Betty completed her arrangements for the night, and took her usual station in an easy chair by the fire. Soon he knew that she was fast asleep, and it was almost time for his nocturnal visitor.

He shut his eyes, and lay very still, but with an ear that was alive to the faintest sound. He could hear his own heart beat; but that was not very strange, for its pulsations were quick and heavy.

At length he heard a very light step—it was scarce heavier than the fall of a snowflake; but it did not escape him. He felt that something approached his bed—it bent over him; warm breathings fanned his brow—a tear fell upon his cheek.

He could control himself no longer; his eyes opened, and with a low murmur of delight he extended his arms.

Adelaide—my love—my wife!

CHAPTER XII.
I trust thy love—trust thou in mine.

Are not these lodgings rather too expensive for your altered circumstances, Willis? said Adelaide to her husband one morning (two or three months from that time) casting her eyes around the luxurious apartment in which they were sitting as she spoke. We are not living very much like poor folks.

What do you mean by my "altered circumstances," Adelaide? You have referred to them several times, and I could not imagine what you meant; now do explain yourself.

I mean, of course, that you have lost your property, or at least most of it; and have got to let me see—yes, that was it—to begin the world anew, and I have been thinking that we had better begin more economically than this. What do you have to give a week for these rooms?

Not a cent more than I can afford, my dear wife. What in the world put this into your head? Who told you any such trash?

Why, I heard in England that you had failed, lost everything; and then I thought—She hesitated, and her husband after gazing for a moment upon her blushing cheek, caught her fondly in his arms.

And then you thought if I had lost everything else, I would need my wife. Oh, my Ada! my darling! how could I ever have distrusted you?

And how could I ever have given you reason to distrust me? responded Adelaide. But you have not told me about your failure yet; what was it?

really thought you were coming back to prison and toil, Ada?

Yes; but I did not fear them. I only thought that under such circumstances you would have faith in my love.

I have, I have, Ada! Nothing on earth could ever make me doubt you again.

I don't know about that, replied Ada, playfully shaking her head; I should not like to run the risk.

As a member of the Lower House, Mr. Fletcher passed the next winter at Washington, and of course Ada went with him. He could not lose her again so soon; and very proud was he of the grace, the intellect, and the varied accomplishments that made her so sought after, as the brightest ornament of the circle in which they moved.

There was a "Levee" at the White House. Willis, whispered Ada, you said George Tilden and his wife would be here; are they not standing near that bow-window?

Yes, that must be George; let us go and join them.

They crossed the room, and very soon Adelaide clasped the hand of George Tilden's fair, blue-eyed bride, and gave to the young, trembling stranger a kind and sisterly greeting.

She is very beautiful, very lovely, George, said Adelaide, later in the evening, as Mr. Fletcher had taken Mrs. Tilden away to show her a fine painting; I need not tell you how I rejoice in your happiness.

I know you do, Adelaide, and I hope you will love my Edith as a sister. She is very young, and needs the companionship of one whom she can trust.

I could not help loving her, George, for the sake of our old friendship, if for nothing more. But, oh, what has become of Theresa?

George's countenance fell as he answered, "Poor child! she leads a wretched life, I fear. She could never agree with her step-mother; and, finally, married a man nearly sixty years old—partly because he had plenty of money, and partly to escape from the petty tyranny to which she was subjected at home. She looks care-worn and heart-sick. Her husband is jealous of his young and pretty wife, and she seldom goes out. If she does, he will not leave her an instant; and subjects her to a constant surveillance that must be incessantly galling. Truly, dear Ada, "The way of transgressor is hard."

Our story is ended, kind reader. Is it necessary for us to "point the moral"?

How to Spoil a High Spirited Wife.
What did you speak in that way to your wife for, young man? asked old uncle Rogers of his nephew.

Because it's fun to see her "spark up," replied the hopeful Benedict. I like to make her black eyes shine, and her round cheeks grow red as any damask rose. And it's quite tragic the way she puts her little foot down and says "e-i-r." By the mules! If you'd staid long enough, uncle, I'd have shown you a Queen.

You've no idea how grandly she tosses back her fierce little head—or with what a Dido like air she wrings those delicate hands of hers. It quite breaks the monotony of life to get up such a tempest to order. You see, uncle, one tire of clear sunshine and blue sky, and so, as I know she owns this spunky temper, I just touch it up with the spur matrimonial, and let it gallop till I see fit to rein it in.

I've as good a mind to root out that sapling, Hal, and use it over your shoulders, as I had this morning to eat my breakfast before you spoiled my appetite. You are taking the surest way to spoil a finely strung organization. Saving your presence, I despise the man who thus tampers with a passionate but loving spirit. Look at your wife—how delicate her beauty! Look at your household—the very temple of human neatness. The little fixings on the mantle, the fringing and tasseling here and there, give it a touch beyond the common to your humble furniture. That lounge that lends so grand an air to your parlor, I had set down for no less than a fifty—when lo! it turns out that five dollars and a woman's ingenuity, deceived an old man, an experienced upholsterer like myself. Then look at the vines she has trained, the flowers she has planted, that run toward her when she approaches them; as if she were their guardian angel! Why, Hal, is it possible the possession of such a being as this, tempts you to an absurdity that will surely end in the destruction of your domestic happiness?

