



11-24-1853

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 07, No. 19): November 24, 1853

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 07, No. 19): November 24, 1853" (1853). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 330.
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BY INEZ.

"There is a reaper whose name is Death,"
In the fresh and sunny springtime,
When the fields are warm and bright,
In the summer's ripening beauty,
In the autumn's solemn light,
And when wintry winds are sweeping
From the dreary, desolate North,
O'er the hills and o'er the meadows
Goes the angel reaper forth.

I have seen thee, angel reaper,
I have traced thy silent way,
Over valleys white with flowers,
Smiling upward to the sky;
Meekly bowing to the blossoms,
By thy hand, of beauty riven,
As if in them dwelt a spirit,
And that spirit bloomed for heaven!

And again I saw thee standing
In a shaded, silent room,
Where the flower we loved was fading
From this world of night and gloom.
And thy white wings softly folded,
And thy sad and shining brow,
On her forehead fastened
Something of immortal glow.

Whither dost thou bear the blossoms
Of the gentle, loving spring?
Is there here no vale of beauty,
Where thou art not lingering?
Whither dost thou bear the blossoms
That have twined their lives with ours?
Tell us, Reaper, of our lost ones—
Tell us of our buried flowers!

Angel Reaper, Angel Reaper,
Teach us of that far off shore,
Where the treasures thou hast gathered
Change and wither no more;
Where we shall no longer see thee,
Crowned with shadows and with gloom,
But the messenger of heaven,
Radiant with celestial bloom!

Miscellany.

[From the Ladies' Repository.]

THE UGLY SCHOOLBOY.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY ALICE CARP.

There is little pleasure in thinking or writing of our misdeeds; but though not pleasant, it is perhaps, well to think of them sometimes, and learn from their ugliness and from the sorrow we feel on account of them, to do better.

What I am going to tell you is not very creditable to myself. I have wished many a time that it was not true; but it is true; and though I should keep it hidden away all my life, it would be none the less true; so I will tell it in the hope that you will be warned from doing anything so foolish and wrong.

A long time ago, when I was a little girl, I went to the district school, as perhaps, you do now. There were a great many girls and boys who went to the school as well as myself—fifty or sixty sometimes in the winter; for there were some scholars who never came to school in the summer-time, because at that season there is always more work to be done in the country—the little girls can drop the corn, and when it comes up the boys can hoe and tend it. Then there is the garden to make, and afterward young chickens to be fed, and then comes the hay harvest; so there is one thing after another all the summer for the children to do. Some persons there were in our neighborhood who could afford to hire men to assist in the busy season, and the children of such parents went to school all the year, and knew more of books than did those who only went half the year, and so, I am sorry to say, thought themselves better.

There were cross roads, as they are called, near the school-house; one leading to a city six miles toward the south; one through a populous neighborhood a mile to the north, and thence to a town a dozen miles off; the other two were of less importance—the one running eastward we children supposed to be merely for the accommodation of Dr. Bigstaff, who lived in a great white house that we could just see on a high hill in the distance, but I suppose now the road was not especially for him. I have a story to tell you another time about the white house, and the children—Augustus and Amelia—who lived there, and sometimes came to our school. The remaining road, leading westward, was soon lost to our view in a great patch of woods, in which were a good many clearings and cabins where poor people lived, and this neighborhood was known through all our district as "Poverty Corner."

How it first got the name I do not know, but it came gradually into general use, and to live there was a sort of disgrace, so those persons thought who lived in more improved places. None of the "Poverty Corner" children came to school in the summer; and, indeed, we regarded them rather as intruders than as mates and pupils when they did come. Before going further I will tell you what our school-house was like; for I have other stories to tell about it, and if you know just how it looked you will, perhaps, feel more interested in what I say.

It was not large nor fine—very far from it—nor were there any trees or green grass about it to make it attractive. Many trees had been planted to shade the windows, but there were always mischievous boys to break and destroy them; and the grass was all trampled off by our playing, so that about the door there was only the hard-baked earth to be seen.

A low square building of brick the house was, having heavy close shutters made of unpainted boards, that gave it a gloomy and prison-like appearance; in fact, there had never been any paint about the house, inside or out, and woodwork and brick-work, benches, desks, and all, were dingy enough. There was no yard about it, for it stood directly against the road; so that altogether it was not a very inviting place.

The door fastened with a rusty chain, the floor was quite concealed by the mud and dust of years, and the spider-webs were never brushed from the windows. All the desks were lettered over with the names of all the scholars who had ever come to school, and father disgraced by all kinds of marks, and portraits, and likenesses of trees cut in the wood, and blackened with ink. Even the master's desk was not free from fantastic carving; there were likenesses in ink of at least a dozen different teachers, with curious flourishes beneath them, and sometimes lines that ran something in this way:

"None but the fool
Doth fear strict rule."

or thus:
The best of timber
Is a whip that's limber;
So mind your books
With modest looks,
Or you will rue
To find this true."

Whips are not used so much now as they used to be when I went to school. I do not know that the children are so much better, but masters have grown wiser, and try to correct faults by good advice, and not by the use of the rod.

In the middle of the floor stood a square, rusty stove, and all about it were benches without any backs, where the little ones sat; nearer the wall were higher seats, with desks for writing; and close under the ceiling were rows of pegs for bonnets, and hats, and baskets.

A pretty maple woods stood at a little distance on a hill sloping toward the school-house, but we didn't like to play there much because of the graveyard in the inclosure. Not that

we were afraid, for there was nothing to fear there more than in other places; but the broken palings, and the thistles, and the briars that were there made it lonesome.

I think now you can make a picture of the dingy school-house, and the black woods that we called Poverty Corner, and the white house on the hill, and the graveyard, and the cross-roads, and all.

The winter quarter had begun, and all the big scholars, as we called ourselves who had copy books and studied geography, had been careful to be there the first day, and select the best desks to sit by, and the best pegs that there were. I could not have been more than ten years old, though I thought myself quite wise. Indeed, I am not sure of knowing half so much now as I then believed I knew. If I had been less presumptuous I would have been a better girl.

But to come to the story. We who came from the northern neighborhood were, in our own opinions, the select portion of the school, and many a time at night we have stopped to contrast ourselves with the children who went in other directions.

We had all been punctual the first day; had taken our places in the classes, and made little plans among ourselves for the benefit of each other.

The second, and third, and fourth, and fifth days the scholars had come in by twos and threes till the house was crowded full, and the master had taken two of the most mischievous boys on the platform where he sat.

More than once we proud scholars had hidden our faces in our grammar books, and laughed and giggled most improperly, as some new scholar came in from Poverty Corner. They looked so awkward, and were dressed so queer, in homespun frocks and trousers, we could not help it, we said.

At last they were all in, as we thought, and had been sullen enough as we had been shoved closer and closer to make room for them. We thought, I am afraid, they had no right to come to school at all, unless they could come all the year, and dress in better style too.

It was a dull, sleety and snowy day toward the close of December. All the shutters were wide open, and yet the room was quite dark, the sky was so cloudy and the windows were so covered with sleet. The master's big silver watch that hung in sight of all had told us it was ten o'clock, when all at once the buzz and whisper that pervaded the house grew still—the door cautiously opened, and a boy that looked the most clumsy, and frightened, and ill dressed of all, came in and stood trembling for fear, for there was no place to sit down.

Every eye was turned upon him, and even the master bit his lip to keep from laughing, as the boy stepped from one foot to the other, and hid his face in his straw hat, as if about to cry, dropping, in his confusion, the calico bag that held his dinner and his spelling book.

