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Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II.....NO. 17.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOV. 16, 1848.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

The Mail is published on Thursday Morning, in WINGATE'S BUILDING, Main Street, opposite W. C. Dow & Co's. Store. AT \$1.50 A YEAR.

For the Mail. A CHANT FOR THANKSGIVING.

O where is your festive song, O where your dances? O bear your joy along, as Time advances! Soft as the sunbeam's ray, his wheat is falling! Pure as the breath of day, the green he's calling! The leaf on the hill is shed, and full the river, The year in its course has fled—Praise to the Giver!

O where is your festive song, O where your dances? O bear your joy along with lightsome glances! Free as the morning wind your hearts and voices, Free, the soul has shined, its fears and choices. Then to the sacred shrine cheerfully hasten, To save under God is gline, and his to chasten.

List for the infant's glaze, his voice is sweetest—Love would he catch from thee, and joy is cheeriest! List for the sage's word, 'tis true and meatful—Of his it thrills heard, true but not fearful. Look to the grateful gaze, theirs is the bosom Full of the festive day, as nature woots them.

God cannot love your care, cheerless and testy, Its weight on his heart to bear, to bear and bless thee! 'Tis the smile of your love that glads the glorious Maker, And joy to his bosom adds, its high partaker. Come with a blessing low, the only murmur Meet for the thanks you owe your kind preserver.

O boast me not so loud of fame and freedom, Rush not on with the crowd that think they heed them! Still is the holy day when God is honored, Before his presence pay the rite of pondered! Nor alone, when his goodness gives the seed you leave him!

In the high heavens he lives, O do not grieve him! 'Tis the rite which your fathers paid, which you have professed.

Which a tyrant never made nor bondman offered; With the heart you give its gift, a grateful duty, If your heart from the rite withhold, ashes not beauty! O where is your festive song, your sacred dances? The prayer and the grateful throng, joy's heart-light glances?

Miscellany.

THE CAPTURED CHILDREN.

By the Author of "Old Hicks the Guide."

One bright morning, when most of the men were off on a mustang drive, a number of boys—children of my nearest neighbors—had collected to bathe in a pretty little basin formed by an eddy of the river opposite my house. I heard their merry yells, and taking down my gun—a habit grown as habitual, before going out, as putting on my cap—I walked listlessly down to the river banks to look at them.

There were five houses within half a mile above and below me. The women, with their sun-bonnets on, were tripping across from one house to another, to pay neighborly gossiping visits; the house dogs jogged lazily along behind them; the goats were frisking and butting at each other outside the picketing; a man ploughing was whistling a sleepy roundelay; groups of cattle in sight were reclining on the grass, slowly grinding away at the everlasting cud; and the thin wreaths of opaque smoke from the chimneys were clearly defined against the intensely brilliant transparency of a cloudless blue sky. The whole scene was the very ideal of quiet, delicious repose.

I remember being particularly struck with the happy and harmonious calm that had fallen upon our sometime stormy home, and of thinking how perfectly the poet's dream might now be realized; how pleasant here—

! 'Till life's sunny day be quite gone down, To sit and smile with joy!

When suddenly the sound of a gun caused me to turn my head.

The first object that met my view was the whistling ploughman scampering as if for dear life towards his home, yelling,

'Indians! Indians!'

Further on, around the most distant house in sight, I could distinguish forty or fifty dark riders, who were galloping to and fro with great rapidity, gathering together our horses and mules. I sent on the warning at the top of my lungs to the women; and then such consternation, shrieks and splashing as there was among the little scamps in the water, you can conceive if ever you have seen a hawk dive down among a covey of ducks.

I called to the boys to run to my house, which was about four hundred paces off, for I saw some of the Indians were coming towards us at full speed; and the little fellows, shaking the water from their dripping hair, and stopping to pick up a shirt, and others bare as they came into the world, scrambled all the way to the pickets. One or two of them were out some distance in the stream, and were delayed by their fright in getting up the bank; so that by the time they had reached me, the Indians were too close to permit them to escape to the house unaided, and but for my gun they would have lost their scalps.

The foremost Indian galloped up very close, but on my raising my gun, wheeled to avoid my shot; and with my face turned toward the savage to keep him at bay—the little fellows almost frantic with fright clinging to my legs—I commenced my backward retreat towards the house. The Camanches will seldom rush upon an American who has a gun in his hand, and shows by his deliberation that he is perfectly cool, until he has fired; after that they will swoop upon him before he can load again. It was, therefore, very easy to keep a number of them at respectful distance by raising your gun as if to shoot whenever they come too close. Four of the savage rascals had by this time come up, and were endeavoring by their yells, clamors, and threatening gestures, to draw my fire. I was aware that if I fired I might be sure of instant death, and so backed slowly and steadily on toward the picketing.

The little boys clung to me so desperately with their naked limbs, as seriously to impede my progress. The savages, with tufts of horse hair streaming from their limbs, and circles and plumes of gaudy feathers flaunting from their heads and from the manes and tails of their horses, whooped, yelled, and clattered their long lances against their white shields of bull's hide, as they scudded to and fro around me with the swiftness of sea-birds; becoming more and more eager, and closing their circle nearer, as I approached the picket.

My gun, fortunately was a double barrel. I knew they would make a final and desperate attempt to prevent my escape. We were now

within eighty rods of the picket stiles; the main body of Indians had nearly reached us, and there was no time to lose.

Two Indians who seemed to take their position with the design of maintaining it, were between us and the stiles. I walked steadily towards them and levelled my gun. They swung themselves down behind the bodies of their horses, leaving nothing exposed but the leg by which they clung to the saddle. I told the boys to run towards them, intending to fire as they raised themselves in the saddle to strike; but the cunning rascals were watching me from under their horses' necks, and seeing that they must catch it if they raised themselves to shoot, wisely started their horses on, shooting several arrows without changing their position, and wounding the boys considerably.

I saw my young charges reach the steps. Now was my time to turn for it, for fifty Camanches were within as many paces of me, thundering on at full speed. I started for my precious life. There was a general howl and rush towards me from every side; and I felt the prick of several arrows. It was only twenty paces now to the stiles. I wheeled and fired at the nearest, a few desperate bounds and my foot was on the low stile, when a lance whizzed past my ear and quivered in the post.

I faced about again. The foremost Indian was within ten feet, standing in his horse's stirrups, in the very act of plunging his lance at me. Quick as thought I fired in his face, and sprang, or rather tumbled, over the stile into the yard. When I picked myself up, I heard the hoarse gasping of their disappointed rage, and the clatter of retreating hoofs.

This was a pretty close shave; nothing saved me but the last charge of my faithful double barrel, and as if, as was, several of their confounded little arrows were sticking about me for mementoes.

The whole scene, long as it takes to give you an idea of it, could not have occupied over ten minutes; but in that paltry fraction of time how fiercely vivid had been the transition from the very poetry of rural quiet to the stormy and terrible reality of savage war. But this was not the last of it by a good deal.

I climbed to the top of the stiles again, after loading my gun, just in time to see the scalp torn from the head of one of our men, who was returning from the hunt on foot, and was so hard pressed as to be compelled to fire his rifle. He had been instantly borne to the earth by a dozen lances, in full view of his own house. Their failure and loss in my case had greatly infuriated them, although poor Thompson had been steady and cool, like a veteran frontiersman as he was, yet they had rushed upon him in a body, determined to have a scalp if it cost a warrior. It did, too, and one of the chiefs, at that; for the eye and nerve of the gallant fellow did not fail him in that fearful moment when they closed so madly, dashing around him, that their lances met, grating in his body. A chief, whose lance first touched him, tumbled stiffly forward, amid the trampling hoofs, and the hunter was avenged. One of the women made a very narrow escape, and was only saved by the courage of her dog, who sprang at the nose of the Camanche's horse, and made the animal shy just as the rider was about to transfuse her as she was climbing the picket stiles. She got over safe, and the baffled rascal pursued the gallant dog into the river, where it also escaped, much to my gratification.

During these scenes a portion of their number had been busily engaged in collecting all our mules and horses that were loose on the prairie, and now they started after the frightened animals, who were tearing off like mad in the direction they wished them to go. In a few minutes they were out of sight, and I was still for a little while as before; but, fortunately, we had not been quite so silly as to have turned out our favorite riding horses, and in a short time there was a gathering, in hot haste, of all the men who were at home. They galloped up to my house from every direction, rifles in hand, with hot brows, flaming eyes, and curses deep breathed between their teeth, eager to be led in pursuit for vengeance. Still more fortunately, just as we were starting on the trail, the very party which had been absent on the mustang drive, came breathless and foaming up. It seems they had met with the Camanche trail, and suspecting what had occurred, had run their horses in at full speed. With a few hasty words, explaining the extent of the mischief, and a wild shout of vengeance for poor Thompson, we were off on the chase, numbering thirty determined men.

Of course there was no difficulty in tracing the trail, which was broad as a wagon road through the grass; and we followed at the best pace of our horses; for our success in coming up with them all depended upon the speed of our animals.

As we swept by the farm of old Hicks, one of the earliest settlers, who had posted himself on the very outskirts of the grant, the grey-haired veteran was seen urging his horse across his field to meet us. As he approached, we could see, from the eagerness of his gestures, that something was wrong. He halted for an instant, and the glare of his eyes, and the ashy pallor of his countenance, as he joined us, were even more eloquent in his terrible news than the few words he with difficulty gasped out from between his clenched teeth.

'My children!'

'Great God! which?'

'John and Mary! they've carried them off!'

Nothing was spoken, but bending forward with a perfect howl of fury, the rangers lashed their horses like madmen.

Such an incident was sufficiently calculated to arouse a delirium of wrath in their fiery natures. In addition to the other outrages, these two children had been torn from their old parent to be dragged off to a horrible captivity in the distant hills, unless we could catch the brutal spoilers before they had gained a covert. No marvel that horses were goaded even when faithfully at their utmost speed; that swollen veins were knotted along flushed temples, and curses and yells burst at intervals from tightly drawn lips, as the image of those fair young children, writhing in the black, naked arms of a filthy and ferocious warrior, would rise up before us; for every body loved little Molly Hicks, 'wi' the lint white locks,' and Johnny was a second Benjamin, the child of his old age to the hardy pioneer.

As he rode in front, which position he some how maintained, with all the leading eagerness of the younger members of the party, with his features stiffened and set, his eyes fixed on the features before him, and his long, white hair streaming from his uncovered head, I thought

that I had never looked upon a more striking picture of stern, mute agony. It was enough to have strung the nerves of a dastard to reckless daring, one look at that silent old man.

