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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 25): January 13, 1848

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, JAN. 13, 1848.

NO. 25.

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.

## Miscellany.

From the New-York Evangelist.

### DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ADOTT.

The next day after the public announcement to the Imperial Council of State, of the intended separation, the whole imperial family were assembled in the grand saloon of the Tuileries, for the legal consummation of the divorce. It was the 16th of Dec., 1810. Napoleon was there, in all his robes of state, yet care-worn and wretched. With his arms folded across his breast, he leaned against a pillar, as motionless as a statue, uttering not a word to any one, and apparently insensible of the tragedy enacted around him, of which he was the sole author, and eventually the most pitiable victim. The members of the Bonaparte family, who were jealous of the almost boundless influence which Josephine had exerted over their imperial brother, were all there, secretly rejoicing in her disgrace. In the center of the apartment there was a small table, and upon it a writing apparatus of gold. An arm-chair was placed before the table. A silence as of death pervaded the room, and all eyes were fixed upon that chair and table, as though they were the instruments of a dreadful execution. A side door opened and Josephine entered, supported by her daughter Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, burst into tears as she entered the apartment, and continued sobbing as though her heart would break. All immediately arose, upon the appearance of Josephine. She wore a simple dress of white muslin, unadorned by a single ornament. With that peculiar grace for which she was ever distinguished, she moved slowly and silently to the seat prepared for her. Leaning her elbow upon the table, and supporting her pallid brow with her hand, she struggled to repress the anguish of her soul, as she listened to the act of separation. The voice of the reader was interrupted only by the convulsive sobs of Hortense, who stood behind her mother's chair. Eugene also stood beside his mother in that dreadful hour, pale, and trembling like an aspen leaf. Josephine sat with tears silently trickling down her cheeks, in the mute composure of despair. At the close of this painful duty, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes—but instantly regarding her composure, arose, and with her voice of ineffable sweetness, in clear and distinct tones pronounced the oath of acceptance. Again she sat down, and with a trembling hand took the pen and placed her signature to the deed which forever separated her from the object of her dearest affections, and from all her most cherished hopes. Scarcely had she laid down her pen, when Eugene dropped lifeless upon the floor; and he was borne to his chamber in a state of insensibility, as his mother and sister retired.

But there still remained another scene of anguish in this day of woe. Josephine sat in her chamber in solitude and speechlessness, till Napoleon's usual hour for retiring to rest had arrived. In silence and in wretchedness Napoleon had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected the wife of this youth, and his servant was waiting only to receive orders to retire, when suddenly the private door to his chamber opened, and Josephine appeared, with swollen eyes and dishevelled hair, and all the disablement of uttermost agony. With trembling steps she tottered into the room, approaching the bed, and then irresolutely stopped—and burst into an agony of tears. "Dearest—a feeling as if she now had no right to be there—seemed at first to have arrested her progress; but forgetting everything in the fullness of her grief, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped her husband's neck, and sobbed as if her heart had been breaking. Napoleon also wept while he endeavored to console her, and they remained for some time, locked in each other's arms, silently mingling their tears together. The attendant was dismissed, and for an hour they remained together in their last private interview, and then Josephine parted forever from the husband she had so long, so fondly, and so faithfully loved. As Josephine retired, the attendant again entered, and found Napoleon sobbing in the bedchamber as to be invisible. And when he arose in the morning, his pale and haggard features gave attestation to the sufferings of a sleepless night.

At 11 o'clock the next morning, Josephine was to leave the scene of all her earthly greatness, and to depart from the Tuileries forever. The whole household assembled on the stairs and in the vestibule, in order to obtain a last look of a mistress whom they had loved, and who, to use an expression of one present, carried with her into exile the hearts of all who had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence. Josephine appeared, leaning on the arm of one of her ladies, and veiled from head to foot. She held a handkerchief to her eyes, and moved forward amid silence, at first unperceived, but to which almost immediately succeeded a universal burst of grief. Josephine, though not insensible to this proof of attachment, spoke not; but instantly entered a close carriage, with six horses drove rapidly away, without casting one look backwards on the scene of past greatness and departed happiness.

The palace of Malmaison was assigned to Josephine for her future residence, and a jointure of about six hundred thousand dollars a year settled upon her. Here, after many months of tears, she gradually regained composure, as time scarified the wound which had been inflicted upon her heart. She heard the merry peals of the bells, and the thunders of artillery, and the shouts of the populace as they welcomed Napoleon's new bride, Maria-Louisa, to the throne and the palace from whence she had been banished. She witnessed the illuminations and rejoicings with which all France was filled, upon the birth of the long wished-for son. Napoleon continued to cherish for Josephine the most sincere regard, and though from motives of delicacy he never

saw her alone, he frequently called upon her, and continued frequently to correspond with her. In all the busiest scenes of his downfall and ruin, he would seize moments to write to Josephine. And a letter from her was immediately torn open, the moment it was received, however pressing the engagements in which he was involved. And strange to say, Josephine continued to cherish for him emotions of the most ardent affection. She seemed most cordially to rejoice in the birth of his child. All her griefs were forgotten in seeing Napoleon happy. The Emperor often called, taking with him his idolized boy, who was as great a favorite of Josephine as of the father. In a letter to Napoleon she says, 'The moment I saw you enter, leading the young Napoleon in your hand, was unquestionably one of the happiest of my life. It effaced, for a time, the recollection of all that had preceded it, for never have I received from you a more touching mark of affection.'

It was soon evident that there was no surer way of securing the favor of Napoleon, than by paying marked attention to Josephine. She was consequently treated with the utmost deference by all the ambassadors of foreign courts, and all the crowned heads of Europe. The household of Josephine was one of imperial magnificence. Here she reigned by the resistless magic of love. She was never known to speak a harsh word to a member of her household. When any one was sick, Josephine was ever at the bedside to cheer the sufferer. And the poor, for many leagues around, regarded her almost with adoration.

When Napoleon, separated from Maria-Louisa and his child, was sent to Elba, all the warmth of a wife's tender love burst forth anew in the bosom of Josephine. She received a very affectionate letter from the Emperor. The perusal of it overwhelmed her with grief. She exclaimed, 'I must not remain here—my presence is necessary to the Emperor. That duty is indeed more Maria-Louisa's than mine; but the Emperor is alone—forsaken.' Well, I at least will not abandon him. I might be dispensed with while he was happy—now I am sure he expects me.'

She immediately wrote to Napoleon, soliciting his permission to share his exile with him. 'I have been on the point,' she says, 'of quitting France to follow your footsteps, and to consecrate to you the remainder of an existence which you so long embellished. A single motive restrains me, and that you may divine. If I learn that, contrary to all appearance, I am the only one who will fulfill my duty, nothing shall detain me, and I will go to the only place where, henceforth, there can be happiness for me, since I shall be able to console you, when you are thus isolated and unfortunate! Say but the word, and I depart.'

But care and sorrow had prayed so heavily upon her, that her health became exceedingly precarious. A few days after this letter was written, the Emperor Alexander, with a number of distinguished foreigners, dined with Josephine. In the evening the party went upon the beautiful lawn, in front of the house, to enjoy the favorite game of prisoners. Josephine, while striving to promote the enjoyment of her guests, took cold, and after a few days' illness, closed her eyes upon all the eventful scenes of her earthly lot. The Emperor Alexander, Eugene and Hortense, stood by the bedside of the dying Empress. All the Allied Sovereigns paid tributes of respect to her memory, and she was followed to the tomb by countless thousands, with a pomp of sorrow such as earth had seldom witnessed before.

The place of her burial is now marked by a very beautiful white marble monument, with the simple yet affecting inscription,

EUGENE AND HORTENSE  
TO  
JOSEPHINE.

### A DUMB LOVER.

At the time that Francis the First, of France, was taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia, one of his officers, the valorous Chevalier Bauregard, smitten by the charms of an Italian lady, named Aurelia, of a noble family, declared his passion to her. Aurelia, although she was flattered by the declaration, refused his pretensions, on the ground of the French character, and their national indiscretion. The extreme violence of the chevalier's love urged him to propose to the lady to try his constancy. Aurelia accepted the proposition, and engaged to marry him if he would consent to remain dumb for six months. The chevalier promised, and from that moment never opened his lips. He returned to Paris, among his friends and relations, who lamented the singular infirmity he had brought with him from the army. The physicians were sent for; he refused their assistance. The captive king was at last restored to his people, but his joy at his return was diminished by the unfortunate chevalier, who was honored by the king's particular friendship. Francis sent his best doctors to his favorite, who this time accepted medicines, but with no effect. The king went so far as to employ even the Charlatans, who then, as well as now, pretended to possess specifics for all evils. He even called in those who dealt in charms, but all to no purpose. All the court were hopeless of his cure, when a fair fortune-teller presented herself, and wrote to the king that she would undertake to restore the chevalier's speech. Being sent for, she introduced to Bauregard, when she addressed him by that word, 'Speak!' Bauregard immediately recognized in the stranger his beloved Aurelia, who had long witnessed his constancy and devotion. Francis was sensibly affected at the event, and presented him with a rich marriage portion.