Seeing that the master smiled, we thought ourselves privileged to laugh out; so there was a general titter through all the house. "Come, come, that will do!" he said at length, and by degrees order was restored; but we did not cease to look at the boy very curiously for a long time.

He must have been, from my memory of him, a very homely lad; he had red hair, and was cross-eyed, and had a very high nose and wide mouth; his shoulders were broad, and he sloped downward like a wedge, for his legs were so thin that we sometimes likened them to broomsticks; his hands were clumsy, and, besides being covered with warts, were dirty always. Many a time the saucy boys have asked him when he was going to dig his potatoes, meaning the dirt and the warts on his hands.

His parents were very ignorant, I suppose, and did not teach him any better than to go with uncombed hair and unwashed hands; and it was wrong in us to laugh.

Though it was so cold, he had no tipper about his neck, from which his shirt seemed to have blown away for it could scarcely be seen, and his stockinged feet showed through his old shoes. His coat and trousers were of thin flannel, that had been colored and made at home, and looked very unlike the cloth that the other boys wore.

I can see him now as he stood the first day of his coming to school, and feel sorry for him, though I did not then.

"What is your name?" asked the master, calling the lad toward him, who was so afraid that he could scarcely say his name was Archibald Winterby. When asked in what class he would take his place, he said he didn't know what a class was; and when the master asked him what book he had brought, he said a reading book; and when asked how old he was and if he had ever been to school, he said he was somewhere in his teens, and that he once had been to school half a day; all of which he had been to school more, and knew how old he was, though very funny.

Poor boy! he suffered enough without our laughing at him. There was no need that the master should ask where he lived, we said it was plain enough to be seen that he lived in Poverty Corner; and a great many other things we said in whispers about his ugliness. Some said, in derision, they were afraid his beauty would strike in and kill him; others said he would be good to put in the cornfield to scare away the crows; and even those who were nearest to him in ignorance and poverty of appearance were no kinder to him than the others. We all said we didn't believe he knew his A B C's; and yet when he was called up to read, and we found he didn't know them, we pretended to be very much surprised.

We all thought the master a very great fool when he said we might laugh if we chose, but he should not be surprised if Archibald should get up with, and pass us before long.

When the "noon-spell" came nobody said anything to him, unless it were to say "how do you do" to his toes, which showed through his old shoes, or to ask him where he got the new fashions or something else that was equally distressing to him. When he spoke at all it was civilly, in spite of all the ungenerous things that were said to him. But all the time he looked as if he was going to cry; and when the rest of us ate our dinners of cakes and pie, he sat away from the fire, for we did not make room for him to come near it, and did not eat anything. We supposed, we said, his dinner was so poor he was ashamed of it. After a while he went out of the house, and sat in a sunny place on the fence.

Sometimes when the days grew warmer, and we played before the door, he came and stood near, and seemed to want to play too; but no-

body asked him. In fact, we thought all the Poverty Corner children ought to play by themselves. Once when the other boys were playing ball, and he chanced to be hit by it, he cried, more from vexation, perhaps, than because he was hurt; so they laughed at him, and nicknamed him Archibald-bawled, greatly to his discomfort. When he said that was not his name, we told him we would call him A. Winter-bee, as that was his proper name. I did not call him these names, but I laughed when the rest did, so I was not any better.

At length he ceased to come about where we played, or to sit on the fence in sight of us any more, but was noticed to go every day down the road toward Dr. Bigstaff's. The calico bag that we at first supposed held his dinner he carried with him every day; and as we never saw him eat anything at noon, we all wondered what he brought the bag for, and why he carried it with him when he went toward Dr. Bigstaff's, and where he went, and what he went after.

Once when another boy asked him what he went after, he said he went after his nose; and the boy who asked the question, answered that if he had so big a nose he would not go after it; so Archibald got laughed at, no matter what he said.

One day the boy who had broken many of the young trees that were planted about the schoolhouse, and who had robbed more birds' nests, and, in fact, done more mischief than any boy in school, suggested that Archibald didn't go after any good; if he did, why wouldn't he tell? He farther said that Dr. Bigstaff had apples in his barn, and that a boy might go there at noon-spell and steal them, if he was wicked enough—he didn't know as any body stole them, but he knew somebody that went in that direction and carried a bag! and another thing—he didn't believe that any boy could live without eating, and he knew a boy whom he never saw eat.

This surmise ran through all the school, and as it was repeated again and again, grew into a monstrous story. Archibald Winterby was a thief; there was no doubt about that, and everybody said he looked bad enough to be any thing.

The enmity towards him was not softened any when we found that he was not a block-head as we had supposed, but soon learned to read words of three syllables.

When the Master said to us, "You must mind your studies, or Archibald will beat you all," we began to think him less wise than a schoolmaster ought to be, though till then we had supposed there was nothing that he did not know. He read Latin at the noontimes, and must, to say the least, be very wise, we thought. But once I saw him eating a piece of bread and butter, and from that time I never thought so much of his wisdom—he was not above human wants. So I cared less for his saying Archibald was a smart lad, than I would have done if I had not seen him eat the bread and butter.

Toward the close of the quarter, Archibald one day got up to the head of the big class in spelling; we tried to laugh, and say the Winter-bee had flown up, but it would not do, and we began to think of some means that would disgrace him. The master favored him, we said; calling the words of the spelling lesson in distinct and separate syllables when he pronounced for him.

The third day of his standing at the head, the word conformation was given out, and went all down the class, no one spelling it right, till it came back to Archibald. There was great excitement, all of us spelling the word over half aloud to get it right if possible, and so get above Archibald.

"Con-for-ma-tion!" said the master; "now, Archibald, try your best." He began with a k, but the master shook his head, and gave him another chance. We all held our breath, and, letter by letter, he went through right.

"Bravo!" said the master, evidently delighted, "if you only keep at the head, Archibald, till Saturday night, you shall have a ticket and ten good marks!"

We were all very much displeased, and, indeed, the master had not been quite fair; and it was at length resolved to tell about his stealing the apples. But when we had talked it over, no one would tell it, because, in fact, no one knew it.

The boy who had first suggested the stealing said we could prove it easily enough by following Archibald the next day.

Agreeably to this plan, half a dozen of us who had been selected as spies set out to watch his movements, a little way behind him. He carried the calico bag very carefully, and whistled as he went, not much like one who was going to steal, certainly, but we said he did that to make believe he was honest; so we walked behind him without making any noise. Half a mile from the schoolhouse he turned from the main road into a hollow that ran across a meadow into the woods.

This was not toward Dr. Bigstaff's; but still we thought he was afraid to go farther in the open way, and so meant to keep in the woods and fields. Sometimes we lost sight of him; but there was snow on the ground, and we could follow him by his tracks.

We were a good deal ashamed of ourselves I am sure; and as the woods grew thick, we were afraid, for a crazy man lived in a hut somewhere in the woods we knew. We had seen him many a time; for he went about the country peddling the beans, and potatoes, and other things that he raised in the summer. He never did any harm that we knew of; but he wore a long white beard, and his coat was red, and more like a frock than a coat; so we ran away when we saw him, and would not have eaten his beans or potatoes for anything, if he had known it.

At length, close under the hill side, saw a little cabin, and a black smoke coming out of the clay chimney, as if some one was just making a fire.

We had quite lost sight of Archibald, for he had walked slowly after we began to be afraid and when we saw the cabin we stopped, and asked each other if we should not go back—if we did, we should be laughed at, and we had not the courage to go on; but when some one asked if we should go back, and let Arch stand at the head always, we went on, trying to pretend that we were not at all afraid. And our fear did lessen as we saw the tracks going right toward the hut.

