



12-22-1853

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 07, No. 23): December 22, 1853

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 07, No. 23): December 22, 1853" (1853). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 334.  
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"Please, sister Victorine, now do tell me where Missolonghi is. I have looked and looked every map all over for it, and I can't find it. I was reading to-day in the book that Eva gave me, for getting my lessons well, about the sweet, beautiful flowers that grew there, and about the birds and everything. And I want to get my lesson before she comes back. Please, sister, dear sister, now do."

And the boy stood close beside her with his map in his hand, and with his large, blue eyes fixed pleadingly on the old face of the lady addressed. She did not lift her eyes from the page of her book, but answered, pettishly:

"Do not disturb me, Willie, I am reading. I know nothing about Missolonghi, and care less. Go to some one else."

The boy looked at his sister a moment, and the tears came into his eyes, and the griefed lip quivered that replied:

"I should not have come to you, but Eva is gone, as she would have told me. She always helps me find the places."

"Why, Willie, Willie," spoke the mother, reprovingly, while with complacent satisfaction she regarded her heartless daughter, "I am really astonished. Why did you go to her, she is so nervous, and interrupt her when she is reading too. Never, never do so again."

The child looked at his sister to see if his artless request, his simple words did seem to have any effect upon the delicate girl. But she was all absorbed in the exciting work she was reading. Then he looked at his mother to see if she really was in earnest, and then, with the bright tears still in his beautiful eyes, he bent them upon old uncle John, who sat gazing upon the listless lady, with the corners of his mouth drawn down with the most supreme contempt. But, as he caught the sad eye of Willie, this expression faded, and with a kind and gentle look for the disappointed boy, he said:

"Come here, Willie, I will find Missolonghi for you," and he laid down the newspaper he had been holding for the last half hour.

"Why, uncle John, you are reading," he hesitatingly answered. "You don't like to be disturbed, do you, when you are reading?" And then he whispered, as the old man was looking closely on the map, "Eva will always find my places for me, or help me with my sums, or do anything I ask her to, though she is studying, or reading, or drawing, or painting, or practicing, or anything else."

The listener bent his face close to the map, and said, "There, Willie." And he pointed to the place.

"Why, uncle John, is it there? I thought I had looked everywhere for it." And his voice, now wild with joy, as he placed his finger upon the name, "Thank you, thank you, uncle John, oh, I am so glad."

"There, dear Willie, is the place where Lord Byron died."

The boy looked up inquiringly into his face, and then returned:

"Yes, sir, I know. Eva told me. I am so glad you have found it for me." And gathering up his map, with a light step he left the apartment.

Victorine Ashland closed her book and flung it impatiently upon the table, and languidly observed:

"How noisy Willie is. How very annoying it is. I have read the last half page over half a dozen times, and know no more what it contains than I did before I looked at it."

The mother looked anxiously upon her idol.

"I know he is noisy; but you are fatigued, my dear child. You have exerted yourself too much this morning. You had better go to your room until dinner is ready. You shall not be disturbed."

"She had better go into the kitchen and get dinner," uncle John said, with some bitterness, as she left the room.

Mrs. Ashland looked at him in surprise.

"Uncle John, you are deranged. Do you in reality think that delicate being could endure the fatigue of cooking a dinner?"

"A far more healthy and salutary exercise than reading trashy books, that awaken, that call forth, all the sympathies and sensibilities of a wasted mind for the false and untrue, while the real and every day wants of life are selfishly set aside. Your daughter's answer to Willie, was a specimen of this."

"But, she is so delicate and nervous, I do not like to have her feelings disturbed; it almost always makes her ill. She cannot endure anything."

"And what, Mrs. Ashland, what makes her so nervous and useless thing that she is?"

And uncle John spoke with calm severity:

"Yourself, madam. She has been a favorite child, and you have spoiled her; and never, never now will her weakened and imbecile mind attain that true formation and that innate strength, well regulated and rightly directed, that was originally its portion, its birthright inheritance, unless some mighty change takes place, some deep affliction to wake as from the dead, the native energies slumbering there, will she, like the prodigal son, return. Only in that is there any hope for her."

Mrs. Ashland's face was crimson. But she answered as calmly as her excited feelings would allow her. She did not care to offend uncle John. She knew that they were dependent upon him for many favors, and often even for pecuniary assistance.

"My daughter, I trust, sir, will not need your advice upon this subject. Her education which is highly superior, has been finished in this home."

"Highly superficial, madam, would be more like the truth." And there was a lurking scorn in his words. And then he resumed, with the stern seriousness no characteristic of him—

"She has been taught some few of the showy and flimsy accomplishments of the day, such as may be attracting in a ball-room assembly, such as win the admiration of the coxcomb, such as might captivate the lover, such as might find favor with the fashionable. That is all."

"My daughter, sir," quickly answered Mrs. Ashland, "has had an education that but few can boast of. And yet not so thoroughly scientific, perhaps, as it would have been had her physical powers been stronger, had her constitution been less delicate. She cannot endure what Eva can."

"And what, may I ask," was continued, solemnly, "what has made her weak and imbecile being that she is? She has been your idol. Her life has been one of self-indulgence. Your own blind partiality could not bear that she should ever be crossed or thwarted in one single thing, or feel one moment's uneasiness. She must have her own will and way. Her life has been all of romance and self-indulgence. And an undue self-indulgence, of whatever nature, when long continued in and yielded to, wholly unfits the mind for self-reliance that will render it strong, hardy and vigorous, and not the weak, puny and sickly thing that this inefficient and excessive excitement renders it."

"Victorine has yielded herself to this excitement, this intoxication, and now she is languid, wretched and irritable unless surrounded by company, or has some whiling work to call forth her sympathies and sensibilities on which

to expend them; but not for the objects of charity, for real suffering, for life as it is."

"Oh, no, sir," the lady answered, and still with an offended air, "Victorine is so very, very affectionate. She always kisses me when going away for any length of time, and when returning. Eva, your favorite, though learned in all the arts and sciences, never does this. She has not half as much depth of feeling and tenderness of heart, after all, as Victorine."

"Eva's feelings are better disciplined, better controlled. Her affections are awakened for reality, not romance. Her's is a self-nerving spirit. She has learned to discriminate between the false and the true. She is not artless, and innocent, and pure. She is not affectionate, form, and ceremony. Oh, how early can the mind be biased and bent, how early it can be made a wreck of, with its strength and vitality forever destroyed. The feelings of Eva are deep and hidden. Those of Victorine are wholly upon the surface. Her sensibilities and sympathies are called forth for the imaginary. I have seen her weep over the high-wrought ideas of the painter and the poet; but the suffering that is all around she heeds not. I am speaking plainly, Mrs. Ashland, and would ask your pardon for this doing, but it is all in kindness. A mother's blind partiality for her children renders her disregardful of very many defects that ought to be timely corrected. And you was speaking of Victorine's manifest affection for yourself; and yet, how much of it is mockery, is a romantic folly. Two years ago, Mrs. Ashland, you were ill for some weeks of a fever. And who cared for you, who ministered to you, who watched by your bedside then? Which of your daughters exhibited the most true affection, manifested the most love for you then? Two years ago and Eva was but a child. And yet, hour after hour she watched by your bedside. For long weeks she was there a ministering angel. She was there anticipating your every want and wish, and thus revealing to you her heart by a thousand little nameless attentions, and by the winning kindness, and gentle thoughtfulness and holy love which is wealth far more to be prized than the kiss of mockery. And where then, was Victorine? Still feeding her wayward and morbid mind on the most exciting fictions of the day. Her treasure was there, and where the treasure is, there will the heart be also. And this is the test of the true character. And yet she meets you with a kiss. And the very next moment will speak unkindly to you, will be angry if you cross her in a single thing."

