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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 13, No. 45): May 17, 1860

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Daniel Ripley Wing

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ESCAPED FROM THE NET,  
ON THE POINT OF HONOR.

Among all manly virtues, especially among boys, none sits so gracefully, or becomes a youth so nobly as honesty. For as gifts vary in degree—in quality and in quantity—so honesty can be cultured by the aid of plain reasoning, and, reduced to a principle, becomes something more than it originally was.

Again: honesty is something more than policy; and I read that, 'honesty is a boyish or a manly virtue,' in preference to 'honesty is the best policy.' I will endeavor more clearly to illustrate this in the story I am about to relate to you.

Luke Kendall was a poor lad of some thirteen years of age, and doing duty as errand-boy in the warehouse of a wealthy trader in a large town, which I shall call Dunchester—a name that will serve (for the story is true) just as well as if I were to give you its real and well-known cognomen.

Peter Dourick—representative of the late firm of 'Dourick and Nephew'—was a thriving, thrifty, plodding man of business, intent upon making a fortune; and, knowing that this could not be done without attention to it, he was always at his office, at his desk, or on 'Change, or wherever else his business called him, at the same hour, and to the moment. Punctuality was Mr. Dourick's great virtue, and in this opinion he was backed by men of much greater name, and whose business was far vaster and more important.

Luke Kendall was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and, through her late husband, she was in some remote degree related to Mr. Dourick, which emboldened her to ask that magnate to take her poor boy—the hope and pride, and stay of her widowed life—into his office; and as Luke was a quick, intelligent lad, could read and write well, and Mr. Dourick did want a boy, it suited him to take the lad into his office, and remunerate his zealous services with the munificent stipend of one dollar a week.

For twelve months Luke Kendall had gone through his probation as office boy, and had behaved in every way satisfactorily to his employer. Civil, ready to oblige, industrious, and of a frank and free nature, he possessed almost every quality of making friends with all around him, and all seemed going on with the greatest mutual satisfaction, when a circumstance occurred which nearly wrecked all his hopes, and added one more proof to the many existing obstacles that lie apparently in the most plain and open path of life.

In the same establishment, where a number of men were employed, was a foreman, John Appleby, a steady, reliable man, much attached to Luke for his general readiness to do anything that was required to be done, and whose business it was to pay the workers their weekly wages on the Saturday night, in a little outer office adjacent to the main entrance of the warehouse.

John Appleby was in the habit of requiring change on such occasions—change of a twenty or a fifty dollar note, as it might happen—and he had been so accustomed to trust to the quickness and integrity of Luke, that the lad had become to him a sort of right-hand man.

It was on one cold, foggy November evening, when the feeble lamps, twinkling in the gloom, barely lent sufficient light to the wayfarer unaccustomed to the streets to make his way; the time being about six; Mr. Dourick and his chief clerks being gone; only the foreman in his little office, as his dim light indicated; the workmen grouped without, waiting for their pay in expectant silence, or only conversing in murmurs. On such an evening as this, John Appleby gave Luke Kendall a fifty-dollar note to get changed at a neighboring shop, where it was customary to obtain this convenience, and with injunctions to hasten back, and to be careful of the money.

Luke obeyed. It was a bitter, raw, foggy night, as I have told you. The moist air gathered on the lad's cheeks and rolled down like tears, while the cold wind made his ears tingle. The streets were dirty, too; a thick clamminess seemed to pervade everything everywhere, and the leaping flame of the coal fires, and the lights within the parlors he passed, throwing a cheerful prospect around, made Luke hug himself in the fancy how cozy to would feel at home by the fireside, his mother having gone to market with his little wages, and himself delightedly turning over the pages of his PLAXMERE, taken fresh and clean from the post office that very evening.

'Hallo, Luke? Where are you off to?' said a voice in his ear as he hurried along.

'Ah! Edward Hawkins is it you!' exclaimed Luke, with a start of surprise. 'I thought you were at the office still. I'm going,' he added in reply, to get change for this,' holding up the note.

'That! How much?' Master Hawkins snatched the note away, turned to the light, and looked at it, as Luke, not much liking the apparent practical joke, cried out.

'Come, master Ned; none of that if you please. John Appleby is waiting, and will think I have been loitering on the way; and I don't want to lose his confidence, or keep the men waiting.'

'All right, here you are; it's a fifty—one as came in to-day for goods,' was the reply. 'Good night! I say. You needn't say you've seen me. I'm going to the play to-night, and if my aunt only knew! You won't tell, will you, there's a good fellow?'

In reply to this pleading, and thinking, boy-like, little or nothing of it, Luke readily answered.

'No, no, I won't tell.'

'But if you're asked?—Give me your word.'

'Why, who'll ask me?' said Luke; then added, 'Well, I give you my word! I won't tell if asked; there, good night! I must run now.' And, with the note crumpled up in his hand, off Luke darted to finish his mission.

His errand so far was soon despatched.—The cashier at the shop, on seeing his smiling, ruddy face, smiled in turn, holding out her hand, as recognizing his business, saying, 'Lanconically—'

'Change!'

'Yes, please,' replied Luke, 'for a fifty dollar note, gold and silver, if you can.'

'Fifty! very well, I dare say we can manage it.'

She opened the note, looked at it, and put it, with a pen and ink, before him to sign across the back—a common custom—while she counted out the money. This being done, Luke put the silver in a canvas bag, and the gold into his waistcoat pocket, nodded his good night, and was soon plying near to the warehouse once more, when all of a sudden he stopped.

He stopped, started, confused, astonished, for his too had struck against something that tickled, as it fell again, with a sweet, metallic golden sound—a sound not strange to him, since he had heard it sufficiently often, but which at the instant struck upon his ears with a melodious charm impossible to describe.

He stooped down and picked a gleaming coin from among the dirt.

'Eh! what's that? But what was it?'

'Burnt! a bright golden half-eagle! a specific, a talisman, a visitant that would make his mother brighter and gladden again; for

# The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE....THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1860.

NO. 45.

Oh! how much, at that moment, did she require one for some trifling back rent—for some coals—for a pair of shoes—a new cloak—for infinite things!

They had talked over the matter before this. If she had but a single half-eagle, the worn widow would say, rocking herself over the embers of the fire, poor Luke should have a new jacket; then his boots let in the water, and the weather was cold and wet, and the widow's son was delicate. So Mrs. Kendall thought aloud, more than once, in Luke's hearing, and Luke could only wisely echo the same.

Now, he had found it, and it was his own; and he had only to hurry, home with it, show her the ruddy gold piece, and gladden her heart with joy. It had been depressed so long, the sensation would be a novelty.