At first we could not believe the boy had gone there; but when the footprints disappeared within the door we could not doubt; and creeping along the hill-side, we looked through

a chink in the wall, and there, sure enough, was Archibald, blowing hard at the fire.

The old man, in his red frock, was sitting on the edge of a straw bed, and his face was almost as white as his beard. He looked on the ground, and repeated something to himself which we could not hear.

When the fire burned brightly, as it did directly, Archibald helped the old man near it and asked him if he had slept warm the last night after he had stirred the straw, how long the fire had burned, whether any of the cakes were left, and other things that told us he had been there the day before.

Afterward he took the calico bag from where it hung on a peg, untied it, and took out a little pie, which the old man ate as if it tasted very good. Archibald did not eat any of it himself but said he was not hungry, when the crazy man offered him a mouthful.

I turned away and wiped my eyes when I saw it. I said the smoke had got in them, but it was tears that had got in them. And when the old man told him he must come out of heaven as often as he could, and feed him—for he seemed to think him an angel—I could not laugh as the rest did; I wished I had not gone there, and tried to think I would not if they had not urged me against my will.

After a while Archibald helped the old man into his straw bed again; and having made a warm fire, brought in other sticks out of the snow, and laid them down to dry. When this was done, he warmed his feet, and tucked some straw in the holes of his shoes to keep the snow out; he then said he would come again to-morrow, and, carefully closing the door, went away toward the schoolhouse again.

Some of the scholars were a good deal vexed when we told what we had seen, and said if he had not stolen apples that day, he had other days; but, for one, I did not believe it, and was quite willing he should keep at the head all the quarter if he could.

I went to my basket in the hope of finding something there that I might give to Arch, but I didn't; and all the afternoon I kept thinking how hungry he must be.

After this it happened that we had always more apples or more bread and cheese than we wanted, and so Archibald had something as well as we.

Then we asked him to play with us, and found him so good-natured and full of fun that we wondered how we had ever got along without him; and when he missed a word in the spelling lesson, and had to go down, we were all sorry. But we were sorer still when he said one day his father was going to move away off, he didn't know where, but he didn't expect he would come to school much more. He hoped they would not go till school was out, he said; he didn't expect he would get any thing, but he just wanted to see what the rest got. We all hoped so, too, and told him he would just go as good a present as the rest of us.

The last day came, and we saw the master bring a package of yellow and blue colored books, and put them in the desk; and one after another all the scholars who had been for a single day during the quarter came in, till the house was full—all but Archibald. Nine o'clock came, and ten, and yet he didn't come.

It was the first day of March; the buds were swelling, and it was sunny, so that we could play very well out of doors; and we were playing very merrily when some one said there were some movers coming; and sure enough, down the road leading from Poverty Corner came two wagons—one drawn by two oxen with their heads low to the ground, and the other by one old, bony horse. There seemed to be more plows, and harrows, and spades than furniture for the house, and what little there was looked as if the folks who owned it were very poor. In one of the wagons rode a woman, in the other a man, and behind all, driving a cow and two sheep, walked Archibald.

We all ran close to the road-side, and looked earnestly when we saw that it was he, and knew that he was going so far away.

His cheeks were glowing with the exercise and with the hope of finding a new and better home; and when he stopped to speak to us and say good-by, I thought he was pretty.

When it came my turn to say good-by, I was quite choked, and could not speak it, as much from the memory of my bad conduct as because we were parting.

I stood at the fence and looked as long as I could see him; and that night when I carried my present home—a little book with the picture of the ark in it, and of little Samuel—I wished I could give it to him.

A year ago I was travelling from Baltimore to Philadelphia in the rail-cars; it was night, and as I had been travelling for several days, I was tired and sleepy. The gentleman who sat next me kindly offered me his overcoat as a pillow; and when I awoke from a nap, I found he had let slip from my hand while asleep, and on which my name was engraved. He smiled as he returned it, and began talking of the place where I was born as if he knew a good deal about it.

As he seemed to know me, and the folks where I had lived, I asked him if he had been there. He answered, as he smiled, that he had once lived in Poverty Corner, and that being a bee—a Winter-bee—he had flown to a distant State, which he had since had the honor of representing in Congress.

I felt ashamed of what I had once thought and said of him, but for all that was glad to meet him; so we shook hands, and talked a long time of the old schoolmaster and of the scholars, and of who was married and who dead; and I knew as we recounted them, that not one of them had gained name and reputation equal to the ugly and despised scholar.

"STUDY MEN—NOT BOOKS!"—Oh, but books are safe company! They keep your secrets well; they never boast that they made your eyes glisten, or your cheeks flush, or your heart throb. You may take up your favorite author and love him at a distance as warmly as you like, for all the sweet faces and glowing thoughts that have winged your lonely hours so fleetly and so sweetly. Then you may close the book, and lean your cheek against the cover, as it were the face of a dear friend, shut your eyes and soliloquize to your heart's content, without misconception, even though you exclaim in the fulness of your enthusiasm, "What an adorable soul that man has!" You may put the volume under your pillow, and let your eye and the first ray of morning light fall on it together, and no Argus eye shall rob you

of that delicious pleasure, no carping old inaid or straight-laced Pharisee shall cry out, "it isn't proper!" You may have a thousand petty, provoking, irritating annoyances through the day, and you shall come back again to your old book, and forget them all in dream-land. It shall be a friend that shall always be at hand; that shall never try you by caprice, or pain you by forgetfulness, or wound you by distrust.

"Study men!"

Well, try it once! I don't believe there's any neutral territory where that interesting study can be pursued as it should be. Before you get to the end of the first chapter, they'll be making love to you from the mere force of habit, and because silks and calicoes and delaines naturally suggest it. It's just as natural to 'em as to sneeze when a ray of sunshine flashes suddenly in their faces. "Study men!" That's a game, my dear, that two can play at! Do you suppose they are going to sit quietly down, and let you dissect their heart, without returning the compliment? No indeed!—That's where they differ slightly from 'books'!

Men are a curious study! Sometimes it pays to read to 'the end of the volume,' and then again, it don't—mostly the latter.

FANNY FERN.

'Thy Sins will find Thee out.'

The late melancholy suicide in our Jail, produced a shock in the community. It is rare, in our peaceful city, that such a tragedy is enacted.

The fate of Mr. Arnold Wentworth, contains a most solemn and impressive lesson. He was a man who had passed the middle age of life, and by his industry and apparently honest course, commanded the respect of his fellow-citizens. Living in a secluded town, away from the temptations of large cities, unimpelled to crime by necessity, comparatively wealthy, with a family to guard and comfort, there was every inducement to happiness.

But he fell! The process by which he gradually reasoned himself into the commission of the forgery, would, doubtless, disclose a curious chapter in his interior life. We can fancy it to have been somewhat as follows: When he first heard that, if the widow of Captain

—had died in 1837 instead of 1820, her heirs would be entitled to \$4000, he thinks what a pity it was that so large a sum should be lost. He imagines such an amount in his possession—calculates what he would do with it—and fancies the immense aid it would be to him. Then comes the insidious whisper—

"Why not? Nobody would be injured by it. The government would not feel it, with its twenty millions surplus, while it would do me and my family great good."

The suggestion is repelled, but it approaches again with greater power, and is more faintly repelled. At last—at last—it becomes a cherished thought. In the field it is pondered over—in the family circle it absorbs his mind—it mingles with his dreams—it even rises up in the sanctuary between his conscience and his God. This great sum—four thousand dollars—glazes at him and fascinates him everywhere.