"And yet uncle John," Mrs. Ashland replied, "you know that Victorine is so delicate. She could not have done as Eva did. It would have been impossible."

"And what has made her the helpless and useless thing that she is. An unhealthy stimulant for the young and unformed mind. Victorine does not exert herself enough. Her life has been all of light. She knows not of trial, even by name; knows not that without trial there will be no patience; without suffering and affliction no resignation. On the other hand, the mind of Eva has been trained by thought and action; by a discipline well calculated to unfold its perceptive and active powers. And now, she must, or does, voluntarily take the charge of the children's lessons while she is pursuing her own studies; all to save expense. Well she knew that her father's circumstances are limited; and well she knew that Victorine's expenses for ball outfits and party costumes have almost taken the bread from their mouths. And, in all this, the love of your children is shown. The one must be ministered unto, the other must sacrifice all. The one lives upon excitement, the other seeks enjoyment in doing her duty. The one seeks to relieve you of domestic care, and by a thousand little attentions and duties to lessen their burden; the other selfishly pursues her own desires and inclinations, is peevish, irritable, and ill-natured if the least thing occurs to perplex her, if the slightest obstacle to vex her."

"And what responsibility rests with the mother," continued uncle John, "training her child for a future, for an eternity. Yet how little, seemingly, does she think of this. It is too often her highest ambition to see her loved one dazzle, and shine, and enchant, to be honored and envied, to form a lofty alliance, to gain a splendid establishment; oftener this than that holy and inward teaching that tells of goodness and usefulness, the still small voice that whispers the way to holiness and to heaven. And thus is the daughter formed and fashioned; and thus are her children disciplined and educated. Now I trace domestic infelicity to this. To this, its unhappiness and its darkness. The lady marries for a brilliant establishment, and is wedded alone to that, and its useless and frivolous accomplishments. And this the husband learns too late for his peace. His angel wife is but a worshipper at the shrine of vanity, selfishness, fashion, and ambition. He had looked on a future all fair with felicity. He had reared there a holy home altar, on the one pure shrine where all that was beautiful and immortal was to be offered. With a pang at his heart, he beholds that sacred and cherished spot desecrated by the breathings of coldness and unkindness. And no marvel that he turns away, sick at heart and discouraged. No marvel that the darkness of desolation is in that heart, is there within that home. And what are the offerings that the woman of fashion and the idle dreamer bring to the domestic altar shrine? Are they the truthful tokens of kindness, tenderness, and holiness of heart and life? Nay! nay! but vanity, selfishness and helplessness. And the husband turns away, disappointed and disheartened, from a future of darkness, where life's light has forever set. But well I know that this is not always the cause of domestic infelicity. Man, too, is many times to blame. And often the tender and shrinking flower he takes to his home but feels the breath of coldness and neglect, and soon, too delicate and fragile for this, it fades and droops and dies. And the world gazes upon the dead blossom and sees only the hand of some insidious disease there. The canker of the heart, its slow bleeding and wasting, is hidden forever from view."

And slowly the old man lifted his cane from the carpet and left the house.

Anger was the predominant feeling in the soul of the fond and mistaken mother. She was a vain, ambitious and selfish woman, and the position in which her marriage with Mr. Ashland placed her, served to strengthen instead of diminishing these characteristic qualities of the mind. They moved in the first circles, and the income of Mr. Ashland though

considerable, could scarcely suffice to keep them there, was scarcely enough for the wife's extravagancies.

And Eva, in her leisure moments, often assisted her father with his accounts, and in many other ways. She knew much of his circumstances, and she therefore, insisted upon taking charge of Willie's lessons.

And, as time passed on, her task seemed less arduous, her burden less heavy, as she had gained more strength to meet them. And the kind and encouraging words of her old uncle were ever hers. He had pointed out her path. He had told her there would be darkness before her. But she must look to heaven for strength to meet it all.

Uncle John had sought his lodgings. There was a heaviness on his heart. He could not bear that Victorine Ashland should be the being of impassioned romance, of dreamy excitement, should love herself alone, without one thought of her duties, her responsibilities.

And alone, amid the solitude and silence of his own apartment, uncle John was living over again the life of his youth. And there was darkness there. He could see it all now. The midnight hour had come and gone, and still he sat there. And still he gazed upon a miniature that lay there before him upon the table that supported his arm. Low his head was bent, till his white locks touched the hallowed picture. It was of a young and beautiful girl, and so like life the likeness looked! The soft blue eyes, the parted lips through which you could almost feel the breathings of the heart tremble; the white, transparent brow, where every pale vein was plainly perceptible. Oh, it was a living likeness to him. But why gazed he upon that young girl, that man of three score years. Is it a daughter, an idol one, given back to God? No, not that. He was never married. He had passed through life alone.

And yet how many prayers from the widow's heart, and the orphan's had gone up to heaven for him. And ever to the poor, lone and forsaken, was he a friend and father. He was known to be very wealthy, yet at times strange and eccentric, yet never, never did the destitute, and desolate, and lowly find that he had forgotten them. And why, with all his generous sympathies alive and active, with all his noble and god-like feelings, with his kind and loving nature, did he ever remain single? His wounded heart could tell the answer. Away down in its deep depths the low, forgotten voice of a past was present, whose hidden breathings were the sanctuary of all that was sacred and holy. Yes, and the voice of the early dead and the early lost, whose sweet low strains, so sad, so mournful, would ever be calling through the desolate depths of his heart. And memory, oh, memory, would echo o'er each one, till the wild, deep murmur, so sweet so sacred and eternal, seemed like the bright spirit of the hours that had gone by forever.

And still the old man gazed upon that one cherished picture, and still he listens to the low whisperings of the past, whose numbers still steal on as if they awakened no wild echo in the soul, as if they brought no woe to the heart.

The past. He has wandered back over years, years, and he is there. Childhood and youth are lived over again. Childhood—what was it but all of self-indulgence? Youth—it was little else than waywardness and selfishness. He was never taught his duty to earth, his responsibility to God. He was brought up to no profession. He was never taught self-dependence and self-exertion. He was instructed to respect the rich and despise the poor. And what knew he, or what cared he for the suffering and the sorrowing, for the woe that was all around him? He was the fragile son. His father's vast wealth supplied all his wants, and in that he would find his future happiness—not usefulness. He never thought of that. He had never been taught how much he owed to God—that all was His.

But the hour of an awakening was to be. A being of celestial loveliness, of rare and angel-like beauty crossed his path. His imagination thrilled with delight beneath the power of her charms. His dreamy fancy had found its idol ideal. His soul was lured to worship, and his heart offered all its homage to her. He sought to win her for his own. He did. He had never looked for a refusal. He had not thought that possible. Handsome, gifted, accomplished, wealthy, an alliance with him would be an honor. His own happiness was ever his first and only thought. Was it not now secured forever? What more could he wish on earth.

The day for the marriage was named. The day, the hour. But, ere they arrived, the beautiful betrothed was sleeping beneath the dark church-yard sod. And what a blow had struck to that thoughtless heart, which beat so high with hope and happiness. It felled him to the earth. And he arose from hence a changed being. And though the heart was still bleeding, there was ever a holy purpose there. The soul was smitten but to be sanctified. And the holy spirit of God had written there its words that no other shadow could ever wholly obliterate.

