

Cold Water Fountain.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Phila. Saturday Evening Post.]

THE YOUNG HEROINE.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY HARRY HASTINGS.

A woman's hand is small and slight
Her cheek is like a flower;
But smaller odds have turned the fight
In many a desperate hour.

It was during one of the darkest periods of the Revolution, when the main body of the American Army was retreating through the Jerseys, that a council of war was held at the house of a plain farmer by the name of Ashton. Although a man of but moderate means, John Ashton had made himself a name throughout that section of country as the most vigorous and determined enemy of the pretended rights of the British crown. And now, while the American army was in the neighborhood, his dwelling had been singled out as the favorite residence of the commander-in-chief—an honor which was valued more by its owner, than if all the monarchs of Europe had combined together to hold their court under his roof.

After the council had broken up, and the subordinate officers that composed it had retired to their quarters, the commander-in-chief called Ashton to his side, and enquired whether he knew any person in the neighborhood who was worthy to be entrusted with a message of great importance. Mr. Ashton studied for a moment ere he replied that there was, as he thought, one individual, who, if he could be prevailed upon to act in the matter might be relied upon for his ingenuity and faithfulness, though it would probably take some hours before he could be found.

"In how many hours will you engage to bring him before me?" said Washington, pulling out his watch.

"I cannot promise in less than three hours," said Mr. Ashton.

"It will not do," said Washington musingly, "a few days, and the crisis may be passed either for good or evil. I cannot spare you three hours, Ashton—cannot you find some person in a shorter time?"

"No—I cannot think of any other person in whom I would have implicit confidence," said Ashton, after a pause.

"Well, then we must even risk it, I suppose; but bring him here as soon as possible, for delay breaks down the bridge before the horsemen have passed over."

"I will do my best," he is an able man that does more," exclaimed Ashton as he hurried from the room.

While this conversation was going on, a young girl had been sitting quietly sewing, at the window of the room, hardly noticed by either of the speakers. It was the only daughter of Mr. Ashton, a maiden of seventeen summers, the sweet rose of the Jerseys, as the young gallants called her. She listened attentively to the words of Washington, and now, after her father had departed, she marked his unusually serious manner as he strode slowly up and down the apartment, unconscious of her presence. The deportment of Washington was always calmly serious—there was none of that quivering spirit about him which marks more common men when in the midst of great enterprises: when the mind, like a bird on a pole exposed to the aim of the marksman, flutters wildly and fearfully—no, his soul kept its even tenor and poise, even when set up, as it were, as a mark for fate to shoot its most vengeful and unrelenting arrows at. But now the countenance of the great commander wore that shade of gloom which it did afterwards when the news came of Arnold's treason; for backwards, backwards, league after league, had the little army, the forlorn hope of America, been driven; and false lips were sullyng his wisdom and integrity in the eyes of too many of his countrymen; and the undaunted spirit that had nerved their hearts up to this trying hour, was beginning to bend beneath the weight of continued adversity and woe.

"Oh, my poor country!" exclaimed Washington, at length, in a smothered tone as he sank upon a chair, and shaded his face with his hand.

Mary Ashton started as these words fell upon her ear; but knowing that they were uttered in entire unconsciousness of her presence, she kept her seat quietly for a few minutes, and then stole softly from the room—entered

her own chamber, and sat down upon the bed breathlessly.

"And have things come then to such a fearful crisis," thought the young girl—for she knew that no common potent of evil could have drawn such an exclamation from the heroic heart of Washington—"Oh, my poor country!" If bearded men should utter such mournful prophecies, oh! why should not women and children weep bitter tears? So thought Mary Ashton, and she buried her face in the bed-clothes, and wet them with her overflowing tears. For these were times that wives and daughters and mothers felt that they had as great a stake in their country's cause as their husbands and fathers and sons.—These were the times when the flame of liberty, like a strong fire in the forest, caught from twig to twig, and enwreathed in its brilliant light, each bough and little tendril, as well as the tall and massive column that sustained and bore up into fresh air and sunshine—the tree. And so all men, women and children, were filled with living enthusiasm, and felt how glorious a thing it was to die, if need be, for one's country; even so that mothers girded the deadly weapon on their sons, and the betrothed sent her young lover from her encircling arms, knowing that perchance he might fall in the fury of the bloody charge, and she see him never more. But they were gifted with a spirit to rise above and superior to such forebodings; and to feel that life can be preserved only at the cost of duty, then is life, though crowned with a monarch's diadem, and upon a monarch's throne, not worth preserving. For it is not health or soundness of body that the true man prizeth, neither is it the length of days in this outward tabernacle of the flesh, but the inestimable jewel of the soul, no more, as the unconverted call it;—DUTY, as it is named by the regenerated and redeemed.

But Mary wept not long—for she came from a hardy stock—a race not given to despondency, but to unflinching courage—to dare and to dare, and again to dare—yes, to die, daring. If the cause was going to wreck, why was it? There had not been enough self-sacrifice, enough determined zeal, enough patriotism, in one word, enough soul—enough soul to baffle and to beat back the huge corporeal flood with which the foreign tyrant was deluging the land. And if the men of the land were wanting why should not even weak woman lend her assistance to reinforce with what strength she had, the unequal fight? In other ages, it had been counted glory to women, when forgetting they were women, they had assumed the helmet and spear, and joined the serried ranks of war. Had not Joan of Arc caught up the nearly extinguished coal of French enthusiasm, and nursed it into a flame in her woman's bosom? And what was great and glorious in woman to have done, would it be unfeminine and ignoble for woman now to do? Or, granting it to be unfeminine, was unfeminine so good, that its laws must be observed under all circumstances? Was it not better to act greatly and nobly, and be unfeminine, than to keep within the strict laws of feminine propriety, and ignobly see her country wasted, and she not put forth a finger in its defence? To such questions as these, her heroic heart could give but one answer. It was the answer the mother of the Gracchi, or Lucretia, would have given.

In the course of two hours Mr. Ashton returned, but only to give information of his failure to meet with the individual he had spoken of, who had the day before left home, and was not expected back for some weeks. The disappointment of the commander-in-chief was very great. "You must find some one else then," Mr. Ashton, he said, "for it is of the utmost importance that our friends in New York should receive the news I have learned within the last six hours."