The next step is easy. He has determined to do it. The money shall be his—and then—but, alas! then has no place in his calculation. He shuts all afterthought, which his invisible guardian spirit strives vainly to press upon his vision. He lays his plans. The alteration of one word—indeed, only one letter—and the writing of only two or three harmless certificates—and the money is his. Washington is a great way off—the officers are too busy to scrutinize closely, and it will be very easily done; ay, so easily that it looks like a mere bagatelle.

The deed is accomplished! The day when the money should arrive, comes, but nothing from Washington. So, day after day rolls on, and no return. And now comes unutterable terror and regret. He would give his whole farm—everything—could he put back the clock of time to the hour when the first thought of fraud presented itself. His dreams have lost their golden hue, and are shaded with horror. Waking or sleeping, in the field or at home, a leaden weight rests heavily on his soul—a frightful premonition of the consequences.

That is an officer! He knows him, and what he is after, though he wears no emblem of authority. But there is hope yet. Perhaps they cannot prove it; he may arrest me only on suspicion.

He goes to jail, and there soon learns the hopelessness of his case. He is in a web, the web of which is of iron. The evidence is complete—crushing—and the result will be five, perhaps ten, perhaps twenty years in the State Prison. Under the indescribable agony of his condition, he takes the fearful leap into the fathomless darkness beyond.

And thus the curtain drops! It rose, and disclosed a mine of golden wealth, easily obtained. It fell upon the corpse of a suicide, weltering in blood!

Young man, is there is not a lesson in this so plain, that the simplest may read it? That old proverb "Honesty is the best policy," (based on no higher motive than "policy," is nevertheless true. A departure from it inevitably leads to ruin. We were conversing upon this tragedy with a friend a few days since, when, by way of illustrating this point, he stated the following facts:

Some years since a distinguished citizen of one of our New England States was missing. After considerable search he was discovered hanging in his barn, and quite dead! This excited general surprise; for he was a man of much wealth, happy in his domestic relations, highly esteemed by the community, and had occupied a seat on the Bench of one of the Courts of the State. The mystery, however, was soon revealed. He had been for a series of years engaged in forging pension papers, and had obtained thereby about \$40,000. On the evening before the act, an officer of the Government visited the town; the Judge knew him; his guilty conscience led him to fancy he was detected; and without waiting to ascertain whether his surmise was true, he went out and hung himself. It came out, afterwards, in a certain trial, that this same person had previously fired a desperado to fire the Treasury Buildings, for the sole purpose of destroying the forged pension papers on file there. The horror that man must have suffered day and night, for fear of detection, no one can even remotely imagine.

"The way of the transgressor is hard." His life may be calm outwardly, but there is ever a tempest within. Wentworth bore himself

with a quiet and unruffled exterior, and even five minutes before his self-murder gave an order without the slightest apparent mental excitement. Dr. Webster, after he had killed Parkman, presented the same external manifestations of a heart at ease, during the five days the authorities were in search for the body. But the eternal law of compensation is written upon every man's soul—traced there by the burning finger of the Almighty—and none can elude it. Even if the crime escapes the eye of human justice, there is an Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps; forever gazing down into and lighting up the dark chambers of the guilty spirit—an ever present avenger of wrong. Earnestly and agonizingly should we all pray to our heavenly Father—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." [Argus.]

Romance in Real Life.

"O'er friendless grief, compassion shall awake." Some weeks since, a young man and woman were left at the Franklin depot, on the Norfolk County Railroad. They started on foot toward Wrentham, and as they went, inquired often for "Maria Blake." "She is our mother," they said. "Dear, they walked till nearly night, without once receiving a favorable answer, and feared approaching darkness would compel them to ask a lodging of strangers. Still they walked on, and soon came to a house formerly known as the Pine Tree Tavern, (so called from a tree of this description in the yard.) Here was a woman in a carriage waiting for her husband, who had business in doors. Approaching her with great fear, and little hope, they tremblingly asked if she could tell them "Where Maria Blake lived?" and said as usual, "She is our mother." "Maria Blake? Maria Blake?" mused the woman, and after a short pause, said with emotion, "Yes, children, I will carry you there."

This person was a resident of North Wrentham, and had been for a number of years, and the history of two children, which she could not doubt were the same as those now before her, vividly broke in upon her musings. "Blessed memory! Let me nurse thee tenderly, and thank God unceasingly for this faculty which so portently treasured the picture of a deserted home and a very desolate heart." Their history was as follows:

Maria Blake, of North Wrentham, married a Smith of Irish descent. He possessed a violent disposition, and often menaced her with severe threats. Just before the birth of the second child, she left him and took refuge at her father's, unable longer to endure her sufferings. He procured a boarding place in the vicinity. When her child, a boy, was a week or two old, her husband came to the house with a Catholic priest, and insisted upon having it baptized, and told the mother when it was a month old he should take it from her. But the month passed by, and the child was suffered to remain. He came often to the house to see his children, bringing sweetmeats for the little girl, who seemed to show some fondness for her father. The mother closely watched his movements, fearing some evil purpose was lurking in his heart. She was thus watching him one day, as he sat with his little girl of three years and her babe of nine months, when she saw a man with a horse and chaise riding leisurely along.

As he approached opposite the door, Smith ran with a child under each arm, and attempted to enter the chaise with them. The mother and grandmother ran screaming after, but so determined was Smith to hold them, that they were obliged to leave them or pull them limb from limb. They then sprang to the horse, and the poor mother clung to the animal till she was so severely lashed with the whip that she fell back, and he was gone—gone, with both of her dear children. The neighbors were summoned, and started in pursuit towards Boston. At Dedham, the toll gatherer saw two children in a carriage, and one of them had a handkerchief on his head. After this no trace of them could be found, and it was supposed that they would be conveyed to some convent and immured for life; and as year after year passed away and no tidings of them came, it seemed certain that such was their fate. They were as dead to their mother—aye, even worse than this; such terrible visions of husht sobbings by harsh voices, and severe correction in fits of passion, rarely the quiet grave was far preferable. But she would as soon have expected their resurrection, were they there, as their re-appearance now.

After a lawful term of years had expired, having never heard of her husband and children, she again married, which may be the reason she was asked after as Maria Blake.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 24, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court-st., Boston. Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut-sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette-sts., Baltimore.

Local Agents.
Persons wishing to subscribe or pay for the Mail, can do so by calling on the following persons:
J. C. WHEELER, Cannan. L. B. TAZIE, W. Waterville. J. C. DOW, Benton. E. S. PAGE, Kendalls Mills. D. H. BILLINGS, Clinton. E. FOSTER, N. Vassalboro'. R. AYER, Winslow.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Night Brawls.

We think our citizens generally are not aware how frequently the quiet of night is broken by fights and brawls among the French population of our village. With no police to interfere, they fight till they are tired of it, and generally till the sleepy ones in the vicinity are tired of it too. Occasionally Mr. Knight, the village watchman, breaks in upon them; but having no watchhouse in which to deposit them, he is contented with knocking over half a dozen and putting the rest to flight.

A most shameful disturbance took place in the vicinity of the Common on Saturday night, which resulted in sundry wounds to sundry men, and a most brutal mauling to a French woman. Most of the combatants appeared intoxicated. They were finally dispersed by watchman Knight, who, after knocking three or four of them into 'pi,' assured the rest that he would 'break every one of their heads if he caught them fighting again.'

It is worthy of remark, that in the hottest of the fray, and when the suffering woman seemed the loudest, two gallant 'native citizens,' who had been seen hanging upon the outskirts of the battle, were sent to skulk between the buildings in the vicinity of Appleton Hall.—They shall be nameless, though 'bravo!' should be written on their hats.