Then a new thought struck him. What a person finds, that some other person must lose. Now who had lost this?—for indubitably (Luke) had found it, and Luke was a conscientious boy; and next to this came, linked another form of thinking. Was it one that he had by chance lost out of his own pocket in his haste? This could be speedily decided. Hastening beneath one of the flickering oil-lamps, he took the gold out of his waistcoat pocket and counted it over. 'One, two, three, four, five—yes, five!'—the amount he had received, the rest being silver; so that the coin he had found must be his own, after all.

And if not, strictly speaking, his own, whose was it? who, in fine, was likely to come and claim it? and who, again, was to know, to prove, that this coin found was identical with that (to be alleged) which was lost?

In fact, if Luke wanted a claimant for it, he found himself in some difficulty as to finding one. Was it his business to do so—to set claimants on foot—more claimants than losers? Luke, as he retraced his steps to the warehouse office, found himself bewildered by thinking; and so to be rid of this wearisome process, Luke entered John Appleby's office, and gave him the change.

'Bin late, remarked John, a little gruffly, sitting crookedly on a tall tilted stool, chattering in a growling, friendly undertone with one of his men. 'Bin late, Luke; 'spos you take you'n and hurry home, my lad—mother'll be glad to see you early such a blessed night as it is which is a coming on.'

The night had come on before the worthy old warehouseman put the lad's wages in his hand; and Luke, strangely moved—eager, agitated—and filled with a multitude of vague forebodings, ran homeward, murmuring—a little dreamily, to be sure—

'It's mine. I found it, and no one saw me pick it up; and, like a great many more people, believing what they wish to be true, he was mistaken.'

For Luke had been watched and dogged from the shop back to the warehouse by two persons—one a tall youth, with pretensions to sham gentility, and the other a shabby-gentled young man, of sinister aspect, and costume of a highly sporting order—one of those pestilent parasites who haunt billiard rooms, and are ever on the look-out for youthful aspirants who have an ambition of being considered 'fast,' and who walk to their ruin with feeble complacency.

This youth watched Luke for reasons of his own—saw him pick up the coin—examine it—utter an exclamation of delighted astonishment—and, putting it in his pocket, enter the warehouse.

'What has he picked up, I wonder?' asked his companion.

'I looked like a gold piece by the light, as he spun it up,' was the reply.

'Humph! he don't tell any lies, don't he? a lad of his word, is he? My eye! (desirously) how proud his mother must be of him! But the greenhorn will be useful; and you, Master Ned, keep your ears open, and see what this turns out to be. It may be useful to us.'

Meantime, Luke's treasure, and his secret alike, troubled him that night, and the pleasant evening usually ending the boy's week's work was full of heaviness and misery to him. He did not dare now to dangle his mother's eyes—to relieve her of her cares—to gladden her by the offer of his new-found treasure. Ah, no! Convince himself as he would, he stood, in his inner mind, at that 'point of honor' which, as loud as any thunder, convinced him that it was not his.

The night passed in dreadful dreams. Justice, with a fleet foot and a hand of iron was after him. He saw himself a criminal—arraigned at the bar—sentence pronounced—and all the fearful catalogue of horrors which a young and hitherto untainted conscience reproduces in the activity of its dreams, if, by any chance its unsullied purity has been approached by the slightest stain. Feverish, and yet relieved, he gladly hailed the morning; but the day of rest only produced him disquietude, and at the Sunday-school, at chapel, still the same half-muffled phantoms of his dreams and fears haunted him. The day passed and the Monday came, and still, with his golden treasure in his pocket, though it seemed to burn him, he went to his daily labor with much less of his old slowness, and every moment he expected some one or other would charge him with being in possession of another man's property.

'Luke, just run over to Jack Hatchard's,' said John Appleby, on the Monday morning, to him—it was about eleven o'clock—and see what on earth keeps him away. Here's some goods wanted, and all the hands are away, and I don't know what to do. He was never away like this before. I hope he's not ill, or that anything is wrong. Horry, my boy, and make haste back.'

A few minutes sufficed to take Luke to the address given him.

It was a powerful and sad sight enough that the dwelling of the porter presented to Luke's eyes that morning—so much so that, for the moment, forgot his own uneasy thoughts in the pity awakened in his young and sympathetic heart.

The family lived in one small room, furnished after the best manner of the working-poor, and was not without those indications of comfort which easily prove that the breadwinner was attached to his home. But there was an evident cause of deep and bitter grief, which, as it appeared to have come, for the most part, unexpected, showed that the blow was all the more severe.

In a bed half-curtained, on one side of the room, lay Hatchard's wife, whose pined face and occasional low moan indicated that she

was suffering from severe illness. A baby, a few months old, was by her side. Whether it lay down upon her arm, or whether it slept, Luke could not tell; but a strange awe fell upon him as he looked with the rapid glance of one whose curiosity had been almost a pain, entirely free from the coarse rudeness of observing what might be termed the 'nakedness of the land.' A little boy of about six, cowed and cowering, squatted by the poor, dying fire, and, finger in mouth, appeared to be afraid to move or speak. A man in a rough overcoat, with a lowering, truculent face, was seated with his feet on the fender, and, with that coarse air of conscious power that only a man of dull sympathies and of a right—rather understood than expressed—to be there, occupied himself with dotting down in a pocket-book some memoranda, occasionally casting a glance about the room. Luke's heart sank within him, for he had a suspicion of this dreaded visitor's appearance. His own small experience told him that a constable's visit to any poor man's dwelling boded little good, and that when his back turned upon the house, he only left a darker shadow in the dismantled home; and that he left in 'possession' behind him, the hideous remnants of a broken home, which the workman, in his hopelessness and despair, but too often never cares to gather about him again. With the household goods gone, and all care, and the rest is a dreary scramble to end, perhaps, at the workhouse, and a pauper's graveyard. Luke's heart throbbed, for now, perhaps, he might put out his treasure to greater use; and if his having found it had become a crime, at least, it would be dismissed of its sting.

But that which smote him, worst of all the aspect of the porter—Jack Hatchard—unhappy, haggard, half tipsy, too, we regret to add, the man usually so full of good temper and readiness to help others or himself was now a spectacle of reckless despair to contemplate. Smoking a short pipe and sipping his beer in sullen silence, he was like one, that, by some unforeseen chance, had come to the worst, and now turned at bay against fortune and the world.

'They want me, do they?' he said hoarsely, in reply to Luke's message. 'Well, they don't wait, and I ain't no great matter if they don't. Look here, Luke, my boy, and you can tell John Appleby what you seen. You seen my wife ill and there, poor lass! Here the man, without looking, pointed his pipe towards the bed and uttered a groan. 'And you seen my little baby, that's dying, and praps it's best, and you seen little Billy there, wot used never to fear to come and put his arms round his daddy's neck and kiss him—'

'I'll kiss you now, dad,' murmured the child; but the man, though he heard the little voice, hardening himself in his despair, went on in a sullen manner—

'And you see him!' pointing to the handsome object occupying the bit of fire; 'he's the constable; not much to put a constable into a poor man's house for, only I blowed up the landlord, and he spited me, and he aint nice company, is he?'

