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Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

A Family Newspaper....Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

TERMS, \$2.00: \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOV. 18, 1847.

NO. 17.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, IN
WINGATE'S BUILDING,
MAIN STREET, (OPPOSITE DOW & CO.'S STORE.)

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Country Produce received in payment.

THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Aye, this is freedom—these pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke;
The fragrant wind that through them flies,
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroken.
Here, with my rifle and my sword,
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me where the deer deer feed,
In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannas know
No barriers in the gloomy grass;
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
Or gleam of heaven may glance, I pass.
In pastures measureless as air,
The bison is my noble game;
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
The branches, falls beneath my aim.

Mine are the river fowl that scream
From the long strip of waving sedge;
The heron, that marks my weapon's gleam,
Hides vainly in the forest edge.
In vain the snipe waltz at bay;
The bristled catamount, that lies
High in the boughs, to watch his prey,
Even in the act of springing dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane,
Ting their huge arms across my way,
Gray, old, and cumbered with a train
Of vines as thick as ivy, roll and slide,
Free stray the lucid streams and shades,
No stain in these fresh lawns and fens,
Free spring the flowers that scent the wind,
Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone the fire when forest-winds are
The heavy harvest of the ground,
Gathers his animal harvest here,
With roaring like the battle's sound,
And hurrying flames that sweep the plain,
And smoke and steam that curl the sky;
I meet the flames with flames again,
And at my door they cower and die.

Here from dim woods the aged Past
Speaks solemnly, and I behold
The boundless Future, in the vast
And lonely silence of the wild,
Who looks its founts with rain and dew?
Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
And trains the bordering vines whose blue,
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass.

Broad are these streams—my steel obeys,
Plunges and bears me in the tide,
Wide stretch woods—I tread the maze
Of giant streams, nor ask a guide.
I hunt till day's last glimmer dies,
Or weary sole and gray height,
And kind the voice and glad the eyes
That welcome me at night.

Miscellany.

A LESSON OF PATIENCE.

BY MARY ALBENA SMITH.

I was unhappy, from a variety of causes, definable and undefinable. My chambermaid had been cross for a week, and by talking to my cook had made her dissatisfied with her place. The mother of five little children, I felt that I had a weight of care and responsibility greater than I could support. I was unequal to the task. My spirits fell in its bare contemplation. Then I had been disappointed in a seamstress, and my children were, as the saying is, "in rags." While brooding over these and other disheartening circumstances, Netty, my chambermaid, opened the door of the room where I was sitting, (it was Monday morning,) and said—
"Harriet has just sent word that she is sick and can't come to-day."
"Then you and Agnes will have to do it," I replied, in a fretful voice; this new source of trouble completely breaking me down.
"Indeed, ma'am," replied Netty, tossing her head and speaking with some pertness, "I can't do the washing. I didn't engage for anything but chambermaid."
And so saying, she left me to my own reflections. "I must own to feeling exceedingly angry and rose to ring the bell for Netty to return, in order to tell her that she could go to washing or leave the house, as best suited her fancy. But the sudden recollection of a somewhat similar collision with a former chambermaid, in which I was worsted, and compelled to do my own chamber work for a week, caused me to hesitate, and finally to set down and indulge in a heavy spell of crying.
When my husband came home at dinner time, things did not seem very pleasant to him. I must own I had on a long a very long face—much longer than it was when he went away in the morning.
"Still in trouble, I see, Jane," he said. "I wish you would try to take things a little more cheerfully. To be unhappy about what is not exactly agreeable doesn't help the matter any, but really makes it worse."
"If you had to contend with what I have to contend with, you wouldn't talk about things being exactly agreeable," I replied to this. "It is easy enough to talk. I only wish you had a little of what I have to trouble me; you wouldn't think quite so light of it."
"What is the great trouble, Jane?" said my husband, without being at all fretted by my unamiable temper. "Let us hear; perhaps I can suggest a remedy."
"If you will get me a washerwoman you'll oblige me," said I.
"Where is Harriet?" he asked.
"She is sick, or pretends to be, I don't know which."
"Perhaps she will be well enough to do it to-morrow," said husband.
"Perhaps is a poor dependence," I said, with a fairness that ill repaid my husband's effort to comfort me. "I saw that he felt the unkindness of my manner, in the slight shade that passed over his face."
"Can't you get some one else to do your washing this week?"

I made no reply. The question was easily asked. After that, my husband was silent—silent in that peculiar way that I understood, too well, as the effect of my words or tones, or state of mind. Here was another cause for unhappiness, in the reflection that I had destroyed my husband's peace.
I am sure I did not look much like a loving wife and mother as I presided at the dinner table that day. The children never seemed so restless and hard to manage; and I could not help speaking to them, every now and then, 'as if I would take their heads' but to little good effect.
After my husband went away, on finishing his dinner, I went to bed and cried for more than half the afternoon. Oh! how wretched I felt! life seemed almost an intolerable burden.
Then my mind grew more composed, and I tried to think about what was to be done. The necessity for having the clothes washed was absolute; and this roused me, at length, as the most pressing domestic duty, into thinking so earnestly that I presently rang the bell for Netty, who came in her own good time.
"Tell Agnes I want to see her," I said, not in a very good natured way.
The effect was to cause Netty to leave the chamber without replying, and slam the door hard after her, which mark of disrespect set my blood to boiling. In a little while my cook made her appearance.
"Agnes," I said, "do you know of any one I can get to do the washing this week?"
Agnes thought for a few moments, and then replied—
"There is a poor woman, who lives near my mother's, who, I think, sometimes goes out to wash."
"I wish you would step round and see if she can't come and wash for me to-morrow," Agnes said she would do so.
"Tell her she must come," I said.
"Very well, ma'am,"
And Agnes withdrew.
In an hour she came back, and said she had seen the woman, who promised to come.
"What is her name?" I asked.
"Mrs. Partridge," was answered.
"You think she won't disappoint me?"
"Oh, no, ma'am. I don't think Mrs. Partridge is the kind of a woman to promise and then disappoint a person."
It was some relief to think that I was to get my washing done; but the idea of leaving the ironing about all the week fretted my mind. And no sooner was this leading trouble set aside, than I began to worry about the children's clothes, and the prospect of losing my cook, who had managed my kitchen more to my satisfaction than any one had ever done before.
The prospect for a pleasant home at home was but little more flattering to my husband, when he returned in the evening, than it had been at dinner time. I was still in a sombre mood.
In the morning Mrs. Partridge came early and commenced the washing. There was something in this woman's appearance that interested me, and something in her face that reminded me of somebody that I had seen; but when and where, I could not tell. Although her clothes were poor and faded, she had nothing common about her, and struck me as being superior to her class.—Several times during the morning I had to go into the kitchen where she was at work, and each time her appearance impressed me more and more.—An emotion of pity arose in my bosom, as I saw her bending over the washing tub, and remembered that for this hard labor, during a whole day, the pay was but seventy-five cents. And yet there was an air of meek patience, if not contentment, in her face, while I, who had everything from which I ought to have derived happiness, was dissatisfied and full of trouble. While in her presence, I felt rebuked for my complaining spirit.
At dinner time Mrs. Partridge came to my room and with a gentle, patient smile on her face said—
"If you have no objections, ma'am, I would like to run home for a few moments to nurse my baby, and give the children something to eat. I'll make up the time."
"Go, by all means," I replied, with an effort to speak calmly.
The woman turned, and went quickly away.
"Run home to nurse the baby, and give the children something to eat." The words went through and through me. So unexpected a request, that revealed, as it did, the existence of such biting poverty in one who was evidently bearing her hard lot without a murmur, made me feel ashamed of myself for complaining at things which I ought to have borne with a cheerful spirit. I had a comfortable, in fact a luxurious home, a kind and provident husband, and servants to do every thing in my house. There was no lack of the means for procuring every natural good I might reasonably desire. But, between the means and the attainment of the natural blessings I sought, there were many obstacles; and, instead of going to work in a cheerful, confident spirit, to remove those obstacles, I suffered their interposition to make me unhappy; and not me alone, but my husband, and all around me. But here was a poor woman, compelled to labor hard with her hands before she could obtain even the means for supplying nature's most pressing wants, doing her duty with an earnest, resigned and hopeful spirit!