You are mighty serious about this little thing, uncle.

Serious! unfortunately I am something more—a victim to my own indulgence in a similar infatuation. You have heard—here uncle Rogers gave a great sigh—that I am not happy at home. My own fault! every bit of it! and the old man gave mother earth a savage blow with his cane.

If a man marries an angel and tempts her into a fiend, who's to blame but himself? My wife was very handsome, and, as you say, spunky. There never need to have been a warm word between us, but I liked to see her angry. I liked to see the delicate nostrils expand, the large eyes scintillate sparks of fire; but I did it just once too often! I know the very time that anger raised the final barrier of opposition, and that nice sense of right became an exasperating and imperious tormentor. And now your uncle is driven from the home of his nephew, where he hoped for peace, and tortured with the fresh opening of old wounds. I tell you, Hal, you will ruin her. It's not manly; it's a burning shame; and the old man's thin lips quivered with excitement.

Hal said nothing then, but when he returned he ground his pride between his teeth, and begged his wife's pardon.

I'll never taunt you for fun again, Carry, he said in a low tone. And she replied, as she hid her tearful face in his bosom.

I am so quick, so passionate! but indeed, I never begin it; and you have been so noble that I will try and conquer this hasty temper. But, Hal, she added, regally, shaking her curls in his face, what will you do for your queen? What will become of Dido tragedy, etc., ha?

Her husband blushed, (I contend that a man looks handsome when he blushes), and a kiss sealed the reconciliation. To-day, after forty years of wedded life, Hal boasts that he remembers but once making up after a storm, and that was away back in the honeymoon. Ever since he has had still waters and a steady voyage; and uncle Rogers, who died years ago—peace be with his ashes—used to call Hal's home a paradise on earth.

MURDER LITERATURE.—The late terrible murder at Sherborn was not occasioned immediately or remotely by rum, and the first inquiry that is suggested to the mind of every person who reads or hears the terrible story will be, what has made it possible for a young man of twenty years to commit so black a crime?

If the statement of a young man who was intimate with Chapman can be relied on, we have a clue to the mystery. This young man states that Chapman said recently that he had been reading the lives of Captain Lightfoot, Dick Turpin, and similar heroes, and he desired to be just such a man as they were!

This is the food on which his mind has fed until robbery and murder became familiarized to it, and a desire to engage in a career of crime had possession of his soul. It is this species of literature that has made more thieves and murderers than any other cause, rum not excepted. Liquor is only an auxiliary, or an instrument in the cool, deliberate murder. The villain who planned a deed of blood may require a stimulant to steady his nerves, but it can no more be said that the rum caused the murder than the knife or other instrument used in its commission.

But the yellow covered literature which so abounds at our bookstores and periodical depots is calculated to produce the worst results in the minds of those who have a taste for it. With lively imaginations, small moral sentiments, and weak judgment, they are fascinated with the relation of those deeds of plunder, rapine and bloodshed which the highwaymen and freebooters of former days committed with impunity, and which are represented by the writers in the "sanguinary vein," as almost equal to the exploits of the great captains and heroes whose fame reaches around the world.

As long as the yellow covered literature, however, is allowed to operate upon weak heads, it will produce murderers, and it would be well for the inhabitants of the retired rural districts to sleep with arms by their sides and shoot down the scoundrels who may aspire to become the Dick Turpins of the present day. [Boston Herald.]

CHURCH MUSIC.—A correspondent complains that the organs in our churches overpower the voices of the singers. It always seemed to us that singing as a part of public worship is very strangely conducted in Christian churches. The words are always drowned in the tune. If the singing is intended merely as a professional exhibition, it is not generally, we suppose, of a character to justify the attention given to it. If it is intended for a higher purpose, as a part of the public worship, we cannot see the propriety of singing in such manner that the sentiment of the hymn is entirely lost. As the singing in our churches is conducted, the words might as well be in a foreign tongue.—[Prov. Jour.]

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.—A gentleman cooper called upon a negro who owns a fine farm in Ohio, and wished to purchase some stave timber. Our colored friend inquired for what purpose he wanted it. He received for an answer, "I have a contract for so many whiskey barrels."

Well, sir, was the prompt reply, "I have the timber for sale, and want the money, but no man shall purchase a single stave, or hoop-pole, or a particle of grain of me for that purpose."

Of course Mr. Cooper was not a little "up in the back" to meet such stern reproach, got mad and called him a nigger.