Luke could not nod assent.

'And you see me—that don't care for nothing—'

'Oh! dear Jack,' moaned his wife.

'Well! I don't. What should I for?' he continued. 'Aint I, this blessed day, ruined, stock lost, and barrel?'

At this climax he paused; and Luke, with some trepidation, ventured to ask what had happened and caused all this dreary change.

'On Saturday night, I had, you see, the money to pay the rent, to buy some doctor's stuff, and get us a bit of nice dinner for Sunday. We aint had none. I've had some beer—plenty—but as for she and the young uns—well—'

The man rose, rubbed his eyes, and huskily went on—

'I lost a part of my money, I did, a half-eagle, and she says I spent it. Lor! help me. I don't know what for—but there—that did it.'

'Oh! Jack, dear Jack,' cried Luke, with a leap, and the big tears of joy starting into his eyes, 'I'm so glad—so glad, and it's a comfort to hear you—you can't think.'

'Why, boy, what do you glad on?—I don't see nothing very comfort in it, I don't; and you oughtn't to make light of other folk's misfortunes because you don't understand them. Why, the lad's full of 'O, be joyful!'

'Because I found your money, Jack. I found your half-eagle; and if I had known whose it was—and here—here—here it is. Oh! I with a long sigh of relief, 'how glad I am I can give it you back!'

The man looked thunderstricken, as he gazed at the yellow coin in Luke's palm. The constable looked sheepish, and the poor, sick wife half rose up in bed and smiled.

'Tell 'ee what, my lad you're the right sort, you are. But come, how do you know as it's mine?' said Hatchard after a pause.

'Because I found it just where you must have lost it; and John Appleby paid you just as I was going out, not far from the warehouse-door.' And he basily described the event, his own joys, temptations, subsequent fears, and his present unalloyed pleasure.

'And you don't feel comfortable, eh?' said the man dubiously, looking on the frank, blushing boy's face, and then warmly grasping his hand. 'Well, I'm bound to say, as I don't think I should have felt very unaisy; and yet I wouldn't wrong a man; but maybe as your feeling is the right sort, you see. I know it would have been welcome enough as a god-send to the old woman at home, Luke; but the money wouldn't make you happier, would it, lad, than you are at this moment!'

'No, indeed, Hatchard, that it wouldn't.' And Luke's glowing face attested the truth of his assertion.

'And, talking about money,' said a voice at the door, where stood the figure of John Appleby, 'there's a pretty do with the guv'nor about a note as was changed for me on Saturday. Mr. Dourick wants you, Luke; and he wants you, too, Jack Hatchard,' he added, a little grimly.

'All right, Master Appleby.'

'Well, I don't know about that.' And John looked about him. 'Sorry to see as the wife is so poorly.'

'I'm better now, Mr. Appleby, thanks to that good boy there.' And she nodded her wan but smiling face towards Luke, who disappeared with a brightening face.

'We're all better, for the matter of that,' said Hatchard; and we've been a good deal worse this mornin' too; but, here, you take your'n, and clear out of this.' And, handing

the half eagle to the constable, that worthy gave change and a receipt, and growled himself away; and, giving the rest to his wife, the relieved porter went off with his foreman, telling him by the way the terrible strain they had been put to by his loss, and how wretched, and reckless, and mad it made him, till Luke's appearance gave them heart and courage again.

John Appleby listened to all this with the most intense interest, and expressed his gratification in his queer, gruff, but honest hearted manner.

'It may be the makin' of the young lad from this day,' he said.

When Luke was called into the private office on his arrival, he found Mr. Dourick seated in a chair before his table, the younger clerk, Ned Hawkins, with an agitated countenance, on the one hand, and, on the other, the cashier who had changed his fifty dollar note the Saturday previous, who had clearly brought the note in question to the office; and, finally, John Appleby, who for reasons of his own, had called the master aside, and imparted to him the little episode in which we have seen Luke play a principal part.

Mr. Dourick looked severe and magisterial. Something serious was evidently going forward; but Luke's heart was light as a feather, and no one could now ask him—

'Where is the piece of money you found, and which was not yours?'

No! That dreadful load was off his mind! But the cashier—the trembling Ned—the grave John Appleby—and the keen, shrewd man of business, his employer—the suspicious glances—the silence—and the general look of all bent on him, as he entered, made him certainly feel not a little uneasy.

'You went to get change for a fifty-dollar note, on Saturday evening?' said Mr. Dourick, turning to Luke, who nodded, 'Yes.'

'And received it? Is this the note?' He took it off his desk.

'I don't know. I don't think. And he turned it round. 'It must be the same. This is my writing,' referring to his name on the back.

'And this is a forged note!' interposed Mr. Dourick sternly.

Luke started, turned pale, and trembled. He was utterly confounded, and could not speak a word; scarcely could he meet his master's severe gaze. Then, like a dreading revelation, fell upon him the recollection of meeting Ned Hawkins, of this latter's taking the note from him, and giving it back again; but here he was mystified utterly. Involuntarily he lifted his eyes to Ned's face, but that was averted from him, and he felt that his own lips were sealed.

'Did you meet any one on your way to the shop, for the purpose of getting change?' asked his master.

'Yes, sir,' began Luke readily, and then abruptly stopped.

'Who was it?' continued Mr. Dourick.

Luke was dumb. His cheeks were hot—the blood rushed violently into them, and then left them pale again.

'Whom did you meet, Luke? Why don't you answer, sir?'

Luke had given his word not to tell. It was his 'point of honor' not to do so, and his heart throbbed audibly, although something more dreadful than he had experienced seemed to loom in the distance.

'What does this mean?' demanded Mr. Dourick, after a pause, and with a still severer manner. 'Are you obstinate, are you in league with some wretches who would tempt you to your ruin? Are you guilty of this fraud and robbery, which points to the state prison?'

'Oh! no, sir. No! Indeed, indeed, I am not,' cried Luke, with all the earnestness of innocence; but, the note before him being so flat a contradiction, he felt that asseveration was almost useless.

Mechanically, once more, he looked towards Ned Hawkins for an explanation; for that he knew something of the matter, Luke did not now for a moment doubt.

'It is a suspicious matter enough,' said his master in the same hard dry tone, 'when those who are trusted with money to obtain change, give a forged note in the place of a good one. It is suspicious, I say, when they are seen to pick up money in the street, put into their own pocket that which is not their own, and say no word to any one.'

'Who saw me, sir?' asked Luke, with a quivering lip, although the question was not one relevant to the case.

'Edward Hawkins saw you, and why should I doubt his word? His aunt has been my housekeeper these twenty years; and he would not bring disgrace upon her, and shame upon himself, by telling that which is false, I hope, and which throws a light upon this present matter.'

