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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II.....NO. 21.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, DEC. 14, 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.

Miscellany.

A SKETCH BY THE CAPTAIN.

THE RESCUE.

It was in the month of February, 1821, a bright moonlight night and intensely cold, that the little brig I commanded, lay quietly at her anchors inside the Hook.

We had a hard time of it beating about for eleven days off this coast, with cutting north-easters blowing, and snow and sleet falling for the most of the time. Forward, the vessel was thickly coated with ice, and it was hard work to handle her, as the rigging and sails were stiff, and yielded only when the strength of the men were exerted to the utmost. When at length we made the port, all hands were worn down and exhausted. We could not have held out two days longer without relief.

A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin, I said to my mate, as I tarried for a moment on deck to finish my cigar.

The worthy down-caster buttoned his coat more tightly around him. Looking up to the moon, he felt of his red nose, before he replied.

It's a whistle, captain as we used to say on the Kennebec. Nothing lives comfortable out of blankets in such a night as this.

The tide is running out swift and strong; it will be well to get a sharp look-out for this floating ice, Mr. Larkin.

Aye, aye, sir, responded the mate, and I went below.

Two hours afterwards I was aroused from a sound sleep by the vigilant officer.

Excuse me for disturbing you captain, said he, as he detected an expression of vexation in my face, but I wish you would turn out and come on deck as soon as possible.

Why, what the matter, Mr. Larkin?

Why, sir I have been watching a large cake of ice that swept by a little distance, a moment ago; I saw something black on it; something that I thought moved; the moon's under a cloud, and I could not distinctly, but so help me God, I believe there's a child floating out to sea, in this freezing night on that cake of ice.

We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out with no little difficulty, the cake of ice floated off to the leeward, and its white glittering surface was broken by a black spot; more I could not make out.

Get the glass, Mr. Larkin I said, the moon will be out of that cloud in a moment, and then we can see distinctly.

I kept my eye upon the receding mass of ice, while the moon was slowly working her way through a heavy bank of clouds. When the full light fell at last upon the water, with a brilliancy only known in our northern latitudes, I put the glass to my eye. One glance was enough.

Forward there! and with one bound I reached the main hatch, and began to clear away the little cutter which was stowed in the ship's yawl.

Mr. Larkin had received the glass from my hand, to take a look for himself. 'My God!' he said in a whisper, as he set to work to aid me in getting out the boat—'my God! there are two children on that cake of ice!'

Two men answered my hail, and walked lazily off. In an incredible short space of time we launched the cutter, into which Mr. Larkin and myself jumped, followed by the two men who took the oars. I rigged the tiller, and the mate sat beside me in the stern sheets.

'Do you see that cake of ice with something black upon it?' I cried; 'put me alongside that, and I'll give you a bottle of rum each, to-night, and a month's extra wages when you are paid off.'

The men bent to their oars but their strokes were uneven and feeble. They were used, by the hard duty of the preceding fortnight, and though they did their best, the boat made but little more way than the tide. This was a losing chance—and Mr. Larkin, who was suffering from the loss of his little one, gained, cried out.

'Pull, lads—I'll double the captain's prize two bottles of rum and two months' pay; pull lads, for the love of God, pull!'

A convulsed effort at the oars told how willing the men were to obey, but the strength of the strong man was gone. One of the poor fellows washed up twice in recovering his oar, and then gave out; the other was nearly as far gone. Mr. Larkin sprang forward, and seized the deserted oar.

'Lay down in the bottom of the boat,' said he to the man, and captain, take the other oar, we must row for ourselves.'

I took the second man's place; Larkin had stripped to his Guernsey shirt, and as he pulled the bow, I waited for the signal stroke.—It came gentle but firm, and the next moment we were pulling a long steady stroke, gradually increasing in rapidly until the wood seemed to smoke in the oar locks. We kept time, each by the long deep breathing of the others. Such a pull! We bent forward until our faces almost touched our knees, and throwing all our strength into backward movement, drew our until every inch of the space covered by the sweep had been gained. At every stroke the boat shot ahead like an arrow discharged from a bow. Thus we worked at the oars for fifteen minutes—it seemed to me as many hours. The sweat rolled off me in great drops, and I was enveloped in a steam generated from my own body.

'Are we almost up to it, Mr. Larkin?' I gasped out.

'Almost, captain—don't give it up; for the love of our dear little ones at home don't give it up, captain.'

The oars flashed as their blades turned up to the moonlight. The men who plied them were fathers, and had father's hearts, the strength which served them at that moment was more than human.

Suddenly Mr. Larkin ceased pulling, and my heart for a moment almost stopped beating, for the terrible thought that he had given up, crossed my mind. But I was quickly reassured by his voice.

Gently, captain, gently—a stroke or two more—there, that will do—and the next moment the boat's side came in contact with something, and Larkin sprang from the boat with

his heavy feet upon the ice. I started up, and calling to the men to make fast the boat to the ice, followed.