The trail was leading in the direction of the densest portion of the Cross Timber, where too, among wooded and broken bridges, the head waters of the Trinity took their origin, breaking in numerous springs from the dark gorges; and in this rugged and extensive tract we supposed they would endeavor to conceal themselves by throwing us off the trail.

Soon we were scudding beneath the shade of the tall forest. There was now no undergrowth, but the shaft-like trunks rose dark and bare to a considerable height, leaving long, open vistas between them. A chill awe came over us at this swift transition to the solemn gloom of the great natural temple.

Contrary to our expectations, the trail, instead of diverging north, toward the hills, kept in west, directly through the belt of the Cross Timber. These Indians have an unconquerable aversion to the brush, and our hopes were greatly elated to find that, true to this instinct, they were keeping in the open woods, and probably making for the plains beyond the deep forest. This course offered us much greater assurance that we should be able to keep the trail, and finally overtake them. But it was nearly six miles across, and our reckless haste was beginning to tell upon our horses, so that, with all the tumult and intensity of our excitement, we were obliged to check our gait. For several miles we continued silently galloping down those dim, leaf-fretted aisles, the old man still retaining his position in front, never for an instant turning his head to the left, but staring fixedly ahead.

Suddenly he raised himself quickly in his stirrups, and with a sharp, shrill shout, 'There!' plunged that spur into his horse. I looked ahead, and could just distinguish objects glancing swiftly past the trees far before us. With a shout that made those tangled arches shiver again, we all followed him. The wild whirl of maddening excitement was beyond any description.

The men fairly shrieked with the exultation of savage joy. Our horses caught the spirit, and seemed energized with supernatural speed, as they fled by the trees so swiftly that the trunks seemed run into each other, and to form a continuous wall. Now and then, through a wider opening before us, we could get a full, but momentary view of the spotted horses of the foe streaking across it. Then such a burst of shouting from our men!

In this way the chase had continued for several miles, without lessening materially the distance between us, and we were beginning to fear that our hopes would fail us even, when the old man, pointing ahead, laughed out with the exultation of a fiend; and as we swept past the object, I saw it was a horse of one of the warriors, that had dropped dead from exhaustion.

How the men yelled at the sight!

Their horses were giving out, and we were sure of them. Another, and yet another lay by the trail. I saw one of the warriors on foot, running off through the woods. But on; never mind him! The main body is before us.

Suddenly we burst upon the dazzling light of the prairie. There they are, the whole body of them, within a quarter of a mile, strong winding along the deep grass like a great snake.

The clamor of pursuing wolves never sounded more terribly to the ears of exhausted deer, than did our shout to those frightened thieves. See how they look behind! They are uncertain what to do.

Hal! they make to the timber again. The rapid tramp of the avenger's tread turns to a run. They are panic stricken. The old man, with the unearthly wildness of his mien, looks enough like a phantom of wrath to strike an army with terror. They rush to the edge of the timber, and throw themselves with frantic hurry from their horses' backs—some of them head foremost.

We, too, having dismounted quicker than thought—the black tubes are ranged, and the platoon hurls a leaden hail among them before they reach the trees. Such staggering and tumbling; but not a sound from them. With clumbering guns we rushed after the old man into the timber—and now the struggle is hand to hand and foot to foot with the lithe and desperate wretches.

They turn at bay a moment behind the covert of trunks, but the fury of our charge overbears everything. For a moment, the rustling of struggling feet, the dull ring of crushing blows, the low groan and heavy fall, are the only sounds that break the awful silence; and then the peal of our victorious shout proclaims that they are flying.

The pursuit is continued for some distance; but they were too swift for us, and one after another of the scattered party make their appearance on the prairie.

'The children! the children! Have they been seen?'

'Here they are; replied a deep voice in the woods.

We all ran in, and never shall I forget the scene. At the foot of a large tree the old man was bending over his boy, who had been pierced by the lance of a Camanche, and lay pleading for water, writhing like a trodden worm. Little Mary, with large, blue, tearless eyes, that looked as if they would never wink again, stood by him holding his hand. The shattered and bloody gun of the old man lay on the ground by him, while his nearest neighbor, a tall, powerful man, stood off, in respect for the sacredness of grief, gazing upon the group with dimmed eyes.

There was a heavy pause. The old man looked up with blood-shot eyes, saying, 'Water, men! water! water!'

We had all been so much shocked by the scene as to have lost our presence of mind for a moment; but instantly, as he spoke, a dozen men sprang off, and ran to where our horses had been left, for their water gourd.

The boy grasped one with a famished eagerness it is impossible to convey, and drank copiously. In a moment the color began to return to his blue lips, and light to his glazing eyes.

This convinced me that his wound was not so desperate as we feared. No one had examined it; but there was the lance leaning against the tree with the red stain upon its blade for several inches; and that we had thought, was conclusive enough.

As I was stooping to bathe his feverish temples and examine the wound, little Molly turned her quiet eyes upon my face and said, with a solemn innocence that thrilled me strangely,

'The bad Injuns wouldn't kill me!' As if she felt that grievous injustice had been done in selecting Johnny instead of her. I could not resist catching the little creature in my arms and kissing her, while hot tears turned over my lids at this touching exhibition of forgetfulness of self in sister's love.

On examination, the wound looked bad enough to be sure. There was nothing for it but to prepare a litter and bear him home.—This the men soon did with twigs and buffalo robes, which the Indians had thrown away, together with all their arms, in the flight.

Poor little boy! his plaintive moans were very distressing. The rudest of men, with all the flush of fight upon them, seemed to be greatly moved, and the gentle Molly was carried with a considerable tenderness, as if the crown of all the world had been her heritage. Strange, incongruous animal is man. We were stepping over the corpses of the slain. A few minutes before, these men had been wilder than starved tigers for blood, and their eyes were now moistened at the sight of these two children and their old father.

It is a custom, never deviated from by Camanches, to kill their male prisoners, of whatever age, when they see a probability of their being retaken. If it be a child as in this instance, they say, with strange foresight, 'It is a future warrior out of way!' For, as their 'hand is' emphatically, 'against every man, and every man against them,' all mankind are alike their enemies; but there is too much savage chivalry among them ever to kill or misuse a female prisoner, a thing they have never been known to do. They will kill them, and take their scalps in attacking a town or settlement; but when they have once spared them as prisoners, their persons are forever afterwards sacred.

There is a vast deal of rude nobility about these Camanches; and if they should ever learn to use rifles well, they will be far the most formidable enemy our race have yet to dispute the possession of territory with. That they have not yet overcome their superstitious dread of fire arms is the sole reason why we are still able to cope with them at such advantage.

We learned from little Mary's story that the Indians having herself and brother in charge had, when we rushed into the timber after them—although she and her brother were standing hand-in-hand—only struck him down with the lance and left her unmolested. 'The bad Injuns wouldn't kill me.'

We had lost two men in the skirmish among the timber, and had several wounded. There were ten Indians that we knew to be slain.—We recovered all our horses and mules, and forty Indian horses in addition.

Our return home was a painful blending of sadness and triumph; but it was a great relief to us all when we heard, next morning, that little Johnny was doing well. Indeed, in two months he was as merry as ever.

A TRAGEDY IN NEW JERSEY.

BY HENRY INMAN, ESQ., N. A.

If the following brief history of a most revolting and atrocious murder should, in your opinion, possess an interest for any portion of your readers, it is entirely at your service. I vouch most distinctly for its truth in every particular, and cannot but think that a more striking instance of depravity of disposition, masked by an exterior of virtue, has rarely been chronicled to the world.

Since my coming to reside in this part of the country, I have made many valuable additions to my stock of acquaintances, and I thought myself particularly honored by the friendship of one of my neighbors, a gentleman farmer of handsome estate, who apparently possessed a most righteous claim to the estimation in which he was held in every part of the district. The distinguishing feature in the character of Mr. B. seemed to be a pure spirit of philanthropy. He seldom failed in his efforts to seek out and foster those unfortunate beings whom a disastrous collision with an unfeeling world had rendered miserable.—With a discerning liberality, which made his benevolent intentions appear rather acts of justice than of charity, he never applied any of his numerous resources without giving ample opportunity for a measured requital of the obligation at some future period. This at once soothed the pride of virtue in misfortune, and stimulated anew the rising energies of an honest ambition.

While on a visit to Mr. B., late in the summer of the year 1832, I discovered in one of my solitary rambles over his wide domains, a little community of pensioners upon his bounty, whose fate is intimately associated with the record of crime I have promised to furnish you with. On my return from my stroll, I learned from the old gardener the following particulars respecting their introduction to the farm. Mr. B. it seems, in riding through a tract of waste land a few miles from his estate, found this family in a state of great destitution, and obtaining with the utmost difficulty a precarious subsistence from the sterile soil around them. With the promptitude of true kindness, he offered these poor wretches a home and shelter upon his own property. Strange as it may appear, from some of the younger among them he met with anything but thanks, so accustomed were they to a life of vagabondism; but finally they were prevailed upon to accept the generous assistance of my friend, and when I saw them in their new and comfortable quarters, they seemed to have a just appreciation of his goodness. They consisted of nine individuals, of whom four were females. Three were as yet quite in early youth. I was pleased to see that they made no clamorous professions of their gratitude when visited by strangers; and it was only when their benefactor passed near their humble abode, that an observer could detect in their conduct the full consciousness of the presence of a kind protector. The half-murmured sounds of grateful recognition, and eyes glistening with moisture, eloquently spoke the secret of their happiness and his beneficence.

I should dwell upon this theme to weariness, were I to recount the many instances of his watchfulness over their welfare. Let one suffice. But a short time after their adoption upon the estate, a peculiar necessity occurred among them for the attendance of a surgeon. The most experienced professor in his line of practice that could be procured, was employed by Mr. B. at great expense, and if they had been his own offspring he could not have evinced greater solicitude for a favorable result. During their convalescence, he would often bring them from his own table dainties of every sort, and seemed to take a singular pleasure in witnessing the indulgence

of an appetite natural to persons recovering from illness.

During my visit I frequently alluded to his interesting proteges, and when fairly enlisted upon the subject, he would indulge in expressions of the tenderest kind towards them.—'How I like to see them enjoy themselves!' he would exclaim, while a gleam of heartfelt satisfaction lit up his fine countenance. I once heard him say, 'My humble friends, yonder, though in the simplicity of their characters they little think it, may one day become a source of pride and comfort to me and my family. There are among them natures susceptible of the highest cultivation, and the time may come, when perhaps the wisest and wealthiest in the land may congratulate themselves upon an acquaintance with their good qualities. But I would by no means at present have them made aware of my expectations from them. No; let them eat, drink, and be merry, without a thought for the morrow.' In short, he spared no pains or expense in educating them for the sphere in which they were destined to move in society.