Luke lifted up his bold, bright, frank eyes to Ned's pallid face, and looked at him, until he compelled that youth to return the glance. He did so, and trembled from head to foot. But, though he knew that Luke would not betray him, he seemed to derive little satisfaction from that same.

'Have you anything to say?' continued Mr. Dourick with asperity.

'Nothing, sir,' replied Luke modestly, but in a firm, low tone.

'Then I have,' said Mr. Dourick, 'and it is this. You have just escaped, Luke Kendall, a temptation and a snare. You met Mr. Edward Hawkins (with a withering look at that youth), who had previously met another person—a worthless scamp of a fellow—haunting in the wake of the foolish and unwary, and who is in custody in the next room.' This time he bent a look upon Ned Hawkins, who seemed all at once petrified by the announcement.

Ned Hawkins saw that, in common parlance, 'all was up with him; and, with a howl, fell on his knees, crying out—

'Oh, sir, forgive me! Luke is innocent. I am guilty; I got him to promise not to say he met me, and I—I was led into it.'

'I happened,' continued Mr. Dourick, who did not look at the speaker, 'to be in a shop late on the same Saturday evening, and speaking to the master in his office at the back, when a fifty dollar note was brought in to be changed for some small amount of goods purchased. I changed it, as he was short of gold, and I knew at once the number of the note to be that of the one I had given John Appleby for wages, and so I had the individual brought in, and a constable sent for; and this clever scoundrel's trick to make a fool of an innocent lad fell to the ground, and the real culprit is before

me now! turning a withering look on the prostrate Hawkins.

'As for you, Luke,' he went on, 'you have been tried and proved, and I am proud to have you in my office. John Appleby has told me all about you, and so has Hatchard, poor fellow. To-morrow you shall be apprenticed to me advantageously for yourself, and for your mother, too, and your future shall be my care. As for you (to Hawkins) get up, sir, and pray that this lesson may do you good. You shall have a chance to retrieve your character elsewhere; but your dangerous friend must be removed, and you must keep out of such company in the future or it will be the worse for you in the days that are to come, when no one may care to be interested on your behalf.' As was said, so done.

Fifteen years afterwards, on a New Year's morning, Mr. Dourick, a portly, well-preserved retired trader, welcomed Luke Kendall and his wife (she had been a Miss Dourick until some short time past) to dinner with him at his house, and who should be there also but Edward Hawkins and his wife! he, having been struck by the force of Luke's noble example, had retrieved his past errors, was a steady, thriving man, and I leave you to judge what a 'family' party it was, and how these happy hours atoned for all that was gone and over in the past.

## ROSE ELMER;

OR  
A DIVIDED HEART AND A DIVIDED LIFE.  
BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

It was early on the morning of a lovely day in June, A. D. 1800, that a rather large group of idlers gathered in front of the Etheridge Arms, a quaint old tavern, in the ancient little town of Swinburne, in the west of England.

By their looks and conversation, it was evident that some event of unusual importance was expected to come off.

They were, in fact, awaiting the arrival of the mail coach, which was to bring down Col. Hastings, and his son Albert, who was the bridegroom elect of Lady Etheridge, Baroness of Swinburne, the last of her race, and sole heiress of the immense wealth and vast estates of her lordly ancestors.

The nuptials were to be celebrated on the following day; and the retainers and neighbors of the noble bride, who almost worshipped her for her goodness of heart, were anxious to see the man who was to be their beloved 'lady's husband.'

They had not long to wait. The coach soon came thundering up to the door; and as soon as the steps were let down by the obsequious landlord, Col. Hastings issued forth. He was an elderly gentleman, tall, spare, and stooping; was clothed in a suit of clerical black; and his pale, thin, long face was surrounded by hair and whiskers prematurely gray. He was closely attended by his secretary, Ferdinand Cassinove, an Italian, of such graceful mien and dignified bearing, that he might have been taken for a prince of the blood attended by an old gentleman in waiting.

Next came forth a young gentleman, whose handsome person and haughty manner at once attracted general attention. His form was tall, and finely proportioned, crowned by a haughty head and face, with high aquiline features, fair and fresh complexion, light blue eyes, and very light, flaxen hair. His expression of countenance, in keeping with his whole manner, was stern almost to repellent severity. Great beauty of person, with great dignity of manner, forms a combination very attractive to most young women, and perhaps it was this that fascinated the young heiress of Swinburne Castle, for this was Albert Hastings, the bridegroom elect. He was followed into the house by his valet, bearing his dressing-case.

After a slight repast, Colonel Hastings attended by Cassinove, drove off to the castle to have a preliminary interview with Lady Etheridge, (who was his ward), and arrange the marriage settlements. On arriving at the lordly castle, Cassinove was shown into a sitting-room, while the colonel proceeded to the library, whither his ward was requested to come to meet him.

As the young Italian paced up and down the room, occasionally pausing before a full length mirror, which reflected the spacious window (reaching from ceiling to floor) and the picturesque landscape beyond, suddenly, amongst the roses outside, glided a purple-draped female figure, that immediately riveted his attention. It was a woman in the earliest bloom of youth. As young Cassinove gazed upon her reflected image, as he never gazed upon her, he felt as though a goddess had suddenly descended among the flowers. Her form was above the medium height, and well rounded. Her head was finely formed, and covered with a profusion of jet black, glittering hair, that was plainly parted over her broad, expansive forehead, and swept around the temples, and wound into a rich and massive knot at the back of the head. Her eyes were large, luminous, dark gray orbs, that seemed, whenever the long veil of lashes was lifted, to throw a light wherever they glanced.

Her nose was straight and well formed, her lips rounded, and, like all the rest, full of character. In the carriage of her head and neck, and in her stately footsteps, there was a certain natural majesty that, even in a peasant's dress, would have proved her one of Nature's queens. The impression made upon the enthusiastic heart of Ferdinand Cassinove was at once vivid, deep, and strong—quick as sun painting, permanent as sculpture. He saw this goddess of the intellectual brow and stately step open the window and advance into the room, and as she approached him he felt his whole frame thrill with a strange emotion of blended pain and delight. He dreamed to move, yet, as the needle turns to the magnet, he felt himself turning from the reflected image to face the original. He stood before that queenly form, and met those large, luminous, dark eyes fixed upon him in royal graciousness, as she said—

'You are Colonel Hastings's secretary, I believe, sir. Pray sit down. You will find the London papers on that table.' And with a graceful bow, the lady passed him, and seated herself on a sofa at the extremity of the room, took up a portfolio, and was soon deeply engaged with its contents.