That is very true, mildly replied the other. It is my misfortune to be a negro, I can't help that, but I can help selling my timber to make whiskey barrels, and I mean to do it!

BREVITY.—It would be amusing, if anything sad could be amusing, to see how universally in the newspapers, the adjective brevity is coupled with some other, by means of a disjunctive "but"; as if brevity instead of being a merit, was

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE,.... OCT. 6, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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The Public Lands.

The Legislature has sanctioned the contract of the Commissioners for the purchase of the Massachusetts Lands, by a vote of 96 to 36 in the House, and 15 to 10 in the Senate. The amount to be paid was \$362,500; of which \$112,500 was paid down, and the balance in State scrip at 5 per cent. interest. According to the Age, the lands to be transferred are as follows:—35,535 acres of undivided lands, and 424,569 acres of lands held in severalty—all contained in the first five ranges; and 295,408 acres west of these ranges, held in severalty undivided. 414,245 acres undivided, and 268,544 held in severalty which are permitted mostly for six or seven years.

A New Post Office has been established at Somerset Mills, Fairfield, and—Ridout appointed Post Master. A good idea—though this is the sixth post office in the town of Fairfield. No town in the State can boast a better population, or one more deserving such accommodations.

EXTRAVAGANCE.—One of the 'persons connected with' the Age Office, Augusta, has bought a new wagon! What is this world coming to? Brother Age, why didn't you borrow your wheelbarrow, instead of getting into a position that involves the borrowing of a horse and harness?

We are gratified to notice the safe arrival in Waterville, of Prof. J. R. Loomis, from his travels in S. America. He is in fine health, though bearing strong marks of a tropical sun. His researches, which have been of a scientific character, will probably, in due time, be given to the public.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

The Humming Birds of Society.

It's buzz—buzz—did you ever hear such a glubbing—glubbing for mortal ear? To listen to for two long, long hours?

'This worse than building ten babel towers! Kind reader, did you ever hear that humorous song, 'All Mankind are Birds'? If not, you are ignorant of some very sensible ideas in regard to yourself and your fellow creatures. The song does not allude to our subject in the least, yet it would not come amiss taken in connection with it. We will confine ourselves to only one species of the human family that resembles the feathered race.

These, for want of a more appropriate name, we will call the 'Humming-birds of Society.' They are found only in places known to possess an aristocracy, either monied or codfish, to which they belong.

We do not refer to any one locality, in our more particular remarks upon this species, but in general terms of most of our Maine towns and cities, where we have found them more numerous and possessing a more shrill and unpleasant buzz than in the other States; probably owing to the excessive coldness of the climate. They are generally the leaders of fashion, or at least they set themselves up as such, and also of good breeding; and think they have a perfect right to do as they have a mind to, of course never doing anything unworthy of the position which they assume—of course not!

If you meet them in swarms, your only safety is in a retreat. It matters not if you are at a lecture, a concert or Commencement, and have paid your admittance fee, for the purpose of seeing and hearing the exercises of the evening; if you are annoyed and mortified by the chitter-chatter, buzz, buzz of these 'Humming-birds,' your only relief is to retire, which is a blessed privilege to some on such occasions. But when we look at the principle of the thing, we cannot fail to be utterly disgusted by such scenes. We feel mortified to think that there are those among us, setting themselves up as models of fashion, good breeding, and respectability, who will so far forget the respect due to themselves and those around them, as to be guilty of such gross violations of all rules of respectability and order.

These Humming-birds of society, both male and female, are to be found at all lectures, concerts, Commencements, anniversaries and the like, where they locate themselves in the most conspicuous places possible, and commence their horrid buzz, which is incessantly kept up during the whole evening, to the annoyance of the more respectable but less aristocratic portion of the audience, who have come there for the purpose of listening to the lecture, or whatever other exercises may be prepared for the occasion; and they are under the necessity of enduring this mortifying, and to many intolerable slow torture, or else leaving the hall; which many refrain from doing merely out of respect to the lecturer or performer.

Such has been the case for years past, and for ought we know will continue to be so for years to come. We ask, with all due respect to the management of our Lyceum, is it right to allow such things to continue? Are there no means of ridding ourselves of this class of buzzers? In a few months the lecture season will commence, and the usual winter entertainments will follow.

tainments, and they will undoubtedly be interested by these contemptible Humming-birds. If no better plan can be devised, let the quiet and respectable portion of the audience show their disgust at such behavior, and hiss them to silence till they leave the hall. Any way is better than to have the lecturers insulted, our own pleasure marred, and the lecture lost to us.

If all lecturers were to adopt the course pursued by President Anderson, at the recent Commencement exercises in this village, we think it would have a good effect, and in a short time do away with these 'Humming-bird' concerts as an accompaniment to our lectures. If these 'birds' were like the birds of the air, and would migrate in the fall, they would be of little annoyance to us in the spring and summer months. Their greatest peculiarity is that they are found only in the New England States, except where one or two migrate West or South, and form colonies.