And with what a vast reproach came up his past life to him—so useless and valueless. He knew that his Father had taken away his idol, had taken it home that his heart might follow. And lowly and humbly he bent him to the all-wise mandate of Omnipotence. And now his life was spent in doing good, and in the study of human nature. Oh, how soon could his deep glance read the heart of each with almost omniscient correctness. It was to him a destiny.

He had ever shunned a public life. Honors had been offered him, but to be rejected. What cared he, so noble in nature, so lofty in soul, so holy in heart, what cared he for the hollow sound of fame, the praise, the plaudits of the many, the mocking admiration of the multitude?

He was often a visitor at Mrs. Ashland's, and his plain, just, sensible and unpolished remarks but too often annoyed the proud mother and the delicate Victorine. And though there was some policy in treating uncle John with a show of kindness, yet they were ashamed of him when their fashionable and particular friends were present. And his calm contempt of the false and unmeaning manner they assumed, told but too plainly that the heart of each was bared to his view.

And where was Eva? It was a festal night. A party of the elite of the city had been given in honor of the Honorable Henry Sherwood, who, with his private secretary, was to pass a few days in town.

And Eva enters her father's library.

"Mother and Victorine are all ready, you will be late," was the sweet, anxious tone, as she stood by her father's side.

"I cannot help it, my child. It will be some two hours yet before I can go. I have several papers to copy that must be done to-night." And he again bent his eye on the page before him.

"Oh, I can do them, father. I can copy them all, and so well, too, if you are not here to tell me," was said pleadingly.

Mr. Ashland looked up into the sweet girl's face.

"Are you not going, too, Eva?"

"No, no. I do not wish to. But, dear father, it will be late. And they will be so impatient; and, do you not wish very much to see the celebrated member of Congress that there is so much said about?"

"And have you no curiosity to behold the renowned Mr. Sherwood, Eva?" And Mr. Ashland smiled as he awaited a reply.

"No, no. I do not know. I will most likely have an opportunity before he leaves the place." And then, was added, thoughtfully,

"But I know he is all that is great and good and noble. His mind is majestic, and his intellect is lofty and proud. His eloquence, it is said, is irresistible, unapproachable. His words I have read with awe and admiration. They are on every living lip. They are sweetly stealing over the hearthstones of our own free homes, and are thrilling back, in wild, deep echoes, through the land. The voice of genius speaks, and the world bends low, to listen, to listen to the holy whisperings that are not of earth."

Mr. Ashland smiled at his daughter's unconscious enthusiasm, and resigned to her his seat at the table. Her pleadings had prevailed. And for long hours she pursued her lone, unwearying task. It was long past the midnight hour ere it was finished. She laid the papers carefully away and left the room.

On her way to her own chamber, she entered the apartment of Willie and Harry. She bent down and kissed each slumbering one, and then stood gazing upon them. She knew not why, but tears came into her eyes, and a cold shudder over her heart. She turned away and sought her own room. Late as it was, her prayer to heaven that night was longer than was its wont. For a weary weight lay heavily upon her feelings, and she looked up in hope to the Infinite One. She knew He would hear her cry, the one low prayer of the trusting heart. And as her aching head pressed the pillows, then there was the sweet and holy consciousness of divine protection.

It was late before the Ashlands made their appearance in those crowded saloons that night. The guests had all assembled. The wealth, the fashion, the aristocracy of the city were there to offer their homage to the distinguished Southern Senator, the Honorable Henry Sherwood.

Beautiful and queenly, indeed, looked Victorine Ashland as she entered the proud and brilliantly lighted apartment of one of the most imposing mansions of the city. A thrill of admiration passed through the crowd, and many a smile of welcome was called forth for her, for one so surpassingly lovely. Victorine gazed around. Where was he she most wished to see, the one bright star of the evening?

Soon her eye rested on the form of the noble stranger, in animated conversation with a party of ladies and gentlemen at some distance. Slowly he paced up the apartment, escorted by a town exquisite. And she was then duly introduced.

He was not the lofty-looking and elegant being she had expected to behold. But yet he was handsome, and pleasing, and witty, and winning; and the charms and attractions of the fair Victorine seemed to win his attention and admiration more than any other one present.

And another too—the secretary, Henry Sherwood was standing by the door as she came in, conversing with uncle John. Like a flash of light she had passed by him. He paused in his earnest discourse, and gazed involuntarily upon the exquisite loveliness of the brilliant belle. It was long. He knew not what his companion was saying, so bewildering seemed the vision that passed on by him. It was long. Uncle John's voice roused him from his dreamy reverie. He looked up into the old man's face, as if it were one he had often gazed upon and loved, and revered.

And now, as he stands there, looking up inquiringly into that aged face, while a faint flush passes over the white brow, and the dark eyes are beautiful and mournful, and the pale lips slightly move, you can trace a true resemblance to the picture that uncle John wears so near his heart, that is so holy and so dear to him.

The secretary, it is said, is a distant relative of the member of Congress. The mother of the latter was the sister of the one that uncle John had laid, with all the hopes of a life, in yonder cold, dark graveyard.

Yet all unlike in look and appearance was Henry Sherwood and his distinguished relative. He was tall and slight, with a graceful symmetry, and winning majesty in every movement. His face was pale and sad, his eyes were of the midnight darkness, yet beautiful and mournful. And his soft, shadowy hair was pushed carelessly back from a brow of feminine whiteness. His voice was low, bewildering and thrilling. Yet he conversed but little; he was reserved, almost silent. Probably because he was scarcely noticed. The adulation of the multitude was all for the renowned member of Congress.

With unaffected ease, and graceful politeness the latter received the courteous advances of the admiring crowd, as if the heart is homage he had a right to win.

But how came uncle John in that fashionable assembly? He seldom attended a gathering like that, which, odd and quaint, and old-fashioned as he was, his position in society always gave him access to. And now, to-night, had he before met the secretary of the honorable gentleman. But of this none knew. Yet they conversed long together; and he, indeed, was almost the only one that in the least noticed the poor secretary.

And he, too, turned from uncle John that night to be nearer Victorine Ashland, who stood long by the side of the gifted stranger, who passed with him through the door, whose hand rested on his arm as they paced the apartment, who gave back in answer to his wish the soft melodies of the harp, the sweet voices of the enchanted lyre.

Oh, who would have thought, as they gazed upon that brilliant, and entrancing one that night, with her smile of light, and look of sun-shine, and listened to her tones of silver sweetness, that she could be the languid, listless, help-

less, selfish, indolent, and irritable being she was at home.

"And if the Honorable Mr. Sherwood should call," was said by Victorine, the morning after the party, "uncle John would be sure to be here. He always is when we have company. He is such an annoyance. He is so old-fashioned, and always will say everything so, just to vex me."

"Uncle John," and Willie looked up earnestly into his sister's face. "Oh, I love uncle John, and so does Eva, and so does Harry, and so does everybody. Oh, I love uncle John. He is always so kind to me, and he found Missolonghi for me on the map, when I had looked ever so long for it."

"Willie!" and Mrs. Ashland spoke reprovingly, "you should not interrupt your sister when she is talking." And turning to her daughter, added, "uncle John is a privileged person everywhere, and always says and does just what he pleases. Yet I do wish that when we have distinguished company that he would leave us alone. But he is very wealthy you know, and it will not do to offend him."

"And if he is, it will never do us much good, I am thinking. And what is the use of bearing everything from him, and some besides, just for the sake of a little wealth, which after all, we may never get. I am so ashamed of him when we have fashionable friends here it half distracts me."

"But you know, dear, that he is always invited among the first, and it would lessen our chance of success there did we not tolerate him," was the half persuasive, half contemptuous reply of the mother.