After the profound bow with which he had returned her courtesy, Ferdinand Cassinove remained motionless where she had left him. But ten minutes had elapsed, since she had glided in among the flowers, and passed him

like a vision seen in some beautiful dream.—But ten minutes, and life, the world, himself, were all changed for Ferdinand Cassinove.—He felt, from that moment, that his fate must take its character for good or evil from the will of that royal looking woman.

In the midst of the pleasing pain of his dream the door opened, and a grey-haired servant entered softly, and stepping across the room to where the lady sat, and speaking in the low, subdued tone in which royal personages are addressed, said—

'My lady, Col. Hastings's respects, and he awaits your ladyship in the library.'



## The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL B. WING.  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAY 17, 1860.

## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 110 Nassau street, New York, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

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Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

## ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

Relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper should be directed to 'MAXHAM & WING, or' EASTERN MAIL OFFICE.

**AN AUXILIARY.**—One of the results of the late fire in this place is the organization of a new Engine Company for Ticonic engine, to be known as "Ticonic Engine Co. No. 1."

The following are its officers:

J. C. Bartlett, Foreman.  
F. A. Heath, 1st Assistant.  
G. P. Russell, Hose Master.  
Willard B. Arnold, Clerk.  
A. A. Plaised, Assistant Clerk.  
John R. Day, Pipeman.  
Henry W. Barney, 2d Pipeman.  
J. B. Wendall, Steward.  
G. O. Milliken.  
Horace G. Tozier, Standing Com.  
G. O. Dingley.

"Old Ticonic," as she is very respectfully called, won a noble reputation some years ago, but has fallen a little out of date for the want of an efficient company to keep her up to time.

With her present company she will soon prove herself capable of stirring up the pride of a fireman; and we are mistaken if after one or two fires the Ticonic Ones are not found to be as gallant in their affection for their machine as those who have more showy ones. Like the "old white cravat men," she needs only to be warmed up to show what her youth was.

She is now in good hands, as her list of officers shows; and they are supported by a company who are interested in the prosperity and reputation of our village, and have all the capacity for doing good service to both.

Our village has now two efficient fire companies, with a small engine for a third which is about to organize. But they need not be told that they lack one thing to prepare them for the emergency of an extensive fire. They want the efficiency in a Board of Firewardens that will bring into active service the mass of men who attend fires as spectators. No village of this size can safely throw the whole labor of a fire upon one or two fire companies.

If it were safe, it were the height of meanness, to do so. Our village may not be alone in this fault, but it certainly occupies the very front rank. Men stand and see the property of their neighbors burnt up, as coolly as though it were an object to get rid of it;—and days and weeks after a fire are spent in finding fault with firemen for not doing more. One of our companies is paid three dollars each a year for their services, which perhaps pays for the boots they destroy; and even this stingy allowance is most grudgingly voted by men most interested in having an efficient fire department.

In the present condition of things this can never be. A board of Firewardens clothed with power to command not only fire companies, but all men who are able to work, must be the beginning of the remedy. This will give courage as well as strength to the firemen, who need to feel that they share the sympathy, kindness and active aid of their fellow citizens. When they toil at their engine under the eyes of a lazy crowd of idle men, who only watch for a chance to grumble, and perhaps twit them of their petty "three dollars," who would not wonder if they do the best they might?—There are men among us who count it a great piece of extravagance that our firemen are paid three dollars a year. Who wonders that our village "wilt" under such economy and such enterprise!—A more liberal system must prevail; and we have all the means of sustaining it, when once put in operation. It should be known, too, that we have all the disposition, as well as means, of putting a better system in operation, whenever the "magnitude of littleness" shall call it into exercise. The remedy, as well as the fault, has long been plain enough; and the effect of the late spasms of stringency, if anything, will be to shame us into a better way.

**BIGGER FOOLS THAN YANKERS.**—Among the items of news by a late foreign arrival we find one which states that Tom Sayers, the English champion, was recently received at Liverpool with immense enthusiasm—the flunkies going so far as to take his horse from his cab and draw him in triumph from the railway station to the hotel. Much as they may have done that was silly and wicked, in connection with this prize fight, the Americans have not yet made asses of themselves after that fashion.

**FUNNY.**—It is not a little singular that the steamer S. R. Spaulding, laden with Union loving, pro-slavery democrats, should have brought off, on her return trip, two fugitive slaves, who had secreted themselves on board, just before the departure of the boat from Charleston. One of them, to be sure, was discovered and returned; but the other, a man about fifty years of age, succeeded in reaching Boston, where he found friends who forwarded him to Canada.

The Convention of the new-union Party which assembled at Baltimore, last week, nominated Hon. John Bell, of Tenn., for President, and Hon. Edward Everett, of Mass., for Vice President. Mr. Bell was a Jackson democrat, but when the democrats were removed, he went over to the whigs. In 1841 he was made Secretary of War, by Harrison. He opposed the abrogation of the Missouri compromise, and earnestly combatted the Lecompton Constitution. Of Mr. Everett's antecedents and present opinions it is not necessary to say anything, as they are already well known at the north.

**THE BENEFIT OF COFFEE IN THE COLD REGIONS.**—Dr. Hayes, of Arctic fame, in his recently published work, expresses the opinion, based upon experience, that to men living on short allowance of food, in a cold climate, where special stimuli are required, there is nothing as valuable as coffee. Tea is not much prized by explorers in frozen regions. To Arctic travelers, the Doctor adds, spirits in any form are worse than useless; while coffee is always grateful and beneficial.

## OUR TABLE.

**SPIRITUALISM IN THE LIGHT OF DIVINE REVELATION.**—An Examination of the Position of A. J. Davis and Mr. Dods. By Mary D. Welcomes, Richmond.

The writer of this little pamphlet, makes an attempt (whether successful or not) to determine for himself (himself) to show that the teachings of spiritualism and the doctrines of the Bible cannot be made to harmonize—both cannot be true; and while admitting that, instead of being the work of departed spirits, they are to be referred to the agency of Satan, who in this way is seeking to lead men to their eternal ruin. The pamphlet will be found interesting alike by the friends and opponents of spiritualism. Four three cent postage stamps sent to the publisher, at Richmond, will ensure a post paid copy of the pamphlet, by mail, in return.

**THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.**—The April number of this able foreign quarterly has the following table of contents:—Vedie Religion. Manin and Venice in 1850. The Ethics of War. Plutarch and his Times. Austria and the Government of Hungary. Parliamentary Reform: The Dangers and the Safeguards. Japan. Darwin on the Origin of Species. Contemporary Literature.

**THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.**—The following is a list of the articles in the April number, just out:—Commercial Relations of England and France. The Youth of Milton. Expense of Public Education in England. English Nomenclature. Civil Correspondence and Memoranda of the Duke of Wellington. The alleged Shakespeare Forgeries. Darwin on the Origin of Species. France, Savoy and Switzerland.

