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THE COOK.

ed Mrs. B. to his wife, "Come, Susan, said Mr. Blithe to his wife, "the day is exceedingly fine, I am obliged to go to the city on business; there is a panorama on exhibition, which I should like to have the children see; why can't you arrange matters so as to go?"

"The request of Mr. Blithe was proffered with a doubtful air.

"Why, I am sure," said his wife, "I don't see how I can; to-day is Saturday, and sweeping, cooking, everything to do, to say nothing of some pickles which must be attended to."

"But we'll not need to start till one o'clock, can't you get through by that time, or a least, through so that you can leave with Biddy?"

"Now, that is just like the men; just as much as they know about housekeeping; they think all the cooking to last a family over Sunday and washing-day can be done in half an hour, and the sweeping in the same time. And just because one keeps an Irish girl, who, I sometimes think, is as much hindrance as help, and must be eternally looked after, a man thinks his wife can go anywhere and at any time."

"But you need not be so particular, just for once."

"So particular!" echoed she; "I sometimes wish I wasn't, but I can't bear to see the work all going behind hand. Now I told Biddy last night to pare some apples and have them all ready for pies this morning, and just because I didn't stand over her, and put her in mind of it, she forgot it, and now that will hinder half an hour this morning."

"I will pare the apples mamma," said a sweet little girl of six years, "if you will go."

"You, child! the first thing I knew you'd have your fingers cut off."

"Well, I can do it, mamma," said a smart boy of eight.

"Poon!" said his mother, "before you had pared two, you'd be out to play; pretty help you'd be."

"No mamma, I wouldn't run away if you would go."

"No, no, children, I can't go, your father can take you if he has a mind to, but if I even go through my work in season, I should be tired half to death."

"We may go with papa then," said the children in a breath.

"Yes, yes, if he's a mind to take you, though I shall have an extra suit of clothes in the wash on Monday to pay for it."

The children clapped their hands and shouted. The father looked disappointed, but he was used to it.

"Then you won't go, Susan?"

"No, I shouldn't enjoy it if I did."

"There she told the truth. She would have been wondering all the time how Bridget was getting along, and whether she remembered all the numerous charges she had given her; she would have been thinking of the sewing she might have done if she had stayed at home. She would have thought, it is true, of the happiness her children were enjoying, but then they could have enjoyed it just as well without her, and it never once entered into her head that it made the least difference to her husband whether she went or not."

Her pretty face was destined to be her fortune. It had captivated Mr. Blithe, and at an early age, to the great joy of her parents, Susan became Mrs. Blithe.

"She will make you an industrious wife," said her mother; "for Susan is never idle, and she knows how to do all kinds of house-work."

Now Mr. Blithe, though he cared little for this individually, recollected having heard it said by some ladies of his acquaintance, that this same knowledge of housework, was what young ladies of the present day very much lacked; so he was very happy in having secured a prize.

The neatness of his young wife's new home, the perfection of her cooking were very much admired by her acquaintances, and she was very proud of her accomplishments.

Her marriage with Mr. Blithe introduced her into quite a different circle of associates, who conversed on other subjects than house-keeping and dress.

People thought Mrs. Blithe a very quiet person in company, and she was obliged to be, for she was unable to converse upon the subjects she heard introduced. It was not long before Mr. Blithe noticed his wife's silence, and he was not so blind but that he saw the cause of it, but he was of a hopeful disposition, so he set himself to work to remedy the matter. He tried to interest her in books and in reading, and would read aloud to her during the winter evenings, but he soon found she was not interested. She said she could find no time to read, for if she took up a book she always thought of something that must be done, and so she was obliged to lay it down again. She had been brought up to think she must not take up a book while any thing else was to be done, for that the time spent in reading was almost the same as wasted. So she waited until every thing else was accomplished, ere she should sit herself down to reading the book her husband had laid out for her, consequently the book was never read.

Unreasonable man! he should have been satisfied to see his home so perfectly neat and orderly, and to find his meals always ready at the appointed time, and always well-cooked—for these were important affairs—and of all these things he was fully conscious, but still, this was not all he wanted—he wanted a companion as well as a housekeeper. But he found that with his higher and intellectual nature, his pretty, industrious wife had no sympathy.

But as time passed on, he found there was no help for the matter, so, like a wise and prudent man he made the best of it, loved his wife for the virtues she possessed, and thought as little as possible of those she lacked.

Mrs. Blithe's industry increased in proportion to her family, and she grew more and more a domestic drudge; she seldom accompanied her husband to any place of amusement, or to make a visit, though often urged to do so, for now could she leave home, the children must be attended to; there was cleaning and sweeping to be done, and sewing in any quantity, always on hand.

True, her husband was willing, and would have hired any amount of help, so as to have left her more at leisure, but this, although their means were ample, her ideas of economy forbade, and besides, she was of that unfortunate class; who think nobody can do a thing as well as themselves. She might, in truth, as well do her work herself as to keep help, for they were mere lookers on, and admirers of her smartness.

As one might suppose, she was very much troubled with her servants; they never did a thing just as she wanted it done; they could

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not even wash dishes or scrub a floor to suit her, and instead of telling them how she wanted it done, she would take hold and do it herself. She was often heard to declare they were more plague than profit; for if they did a thing, she always had to do it after them.

"I do wish I wasn't so particular," she would say, yet all the time priding herself upon this very trait, and not abating it one jot.

"I must have things as I want them, and an Irish girl never will do this, unless you stand right over her."

How many times Mr. Blithe heard his wife talk thus, and how many times when he saw her working and scrubbing like a very slave, did he envy the man whose wife was not over nice.

Mrs. Blithe had no ambition above keeping her house clean and in order, and her children neat and tidy. It would have worried her for a week, if any one had chanced to come in and find things not quite so nice. She was a pattern housekeeper, and a good mother so far as keeping children clean and physically comfortable was concerned, but she never took any interest in things foreign to her limited sphere.

But Mrs. Blithe was human, and as humanity is proverbially frail, she proved herself like many others, not infallible, for she was taken sick. Her sickness was no doubt brought on by over-exertion. The season of house-cleaning, preserving and pickling had proved too much for her, and quite against her own inclination, for she had declared she could not possibly spare time to be ill, she was obliged to take to her bed.

However, she knew she should be about again in a few days, and in the mean time she knew everything would go wrong. For two or three days she lay upon her bed imagining all sorts of disasters; she knew Biddy would let every thing go to ruin, the bread would be burned up, the meat half cooked, to say nothing of broken crockery and lost spoons. The children she knew, would play out of doors in the dirt, till they looked like pigs, and she expected they would tear their clothes half off their backs. How could she lay there and have things go on thus. If she slept, visions of dirty kitchens and ragged children haunted her, and her distress of mind was even greater than the physical pain she suffered.

To be sure she heard no bad report from below, on the contrary, when she asked her husband how Biddy got along, instead of any complaint, he answered very cheerfully—

"O, very well; don't give yourself any uneasiness, Biddy does wonderfully well."