And the Honorable Henry Sherwood did call, and uncle John was there, and the humble secretary came too.

And now, by the soft morning light you can gaze upon that face, and you can see plainly that it is like that likeness of uncle John's, and yet, perhaps, more pale and intellectual.

Uncle John was never tired of watching it, and he was almost the only one that noticed it at all. But the witty, pleasing and brilliant senator, thousands were bowing down to him.

The gaze of the great man is often fixed upon the lovely face of Victorine, yet he shares his conversation alike with all present, even uncle John, even his poor relative.

An agent for some benevolent society has come in with a subscription paper, which he invited them to look at and sign. Each are contributing what they please, all but uncle John. Whatever he gave was not thus to be made public. And Victorine traced her fair name there, and the sum of twenty-five dollars. Mrs. Ashland looked at it, and smiled blandly, and said:

"And you will be willing to do with one less new bonnet, or some other article of dress, this season, for the sake of giving this sum?"

"Certainly, mother. It will give me more pleasure to thus contribute my mite in a good cause, than to wear all the fashionable finery that our city can boast of."

"Victorine never thinks of herself." And Mrs. Ashland smiled graciously upon her guest. "She is ever so impulsive and generous."

"Fudge!"

Uncle John didn't utter this because Mr. Burchell had before him, but to show his honest contempt of the utter untruthfulness of the bold assertion he had just listened to.

Almost every night Victorine Ashland met Mr. Sherwood at some grand entertainment given in honor of him.

And now, to the many beautiful and accomplished ladies present, were his polite and courteous attentions dispensed. He seemed to prefer the presence of no particular one, but to enjoy and prize the society of each, alike.

All the art that Victorine possessed, all the skillful maneuvering of Mrs. Ashland were called forth to win and ensnare the great man. But, as yet, to no purpose. And yet there were times when he sought her in preference to others. But she knew her charms had failed wholly to captivate him.

And where was Eva? As each festal night went by, copying for her father or assisting the children in their lessons, or reading to them, or playing uncle John some of his favorite songs.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

[For the Eastern Mail.]

BY H. A. MOORE.

I know a young maiden  
As radiant as light,  
Whose eyes are glorious  
As stars of the night.

Her low brow is shaded  
Not yet by dull care,  
But by a crown braided  
Of glossy black hair.

Sweet lilacs and roses  
Bloom fresh on her face,  
Her light limbs were moulded  
By Beauty and Grace.

Her motions are music,  
And gentle is she;  
That charms each warm heart  
Till it loves her too well.

As pure as the moon beams  
That aliver the night,  
As glad as the lark  
In its heavenward flight;

Truthful and loving  
And gentle is she;  
Oh, knowest thou the maiden  
I've pictured to thee?

Foreign Exiles in America.

After copying the speeches of the Irish patriots, Meagher and Mitchell, delivered at Brooklyn recently, the Belfast Journal appends the following temperate and sensible remarks, which coming from such a source we are particularly glad to see:

There are some reflections to be drawn from these speeches, and we wish to present them in a manner that will not bring down upon us the charge of conservatism, which we above all things are opposed to. Much less would we incur the charge of lacking in sympathy for the oppressed of whatever nation. As we understand the speech of Mr. Mitchell, "it means fight," and not only that, it seems pervaded with the idea of an almost spontaneous American movement in the cause of "Young Ireland." Now, we regard this idea as simply absurd, and if Mr. Mitchell regards it otherwise, the American press ought to enlighten him, and not encourage such a fallacy.

How stands the case? About 1848, movements in Ireland—the result of parliamentary oppression, and of consequent misery among the Irish—broke out into a quasi rebellion.

These patriots who were ex-patriated, were leaders of the movement. We think they were not rebellious by any overt act, because a special act was passed by parliament, under which they might be transported, an act of gross injustice, as we all admit. The patriots were banished, two of them have found their way to America, and are making such calls upon our practical sympathy as we see above.

Now let us consider the circumstances that render these calls futile. It is true that parliamentary injustice caused misery in Ireland, whose connection with England is more intimate than the connection of one of the American States to the Union, because Ireland has no parliament of her own, as each State has. It is also true that many Irish were culpable also for the distresses of their country. Irishmen in parliament deserted her cause, Irishmen of the nobility, instead of attempting the amelioration of the people at home, were squeezing out their substance to spend in rioting all the way from Dublin to Rome, or to Baden-Baden. England was culpably blind to the effects of her injustice to Ireland, until retaliation was threatened at the end of pikes. What then was the question with her? When she saw the dismemberment of Ireland was foreshadowed, she had nothing to do but to save her integrity at all hazards—we do not say by honorable means. There were two parties in Ireland, and the struggle for independence was a faint one. She preserved her integrity. The trouble was then between a government and subjects. The subjects never asked the world to acknowledge their independence—they achieved no independence to be acknowledged. We had then no business to make any active interference, but only to give to the oppressed the moral force of our sympathy. Since this period we think England has been more alive to the bad condition of Ireland. But emigration to this country is doing more. America takes the Irish to her own house, as once she fed them in their own cabins. We hear nothing from Ireland of any renewal of the struggle of 1848. What folly then to talk of "horse, foot, artillery and bayonets," as if our government or people were about to imitate Don Quixote, and traverse the earth to call all nations to answer for injuries done to men or peoples in the past or present! Do these gentlemen consider that England is a region of as much civilization and enlightenment as our own country? Do they consider the intimate commercial relations between the two countries? Do they know that all the relations of the two are so friendly? If they do not, they are sadly ignorant, and the press ought to tell them so. No, gentlemen, we receive you with open arms from your banishment, we admit you to our broad fields open to your talents; we cherish you the more because you are patriots, and have suffered wrong; but we doubt if the people will be moved to take up arms in this cause, and at this late day. And we presume, this is very well understood by these gentlemen. It is more plausible to account for these peculiar speeches on the well known fact that Irish orators have a remarkable fluency and eloquence in speech, and the music of their own tongues is not discordant to them. Thus we presume that both these orators are far from contemplating a to-the-death fight with England, but rather look forward to, perhaps, a lucrative law practice in this country.

THE NORTH CAROLINA TWINS.—The annexed article in reference to these singular little beings, we take from the Raleigh Post.

"These little wonders, now the property of Messrs. Shelton and Croshaw, have been exhibited in this city for several days during the past week to many visitors. They are regarded by all who have seen them as the most remarkable human curiosity ever produced with a prospect of life. They are two little negro girls, about two years and three months old, of a brown color, well grown, good-looking, and very sprightly. Their names are Christian and Milly, but each applies the latter name to the other. The visitor will generally find them seated on a table; neither dressed, exhibiting to the first view no evidence of deformity; but on examination, the anatomist will find them united to each other in a most remarkable manner at the lower extremity of the spine, the vertebrae of what is called, in anatomical language, the sacrum, being blended so



## The Eastern Mail

WATERVILLE, DEC. 22, 1853.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. PATTERSON, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by the office. His office is at the corner of the Court and State streets, in the building formerly occupied by the late Mr. J. B. Patterson. He is also Agent for the Boston Herald, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by the office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