But I must now turn to a darker page in the history of this seeming Howard, this double distilled hypocrite. I must arouse your virtuous abhorrence to its fullest exercise, by showing you this monster in human guise in all his fell deformity. Yes; this Mr. B. concealed beneath all this parade of gentleness, the cruel and blood-thirsty disposition of a tiger. His smile of pity was but the laughing hyena's grimace, ere he rushes on his prey. But let me reach the horrid climax of this man's enormities.

Some two months after the termination of the above mentioned visit to Mr. B., I again became an inmate of his hospitable mansion, and found, as usual, all that warmth of welcome that had marked his manners towards me previously. His wife and children received me with equal cordiality, and I hoped I was come to spend the approaching holidays with them. I made inquiry after the worthy family I have before described, and rejoiced to hear that thus far they had eminently justified the hopes entertained of them. 'But you shall judge for yourself,' said Mr. B., 'if I can overcome the distaste which one of the most promising among them has always shown for the company of strangers, we may hope for his attendance at dinner to-morrow.' I answered that I should feel much gratified by an introduction to him. 'We sat up until late in the evening, and I thought the conversation of my friend had never before been so strongly impressed with intelligence and good will to all the world. I at length bade the family good night, and retired to my apartment. My slumbers were disturbed by dreams of violence and mysterious import, where one wild clamor battled with another for the mastery, until an hour before daylight, I fairly awakened, a victim to a headache, and an over-indulgence in my host's good cheer at the supper table.—I arose from my bed and went to the window.

While looking out upon a cold and wintry sky, my attention was arrested by a light moving about, at no great distance, between the chimneys, as it seemed, of one of the numerous out-buildings which were overlooked by this side of the dwelling-house. My curiosity was somewhat painfully excited by so unwonted a circumstance. I listened intently for any sounds that might accompany it. I could plainly distinguish noises of a peculiar and alarming character. They resembled those of persons whose screams and groans were being stifled by violent means.

I could not stand this, but hurrying on my clothes, and seizing my loaded pistols, I groped my way down stairs as well as the darkness would permit; and to add to my alarm, I found the doors of the house open in the rear. With some difficulty I explored a path leading around the stables, and suddenly came in view of the building which contained the light. Its flame flickered before the chilly blast, which entered between the crevices of the half-ruined shed from whence the dismal noises had evidently proceeded. I cautiously approached the door, and by the gray dawn I could plainly see, trampling beneath its sill, a fluid, dark and slippery, and which I now found clogged my own footsteps. In a state of desperate excitement, I rushed through the entrance, and beheld a sight that paralyzed my every faculty and thrilled me with horror. Before me stood my friend, Mr. B.; his arms bare to the elbows; a bloody knife in his hand; while extended at his feet lay the pale and mangled bodies of nine murdered wretches; and I shudder while I tell it, their throats cut from ear to ear. Guess my feelings when, in their lifeless and naked forms, I recognized the happy family I have taken so much pains to describe. Yes; in these victims of an unhallowed cruelty, I beheld nine as fat hogs as ever graced the shambles of a New York market.—[Porter's 'Spirit,' &c.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION.—A gentleman not long since took up an apple to show a niece, sixteen years of age, who had studied geography several years, something about the shape and motion of the earth. She looked at him a few moments, and said with much earnestness, 'Why, uncle, you don't mean that the earth really turns round, do you?' He replied, 'But did you not learn that several years ago?' 'Yes, sir,' she replied 'I learned it, but I never knew it before.' Now it is obvious that this young lady had been laboring several years on the subject of geography, and groping in almost total darkness, because some kind friend did not show her at the outset, by some familiar illustration, that the earth really turned round.—American Annals of Education.

TEMPERANCE.—Gouty affections are as much caused by excess in eating as by intemperance in drinking; the quality as well as the quantity of the food should be attended to.—Persons who are in the habit of frequently dining out, can never be effectually cured of this disease. The system pursued by a dog doctor in Paris, is the best that can be adopted for the prevention of gouty affections.—Ladies bring their lap-dogs to him in their carriages, and say their pets are unwell, and they know not what is the matter. The man looks the dogs up in an airy room, gives them some water, a little bread, and a dry bone to pick. By way of exercise, he makes them skip about two or three times a day, by means of a little horsewhip, dexterously applied. At the expiration of a fortnight he takes them home to their mistresses, well, active, and hungry.—Polytechnic Journal.

A bold face and stern eye will quail the lion.

HINTS TO SURGICAL STUDENTS.—When I used to lecture on surgery, and came to the subject of amputation, I advised you all to get broomsticks and saw them up by inches, in order that you might acquire the necessary facility in doing it, for I am inclined to believe none of you are sawyers by intuition. In like manner I judge you are not able to sew. It has been said that a surgeon should have an eagle eye, a lion heart, and a lady's hand. As to the eagle eye and the lion heart, I make no doubt you have all got them, but I doubt the lady's hand. I have often thought my hand as light as that of any other man engaged in the practice of surgery, nevertheless, I never could stitch up a hole in my glove, nor in any thing else, to my satisfaction. I would recommend you, then, to practise the art of mending gloves until you can do it neatly; if you cannot arrive at this, you must, in the event of an accident occurring, avail yourself of the assistance of some good old lady, who is past the time of fainting and hysterics; if she will only sew up the wound with as much care and neatness as she would a hole in her best cambric pocket handkerchief, taking in with her stitch nothing but the edge of the cut skin, she will have done your patient an essential service.—Guthrie's Clinical Lecture on Wounds.

DEAN SWIFT AND THE TAILOR.—A tailor in Dublin near the residence of the Dean, took it into his head that he was especially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, especially the book of Revelations. Quitting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left the shop and his family were likely to famish. His monomania was well known to the Dean, who benevolently watched for an opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. One night, the tailor, as he fancied, got an especial revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and the next morning took up his line of march for the Deanery. The Dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach and instantly surmised the nature of his errand.—Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity and thoughtfulness, with the Bible open before him, and his eyes fixed on the 10th chapter of Revelations, he awaited his approach. The door opened, and the tailor announced in an unceremonious voice:—

'Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you—'

'Come in my friend,' said the Dean, 'I am in great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty.'

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, and strengthened his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

'My friend,' said the Dean, 'I have just been reading the 10th chapter of Revelations, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with; and you are the very man sent to help me out. Here is an account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot upon the earth, and the other upon the sea, and lifted his hands to heaven. Now my knowledge of mathematics,' continued the Dean, 'has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of this angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches, and as that is your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me.'

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—The following circumstances of an occurrence which recently took place in a neighboring town, though they bear strongly on the marvellous, come to us in a reliable and well authenticated form. An old man, upwards of seventy years of age, by the name of Ben-on, an inhabitant of London, whose chief occupation during the past summer has been the gathering of ivy and other leaves for the purpose of distillation, left his home on Monday, the 23d ult., with the intention of passing the day in his accustomed pursuit. Failing to return that evening, it produced some anxiety among his friends, and on the succeeding day inquiries were made for him among the neighbors, and those he might casually visit; but with no success. Search was then made in the woods he was known to frequent, which was continued from day to day without success, the number engaged increasing as the fact of his absence became further known. On Sunday more than one hundred persons traversed the woods and pastures within the range of two or three miles of his residence. During the day a bag he was accustomed to carry was found, partly filled with leaves. On Monday, the eighth day, he was found on a hill about a mile from his residence. He was lying between two logs, and was still alive. It is thought he was taken in a fit, which left him too weak to assist himself. At the time of his discovery he recognized the friends approaching him. When it is considered that this aged and infirm person was exposed for at least seven days to the inclemency of the weather, and the extreme cold of the late frosty nights, without sustenance of any kind, it is indeed wonderful that he should have survived. At last accounts he was improving, and bid fair to recover.—[N. Hamp. Patriot.

Corns may be removed by simply walking away with them. To make the cure permanent, don't come back yourself.

There are some human tongues which have two sides, like those of certain quadrupeds, one smooth, the other very rough.

Why is wool like a short distance? Because it aint fur.

PRIDE.—If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action, done, as it ought to be, without a base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

Who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity; who aims at mediocrity will fall short of it.

Serenity of mind is nothing worth unless it has been earned. A man should be susceptible of passions, and able to subdue them.

Have you an intemperate neighbor or friend? Go with him to the temperance meeting. You may thus confer upon him a lasting benefit.

Recently the Rev. E. Spencer, a relative of the Earl of Spencer, was found dead in the arch under the Adelphi Theatre, London.—The reverend gentleman died of drunkenness. So dieth the fool.

The Eastern Mail

WATERVILLE, NOV. 16.

V. B. PALMER, 8 Congress-st. Boston, and at his offices in N. York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, is our advertising agent.

A YEAR AFTER THE FAIR.
SEPT. 28, 1847.

To the Editor.
MY DEAR SIR: Chimney Point, of the Vermont shore, approaches the peninsula of Crown Point within less than half a mile; the former three miles, the latter two and a half, over the mouth of the bay, from Port Henry. As I leave the strait formed between them, I try to think again of the literary hero, whom our ancestors honored chiefly for his gasconade. Of the two champions who penetrated by this inlet, in the first and second wars with England, one hardly knows which has left the more enviable memory;

"Probo," scared so he left all behind," or Jack Burgoyne, a pinnioned prisoner to Gates, whom he despised. The proclamation of the one preserves something of the valorous style of the man, and may yet be read with no contemptible relish. The other has left an imprint of his face on the wall of the Parliament House in Canada, which sets him out more illustriously, as the governor for a province indeed. That he should have returned to so just a shadow, is not to be wondered at; that he should have died for its protection, is scarcely to be doubted; that he should have sailed for his own country, and left the figure behind him, is not to be believed.

The boats of Lake Champlain, for this season and the last, have been thronged with company, especially the day boats, which have run in competition, at the lowest fares,—a new thing for this charming extent of sailing water, which has no rival as such, in delightfulness, at the North. The St. Lawrence has more of grandeur in fact and in idea, but this in quietness, beauty, and that successive variety which seems to love to delight, has not, and never can have a rival.