### FEMALE DRESS.

We are inclined to think that the female attire of the present day is, upon the whole, in as favorable a state as the most vehement advocates for what is called nature and simplicity could desire. It is a costume in which they can dress quickly, walk nimbly, eat plentifully, stoop easily, lol gracefully, and in short, perform all the duties of life without let or hindrance. The head is left to its natural size—the skin to its native purity—the waist at its proper region—the heels at their real level. The dress is calculated to bring out the natural beauties of the person, and each of them as far as we see, fair play. Flounces are a needless question. We like them when they wave and flow, as in a very light material—muslin or gauze or barge—when a lady has no outline and no mass, but looks like a receding angel, or a dissolving vapor, but we do not like them in a rich material, where they flop, or in a stiff

one, where they bristle; and where they break the flowing lines of the petticoat, and throw light and shade where you don't expect them. In short, we like the gown that can do without flounces; as Josephine liked a face that could do without whiskers, but in either case it must be a good one! Quarterly Review

### A TEXAS SNAKE STORY.

The subjoined 'Snake Story,' from the Texas Democrat, will compare favorably with the celebrated 'Sea Serpent,' of Cape Cod memory. Texas is a great country; but, as the unanimous man said of Mississippi, they have some very great liars there, for a new country.

THE LARGEST SNAKE YET.—We are not in the habit of giving credence to 'snake stories,' in general, nor would we wish our readers to believe, from the fact of our giving publicity to the following, that we are even now entirely converted into 'willing believers.' We have the statement exactly as it was made to us by Mr. Cruze, who resides at the stock farm of the Hon. Thomas F. McKinney, on Onion Creek, about nine miles southwest of this city.

Mr. Cruze states that, some time since, he was informed by Miranda Mores, a Mexican, who now resides at San Antonio, that he (Mores) had seen, about six years ago, very high up on the Colorado River, a snake or serpent of such enormous size, that it could easily destroy the largest animals found in this country, such as deer, bears, panthers, and even full-grown buffaloes. It was also represented that this large serpent, for the distance of five or six hundred yards, could surpass in fleetness the fastest horse. This statement was corroborated by some Caddo Indians, who now live on or near the premises of Mr. Cruze; and, from their willingness to accompany him to the place where, as they stated, they had seen the snake, Cruze finally concluded to go with them to the place designated. After travelling six days and a half up the west side of the Colorado, the Indians announced themselves in the immediate vicinity of the spot where the serpent had been seen.

All were now busy in examining for 'signs,' and, in a short time, they came upon a large track, or trail, which evidently had been made by something of the snake kind. Following this trail, which is represented by Mr. Cruze as being about four feet in width, they were soon led to a considerable water-hole, in a valley near the foot of the mountain. They then retraced their steps to the place where they had first discovered the trail, which they continued to follow; and, at the foot or on the side of the mountain, which is about a mile from the 'aforesaid water-hole,' they discovered something resembling the entrance of a cavern, to which the trail evidently led.

After approaching within about six or seven hundred yards of the mouth of the cave, the Indians halted, and insisted that it was highly dangerous to advance any farther; and on an intimation of Cruze that he was willing to make a further advance, they positively declared that it would be impossible for him to escape, if he should do so. They stated that, some years ago, there was a similar serpent discovered high up on the Red River; that it pursued and caught an Indian, who had always been acknowledged the fleetest of his tribe, and who could run nearly as fast as a horse. They said this Indian had the boldness to advance within four or five hundred yards of the mouth of the snake. The fierce animal, on perceiving him, instantly darted forth in pursuit, and in a very short time, overtook and devoured him. This, they stated, was witnessed by their chief and several others who had repaired thither on the fastest horses they could procure, to witness the Indian's temerity.

After this, their chief gave orders for none of their tribe to hunt within twenty miles of the haunt of this terrible monster.

Mr. Cruze listened to their tale with some trepidation, but having more confidence in the ability of his horse (which was a full blooded gelding) to take him out of danger than they had, he advanced within about three hundred yards of the mouth of the cavern, where he halted, believing it unsafe to approach nearer.

From this position he could plainly see a huge mass lying in the entrance of the cavern, which he at once discovered to be something having life; for he could observe it slightly vibrate. It may seem strange that at the distance of three hundred yards, the ordinary vibrations caused by the breathing of even as ponderous an animal as this could be discernible to the naked eye—in truth, we were of opinion that this part of the story emanated more from imagination than reality; but when we were informed that the view of the entrance of the cavern was wholly unobstructed, that the sun, being on the decline, threw the full force of its light immediately on the portion of the serpent perceptible, we became less astonished at the statement, and readily believed that such a thing might be possible, inasmuch as the circumference of the snake, was estimated at not less than seven feet. To use the language of Mr. Cruze, 'it seemed as large or larger than the chest of a stout horse.' As but a few feet of it were seen, in consequence of its position in the mouth of the cavern, its full length could not be even roughly estimated, but Cruze, judging from the usual length of snakes, in proportion to their thickness, supposed this could not have been less than sixty or seventy feet long. From the advantage given by the light of the sun, he was enabled to distinguish that the skin of the serpent was variegated with large blotches or spots of black, and a dusky reddish color.

The Caddo Indians stated that it was about a mile west of the present den of the serpent where they first saw it; this led Cruze to believe that there were others of the same kind in that region, for it was evident that the present occupant of the cavern, or some other of a similar description, had inhabited it for a great while, as there was an immense quantity of the bones of different animals scattered around its entrance for at least two hundred and fifty yards. He suggested to the Indians the probability that this was not the snake they had before seen, and proposed making a search for another. This proposition was instantly objected to. They said that in searching for another snake, they might accidentally come too close upon one before discovering him; or, possibly, on a den where there were several, and in that event, the immediate destruction of the whole party would be inevitable. Cruze, however, was determined upon a reconnaissance of the approximate country, and when

the Indians found out his determination, they followed him, though with much fear and trembling. They made a circuit around the mountain, never venturing nearer than a half a mile of the cavern, and using great caution, lest they should come in accidental contact with one of those terrible monsters. No important discoveries, however, were made, excepting several other trails of the same kind as that leading to the water-hole, all of which converged toward the above mentioned cave. This induced the belief that there probably might be an immense den of those huge serpents in the cavern, which opinion, the facts as stated, would certainly in a considerable degree justify.

Cruze and his Indian guides returned to the settlements without extending the area of their discoveries any further, being well satisfied that the upper Colorado, in the way of snakes, 'can't be beat.'

Mr. Cruze is anxious to get a company of fifteen or twenty well armed men, mounted on the fleetest horses that can be procured, to accompany him on a second expedition to the cavern, (which he says he can find without any trouble,) to make further discoveries concerning this generation of vipers. He purposes starting in the course of two or three weeks, or as soon thereafter as a sufficient number of men are ready to accompany him.

### LYING IN A HURRY.

Archbishop Leighton desired he might be permitted to end his race at a public inn where no obtrusions and impertinences would disturb his last hours, nor even the solicitudes of friendship; and what he desired he was permitted to enjoy. O for a quiet hour to die in! when the world may be left to its labours, its schemes, its hopes, its whirl and hurry; and in some secluded spot, where there is stillness at noon and night, and the solemn sun-light falls through the day as it falls at evening; where the soul may leisurely lay off its incumbrances, and adjust itself to its destination; and with penitential surveys of the past, and humble but hopeful forebodings of the future, wait the great teacher's arrival; and then with unimpaired reason, with clear vision, commend the spirit to Eternal Mercy, thus to fall asleep and pass away.—Congregational Journal.

### ASEA STORY.

The first mate of the ship in which I sailed, was an exceedingly interesting man. As I gradually became acquainted with him I felt confident that his history must be one of interest.

I was walking the deck late one moonlight night, and no one was up but him and myself. I began to talk with him about the sea, and when I spoke of its dangers, I noticed that a sad expression came upon his face. Suddenly he turned towards me and said, 'Would you like to hear a little of my history for a few years past?' I told him that I should like much to hear it.