## Catholicism in New York.

The arrest of Rev. Mr. Parsons, and his release by the Mayor at the demand of the people, as mentioned in our last, resulted in an immense indignation meeting in the Park on Thursday evening last. Great efforts were made by both Catholics and Protestants, to dissuade the people from collecting; but some three or four thousand were gathered, among whom was Mr. Parsons. He stated that he had been in a Jesuit prison fifteen years, and bore on his person the marks of their cruelty. It was announced at the close of the meeting that Mr. Parsons would preach on Sunday, on the spot where he was arrested, and where he would be protected! Three military regiments were called out, and a meeting of some twenty thousand persons was quietly held, and quietly dispersed. The time has not yet come when Catholic domination can put down the freedom of speech in our country. Protestants may deny it to each other, as they have often done, and continue to do; and government can "compromise" the matter by a law that gags the mouths and ties the hands of free men; without remembering that under every such violation the sacred bond grows weaker and weaker, and more liable to be sundered by the enemy we most dread. If the Catholics would triumph over the freedom of speech in America, they have only to wait till it grows weak and helpless from wounds received in "the house of its friends," and then the foot of the "beast" may be set upon its neck with impunity. If Protestants would stand securely behind this great bulwark of freedom, they must themselves respect its sacredness. Every parrot-like touch leaves a mark of blood upon it; and none stain it so deeply as those which come from the high places of legislation. The Catholics do us good by calling attention to this matter. It lies at the bottom of all that freemen hold dear; and in proportion as protestantism desires its protection, she should be zealous not only to guard it from the assaults of others, but to preserve its sanctity in her own eyes. It is a germ of her own planting, and must flourish or wither in her hands.

## Ordination of Mr. Lovejoy.

Rev. William W. Lovejoy was ordained pastor of the Universalist Society, of this place, on Wednesday, the 14th inst. The audience was large, and embraced various denominations; and the religious exercises were appropriate and interesting. The following was the order of exercises:

Voluntary by the Organ.  
Reading of the Scriptures, by the Rev. J. C. Crehore, of Bath.  
Select piece by the Choir.  
Invocation, by the Rev. A. Hitchings.  
Hymn.  
Sermon, by the Rev. C. A. Skinner.  
Hymn.  
Ordaining Prayer, by the Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham.  
Charge, and delivery of the Scriptures, by Rev. J. W. Hanson.  
Right Hand of Fellowship, by the Rev. J. C. Crehore.  
Address to the Society by Rev. W. A. P. Dillingham.  
Select piece, by the Choir.  
Benediction, by the Pastor.

## Death of Geo. Holland.

Letters from Australia announce the death of Mr. George Holland, of this town. "He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow," to whom the announcement of his death is a sad affliction. He died at Bendigo Digings, of fever, on the 19th of August, after about two weeks sickness. The letters that announce his death speak of him in high terms as "beloved by all who knew him."

## Christmas Eve.

Christmas comes on Sunday next—Christmas Eve on Saturday. The Universalist Society are making arrangements for observing the festival of Christmas Eve. Our puritan fathers blundered sadly when they gave up this festival because the devil was trying to make bad use of it. They should have snatched it from him, and saved their descendants the task of recovering it by slow degrees and hard effort.

## School Meeting.

The school meeting in the village district was adjourned from Friday evening last, to tomorrow evening—Friday. Meantime the subject matter of the meeting was referred to a committee for investigation and report. The question is upon the payment of an additional sum to the contractors for building the new school-house, in consideration of losses they have sustained in executing their contract. The Committee decide that the contract has been executed in the most perfect manner, and to their full satisfaction; reflecting, under the circumstances, decided credit upon the contractors.

## Arrival of the Sarah Sands.

The Steamship "Sarah Sands," the pioneer of the line between Liverpool and Portland, arrived at Portland at 3 o'clock on Saturday morning. Her arrival was celebrated by a great festival, commemorative of a new era in the commerce of Portland.

THE WEATHER, up to Monday, continued mild and springlike. Since, it has been clear and stinging cold, without a flake of snow. Still there is time enough left for winter, and we predict that those who "look out for snow about" Christmas will not be disappointed.

## Ruins of the Mind.

When comes this discriminating judgment; this detecting of discord in music; this decision of character; this correct taste in all that concerns ourselves, or our homes; these lofty conceptions of Deity; the calm serenity which pervades the true christian in the hours of severest trial; those elevating thoughts as we contemplate the works of God, when we view the heavenly bodies and notice the regularity of the whole planetary system, or in a more meditative mood wander beside some rippling stream, following its meandering course as its waters with merry music leap from rock to rock till they fall noiselessly into the broad river and are then carried with those other rippling brooks to the mighty ocean—the great highway of nations; or look at the lofty trees, and the lesser shrubs, or even the modest daisy as it hides its delicate flowers beneath some green leaf; this desire to see different countries; to gaze upon the ruins of what was once the glory of Nations, but now dissipated relics; this close criticism of the writings of Philosophers and Statesmen? Whence comes all this! Is it on account of our physical construction, nerve acting upon nerve, bone upon bone, and vein upon vein?

It is that which Omnipotence has placed in the breast of man—the Human Mind! It is that which causes such rapturous joy as we behold the works of the great Architect; we look upon the ruins of the past; we admire the writings of a Milton, and the eloquence of a Demosthenes, the resolution and valor of an Alexander, the conquests of a Bonaparte, the wisdom of a Solomon, or the meekness of a Moses. It is the mind of man which causes us to feel ourselves so insignificant when we think of the power and majesty of Almighty God.

It is the mind of man which causes us (when we contemplate the spotless character of the Saviour, his mission to earth, the cruel treatment of the Jews, his forbearance when he said "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do," to wish to be like him, and say, "Thy will be done."

It is the mind of man which has wrought such changes in Government—destroyed kingdoms and established Empires and Republics; that has brought down the lightning from Heaven, and caused it to carry messages to different cities.

It is the mind of man that causes grief when the heart is made sad by affliction and joy when solaced by the "everlasting gospel," that causes the minister to pour the feelings of his own heart into those of his audience; that causes the Statesman to make every heart throb by his soul-stirring eloquence.

Can this be changed! Shall confusion take the place of order; disorder and carelessness, that of exactness and punctuality; visions of nothing, those of the glories of Heaven; profanity and obscenity, those of prayer and a virtuous life! It is even so! But why is it? We ask ourselves. "God's ways are not as man's ways" is the answer we find in Sacred Writ. The mind is lost! No, not lost! though its usefulness may be. The mind that once beamed gladness and joy from the eye, as its possessor with eloquence unsurpassed, reproved erring men and painted the glories of Heaven and led the way, lies now inactive; God's name, once spoken with reverence, is now feared in dreadful imprecations. Horror of horrors! The mother bowed with years looks upon her son: "Can it be my son! is this my noble boy! so good, above reproach, generous to a fault! My son, is it your mother; look upon her now as in days long past!" No answer; a vacant stare; God is cursed! no beauty in anything. Dreadful thought! Wallings more dreadful grate upon the ear than the imagination can picture in the World of Despair.

Again we ask, whence all this? "Nature's laws are broken," is the immediate answer.

Look once more. A female sits before you, with disheveled hair, clothed in rags, her person filthy; she is pleased with those bits of glass; those eyes once were resisted in vain, so quick and penetrating, yet so intelligent; her color is not changed—cerulean blue, shaded by well arched brows. Once her equal was nowhere to be found. In poetry she excelled, the wonders of creation filled her great heart, while her pen copied from a well-stored mind and changed "rough prose to well formed verse." Of her person Venus could take no greater care; so nice was she that every hair had its place. The heart sickens at the sight, such a state of degradation imagination cannot picture—unclean words are frequently used by one once possessed of none but holy desires. We will turn from a scene so revolting! But stop, her father enters leading a lovely boy some four years old. It is her son. "Emma, my daughter, look once upon your father as you were wont to look when happy faces met around the old hearth-stone, and my dear Emma repeated one of her Thanksgiving hymns; look upon your boy, as once you did when he first lisped the name of mother." She still plays with the broken glass—places her besmeared hands in her dirty bosom, once vying with the lily in whiteness, while half-uttered syllables are hardly heard and a vacant stare is seen from those eyes, once so lustrous. The father groans almost frantically; for a thousand throbs rush upon his brain: "My God! 'he at length exclaims, 'is it possible that this is my daughter! Alas! my daughter!"