As you travel towards Ticonderoga, you have again an average width of three or four miles, made beautiful by peaceful shores of constantly changing profile and contour, with the same witchery of mountain outline in the distance. The throng was greater on this day than on others, for already had the Northern cultivators begun to gather for the Land-owners Festival at Saratoga. Truly, agriculture seems tending to a kind of scientific sportsman's life, for which, as long as we keep clear of entailment laws, we shall have game enough; some more, some less, but all according to their means of pursuing it,—the full-fledged sportsman with his seine, the angler with his modest hook and line; reformer and feudalism may fish as patiently as the day is long. The company, this day, was full of the spirit of the occasion, and of the experimental season, now past; and truly I was like to be filled with these two. Carrots and grasshoppers enchanted mine ear, alternately with Morgans and Merinos. I heard sometimes the ominous name of Black Hawk. I was told by somebody, we were passing the very spot where he had recently been shipped for the show. So entirely had this hero of the steel superseded the ancient hero of the giants, some of whose singular exploits were chronicled as signaling the same scene. At Ticonderoga it was not so. That point was looked for in the distance, as well as the mountains, Mount Hope and Mount Defiance, which connected themselves with the retreat and the ill stars of the unfortunate St. Clair. Towards Mount Independence we were approaching, from which the lake heads off to the right, losing itself behind the high ground or promontory of Ticonderoga. Here the story of the hero of the giants was repeated, whose vigorous talent, almost from the lack of a better vocabulary, was driven to the bracing epithets of the rude frontiersman. It is sought, sometimes, to deny the intellectual merit of this rude chieftain of cote as well as valiant men. Such critics have but little hope to be content under the rule of the hero of the South-west.

More of fighting has concentrated at Ticonderoga than at any other point on this lake; the musketry of the French war flashed here, the defeat of Abercrombie consociated it with a deadly ruin. The works are in perfect preservation; the remains are taking the improved forms of rounded and perfect shapes, mounds on which the grass grows peacefully, and little shrubs, where permitted, are rising with careless freedom. The Fort House, embosomed in shrubbery, below the grounds of the Fort, is attractive here, and from this a line of carriages connects the steamboat travel with Lake George, at four miles distance. Beside the promontory on which Ticonderoga stands, at the west, the outlet of Lake George is received, on which, above, is the village of Ticonderoga, and all the way a succession of water power in the process of development.

* The Richardson farm was mentioned to me by a lady by an old man whose own farm had been mortgaged to his enthusiasm and died long ago. It would form a headland in going from the south. One can imagine the hardy partisan standing near the barn from which he had escaped, alone, later than midnight, the Irish matron who had headed his gun and knapsack from the window his only friend. I can see him in the shadows of night, broad shouldered, his trimless hat fitting close to his head, his dull frock of red felt and his heavy frame, his projecting brows and fine chin and the eye of the Goth in his head, stand doubting whether to escape at once to his friends—at least through thirty miles of forest—or to stay and send his enemies, the guards, in a chariot of fire to Heaven. But humor, not blood, was the passion of Ebban Allen, the hero of the Grants, freedom and revenge the aim of his labor, and he leaves shortly with that light and tireless tread, which characterizes everywhere the woodsman true.

In the latter years of the Revolution the enemy's shipping controlled the navigation of Lake Champlain, yet held it gingerly, in hopeful pledge of the neutrality of the Green Mountain boys. Their squadron lay peacefully at one point and another, as much at ease as the revenue service of our own day. Occasionally, however, they seized or retained a prisoner, if one were met with liable to the suspicion of military habits, or one having a "protection" in his pocket, but suspected of foul play. An incident of this kind happened in the middle and more romantic portion of the lake,—for here the shore or the water afford equally a secure place of retreat,—suggested the bold scheme of Ruth Haskell and her mates to procure his liberty. They were known to the ship's crew which lay near the shore, but never had been so familiar and bold as that merry morning. Jenny Jones talked with the sentinel at the middle of the ship, near whom the captain was permitted to sit, picking at a lot of oakum. Kate Tucker, whose cheeks were redder than cherries, and a pale-haired mate amused the pilot and his gang at the bow, while Ruth Haskell descended laughing into the cabin, for her business was to fascinate the Lieutenant and his subaltern in command. She was a matchless singer; besides her powers of wit and gaiety, nature had given her a voice that told of every emotion at will, whether of merriment, or from recesses of melancholy never otherwise suspected in her breast. Her mates preferred her gayest strains, but the soldiers loved better to pour a tear over emotions that brought back kindred and home. The charm succeeded.—The sentinel forgot his prisoner and his post. The pretty coquette stood between him and the captain, while he set his fire-lock against the mast, and stood smiling at the sounds he heard. The prisoner swung over the bulwarks, and dropped lightly into a canoe fastened below, and while the play went on, was sculling rapidly and carefully out of harm's way, from the force of musket shot. A sudden suspension of the song recalled the sentinel to himself, when before him stood the neglected Jenny, with downcast looks, and mischief in the shadow of her eye. Ha! Yes! he is gone! Nay, what is more provoking, he is still going, and in sight, but farther than the hall of the defeated musket could hope to follow. To point it at Jenny Jones was nature's first impulse, whose pretended exclamation of fear drew upon them the attention of all on deck. Three shots were fired at the runaway, the boat was dispatched in pursuit, and the girls were detained through the day, as hostages, Ruth deriding them with her wit, till an order from the superior in command directed their unconditional release. Yours.

[For the Eastern Mail.]
MR. EDITOR:—Having a few leisure moments this evening, I thought I would write down a few thoughts in regard to making and saving Manure.

I have been in the farming business for twenty years, and the longer I follow the business, the more I am convinced of the absolute necessity of paying more attention to making Manure. I think every farmer should have a cellar under his barn, then take time to haul muck, if he can get it by going a mile; if he cannot, then haul soil from the road side, or brakes, or thistles; cut them before the seed gets ripe; gather leaves from the woods, or throw in turf; finally, throw in anything that will rot and make Manure; mix it well with the Manure that you throw upon it from the linter, or stable above; to this mass you can add your dirty soap suds from the house, tinned brine, tainted meat, if you have any, fish-skins, or any thing that will add strength to the Manure; or you can dig a vat near your house, say eight feet square and four feet deep, plank up the sides, in order to make it tight; if the earth is sand or gravel, bed the bottom with clay; into this throw your soap suds, and everything else that is usually thrown out of doors to taint the air and make it unhealthy.—If this should smell in hot weather, throw in lime. When your vat is full, pour it upon the Manure in your barn cellar. If you have too much of the liquor, add soil, muck, or turf enough to take it up. If you wish to add more strength to the Manure in the cellar, or hasten fermentation, put lime, or ashes, or both, into the liquor in the vat.

By following the above directions, the farmer could double his amount of Manure, and I think it would be equally as strong and good; but the difficulty with farmers is, they cannot find time to make a cellar and vat, and haul the muck, soil, turf, &c. The reason why they cannot find time, is because they till too much land; instead of ploughing up forty acres, they had better plough but twenty or twenty-five. Another reason is, the pay is too far off; he has lost his wheat crop, and they are out of flour; he has no potatoes to sell to raise his money, for he has lost that crop also; his corn crop is very light, on account of the early frost; and there is no market for his hay. He has no way to raise the money; he has to work out what time he can get. In addition to his flour bill, he has other necessities to buy of the merchant, and he wants his pay; the mechanic wants his pay, and the printer wants his pay, and there is no reason under heaven why he should not be paid, for he rises early and sits up late to instruct and edify his readers, and they should always pay him in advance, which would enable him to buy a little butter to eat with his "sawdust pudding and south-east wind," as Dr. Holmes has it. Besides these, he has a great many other bills to pay. His children must be shod and clothed, if he has any; and for some reason or other, most farmers have lots of them. Upon the whole, the farmer has a tremendously hard time.

But we cannot help all this; he must attend to the Manure business, or he will be poorer than he is now, which is needless.

[From our Boston Correspondent.]
BOSTON, Nov. 13, 1848.
Friend Maxham:—Most gladly do I leave the bustle and din of politics, and gather the meeker and gentler, but no less interesting, news of the day. During the past week, "The Ladies' Physiological Society" have enjoyed a Fair. The object of it was to procure the necessary funds to pay off the remainder of a debt which they owe for a "Manikin," or a model of a person, together with plates, which are necessary in the study of physiology. They have apparently met with very good success, but nothing in comparison with the object they have in view. Think of it; a society composed of three hundred ladies, and any woman can join by paying one dollar per year, having a lecture on the Human System every week, and other social meetings for the same great end. Need we say, that in such an enterprise as this they are doing themselves and the future a needful and holy work, one that wins us by the charms of innocence as well as necessity. How much better it is in them to spend their time in acquiring a knowledge of themselves, than in spinning "street yarn," and being fashionable things—mere butterflies for an hour. How it adds to the charm, to think of a noble band like this, working, scarcely known or noticed, for the purpose of being free from debt, and preparing one of the most innocent and pleasant sources of pleasure for the public, while all around them was the tumult of political strife. They surely merited all the success which the most ardent lover of his race in his zeal could have wished them.

During the same time, another devoted and holy band of wives, mothers and daughters, have held a monthly meeting of their society, which is called the Ladies' Fort Hill Temperance society. At their meetings, which are held monthly, they manufacture garments of various kinds for those families whose hopes have been blighted, and whose poverty has been caused by the use of the intoxicating bowl, and who are determined that it shall no longer be so. Who but wishes them success in their undertaking? No one, not even he who has dealt out to the objects of their generosity that which has caused their present misery and future pain,—even he, with his love of lucre, would rather they should be successful in their humanity than have them falter in their course. They number about two hundred and fifty in their society. God must surely speed them in their good work with his approving smiles, which each of us can receive when we have done our duty. It is the true heart alone that feels it and is kindled into greater zeal in its future activity by it.

One thing more before I leave the ladies—and surely they are deserving of this title who are active in goodness, if the drones of society, because they have wealth at their command, are entitled to it as one of honor. My motto is, "Honors according to usefulness," and by this I shall judge. During the past week, the members of Merit and Chrysal Fount Unions of Daughters of Temperance, of this city, have had a social and friendly time with the Greenwood Union D. of T., in Dedham, about ten miles from here. They went by invitation from the Union in Dedham, and if one may believe what several of them have said, a right good time they had of it. It was a feast in every sense of the word. How pleasant it is, to think that the world has within itself, but almost hidden by their own humble modesty, such generous, social, self-sacrificing, free hearts—souls filled with the highest religious devotion—proving it by their works; for who cares for their faith, whether they are of this sect or that? Give us works; they are like food to the hungry man. While men have been filled with that which has almost crushed out every noble, manly attribute of their souls, woman has been almost silently at work, forwarding the great work of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, learning themselves lessons from on high by studying the noblest work of his hand, and cultivating and fitting themselves socially for life and its goodness. Isn't it sweet to think of? Then let us take courage, for the world must be better than we think it.