"But does she give you any thing fit to eat?"

"O, yes indeed; the meat was cooked very nicely to-day, and we had a splendid pudding."

Indeed, here was another trouble. Biddy would be wasteful, the sugar, the butter and eggs would have to suffer; she knew there would be enough wasted while she was sick, to keep the whole family a month.

She was a little vexed too; she had expected to hear complaints, and she thought that people would find out that she was of some consequence. But no; by all accounts they got along finely without her, notwithstanding she had thought herself indispensable to the comfort and well-being of the family.

And the children—they had rare sport, she could hear their merry voices from morning till night, and though when they came up to see her, their faces were a little dirty, and perhaps a shoe was minus a string, or an apron a button, still on the whole they looked very decent, and quite well and happy.

So for a week she worried and fretted, and then she declared to herself, notwithstanding the doctor's strict commands, she must go down stairs. She told her intentions to no one, but one morning—and a Saturday too—when she saw Biddy was busy, and would not be in for some time she stole out. She found herself when she tried to walk, very weak and feeble, but she kept on. As she passed down stairs, and through the dining room, she noticed that every thing looked neat and orderly. She went on till she got to the kitchen. She opened the door; there stood a stranger, and before her a table spread out with flour, butter and eggs, and all the paraphernalia of cooking. The stranger person evidently knew well what she was about, for she had the air and appearance of one well assured that she was doing what was perfectly right and proper. She looked very neat too, her dress clean, and a nice white apron fell in ample folds about her; her hair looked smooth and nice, and altogether, she was such a person as one would delight to meet in one's kitchen.

Not so Mrs. Blithe. Either from excessive weakness or surprise, she came near falling. The noise caused the stranger to turn round.

"Good morning," said in a pleasant voice.

"Mrs. Blithe, I presume; I did not expect to see you down stairs so soon."

"I presume not," said Mrs. Blithe to herself, "you are sorry for it."

"You look very weak, madam," said the stranger, brushing the flour from her hands and passing her a chair; "pray sit down."

"Pretty well, too," thought the exhausted lady, "asked to be seated in my own kitchen, and by a stranger, too!"

She felt as if she should faint. The stranger, the table, the range, all swam round and round before her vision, but her curiosity was not satisfied, she could not faint yet.

"Where is Biddy?" at last she made out to say.

"She's up stairs doing the chamber work; shall I call her?"

Mrs. Blithe bowed assent. But at this moment Biddy burst into the room, with eyes distended, and quite out of breath. When she saw her mistress she held up both her hands.

"Bless your heart, marm! sure you've frightened me. I went into your chamber, to see if you wanted anything, and behold you wasn't there, and my heart leaped into my mouth. I thought you must have lost your mind entirely. Pray, marm, do come back. What will the doctor say, and master too; and I charged not to let you leave the chamber. If ye should catch cold and die what would then become of me?"

To this pathetic speech Mrs. Blithe paid no heed, she merely pointed to the stranger, and said—

"Who is that, Biddy?"

"Oh! that is the new cook, that master got the day after you was taken sick, for sure, he was very kind, and he said I should have too much to do, with all the cooking, the washing, the cleaning, and everything; so he sent this person, Mrs. Butler, marm, at your service, and a very nice woman she is, intirely, and she got along finely; but pray, dear marm, do go

back to your chamber, for I am all of a tremble for fear the doctor should come in and find ye here."

The cook! a professional cook too, none of your extempore ones got up for the occasion, but from her very air and appearance, one brought up to the business. Could she survive it? Should she faint, or get up in high dudgeon, and take to her chamber, and keep it forever?

Meanwhile the cook had turned again to her work, leaving the mistress and maid to settle the matter between them. In a sort of bewildered state Mrs. Blithe allowed herself to be led back to her chamber feeling much weaker than when she left it. Either the going down stairs, or the surprise after she got there, was too much for her, for in the afternoon she was quite sick. Biddy was frightened, for she was afraid she should be blamed, and perhaps lose her place, and she begged her mistress to tell her master she was not to blame.

Mrs. Blithe was vexed beyond endurance.

"Do hold your tongue, Biddy!" said she; "you selfish thing, you don't care at all for the pain I suffer, you only care for yourself; no wonder you are afraid of losing your place, a nice easy time you have of it; but I guess Mr. Blithe will find the difference between having a wife in his kitchen, and a professional cook."

Who ever thought I should live to see the day I should be ordered about in my own kitchen by a cook?

And she drew a deep sigh, pressed her hands to her aching head, and wished she was dead or well again, she didn't exactly know which.

When Mr. Blithe came home he went up as usual to see his wife. Her hands were hot, and her cheeks flushed.

"You are not well to-night," said he.

She said nothing.

"What is the cause of this sudden change? you were so well this morning I flattered myself you would soon be about as usual."

"That I suppose would not make much difference, as I get along very well without me."

"Why, what do you mean? Of course I should be glad to see you well again, you have no doubt of it, have you?"

She said nothing, but her eyes were filling with tears.

"You are nervous to-night, wife, I must call the doctor in; you have quite a high fever; I don't understand this sudden change. I am afraid you set up too long to-day, did you not?"

She did not know.

"You haven't been out of the chamber, have you?"

"I have."

"That was very wrong; how far did you go?"

"I went down stairs."

"You must have been crazy."

"Not at all; I went down into the kitchen."

"No wonder then that you are worse."

"It is, indeed, no wonder," said she hysterically; "to go down into my kitchen and find my place filled by a cook, all without my knowledge or consent; to be asked to sit down in my own kitchen by a stranger! I wonder who is going to pay for all she'll waste, to say nothing of her enormous wages. You will find the difference, I can tell you, between a hired cook and your wife in the kitchen."

"But, said he calmly, you could not be there, and be in your chamber too."

"Well, but Biddy could have done very well till I was able to be about. I don't intend to be sick forever."

"But it was too much for Biddy, to see to you, and do all the work and the cooking beside."

"It would not have killed her, for a short time, I guess."

Mr. Blithe grew serious. "The doctor informed me," said he, "that it would be some time before you would be well, and that you never must work as hard as you had done; he said that you needed rest very much."

"I don't care for the doctor," said she, interrupting him; "I know I shall die if I am obliged to have a cook in the house, and I might, indeed, as well die as live, if I can't work."

And indeed she spoke the truth, for a life without work, would be to her the height of all misery.

"You don't understand me," said her husband kindly; "pray be calm while I explain. What I mean is this—you can have gentle exercise, and can see to the affairs of the house, but the hard laborious work must be done by some one else. This being so much over the fire to do the cooking for a large family, is especially injurious, and if persevered in may bring on serious consequences; of this I have been assured by the physician and I must strictly forbid your doing it any more. I tell all this because I think it best to do so. I intend henceforth to hire a cook and a chambermaid, and even a third girl if I find it necessary; as to the expense, when I find I cannot afford it, I shall be perfectly willing to retrench. And now don't make yourself miserable about it, I beseech you; I do it all for your good."