We again ask ourselves what caused all this, and are again answered: "Nature's laws are broken: the mind is ruined—Desolation, Despair with every fiendish passion now occupy the place once occupied by the human mind. It is ruined but not lost."

## An Old Rogue Caught.

AN OLD ROGUE CAUGHT.—Some time last week a chap named Oliver Chase, alias Wathouse, alias something else, who had resided in the upper part of this town for about a year, but who moved off a month or two since, was arrested in Shelburne, New Hampshire, by officers Patterson and Ellis, of this city, on various charges of larceny and burglary, and brought back on a requisition from Governor Crosby. We understand that officer Patterson some time ago received letters from Mass. describing a person who had committed a burglary in that State, and inquiring if he had been seen in these regions; and from certain information obtained from correspondence, Mr. Patterson became convinced that not only was Chase the man wanted in Massachusetts, but that he was also the man for whom a reward had been offered as guilty of stealing a horse and wagon from Mr. Cary Ellis, of Sidney. He therefore took his track, and succeeded in bagging the game, together with the horse and wagon and sundry other articles of stolen property, including two or three gold and silver watches.—[Kennebec Journal.]

This is supposed to be the man who was favored with a ride, by Mr. Franklin Marston, of this town; and who in return for the favor stole his overcoat while he was taking care of his horse. A smooth rogue this Oliver.

## The Harpers.

The New York Times gives the following historical account of the Harpe establishment. "The establishment of the Harpers was founded by James Harper, the eldest of the four brothers who now constitute the firm. He came to the city in 1810, a lad fifteen years old, and served an apprenticeship of six years to Paul & Thomas, the leading printers of that day. His brother John soon followed him, and learned his trade of Mr. Seymour, a printer in John street. In 1817, with the small capital James had saved, the brothers opened a small book and job office in Dover street. The first book they printed was Serena's Morals; the second was an edition of the Methodist Catechism. The first book they published on their own account was Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding. They toiled with unremitting industry, and maintained the highest character for enterprise and integrity. In 1820 the third brother, Joseph Wesley, joined them, and six years later Fletcher became a member of the firm. From that time until now, they have carried on the publishing business with a degree of well-directed energy which has few parallels. They removed to Cliff street about 1820, and have added one building after another to their establishment as the demands of their business required. The amount of books they have issued is almost incalculable. For the last few years they have published, on an average, twenty-five volumes a minute for ten hours a day; and from three to four thousand persons have obtained a livelihood from their employment."

From several papers we take the following incidents of the fire.

"Col. John Harper was employed in one of his lower counting-rooms when the startling announcement was brought him that the building was on fire, coupled with the inquiry 'what portion of the property shall we save first, sir?'"

"Never mind the property," replied Mr. H. 'save the lives!'"

"This is a sad calamity, sir," said a friend to Mr. John Harper, alluding to the conflagration—"a large number of poor persons thrown out of employment."

"Ah, yes," answered Mr. H., "God bless them, they must be seen to."

Another of the brothers, not present at the fire, when he heard of it, asked: "Are any lives lost?"

"No," was the reply. "Then," said he, "all is well. With such a spirit to meet such a calamity, all will be well, and the enterprising and indefatigable Harpers, backed by the warm sympathies of the community and the country, will rise from the ashes of this conflagration, Phoenix like. No loss of property can overwhelm such men."

Most of the men employed in the press-room were compelled to rush out for their lives, being unable to seize even their hats and coats. All the presses were at work, but not one of them, not even one of the stereotype plates upon them, could be saved. As soon as the alarm was given in the business office, Col. John Harper, the financial partner, took \$3000 which was lying in his desk, called the bank clerk, gave him the book of a Bank where he knew his account had been slightly overdrawn, and sent him to deposit the amount—fearing lest the Bank officers should be uneasy after the fire. He then went to the head of the stairs leading to the press-room—and seeing the hopelessness of attempting to save anything—directed the engineer to make his way to the boiler to let off the steam. The other members of the firm gathered together all the books of accounts, subscriptions, receipts, &c., and put them into the large safe, which was dragged out and left on the sidewalk in Pearl street, where it still remains. Their desks, with their contents, were also saved.

The only person seriously injured, as far as we were able to ascertain, was a young lady named Eliza Totten, who, in the confusion and excitement, jumped from a fourth story window of one of the Harper buildings, on the Pearl street side. She was first observed by a young gentleman doing business at No. 315 Pearl-st., who stood in a position to partially catch her in his arms; but she came with such force that he was unable to save her from falling on the ground; yet the fall was somewhat broken. As the poor girl came to the ground, she struck upon her hip, producing a dislocation and other injuries of a serious nature. A coach was immediately procured, and the sufferer was conveyed to her residence in Allen street.

The dress of one of the young ladies, named Margaret McGee, caught fire, and she only saved herself by stripping it off, when she was taken up by officer Masterson, of the Chief's office, and conveyed to a house on the opposite side of the street, and then to her home.

THE HARPERS AGAIN IN THE FIELD.—The Harpers have opened a business office at No. 63 Beekman street, corner of Gold, in the building occupied as a type-foundry by John T. White. Their safe was taken there yesterday, and their account books, policies of insurance, &c., &c., found to be perfectly safe. A large quantity of books rescued from the building during the fire, was also removed thither, and although insignificant compared with their aggregate stock, proved to be larger than was supposed.

The expressions of sympathy in their misfortune, and of readiness to aid in repairing it, yesterday, were numerous and exceedingly grateful. Several of the Insurance Companies liable for losses, sent word that the amount of their liabilities would be sent to them without inquiry, whenever it would be most acceptable—and numerous offers of large amounts of money were placed at their disposal. While they are fortunately under no necessity to avail themselves of these tenders of aid, they are none the less grateful on that account. Indeed we are inclined to believe that the brothers Harper have been far more touched by these indications of kindly regard, coming as many of them do, from men with whom they have had no business transactions for many years, than by any sense of the pecuniary loss they have sustained. They show that the bonds of

interest which their extensive business connections have created, strong as they may be, are not half so strong as the ties of friendship and personal esteem which their high-toned integrity, their unvarying kindness, and their widely diffused benevolence, have been silently forming during their long and active career.

We understand that their arrangements for the immediate prosecution of their business, are already far advanced, and that very few days will elapse before they will be able to give employment again to many of the most necessitous of their operatives, and to set fifteen or twenty presses again at work upon some of the valuable works of which the stereotype plates were saved. The Magazine for January will be at once made up anew, and they will probably be able to deliver a large part of the edition on the day it is due.—[N. Y. Times.]

INCREASE OF THE ARMY.—The Secretary of War recommends an increase of the Army and the President substantially endorses the recommendation. It has always been the bane of all Republics, this increase of military force. It has been the ruin of many a noble governmental structure, and unless the admonitions of history are listened to, may furnish a grave for our own. In a nation like these United States there is no possible use for a Standing Army, save to guard against the savage tribes that roam on the western borders of our country. We have no need of a military force to hold the people in check; there is no strife between the government and the people which requires the aid of power to overawe and keep the masses in subjection. Where every man has a voice, where the sovereignty is in the people, where officials are made and unmade by the millions, and the whole structure of government rests upon the popular will, there can be no possible necessity for a Standing Army to enforce social order.