We earnestly hope it will come within the scope of railroad policy to annihilate the French settlement at the head of the Falls. It was a piece of bad policy that permitted its commencement, and of worse still, that gave it permanency there. It has long been a nuisance in the vicinity, though embracing some worthy families; and real estate around it has been reduced in value more than the worth of the whole settlement. If the railroad can make a clean sweep, and abate the entire nuisance, it will secure the boundless gratitude of all who reside within sight or hearing of this 'infected district.' The old hut on the north side of the Common, which has been the theater of frequent brawls, might safely be tendered them as 'boot' in the bargain.

This 'French question' is of considerable importance to our village, and in some points has not been conducted with sound policy. It is time to turn attention to it, and to watch it carefully. Here, in the section alluded to, serious injury has been done to a large neighborhood. Their quiet and safety have been jeopardized, and their property reduced in value.—That reckless lust for gain, that cares for nobody but itself, is always scattering such evils in the community. During the past summer a French colony was commenced in front of the centre gate of Pine Grove Cemetery! We cannot say whose was the fault, or that the origin of a nuisance so intolerable to our whole village was intentional. The liberality of two or three gentlemen who stepped in and purchased the ground, saved our village from a misfortune that would soon have been beyond remedy or control. Cupidity so careless of public decency, taste and convenience, should be closely watched.

Our French population is large and rapidly increasing, and its youth are growing up in as much exclusion from our schools, morals and social habits, as a bigoted priesthood can compel. It is a necessary evil, and one that may be rendered promotive of our prosperity and advantage; but the joint interest it originates needs careful guidance and most vigilant watchfulness. To this end all violations of peace and order should be promptly met and punished. Our native citizens are arrested and fined for drunkenness; why should a Frenchman fare any better? Let our vigilant village watchmen have all proper aid from the law, and rowdiness will soon cease to render night hideous.

Look to the Poultry.

We are assured that at least forty tons of poultry for Boston market, have passed over the A. & K. Railroad in three days this week. Three-fourths of this has gone by express, and the other fourth in the regular freight train.—The approach of Thanksgiving has hurried on a large quantity, to take advantage of the occasion for a good market; and the late warm weather has threatened a fatal penalty for delay.

Those whose fat turkeys yet strut the yard, will take a hint from the above fact, especially if they intend to market them themselves in Boston. We should suppose they would do better to wait till about Christmas or New Year. The quantity of poultry raised in New England is unusually great this year; and the prices are thus far very high, a few more warm days this week would sadly affect both quality and price in Boston. The people there are great gluttons, but they can't eat 'all creation' at once, without neglecting the dominant idea of baked beans—which would be rank heresy.

MAN DROWNED.—Thomas Carruthers, in the employ of Mr. Shaw, at Unity, was drowned last week, in attempting to pass on horseback over a piece of road flooded by water. Both horse and rider were carried some rods down the stream, and finally reached the bank;

but in attempting to get out of the water, the horse fell backwards, and Carruthers lost his hold, falling back into the water. His body had not been found on Sunday. He was a single man, from the Provines.

The Horse is Dead

That recently won the purse of \$3,000 by trotting 100 miles in less than nine hours.—The wonderful performance so exhausted him that he lived but a short time. As an indication of the strong public indignation against those who put him to so brutal a trial, it is stated that nobody acknowledges the ownership of the horse, since his death. The lesson will tell to the profit of future generations of the horse; and the rebuke thus provisionally administered will be felt by thousands whose cruelty has escaped so public an exposure.

Village Schools.

It will be seen by a notice in another column, that the new school-houses are completed, and the plan of winter-schools fixed. The building committee have discharged their duty in a manner that merits the thanks of the district; and there is now reason to hope that our common schools will become an object of laudable village pride.

WAT. LIBERAL INSTITUTE.—We are sorry to learn that Mr. Plaisted, who has for some years past been connected with the public and private schools of our village, has closed his engagement as principal of the Institute, with the design of relinquishing teaching, at least for a time. Mr. P. has been peculiarly successful in securing the esteem of both parents and pupils, in the various schools in which he has taught. The public examinations have afforded most conclusive evidence of thorough and judicious training, and of a faculty to secure the good will and call out the cheerful and zealous efforts of the scholar. Though we can hardly spare him from our village schools, we hope a change of vocation will result to his benefit.

Look Out, Villains!

Last night at a late hour, two men who had been seen early in the evening, in various parts of the village, under circumstances that excited suspicion, were discovered by watchman Knight at the door of the Superintendent's office, in the depot. He hailed them, and threatened to fire upon them unless they made off; but not being answered or obeyed as promptly as he desired, Mr. K. discharged a couple of bullets at them, when they fled—one of them giving some evidence of having been hit. The bullets passed through the door.—Mr. Knight is a dangerous man to robbers and their kindred.

RAILROAD COLLISION.—Boston, Nov. 23d.—Last evening the train from New York via Fall River, while stopping in Stoughton to change a broken wheel, was run into by a train for Bridgewater, the locomotive of which penetrated nearly the whole length of the rear car, staving it to pieces, and severely scalding and bruising five passengers. Two other cars of the New York train were badly damaged by the concussion. Rev. Mr. Potter, of South Carolina, Mr. Babcock, and Miss Briggs, were among the injured; but it is thought they will recover.—[Portland Advertiser.]

EDUCATIONAL.—We were not able to attend the convention of the Friends of Education, held in this city on the 9th inst. We are informed that they proceeded to organize a Society, to be called the "Maine Educational Association." The following gentlemen were chosen officers: Prof. Champlin of Waterville, President; Messrs. Lyford of Portland, Samuel P. Dyke of Bath, Henry K. Baker of Hallowell, Vice Presidents; E. P. Weston of Gorham, Corresponding Secretary; A. B. Wiggins of Bath, Recording Secretary.

We are glad that this movement has been made. This is now the only organization in the State, aside from our schools and seminaries, which has for its object the encouragement and direction of education. Our legislature did no good when they demolished our 'Board of Education.'—[Maine Farmer.]

We are gratified to announce to our readers a CATHARTIC PILL, (of which see advertisement in our columns,) from that just celebrated Physician and Chemist, Dr. J. C. AYER. His Cherry Pectoral, everywhere known as the best remedy ever offered to the public for Coughs, &c., has prepared them to expect that anything from his laboratory would be worthy of attention. As no one medicine is more universally taken than a Physical Pill, the public will be glad to know of one from such a trustworthy source. We happen to know, and can assure them that this article has intrinsic merits, fully equal to any compound that has ever issued from his Crucibles, and consequently is well worthy a trial whenever such a medicine becomes necessary.—[Racine Com. Adv.]

Sold in Waterville by J. H. Plaisted & Co.

ANNEXATION OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS TO THE U. S.—The Washington Union has an article on the recent movement in the Sandwich Islands towards annexation to the United States, in which it announces the mission of our country and the position of our government as follows:—
"Our mission is to extend the area of republican liberty by giving to the world practical and demonstrative proof of its excellence. . . . When applications are made for annexation, it becomes us then to look to our own interests in deciding the question. Although our government has had nothing to do in bringing about the state of things which seem likely soon to result in an application from the Sandwich Islands for annexation, we are assured by the doctrines of President Pierce's Inaugural, as well as by the American sentiment of the administration, that the application will receive prompt consideration."

FIRE AT PASSADUMKEAG.—On Thursday evening at six o'clock, the Tannery buildings in Passadumkeag village, belonging to James Bassett, were destroyed by fire. Loss \$1200. Insured for \$650.

The Tavern-stand of Mr. Orcutt was several times on fire.