S. H. L.

Cattle Show and Fair.

The North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society made its annual display on Tuesday and Wednesday. The show of stock was in some respects better than in past seasons; the number of oxen, sheep and swine being larger than we have before seen. The number of visitors to the Hall showed an increasing interest in that department; and the display was not large, it was in good taste, and highly creditable.

Mr. Poore's address was one of rare excellence, and was listened to with deep attention and interest.

We have no time for detail, but shall make our next number a "Cattle Show number," as usual.

At the last meeting of Waterville Lodge, the undersigned were instructed to forward a copy of the following resolutions to be published in the Mail:

Resolved, That while we deeply deplore our irreparable loss, we bow in humble submission to the will of God, trusting that we may be raised and reunited with our deceased Brother, in that Celestial Lodge above, that house not made with hands, eternal, and in the presence of our Father.

Resolved, That in our deep affliction we are consoled with the knowledge, that our Brother has finished his work and kept the faith; that as a man and a Mason, he has left the temple worthy of all emulation; and that the memory of his loss will ever incite us to imitate his virtues.

Resolved, That the Altar of the Lodge and the regalia of our deceased Brother be clothed in the usual badge of mourning for sixty days, as a token of the high respect and strong affection which this Lodge has ever entertained for him.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved widow and children of our Brother in this affliction, and invoke upon them Heaven's richest blessings.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions, signed by the Committee in behalf of the Lodge, be forwarded to the Committee of the deceased; and that they be published in the Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE LODGE.

By their Committee.

JOSEPH B. DUNN, JR.

JEREMIAH ARNOLD.

J. M. CHURCH.

J. M. CHURCH.

N. B. BOUTWELL.

'Let gentlemen be ever so earnestly engaged in talking sense; they will always stop and commence talking nonsense as soon as the ladies make their appearance.'

It is a point of etiquette—which the true lady never forgets—to introduce such subjects for conversation as are best suited to the capacities of those whom she entertains, and which they are able best to sustain.

'Oh, had some power, &c.'

SUSAN.

"THE RASH MARRIAGE." At length we have finished this story, greatly to our own relief, and perhaps to that of some of our subscribers; and our only apology for publishing one so lengthy will be found in its superior excellence. Next week we shall give our readers a Biographical Sketch of Lieut. Chas. Heywood, from the National Magazine, which we know will be eagerly looked for by every one. This, with full reports of the Cattle Show, will make our next number unusually attractive.

MAN MISSING.—Mr. Asher Fletcher, of Bloomfield, left home about two weeks since, for Moosehead Lake on a hunting excursion. He left his horse and carriage at the hotel in Greenville, and started in a birch canoe for the hunting grounds. He had with him two days' provision. He has a wife and two children at B. He was held in much esteem by the community, and much interest is manifested for his recovery.

The jury in the case of Courtland Palmer against Gen. Samuel Venzie, recently tried before the U. S. Court at Portland, brought in a verdict of \$10,650 against Gen. Venzie. The action was brought in raising the dam at the Mills at North Bangor, so as to flow the mills of Palmer, known as the Barre Mills at Orono. A motion for a new trial has been filed.

The Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, was ordained as pastor of a Congregationalist church at South Butler, N. Y., on Thursday last. Gerrit Smith was present, and made a brief address. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Rev. Mr. Lee, of Syracuse. Dr. Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, was present. Antoinette is quite handsome, and will make even a better pastor than preacher.

THAT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.—A capital little incident occurred on Saturday night, connected with the liquor seizure, which illustrates the feeling of the community on the business of liquor smuggling.

One of those connected with the liquor seizure called upon a teamster at midnight to assist in hauling liquors to the city watchhouse. The teamster engaged to go, but while the applicants were waiting for the teamster, they heard a female voice inquiring where he was going. He replied that he was going to haul some liquor.

'I would not go, not have anything to do with it.'

'But I have promised to go, and cannot now refuse.'

'I would not go—here it is midnight and almost Sunday. I would have nothing to do with it—smuggling liquor into the city.'

'It is not smuggling—the liquor has been seized by the police, and I am to haul it to the watchhouse.'

'Oh! then go by all means, and help all you can. I would go myself if I could be of any assistance in saving the city from the evils of rum.'

'Good, good! involuntarily burst from the men who were outside the house, waiting, in being thus encouraged in their work.—[Whig.]

Later News from Europe.

HALIFAX, Sept. 29th.—The America, from Liverpool, 10 A. M., on the 17th, arrived at Halifax at 9 1/2 P. M.

The Asiatic cholera is spreading in England. Cases are reported at Liverpool and London, and over one hundred at Newcastle.