"It is wicked in me to feel as I do," I could not help saying, as I made an effort to turn away from the picture that was before me.
When Mrs. Partridge came back, which was in about half an hour, I said to her—
"Did you find all at home safe?"
"Yes, ma'am, thank you," she answered cheerfully.
"How old is your baby?"
"Eleven months old, ma'am."
"Is your husband living?"
"Mo, ma'am; he died more than a year ago."
"How many children have you?"
"Four."
"All young?"
"Yes, ma'am.—The oldest is only in her tenth year, but she is a good little girl, and takes care of the baby for me almost as well as a grown person. I don't know what I could do without her."
"But ain't you afraid to leave them all at home alone, for so long a time?"
"No, ma'am. Jane takes excellent care of them, and she is so kind that they will mind her as well as they do me. I don't know what in the world I would do without her. I am certainly blessed in having so good a child."
"And only in her tenth year!" I said—the image of my Alice coming before my mind, with the thought of the little use she would be as a nurse and care-taker of her younger brothers and sisters.
"She is young, I know," returned the washerwoman—"too young to be confined down as much as she is. But she is a very patient child, and knows that her mother has a great deal to do. I often wish it was easier for her; though, as it can't be helped, I don't let it fret me, for you know that would do no good."
"But how in the world, Mrs. Partridge," said I, "do you manage to provide for four children, and do for them at the same time?"
"I find it hard work," she replied; "and sometimes I feel discouraged for a little while; but by patience and perseverance I manage to get along."
Mrs. Partridge went to her washing, and I sat down in my comfortable room, having a servant in every department of my family, and ample means for the supply of every comfort and luxury I could reasonably desire.
"If she can get along by patience and perseverance," I said to myself, "it's a shame for me that I can't. Still, for all this, when I thought of losing my cook through the bad influence of Netty, the chambermaid, I felt worried; and thinking about this, and what I should do for another cook, and the trouble always attendant upon bringing a new domestic into the house, made me, after a while, feel almost as unhappy as before. It was not long before Netty came into my room, saying, as she did so—
"Mrs. Smith, what frock shall I put on Alice?"
"The blue sprig," I replied.
"That's in the wash," was answered.
"In the wash!" said I, in a fretful tone.
"How come it in the wash?"
"It was dirty."
"No, it wasn't any such thing. It would have done very well for her to put on as a change to-day and to-morrow."
"Well, ma'am, it's in the wash, and no help for it now," said Netty quite perky.
I was dreadfully provoked with her, and had it on my tongue to order her to leave my presence instantly. But I choked down my rising indignation.
"Take the red and white one, then," said I.
"The sleeve's nearly torn off of that. There isn't any one that she can wear, except her white muslin."
"Oh dear! It's too bad! What shall I do?" The children are all in rags and tatters!"
And in this style I fretted away three or four minutes, while Netty stood waiting for my decision as to what Alice was to wear.
"Shall she put on the white muslin?" she at length asked.
"No, indeed! Certainly not! A pretty condition she'd have it in before night. Go and get me the red and white frock, and let me mend it.—You ought to have told me it was torn this morning. You knew there was nothing for the child to put on but this. I never saw such a set as you are!"
Netty flitted away, grumbling to herself. When she came in, she threw the frock into my lap with a manner so insolent and provoking that I could hardly keep from breaking out upon her and rating her soundly. One thing that helped to restrain me was the recollection of sundry ebullitions of a like nature that had neither produced good effects, nor left my mind in a state of much self respect or tranquillity.
I repaired the torn sleeve, while Netty stood by. It was the work of but five minutes.
"Be sure," said I, as I handed the garment to Netty, "to see that one of Alice's frocks is ironed the first thing to-morrow morning!"
The girl heard, of course, but she made no answer. That was rather more of a concession than she was willing to make just then.
Instead of thinking how easily the difficulty of the clean frock for Alice had been gotten over, I began fretting myself because I had not been able to procure a seamstress, although the children were "all in rags and tatters."
"What is to be done?" I said, half crying, as I began to rock myself backward and forward in the great rocking-chair. "I am put of all heart."—For an hour I busily continued