I want to tell you of that which is scarcely known out of its own circle; it is this. While the world have been hurling their denunciations upon what it calls the "Fourierites," from their little knowledge of them, and mixing them up with the "Communists" of France, though they utterly disclaim any sympathy with their sentiments—(but that is not for us to discuss, they must settle their own rights and wrongs)—some of the most active members of a society of them in this city which numbers 58 members, 37 males and 21 females, feeling a want of a more intimate union among themselves, and wishing to have a house where kindred spirits from abroad might find sympathetic spirits, have entered a large house, at a rent of 550 dollars per annum. There are three or four families going; the rest are to be single ladies and gentlemen. They are all of them to bear their proportionate share of the expenditures, according to the room they occupy, having a parlor in common; it being in form of a boarding house, with all the privacy of a private family, and it will afford them the company of all who love the cause at heart. This is an experiment. They could, if they would, have enough to fill three such houses with kindred spirits, but they think they had better not at present. The world may, and it will undoubtedly, traduce and slander them and their motives, in this fraternizing; but depend upon it, from my personal knowledge of three or four of those who are going to live there, nothing but the highest motives and the noblest ends, as they think, could induce them to form this club house, and if it does not prove itself what it should be, they will be in the foremost rank in denouncing it. This class of believers offer a peaceful remedy, as they think, for the organization of society, so that all shall be happy, having "neither poverty nor riches," but each shall receive of that which he or she

may produce for the general good. Give them a hearing, and, if needs be, a fair chance for a trial of their theory, as they contend they have not as yet had it. If they do not what they propose, the result will be a failure.

We had the first snow of the season on the morning of the 9th, to the depth of half an inch. Yesterday morning it commenced snowing, but by noon it turned to rain, and this morning we are being treated to a small touch of a Northeaster. To-day being Election day for State officers, it was to be expected that such would be the case, so that the defeated parties could have it to say that it was the cause of their failure.

While I am now writing, the loud mouthed cannons are braying forth from Copp's Hill, Dorchester Heights, and the Common, in honor of the victory gained by the Whigs in choosing Gen. Taylor for the Presidency.—Some say there are to be 3000 guns fired, but there will probably be only 1000. Well, let them speak; the Whigs have worked hard enough to merit success, and surely they have a right to speak in their own way without others finding fault.

[For the Eastern Mail.]
FRIEND MAXHAM:—I have wondered, as I have rode into your village, why your people did not set out any more ornamental trees by the sides of their streets and around their buildings. There is no better soil on Uncle Sam's farm, for trees to grow, than you have in your village, but in some parts of it there is a great lack of shade trees. There is nothing beautifies a village, or even a country cottage, so much as a large supply of forest trees.—Start off some of your lazy boys out to my farm, they will find it before they get to the Green Mountains in Vermont and get some trees. I have thousands of them, and want charge them the first red cent for them. Do this, instead of riding about the country and finding fault with farmers for not setting out trees by the roadside and about their houses, which they ought to do.

Waterville, Nov., 1848.

MR. EDITOR:—By giving the following resolution an insertion in your paper you will confer an obligation upon the L. F. Soc. of Wat. Coll.

THE LITERARY FRATERNITY SOCIETY, of Waterville College, feeling itself to have suffered a severe loss in the decease of the late Mr. C. E. Kimball of Kennebunk, passed the following resolutions.

Resolved, That by this dispensation of Divine Providence our Society has been bereft of a worthy and valued member.

Resolved, That although his connection with us was short, yet his scholarship and integrity of character had already commanded our respect, and the mildness and affability of his deportment had won our esteem.

ALBION P. OAKES, President.
E. C. MITCHELL, Cor. Secretary.
Wat. Coll., Nov. 8th, 1848.

MONEY. Since the termination of the contest for president, no subject is more interesting than the present state of money matters.—There is but one party to this contest, and this one is fettered with no Wilmot proviso. The "log-rolling" expedient is the only resort that avails anything, and that only makes matters worse. Things are however looking better, though as yet they feel about the same—so they say in Boston and New-York.

The Boston Traveller has a very sensible way of treating monetary questions, and—always allowing a little for party bias—we may safely commend its articles to our readers. The following, especially, contains a crum of comfort that is truly grateful, and that may, we doubt not, be safely swallowed:

The demand for money in Boston is gradually abating; there is more inquiry for stocks; the rate of interest is less, while a smaller amount of notes is daily pressed upon the market. Several causes are contributing to this result.

By the official report of Government the receipts from customs, for the quarter ending Sept. 30th, were nine millions of dollars. For the corresponding quarter last year they exceeded eleven millions.

This decline indicates a decrease of imports for the quarter, of eight millions, or \$800,000 per week, and the decline through October has continued nearly the same. While our imports have been thus diminishing, the exports of corn, wheat and flour to Great Britain have increased from an average of \$150,000 a week last year, to \$400,000 a week this autumn—a gain of \$250,000 a week—while the amount of United States stock weekly transferred to Europe is on an average \$150,000. These three items make a weekly difference of one million of dollars in favor of the country, and are reducing the rates of exchange. The increased quantity of cotton, pork, lard, and beef going forward thus far, making for any reduction of prices.

Another cause for the diminished demand for money is the reduced value of cotton, sugar, leather, wool, iron and manufactures, less capital being required to conduct the same business. Within eighteen months, cotton for instance, has declined at least six cents per pound. The annual importation into Boston, not far from 220,000 bales, requires six millions of dollars less to buy, and hold the same while in process of manufacture. It may be estimated that the other articles specified above will require at least eight millions of dollars less. Indeed, so many woolen and iron mills have been closed, that a less amount will doubtless suffice. In other articles, also, the decline has been very considerable. One element, however, has for some time past disturbed the market, the struggle of several railroads for completion, and the high rates they have paid for the funds they required.

The demand thus caused has undoubtedly been large, but is now diminished. The iron for this year has been received, the masonry and graduation are far advanced, and most of the new tracks will be opened within the coming month; so that no large outlay will be made this winter; while the future operations will be met in part by their dividends.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.—Here is a pretty thing from a South Carolina paper:

The citizens of Fairfield District are requested to assemble at the Court-house in Willsborough, on Monday, the 6th day of November next, at 12 meridian, to deliberate upon the propriety of requesting our representative in Congress to retire from his seat in

the House of Representatives, and return home immediately upon the passage by Congress, and approval by the President, of the Wilmot Proviso, or any kindred measure calculated to endanger our institutions and destroy the equality of the States, or place the slaveholding States in a position of inferiority as to privileges to non-slaveholding States; and to request the other districts composing our Congressional district to unite with us; and also to request the Legislature to direct our Senators to return home; and also to invite the other Congressional districts of the State to unite with us, so that we may present an undivided front to our enemies.

AN EXHIBITION.—The members of the Sabbath School connected with Rev. Mr. Gardner's church, in this village, gave a very agreeable entertainment on Tuesday evening. It consisted chiefly of recitations and singing, selected with a very nice regard to "time, place and circumstances,"—keeping especially in mind that the audience, as well as the scholars, were to be profited. The quiet and orderly manner in which the younger portion of the school conducted during the exercises, showed that they were not only well trained at home, and guided in these exercises by judicious hands, but that their own discretion and self-respect was the main inducement to the good behaviour so well approved by the audience.

Innocent and profitable amusements, even among men and women, are sadly neglected—but how much more among children and youth! And this neglect originates more in selfishness, than ignorance or oversight. How many parties, lectures, and social exhibitions are encouraged for the amusement of the parents, who need so much less! If one-tenth of the labor now expended in turning men and women from the ways of sin, were devoted to guiding children in the paths of virtue, greater good, proportioned to the means, would be accomplished. But children are forgotten till they become adults, and then it needs all the efforts of the virtuous to restrain—not to say reclaim—the wicked. Children, when deprived of amusement, are just what men are when deprived of employment.

"Men are but children of a larger growth." The small stream ripples gently on its natural bed, growing broader and deeper till it mingles quietly with the ocean; but if it meet with unnatural obstructions, it swells and foams; "stirring up mire and dirt," till it bursts away, and carries ruin in its course. So the young mind, if encouraged and guided in its natural innocence, goes rapidly and pleasantly in the way of progress, bearing love and profit to society; but if thwarted in its course, and compelled to burst from its true channel, it mingles with vice, and bears along curses to the world. It is easy to impress upon the young and tender heart principles of virtue and truth; but how hard to erase from old and hardened minds the impress of error and vice!

When it is considered how readily and eagerly children and youth seize upon these opportunities of amusement and instruction, it seems strange that parents, who are so naturally inclined to "give good gifts to their children," should give so little encouragement to these occasions. Selfishness is the obstacle; parents cannot spare time from their own amusements—business has become amusement to them—to contribute to the amusement of those who need it so much more. When they take a better view of these things, and will not consent to weigh virtue and truth in the scales against gold and silver, or corn and cattle, the minds and hearts of children—which are "prone to evil" when shut out from good, and "naturally depraved" when judged by the one idea of gain—will be regarded as objects of just as much interest as the minds and hearts of men and women. Then the example of Mr. Gardner's society, in this matter, will be deemed worthy to be copied by all others—and may we live to see it done!

THE ELECTION.—Our readers would not be interested with detailed returns of the late vote for president. It is generally conceded by all parties that the Whigs have elected Gen. Taylor, and it is equally certain that the Democrats of our own State have carried their electoral ticket by about four or five thousand.

The electoral vote of the following States appears to be already determined:

State	Whigs	Democrats
Massachusetts (by legislature)	12	0
Vermont	6	0
New Hampshire	6	0
Rhode Island	4	0
Connecticut	6	0
Delaware	3	0
Maine	9	0
Michigan	5	0
Missouri	7	0
New York	36	0
Ohio	23	0
South Carolina	9	0
Illinois	9	0
Pennsylvania	26	0
New Jersey	7	0
Virginia	17	0
Maryland	8	0
Kentucky	12	0
Indiana	19	0
TOTAL	97	120

THE NEW CONGRESS.—Thus far the elections have resulted in the choice of 71 Whigs and 53 Democrats. These take the place of 63 Whigs and 61 Democrats. Whig gain 18.

St. Lawrence County, New York, is reported by telegraph to have given Van Buren a majority over both Taylor and Cass of 2141.

Mr. Van Buren received but 82 votes in Maryland, and 72 of these were in Baltimore. He vote in Delaware was 75.

The latest dispatch from Georgia sets Taylor's majority at 3,000.

Cass's majority in Michigan will be from 5 to 6 thousand.

In forty counties heard from in Ohio, Cass gains 13,000 over Governor's vote.