'Four years ago,' said he, 'I left the port of Boston, the master of a fine ship, bound for China. I was worth ten thousand dollars and was the husband of a young and beautiful wife, whom I had married but six months before. When I left her I promised to return to her in less than a twelvemonth. I took all my money with me save enough to support my wife in my absence, for the purpose of trading when in China, on my own account. For a long time we were favored with prosperous winds, but when in the China seas a terrible storm came upon us, so that in a short time I saw that the vessel must be lost, for we were drifting upon the rocks of an unknown shore. I ordered the men to provide each for himself in the best possible manner, and forget the ship, as it was an impossibility to save her. We struck—a sea carried me upon the rocks senseless, and the next would have taken me back into a watery grave, had not one of the sailors dragged me further up the rocks. There were only four of us alive, and when morning came, we found that we were upon a small uninhabited island with nothing to eat but the wild fruit common to that portion of the earth. I will not distress you by an account of our sufferings there; suffice it to say that we remained sixty days before we could make ourselves known to any ship. We were taken to Canton and there I had to beg, for my money was at the bottom of the sea, and I had not taken the precaution to have it insured. It was nearly a year before I found a chance to come home, and then I, a captain, was obliged to ship as a common sailor.'

It was two years from the time I left America that I landed in Boston. I was walking in a hurried manner up one of its streets, when I met my brother-in-law. He could not speak nor move, but he grasped my hand, and the tears gushed from his eyes.

'Is my wife alive?' I asked.

He said nothing. Then I wished that I had perished with my ship, for I thought my wife was dead, but he very soon said, 'She is alive.' Then it was my turn to cry for joy. He clung to me and said, 'Your funeral sermon has been preached, for we have thought you dead for a long time.' He said that my wife was living in our little cottage in the interior of the State. It was then 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and I took a train of cars that would carry me with twenty-five miles of my wife. Upon leaving the cars, I hired a boy, though it was night, to drive me home. It was two o'clock in the morning when that sweet little cottage of mine appeared in sight. It was a warm moonlight night, and I remember how like a heaven it looked to me. I got out of the carriage and went to the window of the room where the servant girl slept, and gently knocked. She opened the window and asked 'who was there?' Sarah, do you not know me? said I.

She screamed with fright, for she thought me a ghost, but I told her to unfasten the door and let me in, for I wished to see my wife. She let me in and gave me a light and I went up stairs to my wife's room. She lay sleeping quietly. Upon her bosom lay our child, whom I had never seen. She was as beautiful as when I left her, but I could see a mournful expression upon her face. Perhaps she was dreaming of me. I gazed for a long time; I did not make any noise, for I dared not wake her. At length I imparted a soft kiss upon the cheek of my little child. While doing it, a tear dropped from my eye and fell upon her face. Her eyes opened as clearly as though she had not been sleeping. I saw that she was so frightened, and I said, 'Mary, it is your husband!' and she clasped me about my neck and faintly.

But I cannot describe to you that scene.

She is now the happy wife of a poor man. I am endeavoring to accumulate a little property, and then I will leave the sea forever.—[Chris. Citizen.]

### A RUM SWEAT.

Everybody, almost, has heard about a 'rum sweat,' and the ordinary *modus operandi*. It is a favorite and sovereign remedy with many amateur practitioners for a 'bad cold.' We heard lately of a new method of getting up the steam which we must tell of—we are bound to.

Not a hundred miles from the handsome and thriving town of Athol, Mass., there lives a mahogany-faced man whose daily potatoes are somewhat stronger than catnip tea. He has been known to toddle under the extra weight of a stone in his hat—any day these number of years. Yet the man is not bereft of all self-respect, but demeans himself as well as he is able, 'considering,' and not unfrequently indulges in the luxury of a clean shirt. It was to provide and array himself with one of these useful articles one bright Sunday morning, that this son of Bacchus built a rousing warm fire in the stove, and fastened his door to promote the comfort and security of the operation. Being thus prepared, he leisurely stripped himself, and taking the primitive garment alluded to by the neither edges, proceeded to work himself into it. He had managed to get one arm into the sleeve, and was trying to discover an opening for his head, when he lost his perpendicular, and began to step back—and back he went, endeavoring vainly to stop himself, or 'see out,'—that hot stove being precisely in range—till his bare and shrinking calves came in contact, and he took a square seat upon his top! He roared and roared; he begged and barked; he screamed and 'fricased' till his door was burst from its fastenings, and he dragged from his dreadful seat, writhing and yelling with agony.

Many a long night he groined and cursed, and many a torturing remedy did the doctors apply before he recovered.—Clarendon Eagle.

### TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

We have an illustration of this apothegm too striking to be lost. Crossing the Hackensack bridge, near Newark one day in the railroad car, in company with governor D., of New Jersey, that gentleman observed that he had once witnessed a remarkable incident on that spot. He was in a stage-coach with some eight or nine passengers, male and female, as they were crossing the bridge at this point, one of the former remarked that one evening thirty years before, he had been crossing the river at that very spot, in a stage-coach filled with passengers as now; that the bridge which then existed was a miserable rickety old structure, ready to fall on the least provocation; that the waters of the river were at that time very much swollen in consequence of a sudden freshet; and that when the coach got about midway on the bridge, one of the supporters gave way precipitating all hands into the dark and rapid water. After great ado however, the passengers all reached the shore, with the exception of a little infant which had been swept from the mother's arms in the struggle, and which now seemed irretrievably lost. The hearts of the passengers, however, were too deeply touched by gratitude for their own escape, and sympathy for the bereaved mother, to allow of their remaining inactive; and those of them accordingly who could swim plunged again into the flood to make a thorough search for at least the lifeless body of their little companion. The narrator himself was so fortunate as to grasp it by the clothes, at some distance from the place of the accident, and on taking it into the toll-house and instituting active measures for its recovery, it soon gladdened all hearts by opening its eyes and recognizing the face of the now overjoyed mother. The gentleman narrated the little history with a smile of righteous satisfaction at the part he had played in it; but he had scarcely concluded, said Governor D., before one of the ladies of our company begged him to excuse the liberty she was about to take, in asking if his name were not Mr. So-and-So?

'It is,' replied the other.

'Then,' rejoined the lady, 'I was the infant whom you rescued!' My mother always remembered the name of the deliverer of her child, and taught the child also to remember it. But it is only now, after an interval of thirty years from the time of the event, and here on the very spot where it occurred, that child finds an opportunity of telling her deliverer how faithfully that name had been cherished. So unexpected a denouement as this, said Gov. D., filled us all with the liveliest and most joyful surprise; and I am sure that every one in the coach at the time will remember that journey as one of the most agreeable he ever made.—Harbinger.

### SENSE OF CAMELS.

The camels with which I traversed part of the desert were very different in their ways and habits from those which you get on unfrequented routes. They were never led. There was not the slightest sign of a track in this part of the desert, but the camels never failed to choose the right line. By the direction taken at first starting they knew I suppose, the point (some encampment perhaps) for which they were to make. There is always a leading camel, (generally, I believe, the eldest,) who marches foremost and determines the path for the whole party. If it happens that no one of the camels has been accustomed to lead the others, there is very great difficulty in making a start. If you force your beast forward for a moment, he will contrive to wheel and draw back, at the same time looking at one of the other camels with an expression and gesture exactly equivalent to 'after you.' The responsibility of finding the way is evidently assumed very unwillingly. After some time, however, it becomes understood that one of the beasts has reluctantly consented to take the lead, and he accordingly advances for that purpose. For a minute or two he goes on with much indecision, faking first one line then another, but soon, by the aid of some mysterious sense, he discovers the true direction and follows it steadily from morning to night. When once the leadership is established, you cannot by any force, induce a junior camel to walk one single step in advance of the chosen guide.

A gallant was lately sitting by the side of his beloved, and being unable to think of any thing else to say, turned to her and asked why she was like a tailor? I don't know, said she, unless it's because I am sitting beside my goose.

### ANTIQUITIES IN ASIA MINOR.

A letter from Constantinople states that the end of April a number of articles, in gold and silver were discovered not far below the surface of the ground, at the town of Leipsic, the ancient Lampasac, in Asia Minor. Among these objects, which are supposed to have been employed in the worship of Diana, are 40 silver spoons with square handles, and much larger than those used in modern days; a female bust terminates each handle, and the word Artemis, one of the names of Diana, perceptible on several of them; each weighs about 750 grammes—a round silver in silver, nearly four feet in diameter, weighing 37 grammes 540 grammes, having the figure of a woman engraved on it, with a fox, a peacock, and a parrot near her, and two hens at her feet, with a child riding on each—a large silver dish with six angles, having on it two female heads engraved—a silver rod upwards of sixty feet long, composed of four pieces soldered together—four large silver goblets with massive handles—a large silver cylindrical vase, upwards of three feet high, on three feet, adorned with arabesques—a silver flambeau, three feet high—a necklace in gold, of fine workmanship, weighing 460 grammes; in it were set forty large pearls, but they crumbled to dust on being touched. The Turkish Government has sent agents to have the surrounding ground excavated.