to rock and fret myself, and then came to the desperate resolution to go to work and try what I could do with my own hands. But where was I to begin? What was I to take hold of first? All the children were in rags.
"Not one of them has a decent garment to his back," I said.
So, after worrying for a whole hour about what I should do, where I should begin, I abandoned the idea of attempting anything myself, in despair, and concluded the perplexing debate by taking another heavy crying-spell. The poor washerwoman was forgotten during most of this afternoon. My own troubles were too near the axis of vision, and shut out all other objects.
The dusky twilight had begun to fall, and I was still sitting idly in my chamber, and as unhappy as I could be. I felt completely discouraged. How was I to get along? I had been trying for weeks, in vain, to get a good seamstress, and yet had no prospect of obtaining one. I was going to lose my cook, and, in all probability, my chamber-maid. What could I do? No light broke in through the cloudy veil that overhung my mind. The door opened, and Agnes, who had come up to my room, said—
"Mrs. Partridge has done."
I took out my purse, and had selected therefrom the change necessary to pay the washerwoman, when a thought of her caused me to say—
"Tell Mrs. Partridge to come up and see me."
My thoughts and feelings were changing. By the time the washerwoman came in, my interest in her was alive again.
"Sit down," said I, to the tired looking creature, who sank into a chair, evidently much wearied.
"It's hard work, Mrs. Partridge," I said.
"Yes, ma'am, it is rather hard. But I am thankful for the health and strength to enable me to go through with it. I know some poor women, who have to work as hard as I do, and yet do not know what it is to feel well for an hour at a time."
"Poor creatures!" said I. "It is very hard! How in the world can they do it?"
"We can do a great deal, ma'am, when it comes to the pinch; and it is much pleasanter to do, I find, than to think about it. If I were to think much, I should give up in despair. But I pray the Lord, each morning, to give me my daily bread, and thus far he has done it, and will, I am sure, continue to do it to the end."
"Happy is it for you that you can so think and feel," I replied. "But I am sure that I could not be as you are, Mrs. Partridge. It would kill me."
"I sincerely trust, ma'am, that you will never pass through what I have," said Mrs. Partridge.
"And yet there are those who have it, still harder. There was a time when the thoughts of being as poor as I now am, and of having to work so hard, would have been terrible to me, and yet I do not know that I was so very much happier then than I am now, though I confess I ought to have been. I had an abundance of every thing brought into the house by my husband, and had only to dispense in my family the blessings God sent to us. But I let things annoy me then more than they do now."
"But how can you help being worried, Mrs. Partridge? To be away from my children as you have been away from yours all day would set me wild. I would be sure some of them would be killed or dreadfully hurt."
"Children are wonderfully protected," Mrs. Partridge said in a confident voice.
"So they are. But to think of four little children, the youngest eleven months and the oldest not ten years old, left all alone for a whole day!"
"It is bad when we think about it, I know," replied Mrs. Partridge. "It looks very bad! But I try and put that view of it out of my mind. When I leave them in the morning, they say they will be good children. At dinner I sometimes find them all fast asleep, or playing about. I never find them crying or at all unhappy. Jane loves the younger ones, and keeps them pleased all the time. In the evening, when I get back, from my work, there is generally no one awake but Jane. She has given them all the bread and milk I left for their suppers, and undressed and put them to bed."
"Dear little girl! What a treasure she must be!" I could not help saying.
"She is indeed. I don't see how I could get along without her."
"You could not get along at all," I said.
"Oh, yes, ma'am, I could. Some way would be provided for me," was the confident reply. I looked into the poor woman's face with wonder and admiration. So patient, so trustful, and yet so very poor. The expression of her countenance was beautiful in its calm religious hope, and it struck me more than ever as familiar.
"Did I ever see you before, Mrs. Partridge?" I asked.
"Indeed, ma'am, I don't know. I am sure I have seen you somewhere. No, now I recollect; it is your likeness to a young schoolmate that makes your face so familiar. How much you do favor her, now I look at you closely."
"What was her name?" I asked.
"Her name was Flora S."
"Indeed! Why, that was my name!"

"Your name! Did you go to Madame Martier's school?"
"I did."
"And can you indeed be my old schoolmate, Flora S—?"
"My maiden name was Flora S—, and I went to Madame Martier's. Your face is also familiar, but how to place you I do not know."
"Don't you remember Helen Sprague?"
"Helen Sprague! This can't be Helen Sprague, surely! Yes! I remember now.—Why, Helen? and I stepped forward and grasped her hand. I am both glad and sorry to see you. To think that, after the lapse of fifteen years, we should meet thus! How in the world is it that fortune has been so unkind to you? I remember hearing it said that you had married very well."
"I certainly never had cause to regret my marriage," replied Mrs. Partridge, with more feeling than she had yet shown. "While my husband lived I had every external blessing that I could ask. But, just before he died, he somehow or other got behind-hand in his business, and after his death, there being no one to see to things, what he left was seized upon and sold, leaving me friendless and almost penniless. Since then, the effort to get food and clothes for my children has been so constant and earnest, that I have scarcely had time to sit down and grieve over my losses and sufferings. It is one perpetual struggle for life.—And yet, though I cannot now keep the tears from my eyes, I will not say that I am unhappy. Thus far, all things necessary for me have come. I yet have my little flock together, and a place that bears the sacred name of home."
I looked into Helen's face, with the tears falling over it, and wondered if I were not dreaming. At school she had been the favorite of all, she was so full of good humor, and had such a cheerful, peace-loving spirit. Her parents were poor, but respectable people, who died when Helen was fifteen years old. She was then taken from school, and I never saw her afterward until she came to my house in the capacity of a washerwoman, hundreds of miles away from the scenes of our early years.
"But can't you find easier work than washing?" I asked. "Are you not handy with your needle?"
"The only work I have been able to get has been from the clothing men, and they pay so little that I can't live on it."
"Can you do fine sewing?" I asked.
"Yes, I call myself handy with my needle."
"Can you make children's clothes?"
"Boy's clothes?"
"No. Girl's clothing."
"Oh, yes."
"I am very much in want of some one. My children are all in—rags and tatters I was going to say, but I checked myself—are all in need of clothes, and so far, I have not been able to get any one to sew for me. If you like, I will give you three or four weeks' sewing at least."
"I shall be very glad to have it, and very thankful for your kindness in offering it to me," returned Mrs. Partridge, rising from her chair, and adding as she did so—
"But I must be getting home. It is nearly dark, and Jane will be anxious to see me back again."
I handed her the seventy-five cents she had earned for washing for me during a whole day. Promising to come over and see me early in the morning about the sewing, she withdrew, and I was left again to my own reflections.
"If ever a murmurer and complainer received as severe a rebuke, it is I!" was the first almost audible thought that passed through my mind. "To think that I, with my cup full and running over with blessings, should make myself and all around me unhappy, because a few minor things are not just to my satisfaction, while this woman, who toils like a slave from morning until night, and yet can hardly procure food and clothing for her children, from whom she is almost constantly separated, is patient and hopeful; makes me feel as if I deserved to lose what I have refused to enjoy."
"On the next morning Mrs. Partridge called quite early. She cut and fitted several frocks for the children, at which work she seemed very handy, and then took them home to make. She sewed for me five weeks, and then got work in another family where I recommended her. Since then, she has been constantly employed in sewing, at good prices, by about six families. In all of these I have spoken of her and created an interest in her favor. The mere wages that she earns is much less than what she really receives. All her children's clothes are given to her, and she receives many a bag of meal and load of coal, without knowing from whence it comes. In fact, her condition is more comfortable in every way than it was, and, in fact, so is mine. The lesson of patience I learned from Mrs. Partridge, in my first, and many subsequent interviews, impressed itself deeply upon my mind, and caused me to look at and value the good I had, rather than fret over the few occurrences that were not altogether to my wishes. I saw, too, how the small trouble to me had been the means of making out a great good to her. My need of a washerwoman, about which I had been so annoyed, and the temporary want of a seamstress which I had experienced—light things as they should have been—led me to search about for aid, and providentially to fall upon Mrs. Partridge, who needed just what it was