The arm of the civil power is sufficient for that. In aid of the law, every man is a soldier, and every citizen will arm to sustain it. What possible use is there for even a company of soldiers in any or all of the Atlantic, the Middle or the Southern States? What possible use can even ten United States soldiers be put to in any State of the Union, save in those which border on the Indian hunting grounds, or are bounded by the lurking places of the Western savages. It may well be that a few companies of mounted rangers may be useful. They would check the incursions and hold in awe the wandering tribes of red men, and this is all the use to which the United States can apply a Standing Army.

More than is needful for frontier protection, is a curse rather than a blessing; and for that, we have plenty of soldiers, were they properly organized for frontier service. The idea of maintaining a standing army, in order to prepare for a foreign war, or domestic insurrection, is a simple absurdity. The idea of maintaining such an army, in time of peace, as a means of exercising our military men, our graduates of West Point in the art of war, is a greater absurdity still, if such a thing be possible. The truth is, that we have too many men in this republic who have a distaste for work. As we grow richer, we are coming to have too many aspiring men who love almost any life rather than one of labor, and there is no contrivance like that of an army to take the fancy of young men. But it is an expensive contrivance in more senses than one.

It costs a vast deal of money, which labor is to pay at last. It has no genial influence upon the morals of our people, the simplicity of republican character. It corrupts our taste. The American people should labor. It is their business, their destiny, to earn in some way whatever they possess, and nothing that tends to lessen the dignity of labor should be permitted to become native to the soil. We want no army, save what is necessary for simple frontier protection. Our people are too valuable to be made food for powder, and industry should not be taxed to maintain an army to eat up the substance of labor and strut around in pompous idleness.—[Albany Register.]

NOT BAD.—One of our Middle street traders, who is an inveterate hater of tobacco smoke, while in New York not long since, was riding up Broadway in an omnibus, when a mustached individual of the exquisite genus, jumped in and took a seat opposite him, puffing at a cigar with ineffable self-complacency. Our Middle street friend, not to be outdone in coolness, reached out and took the cigar, apparently for the purpose of lighting one for himself, but instead threw it over his shoulder out of the window, bowing blandly towards the stranger at the same time, as if he had done him a signal service. The man, it is hardly necessary to say, was dumfounded, taken all aback—his own cool effrontery had more than found its match; but recovering himself, symptoms of a young hurricane began to be apparent in his countenance. "O, it shall not be a dead loss to you," said our friend, still perfectly unbalanced, "here is an equivalent"—at the same time drawing from his pocket a three-cent piece, and offering it to the stranger.

This was "capping the climax" with a vengeance—the stranger jerked the string and made a leap from the omnibus at once, without uttering a word, probably concluding that the less he had to do with such a customer, the safer.—[Portland Advertiser.]

THE AMISTAD CASE.—President Pierce, in his message to Congress, introduces the Amistad negro case, and intimates his belief that the negroes set free in this country, from the Spanish brig Amistad, ought to be paid for, in accordance with existing treaties. But can there be any treaty to require the United States to pay Spanish subjects for property which they illegally held?—held contrary to the laws of Spain? We hope and believe that it will be some time before Congress can be convinced of this. The fact is, that the importation of African slaves into Cuba is contrary to law, and has been for some fifteen or twenty years, more or less. But in face of this law, a cargo was introduced some time in 1839, (as many have since been) and fifty of the negroes sold to some dealers, put on board a small vessel, and dispatched to another port, their pretended owners accompanying them. On their passage the negroes rose and took possession of the vessel, and in doing it had to kill one or more of their captors. They then set out on a voyage towards their own land; but having approached the coast of Long Island in pursuit of water, they were discovered and captured by a vessel engaged in the Coast Survey, and brought into New London. They were tried for mutiny and murder, but were cleared on both charges, and set at liberty. It was satisfactorily shown that the negroes were fresh from the coast of Africa, and could speak no European or other language, except an African dialect—the Mendi; and of course were illegally held by the Spanish gentlemen who were prisoners on board the Amistad, and claimed the negroes as their slaves, and now claim the pay for them since their discharge by the United States Court.

A REMARKABLE SCENE.—Died in Strong, Me., of the malignant throat distemper, that

baffled all the skill of physicians—on the 20th of Nov. Thomas Henry, aged 9 years; on the 26th, Abby Josephine, aged 6 years; on the 27th, Nancy, aged 11 years; and in five minutes afterwards, Jane, aged 14 years—all children of Mr. Thomas Kennedy. During this scene a little infant daughter was added to the family. The three deceased daughters, after being placed in coffins were to-day each in turn brought to the bedside of the sick mother, at her earnest solicitation, for a parting look, after which they were deposited together in the cold and silent grave. These were all bright and affectionate children, and tenderly beloved. What a change in one short week!—[Farmington Chronicle.]

## Young Misers.

Our neighbor of the Argus published a short article a few days since, recommending the practice of children's saving their small moneys by depositing them in bank. It struck us at the moment as being good doctrine; but the second thought led us to doubt the expediency of such a practice. And with all deference to our neighbor's acknowledged practical sagacity and general good judgment, we cannot but believe there is a more excellent way to educate a child's thought and feeling on the subject of money. We believe that children should have but very little money in their possession, at all. What they do obtain by the gift of friends or by their own "operations," they should of course be taught not to squander. But that the earning and hoarding of money should be set before them as a distinct object of thought and effort, while they are yet mere school-children, we cannot believe to be well. The Yankee spirit of speculation and dollar-worship, shows itself in our young Americans quite early enough in the ordinary way, without any new appliances to quicken its development. It would be to our own minds a sorry sight, a company of these young depositors exhibiting their bank-books and counting up the amount of moneys deposited and interest due them. We would rather a boy of ours should throw his first ten dollars into the sea, than to have him lay upon it the foundation of a fortune, if at the same time he must harden his young heart to the miserly worship of gold. But he may be taught a better way than either to hoard it or to waste it; and that is to use it—for worthy purposes. Let the child be educated to look upon money as a means to higher ends. Let him feel, too, that he should make present good use of it, in ordinary cases, instead of keeping it for some uncertain and indefinite use in the future. He may purchase a useful book, or tool, or devote a part of it to intelligent benevolence, and so have larger means of cultivating his mind or improving his mechanical skill or of gratifying the generous promptings of his nature.

But if our boys were to become holders of bank certificates and were to make it matter of thought how they could gain here a copper and there a five cent bit, to increase their deposits, the miserly spirit would be most certainly and directly cultivated within them. Every errand done, every little service rendered, would assume to their minds a market-value; they would feel that they must be paid for it—not in the satisfaction of doing a generous deed, or an obliging act—but in so many cents, to be deposited in the bank. They would soon come to feel that they must receive even from their parents, a pecuniary consideration for the performance of ordinary child duties. Many parents would be injudicious enough to yield to their demands; and if others had the good sense to refuse them, the little misers would feel that they were distanced by their young competitors in the race of pences, and perhaps resolve upon "something desperate."

This depositing of money by children may perhaps be reckoned a "manly" operation,—it is certainly mammonly;—but we submit whether there are not already too many mammy fashions, of a certain sort, already quite prevalent among our boys, which would better be exchanged for those more in keeping with their years,—more boy-like.