The London Times correspondent says that the German papers almost universally assert that the United States are backing Switzerland in her opposition to Austria, and promise her active assistance. The recent appointment of a United States Minister to Berne, self-confidence in the Ticino difficulty, and boldness of Americans in the Koszia affair, are the grounds stated for this belief. The Bund thinks the report improbable. A more probable belief is current throughout Germany, that the Cabinet of Vienna is endeavoring, in connection with its grievances in the Koszia affair, to induce the governments of Europe to demand from the United States government a declaration of its views on the subject of intervention in European politics, on the laws of nations in general, and on the subject of citizenship in particular—the latter being confessedly not clear, gives rise to continued remonstrances by American representatives, especially in Germany, which country claimed emigrants returned from the United States. The Austrian Consul at Smyrna had been decorated.

Vienna letters say it is so fully expected here that the Washington Cabinet will consent to Koszia's being given up to the Austrian authorities at Smyrna, that it is not advisable to doubt.

On the 1st inst., the reading committee of the Holy Inquisition again condemned 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' as damnable and pernicious. The Czar has refused the Turkish note.—The impression was that war is now almost inevitable.

It was currently reported, although no foundation was apparent for the report, that the Turks had attacked the Russian outposts, but no general engagement had taken place. This whole rumor is doubtful.

The words of the Vienna despatch are as follows: The Czar rejects the Turkish modifications, but abides by the Vienna note, and promises to evacuate the principalities if the Porte accepts it pure and simple. This yet leaves one chance for peace.

Another telegraphic despatch says a new manifesto is expected from Russia.

The Turks were quite ripe for war. Omar Pacha had difficulty in restraining his troops from hostilities. Fanaticism on both sides was at its height. Anonymous placards on walls, calling on the faithful to attack the Russians, had much excited the people, and it was only on special demand of representatives of power, that the Sultan had consented to postpone issuing his manifesto to his people. This manifesto is in warlike language, and is, indeed, a declaration of war.

The Turkish levy of 80,000 additional men went on actively, and detachments were constantly marching to join Omar Pacha on the Danube. A reserve corps was forming at Adrianople, under Mehmet Reschid Pacha, Colonel of the Sultan's Guard.

On the 30th, the Sultan reviewed the Egyptian troops. Members of the French Embassy were present. Mehos Pacha, of Egypt, promises to send 15,000 more men from Bucharest.

The Russian Commander-in-Chief had addressed an order of the day to his troops, and concludes by saying, 'Russia is called to annihilate Paganism, and those who oppose her in that sacred mission shall be annihilated with the Pagans. Long live the Czar.'

Omar Pacha wrote to Prince Gortshakoff, that if the Russian gun-boats approach too near Turkish batteries, they would be fired on. Gortshakoff briefly wrote on the back of the letter, 'if fired on, they will return the fire.'

In China the revolutionary army retained its position. The Tartars had attempted to take Amoy, but without success. Trade was dull and inactive. Exchange 54 3/4.

A courier had arrived at Paris bringing the decision made to the day before, the 13th, by the four Ministers who met on that day, namely: Lords Aberdeen, Russell, Clarendon and Palmerston. Another courier took his departure for Versailles, with orders to embark there at once, bearing a despatch for Lord Stratford d'Radcliff, which, it is said, in well informed quarters, enjoins him to employ every possible means to induce the Sultan to accept without delay the note of Vienna, without modification. In case the Porte should object that he was no longer able to control the population, his Lordship is authorized to allow the English squadron to enter the Bosphorus and disembark troops for the purpose of causing the decision of the Sultan to be respected.

A courier, is also at once, to be despatched to Omar Pacha, forbidding him to commence hostilities in any way.

No disagreement existed between France and England on Eastern difficulties.

[Traveller.]

A Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune having accused the President of dress having rather popishly, and among other things of having 'his hair oiled and curled after the fashion of N. P. Willis,' Mr. W. makes the following explanation in a note at the foot of an article in The Home Journal:

'First, the humble head which his excellency the President is thus authentically declared to have selected for his imitation, has hitherto known no external culture or embellishment beyond a daily shower in cold water—never, to my knowledge, having been touched by oil, pomatum, curling-iron, curling-tongs, or other urgent art or emollient. Second, it has never known even the luxury of hair-dressing or barber, having been cut from boyhood till now, whenever and wherever it was, inconveniently long, by scissors in my own hands. Third, its daily officiation as a model for the President, (though I was unaware of the honor, or ever having been seen by his excellency,) is performed without crest, plume, or livery, it being known to friends and neighbors by the covering of a straw hat—which straw hat, I may add, is now near the close of its wear for a second summer, and was bought in the village of Newburgh for eighteen cents.'

'Dear friends of The Tribune (R. S.) I should like to be believed to grow old. Willing to serve my country in any way, I am honored of course to have the outside of my head chronicled as a copy for the President, though I would rather it were the inside that were a copy for the schoolboy. If you will review my secluded path with mistaken roses, however, I must be excused for such drops of otto-biography as the truth compels me to distill.'