in my power to do for her.
Whenever I find myself falling into my old habits, which I am sorry to say is too frequently, I turn my thoughts to this poor woman, who is still toiling on under heavy life-burdens, yet with meekness and patience, and bowing my head in shame, say—
"If she is thankful for the good she has, how deep should be my gratitude!"—*Columbian Magazine.*

DEATH OF COL. MARTIN SCOTT.
The following is from a letter to the New Orleans Delta, by the writer who signs himself "Mustang."
Passing of the battle-field of Molino del Rey, immediately after our victorious standard had been planted on the enemy's works, where lay the dead and wounded mingled together, my attention was attracted to different places, by the scenes of grief and sorrow—scenes which pained my feelings and shocked my sight—there I found many acquaintances, dead and wounded, whom I had seen but a short time previous full of health, and with buoyant spirits, marching at the head of their commands, in the strong hope that they would soon, by their noble deeds and heroic valor, achieve fame for themselves and glory for their country. But, alas! how uncertain are the ways of life—there I found the strong youth and the aged veteran, who fell side by side, to rise no more. Many of the most noble souls of the army, and the pride of the country's chivalry, there performed their last gallant acts on the stage of life.
After going over a portion of the ground, and finding here and there a valued acquaintance, my attention was attracted to a gray-headed veteran, who was standing by the side of one who had fallen. He leisurely took his blanket from his back, and spread it over the corpse with great care. I rode up to him and asked him whether that was an officer. He looked up, and every lineament of his face betokening the greatest grief, replied, "You never asked a question, sir, more easily answered; it is an officer." I then asked him who it was. He again replied, "The best soldier of the 5th Infantry, sir." I then alighted from my horse, and uncovering the face, the soldier continued, without apparently addressing him—I to any person in particular—"They have killed him—they will be paid for this—if it had only been me—I have served with him almost four enlistments—but what will his poor family say?" And as he concluded thus, the tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, and the swelling of his bosom showed how deeply he was affected by the death of his veteran and gallant commander. Could there have been anything more affecting than the grief of this soldier on the battle-field? and how truly sublime and eloquent was his reply to me, that it was "the best soldier of the 5th Infantry!"
If the greatest orator of the age had dwelt upon the memory of our departed friend, until he had exhausted his eulogy and eloquence, he could not have said anything which would make a greater impression on our feelings, than did the reply of this soldier. Col. Martin Scott was among "the bravest of the brave," he fought his way into the army in our last war with Great Britain; since that time he has been one of the brightest ornaments, and has signally distinguished himself in the war with Mexico, for which he has been promoted and breveted.

FAMINE IN ENGLAND IN 1816. Several periods of great scarcity have occurred in England, but the most severe dearth which we find recorded was that which happened in 1816. It began to be severely felt in May, 1815, and proceeded to the utmost extremity until after the harvest in 1816. In July, 1816, the quarter of wheat rose to 30s. (equal to £22 10s.) and in August reached the enormous price of 40s. or £30 the quarter. A loaf of coarse bread, which was scarcely sufficient to support a man a single day, sold for 4d., equal in value to 5s. now. Wheat rose in Scotland at one time to the enormous sum of 100s., equal to £75 the quarter of the present currency. The dearth continued, but with mitigated severity, until after the harvest of 1816, but great abundance returned in 1818. The famine occasioned a prodigious mortality among the people, owing to the want of proper food and the unwholesome substitutes. The rain set in so early in 1815, and continued so violently, that most of the seed that year perished in the ground; the meadows were so inundated that the hay crop of that year was utterly destroyed.

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE. The Paris Presse states that a late review of the Tuilleries, was marked by a curious incident. At the moment when the king was about to distribute a batch of crosses of the Legion of Honor, a colonel of cavalry approached his majesty, and in a loud voice asked for the cross for his lieutenant colonel and major, who had been forgotten. "I grant the cross to those officers," replied the king; let them advance. Immediately after, the minister of war approached the colonel, and told him to consider himself under no obligation for fifteen days. "I know it," coldly replied the colonel. The Siecle adds, however, that the king subsequently invited Col. de Grammont, the officer under arrest, to dine with him, thus tacitly revoking the punishment inflicted by the minister of war.

This and That.

AFFAIRS IN SWITZERLAND.

The foreign travelling correspondent of the Providence Journal, in a long and very interesting article headed 'Six Weeks in Switzerland,' among other good things has the following account of the origin of the unfortunate differences which threaten to involve that country in a civil war.