SMITH'S CLEANSING COMPOUND.—This is a newly invented article, and one that has the shine off of anything ever invented for removing grease, &c., from clothes, carpets, silk dresses, or any other article damaged by grease, paint or pitch. Mr. Smith of Waterville, the inventor, performed experiments on some old greasy coat-collars in his office, (such as editors usually wear,) which resulted in the most complete success, in removing every particle of grease and restoring the color bright as new; and that "shocking bad hat" of ours, by an application of the Compound, came forth shining as it was wont "when that old hat was new." We are satisfied, as every individual will be who makes a trial of its restoring virtues, that this is no humbug. It is for sale, by S. Page & Co. Read the advertisement in another column. Those certificates are from men who would not deceive the public.—Hallowell Gazette, Oct. 26th.

The above notice of a most valuable compound manufactured by our townsman, Mr. Smith, speaks for itself, and speaks truth.—The certificates are conclusive evidence of this as they are found in another column. Let those who have doubts, try the article and be convinced.

Summary.

FAILURE—THE FISHING BUSINESS.—We regret to hear that one of our oldest Fish dealers yielded to the pressure yesterday, and the failure will not be a very bad one, yet it shows the earnings of many years of industry, enterprise and economy to have been swept away, and there is a deficiency of probably 25 per cent. to liquidate debts.

The fishing business has suffered under the hard times and foreign competition, as severely as the cotton and woolen manufactures. The reduced duty has had even a worse effect upon the fisheries than upon the cloth manufacture, because it has done the very thing for British fishermen, for which the American manufacturer mainly asks protection. Formerly the British did not understand the catching and curing of fish so well as the Americans, and though they had been employed in the business a quarter of a century, their market being limited, they did not obtain the experience and knowledge always necessary to success.—The markets of the United States being thrown open to them, they have now become so expert in the catch and cure of fish, that they are not only depressing our markets, but are fast crowding us out of the markets to which we are exporting. We saw yesterday returns of sales just received, of some of the best New England and Halifax fish, landed in good order in the West Indies, which fully bear us out in this assertion.

The hard working crews of our fishing vessels are now settling up their last six or seven months' work, and find but a poor pittance left. Several crews settled yesterday, and received instead of the usual average of \$30 to \$40 a month, but little more than \$10, although they had taken full fares, and been more fortunate than some others. The comforts of the families of a portion of our population—who, from April to November, work very hard and incur great risk of life—will be sorely abridged by this unfortunate turn in the times.—[Newburyport Herald, 2d.]

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—There resides in Delaware, some few miles from Templeville, in Queen Anne's county, a respectable farmer, having a daughter now about eleven years old, who, until attaining her fifth year, labored under an impediment of speech which was thought to be incurable. At that time, for some trifling indiscretion, her mother spoke quickly and sharply to her and boxed her ears and singular to relate, from that moment for four months the child never uttered a word.—At the expiration of that time, however, when the afflicted mother had become almost frantic at her supposed instrumental in depriving her child of even her impaired speech, this faculty was again restored—and what is still more incomprehensible, without the slightest impediment of any kind—a blessing which she has uninterruptedly enjoyed to the present time.—[Centreville (Md.) Times.]

DEPLORABLE AFFAIR.—Last night the peace of our city was disturbed by an incident of a very distressing and shameful character, in relation to which we have endeavored to gather the facts, as accurately as they could be learned under the excitement which prevailed throughout the city. We do not vouch for the literal accuracy of our statement, as we are two persons with whom we conversed agreed in even the substantial facts of this lamentable affair.

We are informed by several persons, that as the Democratic procession was passing up Circus street, an individual who was standing at the corner of Perdido and Circus streets in front of Christopher Lilly's Coffee-house—the headquarters of the Union Rough and Ready Club—commenced hurrahing very loudly for Taylor & Fillmore, when some one in the procession threw his torch at him; thereupon this individual drew a pistol, and fired it into the crowd, when there was a rush toward him, and he was struck several blows, but not until he had discharged all the five barrels of his revolver into the crowd. He then ran into Lilly's house the crowd pursuing him, when two men ran to both doors and fired several times at the Democrats who were rushing in. A melee then ensued, during which, we are informed by good authority, no less than twenty-three shots were fired. Finally, however, the Democrats having got within the house, set fire to it in several places, and burned it to the ground.

We deeply regret to say that one person was probably killed, and several were badly wounded in this affray. The body of a man, apparently dead, was taken out of the gutter and sent off; another was shot through the breast; Mr. W. H. Wilder, a member of the General Council, received a ball in the head, and when we saw him, seemed to be suffering much from loss of blood, though we believe his wound is not dangerous. Mr. James Dunn, of the Third Ward, was shot in the hand, and several others received slight wounds. We reserve farther particulars, as well as our comments upon this most shameful affair, until we can learn the facts from reliable sources.—[Phil. paper.]

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.—Edward Phelps Billings, of Hatfield, was accidentally shot on Monday afternoon, and died in a few moments after receiving the "charge." He went after a load of wood near "Wilkie's saw mill," and was his frequent habit, took his gun with him. When he had about half loaded his wagon, the report of his gun was heard, and a man, working near, ran towards him. As the man approached he cried out, "I'm a dead man! I'm a dead man!" It is supposed that he saw something, and in attempting to draw the gun towards him by the muzzle, it was discharged by the brush in which it was standing.

MUSCOGEE RAILROAD.—The building of the Muscogee Railroad at Columbus (Ga.) has

been commenced. The Columbus Enquirer says that the farmers have promised to do 25 miles for stock. Another plan has been started, which, it is thought, will secure the building of the road, as follows. One hundred persons are to furnish each one hand to work on the road; making a company of a hundred hands; these are to work for one year, and to be paid in stock. The plan has met with general approbation, and within a few days' trial, seventy-five hands have been subscribed.

Western Virginia is expected to show at the next census, a numerical majority of at least 10,000 over the eastern part of the State, in consequence of the number of individuals who have settled in that part; some from other States, and many from the eastern side.

EXPORTING APPLES.—Mr. Asa Smith, of Lockport, Niagara co., goes out in the Europa, and takes with him about 2000 barrels of choice apples of various sorts, and twenty-five different varieties, selected from the orchards of Niagara co., with special reference to the foreign market.

GRAPES IN MISSOURI.—The vines in the neighborhood of Hermann, Mo., have risen very much of late, in consequence of the increased cultivation of the vine. A Mr. Pechel, who has a vineyard of not quite one acre, which was planted with Catawba grapes in the spring of 1845, made from it this year 1,000 gallons of wine, and the value of the whole produce of the vineyard was \$1,700.

A TRUE FREE SOILER.—We know, says the Troy Budget, of a mechanic who has come from the extreme end of the Upper Lakes to vote for Van Buren. He will return home after the election; and but for a strong desire to vote, would not have left the West this fall. His journey down and back is about twenty-four hundred miles.

AMHERST COLLEGE.—The officers are: a President, six Professors, three Tutors, and a Preceptor in German and French—all working men, and each giving daily instruction to the students. Students—Seniors, 33; Juniors, 29; Sophomores, 52; Freshmen, 52. Total, 166.

We copy from the New York Journal of Commerce of Saturday evening, the following: "Money.—The rise already past in Exchange, and some anticipations that it may be still higher, for the reaction consequent upon a day or two of more than usual buoyancy of feeling, or something else less tangible, has made stocks waver, which had begun to rise, and produced a slight effect upon the money market to-day. The rates of paper, however, have decidedly changed during the last fortnight, and the best names are now readily discounted in the street at 9 1/2 per cent."

DEATH BY POISON.—A young girl named Metzlar, formerly of Halifax, England, died in this city on Tuesday, from the effect of arsenic taken into the stomach on the previous night. It does not appear that she intended to commit suicide, but wanted to make herself slightly sick, because her mother had reprimanded her. When the physician was called, and told her that she could not live long, she bitterly deplored her act. She sought the arsenic two or three days before she took it, asking for something to kill rats.—[Charlestown Aurora.]

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—The New York papers have a story of the disappearance of Miss Marietta Smith, a young lady of that city, only seventeen years of age, who is a teacher in one of the public schools of the city. She has not been seen since Saturday, when she left her father's house to attend the Normal school in Grand street. Her mother had previously received an anonymous note, warning her that a plot was on foot to abduct her daughter. All attempts to discover the cause of her absence have hitherto failed.

A STORM.—Winter is upon us in earnest. Snow commenced falling yesterday morning, and continued till a late hour last night. There are about eighteen inches upon the ground on a level.—[Buffalo Adv. 9th.]

The Pittsburg Advertiser says that a dispute took place in the town of Mercer last week between a Cass man and two Whigs, when the former drew a pistol and shot one of the Whigs—he then fled, pursued by the other Whig when he turned and shot the other as he was approaching him. Both shots were mortal.

The foundation of the Spring Garden Reservoir, Philadelphia, gave way on Saturday last, and the rush of water carried off some 200 feet of the wall of Girard College.

A memorial is in circulation in New York, praying the city authorities to enforce the laws prohibiting the sale of ale, porter, strong or spirituous liquors on Sunday.

NEGRO OUTBREAK.—Advices from St. Kitts to the 20th of Oct., state that the authorities had arrested some twenty negroes for committing depredations on the white inhabitants. When under trial, some 2,000 negroes assembled around the Court-house and demanded the release of their friends. The authorities refused this demand, and ordered the negroes to disperse, and threatened to fire on them if they did not. The result had not been learned when the vessel sailed.

A FOUNDLING, ALMOST.—Her Majesty, learning that a child of three years old, which had been saved from the wreck of the Ocean Monarch, was, in consequence of the presumed loss of its natural protectors, totally friendless, at once resolved to adopt it; but the parent of the child afterwards turned up, and the little one has thus lost the prestige which might have accompanied it through life.

A COLPORTEUR ON THE RIO GRANDE.—Dr. J., who spent some months as a colporteur on the route from Vera Cruz to Mexico, has now gone to the Rio Grande region. "I am here, doing what I can in circulating books," he writes from Matamoros, early in September. "In four days I disposed of forty dollars' worth of the publications of the Society. The Testament is often inquired after, and I have to say that in a few weeks I shall have a supply. I sold forty Spanish Testaments in a very short time. I have been here eighteen days, and the place is now about supplied. No opposition of any kind manifests itself. I expect to visit Monterey, Saltillo, and various places along the Rio Grande, where 600 or 800 Testaments are needed. The Society should select a man who speaks Spanish well, and send him to the city of Mexico. I doubt not that many books could be sold there, and from that point scattered all over the republic."—[Am. Messenger.]