### AN OLD STORY.

There lived lately in one of the mountainous countries in Western Virginia many Dutchmen, and among them, one named Henry Snyder; and there were likewise two brothers, called George and Jake Fulwiler; they were all rich, and each owned a mill. Henry Snyder was subject to fits of derangement, but they were not of such a nature as to render him disagreeable to any one. He merely conceived himself to be the Supreme ruler of the Universe; and while under infatuation, had himself a throne built, on which he sat to try the causes of all who offended him; and pass them off to heaven or hell, as his humor prompted—he personating both Judge and culprit.

It happened one day that some difficulty occurred between Henry Snyder and the Fulwilers on account of their mill, when, to be avenged, Henry Snyder took along with him a book in which he recorded his judgments, and mounted his throne to try their cases. He was heard to pass the following judgments.

Having prepared himself, (acting as Judge and yet responding for the accused,) he called George Fulwiler.

'Shorge Fulwiler, stand up—What hast thou been doing in dis lower world?'

'Ah, Lort, I does not know.'

'Well, Shorge Fulwiler hasnt' you got a mill?'

'Yes, Lort, I has.'

'Well, Shorge Fulwiler, didnt' you never take too much toll?'

'Yes, Lort, I has—when der water was low, and mine stones wash dull, I take a leetle too much toll.'

'Well, den, Shorge Fulwiler, you must go to der left, mid der goats.'

'Well, Shake Fulwiler, now stand up.—And what hast you been doin in dis lower world?'

[The trial proceeded throughout precisely like the former, and with the same result.]

'Now I tries myself. Henry Snyder! stand up. What hast you been doin in dis lower world?'

'Ah, Lort, I does not know.'

'Well, Henry Snyder, hasnt' you got a mill?'

'Yes, Lort, I has.'

'Well, Henry Snyder, didnt' you never take too much toll?'

'Yes, Lort, I has—when der water wash low and mine stones wash dull, I has taken a leetle too much toll.'

'But, Henry Snyder, vat did you do wid der toll?'

'Ah! Lort, I gives it to der poor.'

(Pausing.) 'Well, Henry Snyder, you must go to der right, mid der sheep; but it is a tight squeeze!'

### SHOOTING.

To be let, the exclusive right of shooting over the whole country of Tipperary for the present season. The game is exceedingly abundant, consisting chiefly of overcoats, handkerchiefs, cravat collectors, baillifs, process-servers, government pay clerks, and occasionally a few women and children. Applications to be made to Arch-deacon Laffran. No Saxon need apply.—[Punch.]

TELEGRAPH ANECDOTES.

The following anecdotes are contained in a little publication, by 'Peter Progress,' showing the effects of the 'marvel' upon the people:—

One man imagined that the wires were hollow, and that papers on which the communications were written were blown through them. Another man, more acute than his neighbors, knowing that sound was more readily conveyed through a tube than a penny-post letter, decided that they were speaking tubes; nay, a man in the north, who had got one day near the line, declared he heard the message 'as it went through them pots' (the insulators.) A laborer near Lincoln walked three miles to see the man run along the wires with the letter-bags. An old gentleman, imagining he had left his umbrella behind him at the last station, wished to have it 'telegraphed.' This was immediately done, and in about a minute the porter told him it had possibly arrived, and requested him to look out and see: this he did, and sure enough, it was hanging upon one of the wires. The old man was thunderstruck, and hastened away from the spot where such 'uncanny' practices were going on, for he firmly believed he had left his umbrella behind him, and that by some trick akin to magic it had been returned.—[Eng. Paper.]

The following good toast was lately drunk:—

'Uncle Sam—a respectable branch of the Bull family. He broke the bonds of parental authority, and went into business on his own account, in 1775. He is now well to do in the world, clothing himself, and feeding his poor relations in the bargain!'



## VARIETY.

## HOW IT HAPPENED

THAT A WASHERWOMAN WAS NOT QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

At the period when the states of Grenoble, assembled at the Chateau de Vizille, were preparing the Revolution of 1719, Bernadotte, then a sergeant, was quartered in that town. Little dreaming of his future eminence, he passed his time between his military duties, cards and gallantry. He had obtained considerable reputation among his comrades for his success in the latter art, and made it a point of honor to sustain it. An opportunity presented itself on the famous day of the tiles. On that day, as is well known, the women of Grenoble, mounted on the roofs of their houses, assailed the royal troops with a shower of tiles. Bernadotte, being engaged with his regiment in the Rue Pertuisiere, was struck on the head by one of these projectiles, and fell. He was thought to be dead, but manifesting some signs of life, he was conveyed into a neighboring cafe, and laid upon a table, which is still preserved and shown. He was not, however, destined for the fate of Pyrrhus; by degrees he began to recover, and opening his eyes, he saw amongst the crowd who were tendering assistance, a fair young girl, whose bright blue eyes were suffused with tears, and whose emotion was manifest at the pain he appeared to suffer. He raised himself on his elbow, and gazing at her attentively, seemed struck with her beauty. After a little time, finding himself better, he called for a glass of brandy, and rejoined his regiment. Quiet being restored in Grenoble, Bernadotte left no means unemployed to discover his fair unknown. For three weeks he continued his romantic search, till one day, when walking pensively in the Jardin de Ville, he saw her approaching. He watched her home, and returning the next day, found the means of obtaining access to her house, and declared his love. The girl was named Amelie, she was a dress-maker, and about eighteen years of age; but there was a rival in the field, a young watchmaker in the town. Not knowing how to dispose of him, and moreover being violently in love, Bernadotte spoke of marriage, thinking by that means to overcome all difficulties—but he failed.

Amelie loved neither the citizen nor the hero; but the first was a watchmaker, and the other nothing at all, not even King of Sweden. She preferred the shop to the haversack, and became the fiancée of the watchmaker. When Bernadotte heard her decision, his fury knew no bounds, he rushed to the house of his rival, and declared his love and pretensions to the hand of Amelie, and challenged his rival to decide the question by the sword. The watchmaker was nothing loath, and the parties met. The citizen, little accustomed to the use of his weapon, was soon severely wounded, and Bernadotte hastened to the house of his mistress. He had been there but few minutes and had even forgotten the occurrence that had just taken place, when a loud knocking was heard at the door. It was the wounded lover of Amelie, brought thither, apparently in a dying state. She was overwhelmed with grief and horror, and, turning to Bernadotte, loaded him with the severest reproaches, and drove him from the house. He saw her for the last time; in a month she became the wife of the watchmaker. Bernadotte, when he heard it, determined first to shoot her, then to murder her husband, and finally to blow out his own brains. Fortunately for his future crown, he died neither. The blue-eyed heroine of this adventure—now alive, a decrepit, crooked, wrinkled, old woman—served at a common inn, and in a state of utter poverty, related these circumstances at short intervals. 'Ah! Sir,' said she, in concluding her story, 'I should have done much better in marrying M. Bernadotte. I should have been a queen now!—yes, a queen! instead of waiting upon every body here. I should have had a crown, and subjects, and fine clothes. I should have been a queen! Ah! I made a great mistake—a sad mistake. I ought to have foreseen this, for I assure you, Sir, Bernadotte was not a common man. I had a kind of presentiment that something would happen; but what would you have? when we are young we do not reflect—we are not ambitious; we refuse kingdoms, and make fools of ourselves.' Saying which, she shed tears.

When asked if she had heard anything from him, she answered, 'Never Sir; I have written to him several times since he became a king, but he never returned any answer. My husband says it is because I did not pay the postage of my letters. It is very likely; and then, perhaps, he may still feel annoyed at my having refused him. If we were both free again, and I had any money, I would go to London; perhaps he would marry me, or, at any rate, give me his linen to wash! that would be something, after all.'

From a diadem to a tub! Could Love himself have imagined any thing more romantic?

**SYMPTOMS.**—1. If a person complains much of want of time, you may be sure that he wastes a great deal of it foolishly. 2. If a person promises largely, you will not fail to notice that he seldom performs. 3. If a person inveighs loudly and frequently against a certain crime, he is, ten to one, himself addicted to it. 4. If a person fawns on you when you, he will most assuredly trample on you when down. 5. If a person boasts of his learning, or his money, you will find either his head or his purse empty. 6. If a person insists that his children are particularly good, depend upon it that the rogues are half ruined already. 7. If a person sports at others' infirmities: you will observe that he is totally blind to his own. 8. If a person is continually complaining of the town in which he lives, it only proves that he is not fit to live in it.