"I happened to be in Berne at the time of the session of the Swiss Congress or Diet. Mr. Ochsenbein had just issued the Presidential message, which has occasioned so much comment, and the discussions upon the 'Sonderbund' question were beginning to assume an exciting character. Perhaps never were political matters more exciting or more sombre, than at this moment in Switzerland. In a political point of view it is truly an unhappy country. With a Federal Constitution, it is by no means a pure republic. Too many heterogeneous ingredients enter into the government, to enable it having a simple and strong republican bond of union. Different religions, different languages, different ancestors and races, different customs, different state constitutions, uncoordinated and interfering influences from without, unhealed and ancient controversies within, how can Switzerland be called a pure example of republican government? At present there are two great parties in the land, who are as different in their opinions as light and darkness, the Liberal party and the Conservative party. The former consist of the citizens of Protestant Cantons, whose governments are republican. These desire to lay aside the old Bond of Union, constructed at the Treaty of Vienna, and to recreate a more effective, simple, and republican bond of union, where the will of the majority is the alone governing principle, in fact, as it is called in the public organs of this party—the American principle. In order to effect this, however, they seem willing to prove false to their own liberal ideas, and become the oppressors of the other or Conservative party, which may be defined to consist of the citizens of the Catholic Cantons, of more oligarchical or hierarchal than republican forms of government, holding to the Vienna Bond of Union, for the reason that being numerically in the minority, any change or modification of the general government would throw them into the shade in point of influence. Of this party are the three small original Cantons of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden, who bring also their pride of ancestral renown into the question, thinking that the freedom they won entitles them to respect and prominence in the government, and chafing at the idea that new citizens of new Cantons should lord it over the descendants of Tell and of Winkelrüd, and of those who fought at Sempach and Morgarten. To inflame still more these sectional disputes, the old religious controversies of the 16th century have begun again to burn and to flicker. The worst of all hates, the 'odium theologicum,' is revived.—The Protestant cantons contend that it is necessary for the peace and good government of Switzerland, that the Jesuits should be expelled from the Catholic Cantons. They argue that it is not a religious but a political question, inasmuch as the Jesuits have rendered themselves politically dangerous and obnoxious. The Catholic Cantons respond: 'This is our own matter with which the general government has no right to interfere. We may have our own religious teachers, who may also if they like instruct us in politics. They have done more than reply in words. They have (excited by the irruption made two years since into Lucerne by the army of Volunteers from the Protestant Cantons) formed among themselves a mutual bond of defence called the 'Sonderbund,' or a separate and particular bond, thus constituting, as it were, a union within a union. This 'Sonderbund,' the Swiss general government has recently declared must be dissolved, 'peaceably if it can, forcibly if it must.' This 'Sonderbund' the small Cantons, who are members of it, are arming to sustain at all hazards. They feel strong in the support of Austria and perhaps of France, and are undoubtedly unnaturally stimulated by the continual public appeals and secret machinations of the Jesuits themselves. Whether these conditions will be settled by mutual concessions, or by foreign arbitration, remains to be seen; but as republicans and freemen, we must sympathize with the misfortunes of a country from which our own ancestors drew many if not most of their ideas of government, of freedom, and of religion.

"Travelling from Berne to Zurich, mostly in Canton Berne, gives one a favorable idea of the thriftiness, industry, and apparent happiness of the people of the Protestant States of Switzerland. All must acknowledge the striking contrast between the condition of the peasantry of the Protestant and Catholic Cantons. In the former, every inch of soil is cultivated, the houses are handsome and orderly, health prevails, and beggary exists only in a limited degree. In the latter, whole districts are left untouched by the plough, the peasantry are mostly mendicants, and their habitations the abodes of filth and destitution. I do not think I draw this picture falsely. I would not even ascribe the difference of condition to the difference of religion; for one looks in vain in Switzerland for the righteous and simple people who hearkened to the instructions of Zwingli and Beza, I only say the fact exists. Though harsh, perhaps it is near the truth to say, that in the Protestant Cantons the people are industrious because they are selfish and mercenary, and in the Catholic Cantons the people are idle because they are ignorant and superstitious; which is the better state of things, it is hard to decide.

"SHIPPING CHILDREN IN BARRELS. New York papers contain an account of three children, three, five and seven years old, being found on board the ship Liverpool, lately arrived from Liverpool, of whom neither the captain nor officers had any knowledge. It was afterwards ascertained that the mother of the children lives in Ireland, and the father in this country. The former smuggled the children on board the ship in barrels, and then left them to the tender mercies of the steerage passengers, who supplied them with food as best they could.

The following letter, forwarded to us by Gerrit Smith of Peterboro, was written by a gentleman in whose veracity the most implicit confidence may be placed, and who says in a postscript: 'Every word of it is true. The difficulty has been to strip it (the narrative) of some of its most remarkable features, which were so awful that but few could believe them to be true. I witnessed the whole.' The writer is well known to Mr. Smith, and also to us.

[From the Temperance Intelligencer.]

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A TRUE NARRATIVE.

The following communication is made under the hope that it may do good. The statements in it are literally true, and if necessary, could be confirmed by the testimony of hundreds. Place and names I omit, because they are not necessary to the moral of my statement.

An anonymous communication was made to the temperance society, at its monthly meeting, that there were thirty-eight drunkards in the town, besides many others who were following and were not far behind, many of whom, unless they speedily reformed, would die, and leave helpless and dependent families. A gentleman present remarked, that to his knowledge six intemperate persons had died in that vicinity within a few months. The minutes of the meeting were published by order of the society. Probably no communication ever excited more angry and bitter feelings than did this, among the sellers and lovers of rum; and in the uproar that was raised, while all were running hither and thither, no one knowing what was the matter, only that there was much cursing and blasphemy, and threats uttered against the temperance society for its 'cruel' and shameful publication. Even some professed friends of the cause joined in the hue and cry, and others scarcely knew what to do. The first charge brought against the publication was, that it was not true, and the count was made by the enemies of temperance, with a view of proving its falsehood. But the result was, that, instead of only thirty-eight, there were nearly fifty day drunkards in a population of not 3000 voters. Defeated on this ground, their next effort was to accuse the temperance society of injuring the reputation of the town, by publishing the fact, even if it were true.

To this it was replied, that the only way in which we can hope to convince the world of the evils and immorality of the use and traffic of ardent spirit is by facts. You have denied that you are doing any harm. You acknowledge that if you were convinced of the immorality and injury of the trade, you, as honest men, would abandon it. We have only taken your word and placed it before your eyes. See what mischief you have done! Thirty drunkards! whose existence disgraces the town—six in eternity—some of their families homeless, penniless. Who did all this evil? Who sends the drunkard yelling in the darkness of night, disturbing the rest, and even the grief of the mourners watching the last night over their beloved dead? Did the temperance men have any agency in this disgracing the town? No. They have pleaded, and labored, and suffered, to remove the evil; they have been reviled and slandered, and threatened; they have been coaxed and persuaded to be silent, to let the drunkard and the drunkard-maker go on.—They have been told of the profits of the trade, of the certain loss which would follow the giving of it up, of the poverty that would overtake them and their families unless they should sell ardent spirits, of the useless efforts made to check the evils disgracing and cursing the human family; that men would be found who would continue the sale, if all the virtuous should give it up, and therefore we might as well come in for a share of the profits. All this and more we heard. But yet we were unwilling to have any agency in disgracing the town; we were unmoved, and were willing to abide the consequences. We are not answerable for the disgrace. We have done all we could to prevent it, and are not to be deterred from the effort of saving our children and families from the dreadful evil. We are willing to be held up as disgracing the town, by exposing the acts of those who do. But we are not willing secretly, and for the love of money, to do the deed: nor shall those who do it escape their amenability to public opinion for the injury which they hope shall always remain as deeds of darkness in the dark.