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:—For any one of the four Reviews \$3 per annum any two Reviews \$5; any three Reviews \$7; all four Reviews \$8; Blackwood's Magazine \$3; Blackwood, and three Reviews \$9; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$10—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns, these works will be delivered free of postage. When sent by mail, the postage to any part of the U. States will be but 24 cents a year for 'Blackwood,' and but 14 cents a year for each of the Reviews.

**CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE.**—The 5th part of this magnificent work extends to the thirty-seventh chapter of Exodus. Like the preceding ones it contains many engravings, full marginal references, a copious supply of notes, and excellent reflections. When completed, this will be a valuable household treasure. Published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, 37 Park Row, New York, at 15 cents a number, and for sale by all publishers and book agents throughout the country. Twenty-five numbers will be furnished for \$3.

**"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND."**—If this work has a popularity in proportion to its cheapness and excellence, it must be a great favorite with the musical public. No. 76 contains the following pieces:—  
"Without Sunshine you'll find there's no Hay." J. Harroway.

**The Fabrics of the World.** C. Frodel. A. Talcay. *Pleur des Printemps.* T. Talcay. *Graciosa Polka-Mazurka.* T. Talcay.

"Our Musical Friend" is published weekly by C. B. Seymour & Co., 107 Nassau St., New York, at \$5 a year, or 15 cents a number.

**CASSELL'S POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY.**—Monkeys, monkeys, monkeys! Four numbers of this work have been filled with pictures and descriptions of these near relatives of human kind, and for aught we know there are more to come. The illustrations are numerous and spirited, and the accompanying sketches are very interesting. This is very properly denominated a "popular educator," and should be in every family. Published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, 37 Park Row, New York, at 15 cents a number. The work will be completed in four volumes of twelve numbers each. For sale by book and periodical dealers everywhere.

**GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK** for June, which concludes a volume, has a beautiful steel engraving of "Children Gathering Water Lilies," a beautiful colored fashion plate, "The Launch," a humorous subject, two original designs of Model Cottages, and a host of other embellishments. The number is brimful of good reading, and cannot fail to give perfect satisfaction to its fair patrons. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

**PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.**—The June number concludes another volume of this popular monthly, and now is the time to send subscriptions for the new one. This number contains a finely engraved portrait of one of the beauties of the British court, colored fashion plate, and knick knacks and novelties in great variety—patterns, designs, &c. In addition to good stories, which Peterson never omits, there will be found valuable recipes, art recreations, parlor pastimes, instruction in artificial flower making and potterdom, &c., &c. Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

A correspondent of the *Kennebec Journal* furnishes the following just tribute to the memory of a worthy man.

## Hon. Asher Hinds.

When a good man who has nearly filled the measure of three score years and ten in a life of usefulness, is taken from his family and friends, it is right and proper to record something more than the date of his birth and death.

The Hon. Asher Hinds was born in Clinton, now Benton, in the county of Kennebec, in May, 1792, where he died on the 23d day of April, 1860.

The country being new and the people generally poor, his opportunities for an education in early life were limited. Such as were accessible to him, however, he improved; and having fitted himself for mercantile pursuits, soon after he became of age, he went to Augusta, Georgia, where he spent about six years in successful business. He then returned to his native town, where he passed the remainder of his life principally employed in trade in connection with the management of a farm.

He was early indoctrinated into the Jeffersonian school of politics; his father having been a warm supporter of Mr. Jefferson, when the principles of parties were clearly defined, and political battles were sharply fought in carrying them out.

At the general breaking up of parties when Gen. Jackson was elected President, Mr. Hinds could not conscientiously support him; and in accordance with his character, what he could not do honestly he would not do at all—he therefore found himself in a minority in the old town of Clinton, and consequently was not much in public life. He was too modest to seek office or preferment, and never seemed to entertain a wish to exercise a controlling influence over others, except by the quiet power of a good example and a blameless life.

His worth, however, was known. He was twice elected to the Senate from the Kennebec District, and served in that body in the memorable years of 1829 and 1830, was a member of the Executive Council in 1838 during the administration of Gov. Kent, and was a member of the Board of Directors of the A. & K. R. R. Company at the time of his death, having been elected nearly every year from its organization.

The following resolutions passed by that Board, will show the estimation in which he was held by his associates, who had known him long and intimately.

Resolved, "That the members of this Board have heard with regret and heartfelt sorrow of the death of their late and respected associate, the Hon. Asher Hinds; and as a testimonial of their regard for his sterling integrity, high sense of honor and great personal worth, they have unanimously resolved, that the bereaved widow and family, will attend the funeral of the deceased this day."

As Senator, Councilor, and Director, in every public trust, he was distinguished for his good practical common sense, strict integrity and gentlemanly deportment.

He was one of the first to abandon the traffic in intoxicating liquors, when it was a pecuniary sacrifice; and by precept and example was ever after a consistent advocate of the cause of temperance.

As a member of society his influence, though quiet and unobtrusive, was always to be found in favor of every measure tending to promote the public good—and to that end his time and means were generally given whenever and wherever they could be properly used. He was a kind and obliging neighbor, a warm and faithful friend, respected by all for perfect honesty, courteous, and gentlemanly bearing.

His family by whom he was ardently beloved, and the community in which he was so highly esteemed, have sustained by his death an irreparable loss. But may not all hope from his blameless life, his firm faith in the christian religion and its support in the hour of death, that he has gone to the reward of a 'good and faithful servant' in a blessed immortality.

**ANOTHER.**—The organization of a fire company for Bloomer Engine was so far effected last evening, at the hall of Waterville Threes, as to elect the following officers:

David Drummond, Foreman.  
J. Frank Eldon, Assistant Foreman.  
Frank Moor, Foreman Hose.  
Frank Bodfish, Clerk.  
Paltiah Penney, 1st Pipeman.  
Austin Thomas, 2d Pipeman.  
Joseph Ronco, Steward.

Standing Committee:—D. Drummond.  
J. F. Eldon.  
Geo. Wilson.

These names are a warrant for a good company, and one that promises much usefulness in active service. We verily think the Corporation will in time find as much reason to encourage this company, in proportion to its expense and pretensions, as either of the others.

**QUERY.**—The *Clarion* reports the death of a cow in Waterville, belonging to Mr. David Shorey, as a case of pleuro pneumonia, or the contagious cattle disease that prevails in Massachusetts. This may be; but the symptoms of disease in cattle are so imperfectly presented, to say nothing of being incorrectly reported, that we hesitate to pronounce this a case of the prevailing contagion.

This cow had been kept by Mr. Shorey several years, and was not known to have been exposed to the disease mentioned. Although her case may present some of the features of that disease, we do not think the owners of neat stock in this section need to let it give them alarm.