SURPLUS REVENUE.—A despatch from Washington to-day states that there are now in the Treasury, subject to draft, twenty-seven millions of dollars.

The ordinary revenue of the year ending June 30, is said to have exceeded that of any preceding year by \$9,000,000; and with the exception of the two preceding years, by \$13,000,000. The revenue from custom duties alone, was \$38,931,865. The surplus over expenditures is more than \$20,000,000.

LONG TAILED CHARITIES.—As we were listening a few evenings ago to the conversation of one of the most wise and learned men of these times—a man of wit and humor, withal—we heard these remarks:

'On the whole, I don't like long-tailed charities—it is but right that each generation should take care of its own poor, and stick and infirm. Great foundations seldom have a proportional superfluity. The greater the remove from the life or death of the donor, the greater the

What is to be done with this surplus—is a question which already begins to attract public attention. The politicians of the next Congress will find it a bone to gnaw; and the Administration will no doubt be stimulated by it to attempt a further reduction of the tariff.

Secretary Marcy's Letter on the Koszia Case.

This document has been looked for with a good deal of interest on the part of the community, ever since it became publicly known that the Government of Austria had made the conduct of our diplomatic agents in Turkey, and of Captain Ingraham especially, in relation to Koszia, the subject of a formal complaint. There has never, however, been any doubt as to the position which our Government would assume in the matter. On no occasion, calling for a declaration of public sentiment, and of the views of the Government, has there ever been a more perfect agreement in the public mind. The details of the subject, nevertheless, present some embarrassing questions. These questions Mr. Marcy has solved with such power and clearness as to leave the Austrian Government without an inch of tenable ground. He has shown that Koszia had acquired a domicile in, and was invested with the nationality of the United States; that he claimed and received protection from the American Consul at Smyrna, even before he was kidnapped; that, in a word, he was properly and fully under the protection of the United States; that his seizure and imprisonment by Austrian authority, was wholly illegal and unjustifiable; and that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, Capt. Ingraham's interposition for his release was right and proper. Mr. Marcy's paper is able as well as conclusive. It possesses none of the tediousness which is too apt to mark state papers; it is well adapted to popular reading; and we have no doubt will be read generally, with interest as well as satisfaction.

Our limits would hardly allow us to print Mr. Hulseman's letter in connection with Mr. Marcy's reply. It is not necessary, however, as the points of his complaint will be manifest in the course of Mr. Marcy's argument. The substance of his protest, as summarily stated by the New York Evening Post, is:

First. That Capt. Ingraham, in bringing a United States vessel of war to bear upon a vessel of the Austrian Government, and threatening in a given contingency, to wit, a refusal to surrender Koszia within a fixed time, to fire upon her, was equivalent to an act of war, and was without the proper authority and sanction of the sovereign power.

Second. The act of hostility was committed within the territory of a neutral power, and therefore invalid. He quotes authorities to show that captures made in neutral waters are invalid, and to the same point the following from Wheaton:

'The rights of war,' says he, (Elements of International Law, part 4, chap. 3, paragraph 9.) can be exercised only within the territory of the belligerent powers; upon the high seas, or in a territory belonging to no one.'

[From the Maine Farmer.]

Vassal Claim Continued.

The great and long standing case of Henry Webster, of England, vs. Peter Cooper, of Pittsford, Me., came on for trial, the third time, at Portland, in the United States Circuit Court, on the 29th inst. The plaintiff's Counsel opened the case to the jury by setting forth his title under the will of Florentius Vassal, who claims by a grant or vote from the Plymouth Company, as early as 1756. Then the defendant's counsel presented his side of the case, claiming title to the land in question by grant from the Plymouth Company, subsequent to Vassal's grant, and by actual quiet and undisturbed possession for 50 years, under the above conveyance—conceding that the original grant, by lapse of time and accident, was lost.

It appeared that neither grant was on record in any public registry, and that Vassal left this country about the year 1775, and that neither he nor his heirs ever returned, and thus the property was left in abeyance nearly a century, and became what is called dead title. The Plymouth Company, knowing this, afterwards granted, as the defendant affirms, to Cooper, who entered upon the tract in question, and maintained a quiet and undisturbed possession and occupancy for half a century prior to the commencement of the action.

One of the great principles of trial by jury in civil cases, we believe, is that possession is presumptive proof of property; or, in other words, every man is presumed to be the rightful proprietor of whatever he has in his possession, and that such presumptions shall be overcome, in a court of justice, only by evidence, the sufficiency of which, and by law, the justice of which, are satisfactory to the understandings and consciences of all jurors.

These are the bases on which the trial by jury places the property and rights of every individual, and according to these principles, and the laws and decisions in this State, Massachusetts, New York, and the United States Courts, (if we rightly understand them,) the position laid down by the defendant's counsel, that his client has the better right, is sustained.