The next effort was to provoke the writer of the letter to give the names of those he considered drunkards, and thus to have it in their power to accuse him of unkindness to the families and friends of the intemperate. Drunkards and their makers are not the wisest people in the world. The scheme of course failed. But nothing deterred by it, they resolved to raise the cry.—These temperance men have no feeling; they are cruel, inhuman, thus to wound the feelings of innocent families and children, by holding up their friends as drunkards. Now this out-heroded Herod. Drunkards and drunkard-makers to talk about want of tenderness and kindness toward females and families! Who felt for the mother that was found almost killed by her drunken husband, and for her dying babe, on whom he threw a vessel of cold water when it was under the influence of medicine? The man who sold him spirits! Who felt for the widowed mother, whose son, once promising, talented, and rich, was found lying in the streets—his future reputation, and hope all gone? The wretches who sold him rum as long as he had ought to pay, and who would take that which he stole, for the rum that made him frantic! Who felt

for the mother that was left a widow in a strange land, with her helpless orphans? Those that took all that she and her husband could make, and trusted even for future wages, for the wine that laid the husband in the drunkard's grave! Who felt for the social, talented stranger who is now without a name, a home, or purse? Those who enticed him to drink, and those who pocketed his money, and, cursing him, refused a penny to save him from death! Who pitied the wife and her babes, when her young husband deserted them and sunk from honor and virtue into the lowest kennel of intoxication? The rum-seller! Who feels for the tears, the sighs, the anxieties of husbands, wives, fathers, sisters? Who pities and relieves the ignorant, the poor, the needy, and labors to reclaim the lost and vicious? The rum-seller! It is too much. Now all these evils, and a thousand more, have been seen; these suffering families have been known, and when, for their sake, the seller has been pressed to relinquish his traffic in death, in crime, in tears, and sorrows, he has used the language of the first murderer, 'Am I his keeper? I am not responsible. If he does not get it from me, he will from others.' If we had the money of the widow's husband and the orphan's father—if we had become rich by selling that which induces every crime, then might we be called cruel and unfeeling; but when, to save others from the drunkard's curse—when, to defend and bless, we appeal to facts; and point to the living, the dying, and the dead, and say to human beings, behold your work—all this you are doing for the love of money. And then to hear these mammonites, in the midst of the noise of their tophet, into which they have cast the happiness of all within their reach, crying out, 'For shame—away with such cruel men! O, it is enough to make a man believe that rum-selling is carried on by the devil in his own person.

Disappointed in this effort, they next threatened to burn the churches. The most scurrilous publications were issued, and at last they advertised to hold a meeting on the Lord's day, at 7 o'clock P.M., for the purpose of taking measures for presenting a leather medal (alias a coward) to a clergyman, active, devoted, and powerful in the cause of temperance, and of singing the hundredth psalm. The meeting was accordingly convened, and the annals of revelry and blasphemy never before had seen a more abandoned scene. The plan of presenting the medal was abandoned, as rather dangerous, but the purpose of ridiculing religion they thought quite safe. They sang the psalm—

'Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.'

They laughed, and mocked at sacred things, until they were overcome by the stupefying effects of the liquid poison. They however determined to hold their regular club on Sabbath evening. But the next Saturday found two of them in the arms of death. On Sabbath, the day they had desecrated, they were borne to the drunkard's grave! From the grave, the remainder returned, and again the bacchanalian shout disturbed the stillness of the Sabbath eve. We need not attempt to tell what such drunkards say and do. All that infuriate and incarnate wickedness could say was said. They vaunted, and determined they still would drink. On the next Saturday, another of them died; and O! it was an awful death. He knew his danger and his end. Conscience was faithful and did its duty. He confessed his sin, sent for the very clergyman they wished to cowhide, apologized and said all he could to make amends. He warned such of his companions as he could see, to fly the cup and bowl, to save their souls. On Sabbath he was carried to his grave. At the funeral, the preacher remarked, that so many drunkards had died on Saturday and were buried on Sunday; and the question was asked, 'Who will die next?' A man who had called upon God to damn his soul if ever he knowingly tasted another drop of ardent spirit, but who had broken his oath, laughingly said, 'I will.' He was then asked, 'And who will follow you?' As only he and one other drunkard had been warned by their lost companion, whose funeral they were then attending, he selected him. From the grave they returned to the drinking room. They, in mockery of a Savior's dying love, called it the last supper. When the cup had passed freely about, the subject of Saturday dying was taken up. The volunteer came forward—said he would die for the honor of the club on the next Saturday. His offer was accepted by acclamation. When the noise of the blasphemy had ceased, he was called upon to select a man to die the Saturday after. He took the one he before had selected, who agreed to it. Again the shout was raised. They drank damnation to all temperance men, and a glorious resurrection to the drunkards. Little did they know what they were doing. Just as they volunteered so they died. The first went home, and was soon seized with delirium tremens. He died a wretched death. As soon as it was known that he died on Saturday, his companion, who was to follow him on the next Saturday, was taken to his bed. He offered all he had—promised—did all he could to pacify his fears; but it was too late. He had made a covenant with death and the grave: they claimed him for their own. On Saturday he died. On Sunday they carried him and another intemperate man, who also died on Saturday, to the grave-yard. Several others narrowly escaped; with difficulty they recovered from attacks of delirium tremens. Some are now like wasted shades, tottering onward. A pane for a while seized the crew. Some have tapered off; others care nothing for those things; and although all acknowledge the hand and the frown of God in these transactions, the seller sells on, and the drinker will not reform. Nothing but warm and unwearied kindness and assiduity can save the land.

The democrats have elected Thompson in Holly Springs district, Mississippi.

CHEESE. This well known substance has been objected to as an article of diet, but without sufficient reason. That the hard, inferior kinds of cheese are not very digestible must be acknowledged, and when eaten in excess may overload the stomach; but when the quality is good, and the digestive organs are in a healthy condition, it proves not only wholesome but very nutritious. Like most other kinds of food, cheese digests more readily when well masticated, and the neglect of this precaution is one reason why it frequently disagrees with very delicate stomachs. It is rendered more agreeable to most persons by toasting, but becomes less digestible by that operation. When taken as a condiment, especially when rich and old, it powerfully promotes the secretion of the saliva and gastric juice, and thereby aids the stomach in performing its proper functions.