"Well," said Mr. Ashton, "I will look around among our friends and see what I can do;—though I frankly confess my hopes are not very sanguine. I would volunteer to go myself, but all the Tories, as well as the Whigs, know me, and I fear I should not be able to get further than the British lines."

Mary had down to meet her father upon his return, but when she found he had been unsuccessful, she sought again the upper part of the house, with a bright sparkle in her eye and somewhat of a smile upon her lip.

"A woman's hand is small and slight
Her cheek is like the flower;
But smaller odds have turned the fight
In many a desperate hour."

sung she in a low voice; while thoughts of Deborah and Sisera and the Spartan mothers, spoke to her like the sound of a trumpet.

Mr. Ashton had in his service a boy some two years younger than his daughter, but of the same height, and rather more slender than usual. Into his chamber the girl first went and selected from his chest of clothes a complete suit of the coarse stuff then worn by the poorer classes of society, with his Sunday

cap and shoes. Hurrying into her own room, she took her scissors, and deliberately severed from her head the rich brown ringlets which clustered around her face—then, after dressing in the clothes she had selected, and taking a careful view of herself in the glass, she stole down stairs, to all appearance a handsome boy of sixteen. Before going up stairs, she had directed one of the men to saddle her favorite hackney, and now, after casting a glance out of the window, and seeing that he was standing, pawing the ground impatiently, in front of the house, she stood before the door of the room in which she had reason to believe Washington was still sitting.—Until this moment the heroic girl felt no trepidation or fear, but now she hesitated for an instant, to gather strength for the moment when her disguise would first be subject to scrutiny—then drawing her cap further down upon her face, she raised the latch and entered the room. With all her efforts Mary could not repress some embarrassment, as the calm gaze of the commander-in-chief rested upon her; but her manner, resembling as it did, the bashfulness of boyhood, excited no suspicions in his mind.

"Well, my lad, what do you wish with me?" said Washington kindly.

Assured by his words of the success of her stratagem, and feeling the importance of appearing equal to the task she wished to undertake, the seeming boy raised her eyes from the floor, and fixing them dismally upon the face of Washington, said earnestly, "Are you General Washington?"

Washington smiled—"Yes, I am General Washington—have you any business to transact with me?"

"I don't know that I have any business to transact with you, but perhaps you have some to transact with me," replied Mary, counterfeiting through the whole dialogue a boy's earnestness and directness of speech and manner—"at least Mr. Ashton said so about half an hour ago."

"Did Mr. Ashton send you to me?" said Washington in surprise.

"Mr. Ashton told me that you wanted some one to carry a message for you, and I told him I would go, even if it was to the end of the world, and in spite of the redcoats—and here is a seal of his that I am to give you, to show you that I am a true whig and no Tory."

Washington was, as may be supposed, very much surprised at first that Mr. Ashton should have selected such a young person for an errand of so much importance. But as he turned the thing over in his mind he thought he comprehended the reasons that had actuated him in so doing. In the first place, a boy would often pass unquestioned where a man would be arrested on suspicion. This was a very important consideration. Then again, even if arrested, it would be very difficult to tell whether it were the consciousness of having a secret, or the mere confusion of youthful fear, that caused any contradiction or unsatisfactoriness in the account a boy would give of himself. For these reasons, therefore, a boy was preferable to a man. The very want of a likelihood, that an important secret would be entrusted to one so young, was in itself a great security against suspicion and detection. And yet it was not altogether pleasant, to send a mere lad on an errand that might be attended with considerable danger. Party spirit ran, we had almost said heaven-high—we should rather say hell-deep—between neighbors and kinsmen who had assumed opposite sides of the contest; and instances were not unfrequent, when not even the claims of near kindred, much less those of mere helplessness, had sufficed to protect defenceless families from the unrelenting hatred of the Tories.

"Are your parents willing that you should go upon an errand of this kind, my boy," said Washington at length.

"I have no mother—my father knows not what danger means, when his country is to be saved."

Washington smiled sternly. "And you, yourself, are not fearful of what the British might do to you, if they were to seize you when going upon my errands?"

"If my father, and you, fear not for your lives, why should I fear for mine?"

"Well spoken, on my word—you are a brave lad," said Washington—"Did Mr. Ashton tell you how far I wanted you to go?"

"Oh, yes, and I have planned it all—I have two or three relatives along the road from here to West Point, with whom I can stop at night—all good whigs, I can assure you—and if any one questions me on the way I shall answer that I am going to see my friends up in the country."

"It's a good plan, a very good plan," said Washington, musingly—and none the worse for its simplicity—you understand, of course, my boy, that the message I shall give you is for the ears of no man, be he whig or Tory, but the commandant at West Point. You understand this?"

"I understand it," replied the disguised girl, proudly.

"And that, threaten as they may, no one else is to see it, or even know that you are entrusted with any message of mine?"

"Let them threaten or let them beg, they shall find out nothing from me," exclaimed she, resolutely.

The General went to a writing desk that stood on the table, and took from it the hollow part of a common quill, in which was inserted a small compact roll of very thin paper—then letting out a few stitches in the round about that the girl wore, he concealed the quill between the lining and the cloth in such a manner that nothing but accident, or the most careful inspection could discover it—then with a needle and thread he carefully, though rather awkwardly, sewed up the hole that he had made.

"You see, my boy, it is well to know how to do everything—to sow as well as to ride," said he smiling.

Mary smiled too, for she thought she could have astonished him a little, were it not for the danger of discovery, in the use of the needle.

"How soon will you be ready to start?" said the General.

"Now," replied she.

"Perhaps you had better wait for your dinner."

"I thought you wanted the errand done as quickly as possible."

Washington gave an approving look—"I only wished to try you my boy," said he. "Now, then be off—and may the blessing of God go with you! Remember—be ever anxious, but be careful, and above all be secret."

Mary caught his hand and passed it to her lips, and hurried from the room.

"A strange boy, but a fine one," said the hero, going to the window and gazing after her as she rode swiftly up the road.

Great was the astonishment of Mr. Ashton when, upon returning unsuccessfully to his home, the General informed him of what had occurred in his absence, and greater was his surprise and anxiety, when upon inquiring for his daughter, no trace of her could be found. It was not till he had himself visited her chamber and seen her clothes lying upon the chair, that suspicion of the truth suggested itself. But when that suspicion was once aroused, corroborative circumstances convinced him that he was not mistaken.