"A cook, a chambermaid, and perhaps a third girl! I never shall be able to live in the same house with them."

"Oh yes you will, and live comfortably too. There is nothing like being resigned to one's fate," said he cheerfully. "Now I am going for the doctor to look in upon you to-night, for I don't like these flushed cheeks and hot limbs."

So saying he left the room. The doctor came, shook his head and wanted to know what he had been doing. When he was told, he scowled and said she must have been crazy, he was afraid she would not be able to go down again very soon; ended by giving her a composing draught and said he would call again in the morning.

In the morning she was no better, when the physician came he declared she had a settled fever. For two or three weeks she was quite sick, and when the fever left her she was very weak and feeble. Week after week she passed in that sick chamber, not in much pain, but so languid and feeble she could scarcely raise her hand to her head. And what a comfort it was to her in her utter prostration of strength, to know that everything was going on smoothly in the house.

A faithful and attentive nurse supplied her every want, and down stairs the cook and Biddy got along wonderfully well. There were no complaints brought to her, the children were happy and contented and she knew they were well taken care of.

Her extreme weakness kept her from having any desire to be again about her work, and she fully realized the luxury of being sick—comfortably and free from harassing care.

She ever learned to think of a cook in her kitchen without a shudder.

As she grew better, she enjoyed a hundred little pleasures before unknown to her. Her husband would bring her home little delicacies which only the sick know how to appreciate.

When she could ride out, it was a perfect delight to her; she had never before had time to enjoy nor admire the beauties of Nature; now, the sunlight and the air were a perfect joy to her, after her long confinement; and when she got so that she could have the children in her room, she was perfectly happy. She had never before found time to join in their plays or listen to their innocent prattle, or enjoy their remarks; now they were to her a world of pleasure.

She began to see how in her busy, bustling life she had overlooked all these sources of true happiness, purer and holier than the pleasure of a well cooked dinner, or even a well kept house, although not inconsistent with either.

She began to realize that if she could not work, still these sources of happiness were open to her, and that she had much to be thankful for.

It was as the physician had said, her former strength and vigor never returned. She felt well and free from pain, but a little exercise fatigued her very much; she had worked too hard in her younger days and now she must rest; how well then that she could do it with every comfort and luxury about her.

Mr. Blithe found that it was not in his case so bad after all, to have a delicate wife. Now, if he wished her to take a ride or go on a visit, it, if not involving too much fatigue, she was ready and willing to accompany him; the old excuse, which he had heard so much, and of which he was so heartily sick, was never pleaded now. His wife had time for a great many things now, time to sit down with himself and not feel as if the moments were wasted, and it was in truth a great comfort to him to see her sit quietly and still, and seeming happy.

This entire change of life and habit was not brought about however without some trial; but still, weakness of body took away in a great degree the desire for active exercise; and then when Mrs. Blithe saw how smoothly things went along in her house, how well her directions were obeyed even though she did not lift her finger to do the slightest thing, she had no cause to fret or repine. Had she been poor the case would have been widely different, the strong necessity for labor would have made former habits return with full force.

Mr. Blithe enjoyed his house, his wife, and his children, more than he ever before had done.

"You find Susan," said he one day "that it is not after all, such a dreadful thing to keep a cook."

"I find," said she laughing, "it is best to be resigned to one's fate, and I find that mine is not after all so very hard."

Sudden Death—its Frequency and Causes.

No one can fail to be struck with the unusual numbers of instances in which death has been instantaneous, or nearly so, that have been reported among us in our immediate neighborhood during the past few months. If we except casualties and suicides, the affections to which these cases are usually ascribable are cerebral or cardiac; a certain number are due to sudden and profuse pulmonary hemorrhage. In our experience there have of late been instances which go very far to account for this alarming feature in mortality statistics. This is eminently a business community; too much so, by far, for its highest physical, mental, or moral well being. Proof enough could be obtained from the case books of our physicians, that we work too long and too steadily and do not have sufficient recreation. The care-worn, anxious, pallid American countenance has become a proverb; the hurried gait, giving the observer the idea that most of the occupants of our business thoroughfares are pursued by bailiffs, is a recognized fact, and a powerful cause, doubtless, in connection with the accompanying mental 'hot haste' of the national disease—dyspepsia. That this habit, ruling mind and body, must be a prolific source of the development of apoplectic seizures in many, can hardly be deemed an unwarrantable conclusion. The occurrence of attacks of this nature in persons comparatively young, and especially in the vigor of life, absorbed in engrossing, difficult and responsible pursuits, has been remarked with a frequency which should at once alarm and warn those similarly engaged. Nature will assert her rights, and broken physical laws will, in some way be vindicated.

As a people we cannot at all compare with most other nations in being amused and recreated. While nearly all, especially on the European continent, are very properly thus cared for by their governments, we are rarely able to unbend from daily tasks by general holidays. The days so observed are rather occasions of fatigue and excess to the active participants, and of multiform endurance to others. There should be some motive of relaxation for those from whom great physical and mental exertion is required, whether they be salesmen, laborious mechanics, or of sedentary professions. Let the anxieties of business be relieved by occasional vacation of exertion, and while the constitution will last longer, the renewed energy acquired will make ample returns for the time thus spent. Instances increase of over-taxation of the physical and mental powers, resulting in quick and melancholy bereavement, leaving families alike overwhelmed with grief and almost wholly unprovided for. If the consequences of such a course are not immediate, they are often partial and lingering, and the man who might have lived long, happily and usefully by duly regulated exertion, sinks into the confirmed invalid after an admonishing stroke of paralysis. Whenever the depression of spirits entailed by too great or prolonged effort leads the victim to a daily use of stimulants, as a temporary relief, the chances are a hundred fold increased that cerebral troubles will be manifested. A marked instance of this sort came under our notice only a few months ago; the amount of stimulus taken daily was but small; but the system being kept under high pressure, and tasked to its utmost by engrossing business cares, was suddenly smitten down by paralysis, and the recovery is as yet incomplete. This, in a man of thirty-five years, is a sad occurrence, and one which in all human probability, would not have happened but for the course he had been pursuing. These cases might be collected in large numbers. Should not prevent

tion be looked for here, where care is too often problematic and so frequently not to be thought of? It ever there was a duty which physicians owe to the communities in which they live, it is to warn them against that eager pursuit of wealth which too often destroys both body and mind.

We have referred to cerebral diseases, as induced by too long continued and severe application to business especially, and the general effects of such a nature as fostered by the system of 'all work and no play,' because they doubtless are the most frequent manifestations thus arising. That sudden death by cardiac disease or rupture of large vessels, may, and often does happen in scenes of wild carousal or furious quarrel, such as are getting to be so common in our large cities, is nearly sure.