WATERVILLE, NOV. 18.

We find the following letter from Mr. Appleton in the Railroad Journal. It is in reply to a letter from the editor of the Journal, making inquiries relative to the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad.

"DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 12th instant was duly received, and, in accordance with your request, I send you the following account of our railroad.

"The Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad forms a part of a great interior line of railroad through the State of Maine, extending, as already chartered, from Portland to Bangor. The first 27 miles from Portland easterly, to Danville, is a part of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad, extending from Portland to Montreal. At this point, (27 miles from Portland,) the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad commences, and reaches the Androscoggin River at Lewiston, 6 miles farther east. Here is a fall in the river of 46 feet, affording a noble site for a manufacturing city, and it is destined ere long to be improved, a company for that purpose having been already organized, and holding the necessary lands and water privileges.

"From Lewiston the railroad extends easterly through Greene, Monmouth, Winthrop, Readfield, and Belgrade, to Waterville on the Kennebec River. At Monmouth and Winthrop there is a considerable amount of water power upon the outlets of several large ponds flowing towards the Kennebec River. At Waterville, the Ticonic Falls command the whole power of the Kennebec River, and for a distance of three miles above these, are several other falls and rapids, many of them not yet occupied. At Kendall's Mills, three miles above Waterville, is a large lumbering establishment in full operation. Besides the Kennebec River, Waterville also possesses many favorable sites for manufacturing, upon the Emerson Stream, which enters the Kennebec a little below Waterville, and is the outlet of a chain of ponds or rather lakes, covering 75 square miles of surface. From the last of these, Snow's Pond, to the Kennebec River, in a distance of about eight miles there is 200 feet fall. This stream is very little affected by freshets, and is never frozen over in the coldest winters. Probably few locations can be found affording so vast an amount of water power conveniently situated for use, in so small a district.

The whole length of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, from the junction with the St. Lawrence road in Danville to the Kennebec river is 55 miles. The whole road is now under contract, and operations have been going on upon the western half for some months. The road is to be completed to Winthrop, 26 miles, by the 1st of October, 1848, and to Waterville by the 4th of July, following. The excavations are not very heavy, the amount of ledge is small, and there is no reason to anticipate any delay in the progress of the work.

"From Waterville to Bangor, a distance of between 40 and 50 miles, a charter has been granted to the Kennebec and Penobscot Railroad. This Company has not yet been organized, but when the railroad west of the Kennebec river is completed, the charter will not long lie dormant. The country east of the Kennebec river is very smooth, and promises one of the cheapest routes for a railroad ever found in the New England States.

"A survey is now in progress for a branch of the A. and K. R. R., extending from Waterville, through Norridgewock to Anson, upon the Kennebec river, 25 miles farther north. This region comprises some of the best farming land in the State of Maine, and would bear comparison with the far-famed fertile prairies of the West. Water power is also abundant upon the Kennebec River and its branches. At no distant day, the road will be pushed still farther up the Kennebec River, and eventually will be carried to Quebec.

"A railroad has also been chartered from Augusta on the Kennebec River, to Farmington on the Sandy River, about 30 miles in length. Several routes are spoken of for this road, but whichever of them is adopted, it must connect with the A. and K. R. R., and become a useful tributary to it.

"Any other information you may desire in reference to the road, I shall be happy to communicate.

"Yours very truly,
EDWARD APPLETON, Eng. A. & K. R. R.

five thousand. There are two hundred and twenty wagons. The rangers, under Captain Biscoe, are to accompany the train.

The health of the army is far from being good. The climate of the valley of Mexico is not, it appears, congenial to the constitutions of the South. It is just as enervating and fatal to the Southern, as is that of Vera Cruz to the Northern constitution.

W. C. Toby, the famous 'John of York,' of the Philadelphia papers, a practical printer, and one of the most piquant writers of the country, has published a paper in the city of Mexico, called the North American; it is a beautiful sheet, says the Delta, and 'worthy to bear the name of the great Philadelphia paper.'

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.

The steamers Phoenix and Oregon came in contact, on Friday evening last, about 7 or 8 miles down the river from this place, by which collision the Oregon was immediately sunk in fifteen feet water. The Phoenix was considerably injured, but not materially disabled. The Oregon was ascending the river, loaded chiefly with flour, pork, and molasses. She was relieved of her load the following day, and has since been raised and taken to this place to be repaired. The damage to the cargo is not great—confined chiefly to the flour. We understand the owners of the Oregon have voluntarily assumed the payment of all damages to the goods.

LIBERAL INSTITUTE. We regret to state that the principal of this institution, Rev. H. B. Maglathlin, has withdrawn himself from the position he has held so much to the satisfaction of the public. We do not learn who is to take his place, though we conclude it will be promptly filled.

The fall term closed with an exhibition and collation at the Town Hall on Friday evening last. It was a very pleasant affair, and drew a crowded audience. The exercises spoke well for the efforts of the teacher, and elicited much commendation for the pupils.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY. The annual catalogue, just issued, exhibits over two hundred pupils; and under its present teachers this school gives high promise of prosperity. The public examination took place on Friday last.

MR. FREEMAN'S Daguerreotype Miniatures, advertised in another column, are certainly very nice. We have seen those from the hands of the most skillful, but none superior to these. His prices are low, and those in want may rely upon having satisfaction.

A WEEK AT THE INSTITUTE AT HALLOWELL.