**A FEMALE FARMER.**—The second premium for the best cultivated farm in Litchfield Co. Conn., was awarded the past season to Mrs. Vesta Hawkins, of Waterville. The farm contains 160 acres. It has been under Mrs. H.'s management for the last ten years. The committee of examination says:—"It is divided the present season into twenty-two acres of meadow, three and a half of corn, six of oats, one and a half of rye, two of buckwheat, a half of potatoes, seven acres of woodland, and the residue of pasture land. The produce of the farm for the present season is estimated as follows, fifty tons of hay, two hundred bushels of corn, one hundred and thirty-five bushels of oats, and one hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes. The stock kept on it this season consists of twenty-six head, including six calves raised this season, two horses and fifty-six sheep. This farm is conveniently laid out into small fields, the fences mostly of rails, all in good repair, and together with the buildings, presents a neat and tidy appearance."

**MINOR MORALS FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.**—The last word, says the London 'Punch,' is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it.

than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with woman has been forbidden since the flood. The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts there is nothing to keep heavy bodies, like husbands, from flying off into space. Wives, be lenient to the marital cigar. The smoke always hides the most disagreeable part of the battle. The wife who would properly discharge her duties, must never have a soul 'above buttons.' The liberties of England have been won by mutual concessions. Let the husband who would acquire the privilege of asking friends to dinner without notice, remember this when his wife hints at a new bonnet. The wife's want is the husband's opportunity. Don't trust too much to good-temper when you get into an argument. The Indians produce fire by the rubbing of the driest sticks.

## CALIFORNIA.

The Newark Daily Advertiser publishes a letter dated 'Harbor of Monterey, upper California,' written on the 17th of last June, from which we take the following passages:

The country is well adapted to raising cattle. I have travelled through some of the finest valleys, upon which thousands of cattle and horses were feeding on the rich grasses growing in luxuriant abundance; and even on the tops of the hills, wild oats and clover are found in plenty. But it may be doubted if it will do so well for agricultural purposes, owing to the drought which prevails in the summer, except in those parts which may be irrigated by the hand of industry. The soil is rich, and except the dryness, admirably adapted to raise most, if not all the vegetables and fruits in the New York market; but it is not cultivated. With the exception of Capt. Fisher's table, I have not seen a potato since far the other side of Cape Horn.

The food of this country is beef and it is excellent. The country abounds in game; the waters swim with fish; the soil will yield abundant crops of wheat; fruit and vegetables might be raised in plenty—but the Spaniards, or Californians, are too indolent. The Indians are worthless, doing nothing but stealing, since the downfall of the Spanish missions; and while some of the emigrants are industrious and frugal, others sell rum, get drunk, and excel even the Indians in sordid indolence, so that we can obtain nothing but beef to eat at present.

It was remarked by Wilkes while here, that there was more liquor drunk in this country in proportion to its inhabitants, than in any other, and I have no doubt of it. The most fearful exhibition I have seen was yesterday, (the Sabbath,) in Monterey, in front of a rum hole, just in the rear of the alcaid's (magistrate's) office—in which I have preached for the last three Sabbaths.

The proprietor of the establishment has an especial license to sell rum, and keeps a gambling house open on the Sabbath; here were congregated Californians and Indians, Americans and Spaniards, volunteers and regulars, sailors and marines, squaws and horses, (the latter the most respectable,) all in the most indiscriminate confusion—drinking, gambling, swearing and fighting. I do not mean that the horses did anything of this; noble animals, they had much rather eat clover and wild oats. Look at the scene: there is a negro with a sweat cloth, and a purser's clerk just discharged from the Columbus, has lost \$30 on it: close at hand, three squaws and a marine lie together, hopelessly drunk; another company is fighting, until faces are bruised and Spanish knives are gleaming in the sunlight, their owners, fortunately too drunk to draw much blood. If there was a place in Sodom that equalled this, I am not surprised that righteous Lot was vexed with their filthy conversation. One of them dropped dead in the billiard room last night.

Monterey is supposed to contain 12,800 inhabitants. The houses are built of adobe, that is, bricks which are dried in the sun, with projecting roofs to protect the walls in the rainy season. The Spanish language is spoken universally, except the emigrants, of whom it is thought there are from two to three thousand in number.

The climate of California is salubrious and healthy. The year is divided into the dry and rainy seasons, and the weather is but little colder in the winter or rainy season, than in the summer; to-day the thermometer stands in my state room at 63 degrees, and nowhere along this part of the coast, can you do without winter clothing at any time. Indeed, at San Francisco, it blew almost a gale of wind every day we were there; so that we were disposed almost to regard it as the starting point whence all gales and winds originate.

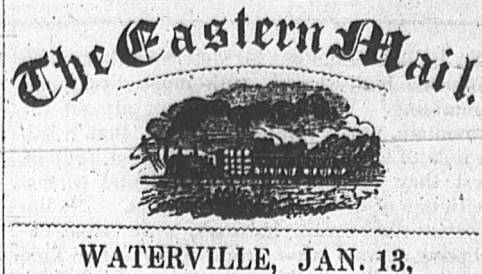
Back from the coast, some thirty or forty miles the climate is delightful, and on the Salinas plains, the valley of San Jose, or San Juan, the climate is almost like Spain or Italy, where scenes of loveliness are unsurpassed. This is a land of fruitful vales, verdant hills, 'out of whose mountains thou mayest dig brass,' as well as dry summers, rainy winters, inhospitable mountains, and great moral destitution; and is destined ere long to be filled up with an enterprising population from our own shores.

It is true the mountains of California are taller by some thousands of feet than even the Rocky Mountains, but there is sleepless, restless enterprise to climb them. I have seen delicate women who have grown hardy, and small children who have grown bigger, and consumptive men who have become robust by the operation. It is true some have perished in the attempt but there has been but little diminution of ardor on that account.

There is an English school in San Francisco in a tent, and directly in front of the gambling house I have spoken of, there is a house for a public school in course of erection, but it will take time, toil, and sacrifice, before much can be accomplished for the mental and moral condition of the country. Webster's spelling-book sells for a dollar apiece and very few at that.

**DOG MUTTON.**—A paper of Rouen, France, states that the police of that city were informed that a certain man in a poor part of the city had a butcher in his house. The policemen who went to investigate the matter had some difficulty in finding the room, but at length discovered an apartment where a big dog, dressed and split open, lay upon the bench, and a half a dozen others in the same plight were hanging about the room by their hind legs, and in an adjoining closet some fine cutlets were broiling on the coals. The dog butcher assured the policemen that this was his substitute for butcher's meat, and that the whole was for his own eating. The business of the policemen extended only to the sales of meat, and so they went away, not thinking themselves obliged to disbelieve what the man had said. Certainly this plan is preferable to merely killing dogs to be rid of them, and in a city, so full of big fat dogs, and nice, tender puppies as ours, may cheer the hungry dependant.—*Four Com.*

**A PERFECT MAN.**—One of our exchanges speaks of a genius who has knocked off going to church entirely, as he considers himself a perfect man, for the last time he attended, the preacher looked slantingly at him and said, "Mark the perfect man!" He says, "I couldn't do less than rise and bow; but I had a new coat on, I should have considered it a greater compliment had he said, 'Mark the perfect gentleman!'"



**JOHN P. HALE.**—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, thus speaks of Mr. Hale, of N. H., and of the political course he has marked out for himself:

'Mr. Hale, the new Senator from N. Hampshire, has made his debut in the Senate, and in a manner that attracts universal attention. Mr. Hale comes to the Senate as the representative of a principle, and if not a new principle, one that few politicians here have courage to maintain. The effect of Mr. Hale's demonstration is decided. He will carry votes with him—the votes of those who, entertaining the same opinions, have timidly waited for a leader. I am not sure that the sounding of this counter note, at this time, will not produce a good effect. It will counteract the ultraism of Mr. Cass and Mr. Allen, and Mr. Dickinson and others, and will, in fact, make a seasonable and beneficial diversion in favor of the moderate and conservative portion of the Senate.'

Mr. Hale is a young looking man, of florid complexion, and good person. His voice is full and rich, but rather too loud, and wanting in modulation, and his utterance is not sufficiently deliberate. These defects he is young enough to remedy. It is evident he intends to give himself practice. He possesses in an eminent degree, the rare quality of courage of opinion—a quality very essential to one who puts himself forward as the champion of important principles, and one that always commands admiration.

**CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.** This new order of laborers in the field of temperance seems to commend itself to the good opinion of all classes, and is multiplying with a rapidity unexampled. It embraces boys from twelve to eighteen years of age—stepping in just in season to guide them safely through the most critical period of their lives. The pledge secures them (if kept—remember this, boys!) from intemperance, the use of tobacco, and profanity; and tends to foster a regard for all the virtues that combine to make the good boy and useful man. The 'Nathans Section No. 3,' recently organized in this place, now numbers between thirty and forty members, and is adding to its numbers at every meeting, to an extent that promises shortly to raise an effective temperance army, of the truest stamp. We recently spent an evening with them at their hall, and were highly gratified to witness the perfect order and decorum that prevailed. We wished that every boy in Waterville might enjoy the benefit of the institution—and if parents judge correctly, and act accordingly, this will soon be the case. The Cadets will in due time prove powerful champions of temperance; and if the order prospers, as it should and may—that is, if the members are true to themselves, to each other, and to the pledge—a few years will find the rum-seller crying,

"O dear! what can the matter be?  
Dear!—dear!—what can the matter be?  
What has become of my jolly old customers?  
What shall I do with my rum?"

**FACTS RESPECTING THE SLAVE TRADE.**—A writer in the London Times makes the following statement of facts respecting the part borne by the English Government on the African Slave Trade:

The slave trade was instituted by the Crown in 1585, before England possessed any West Indian colonies at all. Up to the year 1710 it was a Royal monopoly. It was then partially opened 'for the benefit of the manufacturers of Great Britain.'

It was found that the trade could not be conveniently and extensively carried on without forts on the coast of Africa; and such was the appetite of the British nation for the slave trade, that in 1729 a committee of the House of Commons passed the following resolutions:—

1st. That the trade should be open; 2d. That it ought not to be taxed for the support of forts; 3d. That forts were necessary for securing the trade; and 4th. That an allowance ought to be made for maintaining such forts.

All foreigners were excluded from participating in a trade pronounced by Parliament to be 'so highly beneficial to the kingdom.'

In 1745 grants from the Crown were made to British subjects of lands in Jamaica, on condition that the lands so granted should be settled by a stipulated proportion of negro slaves, and that in case such stipulation was not complied with within a given time, the patent was deemed null and void.

In 1760 the colonists, anxious to limit the vast numbers of wild negroes imported by English speculators, passed laws imposing a duty on them, which Great Britain refused to sanction, rejecting the act with indignation, and declaring that the slave trade was beneficial and necessary to the mother country. The Governor who passed the laws was reprimanded, and a circular was sent to all the other Governors, warning them against a similar offence.

In 1765 and 1774 the Assembly of Jamaica repeated the offence, and passed bills to restrain the importation of negroes. Lord Dartmouth, then Secretary of State, wrote to Sir Basil Keith, the Governor of Jamaica, forbidding him, upon pain of removal from his government, to assent to such laws.

The colonies, by the agent of Jamaica, remonstrated against the resolution of the Government; but the Earl of Dartmouth replied:—"We cannot allow the colonies to check or discourage in any degree a traffic so beneficial to the nation."

**A PREDICTION.**—The New-York Courier and Enquirer says:—  
On the first of January, 1849, a President and Vice President of the United States will have been elected, whose term of office will commence on the 4th of March following. Now we venture the prediction that the gentlemen elected will be for President, Zachary Taylor,

for Vice President, Daniel Webster.

A New-York Democratic paper recommends Gen. S. Houston for President, and Col. Ryn- ders, of New-York, for Vice President.

## STATISTICS OF THE CLERGY.

According to a work on the Elements of Statistics by Moreau de Jonnes, lately published in Paris, the decrease in the number of clergymen in Europe in modern times has been very great—and greatest among the Roman Catholics. The Semeur has the following notices from the work:—

Before the French Revolution the clerical order possessed the third part, if not the full half, of the landed interest of the Kingdom, and shared with the nobility the right of feudal lordship.

In 1757, the Abbe de St. Perrie reckoned in France 40,000 cures (parish priests, with larger power than the class to whom the English gave the name curates) 60,000 other priests, 10,000 monks, and 10,000 nuns, being a total of 300,000, or 1 to every 67 inhabitants. But in 1829 the clerical order comprised but 108,000 members, that is to say, but 1 to every 280 inhabitants.

Causes, both many and various, have been in constant operation since the sixteenth century to reduce the number of the clergy. By casting up the columns of figures, we find that the number of ecclesiastics, in their proportion to the residue of the population, has diminished thus:—

At Rome, in 65 years, three fifths; in Portugal, in 31 years, five sixths; in Bavaria, in 28 years, twenty two twenty-thirds; in Sicily, in 51 years, more than one half; in France, in 67 years more than four fifths; in Switzerland in 37 years, one third; in England, in 133 years, nearly two thirds; in Russia, in 33 years, much more than one third; in Denmark, in 20 years, one half, and even more; in Sweden, in 60 years, one third.

The larger share of these losses has fallen on the Romish clergy. During fifty years, in six of the States of Europe, it has diminished to the amount of 885,000, priests, monks, or nuns.

Whether the decrease has been greater than it ought to be in any case, we have not the means of deciding. It appears that in France, after a diminution of four fifths, there still remained (including monks and nuns) 1 to every 280 inhabitants.—*Vt. Chronicle.*

## OUR TABLE.

**"POEMS. BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL."**

We have received from the author a copy of the Second Series. It is beautiful—exceedingly beautiful—in its getting up; beyond which we have not yet examined it. We look for much that is rich and true in sentiment.

**"THE DAGUERROTYPH,"** has reached its eleventh number, which is before us. Having predicted success to this magazine, it gives us pleasure to notice its increasing claims to public favor. Its selections are choice, its spirit catholic, and its whole character well adapted to the place it is designed to fill. It is one of the best and cheapest works of the day—forty-eight large octavo pages, semi-monthly, at \$3. Published by John M. Whittemore, Boston.

**"GOODRICH'S NATIONAL GEOGRAPHY."** We have seen no work of the kind that so fully meets the wants of common schools, as this of Goodrich. Its simplicity—the same that characterizes all the works of Peter Parley—renders it peculiarly accessible, in all its departments, to the mind of the young scholar. The map of the world is so arranged as to answer, to a good degree, the purposes of a globe; and is made peculiarly useful in impressing upon the mind of the pupil the relative position of places. The author has so mingled amusement and utility, that the mind of the pupil, old or young, can hardly fail of being interested at every step. The introduction of more than two hundred beautiful and useful engravings, illustrating every department of the study, is an admirable feature of the work. They exhibit every variety of costume, feature, manner, scenery, architecture, and pursuit, and help to profit as well as amuse the pupil.

This Geography is rapidly taking the place of those previously in use, and must ultimately supplant all others. Teachers and schools are supplied by SHURTLEFF, Main-st., at very low rates.

**"THE WATCHTOWER,"** is the title of a new paper from Newburyport, Mass. It is a beautiful sheet, and gives evidence of talent.

**"SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE."** This new musical work is the embodiment of a right good idea. The simple preservation of the good old songs that moved the soul when music itself had a soul, would be good labor for a magazine; but this aims to chronicle the biography with the music and words—and as though this were not enough, the whole has a drapery of most beautiful pictorial illustrations. A collection of such songs as 'Hail Columbia,' the 'Star Spangled Banner,' the 'Minute Gun at Sea,' and 'A Merry Christmas Home,' though somewhat antiquated, is well worthy a place on the table of the musician. It would be to him what the works of the old masters are to the painter. We are most heartily pleased with this work, and predict for it a wide circulation. Published monthly at Philadelphia, by Geo. Zieber & Co., at \$3 per annum, or \$1.50 for six months. A copy may be seen at this office.

## DEDICATION.

At West Waterville, on Wednesday, Jan. 5, a Meeting House, recently built by the Second Baptist Church, was, by appropriate religious services, dedicated to the worship of God. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Sheldon. Louis XIV, having listened to the celebrated Massillon, is said to have remarked to him, 'Sir, hearing other preachers, I go away admiring their eloquence; but hearing you, I go away thinking that I will be a better man.' Judging from the fixed attention and serious countenances of the audience, such was the effect on this occasion. Each hearer seemed to say, 'Could I offer to God such worship as the preacher describes, I should be the happiest of mortals. The religion set forth in this sermon is the religion for me. The Savior brought to view to-day is the

Savior for me. It shall be my chief concern, in all coming time, to offer such worship, to practice such religion, to adorn such a Savior.'