The lamentable increase of suicides in our midst strongly arrests the attention. Three are chronicled within as many days, in our papers, two of them in this city and immediate neighborhood; and several others are still fresh in the public mind. To explain this state of things we must look farther than the ordinary idea at the root of all self-murder. This may be so in many cases; but the insanity that prompts it in countless others is that derived from that unbridled passion, mortified ambition, and undue mental exertion not relieved by any diversions; and reckless forgetfulness both of God and man.

Were the moral and religious sense of those who thus make war with themselves, better cultivated or not utterly perverted by the infidel that taint the masses, we should see less of this cowardly desertion of duty—this act of rashness, which not only destroys the individual, but stabs most cruelly those with whom he is connected. To apply our former opinions—we cannot but believe that less crowding of the brain and driving of the hands; more amusement publicly cared for; more time allowed for it (so that those who can now only snatch a few hours, and are consequently tempted to spend them in riot and extravagance might look forward to frequent periods of relaxation) and more attention to the laws of life, would ward off many of the causes, and thus vastly diminish the number of sudden deaths, referable to any of the agencies to which we have referred. [Medical and Surgical Journal.

DIFFERENCE OF IMAGINATION.—A tourist sends the following rich incident to the Boston Transcript:—

"Returning, the next morning, towards Island Pond, and just after passing the view just named, I overtook a rough man, in an India rubber coat, driving leisurely in his wagon. He reined up to enter into conversation. 'Are you from the lake?' he said. 'Yes.' 'Queer place.' 'Very.' 'You know, I s'pose,' he continued, 'that there are some of these fellers travelling round the country, jest to write descriptions of what they see?' I told him I had heard of such rascals. 'Well, it's strange, now,' he went on to say, 'how much they make out of almost nothing.' I've no doubt some on 'em would write flowery like about them rocks and that water, back a piece. If they find a tree growin' out of a rock, they see somethin' in it worth puttin' into print. Now my imagination (his imagination!) don't work so. I can think of nothin' else when I come through such a spot as that behind there, but good God, what a rough hole."

"A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING."—I know not whether, when Mr. Pope wrote these words, he had himself felt that his small knowledge of Greek had betrayed him into some inaccuracies in his translation of Homer, and therefore he was in anger with his own 'little learning'; but this I do know, that the lines have been quoted largely to countenance an indolence that human nature is already prone to, without the further aid of a popular poet. For in good sooth, he that never beginneth can never end; and he who would have much learning, must begin his labors with a little; therefore I do hold this to be one of those fallacies which throw an obstacle in the way of improvement, and therefore ought to be removed from the path.

Science duly followed up both elevate man to his greatest perfection; but even a small tincture thereof is not unuseful, for thereby is the mind rescued from that utter brutishness which leaveth it the mere tool of sensual and animal desires; and he who seeketh learning because he would not leave unused any of God's good gifts, will be in no danger of drawing therefrom any of that idle vanity which hath no part in the character of a good Christian. Every approach, however distant, to the enjoyment and appreciation of spiritual pleasures—and of this class are learning and science—is an approach also towards a capability of that immortality of spiritual happiness which is promised us; and they who discourage such attempts in those large classes of mankind who are necessitated to live by their daily toil, do ill service to God, by arresting his creatures in their progress towards the fulfillment of their great end and aim. Why should not the humblest begin in this life the course of instruction which hereafter is to receive its completion, in 'knowing even as we are known.'

PROFICIENCY OF WEST POINT CADETS.—The Boston Journal tells the following remarkable feat, performed by some of the West Point Students.

"We recently heard from the lips of one of the Board of Visitors at West Point a fact which illustrates the remarkable proficiency of the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary at the close of each day for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with guns at the close; when the day was upon tactics, the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary at the close of each day for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with guns at the close; when the day was upon tactics, the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary at the close of each day for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with guns at the close; when the day was upon tactics, the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary at the close of each day for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with guns at the close; when the day was upon tactics, the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary at the close of each day for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with guns at the close; when the day was upon tactics, the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary at the close of each day for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with guns at the close; when the day was upon tactics, the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary at the close of each day for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with guns at the close; when the day was upon tactics, the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary at the close of each day for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with guns at the close; when the day was upon tactics, the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary at the close of each day for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with guns at the close; when the day was upon tactics, the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary at the close of each day for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the day was upon gunnery, there would be practice with guns at the close; when the day was upon tactics, the pupils of the institution, not only in their studies, but in the practical part of military duty. The annual examination this year lasted for seventeen days, and it is customary at the close of each day for the students to give a practical illustration of the sciences upon which they have been examined. Thus when the examination of the

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, ... AUG. 16, 1855.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

P. F. ALLEN, 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 No. 10 State St., Boston, and at No. 10 State St., Waterville, Me. He is also authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

The Poison Case at Winslow.

Coroner Kimball has handed us the verdict of the jury of inquest in the case of Mrs. Orra Pollard, with brief minutes of the testimony taken.

Wm. Pollard, husband of the deceased, testified that both himself and wife were taken sick Thursday afternoon; that he was at McCausland's the evening previous, and McCausland said that as Mrs. Pollard had worked hard that day he would send her a little rum; that he drank of it next morning before breakfast, and that his wife drank before dinner; he drank coffee and she tea at dinner. One boy took dinner at another place, but drank of the liquor, and was sick. Had some little misunderstanding with McCausland about a land-warrant.

Dr. Babb testified that there was a high state of inflammation in the stomach, indicating poison; could not tell what kind—might have been caused by vegetable food.

Dr. Boutelle saw the stomach, and inferred that some poisonous substance was there; agreed with statement of Dr. Babb; there was nothing peculiar in the case taken by itself, but in connection with others should think it must have been the result of some irritant taken into the stomach.

Otis Pollard, oldest son of deceased, took breakfast at home, drank some of the liquor, and ate the same as the rest of the family.—Took dinner at home, and was taken sick at 5 o'clock P. M.; was at home when his mother was taken sick; both taken with pain in stomach; drank some liquor, and saw his mother turn some out into a cup, but did not see her drink. Vomited all night by spells.

Wm. Pollard, Jr., found them 'all sick on returning home; deceased just taken, and all in great pain; deceased purged once or twice before she vomited. Hiram was the sickest in the house; threw up baked beans, and began to recover after he had vomited awhile. Was told by the family all they had eaten or drank, except the liquor. Next night his father told him about the liquor; said the reason why he did not tell before was because he thought it would make trouble. Gave the bottle to Erasmus Warren, with part of a teaspoonful of liquor in it, to hand to Mr. Kimball or Dr. Babb.

Hiram Pollard, son of deceased, was taken sick at half past 5 o'clock Thursday P. M. Ate breakfast with the family, fish and potatoes, cheese, bread, molasses and tea, and took some of the liquor. Ate dinner at Mrs. Dowse's.—Drank during the day some cider and sweetened water. Was taken in the field with pain across the bowels and purged about a quarter of an hour before vomiting.