MARINE DISASTER.—The captain and crew of the brig *Uzardo*, of Bath, arrived here this morning in the Sardinian brig *Dedalo*, they having abandoned their vessel at sea, and from the captain we learn the following particulars: Oct. 27th, while scudding, a sudden shift of wind caused the vessel to broach to, and she was knocked down on her beam-ends. After cutting away the mainmast, she righted with three feet water in her hold, and a complete wreck. On the 28th, saw a vessel, which proved to be the barque *Charles Williams*, of Thomaston. We requested him

to take us off, but he could not, as he had lost his boats, head of his rudder, sails, &c. The last we saw of him he was standing to the southward. On the 30th, was taken off by the Sardinian brig *Dedalo*. They saved nothing but what they stood in.—[N. Y. Express.]

PAINTFUL ACCIDENT.—An accident resulting from the use of fire arms of an exceedingly distressing nature occurred in Dumbarton on Wednesday last week. Dr. James Stark, of Hopkinton, left home on the morning of that day for the purpose of gunning in the first named town, in the well known woods on "Mills Hill." He left his horse on an open piece of ground, near the main road at the foot of the hill. The people in the vicinity noticed the horse and wagon standing on the spot late in the evening, but knowing nothing of the owner, did not remove them. On the next morning, a person residing near by perceiving that the horse was suffering from cold, took him to his stable.

A short time afterwards a company of young men who were hunting were attracted by the howling of a dog on the side-hill, when they had come up to him, led off further into the woods, where the body of young Stark was found. The dog would not allow any one to approach the body, but kept the party at bay, and it was only with the utmost persuasion he could at last be pacified. The body was partly covered with leaves, the work of the faithful dog, who had stood watch through the night over the cold and lifeless clay of his master.

A double barreled fowling-piece, unloaded, was by the side of the body, and a few rods distant a squirrel was found on the ground. The charge of the piece had taken effect in the head—the entire upper lip, with the front teeth, had been carried away, and driven through the head, producing instant death. The shirt bosom had been on fire and the exposed portion of it burnt to a cinder. It is supposed that young S. was in the act of blowing the smoke from the recently discharged barrel of the gun, and had the piece compressed to his lips, when the other barrel exploded. The deceased was twenty-five years of age; by profession was a surgeon dentist.—[N. H. Pat.]

THRILLING INCIDENT.—On Thursday of last week during the heavy storm of wind and rain, while the extensive collection of wild beasts in the menagerie of Messrs. Raymond & Waring were in the village of Norwalk, a feature was introduced in the exhibition not previously announced in the bills. About 4 in the afternoon a violent gust of wind blew down the canvass which forms the large pavilion, completely enveloping the spectators and cages of animals in one common mass of confusion. The accident happened at the time when Miss Adelina, the Lion Queen as she is styled, was performing in the den of wild beasts and as the fright of the animals rendered them seemingly uncontrollable, and great fears were entertained for the safety of the interesting lady. At this moment a scene of indescribable terror and confusion presented itself. The roaring of the terrific beasts, the screams of women and children, and the "pellings of the pitiless storm" without, rendered the scene truly appalling.

The panic, however, was but momentary, as the prompt and energetic measures taken by the managers soon cleared the wreck, no person having received the slightest injury. But the most interesting incident remains to be told. The uproar among the lions, tigers, and leopards in the performing cage, gave rise to a report that they were devouring Miss Adelina. In the next instant the canvass was stripped from the cage, when a tableau presented itself such as would defy either poet, painter or sculptor to portray with accuracy. In the centre of the den a young and beautiful lion, (the same recently presented to Gen. Cass by the Emperor of Morocco,) in the rampant position, formed the strong feature of the picture; beneath one of his hind feet lay stretched the dead body of a leopard, and struggling within the invincible grasp of his fore paws were the tiger and surviving leopard. In the opposite end of the cage transfixed as a statue of marble, with dauntless eye and majestic attitude, the same as when she commands the wild beasts to crouch at her feet, stood the Lion Queen Miss Adelina. The young lady states that the two leopards and the tiger made a simultaneous spring for her at the moment the canvass was blown down, and were repulsed by the noble gallantry of the lion, who bounded between them and protected her in the manner described. The presence of the keeper, Mr. Pierce, soon reduced the savage groups to subjection, and the Lion Queen was happily relieved from a farther participation in this extra performance.—[N. Y. Express.]

TO ROW UP SALT RIVER.—It is a common phrase used generally to signify political defeat. The distance to which a party is rowed up Salt River, depends entirely upon the magnitude of the majority against its candidates. If the defeat is particularly overwhelming, the unsuccessful party is rowed up to the very head waters of Salt River.

To row up salt river, has its origin in the fact that there is a stream of that name in Ky. the passage of which is made difficult and laborious as well by its tortuous course as by the abundance of shallows and bars. The real application of the phrase is to the unhappy wight who has the task of propelling the boat up the stream; but in political slang usage it is to those who are rowed up—the passengers, not the oarsman.—[J. Inman.]

ACCIDENT.—A few days since a serious accident occurred to the wife of Capt. Benj. Benson, Jr., of the town of Tremont. A door over which a gun had long been accustomed to hang, had recently been altered to swing the other way rendering it unsafe for a gun to be placed in that position; a son of Mrs. B., who had been absent nearly all summer, and had recently returned, seeing a gun lying upon the fish flakes, carried it to the house and hung it over the door, not thinking of the unsafe position. Immediately after Mrs. B. went to pass out of the door, and the gun was thrown down and discharged—the charge passing through her foot, mangle it in the most shocking manner; all the bones of the four smaller toes were shot away, and nearly one-half of the foot. Mrs. B. has lain in a very critical position but now seems to be doing well. Bangor Whig.

THE SUN BURNING OUT.—James Arlington Bennett has been looking at the Sun through a telescope which magnifies the spots thereon about 1000 times. The sun, he says, is a globe like the earth, is fast burning out the combustible material which it contains. Waves of flame can be distinctly observed on the sun's disc, and the time will come, and not very distant either, that the solar system will have star light only, or rather the light of other stars which may burn longer than ours! This will be, as regards man, the end of his bodily existence on this world. This assumed discovery of Mr. Bennett has given rise in his mind to some vague theories in regard to the solar system, which it will be time enough to investigate particularly when the sun shall be on fire!

A BLACK REPRESENTATIVE.—In the National Assembly on the 20th of Oct. a considerable sensation was created by the appearance, for the first time, of M. Lewis Mathieu, one of the newly elected representatives for Guadeloupe. He is a negro *pur sang*, and one of the blackest and curliest of the genus, but at the same time a striking and intelligent looking man. On his entry, he took his seat close to M. Bory Papy, who is also colored; but after remaining with him for a short time, he took up his position on the extreme left among the Montagnards.

AN ORTHODOX DOG.—An old shepherd in one of those outlying border Scotch parishes, where there are sometimes more quadrupeds than bipeds in church on a Sabbath day, was a regular attendant, with his dog at the parish church, down to the disruption. But at that eventful era, he quitted the Establishment and joined the Free Church. His dog, however, no friend to new-fangled high-flying notions, could by no means be induced to change, but while his master trudges every Sunday to hear the minister of his choice, away he trots doggedly to the place and the preacher he has been accustomed to.

FITCHBURG RAILROAD.—The Fitchburg Company, in view of the increased and increasing business of their road, have just made an amount of new stock equal to one-fourth part of their present capital, which is to be paid in during the coming year, in ten per cent. installments. This course has been rendered necessary by an immediate demand for the completion of their double track, and a further increase of facilities for the transportation of freight and passengers. During the last week, the receipts on the Fitchburg railroad exceeded \$13,000 being over \$2,100 per day. The new and extensive freight depot in this city is rapidly advancing towards completion, and it is intended to finish the double track for the whole length of the road next year.—[Charlestown Aurora, Nov. 11th.]

INTENDED ROBBERY.—As Mr. David Hodson, of the firm of Hodson & Jordan, was passing along Fore Street, on Tuesday evening, about 8 o'clock, having his money trunk, in one hand a pail with some provision in the other, he passed a man, who immediately whirled round and struck at him with a large club. The blow glanced from the brim of his hat, and took effect on his cheek, injuring him seriously; whereupon he mauled the robber with his pail till he fled.—[Portland paper.]

The books of a firm in Boston that failed last week, are said to show the payment of \$25,000 as extra interest money, within a short period.

Politicians are like cats. You may stroke the fur for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on a tail, and all memory of former acts of kindness is obliterated.

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In Baltimore, it is said, a defalcation has occurred in the Post Office, of about \$6,000, which was taken from letters. The thief was discovered and held to bail. Most of the money was recovered.

Luke P. Poland, of Morristown, Vt., was elected 5th assistant judge of the Supreme Court, by the Legislature on Wednesday. On the 3d ballot he had 113, others 34. He was the Free Soil candidate for Lieutenant Governor.

We give the following once more for the benefit of ourselves.

THE LAW OF PERIODICALS.—1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, agreeably to the terms of the work, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may send them till all arrears are paid, and subscribers are responsible for all the numbers sent.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bills, and ordered their periodicals discontinued. Sending numbers back, or leaving them in the office, is not such notice of discontinuance as the law requires.

4. If subscribers move to other places, without informing the publishers, and their periodical is sent to their former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, until all arrears are paid, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

NOTICES.

CHINA ACADEMY.

The Winter term of this institution will commence on Monday, the 27th of November instant, under the care of Mr. Wm. H. Humphrey, who has, during the Fall term, rendered himself popular as Principal of said institution.

Board in good families from \$1.00 to \$1.50. ENEZER SHAW, Sec. China, Nov. 6, 1848.

"IT IS TOO LATE"

Was the cry in the French Chamber of Deputies when it was proposed to make Louis Philippe's grandson King; and "it is too late" is the exclamation of many a dying man who has no time to prepare against sickness, or is too late to take regularity during his term of life.

To keep the internal organization in perfect working order, and render it comparatively impregnable to disease, it is advisable to take regularly during his term of life, a small dose of that excellent aperient, disintegrant, and anti-bilious medicine, the Rev. B. HIBBARD'S Vegetable, Anti-Bilious, Family Pills.

From a quarter to half a pill each night, will suffice as preventive to effect a cure. The cholera may be amongst us this summer; ship fever, scarcely less fatal, is already here. Be wise in time. Invigorate the vital functions, correct the vitiated fluids, give tone to the stomach and bowels by the use of this valuable specific, and then even if any dangerous epidemic should assail you, your system will be in a condition to overcome it. Do not have to say in view of your own procrastination and neglect "It is too late!" For sale by Wm. Dyer and I. H. Low & Co., Waterville, and by Druggists and Dealers throughout the State.

MARRIAGES.