The singing on the occasion was (as might have been expected, having one of the best chorists and choirs on the Kennebec) good, very good.

This Meeting House is beautifully located in a small grove, (the Lewiston and Waterville Railroad passing a few rods in the rear of it) and is surrounded by a thriving and enterprising community. The church, worshipping in this house, is, in proportion to her numbers, one of the most efficient in the State.

## DEATH OF MR. FAIRFIELD.

We make the following extract from a letter of Hon. E. K. Smart, in the Belfast Republican—which furnishes some particulars of this melancholy event which are of much interest. Mr. S. says—

Several days ago, he described to me the operation to which he then said he thought he should submit, and remarked that it would be very painful, but he felt great confidence that it would effect a cure of the disease with which he was afflicted. His complaint was of some duration, and was a sort of dropsy about the joints of his knees. He was, however, able to walk without discomfort to himself. I returned with him from the President's house on Tuesday last, when he walked a mile on Pennsylvania avenue without inconvenience. At 1 o'clock to day Dr. Magruder, of this city, made an incision between the joints of both knees, into which he injected a solution of blue vitriol. Immediately after, Gov. F. was seized with the most dreadful agony and expired in a few hours. Those who were present at his bedside were not aware of his situation till the moment of his death, nor probably was he. When, however, his arms and tongue began to be paralyzed, he exclaimed in great agony, "O! this is horrible."

A RAILROAD MEETING was held in Mercer on the 20th ult., to consider the most practicable and feasible route over which a Railroad may be located from Farmington to Augusta, under the charter of the Franklin and Kennebec Rail Road. The following preamble and resolve, among others, were passed:—

Whereas, from our knowledge of the face of the country embraced within the limits of the Charter of the Franklin and Kennebec Rail Road, leading from Farmington to Augusta, we do firmly believe that the best location for such Road would be to pass through the towns of New Sharon and Mercer, thence through Rome, Belgrade, and Sidney to Augusta.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting the stock in said road would very soon command a premium in the market, and consequently become a profitable investment.

**PORTRAITS.**—There is—there must be—much good and correct taste for the fine arts in Waterville. No opportunity would be lost, we are sure, for its gratification or improvement. Still, there is danger that some will permit Mr. STARKY to leave before they have examined his crayon portraits. Good taste is rapidly coming to a preference of this style of portrait painting. It is so mellow and rich to the eye, so permanently fresh, and so independent of position for effect, that the best judges prefer it.

Mr. Starkey has evidently rare genius in his profession. His portrait of Dr. Thayer is a gem of truth. The original has marked characteristics, and the artist has 'entered within the veil' to secure them. Our citizens are all familiar with that venerable face, and we advise them to call and admire the copy.

A portrait of Mr. Stedman is no less true. The characteristics differ widely, but they are all there.

We advise the admirers of good pictures to call at Mr. Starkey's rooms, in Marston's Block, and examine the merit of those he exhibits. When we see upon his easel the venerable features of the 'fathers of the town'—such as we were about to name—we shall conclude our advice has been heeded, and that the young artist is appreciated.

The following should have appeared in our last.

## A CARD.

In behalf of the sufferers on the wreck of the Brig Falcomer, I return my sincere thanks to the people of Ipswich, for their hospitality and kindness. While we were in trouble and almost driven to despair, we were watched by a Brother, who in due time notified the good people of the village, and soon the beach was lined with men, horses, carriages, &c., and as soon as there could be the least hope of success, boats were manned by the most skillful persons, who were willing to risk their own lives for the benefit of others, and by unremitted exertion they succeeded in taking the sufferers from the wreck. We were immediately conveyed to a good old farm-house, where everything was provided that heart could wish to alleviate the distress of the unfortunate. The bodies of the seventeen that perished (with the exception of one not found) were immediately conveyed to the town-hall, where the living paid their last respect to the departed.

I cannot omit speaking of the Select-men, who at a moment's notice were ready to attend to their duty. May they, with the rest of the people, long be remembered by the sufferers. I cannot forget them—and whenever it is my lot to pass through Ipswich, I can but stop and shake hands with the noble hearted people of that town. May we ever be as willing to render kind offices to others as we were to receive them.

E. MELLE, A Passenger.

Albion, Me. Jan. 3, 1848.

**HORRIBLE AFFRAY.**—We learn that on Monday last week, a young man named Conner, of Louisville, aged about 17 years, made an assault upon his elder brother with an axe, and nearly killed him. The circumstances as we briefly heard them are these:—

The boy Conner, who is said to be of a violent, malicious temper, had been beating his father, who is a cripple, when the elder brother, on coming into the room, seized the boy and gave him a flogging, and turned him out doors. Soon after, as the elder brother was

going out, he was met in the door by the boy, who struck him with an axe, hitting him in the breast, and passing down, severed the ribs, and cut into the abdomen. We understand he is yet alive, but it is very doubtful whether he can survive.

The boy was arrested and taken to Canton, and a bill of indictment for man-slaughter found against him by the grand jury, then in session. He was remitted, and is now in jail.—*St. Law. Repub.*

[For the Eastern Mail.]

## SINGING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MR. EDITOR:

I have waited a long time, hoping that some one would, through your paper, express an opinion respecting the introduction of music into public schools; but as no one has done it, and as in the minds of some there exists a doubt as to the expediency of the measure, I will give 'mine opinion.' I will not give a long dissertation, endeavoring to prove what every body believes—that music has claims to higher antiquity than most other sciences—that it is in accordance with the principles of our nature to attend to it, because rude and uncultivated nations are delighted with the harmony of sounds. Nor shall I enter into a metaphysical discussion as to the nature of music, and the manner of its operation upon the minds of men. This is not necessary. But I shall speak of it in connection with public schools, and endeavor to answer some objections urged against its introduction into such schools, as a branch of elementary education. This subject has elicited the particular attention of the friends and patrons of education. It has been discussed in various parts of the country; and the most distinguished and successful teachers in New York, and in most of the New England States, are in favor of the measure recommended by the Board of Education in this State, of introducing music, as a branch of education, into public schools. This is one of the improvements introduced by the new system of education, and, doubtless, if carried fully into operation, will work a reformation in the manner of conducting public schools. In past times, the school house was considered the place for a man, styled 'master,' to reign 'lord of all he surveyed'—to put on a knowing look and a stern countenance—for him to maintain his dignity at the loss of a half dozen rulers, for which some dozen little fellows were severely punished, who by this means were incited to detest their teacher, whoever he might be. The school house was formerly the place for scholars to sit, on narrow seats, at least an hour and a half, without moving—where there was little to excite and animate them to study, or to make their stay desirable or pleasing. The school was a place where, on one hand, was arrayed the teacher, with a full determination to maintain order, to frighten the insubordinate and seditious, and to manifest his authority on all proper occasions—and on the other, the pupils, with an equal determination to foil the teacher in his endeavors to maintain his supremacy at their expense, and to violate as many rules as possible without rendering the satisfaction prescribed by the 'master.' There were honorable exceptions, but in the main these remarks are true. During the years last passed, many improvements have been made. But we think it reserved for the present system of education, and especially for the introduction of music, to obviate all these difficulties. Such difficulties existed through a want of kindly feeling, mutual understanding, and intercourse, on the part of both teacher and scholar. It is the beauty of a school, that good nature be preserved. This renders pleasant the stay at school, and tends to cultivate the better feelings of our nature—those which are so requisite to success in life—which distinguish between an agreeable companion and one like Ishmael of old, whose hand is turned against every man, every man's hand against him. This same good nature music tends to cultivate. Do any question this? Let them visit those schools in which music has been introduced; let them behold the joyous countenances of those whose innocent and buoyant hearts beat in unison with the harmony of sweet sounds; let them witness teacher and pupils join together in singing a pleasant and instructive song; and they will no longer doubt the expediency of the movement. They are at peace with the world, and at peace with themselves. When scholars are in a state of mind to sing, they are in a condition to learn; anger cannot rankle in their bosoms, nor enmity find there a lodgment. Hence they are in a condition to love the teacher, if he is worthy of their love, and to obey him, if his injunctions are reasonable—and do it, too, without the aid of Mr. Ruler, or the oil of birch, and even without putting their teacher to the trouble of wasting his energies in talking to no purpose. It is the opinion of the most successful teachers, that singing should be interspersed frequently in the course of the day. Whenever the scholars become weary, let them rise and sing a song, then resume their studies, with renewed energy both of body and mind. If the teacher cannot lead, let any one do it that can. If the singing is not performed according to the latest fashion, or to please the ear of the most fastidious, Lowell, Mason nor G. J. Webb will not know it, nor will it affect the reputation of the parties concerned. We hope this new measure will receive the approval of teachers and the community in general.