But while highly pleased at the courage and patriotism of his daughter, and the applause which her conduct called forth from Washington, he was naturally anxious lest some injury should befall her in her unprotected journey.

She was his only child, and since the death of his wife, which took place when Mary was but two years old, she had become doubly dear, if that were possible to his heart. So strongly did his anxiety weigh upon his mind, that not even waiting to take a hasty meal, though he had eaten nothing since morning, he mounted his horse, and pushed on after her; resolving to run the risk of being captured, rather than remain quietly at home, when she might possibly be in the midst of danger.

But leaving Mr. Ashton for a time to his painful forebodings, let us turn for a moment, to follow the example of his daughter.

Mary had travelled rapidly for about three hours, and having met with no obstacles, began to congratulate herself upon the safety and ease with which her journey could be performed, when she saw at a turn of the road a small party of soldiers wearing the British uniform, only a short distance before her. Half tempted to fly she reigned up her steed suddenly; recovering in a moment her self-possession, she rode quietly on, hoping to pass them unquestioned. But vain were her expectations, for the leader of the party, a tall, ill-favored man, seized the bridle of her horse, as she came opposite to him, exclaiming with an oath—

"Are these your manners, my boy? Come, what are you, a traitor whig, or a loyal Tory?"

Mary knew in an instant whom she had met; for bad as men are, they were not many Captain Galbraiths at any time in the world.

"I am a poor boy, going to visit my relations," said she, trembling.

"Going to visit your relations, are you? Well, what are they, whig or Tory?"

"I am a poor boy, going to visit my relations," replied she, hardly needing to counterfeited the confused manner of a frightened boy.

"You have scared the young rascal out of his wits, captain," said one of the men.

The captain looked at the supposed boy for a moment, as if doubtful, in his half-drunk humor, what course to take, and then shouted aloud—

"Hurrah for the king, and down with the congress! Come, boy, shout—Hurrah for the king, and then move."

Mary touched her horse with the whip, but the captain was not to be foiled in that way.—"No, no! sing out, my youngster; you are not so dumb but you know what that means," said he, again grasping her bridle.

"I am a poor boy!"

"Come no more of that humbug," said the captain, sternly; gradually arriving at the conclusion that such silly words did not exactly comport with so intelligent a face—"I begin to think you are skylarking with us, my youngster; you had better take care of yourself."

"Come," said the man who had before spoken, just hurrah for the king, that's all the captain wants—and then you can go.

"Aye, and the sooner the better; I'd swear your father was some low whig or other, you rascal!" exclaimed the captain shaking her brutally by the collar. Come, out with it.

The quick blood of her father mounted up into the girl's face—"May my tongue never speak more, if it utter aught but curses upon that tyrant, and all who do him homage!"

"Now, and by Heaven, but you shall say it, and that within ten minutes," said Galbraith, livid with passion.

"Never!" said the girl, resolutely.

"We will see about that," cried the Tory leader, with a hellish laugh, flinging himself from his horse—"Where's the rope, Tom?"

"You will not," said the man who had before spoken, with a deprecating look.

"May I hang, myself, but I will," exclaimed his captain, furiously. "He shall say it in ten minutes, or hang—curse him!" The girl's face grew pale, but it was the paleness of intense determination, not of fear. She dismounted from her horse, and suffered the fatal noose to be placed around her neck, while the other end of the rope was thrown across a bough, that projected over the road.

"Lay hold of that rope!" shouted the captain to his men. "Now," said he, taking out his watch, "when I give the word 'pull,' pull with a vengeance—now, youngster, understand me—if you do not say what I told you, before ten minutes are out, you know your fate. Don't think I'm only joking with you—Jack Galbraith never jokes."

What pen can picture the thronging thoughts of that heroic girl, as she stood thus surrounded by unsparing and pitiless men—men, no, not men—brutes, savages, demons, what you will—but not men—apply not to them, that name synonymous with the most perfect work of God—that name which should be the fitting designation of the embodied virtues—that name which Jesus scorned not to take, and in the taking, to add new lustre—that name which signifies a higher life, than that of stars, or suns, or sphere, however brilliant, or however countless. Oh, apply it not to designate those who have lent themselves to the vile purposes of the polluted fiends! Would I bring before you the patient form of that young maiden, as she stood prepared to die a martyr to what she believed the truth. She could not say that which was equivalent, to wish that the wrong cause might prosper. And yet it is not an easy task to stand patiently and watch the slow minutes that are gradually wearing away the hair from which hangs the suspended doom. Earth, too, has many ties for the wealthy and beautiful, that the poor and unadmirable know not of. It is a joy to live, when to live is the undisputed call of nature. And though Mary Ashton was as yet "fancy free," still she had a father whom she dearly loved, and companions of her youth who were very near to her soul. But it was not so much any one separation that was so painful, as the consciousness that the whole rich fruitage of life was to drop from the bough of her existence at once and forever—not that she was not to see any one loved friend or place any more; but the burden of the thought, that all friendships and all knowledge, the father whom she tenderly revered, the home of her youth, the sunny fields, the bright companions of her path, the orchards, the golden harvests, and the faces of men, were henceforth at one dread stroke to fade away, and, in their place, be utter blackness and darkness forever. This is death—or, rather, this is that fear of death which is a snare.

But still the minutes rolled slowly on—wearing away one from the other, till but half their original number remained. But then came holier thoughts; thoughts of the mother that had gone before and stood beckoning from the spirit land; thoughts of how proudly her father's heart would beat, when the first gust of his woe was over, at the thoughts of his young daughter dying in the cause of her country; and how her name would be inscribed upon the fairest leaf of that country's history, and embalmed in the hearts of the good and noble. Such thoughts filled her countenance with radiance, and she saw no more a weeping father, and sorrowing friends—not thought of the green sunny meadows and yellow harvest fields she was leaving.

But hark! the quick hoof of a horse is coming down the road. Galbraith and his men looked round upon each other with sullen faces, as if they liked not to be found engaged in such a fiendish job—although in the countenance of some of them, may be clearly seen a flash of relief, as if they had begun to breathe freer. The horseman comes nearer and nearer, and reins up with a pull that makes the foaming animal rear upon his haunches; as he catches a view of the boy beneath the tree, and comprehends the whole at a glance.