**A GOOD EXAMPLE.**—The late Gov. Bouck of New York, said to a friend after he had discharged the duties of the Chief Magistracy of the State about one year:

"When I first entered upon the office, I was so engaged in trying to reconcile conflicting opinions, produce harmony in the party, and please everybody, that I paid no attention to my household expenses. At the end of the first three months, my quarterly salary was paid and my bills due were presented. To my utter dismay the latter exceeded the former. During my entire life I had made it a point never to spend more in a quarter than I received for my earnings. I believed that to be a good rule, and that as Governor of the State, I should not transgress it and set a bad example, which might be the means of ruining thousands. I began to cast about to see where I could cut down my expenses. The State officers had hired the house I occupied without consulting me, and the State paid the rent. I had nothing to say or do in that particular.

The State officers, who because I was a country farmer, took particular pains to instruct me, told me I must bring my best span of horses and carriage from my farm in Scholastic, and ride in it, or I would degrade the high office to which the people had elected me.

They also said that I must have a colored waiter to attend the door of my residence, and a head cook and three assistants in the kitchen, and two or three chambermaids, besides a coachman to drive my carriage. I remembered that during the entire quarter I had not found time to ride in the carriage with my family except to Church on Sundays, and then the coachman could not go to Church, having to take care of the team. This I did not believe was doing exactly right, or setting a good example. I thought that myself and family could walk to Church, as the distance was not great.

We thereby would appear not to feel above others who walked, and, as the Governor's family, would be setting a better example than by riding. My wife also proposed to dismiss the chief cook and all the assistants but one, and she would superintend the cooking, she had always done this on the farm; and my daughters proposed to dismiss the chambermaids, and they would do the chamber work. No sooner was this agreed upon than accomplished. The large boys and carriage went back to the farm in Scholastic, and the extra help was all dismissed. Everything worked like a charm. The colored doorman, whom I retained, assisted in waiting on the table. The State officers and my city friends did not observe that all was as first arranged when they called. We walked to church, and greeted kindly all we met there, and enjoyed the services without thinking of the coachman who could not attend them. We reduced our expenses to within my salary. I felt better immediately. I feel better now. I can discharge my duties better, and when my term of office expires and I return to private life I shall feel that when Governor of the State I did not set an example of extravagance in any respect which might be the means of ruining any one."

**DROWNED.**—Mr. John Later, of Skowhegan, aged about 18 years, was accidentally drowned near the foot of Moosehead Lake, on Sunday last.

**FIRE IN BURNHAM.**—Conductor Pitman informs us that two shingle mills were destroyed by fire in Burnham, on Friday last. They were owned by Whitman & Murray, and the loss is estimated at about \$1000.

**TEACHERS' CONVENTION.**—We learn from the *Skowhegan Clarion*, that it is proposed to hold a voluntary Teachers' Convention for Somerset County, at Athens, sometime during the coming summer. An efficient committee have the matter in charge.

**CAUTION.**—The Superintending Committee of Pine Grove Cemetery have decided to take the most effectual measures possible for putting a stop to trespasses upon flowers and shrubbery. Owners of lots complain that the choicest flowers and shrubs are plucked, and even valuable shrubs and plants taken away. They have decided to make the most stringent application of the law to the first and every case that can be detected. Below is the substance of the statute, which should be read and heeded by all:

"If any person shall cut down, destroy or injure any fruit tree or other tree or shrub, not his own, standing or growing for ornament or use, or shall destroy or remove from the land of another, any produce thereof, or shall commit any trespass by entering upon the improved land of another with intent to take, carry away, destroy or injure the trees, shrubs, &c., he shall be punished by fine not exceeding ten dollars or imprisonment in the county jail not more than thirty days."

**DR. COLBY'S LECTURE.** last evening, bore strong testimony to his usefulness as agent of the State Temperance Association. Its aim was to put the young on their guard against temptation; and its argument and illustrations were in a high degree ingenious and appropriate. Though we have only time to do it briefly, we most heartily commend Dr. Colby to the friends of temperance, as an earnest, sincere and successful advocate of the cause.

**CHICAGO.**—The republican is discussing the several candidates with great animation. Probably a nomination will not be made till Friday, the third day. Seward, Bates, Lincoln, Cameron, Banks, Dayton, Fessenden, Wade and McLean are the prominent candidates.

**PIG SKIN CAPS.**—There is a good deal of 'human nature,' and not a little of the Yankee in the following circumstance, which occurred in the history of a successful merchant.

He was a 'gentleman of quality,' and as a successful merchant, owed much of his good fortune to his knowledge of human character, of which he always attempted to take advantage.

Once upon a time, in connection with another person, he opened a branch store in a town in the north part of the State, which was mostly filled with the unsavory goods from their principal establishment in the State metropolis. These goods were as 'good as new' among the rustics, and as a general thing, sold quite as well. There was a large lot of pig-skin caps for winter wear, however, that could not be got off at any price.

The proprietor generally kept himself at his town establishment, but sometimes he would visit his country store, or branch, staying now and then a week or more at a time, and always attending the little country church. As a matter of course, he was looked up to with emulation, if not with astonishment, by the 'go-to-meeting' young folk of the town. What he 'was to meeting' was, of necessity, the prevailing fashion until he introduced a new style at his next visit.

One day he asked his country partner about the business and other matters in which they were interested, who said:

"Yes, goods go pretty quick, and at good prices."

"You keep those pig-skin caps, I see, yet. I am afraid I did not make a great bargain in buying them. Can't you get rid of more of that big box full?"

"No; haven't sold one yet; people don't like 'em; and I've had a great notion of throwing them out of the back window, and getting rid of the trouble of 'em. I don't think they'll go here."

Our merchant looked at them a moment, and then quietly remarked:

"You have kept them out of sight, I see. So much the better. Now next Monday morning you get them out, brush them up, and I think we'll find some customers for them before the week is out."

The next Sunday this acute observer of the springs of human action, appeared in church with one of these identical pig skin caps, tipped jauntily on one side of his head, and a splendid gold watch-chain dangling from his vest pocket.

As usual, he was the 'observed of all observers,' and it is superfluous to add that in less than a fortnight after this, at the metropolitan store, he received a large additional order for these suddenly popular pig-skin caps.