Prof. Hamlin, of Waterville College—Received the contents of the stomach from Dr. Babb, and a bottle containing a small quantity of liquor, from the Coroner. The quantity was so small he could make only two tests.—Took Marshall's test, which is considered the best when there is no organic substance. Found no indication of arsenic or antimony. Took another test and found no arsenic. Made other tests with the same results—no appearance of arsenic, antimony or corrosive sublimate. Did not examine the stomach itself.

The jury was composed of Franklin Kimball, coroner, Robert Ayer, R. H. Green, C. C. Cornish, Ch. Drummond, Amasa Dingley, and E. A. Paine, whose verdict was "That the deceased came to her death by some cause to them unknown."

PRETTY PLAIN CONTRADICTION.—The State of Maine, in reporting the doings of the Republican mass meeting, says, "The determination to ignore the Maine Law was expressed by all the principal speakers." One of the regular resolutions of that meeting, adopted without a single voice in opposition, was the following:

Resolved, That the perpetuation and execution of the Maine Law are among the fundamental issues of the Republican Party of Maine.

Another resolution, adopted with equal unanimity, 'heartily commends' Anson P. Morrill to the suffrages of the people, for the reason that he is 'an ardent supporter and friend of the temperance reform.' The editor of that paper must be a man of remarkable integrity, if able to look such contradiction in the face. That bullet must have shattered his hat. The same paper reports the number of persons from 'out of town' at only 4000, while no other estimate that we have seen puts it below ten thousand.

Although the apple crop in Maine is rather light, at the West it promises to be very abundant. In Western New York farmers have commonly been obliged to prop up the limbs of trees, on account of the quantity of fruit; and it is stated that on the Western Reserve, Ohio, farmers have made contracts to sell them on the trees, the buyers to pick them, at six or seven cents the bushel.

Look out for pickpockets! A number are said to be in attendance upon the Circus which will exhibit here next week. A man was relieved of his pocket-book, containing twenty-five dollars, during the performance at Belfast the other day.

Two cases of yellow fever are reported at the Washington Navy Yard. The victims were from Portsmouth. Three other cases are reported in the city.

OUR TABLE.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—Contents of No. 286:—An account of Mont Blanc, Sydney Smith, The Transatlantic Telegraph, part 4 of Sister Anna, A Tale of Jutland, A King out of Harness, Mr. Ruskin's Notes—many short articles and some good poetry. Published in weekly numbers of 64 pages each, by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year, and sent to any part of the country free of postage.

THE SCOTCHMAN.—The July number of this publication, devoted to the exposure of quackery and the dissemination of a knowledge of the laws of health among the people, has just been received. It is filled with matter interesting and valuable alike to the professional and general reader. Published quarterly by Edward H. Dixon, M. D., New York, at \$1 a year.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—The July No. contains many valuable articles, some of which are of especial interest to Americans, as the following table of contents will show:—Spinoza, International Immorality, Self Education, The Physiological Errors of Totalitarianism, The Decline of Party Government, The Foreign Policy of the United States, Contemporary Literature.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York. Terms of Subscription:—Any one Review or Blackwood, \$3 a year. Blackwood and one Review, or any two Reviews, \$5. The four Reviews and Blackwood, \$10. Four Copies, \$30.—Postage on the four Reviews and Blackwood to any post office in the United States, only 80 cents a year. Viz: 14 cents a year on each Review, and 24 cents a year on Blackwood.

New volumes of the Westminster, London Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine continue with the July numbers.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—The September number is at hand, containing, like all its predecessors, much to make this magazine popular with the ladies. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

For The Mail.

Motive Power.—No. 2.

In the present age of enterprise, discoveries and improvements far greater, no doubt, than have ever been made on our globe in the same period of time, will interest and lead the philosophical mind to inquire into the nature of such discoveries; to closely consider and investigate the physical laws made use of, that may be by scientific induction judge with certainty, of the practical and permanent utility of such discoveries and improvements, and their permanent importance to mankind. No effort will be neglected to obtain a correct knowledge of the discoveries and improvements which have been made within the last half-century, and of their importance to mankind; and to do so it will be necessary to take a retrospective view of the origin and progress of the mechanic arts. Now, as all things existed in their original state, to prepare and fit them for the use and benefit of mankind required a certain amount of labor, and to perform this labor required a motive power to accomplish it; so that the first hand that was raised to pluck the fruit from the Garden of Paradise, and the first act to till the ground, brought into operation the motive power of the hand and arm, directed by the human will to effect this, and was correctly termed manual labor, being performed by the motive power of the human hand and arm.—This first act of the human hand to pluck the fruit from the tree was the origin of motive power. But soon other motive powers were discovered, such as that of animals, and called into requisition, which would now be termed horsepower. To aid men and animals to make use of these motive powers to better advantage, the inventive genius of the human mind soon invented wheel carriages. This, so far as is known, was the origin of the mechanic arts; a knowledge of motive powers and the knowledge of the mechanic arts, to aid the operation of motive power, have moved on hand in hand from their origin to the present time; so far as history informs us, slow in their progress in the first ages of the world, but within the last half century, the inventive genius of the human mind has seemed to receive a new impetus. Discoveries, inventions and improvements have moved on in rapid and quick succession unparalleled in our world's history, and more especially since a knowledge of the great motive powers of water and steam have been known and made use of. How soon, after manual and horsepower as motive agents, wind was made use of as a motive power for the sailing of vessels, there are no historical facts to show; but this was evidently the third motive power called into requisition for lessening and saving manual labor. The fourth was undoubtedly water, this as a motive power was the first made use of as a manufacturing agent, probably in moving millstones in grinding; and its successful operation for this purpose might have been the first step of its introduction, as a manufacturing agent, for moving and keeping in operation machinery for all the great purposes of manufacturing. This was the first motive power known to have been called into requisition for manufacturing, for all fabrics, for all clothing made use of in the world, except what was done by manual labor, and the value of the motive power of water was so little known and understood that its progress has been very gradual.

Even at the present time, to announce and proclaim to the most profound and scientific men and engineers that water as a motive power in permanence and durability is ever will be the very best and greatest manufacturing agent in its sphere of operations would be considered as a very great error in scientific knowledge. But if the nature of its great intrinsic value is fully considered and appreciated, it will be clearly seen that this is not estimating and claiming for water as a motive power a value above its real worth as a manufacturing agent.

Now as the discovery of steam as a motive power, was undoubtedly one of the greatest and most important scientific discoveries which has ever yet been made in the march of science and scientific discoveries, and may be considered the fifth great motive power, though it is only the expansion of water by the expansive force of caloric or heat; and though a more expensive motive power than water, yet no less but of equal importance in value; and the reasons are obvious why steam as a motive power, though so much more expensive to be put and kept in operation, should be of equal importance to water power. In the first place steam power, like water power, when made use

of as a manufacturing agent, must be stationary. Here it will be seen, if considered, that it must fall much short, in point of value to good water power. For the engines, to commence operations, are far more expensive than permanent stone dams, and these engines will require more or less repairs from time to time; and when worn out, new engines. But stone dams, rightly built, will never need repair, or reconstruction. And again, the constant and daily expenses of fuel and labor, will be required to carry on the operations of steam power.