"How now, Galbraith—what devilry is this?" said he, sternly.

"We caught this young rascal spying about in our lines, and inasmuch as he will not burrah for King George, we concluded to give him a spy's recompense, replied Galbraith, sullenly.

"You did—did you?" replied the other, sharply. "Well, it is well for you that I came by in time to prevent it, or else you might have hung yourself for this day's work. Who gave you authority to hang spies? If you believe him to be a spy, which by the way I suspect is false, take him to head quarters to be examined."

"There are those that say that Colonel Dunbar always takes the rebel's side," muttered Galbraith.

But the young officer who had arrived so opportunely, either did not hear, or else heeded not this insinuation; throwing himself from his horse, he loosened with his own hands the noose around the young girl's throat, and then casting it indignantly aside, as he noticed the handsome face of the alleged spy, assured her, in a tone of kindness, that she need be no longer concerned about her safety.

"I have not time to look into the matter, now," said he, turning to Galbraith; "but if as you assert, there be sufficient reason for suspecting him as a spy, take him to head quarters—but mark me, if the least injury be done him on the way—no matter—you know Charles Dunbar, and with a glance of encouragement towards the prisoner, the young man sprang again on his horse, and he was soon out of sight.

"Now, if I knew for certain there was no cursed blabber in my troop, I'd give Charley Dunbar one lesson—notwithstanding he's an Earl's son and the General's pet," said Galbraith, with a glance round at his men, and a vengeful scowl at the disguised girl.

But as Captain Galbraith had to content himself with his angry menace, it is probable he had not full confidence in his men; for he did not even take the precaution to bind his prisoner, either from the belief that she could not possibly escape, or else from fear of affronting Colonel Dunbar.

During the occurrence we have just described, Mr. Ashton was drawing near to the scene of what had come so near being a tragedy inquiring of every person he met, whether they had noticed any one answering the description of his daughter. At length he met a farmer who said that he had encountered such a person about two hours previous, in the custody to all appearance, of a party of British soldiers. Mr. Ashton's first impulse was to ride on and overtake them, but upon second thought he concluded it would be best to return and obtain Washington's permission to enter the British lines under the protection of a flag of truce.

The stars were shining in the heavens before he again reached his home, and communicated the information he had received to the Commander-in-Chief—"I fear," said Mr. Ashton, "not only for her safety, but also for the safety of your dispatches."

"Oh, as to them," replied the General, "you need not trouble yourself. The British already know the fact that I wished to communicate, which was nothing more than their intention to make an attack upon West Point before long, and if they ascertain that I am also acquainted with their design, it will have an effect to make them postpone it for a season. And as to the errand upon which your noble girl was bound, I have heard during your absence, that the commander at West Point received the information of the intended attack, from one of our correspondents in New York city, some days before I did. Therefore rest patiently as you can, my worthy friend, till the morning, when I will send Hamilton, whom you can accompany, with a flag to the British camp, and I have no doubt, even if things have taken the worst shape, and your daughter is detained as a spy, that upon their discovery of her sex, she will be immediately released. For the English with all their faults, are ever courteous to women."

Comforted by the calm confidence of Washington, the anxious father threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed, and notwithstanding his anxiety, so fatigued was he with his hard riding for nearly the whole day, soon sunk into profound slumber.

(FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1848.

Great was the excitement among the officers of the British army, when, upon the arrival of Colonel Hamilton and Mr. Ashton the next afternoon at their headquarters, they learned that the boy who had attracted so much attention in the morning, by the wit and nobleness of his replies to the officer who had conducted his examination, was in truth a beautiful young maiden. And as a full account of the whole affair gradually crept down from the superior officers to those of inferior grades; the romance of the story losing nothing as it may be supposed in its progress, the beautiful rebel became the theme and admiration of the whole camp.

Attired once more in the garments of her sex, the apartment in which Mary Ashton waited the moment when Colonel Hamilton should be ready to attend her father and herself home, resembled the court of a princess—and the English commander, Cornwallis, laughingly threatened to revoke the permission to depart which he had courteously given, as the facts of the case had been represented, 'for,' said he, 'she is doing more harm to the royal cause than General Washington and his whole army. And yet,' he continued, 'merely, I do not know but that it is the best plan to get rid of the little baggage as soon as possible, for my young men will be worth nothing at all while she is here.'

But among the English officers, there was no one who seemed to be more captivated by the dark-eyed, enthusiastic American, than Col. Dunbar. He had been charmed in the morning with the bright beaming face of the supposed boy, when she thanked him in a few heartfelt words for his interference the day before. And during the long hours that the girl had passed in the camp before her father's coming, Col. Dunbar had been her protector from the insults that she would have been liable to from the supercilious and the coarse. But when the young officer gazed upon her for the first time arrayed in a garb, calculated to display the beauty of the woman, he thought that he had never beheld a creature so radiantly lovely.

"Dunbar you are in love with that charming piece of rebellion," said one of his comrades, jestingly: as he marked the abstraction of the young officer, who stood silently apart, while others were crowding around and paying their homage to their beautiful enemy.

"Nonsense," replied Dunbar, confusedly. But still he found it impossible to join in the gay and brilliant circle that surrounded the young girl. He knew that before an hour she would have gone, but although there was something he would fain have said, he could not gather heart to say it. And yet he declared to himself he was not in love—twice over to think that he, Charles Dunbar, a nobleman by birth, could fall in love with a country maiden, and she a rebel's daughter.

But when the moment came that he must speak, if ever; for her father had brought in word that Colonel Hamilton would be ready to start in a few minutes, Dunbar roused himself from his lethargy, and joining the group around her. He thought that a brighter color than usual suffused her cheek as her eye met his. But, if his glance had worked a momentary confusion, it was but for a moment; for beckoning him to her side, she said gently but fervently—"Colonel Dunbar, I never shall forget that to you I owe my life. May God preserve you; that mercy may always have at least one advocate; and suffering helplessness a defender! And if it should be your fate in the course of this unhappy war, to need a friend within the continental camp, Mary Ashton will do the little a weak maiden may to serve you."