We have a great liking, it is true, for many boys, and have always admired the sentiment of the old Roman who said "let me see something of the youth in old men, and something of the man in boys." So say we—something, not all; and least of all, the sharp, close-calculating, money getting spirit which belongs to older persons, if to anybody. We would rather our boy should invest his dollar in a pair of skates and a good sled, or in a good bat and ball, or a set of trucks for work or play, than to have it compounding interest for him in a savings bank, and making him a "shrewd," miserly sharper. We would not have him a spendthrift. We would teach him economy, but it should be the economy of using to the best advantage what he may possess, and not the skill to turn every breath and throb and step into so much deposable silver, to canker his young soul with the rust of the miser's spirit.—[Portland Eclectic.]

A SLIGHT INJURY RESULTING IN DEATH.—About a fortnight ago, as Mr. S. C. Grant, of Hallowell, Me., was passing along Washington street, in the vicinity of Chickering's Block, he fell in consequence of a defect in a temporary sidewalk, and broke one of his thumbs. He was conveyed to the residence of a relation in Brookline, where he died yesterday of lock-jaw. Mr. Grant was fifty-seven years of age, and an active business man in the town where he resided, having been connected with one of the banks there. His remains will be taken home for interment.

## DEATH OF COL. BENJ. POORE, OF NEWBURY.

By the Arctic, we received a letter from Dr. N. Spooner, Esq., formerly of this city, dated Canton, Oct. 8th, apprising us that Col. Poore was among the passengers who were drowned at the time of the wreck of the ship Lady Evelyn, on the 22d of July last, on the island of Tai-ping-sam, one of the Maldivian Group, west of Formosa.

Mr. Spooner writes that Col. Poore came here from California, with some view, I believe, to the establishment of a line of steamers; but being ill myself, I did not see him. The Lady Evelyn was bound to San Francisco, whither Col. Poore was also on his way.

Col. Poore was formerly one of the most prominent agriculturists in this country, and the proprietor of the celebrated Indian Hill Farm, in Newbury, the ownership of which will now devolve on his only son, Maj. Ben. Poore. His death will be much regretted by the agricultural interest of Massachusetts.

THE WHEELING BRIDGE CASE.—In the United States Supreme Court, on Tuesday, the case of the complainants against the bridge over the Ohio river at Wheeling was dismissed—there appearing no counsel for the complainants (nominally the State of Pennsylvania). This is understood to be an abandonment of the case by the parties opposed to the bridge, there being no ground for complaint left by them, as the act of Congress, at its last session, declaring the bridge to be a post route, removed all legal objections to it.—[Nat. Intelligencer.]

TELEGRAPHIC MIRACLES.—It may not be generally known that operators in magnetic telegraph offices become so familiar with the sound of the instrument through which they receive communication, as to know what it says; that is, they learn to understand the raps and pauses as a language, and without the necessity of having the marks and dots taken upon a moving slip of paper, can, from the sound alone, write out communications. And perhaps everybody does not understand that an operator at one office may have connection with an hundred offices, and write in them all at the same time. At the telegraph office in this city, when communications are passing from New Orleans to New York, every word going both ways may be understood. The operator is heard to call New York, from New Orleans, and in an instant the reply passes on its return. In this manner items of intelligence, business notices, messages and jokes, between the operators are daily exchanged over the enormous circuit of two thousand miles, and the most wonderful fact of all is, that a person familiar with the business, can stand on the side walk in front of the office, in this city, when the communications are complete, and by the ticking of the instrument, can understand the messages as they ply at inconceivable speed—can hear the operators at New Orleans call, "hallo, New York," and catch the response from the Empire city of "aye, sir," while drawing a single breath.—[Cin. Com.]

THE IRISH REPUBLICAN is the title of a new weekly paper published in Boston by William Webb at \$1.50 per year. As its name signifies it is to be the organ of Irishmen who cherish the sentiments of American Republicanism, and of course is opposed to the principles of such journals as The Boston Pilot, and The Freeman's Journal, N. York, both of which are illiberal and anti-republican in their sentiments and unworthy of the support of Irish Republicans.

We copy from The Boston Times an opinion of The Pilot:

"It is emphatically an anti-republican sheet and its whole glory has been to defeat, so far as is in its power, measures emanating from democratic republican sources. The down-trodden Irishman who seeks our shores, fleeing from an atrocious tyranny, wants no such organ. He spurns it. He knows that it is the spokesman of aristocrats and the supporter of tyrannies. Its columns are barren of republican ideas, and replete with those most favoring the worst descriptions of imperious despotisms. A reference to its columns for the last year will satisfy the most skeptical upon this point. This Pilot has most grossly assailed some of the most illustrious of dead as well as the most gifted and distinguished of living patriots.—See Kosuth—see Menger—these two represent, in a measure, in their own persons, the embodiment of Liberty in Continental Europe, Freedom in Ireland."

It is fortunate to have established in Boston a journal that shall speak to the Irish—for the Irish and for the spread of republican freedom everywhere. We trust it will be well sustained.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday last, Henry, son of Wm. Parsley, aged three years and six months, while playing with matches, during the absence of its parents, set fire to its clothes, and before the mother could get to the child and extinguish the flames, he was so much injured that he died during the night.—[New York paper.]

The Portland Advertiser reports that at the Supreme Court in session in that city, in the case, State vs. Neal, for assault with intent to kill, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty.—The punishment fixed by law is not less than one year's imprisonment.

A motion for a new trial was filed, based upon the ground that the verdict was against the weight of evidence.

SAD ACCIDENT.—We learn that the house, shed, and barn, belonging to Mr. Kinnam H. Littlefield of Athens, were destroyed by fire on the 5th inst. The furniture and bedding in the house and a large quantity of grain in the barn with a stock of cattle and a very nice hog were also consumed. Mr. Littlefield is a poor man and had just got his buildings finished.—[Skeghegan paper.]

WHERE GOOD SOCIETY MAY BE FOUND.—N. P. Willis, in reply to a lady correspondent, who asks about society in his vicinity says:

"Without seeing you, and knowing something of your stage of womanhood, and your experience of life, I can scarcely choose with safety between describing our 'society' as profoundly stupid, or most varied and agreeable. There are those who might find it either. I myself, find it the latter; but then I have got 'through with my crust-experience of life, and like people neither more nor less for the house they live in or the clothes they wear.' 'Charming women are everywhere—some smothered under their husbands' good dinners, or shelled away in bank-stock and splendid carriages; some, unthought of, in dairies, or forgotten behind wash-tubs and single-blessedness. Nature's noblemen are everywhere—in town and out of town, gloved and rough-handed, rich and poor. Prejudice against a lord because he is a lord, is losing the chance of finding a good fellow, as much as prejudice against a ploughman because he is a ploughman. Are you ready, dear Mrs. Harriet, to take a second look, after reading the outside label upon a man or a woman, and to confirm it, or not, according to God's mark, which will show itself somewhere? If so, the society of Highland Terrace will be delightful to you."

A MASTER PIERCE OUTDONE.—We have lately supposed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was the Ultima Thule in its line, and that nothing had been or would be invented which could surpass it in its fine points of excellence as a medicine. But we are confidently assured by those competent to judge on the subject, that Dr. Ayer's new Pills excel in high medical authority even that widely celebrated embolism of his skill. He has succeeded in making them not only pleasant to take but powerful to cure the large class of complaints which require a purgative remedy.—[Lancaster Argus, Ky.]

Sold in Waterville by J. H. Plaisard.

"THAT'S THE ALLEGORY."—A miser being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with other ghosts. Charon demanded his fare, and was surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamor and opposition that could be made to him.

All Tartarus was in an uproar, and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequences to the infernal revenues.

Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? or tremble below the precipice, in company with the Danaides? or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone?

No, said Minos, "none of these; we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his being is making of his riches."