However, as the defendant had taken a new position in law, (not in evidence,) of which the plaintiff was not notified, the Judge ordered the case continued, and the jury dismissed for the sole purpose, that the defendant's counsel might have ample opportunity to further prepare his case, he only having prosecuted his suit about fifteen years.

SOME TALL CORN.—A Maine paper recently challenged the world to beat a cornstalk which grew in the editor's garden and was ten feet nine inches tall. The challenge was immediately accepted by the Prescott Times, which had seen one, that measured seventeen feet. On this New England rested, a stray Sucker, however, happened that way—an old friend, B. F. Ranstead, of La Salle county, who, strangely enough, astonished the Maine paper, by telling them of a cornstalk growing in his garden. When he left home, it was 25 1/2 feet high, with 12 ears growing from it, each one foot and a half long, and a gourd shell growing from the tassel, with a pint and a half of shelled corn in it. On that the Maine editor said, 'We pass!' In the West, however, that is nothing. It is very common here to see men, when they gather the corn, carry loads, or sell, the cornstalks with axes; while pumpkin vines, notoriously, often push down the fences. Illinois is some in the way of big things. [Chicago Democrat.]

LONG TAILED CHARITIES.—As we were listening a few evenings ago to the conversation of one of the most wise and learned men of these times—a man of wit and humor, withal—we heard these remarks:

'On the whole, I don't like long-tailed charities—it is but right that each generation should take care of its own poor, and stick and infirm. Great foundations seldom have a proportional superfluity. The greater the remove from the life or death of the donor, the greater the

greater the probability of abuse or perversion of the gift. What a pity, by and bye, that rich men do not see the economy of being their own executors and trustees—as they are beginning to a little in Boston, and elsewhere.

When a man of influence says, 'I am rich enough—I will acquire no more—I will give my income to charity after this date,' he has taken a great step, and soon finds giving—wise and judicious giving—almost as easy as gathering. And then it makes him so happy to see the effects of his own benevolence. The frequent wastefulness and mismanagement of corporations is astonishing. Look at Girard College! Sir, liberality with other men's effects is one of the virtues which survived the effects of the fall of Adam. I think that in charity, as in everything else, as little should be done by proxy as may be.—[Boston Post.]

POWERFUL REASONING.—At a young men's debating society, somewhere down in Indiana, the question for discussion was, 'Which is the greatest evil, a scolding wife or a smoky chimney?' After the appointed disputants had concluded the debate, a spectator arose and begged the privilege of making a few remarks on the occasion. Permission being granted, he delivered himself in this way:

'Mr. President, I've been almost mad listening to the debates of these 'ere youngsters. They don't know nothing at all about the subject. What do they know about the evils of a scolding wife? Wait till they have had one for twenty years, and been hammered and jammed and slammed all the while; and wait till they have been scolded because the baby cried, because the fire wouldn't burn, because the oven was too hot, because the cow kicked over the milk, because it rained, because the sun shined, because the butter wouldn't come, because the cat had kittens, because they were a minute too late, because they were late, because they tore their trousers, because they invited women to call again, because they got sick, or because they did anything else, no matter whether they could help it or not, before they talk about the evils of a scolding wife. Why, Mr. President, I'd rather hear the clatter of stones and hammers on twenty tin pans and nine brass kettles, than the din, din, of the scolding wife. Yes sir-ree, I would. To my mind, Mr. President, a smoky chimney is no more to be compared to a scolding wife, than a little nigger to a black night.'

WARLIKE RUMORS FROM MEXICO.—A despatch from Washington, dated the 3d inst., mentions the receipt by our government of intelligence from the frontiers of Mexico, which excited apprehensions that the peaceful relations between the two countries might be jeopardized by some serious disturbance between the troops stationed at Mesilla Valley. This is confirmatory of the report received yesterday via New Orleans, that a collision had already taken place.

It is not unlikely that disturbances have occurred on the disputed territory. There is no more likely way to get up a disturbance than to station opposing bodies of troops in each other's immediate neighborhood. It was in this way that the war with Mexico was bro't about by Mr. Polk's administration; and the country found that it was in an actual state of warfare with a sister republic, before any war had been declared, and when the people at large were bitterly opposed to any such war. And so, for aught we can say, it may be again. But we hope and believe better things of the administration than that they will involve the country in another war in this underhand way.

[Traveller.]