PERHAM'S LOTTERY.—Mr. Perham it is said, has sold \$50,000 worth of tickets; and as many more are to be sold, and then the holders of tickets are to have a gift of some kind, and a chance to draw a horse, a farm, a house, or the Seven Mile Race.—Judge Beebe, who was named as one of the committee for dividing the property, has come out declining having anything to do with the business, and intimates that legal steps may possibly be taken to stop the whole thing. [Boston Traveller.]

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.

The Publisher of this Large and Popular Family Journal offers for the coming year, (1854) a combination of Literary Attractions heretofore unattempted by any of the Philadelphia Weeklies. Among the new features will be a new and brilliant series of Original Romances by GEORGE LIPPARD, entitled *Legends of the Last Century*. All who have read Mr. Lippard's celebrated *Legends of the American Revolution* published for fifty-six consecutive weeks in the *Saturday Courier*, will find these Pictures of French and American History endowed with all the power and brilliancy of his previous Novels. The first of a series of original Novelles, called *Morris Hartley, or the Knights of the Mystic Valley*, by HARRISON W. AINSWORTH, is about to be commenced. It will be handsomely illustrated with 12 Fine Engravings, and its startling incidents cannot fail to elicit undivided praise. Emerson Bennett, the distinguished Novelist, and author of *Viola, &c.*, is also engaged to furnish a brilliant Novelle to follow the above. Mrs. Mary Ann Denison, author of *Home Pictures*, *Patience Worthington* and *her Grandmother*, &c. will contribute a Splendid Domestic Novelle, entitled *The Old Ivy Grove*, and H. C. Watson an Illustrated Story called *The Two Edged Knife*—a graphic picture of Early Life in Old Kentucky. To these will be added Original Contributions and selections from Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Clara Clairville, Lilla Liberre, Mrs. Stowe, Grace Greenwood, and other distinguished writers; the news of the day, graphic editorials, full reports of the Provision, Money and Stock Markets, letters from travellers at home and abroad, &c., &c.

TERMS.—One Copy, one year, \$2; Two Copies, one year, \$3; Four Copies, one year, \$5; Nine Copies, one year, and one to the getter-up of the club, \$10.

Address, A. SCOTT, Publisher, No. 111 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Massachusetts Justice.

Our Boston brethren smoothed down their phylacteries with great complacency a few days since, and thanked Heaven that old Massachusetts was not like other States, and especially not like New York, in the matter of allowing criminals to go unwhipped of justice.—They congratulated the Universe generally, on the fact that Yankee Sullivan, who had so long outraged humanity with impunity in New York, had at last fallen into the clutches of Bay State Justice. His career was pronounced at an end; for in Massachusetts, where the Pilgrims landed some years since, it was held to be utterly impossible that so great a scoundrel should be allowed to go at large.

The solemn exultations of our brethren had an effect on us. We began to look upon ourselves with great humility, and to admire that benignant dispensation of Providence which had placed Massachusetts so near New York, that she might undertake, now and then, the chastisement of her unruly children. As for Yankee Sullivan, we took it for granted he was done for. It was announced with great pomp and parade, that Lenox Jail had opened its ponderous and marble jaws, and we took it for granted that he had been swallowed forever from human sight. But alas, for the vanity of human expectations, and especially of Boston promises—he has re-appeared! He didn't stay swallowed even as long as Jonah did; and Lenox Jail proved to be a far more tender-hearted custodian than its catenaceous predecessor. The fact is, Sullivan's Yankee brethren considered the opportunity a good one for replenishing the treasury of Berkshire county, and at the same time of evincing their appreciation of Yankee justice. So they went through the formality of holding him to bail, for his appearance for trial in the sum of fifteen hundred dollars—which his friends in this city raised at an hour's notice, and forwarded to Lenox, where it was promptly forked up. And we read that on being released, he 'took tea with the Sheriff,' bade his hosts and admiring friends an affectionate farewell, and entered upon the celebration of his victory.

We see clearly that, in spite of Boston boasting, when we want our scoundrels punished, we must send them to some State less sharp at driving a bargain than Massachusetts.

[N. Y. Times]

MAINE WOOLENS.—The New York Tribune contains the following editorial notice of some cassimeres manufactured in Vassalboro', on exhibition at the Crystal Palace. If some of our people are doing things up in this good style, the rest surely ought to know it.

In consequence of the darkness of some portions of the American department, several particularly deserving articles escaped our attention when examining the woollen goods.—We refer to three pieces of fine cassimere, manufactured by the Vassalboro' Manufacturing Company, Maine, from Silesian wool.—They are so fine as to count one hundred and fifty picks, and it was impossible to distinguish the threads after scraping off the nap, even with a powerful magnifying glass. One piece is olive, and one a beautiful mulberry color; both dyes, we are assured, are fast. The mulberry is particularly good, and, being a difficult color to make fast, it must have required a series of experiments to produce this article in so perfect a condition. The other piece is black, soft and pliable, with a lasting finish, being very closely shaven. These are goods of the first quality. They are exhibited by Messrs. F. Skinner & Co., of this city.

KOSSUTH AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.—It is said that Napoleon invited Kossuth to a secret conference at Paris, for the purpose of ascertaining definitely the extent of the military force which he could bring into the field, in case Hungary should have another opportunity of contending for her independence, and that Kossuth actually spent two or three days in Paris, in consultation with the Emperor upon this subject! This was at the time of his disappearance from London reported in the newspapers; and the search said to have been made for him by the Paris police was intended to divert public attention. We have good reason for believing that as long ago as May last, Louis Napoleon caused an intimation to be made to Kossuth that the time might arrive before long at which he would be glad to confer with him on the affairs of Eastern Europe. [N. Y. Times.]

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A young man by the name of Hiram Whitteer, of Readfield, attempted to commit suicide on Tuesday morning last, by shooting himself. He had been occasionally melancholy for the last two or three years, and was at the time laboring under great depression of spirits. After breakfast he went to his chamber, stepped into a chair, and placing the muzzle of the gun near the short ribs, discharged its contents into his side. Owing to the perpendicular position of the gun, the ball passed externally to the ribs, coming out near the shoulder blade of the same side. He was alive yesterday, and will probably recover. [Lewiston Falls Journal.]

RICH CORRESPONDENCE.—An inmate of the Insane Hospital in this city, named Samuel M. Whelpley, but who calls himself 'Edgar Maurice,' made his escape a few days since, obtained a horse and wagon of Mr. Sawyer of the Cushnoc House, on the representation that he wanted to pursue a crazy man who had just escaped from the Hospital, (he being the very man,) and thus equipped left town. The only clue to his whereabouts is derived from the following letter, since received from him by Dr. Harlow, superintendent of the Hospital, who had taken special pains to securely lock him up the night previous to his escape. The letter is, *verbatim et literatim*:—

I am somewhat in a hurry, so you must excuse any informalities of address, &c. I find that swimming a river in November, in this climate, is no enviable job. Thank you, dear doctor, for the remarkable care with which you had me secured last night. I was really afraid something might have happened to me if I had not been so snugly enclosed. If you happen to see or hear anything concerning that key, please inform me by return of mail. I got one this morning that answered as well. I am writing in a fellow's shop, and he is so damned surly, and I am so completely chilled, that I must close. To all inquiring friends please quote those admirable lines from Harper's Magazine:—

What anybody's business is?

If you wish to know concerning my *legira*, I have not time to write the particulars, but can say with warlike Richmond, 'Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment.'

God bless you and yours, doctor, and farewell. E. MAURICE.

[Age.]

COUNTERFEITERS IN BATH.—We learn by the Bath Mirror that Angus McKenzie and Lorenzo Howe, the first a Nova Scotian by birth, the latter belonging to Damariscotta, were arrested on Monday for passing counterfeit money. They were tried, and in default of bail committed to jail.