Col. Dunbar took the hand she frankly extended to him, and pressed it to his lips; then drawing up his manly form to its full height, he said in courtly phrase, under which he vainly attempted to hide his deep emotion—"And for my part, while in simple justice to myself must say, that I take no praise to myself in this matter—for you know that I did nothing but what would be imperatively required of any gentleman and soldier—I would appeal to every individual present, whether it would not damp his ardor in the field, when the thought comes over him, that he is fighting against the friends and countrymen of Mary Ashton."

"Bravo, Dunbar, bravo!" cried a dozen voices. The eyes of the girl rank upon the floor at the applause which followed the flattering words of Dunbar, then raising them sparkling as a sudden thought lit up her face with glowing enthusiasm, she took a glass of wine from the table near her, and said, "One glass, ere we part, gentlemen, for Mary Ashton's sake."

"A toast, a toast," cried the officers enthusiastically, as they filled their glasses. "God give the victory in this struggle to the right!" said she solemnly, putting the glass to her lips.

"And now, adieu, gentlemen," continued she, as her father appeared at the entrance of the room. "Adieu, Col. Dunbar," said she, in a gentle tone, as she passed him at the door; and mounting her horse, she rode off with her friends, amid the warm exclamations of the officers.

We will now with our reader's permission, skip slightly over without even as much as touching a period of seven years. The war is at an end. The days of desolation are past, and the song of the reaper, and the laugh of the haymaker, are heard again in the land. Children once more trudge daily to school, without fear, and the maiden hesitates not to loiter in the silent woods, lest the brutal soldier should suddenly come upon her. Destruction no more comes down upon the defenceless village like a thief in the night, and the lonely farm-house no longer fears the tread of the marauder. War no longer hangs like a sulphurous cloud over the land; but the blue sky of peace and its golden sunshine are all over. The musket is hung to rest upon its hook, and the sickle is taken down. An habitual farm rests no more upon the faces of men—hated is no longer their duty, but love.

Mary Ashton is no longer the young slender girl—"The rose of the Jersey's has opened, and the blooming maiden has become the full-blown and lovely woman. She is not yet married—no one knows why. 'She cannot find any one good enough for her,' says the envious. Many that are not envious think so too—but she smiles, and says nothing to the world; though in secret, to her father, she says that she shall never marry. We shall see.

It was a bright afternoon in June, that a stranger of imposing appearance stopped at Mr. Ashton's house, and asked to see Mary Ashton. He did not say Miss Ashton, or Miss Mary Ashton, but simply Mary Ashton. We like to be particular as to facts even in small matters, and this we have from the best authority.

The stranger was shown into the parlor, where in a few minutes Mary made her appearance.

"Am I remembered," said the stranger in a low tone, as he rose from his chair and met her in the middle of the room.

She gave one glance at his face and would have fallen, had he not supported her. "Colonel Dunbar," said she faintly.

"You must excuse me," continued she, recovering her composure, "you were the last person in the world that I expected to see; and your face recalled scenes that I had nearly forgotten; but pardon me, I will call my father in a moment."

"Stop, Mary, Miss Ashton, I mean," said Dunbar quickly. "You may think me foolish, but I have come from over the sea to ask you one question, and I would ask it now, ere another hour had elapsed. I do not ask you whether you can love me said he, in a low, but passionate tone, as a rich blush stole over the downcast face of his listener; "but whether you love me, or have loved at any time another. It were foolish with your small knowledge of my character to ask you now to be mine; but I would know even now whether your heart is filled with another image as mine is with yours."

"I love no one but you—if I cannot love you I can love no one," whispered she.

Dunbar passed his arm around her waist triumphantly. "It was no false omen then led me across the seas. But though I feel you would be mine, with the asking, even now, Mary, I will not abuse your generous confidence in one whom you know so little. For one year I shall remain in this country, under any event. During that time your father will be able to make all necessary inquiries, both here and in England, as to my character and standing among men—you also shall see me frequently, and may try if you can love me, said he, smiling gaily. "Now suppose we go and see if we can find your father."

What need is there in saying more. It required not much inquiry to satisfy Mr. Ashton as to the character of one so widely known from his family and wealth, as well as from his own generous nature, as Charles Dunbar; and before six months were passed, Mary laughingly protesting that she was at least more than half satisfied that she could almost love him, gave her hand to him who had won her heart, when filled with girlish enthusiasm, she had in her country's cause, thrown for the time her womanhood aside.

"And then you grant we rebels were more than half right?" said Mary, playfully to her husband, the day after their marriage.

"You may judge so by this," said Dunbar, taking a paper which contained an old parliamentary debate from his pocket. "Then Mary learned for the first time that her parting words: 'God give the victory to the right,' had led him into a fresh examination of the colonies, which had resulted in the throwing up of his commission, and his joining with that large party at home, who from the commencement of the war, had steadily declared their conviction of his impolicy and injustice—an impolicy that resulted in tearing from the British crown its brightest jewel, and an injustice which has left the seed of animosity and hate rankling in the breast of two nations, that should be connected in the closest ties of friendship and love."

Communicated.

[For the Cold Water Fountain.]

The Pious Rumrunner.

"What is the gentleman's name?" "Pon my honor he's an equivocal sort of character, as his cognomen does plainly indicate. If you say 'No,' you'll miss it, and if you say 'yes,' you'll miss it; but if you do speak both in a breath, (NO-YES) you'll guess it."—*Shakespeare.*

Of all the rumrunning saints in the nation, we have one in FRANKFORD that beats all creation! He's as moral as Socrates, pious as Plato, And whatever his father does he will do too."

"Save poor sinners, O Lord," at his prayers he will cry.

Then wiping the crocodile tears from his eye, He will give the same sinners the cup and the poison That drives them from virtue, from God, and from reason.

At the conference meeting you hear him—"O yes, I will serve the Lord as I now profess." * * * But here's an old soaker with a flip—what a prize, My! my! just look at the Deacon's two eyes! What has happened? has he heard of some soul's conversion?

No, no—the Deacon is at his diversion, To ruin the poor drunkard—and he thinks it well done.

To rob a sick wife and her starving children.

"O turn ye poor sinners, for why will ye die," Cried the Deacon at a powerful meeting one day, And his word sent conviction to the heart of a youth, So he sought the hotel to hear more of the truth, Or down his conviction. Then the Deacon said—

"Take a glass; I was not much in earnest, no, no."