**MRS. PEACOCK'S PHILOSOPHY.**—As I see in the *Mail*, Mr. Peacock, sez I, it ain't no use makin' words over what can't be helped. Married folks don't ought to find fault with each other. It don't do no good. They take each other for better or worse, and if they find it for worse, it don't make it better to go thro' the world growlin' and grumblin'. For my part, I think it's a great deal better to make the best of folks, instead of the worst to 'em. If they see you remember the good in them, they feel kind o' encouraged and keep growin' better and better, but if you keep talkin' of the bad, why they grow discouraged and think there ain't a bit of use in tryin'. As I sez to Mr. Peacock, Mr. Peacock, sez I, you needn't be married, as if you didn't want to, of course you needn't; you might have married Susan Slasher; she wanted you bad enough, mercy know. I needs have married you, of course I needn't. Want you Squire Tim dead in love with me? Didn't he look just as if he were meltin' whenever I kem round? Didn't I look straight ahead, dre'ful unconscious, just as if nothin' ailed him? and all from principle? I want'n go in to encourage him just to disappoint him, and make him take pisen, for wasn't I in love with you, Mr. Peacock? Didn't I have lots of lovers? I, Sereapy Ann Green, of Greentown, and never looked at any of them, because I loved you, Mr. Peacock? But, sez I, suppose I'd married Squire Tim, and you'd married Susan Slasher, Susan wouldn't have had my fault, of course she wouldn't, but she'd had her own. And sez I, Mr. Peacock, you wouldn't have liked her fault, any better than you like mine. I know Susan is a cut and dash sort of a woman; she'd put the work through faster than I do, like enough; but would she have given her life away to your children as I do, Mr. Peacock? No, you know she wouldn't. Has she got my elevated mind? No, you know she hasn't; and my taste for literature? No, you know she hasn't. But she's got a higher head, that you know, Mr. Peacock. She'd taken her own way by storm, not quietly as I do, that you know, Mr. Peacock. And there's Squire Tim—I spect he's as many faults as

you have, Mr. Peacock, if I only knew 'em—you're a dre'ful trial to me sometimes, Mr. Peacock; scoldin' around, but I love you better than a thousand Squire Tims. Pity if I don't. And if you squint a little, I ain't goin' to look at it till you squint worse, or till I see nothin' but squint; and you musn't stare at the wart on my chin till it covers my face. That's what I say to Mr. Peacock, young ladies, and it's just as good for you to hear. Only when you get married, be sure you marry for love, and for nothin' else and everything will come out right.

## Too much Money.

From the Merchant's Magazine for April.

Said a friend to us on a recent occasion, 'I never saw but one man in my life, who acknowledged he had quite as much money as he knew how to dispose of. I had called at his house one day, when a gentleman presented him to a scheme from which he might realize a large profit. You are right,' said he, 'as regards the probable success of the speculation, but I shall not embark in it; I have too much now.' This very uncommon remark struck me very forcibly, and after the gentleman had retired, I asked Mr. P. to explain. 'Yes,' said he in reply, 'I would not cross the streets to gain thousands; I should be a happier man if my income were less. I am old, and in a year or two whatever I possess will avail me nought—my daughters are dead, and I have three sons upon whom I look with a father's pride. My own education had been neglected, my fortune was gained by honest labor and careful economy; I had no time for study, but I resolved that my sons should have every advantage. Each had the opportunity of gaining a fine classical education, and then I gave them the choice of a profession. The eldest would be a physician; the second chose the law; the third resolved to follow my footsteps as a merchant. This was very well, I was proud of my sons, and hoped that one day I might see them distinguished, or at least useful in their fellow men. I had spared no expense in their training;—they had never wanted money, for I gave each a liberal allowance. Never had men fairer prospects of becoming honored and respected; but look at the result. The physician has no patients; the lawyer has no single client, and the merchant is above visiting his counting house. In vain I urge them to be more industrious. What is the reply? 'There is no use in it, father; we never shall want for money; we know you have enough for all.' So look at my disappointment. Instead of being active, energetic members of society, my sons are but idlers, men of fashion and display. True, they have few vices—perhaps not so many as their associates; they have never done anything to bring disgrace upon my name; but I had expected them to add to the little reputation I care for; as my son says, I have enough for all. But let the physician attend the poor, and the lawyer let that justice is done to those who have not the means of paying the enormous fees now required by the members of the bar. The merchant may not need the reward of his labors, but there are a thousand benevolent institutions to the support of which it would be a pleasure for me to see him contribute. They would at least be useful, each in his vocation, to those around them; now, selfish amusement is their only aim. This is the burden upon my heart, and this is the reason of the remark you listened to. Had they been obliged to struggle against difficulties to gain their professions, they were they now dependent upon their own exertions for support, my sons would have gained honor to themselves and me.'

This is the experience of many a wealthy parent, though all do not grieve at the result. It has almost passed into a proverb, that 'nothing can be expected of rich men's sons; and in looking about us at the distinguished men of our own day, how few do we find who have been nursed into greatness.

The farmer's son studies in intervals snatched from active labor; he gains the rudiments of a thorough education from well thumbed books, which he conveys by the floating flame of the winter's fire, or the misty light of the grey dawn. His task is rendered doubly hard, inasmuch as he is without an instructor, and must solve the most difficult problems unsuited to the most intricate truths, simply by his own persevering efforts. At length his task is in a measure accomplished, the first step is gained, but a new difficulty arises. He is without means, and must serve a long and tiresome apprenticeship as a teacher, a clerk, or often the two combined, ere he can save enough to enable him to enter college. Three or four years of close study, with the most rigid economy, brings him to the threshold of active life, and should he choose a profession, the same scene must be in part enacted ere his object is accomplished.

Mark well the contrast. Which man, think you, is best fitted to succeed? Surely, not he who has been cradled in luxury, and bribed along the path of knowledge! No, rather would we trust the self-made man, who has already overmastered difficulties under which one less resolved would have fallen; and though the one may be favored by position, connections, and ample means, it is more than probable that the other will look back upon him whom he has far outstripped in the race of life.

**CHASE & CO'S NEW TOWNSHIP MAP OF MAINE.**—Nothing ever attempted in the line of map making will equal this work in value and interest to all the residents of Maine. We have seen some of the sheets giving various parts of the State in detail, in the most elaborate and beautiful style, prepared by the engravers in New York. Every road is laid down in every town, the stream, ponds, bays, &c., with the greatest nicety and accurateness, and even the houses, mills, churches, &c., shown at their respective locations everywhere. More than twenty thousand miles of road are surveyed, plotted by scale and laid down as they run over the State, on this map.

Plans of 25 cities and villages in detail are to be on this map, and also a newly drawn and engraved map of New England, with the adjacent States and Provinces, prepared expressly as a part of this work. The latter is an important feature. While we can look over Maine so minutely, we have with it all New England with its railroads, cities, &c., complete.

We feel assured that citizens of Maine, who will wait with pleasure this effort to give them the only perfect map that has ever been made of the State. The expense of its preparation must be very heavy, and in justice to ourselves and the publishers, we should encourage this enterprise and thus secure for ourselves and our families a map that is so much needed, in preference to any other that has been, or may be offered us by other parties.

This map is approved by the Legislature, the Mayor and Council of Portland, the Portland Board of Trade, and subscribed for by the Governor, Secretary of State, Land Agent, Chief Justice Tenney, Attorney General, and other dignitaries. [Argue.]