There were found on the person of McKenzie, from four to five hundred dollars of counterfeit bills, on the Brunswick Union Bank, and on the Housatonic and Fall River Bank, Mass., beside various bills on other Massachusetts banks.

DEATH OF SENATOR ABERNETHY.—Hon. Charles G. Atherton, U. S. Senator for New Hampshire, died at Manchester last Tuesday afternoon. The Thursday previous he had a severe paralytic shock while in Court, which entirely paralyzed his left side and deprived him of speech. He was a man of the first order of talents, and was cut down in the prime of life. He was a brilliant ornament of the democratic party and an honor to his State and the country.

Mr. Atherton leaves a wife but no children, and a fortune of between two and three hundred thousand dollars.

THE CLAWSON HEIRSHIP.—Some time since it was rumored that the wife of the Rev. Samuel Clawson, of Virginia, had fallen heir to an immense fortune in England. The Western (Va.) Herald says the facts of the case are as follows:—

There was originally the sum of thirty-six millions of dollars, the estate of the Earl of Lancaster, in England, and upon the death of the Earl and his brother, a dispute arose between the house of York and the house of Lancaster, (instituted by the former, because of an intermarriage between the two houses,) the house of York suing for an heirship. The suit was protracted, from the lower to the higher courts, from fifty to a hundred years, and was finally decided at the exchequer, (the Queen's bench), in favor of the house of Lancaster. After this decision, advertisements were scattered abroad over the world, for the heirs of the Lancaster estate, and the mother of Mrs. Clawson, wife of Rev. Samuel Clawson, is one of the heirs. Attorneys were employed by the heirs to secure their interests, and it is supposed the whole affair will be settled up during this winter, when the heirs will receive their portions. The above sum of thirty-six millions has been at interest for more than sixty years, which interest will pay the costs of the law, and leave the original *clawson*!

A NOVEL MARRIAGE CEREMONY.—The Rev. Antoinette M. Brown, this morning, as the officiating clergyman, united a happy couple in the bonds of holy wedlock—thus probably becoming pioneer in this interesting department of woman's rights. The parties were Dolos Allen and Eliza W. De Garino, both members of the Society of Friends. These present state that the Rev. Antoinette went through with the ceremony with marked grace and propriety—omitting, however, all allusion to the primitive injunction. This is a progressive age—when man can be married by a girl as well as to a girl, and when girl doctors and girl divines, undertake the cure of both body and soul.—[Rochester Union.]

THE LIQUOR DEALERS NOMINATION FOR MAYOR.—Mr. Mayor Sever was honored yesterday with the nomination of the 'Boston Union Association' (the Liquor Dealers' Association of Boston) for the next Mayor of Boston. We confess that the nomination strikes us as most appropriately made. There is a peculiar fitness in it which must strike every reflecting mind. There is some question, however, whether the Whig Ward and County Committee will feel bound to follow the lead and dictation of the 'Union Association' in this nomination; and if they should chance to nominate a better man, the liquor dealers might possibly find to their cost that they had started their game too soon.—[Bost. Trav.]

CAPTURE OF CYPRIANS.—The police made another descent upon the subterranean regions of Ann Street, Thursday night, and captured sixteen cyprians. Their ages range from 14 to 20. Most of them were steeped in the dregs of vice. Their appearance in Court, full of the brazen face and the feeling heart and conscience, was sad indeed. Two or three came from the country to seek employment less than two years since, leaving a happy home, and affectionate parents. Time works great changes, and often but a few weeks is required to change the fairest innocence into the most hideous vice.—[Boston Bee.]

AN IMPORTANT RULE PREVAILING IN THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENTS.—It should be generally known that any document which contains twitting over an erasure made with a knife, or in any other manner, by which the word or words originally there are prevented from being understood, is deemed invalid, unmade, and nothing except positive legal testimony is taken for such explanation. Those sending papers to the departments here should, therefore, be careful not to have them blotched, erased, or otherwise disfigured, unless fully accounted for when presented.—[Washington Star.]

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

A lunatic in the Chicago jail, who calls himself Lord Fraser, sent out for a bottle of wine the other day to treat his fellow-prisoners. On being furnished with a bottle of pop, he declared it was the best wine he had ever drank, and in a grandiloquent manner exclaimed, 'Now gentlemen, for a toast. May we ever steal, swear and cheat—steal away from bad company, swear to the truth, and cheat the devil of his prey!'

N. P. Willis, who was feared was a victim of consumption, has recovered his health by country air and exercise at Idlewild. 'Many a victim of the press would do likewise but for the lacking essential of tin.—[Belfast Journal.]

REFORM SCHOOL. We understand that the first commitment to the Reform School of this State, was made on Monday last, of a boy from Hallowell.—[Adv.]

A MAN OF TASTE.—M. Bowen, of the firm of Bowen & McNamee, of New-York, has just ordered \$600 worth of earrings to be set out in the streets of South Woodstock, Connecticut, his native village. A sensible way this to keep 'his memory green.'

At the recent trials on account of the Gavazzi Riots at Montreal, it was decided by the Court that a Roman Catholic priest was not obliged to disclose a confession which was communicated to him in the confessional.

According to the new census, the total population of the United States is 23,191,876.

A lady given to telling, says she never tells any thing except to two classes of people—those who ask her and those who don't.

SLEEPING CARS.—New cars have just been built for the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, intended to be used as ladies' sleeping cars. They are furnished with patent spring seats.

City Marshal Farnham, of Bangor, seized on Friday last, the 11th, at the wharf in that city five four-barrelled, each of which contained, snugly packed in the centre, a twenty gallon cask of liquor. No owner had appeared at last accounts.

The dog and the hydropotamus.—It has been suggested (by the *Gateshead Observer*), that when the hydropotamus at the Jardin des Plantes swallowed the lady's lap-dog, he did it under the impression that that was the way to take a dose of bark.

Boys must be careful of the feet about these days, when they go skating. It is a terrible thing to see a little boy taken out from under the ice, dead.

In Boston we see by the home department of the Post they have 'schools of design for women.' We shouldn't wonder. We've heard that there are a great many designing women in that place.

ARTISTIC APPRECIATION.—On Thursday, a young woman from the country stood apparently absorbed with the beauty of Power's statues in the exhibition. Our friend was anxiously awaiting her criticism. At length came. I saw, I should think they could afford sixty-penny calico enough to cover them creatures!—N. Y. Tribune.

OUR TABLE.

LITTLE LIVING AGE.—No. 495 contains an article upon the 'Morals of Queen Elizabeth,' which with a little so provocative of curiosity, must ensure a lively demand for this number. No. 496 has a long and able article from the Edinburgh Review, upon 'Church Parties,' which will be widely read. These two numbers contain, in addition, many short, interesting articles upon various subjects, together with some fine poetry. The enterprising publishers of this valuable work are about to 'give refined gold,' by attaching to each number a beautiful Steel Engraving; and these 92 pictures, they confidently assert, will alone be worth the price of subscription. Published weekly by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year, and sent free of postage to any part of the country.

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of a work bearing the foregoing title, a promising publication of its class. It is a 16mo. pamphlet, copiously illustrated with very excellent wood engravings, appropriately to the character of the work, which promises to be 'an Illustrated Record of Agriculture, Mechanics, Science and Useful Knowledge.' If the first number is a specimen of what the 'People's Journal' is to be, we cannot speak too highly of its general merits; and we are surprised that it is not afforded at the insignificant price of 50 cents per annum. Published monthly by Alfred E. Beach, No. 55 Nassau street, New York.