"This wonderful how he came from his baptism in Jordan,

When the glory of God of his song was the burden, And the Deacon thought, sure, it was no impropriety To set up a rumshop and preach up his piety."

On the same Sabbath day he deals prayers, rum, and sorrow—

At communion to-day, feeding swine on the morrow, And twirling the puzzle the 'drunkards' attorney' a bunch To say whether he's best at his prayers or his punch; And if to the service of truth they did win him, He serves God as tho' the d— was in him.

Says the Deacon to M*****d his companion and friend,

"You don't need no business to sell, I contend—

But I'm pious!"

So the one keeps "FREE STABLE" for brutes and for dummies,

And the other for gents and church-member rowdies.

When "Frank" said the Deacon had a card up on Sunday,

"There's liquor for sale here!"—says the Deacon on one day,

"It's too bad—how they denigrate me. I'll go to the preacher

And awaken his sympathy." So off he runs to his teacher.

Preacher, "Good morning Deacon Giles,"

Deacon, "You mistake my name, Sir,"

Pr., "Pardon me. Isn't it Giles?"

Dea., "No-yes, Sir."

Pr., "I thought I was right,"

Dea., "I know you are wrong!"

Pr., "This is certainly Deacon Giles of the distillery. Am I mistaken?"

Dea., "No-yes, Sir."

Pr., (Aside.) "I think the Deacon has not studied his Bible closely, else his communication would be either yes or nay. (To the Deacon.) But what is your wish Deacon Giles?"

Dea., "My dear sir—these ere Temperance folks are the most complex'd critters what troubles this here peaseable kimmunity. My righteous sole is vexed into me from day ten day. Let me speak device—my dear, dear sir—would become or this peaseable village of things are submitted for to go on after such a rate. Our church will go down unless a stop

is put on to 'em afore long. I idea hope, my dear sir, (handing the minister a V) that you will den your duty. My scandalous hopin is that

It sir, it will be the greatest per-riety To turn these ere Temperance folks all out of your s'ciety."

And as for "FRANK"—why sur, I'm a gwoine to persecute him immedately. I'm a sin-seared respektin of the law, and I'm gwoine to make him smart for sich an incombustible de-flamation of my onspotless, and onspotable karriker."

The preacher returned him his check, and said, "You'll do well not to hammer and crack your own head."

The card's of no consequence—the question will come

In court, my dear Deacon, "DOES THE DEACON SELL RUM?"

And as to the exclusion of Temperance men, We might better, my dear Deacon, part with you than with them."

At this the Deacon slid. He has discovered, at last, that the preacher does not connive in his nefarious traffic. And such a phiz as the Deacon now wears! Every eye in the village is upon him. His horoscope, tho' at present somewhat uncertain, will, we think, be determined before long. Some of the more sensible ones here begin to doubt his piety! This is the worst of all. The Deacon cannot, positively, stand this. It is rumored he is so much depressed, spiritually, that he neglected family prayers last evening.

When the urchin at school cuts up a sly dido, And the teacher inquires if he did it, says "No."

But when rapped on the knuckles the question to press,

He whines, and whines, and cries out "Yes, yes!"

So the Deacon, (not Giles, but) Mr. NO-YES, Will respect his responsible station I guess, And though once entreated to desist, he said "NO." By the next "sermon" I think he'll be glad to say "YES."

*John VII.—XIV.

Frankfort, Dec. 31, '47. FRANK, JR.

OLDTOWN, Dec. 27, 1847.

BRO. JEWELL:—I have always been a plain, out-spoken, blunt, matter-of-fact person, and know not why that isn't the best way to do and say things at all times, if we talk or act at all. I have been so busily engaged in business matters for some time past, that I have deferred reporting to you the progress of Temperance, and vice versa, in our enterprising "little village of mills and slabs"—I shall, as formerly, speak plain and be a truth-teller, for the facts I'm about to develop are designed to benefit humanity. I record with pity and heart-felt sorrow (no design of misrepresentation or ill will towards them, whom for money—less than 30 pieces—blinded by the mammon of unrighteousness, will blight and destroy every worldly hope and comfort, and doom to the drunkard's grave, many who aside from the habit of inebriety, would be kind husbands, doting parents, firm friends, and good citizens.) some few of Rum's doings of late in Oldtown. We have two public taverns and two barber's shops, (the shops kept by Frenchmen) and several houses of entertainment (?) of the "horse hair and cat gut" order, where spirits are sold and drunk—and spirits of not the highest order congregate. But to more pointed facts—A man got intoxicated at Green & Cowen's bar, and having "a few more bits left" was allowed to lodge in the attic chamber. The poor fellow was so "extremely hot" that he set the bed on fire, and endangered the whole house, and also done that to the bed which my pen for modesty's sake refuses to write. But what next—why what could you expect from the dear lord of the mansion, who loves his customers so well, but kindness and sympathy? Well, here it is, judge for yourselves, ye thirsty souls who love rummellers ardently. On learning the condition and feats of his victim he proceeded to the room of action and unceremoniously grappled his "wood hooks" into his dear friend's (?) hair, and dragged not only the poor fellow's helpless body from the filthy bed, but a large handful of hair from his head! A part of the hair was exhibited next day, for a specimen of Rumrunner's Compound Extract of Sympathy. Bro. Greene, (one of the firm who kept the Hotel alluded to) is from Brunswick Me., where he belonged to the Orthodox church, and is now a regular go-to-meeting christian (?) Incredibly state this, to let his brethren know how he "grows in grace and prospers in the divine life," presuming that the high vocation to which he is now called, i. e. of making drunkards, paupers, criminals and knaves, has so absorbed his deeply pious mind that he has neglected sending an epistle to his "brethren in the Lord" to tell them "how the Lord prospers his soul." This firm quip selling for a few weeks last spring, after one poor fellow had cut his throat; but the knife was too dull to do the fatal job complete—he was laboring under tremens, having drunk up his winter's wages at their bar. During this "suspension of hostilities" Mr. Greene was piously alarmed for the morals and industry of the village! "Every shop sold liquor, men got drunk and come to his house, and he had to bear the blame—and Briggs' Bitters helped the deuce with his boarders and kept them drunk, and his house filthy, ten times worse than when he sold liquors! Every air-tight stove and every wood-box was filled with Briggs' Bitter Bottles, at least a two bushel basket full, and he must keep some good liquor, and his bar open to avoid these growing evils and to save the community from utter ruin!" Such were the pleadings and arguments in favor of selling by this sainted Rum Apostle. If Greene wasn't a christian (?) he certainly would not be any better than the rest of our lawless vendors who scourge this village.