The 'Common School Song Book,' edited by Asa Fitz, and sold in Waterville by J. B. Shurtleff, is a book every way adapted to the purpose for which it is designed, and should be introduced into every school in the State. It consists of the most popular airs, arranged in a simple and attractive manner.

Next week we will notice some of the objections urged against the measure above advocated.

## A TEACHER.

Rev. CHARLES MILLER, late of Bloomfield, has accepted a call to become pastor of the First Baptist Church in Farmington.







Poetry.

For the Mail.  
SONNETS.  
A THAW IN WINTER.

Winter at night it is! And yet the snow  
Hath thawed, and myriad fountains descend the hills,  
Darkly renewing all the Spring-time rills,  
Which leap their own identity to know!  
Unseasonably, as on they madly go,  
The rapids wail—and nought their whirling stills—  
The roar continuous all the region fills,  
While headlong sweeps the turbid river's flow.  
O God, grant that to thy suppliant's heart  
No ill-timed season come, with power to change  
Meek virtue, white and stainless now—to start  
Amid the springs of passions whose dread range  
Channels the dark, tumultuous stream, whose course  
Raves careless with the rush of wild remorse.

A CLOUDY MORNING.

The light of morn, with something of night's gloom,  
Breaks slightly across the misty sky,  
And here and there a cloud, while passing by,  
To mist dissolves, and hastening thus to doom  
For other clouds ascending maketh room;  
And, by a seeming reckless constancy,  
Clouds form, are formed, exist, increase, and die,  
Life elemental there within their tomb!  
In busy life, where unrepent truth is sown,  
Man after man departs, and heedless helms  
Supply the places to their fathers known,  
Uncertain life and certain death still theirs—  
But yet above all changing, changing, death,  
Their souls have elements of endless breath.

THE VILLAGE CLOCK.

The wind hath swept the dial, and the hands  
Forced back by the rude North-wind's sullen blast,  
Seem to bespeak some moments saved at last—  
Still to be saved, too, if the dial stands,  
And the rude wind with furious force expands  
To battle time, who constantly will cast  
Upon the heap of the forgotten Past.  
Accumulations of his precious sand,  
Vain art thou North-wind, vain thou vane  
That trembles on the spire—for neither man  
Nor nature can abate the destined span  
Of hours. They neither increase know nor wane—  
O'er time the only victory we can boast  
Is that its blessing never have been lost.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

"I have known an awakened youth, on his death bed,  
Tear away from the stern kindness of his father,  
And beg his mother to come and pray for him—  
T. Thayer.

Father, I thank thee for the love  
I read upon thy brow;  
I thank thee for thy counsel sweet,  
But pray, leave me now—  
And let my gentle mother come  
To gaze upon my face,  
And lay my aching head upon  
Her infant resting place.  
And let her breathe the simple prayer  
That soothed my spirit here,  
Its words will fall upon my heart,  
Like healing balm again.  
'T will hear my erring spirit back  
To childhood's loving years,  
And from the fountain of my heart  
Draw penitential tears.  
'T will teach me that, in pitying love,  
The Holy One in Heaven  
Has said to every sinner here,  
'Repent and be forgiven.'  
'T will teach me how the angel host  
O'er pardoned souls rejoice;  
And these are blessed truths to hear,  
From a loved mother's voice.

SEBASTIAN COOK.

Advertisements.

LIST OF LETTERS  
Remaining in the Post Office Waterville, Jan. 1st, 1868.

Allen Mrs. Asenath. Lewis Miss Charlotte A.  
Barnes Warren, (2) Lewis Mary E.  
Bowman Miss Caroline Lou Mrs Jane  
Blaisdell Miss Paulina Lander Elbridge  
Butterfield Stephen H. McLellan William  
Brackett M. A. Moore Jason  
Barrett Harrison Marshall Harrison  
Blanchard John Morrow Richard  
Butland Charles Martin Miss Electa A.  
Burgess James Moore Curtis  
Burgess Watson Marshall Miss Sarah  
Buck Bainbridge Marshall Miss Alice  
Bailey Stephen Morrill Miss Susan  
Brown Samuel Morse Ben  
Blackstone Daniel McKeechle Alex  
Brainard A. R. Morrill Jediah 2d  
Branch Milton McLaughlin Miss Mary  
Burbank Caroline A. Mead & Obrien  
Bean Miss Abigail N. Norman Betsey  
Bixby Solomon Porter Charles  
Bradford H. M. Penney Henry  
Bowman Augustus T. Potter Dr. J. F.  
Cannon & Burgess Phillips Daniel  
Colby Timothy Pollard Asa 2  
Cohan Mrs Mary B. Pollard Edwin  
Case Chauncey Penney Miss Margaret  
Covell Samuel Pollard Levi  
Clark Hobart (2) Penney Arba  
Crommett T. E. Pollard William 2  
Cook John M. Parker Zachariah  
Carpenter Gilbert H. 2 Penney William G.  
Chase Elihu Proctor Jeremiah  
Colledge J. C. Proctor Miss Ann  
Dingley Miss Sarah H. Proctor Charles  
Dow George W. Prescott Mary E.  
Dunbar Otis Proctor Aaron  
Davis Jonas Phelan William  
Davis Miss Mary Parnelle James H.  
Davis John Rough & Ready steam-  
Dingley James er, Capt. of  
Eaton Joseph Soule William  
Ellis Mrs Francis D. Shorey Miss Harriet  
Emery Reuben Simpson Ezekiel  
Edwards & Irvine Simpson Leonard  
Foster Mrs Diana W. Smith Moses  
Fisher Samuel I. Smith Mrs Louisa S.  
Foster Elijah S. Smith Sewall  
Freeman John 2 Saunders T. C.  
Gray Miss Paulina Starkey Miss Mary J.  
Gould Miss Maria Shorey Miss Sophia J.  
Giddings Mr. Sloper John  
Gray William Shorey Stephen  
Greene Mrs Sarah Simpson R. T.  
Holt Horace Simpson Winslow  
Holmes Isaiah Simpson George  
Ham Edmund P. Townsend Miss Laura  
Howe Wm L. Tozer Miss Pamela  
Harriman John Tozer Miss Mary  
Ingalls Robert Tozer Bryant  
Ives Joseph C. Thurston Oliver  
Johnson W. T. Trafton Joseph  
King Bethia Williams Hanson  
Keith Mrs Lydia F. Welch Miss Louisa  
Kittridge Dr. E. A. Wright Miss Abby  
King John Wing Benj. F.  
Kimball Franklin Welch Oliver  
Kimball Chas. E. C. Wardwell Jeremiah  
Lewis Jason Weaver Edwin  
Low Orrin Wardwell Hutchins L.  
Longley Z. Water Cure Establishment  
Low Ivory Water Cure Superintendent of  
Lewis D. B. E. L. GETCHELL, P. M.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say they are advertised.

OBSERVE!  
LAST CHANCE THIS SEASON!  
The Greatest Inducement ever offered  
IN BOSTON!  
GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING  
and  
FURNISHING GOODS.  
Great Excitement!  
AN UNPRECEDENTED RUSH  
AT  
**Oak Hall!!!**  
PRICES OF CLOTHING  
MARKED DOWN  
25 PER CENT.

In consequence of the very mild weather of the season, thus far, and the Great Quantities of Garments made up by the undersigned this Fall for

WINTER WEAR, it has become necessary that his vast stock of GENTLEMEN'S WINTER CLOTHING and FURNISHING MATERIALS Should be closed up immediately!

THE FOLLOWING EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS are therefore offered to the public. Read this and call at

**OAK HALL.**  
The spacious Sales Rooms will be thrown open at nine o'clock A. M. on

Thursday, Dec. 23, 1847, and the sale will continue till Tuesday, Feb. 1, 1848.

During this period, every article of the enormous stock of GEO. W. SIMMONS' Oak Hall will be MARKED DOWN twenty-five per cent. below the very lowest prices now current at this Great Clothing Mart. This stock embraces the most extensive assortment of

GENTLEMEN'S & BOYS' Clothing

ever collected together in any one establishment in this or any other country. Those who want

THICK CLOTHING at an enormous discount will do well to call, for these goods must be disposed of, as I have determined, whatever may be the sacrifice, that this great stock of

HEAVY WINTER CLOTHING now on hand in my establishment, SHALL BE SOLD.

Examine the following Low Prices, reduced one-fourth, and bring this advertisement with you.

BELOW IS THE LIST.  
300 Blue Pilot Overcoats, velvet collars, at \$6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 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