THE FIVE YEARS SLEEPER.—This extraordinary man is now taking his extensive nap opposite the Dispatch office, in Ann street.—He has been in the comatose state for the last five years now past, and from all present appearances he is in a fair way to sleep for five years to come. In company with a medical friend, we visited him yesterday. He was in bed, but contrary to the expectations we had based on the statements made in the Daily Times, we found him to be a rather good-looking, some-forty-years-old individual; clean and neat in his general appearance, with a very fair mustache, and beard and hair of usual plenty, neatly combed and adjusted. He was emaciated, so much so that the bones, and, in fact, the entire skeleton frame, could be plainly felt; yet to the sense of touch he gave no trace of disease. The skin is healthy, moist, and cool; the pulse regular and the breathing natural. Twice during our examinations he shifted his position slightly, but otherwise his limbs are rigid, like one in a cramp. It is a well attested fact that this strange slumber has now been upon him for the last five years, his animal structure, meanwhile, gradually wasting away. He takes no voluntary nourishment, but is fed with small portions of milk daily, which he seems to swallow with reluctance. The evacuations through the kidneys are regularly performed twice in the twenty-four hours while the alvine discharges occur not oftener than once a fortnight, and even these are so problematical, that for the sake of cleanliness, his inferior accommodations are similar to those of an infant. It is an interesting case, and our medical savans are at their wits' end to determine the peculiarity. The doctors of the West call it cataplexy; professors here give it the name of ecstasy; and some say it is all a humbug, but we do not think so. The man is evidently asleep and when he will awake is a problem.

[Sunday Courier.]

IMPORTANT TELEGRAPHIC ARRANGEMENT.—We are gratified in being able to announce that the negotiations, which for some time past have been pending for a connection of the lines of telegraph east of Boston, worked under the Morse patent, were brought to a close last evening, and that E. O. J. Smith has sold all his interest therein. This purchase includes the unfinished line from Portland to Montreal, the new line from Danville Junction to Waterville, and from Belgrade to Augusta, as well as the lines from Boston east to Portland, where it connects with the line of the Maine Telegraph Company extending from Portland to Calais.

The purchaser of these interests is the Hon. H. O. Alden, of Belfast, President of the Maine Telegraph Company by whom all these lines are hereafter to be managed. [State of Maine.]

THE WHITEFIELD MURDER.—The Age of last week contains a communication upon the recent murder in Whitefield. Skeham was murdered by one Ward, an insane man, who has been so for ten years, and for some time was an inmate of the Insane Hospital. In 1851 he attempted to murder a brother, and maimed him for life. After this he was sent to the hospital and maintained there at the expense of the town. The authorities of the town, however, caused him to be removed, although against the earnest protestations of the trustees, who feared that life would be sacrificed as the result. They asserted as a fact

based upon experience, that an insane person who has manifested a homicidal disposition is never safe to be trusted after, under any circumstances of apparent improvement.

Mr. Skeham was a worthy and highly useful citizen, and leaves a dependent wife and children.

IMPEACHING A MAN'S NAME.—At a literary dinner in London, where Thackeray and Angus B. Reach, were vis-a-vis at table, Mr. Thackeray—who had never before met Mr. Reach—addressed him as Mr. Reach—pronouncing the name as its orthography would naturally indicate. 'Re-ach, sir—Re-ach, if you please,' said Mr. Reach, who is punctilious upon having his name pronounced in two syllables, as if spelled Re-ack. Thackeray, of course apologized, and corrected his pronunciation; but in the course of the dinner, he took occasion to hand a plate of fine peaches across the table, saying in a tone which only he possesses. 'Mr. Re-ach, will you take a peach?' As Mr. James would say, 'Phanny Mr. Reach's peline!'

AN EDITOR IN LUCK.—We do not know whether to congratulate or commiserate Mr. Gibbons, the editor of the Harrodsburgh Plow-boy. He is evidently in a streak of luck, but whether bad or good, is yet to be determined.

It is to be hoped that he may thrive, and his patrons be doubled in number. But read his own explanation, and see how admirably he defines his position:

Two of 'em.—Bring out the brass band, and place its noisiest members upon the highest pinnacle of the hencoop! Sound the loud horse-fiddle, and let the nation rejoice; for one of the humblest citizens of the Commonwealth hath been justly exalted over his compere, and—we have the honor to be that fortunate and truly meritorious individual. Still, we are not proud, for we yet speak to our neighbors—occasionally; but at the same time, it must be admitted that we feel several inches taller than we did a week ago. And good reason have we, too, for self-congratulation. If it had simply been another girl, or even another boy, we should not have thought it necessary to make any extraordinary noise about it; but inasmuch as there is one of each, weighing nine and ten pounds respectively, the boy having the advantage withal, and both doing as well as could be expected, who shall dare question our right to do some tall crowing, and to kick up such a fuss, generally as seemeth best in our own sight? Take heed, ye idle members of the corps editorial, who like the Pharisees of old, are constantly making loud and wordy professions of piety and patriotism, but who are really doing all for yourselves, and less than nothing for your country! Polly, hand us one of those babies, and don't be trying to keep the other quiet. What music so exulting as that of two pairs of infantile lungs in full blast, indicative of health and strength, and of a predetermination to make a reasonable share of noise in the world?

[Traveller.]

REMOVING A RING FROM A LADY'S FINGER.