MR. EDITOR:—Not being particularly pressed with business, and feeling in a mood for rustication, I last week came to the conclusion to spend a few days at the Institute then in session at Hallowell. Accordingly early in the week I set out for that place, and having put up at the Hallowell House, commenced attendance upon the exercises. It is not my intention to give anything like a detailed account of the proceedings, but only a hasty glance of a few of the interesting events that came under my own immediate observation. Entering the Town Hall, where the meetings of the Institution were held, I found assembled about two hundred of the teachers of the county, under the charge of Mr. William B. Fowle, of Boston, as Principal, assisted by Mr. Asa Fitz, of Boston, teacher of music, and Mr. Seavey of Hallowell. Of the advantages of such an institution as this I need say nothing. Public opinion has spoken in terms too plain to be misunderstood. The benefits arising from them have been too often mentioned to need repetition. And those acquainted with the well known talent of Mr. Fowle, need not be told that every moment was made to tell upon the intellectual improvement of those under his care. When the mind had become fatigued with close application, a few tunes, under the direction of Mr. Fitz, did not fail to restore the mind to its former state of activity. The different methods of instruction, in the various branches taught, were examined by Mr. Fowle, with his usual skill and discernment, while the various defects of teachers were frankly yet kindly pointed out, and the course to be pursued for their remedy. The 'innovations,' as they are termed by those who are either too ignorant to see, or too prejudiced to admit the superior advantages of anything new in the method of teaching, were well treated and strongly urged upon those who have the care of youth entrusted to them. Also the prevailing faults of schools were exposed and remedies recommended. The lectures of Monday and Tuesday evenings were delivered by Mr. Fowle, and are spoken of in the highest terms by those who were so fortunate as to hear them. On Wednesday eve a lecture was given by Mr. Snell, of Monmouth; subject—The Cultivation of the Intellectual Powers. The subject was well handled, the style of the lecture neat and chaste. Thursday eve, the lecture was by Mr. Southworth, of Litchfield; subject—Moral Culture. This was, on the whole, a good production, although, perhaps, not without its faults. Concerning quotations from the classics, before a promiscuous audience, in which he indulged rather freely, I was inclined to adopt a common sense view, taken of it by a good lady present, who said, 'If he has anything worth saying, I wish he would say it in plain English.'

It will be remembered that in the first account published respecting the murder of Mr. Mathews, at Waterville, a statement of Dr. Coolidge was embodied to the effect that he wanted money to send to Dr. J. F. Potter, at Cincinnati, to enable him to prosecute certain speculations of his to advantage. This assertion has subsequently been proved to be false, and the following letter, written by Dr. Potter, contains an emphatic denial of the statement. Though probably not intended for publication,

we have thought it best to lay it before our readers, as an act of justice to the party interested.—Yankee Blade.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 18, 1847.

Mr. Mathews.—Dear Sir:—The account of the murder of your brother, as given in the Blade of the 16th, and copied into the papers of this city, places my name in an unfavorable position in a community of strangers, and appears to be a subject of some comment among my new acquaintances. With regard to the statement made by Dr. C. in reference to myself, I have only to say it does not contain the first syllable of truth. As the correspondence of that unfortunate young man must now be in your possession, you can easily satisfy yourself of the falsity of his statement. I hope you will find it convenient to place the affair before your readers in its true light.

There is much sympathy and pain expressed here by your acquaintance and friends.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully,
J. F. POTTER.

We find in a Boston paper the following incident in connection with the disaster on the Worcester Railroad.

ADVANTAGE OF NOT HAVING A QUARTER OF A DOLLAR.

On Saturday at one of the way stations on the railroad between this city and Worcester, a coarsely dressed, wayfaring man stepped into one of the second class cars in the hope of getting trusted for his fare by the conductor. But he found he had reckoned without his host. The conductor, on learning that he could not pay him a quarter of a dollar, the required amount, ordered him to get out of the car. The poor man thought it a very hard case that because he had a homespun coat, he could have no credit. He was fatigued and in a hurry to reach Boston. But the conductor was more inexorable than Chiron on the subject of paying fares; and the wayfaring man was compelled, much to his chagrin, to leave the train and trudge on foot. He cast a wistful eye upon it, as it whirled along with the snorting and screaming engine at its head. Wistfully and angrily he looked, as turning a curve in the track it was lost to his sight. Harsh thoughts rose in his mind—harsh thoughts of Providence and his fellow men. Why, when so many were comfortably provided for, was he compelled to be held at arms' length by poverty? And when drooping with weariness, why should he be compelled to drag himself along from station to station on foot, while others, on their cushioned seats, were borne, with almost lightning speed over the ground to their luxurious homes? And then he thought of the conductor, who had so peremptorily thrust him from the car; and he clenched his fist and half wished he had him there before him, that he might make him feel its weight. On and on he trudged, revolving these matters, and accusing his Maker, though almost unconsciously of cruelty and injustice. At last, on turning an angle in the track, he saw to his surprise the cars at a stand-still.—What could be the matter? He quickened his pace, and as he drew nearer, curiosity urged him to run to the spot, where an excited crowd was already gathered. He made his way through them, and beheld, scattered upon the ground, the mutilated and disfigured bodies of six of the very men who had been in the car from which he had been ejected! The wayfarer was not a stock or stone. He at once recalled the train of thoughts in which he had been indulging, and the tears started to his eyes—tears at once of gratitude and shame.—He could have taken the conductor by the hand, and blessed him as the blind instrument of a saving Providence. He left the scene of the catastrophe "a wiser and a better man."

LETTER FROM CAPT. BODFISH.

The following letter, was addressed by Capt. Bodfish to his brother at Gardiner. It contains some things interesting to the public.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 27th, 1847.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Having an opportunity to send a letter by the English Courier who has kindly offered to take one along for me, I avail myself of the opportunity.

The American Army has had four of the hardest fights before this City that ever men were engaged in, viz:—The Battle of Contreras fought on the 19th and 20th of August, Churubusco on the afternoon of the 20th, Fort Mifflin (or King's Mill) on the 8th of Sept. Chapultepec on the 13th. The City capitulated on the 14th, and our glorious little army marched into the *Halls*. When Gen. Scott arrived at San Augustin, his army did not number over nine thousand men and thirty-five guns. Santa Anna had in all forty-four thousand men and one hundred and forty-eight pieces of artillery, strongly posted at every point. Just look in front of us and see a line four miles long, supported in the rear by at least twelve thousand Lancers well mounted and well drilled. Who but an American General, with soldiers possessing true American hearts, would ever think of succeeding against such odds! But the word is given 'Forward and storm Contreras,' and it is done. The Mexicans are flying before us like lightning, and the shout of victory is heard from every point.—Our little column is still advancing, and soon we are on the tented field of Churubusco. Worth, this glorious man, has opened upon the enemy's left. Twigs upon the centre, while our Brigade is ordered to the left for the purpose of turning their right and placing ourselves in the rear of the enemy's works. The force for this work was small; indeed it did not amount to over twelve hundred men, to go against one we knew how many, but when we reached the ground we found a line three fourths of a mile long, and from three to four deep. They were protected in front by a ditch six feet wide and six feet deep, filled with water—on the opposite side the dirt was thrown so as to afford them a complete shelter from our shots—while we were on a plain in front, with not a rush to shelter us. When within musket shot, we halted, formed into a line, and opened upon