Taking such a view of this important subject, it must be very evident that for a stationary motive power for all manufacturing purposes, good water power will be far superior to steam. But steam, as a motive power for the important purposes of propelling all locomotives on seas, lakes, rivers and cars on railroads, has no superior. For such purposes, water power cannot be substituted. By this view of the comparative value of these two great motive powers, some may come to the conclusion that steam, though much more expensive, yet being in all respects capable of acting in the two-fold capacity of propelling stationary as well as locomotive machinery, will rank higher than water, and may lessen its value as a motive power. But this cannot be the case when good water power can be found, so situated that steam power in its operation will afford the best facilities for transportation. Then it must be clearly evident that these two greatest of motive powers, as manufacturing and locomotive agents, to be made available to the very best possible advantage, must move on hand in hand and mutually increase the value of each other.—Steam will be the most important for propelling all machinery of locomotives. Water power will be more important for propelling and keeping in operation all machinery for all manufacturing purposes. On the one hand steam in its varied sphere of operations will effect many important purposes for which water power cannot be made a substitute. On the other hand water power, as a great manufacturing agent, and equal in importance to propel all stationary machinery, if fully secured by permanent stone dams, will renew, in all coming time, its great resources for all operations, without any expense to owners; fixing a value on good water power, well situated, which cannot be claimed for any other property known. But as links in the great chain, all the other motive powers are essential and indispensable to carry on all the great business concerns of human society. But a greater and more scientific knowledge of the two great motive powers, water and steam, for propelling machinery, and the application of such knowledge to discoveries and improvements, will not remain, in this scientific age, in statu quo. But as science, which is a knowledge of the operations of the laws of nature, advances, all these motive powers will be more clearly understood, and their true value appreciated according to its importance, from the single hand that moves the pen to communicate and disseminate knowledge, to the great motive powers which will perform the labor of thousands or millions of men; and a knowledge of the mechanic arts, in the invention and improvement of machinery, will save the labor of millions of men.

DRUGS.

Correspondence of the Mail.
Leaves from my Portfolio.

NAHANT, July, '55

Here, away on this rock-bound peninsula, this beautiful and fashionable resort, I've spent the day very pleasantly and very quietly, watching the great ocean heave in wave after wave from the outer deep, to break upon the shore.

I reached here per seaman Nelly Baker, an elegant and fast sailing boat, in about an hour from Boston. The trip is a very pleasant one for as you sail out of the harbor you pass scores of vessels at anchor each side the channel, leaving behind the city rising like a dome from the forest of masts, relieved by the green of the trees on the Common which stretches away south to where the ocean washes its shores, and west till the view is hidden by piles of brick and mortar. As you pass out the harbor, you leave Castle Island with its frowning embankments on the right, Deer Island, with its Hospital, on the left, and again far away on Long Island the Hotel and the Fort guarding the outer channel. To the left we pass Deer Island and Fawn Bar, and then round into the open sea, steering directly for Nahant.

The Nahant House, under the management of Messrs. Stevens, the romantic cottages clustered near, and this iron-bound coast, are attractions that bring hither many 'fair women and brave men' from all parts of the Union, but principally from New England, to enjoy the glorious ocean breezes of this most fashionable and famous of our northern seaside resorts. Every one who is anybody, or is supposed to be here, has a carriage, and scores of rival turnouts may be seen in the after part of the day with their gaily dressed occupants leaving for a drive on Chelsea Beach or along the shore, towards Lynn, while others crowd the spacious parlors and broad piazzas of the Hotel; together forming a scene of gaiety, exclusiveness and extravagance, not to be seen elsewhere in New England.

The traveller in search of adventure would see most to admire in the crags and cliffs that skirt the shore, and enjoy most a seat high above the waves that roll in from sea and break upon the rocks, and where he can watch the sails in the offing or the tiny craft stealing out from the Bay for a fishing excursion a few miles from shore.

There are a thousand gentle undulations of the changing sea, that quiver and gleam in the sunlight, faint ships in the distance, 'outward bound,' mere specks, too, which a half hour shall reveal into full-rigged ships 'homeward bound,' freighted with the products of climes beyond the sea. The effect of the ocean is

produced, not so much by association, as by the sources of its power. The calm of yesterday may be tumultuous to-day, to-morrow again be placid as a lake and its liquid mountains disappear. Each wave with foaming crest that spends its fury on the surf, beaten shore is followed by another and another, that reveals distinctly upon its mutable face expressions of its peace, its sorrow or joy, its madness or fear; and when we leave the seaside and these reflections, we shall feel strange among familiar things.

IKE, JR.

Reason Enough!

The Quarterly Session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance have adopted and circulated an address to the people of the State, in which they very ably set forth the reasons why the question of temperance has become a portion of the political organization of the voters of Maine and the motives which should prompt to its support. The following paragraphs are at least worthy the attention of such as would vote honestly:

The annual destruction of 20,000,000 bushels of the people's bread, and the use of 100,000,000 gallons of spirituous and malt liquors in its stead, has become a subject worthy of the attention of all true and intelligent citizens. This dram-drinking is the chief cause of the pauperism of the country—in a single year about 150,000 persons are aided by public charity, at an expense to the sober and industrious people of this nation, of nearly \$3,000,000.

The annual conviction of about 30,000 persons for crime in this country, with the greater amount of vice which never receives legal investigation, and the immense amount necessarily expended in sustaining the criminal laws, is also a subject not unworthy the attention of the fathers of the country. And when it is found that about seven-eighths of the crimes of the people are caused directly by intemperance, it is not at all strange that honest legislators have deemed it their duty to interfere.

Then the annual destruction of 30,000 lives in the United States by intemperance is an overwhelming item in this account, thus each year, this terrible custom, utterly destroying by death and crime, more than 50,000 of our fellow citizens. Allowing one half this number to have been the annual average since the 4th of July 1776, about 2,000,000 of our people have been lost to the country, lost to their friends, lost to themselves, in consequence of this monster vice.

And then add to these overwhelming facts, the vast number of innocent victims of dram-drinking—the friends of the intemperate.—These have suffered unprotected—the enlightened and christian government under which they have lived, and suffered, and died, has not only consented to their wrong, but legalized their ruin.

Let the honest voter, after looking candidly at the above facts, cast his vote for 'free rum,' and sleep sweetly afterwards if he can.

Choice of Pursuits in Life.

There is a genuine good sense and right feeling expressed in the following paragraphs, from a late work by Mrs. Sedgwick. The sentiments expressed are in harmony with just views of our Republican institutions:

I shall be governed by circumstances; I do not intend or wish Anthon to crowd my boys into the learned professions. If any among them have particular talent or taste for them, they may follow them. They must decide for themselves in a matter more important to them than any one else. But my boys know that I should be mortified if they selected these professions from the vulgar notion that they were more genteel—a vulgar word that ought to be banished from the American vocabulary—more genteel than agriculture or the mechanic arts.