GODFREY'S LADY'S BOOK for Dec. is already received, and contains a large amount of good reading. The principal engraving, 'Christ teaching the blind,' is a splendid copy in line from West's celebrated painting, one of the most elaborate and costly pictures ever given to an American. L. A. Ouley, 113 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, at \$3.00 a year.

THE SCIENCE OF THE NOSE. has a good common-sense article upon Whooping Cough, which we commend particularly to the attention of mothers. It has also much else that is interesting and valuable. Although this is a medical work, its contents must be as interesting to the general as to the professional reader, and vastly more palatable, no matter to what school he may belong. All quackery, regular and irregular, is mercilessly exposed by the editor. Published quarterly by Edward H. Dixon, M. D., New York, at \$1 a year, or 25 cents a number.

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—The last number has an interesting account of the visit of the U. S. Exploring Expedition to Japan, accompanied by a map of the country, and many views of the scenery, and pictures illustrative of the manners and customs of the Japanese. The *News* is for sale by all periodical dealers.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW for October is an unusually able number. Its contents are as follows: 1. Religion in Italy; 2. The progress of Fiction as an Art; 3. Partnership with Limited Liability; 4. The Book of Job; 5. School Changes in Languages; 6. German Mysticism of the 17th Century; 7. The Universal Postulate; 8. The Progress of Russia; and Contemporary Literature of England, America, Germany and France.

The article on the Book of Job is a very able and profound one, and cannot but be read with interest; though every one will not be prepared to adopt all the conclusions of the writer. 'The Universal Postulate' is another very able article; and the same may be said of the first, second and fifth—the last of which is an 'eye-opener' to the old foggy worshippers of the ancient classics.

Graham's Magazine.—By the December number, just received, we learn that Richard See, Esq., has purchased an interest in this popular magazine, and will hereafter manage the business department, leaving Graham more leisure to attend to the editorial department. This magazine has always been improving, and the next volume will of course be one step in advance of its present position. Every number will contain over a hundred pages, with a handsome engraving in addition to the usual supply of fine wood engravings. In the March number will be commenced an 'Illustrated Life of Gen. Washington' by J. T. Headly, which will be, by itself, no small attraction.

HOW ALEXANDER SMITH LOOKS.—N. P. Willis was in Boston a short time since, and there saw a daguerreotype of this new poet, which he thus describes:—

It is like—of course the sun did it—but, to admire or appreciate, one must have got over expecting birds to be Apollos. It is cropy, snubby, and unheroic, as far as dimension and conscious sitting-for-picture-ism can come short—but it is a face with a concentration that would tunnel a mountain of thought. He looks droll. He looks intense. There is fun in Alexander Smith, and there is desperate inevitableness—if the picture is to be believed.—We trust Fields is not going to have it engraved, however. With the career that is before this glorious beginner, there should be none but a generalized and idealized likeness of him (if any) published yet a while. The world (we beg its pardon) should not be trusted too soon with a naked fact. A conning poor needs the foam before it.

A BEAUTIFUL MORAL.—We find in an exchange the following simple and touching paragraph. There is a wealth of beauty in it, and a moral on which many and many a word might be said and a lesson taught:—

'God will take care of Baby.' A beautiful infant had been taught to say it, and it could say little else. 'God will take care of Baby.' It was seized with sickness at a time when both parents were just recovering from a dan-

gerous illness. Every day it grew worse and at last was given up to die.

Almost agonized, the mother begged to be carried into the room of her darling, to give it one last embrace. Both parents succeeded in reaching this apartment just as it was thought the baby had breathed its last. The mother wept aloud, when once more the little creature opened its eyes, looked lovingly up in her face, smiled, moved its lips, and in a faint voice said, 'God will take care of Baby.' Sweet, consoling words! they hardly ceased when the infant was in heaven.

THE AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH ITEMS" COMMITTED FOR MURDER.—On the 9th of April last, in our Book Notices, we had occasion to review, at considerable length, a volume, entitled "English Items," by a Mr. Mat. F. Ward. In then showing up his literary recklessness and violence, we little thought that we should ever fall in with him in one of those fearful positions, to which the indulgence of ungovernable temper not unfrequently hurries its victims. This very Mr. Ward was last week committed to jail in Louisville, Kentucky, charged with murder in the first degree. The circumstances are revolting in the extreme; but in their very awfulness may be found a striking lesson. A Mr. Butler, described as a man of most amiable and estimable character, was head master at a school, whereat a little brother of Mr. Ward's was a pupil. For an offence clearly proved, the youngster was temperately chastised. He went home as boys will, and lodged his complaint. On the following day, the subject of this notice, (with a second brother, who is also committed for trial,) deliberately purchased a pair of pistols, loaded them, and proceeded to exact vengeance at the school. We do not care to enter upon the details; but Mr. Butler is represented as having treated the intruders with mingled dignity and firmness. A point blank shot from the pistol of Mr. Mat. F. Ward was the result. Mr. B. died in a few hours. If Mr. Ward escapes the gallows, he must be a wretched man for life. We are not commissioned to preach or moralize for the public; but we have rarely met with an instance that marks so strongly the imperative duty on parents and teachers, to inculcate self control as one of the essential ingredients in education. May the warning take hold, if it be only in one case out of a thousand!—[N. Y. Albion.]

NEW COURSE OF TRADE.—The Boston Courier says: The steamer St. Lawrence, of the Portland line, on Saturday, landed at her wharf in Boston, 300 barrels of flour, the first of a consignment of 25,000 barrels to a dealer in this city. The flour came from Lake Michigan to Montreal, without breaking bulk, was there rolled into the freight cars, and taken to Portland, where it was immediately passed on the dock of the wharf, and was landed at Central wharf, in clean and beautiful order.—While breadstuffs remain at their present high figure, all will rejoice at finding new means of transportation from the Lakes to the seaboard.

Thomas Motley has been convicted at Altonborough, S. C., of the murder of a runaway slave. It was proved on the trial that the human monster first shot and then whipped the slave; after which he put him in a vice and tortured him. He then set him loose, started bloodhounds after him, who ran him down mauling him horribly; and then, as a consummation of his fiendish purposes, he cut up the body of the slave and fed his flesh to the dogs. Charleston papers rejoice at the conviction of this fiend.

John W. Gamsey, Esq., keeper of the Bangor House, died on Monday evening, after a severe sickness, aged forty-one years. The Whig says: He has led an active life, first in mercantile business, then for a long number of years, as Steamboat Agent, and for some time past, as keeper of the Bangor House. He has been cut down in the midst of his years—at the noon of life, and leaves a wife and several children. His presence will be missed among business men, with whom he has associated so long.

THE RECENT HORSE MURDER.—Very general indignation has been expressed at the treatment by which the finest horse in the country was murdered last Saturday, being driven one hundred miles in less than nine hours. The excitement of a regular race, where the speed is only kept up for a few minutes, and no positive injury is done to the animals, can be well understood, even by those who see the immoralities almost always connected with such exhibitions; but to stretch the endurance of a horse beyond its utmost limit, and to kill him for the sake of a wager, shows a degree of depravity far beyond anything in a prize fight. Under the competitors know what they are about, and understand the full risks which they incur. However much they may be beaten and bruised, even if they be maimed or killed, they neither receive nor expect sympathy. We hope the recent outrage upon horse flesh, and disgrace upon humanity will be made the occasion of some measures which shall prevent the recurrence of so disgraceful an affair. Sporting men ought, for their own credit, to take the lead in it, and to rescue their favorite pursuit from the odium which this has brought upon it. We do not suppose that legislation can do much, but public opinion can.—[Prov. Jour.]

MORE EXTENSIVE LUMBERING OPERATIONS.