VERITAS.

BR. JEWELL:—A friend of the good cause has kindly forwarded me one number of your valuable paper; the characteristics of which speak forth fully the good sense of its Editor. And sir, did we know nothing more than the name of your choice for a paper, even temperance men or men of virtue and integrity must commend your good sense, but when they look at your paper, and then see a pure spirit of sympathy poured forth as the cold water into the heart of the unfortunate, all must feel to clasp you and your paper to their hearts. With your permission I would speak to the friends of the good cause through your paper, of what we are doing in this city.

Since I settled in this city, (Sept. 1) I have addressed all or nearly so, of the Temperance societies in it, and from the Books of those societies, I learn that on an average 240 sign the Pledge weekly. Still we feel that we are doing but little in the cause, when we think of the hundreds staggering through our streets daily, and of the 1500 Rum shops, our 200 shanties, who are dealing out the serpent to our citizens. The truth is, sir, we have the Sons, the Rechabites, good Samaritans, and Daughters attached to each, beside this

the E. L. Snow Social Union, all Benefit Societies, based on Temperance, and the attention of each has been turned chiefly to their own societies, so that the general cause has been neglected to some extent, but all are apparently aroused and have taken hold together, to again push forward the general cause, so that we look for a more glorious temperance revival than ever.

Last Thursday evening we met, that is, a delegation from the various societies, and organized a temperance society in the 11th ward, which we think must and will do much good. The attention of the temperance Public, is turned chiefly to the youth, to keep them in the path of temperance so that when they come on the stage, public opinion will be so strong against the monster that he must hide his head forever.

By the way, I would say, the E. L. Snow Social Union, is a Benefit society, based on Temperance, Integrity and Virtue, and admits of Males and Females, the Constitution and By-Laws of which I will send you; it prospers far beyond any other one in the city, and I am a member of three, and like this much the best, from the fact that I think society is not complete without both sexes.

Yours truly in the bonds of Love.

RALPH PHINNEY.

N. B. We are getting up Union No. 4—the first was organized one year since. R. P.

Cold Water Fountain.

An Independent Press—guided by honesty of purpose and principle—devoted to the support of morality and virtue, as the true element of national prosperity, and of individual and social happiness.

FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 7, 1848.

[G]—All communications and letters of business should be addressed (POST PAID) TO H. W. JEWELL & Co., Gardiner, Me.

[R]—REV. THEODORE HILL, is authorised Agent for the Fountain.

[J]—JONATHAN BEAN, Esq., of Centre Montville, is an authorized Agent for the Fountain.

The Pump—A Temperance balance

Power necessary.

At the salt works in New-York, the water is raised nearly fifty feet, into a spacious reservoir, by a large pump. From the elevated head of the reservoir, it is conveyed in pipes to the several boiling places. As the pump by which it is raised is sufficient to force up several pails full at a stroke against the whole column which it raises, an immense power is required to work it, which is generated by water from the Oswego canal, falling upon an overshot-wheel, of some forty feet in diameter. In adjusting the power to the work, since only one stroke of the pump accompanies each revolution of the wheel, and since the far greater force is required on the side of the wheel falling at the moment the column of water is raised, it was necessary to equalize the resistance, in such a manner as would accumulate weight when the bucket was empty, to aid in forcing it when it was filled. To effect this object, that part of the revolution of the wheel which lifted no water, was made to raise a dead weight, or balance, which, no sooner than it was elevated, and the weight of forcing the water was upon the wheel, instantly added the weight of all its ponderability, like another man putting his shoulder to the burden, to aid in lifting the briny column and filling the reservoir.

Here is an admirable adjustment, by which power is augmented at one time, to be reserved against a moment of trial, and spent when his help is indispensable. If we do not mistake, here also is an equally admirable illustration of what is needed in the temperance cause. It is needed by the reformed man, in order to enable him to keep his pledge in the hour of temptation. During what may be termed the "sunshine," when appetite does not particularly crave, nor tempters solicit, requires but little effort to keep from the snare of the insidious destroyer. Then is a favorable time for accumulating a weight or influence, by the aid of which, superadded to remaining strength, in the hour of burden and conflict, the pressure be resisted, and victory gained.

Not only is the reformed inebriate in need of such a balance. The various halting of others, in the good cause, prove that all need some additional influence in certain lagging seasons, to make them keep in the way of consistency. We have no doubt that there is power enough in all, could it be equalized and economized, to do the needed work, and keep them in the "narrow way;" but the question is, how shall the thing be done? This important desideratum may be supplied. To this end, let the subject do his utmost, in associating all kind of interest with obligation; so that the accumulated weight of his well being in every point will bear directly to duty. To illustrate: some think, and probably correctly, that the Order of the "Sons," or of the "Rechabites," by inducing the individual to lay up a fund, which he may receive an hundred fold increase in benefits in adversity, is the very balance which is needed, and able to hold men to the pledge. If it be not done by joining a Division or a Tent, let it be done in some other manner; no matter what, so the balance be put on to the wheel, and made heavy enough to keep the movement onward, and equalize the motion. Let every temperance man embark his earthly everlasting all, and determine to go straight into port, or sink all with the cause, and there will be no danger that the weight will not be strong enough. Especially, if no part of the price be taken back.

Excuses of the Inactive.