I have labored hard to convince my boys that there is nothing vulgar in the mechanic's profession—no particular reason for envying the lawyer or the doctor. They as much as the farmer and mechanic, are working men. And I should like to know what there is particularly elevating in sitting over a table and writing prescribed forms, or inquiring into the particulars of disease and doling out physic for them.

It is certainly false notions in a Democratic Republic, that a lawyer has any higher claim to respectability, gentility, if you please, than a tanner, a blacksmith, a painter, or a builder. It is the fault of the mechanic, if he takes the place not assigned to him by the government and institutions of his country. He is of the lower orders only when he is self-degraded by the ignorance and coarse manners which are associated with manual labor in countries where society is divided into castes, and have come to be considered inseparable from it. Rely upon it, it is not so. The old barriers are down. The time has come when being mechanics, we may appear on laboring days, as well as holidays, without the sign of our profession. Talent and worth are the only eternal grounds of distinction. To these the Almighty has affixed his everlasting patent of nobility, and these it is which make bright the immortal name to which our children may aspire as well as others. It will be our own fault, Anthon, if, in our land, society as well as government, is not organized upon a new foundation. But we must secure, by our own efforts, the elevations that are now accessible to all.

THE MAINE STATE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will hold their Twelfth Annual Convention at Bath, Me., on Tuesday, the 4th of September, 1855, at 9 o'clock A. M.; and the Teachers' Class, under the sanction of the Association, will commence its sessions at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue four days. The Class will be under the direction of Professor B. F. Baker, of Boston, aided by Professors Henderson and Ball, and Mrs. Minnie Little.

SOME OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF A RUMOR.—The following curious story in illustration of the Russian military rules is translated from a German paper:

At the time of the report of the taking of Sebastopol was current, a rich nobleman from the town of S— on the frontier of Galicia, received a letter announcing the fall of Sebastopol and the burning of Odessa. He had some friends with him at the same time to whom he communicated the contents, requesting them, however, not to mention it. Unfortunately his wishes were disregarded, and in a few hours nothing in all Warsaw was spoken of but the burning of Odessa and taking of Sebastopol.

The report was carried to Prince Paskewitch, who immediately sent for the nobleman and asked him—

'Count from whence have you this news?' The nobleman handed the prince the letter. 'There is not a word of truth in all this,' said the Prince.

'I thought so,' answered the count, and I only

mentioned it to a few confidential friends, with a request not to repeat it. 'The Government has full confidence in you, as you have repeatedly given proofs of your loyalty,' said the Prince, 'we are far from a wish to punish you for this. But I desire that you should convince yourself by a pleasure trip to Odessa and Sebastopol, that the report is totally false.' 'As your Highness orders.' Go to my Secretary, and he will tell you of my further wishes.

The Count left and repaired to the Secretary, who handed him a prepared passport.—Scarcely had he arrived in his own house, when aid de camp entered and announced to him that the carriages and post horses were waiting him.

During the time the burning of Odessa, and the taking of Sebastopol occupied all Europe, our unfortunate count was on his unwilling journey, behind our fiery steeds, to convince himself of the truth of the report. At Odessa he was taken to the palace of the Governor, who received him very kindly, but immediately ordered him to Sebastopol. Here also he was politely received by Menchikoff, taken every where, and then immediately sent back to Warsaw, where as soon as he was out of the carriage, he was conducted to the Prince, who accosted him with the remarks, 'Well, Count what do you now believe? Are Odessa and Sebastopol taken?'

'Oh your highness,' answered the Count who was half dead with his hurried journey, 'both towns are still secure, so secure that they never can be taken.' 'Go, then, Count, invite your confidential friends to your house, tell them under the seal of secrecy, all that you have seen, so that on this day all Warsaw may know it.'

Scarcely had the count reached his house when the same aid-de camp entered and handed him the bill of the expenses of the journey. The unfortunate Count had to pay seven thousand and several hundred silver roubles for his indiscretion.

Since this affair, no one in Warsaw tells even to his bosom friend, news from the seat of war although it should have appeared officially in the public journals.

AMUSING TRANSLATIONS.—Let me give you a few examples of the literature evoked this season by the inroads of so many foreigners, and by the necessity of addressing them in their own language. Medoyen, one of the first Paris publishers, has issued a description of the Hotel des Invalides in English, evidently translated from the Frenchman. This work bears upon it the blue stamp of the Minister of the Interior, authorizing it to be peddled. I know you will thank me for the following elegant extract:

'The Hotel des Invalides has one character which is entirely new to it and out of all the other known buildings. These are not the appearance of a palace, of a barracks, of a hospital; it is nothing of that, and however it is all that under the name of Hotel des Invalides, original, perfect, establishment, that not a modern people has yet equalled, however willing imitate.'

The following passage is a master piece of idiomatic French:

'The sides of the building are crowned with some trophies adorned with warlike and symbolical trophies, of a composition beautiful enough, but disguised by some opening unclosed, of a common and pitiful taste. The two orders are Ionic whose volutes are formed of some corn (horns) of rams and the other composite; which is of unlucky effect. All that is terminated by one ornamented front in the taste of the age; in the middle of that front is the dial of a clock to equation which dates of 1781.

Speaking of Napoleon's last words, the translator says:

'Touching wish of a deading man, will of an emperor expiring in the exile, realized by a king who sought to go, he too, to carry his ash on the foreign land!'

Speaking of the graves of Duroc and Bertrand which precede Napoleon's tomb, the translator exclaims:

'Splendid thought; noble historical trilogy; the Courage and the Friendship watching to the door of the Glory! That accommodation has something of Homer's, it might be a song of the Iliad so much the thought which presides to that arrangement is filled with poetry, with grand, with simplicity, and with power!'

SENTIMENTALISM.—Mrs. Swishem, noticing the publication of a new love story, says: 'All that stuff about woman's love has been said over and over again a hundred thousand times, to the great detriment of the best interests of humanity. There is no kind of necessity for using the press to persuade silly girls that it is very romantic and womanly to love a scoundrel; to leave her affections ungarded by reason or experience, and drift helplessly into sin, shame and despair, as an evidence of her unsuspecting womanhood.

It is not true that woman's affections are any stronger or more durable than man's—we think the opposite is the case, and that two-thirds of all the women who pine away or die of love do so for the want of something better to do. Everything calculated to make love-sickness a feminine accomplishment is a great injury; but to strew the path of the suicide with the flowers of poetry and romance is in a high degree reprehensible.

The best motto to guard young girls through the mazes of love is, Do right and trust in God. A girl who has done no wrong has little cause to mourn over the fickleness of a pretended lover. Better he should change his mind before than after marriage.