In Athol, by J. B. Fuller, Esq., Mr. Wm. H. Marden and Miss Angeline Bark.

DEATHS.

In Sidney, on the 8th of Nov., Mrs. Amos B., wife of Elijah Bisselle, and formerly the wife and widow of the late Joseph Barrett of Canaan, aged 74 years.—[Western papers please copy.]

Advertisements.

GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE.

Large Fall and Winter Stock, just opened and for sale as cheap as the cheapest.

E. L. SMITH.

[No. 1 Ticonic Row, Main Street.] HAVING just returned from Boston with his Fall and Winter stock of DRY GOODS, he now offers to purchasers one of the largest and BEST assortments of Groceries, Provisions, &c., that can be found in town. The most of his present stock of Goods having been bought for cash, and at "Hard Times" prices, and having been selected expressly for this market, he feels confident of giving perfect satisfaction, both as regards quality and price, to all who may favor him with their patronage.

Of the many articles that comprise his present stock, he will mention only the following:—200 lbs. Genesee Flour, 25 " Extra Fancy do. 5000 lbs. Codfish, 1000 Halibut, 1000 Lobster, 15 lbs. Napes and Fins, No. 1 and 2 Mackerel, in bbls., 1-2 & 1-4 Tongues and Sounds, Halibut Heads, Extra, Clear and Mess Pork—Lard, 10 Hds. Cardenas Molasses, Mannsilla and Sugar Syrup do., 2000 lbs. Port Sugar, 20 lbs. for \$1.00, P. R. Hav. wh. Hav. br. crushed & powd. do., Java, Porto Cabello, Hav. & Rio Coffee, Soda, Ningyong, Oolong, Y. & O. H. Tea, South, Cream of Tartar, Saleratus, Malaga, Sultana and Box Raisins, Currants, Citron, Mace, Spices of all kinds, Brooms, Hearth Brushes and Dusters, Nuts of all kinds, Cranberries, Quince, Lemons, Sago, Tapioca, Rice, Cocoa, Chocolate, Hemp and Manila bed-cords, clothes-lines, &c.

Also a large lot of STONE, EARTHEN & WOODEN WARE, and an increased assortment of TOBACCO and SEGARS, making the largest and best assortment, both in kind and quality, to be found on the river. Goods sold in exchange for produce, &c., at cash prices. Recollect the No. 1, Ticonic Row.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator on the estate of ALFRED BRACKETT, late of Clinton, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond to the law directors. All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted to meet the wants of the estate, to make immediate payment to THOS. BROWN, Nov. 5, 1848.

FOR SALE. The subscriber offers for sale his stand situated at Albion Corner, consisting of House, Shed and out buildings, and one acre of land. Said house was built seven years ago, is 34 by 18 feet, well finished and in good repair. Shed built two years ago, 34 by 16 also finished and boards on the premises for a stable. Said estate is situated in a desirable location for a merchant or mechanic, especially for a Harness & Trunk Maker. Terms reasonable. Apply to the subscriber, Albion, Nov. 13th, 1848. (17-55) S. S. NASON.

"FREE SOIL."

CROWELL has just received a large assortment of Muffs, Victorines, Boas, Buffalo Robes, Hats & Caps, all of which will be sold at reasonable prices without any bragging. [Waterville, Nov. 15, 1848.]

WATERVILLE ACADEMY.

Winter Term.

THE WINTER TERM of this Institution will begin on Monday, the 27th of November, under the direction of JAMES H. HANSON, A. M., Principal, assisted by Miss CATHERINE A. COX, Teacher of Music, and such other assistants as may be deemed necessary. Its prominent objects are the following:—To provide, at moderate expense, facilities for a thorough course of preparation for College; to furnish a course of instruction adapted to meet the wants of the common schools, and to excite a deeper interest in the subject of education generally.

A course of study in the department preparatory to college, has been arranged with special reference to that pursued in Waterville College. It is not known that this arrangement exists in any other preparatory school in the State, and is a very important advantage, the friends of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration. Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training, will find this institution, will find, in the Principal, one who, from long experience as a teacher of common schools, understands fully their wants, and will put forth every effort to supply them. The rapidly increasing patronage of the school affords sufficient evidence that an enlightened and discriminating public can and will appreciate the labors of faithful professional teachers.

Board \$1.50 a week. Tuition from \$5.00 to \$5.00.—Drawing \$1.00, and Music \$5.00 extra. STEPHEN STARK, Secretary of Board of Trustees. Waterville, Nov. 15, 1848.

VERY FINE SHIRTINGS, Only 5 cents per yard.

Furniture Ware Room.

J. P. CAFFEY & CO.

HAVING removed one door south of their late Shop, to the building on the corner of Temple & Main-st., nearly opposite the Post Office, now offer for sale a complete assortment of

CABINET FURNITURE & CHAIRS, EMBRACING

Sofas, card, centre and Work Tables, of various patterns Bureaus, Bedsteads, Tables, Wash stands, Chamber-sinks Toilet-tables, Light-stands, &c.

WITH A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF Mahogany and Pine, of various patterns; Children's do, Children's willow Carriages, Cradles, Chairs, &c., &c.

Together with the best assortment of LOOKING-GLASSES.

N. B. All kinds of Cabinet Furniture manufactured to order, at the most reasonable terms. (12-14.) Waterville, Oct. 18th, 1848.

WANTED.

40,000 YELLOW-ASH Hoghead and Barrel poles to be delivered at the Steamboat landing in Waterville, for which cash will be paid. To be delivered any time after the first day of November next. Sept. 21st, 1848. (10-3m) THOMAS D. GOODWIN.

HATS! HATS!!

NEW AND ELEGANT STYLE. Fall Fashion! Just Received at J. C. BARTLETT'S, Corner of Main & Silver sts.

Ladies!

MRS. BRADURY has just returned from Boston with a splendid and fashionable selection of FALL & WINTER GOODS, together with the latest styles of

Bonnets, Caps, Head Dresses, Cloaks, Dresses, Coats, &c., &c.

and now invites your attention to the best assortment of Millinery and Fancy Goods ever offered in Waterville, at the lowest prices. JAMES M. MANSAN. Waterville, Nov. 8th, 1848.

WHEELS! WHEELS!!

THE SUBSCRIBER, having removed his shop to the Iron Foundry of Webber & Hartland, would respectfully give notice to the public, that he will keep on hand, or manufacture at short notice all kinds of

CARRIAGE WHEELS, from those of an ox-cart to a stage-coach. Having followed this business from boyhood, in London and other parts of Europe, he has no hesitations in saying that his work will be found fully equal to any that can be manufactured in this section. He uses none but the choicest quality of stock, and his prices will be found as reasonable as at any other establishment. JAMES MANSAN. Waterville, Nov. 7th, 1848. (10-14)

At a Court of Probate held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec on the first Monday of Nov., A. D. 1848.

WHEREAS the Commissioners appointed to make partition of the real estate of Rutherford Drummond, late of Sidney in said county, deceased, of which said Rutherford Drummond died seized, have made return of their doings into the Probate Office in said county:—

ORDERED, That notice be given to the heirs at law and all others interested in said estate by publishing this order three weeks successively in the Eastern Mail, printed in Waterville, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta on the 1st Monday of December, at ten o'clock, forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the report of said Commissioners should not be accepted. D. WILLIAMS, Judge. Copy—ATTEST, F. DAVIS, Register. 16-3v.

SMITH'S

CLEANSING COMPOUND. DESIGNED for removing Grease, Paint, Pitch, wheel-grease, &c. from Garments or cloth of any color or texture, without injury to either; also for dressing up hats, and especially for cleansing coat-collars. Directions.—Take a clean sponge, dip it in a little of the Compound to the article, rub it faithfully and wipe it off with hot water.

JOSEPH SMITH, Waterville, Me., Inventor and Sole Proprietor. Price, 2 oz. Bottles, 25 cts. CERTIFICATE.—We the undersigned, having used the above Compound, are thoroughly satisfied that it is indeed and in truth what it purports to be.—Wm. Snow, M. D., John Marden, B. P., James Munroe, Cyrus Fletcher, C. C. Cong., J. M. Chubb, M. D. Waterville, Oct. 31st, 1848. The undersigned believe that the community may rely on Mr. Smith's Cleansing Compound as being all that it represents it.—D. N. Sheldon, J. R. Loomis.

The above Compound may be had at the Proprietor's residence, on S. W. St., first door south of Dr. Chase's. Waterville, Nov. 6th, 1848. (16-) JOS. SMITH.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

A nameless Grave—is there no Stone To sanctify the dead? O'er it the willow droops alone, With wild flowers only spread.

STEVENSON & SMITH

WOULD respectfully inform the public that they will continue to carry on the

Grave Stone Business, in all its variety of forms at their Shops in WATERVILLE & SCOTTSBORO, as they have on hand a large assortment of

NEW-YORK & ITALIAN MARBLE, AND AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF AMERICAN & ENGLISH SLATE STONE.

Which they will sell and warrant at as low prices as can be purchased at any other shop in the city. C. S. SMITH. Waterville, Nov. 9th, 1848. (16)

Dr. Pollard's Never-failing Cure for PILES.

EVERY man, Pin Worms, Scrofula, Cancer, Itch, and every other skin disease, and all cutaneous diseases, Dysentery, &c., &c., consisting of Medicines put up in six different forms. For particulars relative to which, please refer to his circulars, which may be procured at any of our stores. The PILLS have not only proved themselves to be sure to do what they are recommended to, but have been found a certain and speedy cure for internal hemorrhoids and other diseases, which are so common and yet so fatal, of which nothing is said in the circulars.

Below may be found a few certificates and references to the good effects of the medicines. I hereby certify that a member of my family has been, for upwards of 20 years, afflicted, frequently almost beyond endurance or description, with the worst form of the Piles, and that, after trying many medicines which were recommended, and the medical treatment of the most celebrated physicians without success, a cure was effected in six weeks by the use of Pollard's Pile Cure. I am, therefore, fully satisfied that the Pile Cure is the best medicine prepared by A. W. Pollard, and will become the most celebrated for the cures of the complaints for which they are recommended, of any medicine yet discovered, and will cheerfully recommend it, called upon at my place of business, No. 88 Main-st., in this city. SAMUEL B. ELLIS. Bangor, October 3rd, 1848.

The following certificate is from a respectable merchant in Bangor:—A member of my family has used for a few weeks only Pollard's Compound Double Extract, No. 5, for a dreadful Scrofulous humor, which has for many years nearly covered his face and neck, and which he has been venturing her from using them to my advantage at all. The humor has for the first time entirely disappeared, and no doubts are entertained that a speedy and