Some, who perhaps intend to do all their duty, nevertheless do nothing in the temperance cause. If such do their whole duty, others must do vastly more than is required of them. Some may attempt to excuse themselves upon the ground that they devote all their energies and means in a manner which they sincerely believe will be more beneficial to their race, than to labor in the cause of temperance. Without pretending that it is the duty of all good men to devote any considerable amount of labor in every good cause; it is assumed, that in regard to all departments of benevolent enterprise, the object of which is to remove evils from the immediate neighborhood in which a good man may reside, it is an incumbent upon him, at least to hoist his colors; to show on which side he stands; to do nothing which can be easily tortured into an appearance of favor to evil doers; and to manifest a warm heart against them. Whether there may be cases in which good men are deterred from active service in the temperance field by the amount of their devotion and effort in other good causes, in general, those very men who do most in promotion of other philanthropic objects, do most in this cause; and such as excuse them-

selves from temperance work, excuse themselves from labor in other causes, also. This fact will render it probable that but few, if any, are prevented from effort with us, by their onerous sacrificing labors elsewhere. In ninety-nine cases in an hundred, where an individual does not labor in the cause, a want of disposition to do it may be safely set down as the principal, if not the only reason of neglect. Want of disposition may be owing to one, or several, of a variety of causes. His heart may be callous to the sufferings and groans of humanity, wrecked and dashed in ruin by demon alcohol. He may have a secret and sly itching for an occasional embrace of the old fellow, in a by-corner of his stomach, which he has heretofore devoted to the indulgence. He may be an office seeker, in a case in which the rum-sopist is regarded as indispensable to success.—To sum up all, in one word—it will cost too much; it involves greater sacrifices than his virtue can consent to render.

[G]—The communication, from Lubec, was received too late for insertion this week. It shall appear in our next.

BOSTON ALMANAC.—A copy of this useful and almost indispensable work has been placed upon our table by Bro. G. M. Atwood; by whom it is for sale. It is got up with its usual neatness, and contains in addition to its customary amount of valuable information a complete list of the inscriptions at Mt. Auburn.

We have received from Mr. F. Glazier, Jr. a bottle of Harrison's Columbian Ink, and after a fair trial pronounce it fully equal, if not superior to any we have before used. It is pale when first written with, but soon changes to a permanent, deep black; flows freely from the pen and is free from sediment, so common to most inks. See advertisement in another column.

[For the Fountain.]

MR. EDITOR:—As I hear the observation made every day that the recent month of December is the most remarkable ever remembered, I have been induced to look into my meteorological journal to verify the observation. I there find that the mean heat of Dec. 1839, and of Dec. 1841, did not materially differ from the month of Dec. 1847. In 1839 the river did not freeze till the 18th of December, previous to which there had been no ice to injure navigation, and the ground had not been sufficiently frozen to prevent ploughing in green-sward. In 1841 the river closed Dec. 1, opened the 4th, closed again the 7th, opened the 11th, and did not finally close till the 17th Dec. December 1839 was followed by an intensely cold January, which was not the case with Dec. 1841. In each of the winters 1839—40 and 1841—2, we had only 16 days good sleighing.

It will be a matter of surprise to most of your readers to hear that the average moisture of the year 1847 did not greatly exceed the average moisture of the last 10 years. March, April and May of the last year were unusually dry, and the subsequent months very wet. June 1847 was the wettest month for 10 years, excepting Nov. 1845.

Mean Heat of Dec. 1839, 27.9053.
" " 1841, 27.1682.
" " 1847, 28.6551.

Whole moisture of 1847, 44,899. Inches.—

Mean moisture of last 10 years, 44,254.9.

January 4th 1848. G.

The late Freshet.

The Americans have always bragged of their long rivers, their wide prairies, their high mountains and their unmatchable cataraacts, and they may as well add to the above list their great freshets. A letter in the New York Tribune, from a gentleman who left Cincinnati on the 13th of Dec., gives the following particulars respecting the late freshet on the Ohio and its tributaries:

I was a passenger in the steamer North River, Captain Dean, from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh. Soon after leaving the former place we found the river rising fearfully. We tried to effect a landing towards night, but were unable, and at length got out of the channel, sailed two miles up (river) in a cornfield, and brought up in an apple orchard. Next morning we proceeded on our voyage; the river still rising five inches an hour, and encountered floating dwellings, houses, timber, haystacks, hogs, cattle, &c., on their way down stream.

On arriving at Portsmouth, next day at noon, we found the town (seven hundred houses) completely inundated, the water occupying the first story, and in many cases also the second. At Graham's Station we found matters in a worse condition. The scene of destruction was painful to behold.

In the coal region, including Pomeroy, Sheffield, Coalgrove and Kyesville, where they get out coal for the craft on the river, and which extend, as one continuous village on the Ohio, for nearly three miles, almost every house was submerged, and the inhabitants were encamped on the neighboring hills, men, women, and children.

Thence up to Marietta, on the Ohio bank (and occasionally on the Kentucky and Virginia shore,) we witnessed one vast unbroken scene of ruin and desolation, including an extent of country nearly 400 miles in length.

The Muskingum enters the Ohio at Marietta, which is built on the fork or junction of the two streams. That city also was under water—the flood was 18 feet deep in their principal street!!! We took in passengers from the second story of one of the hotels, and our boat was occasionally found, on hazy days, miles distant from the river, and in many places we sailed up the U. S. mail road.

Gallipolis suffered severely.

Carrying some freight for a farmer residing near Graham's Station, we sailed over his farm with the help of a lead and line, landing it on a bank near which no steamer had ever sailed before.

It was considered that not less than 3,000 dwelling houses and stores were more or less under water, and in various degrees injured. The loss of property is far beyond my power of calculation to estimate, but it must be immense.

OFFICERS OF DIVISIONS.

The following is a list of officers elect for Passanaguddy Div. No. 86.

S. H. Kimball, W. P. F. Yates, W. A. G. W. Haley, R. S. D. Tucker, A. R. S. F. B. Jay, F. S. John McAllap, T. E. A. Davis, C. Wm. J. Goodwin, A. C. Thos. Lamson, I. S. Thos. Barnham, O. S.

This Division is in a very flourishing condition. It has been in operation only two terms, and has initiated nearly 100 members.

Harren Div. No. 3. N. K. Chidwick, W. P. J. Robinson, W. A. I. N. Thomas, R. S. Chas. B. Stone, A. R. S. John Upham, F. S. John Frost, T. Silas Andrews, Jr., C. John Lord, A. C. Levi Bowe, I. S. Daniel Knights, O. S.

Kennebec Div. No. 23. E. S. Shepard, W. P. G. S. Maynard, W. A. Richard Vance, R. S. J. Pickering, A. R. S. W. E. Jarvis, F. S. J. L. Meserve, T. Jason Winnett, C. S. Hutchinson, A. C. Chas. Smith, I. S. Sumner