Old Father Time, the parent of bright-eyed truth, is daily developing new facts and theories, but among his numerous progeny no fact is more incontestible than that the success attending the introduction of G. W. Stone's Liquid Cathartic (and Family Physic) to the public use, is utterly without a parallel. Those families which have made the most thorough trial of its merits are loudest and most enthusiastic in their encomiums of its virtues. It admirably meets a want long experienced by all classes of persons, and is rapidly gaining that confidence which it so richly deserves.

MIXTURE TO CHARM RATS.—We have received the following, which we believe has not previously appeared in print, from a gentleman of this city:

'Mix one shilling's worth of Spanish flick in a bottle of the best French brandy, cork it well, and after shaking, deposit the bottle in smoking horse dung; let it remain six weeks, and it will be fit for use. In spite of the usual caution of rats, a few drops of this liquid will entice them into any kind of a trap you choose to employ. Some time during the last century government ordered a certain number of men to be levied from the different parishes, and the local authorities generally fixed upon such as were chargeable with petty crimes, or who were employed in the least necessary vocations. James Runciman, a rat-catcher in Midlothian, was considered as belonging to the latter class, and accordingly, sent on board one of his Majesty's ships, where, not liking his new profession, he counterfeited insanity. It happened that the ship was annoyed with rats, and Runciman, overhearing the captain and

one of his mates consulting how they could be destroyed, exclaimed: 'What's a' this about rats for, when I'm on board?' 'You on board,' cried the captain, 'and what can you do?' 'I can make them cut their own throats,' 'The deuce you can,' exclaimed the captain; 'I should like very much to see it.' Runciman went below, got a razor blade, rubbed it over with a liquid that belonged to his profession, wetting the beels of his shoes with the same material; then fixed the razor edgewise on a plank on the deck, and went down to the steward's room, where the smell from his shoes attracted the rats, who followed him to the deck, and pressing to get at the scented razor blade, cut themselves on its keen edge. 'Launch a boat, and send that rascal on shore, for I won't sail with him,' cried the captain, who, like most sailors, was very superstitious. So Runciman was restored to liberty and his darling employment of charming rats.

[Aberdeen (Scotland) Journal.]

THE WHEELER SLAVE CASE.—The grand jury of the court of quarter sessions on Wednesday found true bills against Passmore Williamson and the five colored men who were arrested for participating in the affray, with Col. John H. Wheeler, of Philadelphia. The bills are for riot, assault and battery.

The driver of the carriage which took off Mr. Wheeler's slaves, has made his mark to an affidavit which states that the slaves were carried off by force, and entirely against their will. The friends of Mr. Williamson have had a preliminary meeting for the purpose of testing the question of his being kept in imprisonment for contempt.

A meeting of conference has been held in Philadelphia, composed of some of the most substantial citizens, to consider the propriety of some public expression of disapprobation of the imprisonment of Passmore Williamson. A committee was appointed to take the matter into consideration, and report at a future meeting.

BUGLARY.—We regret to learn that our friend Stearns was a loser last Wednesday night to the extent of about \$300, jewelry to that amount having been carried off by a burglar. It seems that the miscreant entered a back window, by means of an opening made by removing two squares of glass. The jewelry seemed to be the object of the thief, nothing else of consequence having been missed. Stearns had the day before received an addition to his stock in that department, and it is inferred that it was some one well acquainted with this fact that undertook the job of stealing it.

Stearns lost about \$400 by the disaster to the Ocean, and we are sorry that this loss should be added to his former loss, he being a young man building up a business, and one who can but ill afford such large leaks in his capital. We hope it may be made up to him in increased patronage in his line.—[Bath Tribune.]

A SMART OLD MAN.—Mr. Peter Judkins of Palmyra formerly of Brentwood, N. H., who is now eighty-four years of age, is a good specimen of Yankee vigor and enterprise. Last year he made Churns and sold them, for the purpose of getting surplus money in order to allow his making a journey to Wisconsin. He made the journey and while in Wisconsin set the glass for a large block of buildings, occupying nearly the whole winter in the work. He has returned to his home in Palmyra, in good health and spirits, and more than ever pleased with his home in the beautiful State of Maine.

DIRT, CONSIDERED AS APPAREL.—There is no denying the fact, though it is not agreeable to confess it, that dirt and grease are great protectors of the skin against inclement weather; and that, therefore, the leader of a party should not be too exacting about the appearance of his less warmly clad followers. Daily washing, if not followed by oiling must be compensated for by wearing clothes. Take the instance of a dog; he will sleep out under any bush, and thrive there, so long as he is not washed, groomed, and kept clean; but if he be, he must have a kennel to lie in. A savage will never wash unless he can grease himself afterwards—grease takes the place of clothing to him. We can afford to wash, but naked men cannot.

A SNAKE STORY.—The Boston Correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune relates the following anecdote, which the Boston Bee pronounces 'Munchausen-ish.' Perhaps if the Bee man should see Prof. Crouch, in the attitudes and under the circumstances mentioned, he would lay aside his doubts, regarding the Professor's love of snakes:

'In Portland there resides, or did until lately, a composer and teacher of music who was addicted to catching snakes. He could make them come to him if there were any in the neighborhood. He would go to walk in the vicinity of the city and return with his hat full of snakes. At times he had large accumulations of them at his house, and would occasionally put one in his pocket when he went to make a call. A lady to whom he had taught the piano told me that he sometimes brought a snake to her house, and that she had often seen him in the street with the heads of two or three snakes issuing from beneath his hat as he returned from a snake hunt—though it could scarcely be called a hunt, as he caught them with the utmost ease. In fact, they sought him.'

ATTENTION! SLAVE-HUNT IN AMERICA!—Two or three days since, a gentleman of the parish, in hunting runaway negroes came upon a camp of them on Cat Island. He succeeded in arresting two of them, but the third made fight, and upon being shot in the shoulders, fled to a sluice, where the dogs succeeded in drowning him before assistance could arrive.—[St. Francisville (La.) Chronicle.]

There are but few countries in the world where such noble game can be found. And this has peculiarly about it: There is no season when it is not lawful to pursue it!—[Albany Evening Journal.]

HUMAN PERFUME NOT AGREEABLE TO WILD ANIMALS.—In relation to the power of animals to scent the approach of man, Mr. Galton says: 'Our own senses do not make us aware of what is disagreeable enough to confess that the whole species of mankind yields a powerful and wide-spreading emanation that is utterly disgusting and repulsive to every animal in its wild state. It requires some experience to realize this fact; a man must frequently have watched the heads of a herd of far distant animals tossed up in alarm the moment that they catch his wind. He must have observed the tracks of animals—how, when they have crossed his own of the preceding day, the beast that has made them has stopped, scrutinized and shunned it—before he can believe what a Yahoo he is among the brute creation. No cleanliness of the individual seems to diminish this remarkable odor; indeed, the more civilized the man, the more subtle it appears to be. The touch of a game-keeper scares less than that of the master, and the touch of a negro or bushman less than that of a traveller from Europe.'

Wilson Shannon has accepted the Governorship of Kansas, and will depart forthwith for the Territory.