We ran to the dark spot in the centre of the mass, and found two little boys, the head of the smaller nestling in the bosom of the larger—both were fast asleep! The lethargy, which would have been fatal but for the timely rescue, had overcome them. Mr. Larkin grasped one of the lads, cut off his shoes, tore off his jacket, and then loosening his own garment to the skin, placed the chilled child in contact with his own warm body, carefully wrapping over him his great coat, which he procured from the boat. I did the same with the other child, and we then returned to the boat, and the men, now partially recovered, pulled slowly back.

The children, as we subsequently had the delight of restoring them to their parents, were playing on the ice, and had ventured on to the cake which had jammed into a bend in the river about ten miles above New York. A movement of the tide set the ice in motion, and the little fellows were borne away on that cold night, and would have inevitably perished but for Mr. Larkin's espousing them as the ice was sweeping out to sea.

'How do you feel, Mr. Larkin,' I said to the mate, the morning after the adventure.

'A little stiff in the arms, captain,' the noble fellow replied, while the big tears of grateful happiness gathered in his eyes—'a little stiff in the arms, captain, but very easy here,' and he laid his hand on the rough chest, in which beat a true and manly heart. My quaint, brave down-caster! He who lashed the seas into fury and lets loose the tempests, will care for thee. The storms may rage without, but in thy bosom peace and sunshine abide always.—[N. Y. Dispatch.]

THE PATENT RAG CHEWER.—In a village not many hundred miles from this place, there is established a paper mill, which attracts no small share of attention from the curious, and elicits many a visit, as all are anxious to see the process of converting old rags into paper. It sometimes happens that those crowds of admirers of the marvellous, contain among their number some of the real matter-of-fact kind of fellows who like to know something of causes as well as effects, which may be illustrated by the following dialogue:

'I say, stranger, how do you get them ere rags fine enough for making paper?'

'We have men employed to chew them, sir,' replied the paper man.

'To what! to chew them, did you say?'

'Yes, to chew them, to be sure—did you never hear of chewing rags to make paper?'

'No I never did, and would like to know what kind of wages you give, case I got little the best set of teeth you ever did see,' said the green'un, grinning, gnashing at the same time in the way of exhibition, with a fury that made the jesting proprietor quake lest the joke should turn upon himself in the form of a personal combat.

'I see, I see,' replied he of the paper mill, stepping back; I never saw a better set of teeth for business. Well, we give experienced hands \$1.50 per day, and young beginners we give \$1—do you think you would like the business, sir?'

'Yes sir-ree, and the wages too!' replied the other with delight.

'Very well, sir, you may set in now for a month, and at the expiration of that, we no doubt, will raise your wages. Here, you may commence this—handing an old saddle-blanket to his delighted applicant, who took it, and sat down to his task, with as much sang froid as an epicure would to a well roasted piece of beef steak.

'I say, old pard, do you think that 'ar blanket will stand me any of your time at all? Why, I could chew it all smash up and swallow it before you could tell what time the sun sets by Elton's almanac.'

He sets to work like a juvenile steam engine, his heavy teeth grinding as if they were mill-stones, the dust flying, but desperately intent on earning good living wages, though the labor was decidedly bad living. With the voracity of a Bengal tiger, and spirit worthy of a better cause, the martyr to the progress of science, continued at his task, wondering beyond expression in his own mind, how many hands, or rather how many sets of teeth it took to do the chewing of that 'tar-nation big mill.'

But it was in vain that the heavy jaws wagged, and the sharp teeth crushed, the pile of chewed rags did not seem to grow very fast; and to add to the machine's rising feelings of indignation, a crowd began to gather round to witness the singular spectacle of a human opposition to the rag-breakers shaking the whole building from another department.

'What in tar-nation are you gaping at?' at last exclaimed the rag chewer through a mouthful of rags in a state of mastication.

'Drat ye, that's fifty rag splint' machines, like me up stairs, all in a bunch—why don't you go up and see them?'

The crowd looked very much delighted, and expressed themselves highly pleased with his performance.

'I know that I can't go it like them fellows up stairs, for my grinders ain't used to it yet besides, I don't believe horse blankets is good to start on; but I tell you, strangers, when it comes to vitals or te-baker, I'm there.'

The fun began to rise, and with it the rag chewer's indignation. 'See here, stranger,' he bellowed, spitting out his last attempt, and hallooing at his employer, who had just appeared—'blamed to blamation if I am going to sit here and be laughed at in this ere way—if you don't put me up stairs among the rest of 'em, I won't chew up another blanket darned if I do!'

'What! exclaimed the employer, with a sober face, and very indignantly; 'is that all you've chewed up? And wet, too, by thunder! Get out of this—you'll never do for this business in the world. There's a blanket ruined to all eternity, too, for you've wet every mouthful, and how can we make dry paper out of wet rags? Come, make yourself in a hurry.'

The victim did not await a second invitation, but went off in all speed for fear he should be called upon to pay for the blanket, and determined hereafter to stick to his lawful business, and let paper mills alone.

REASONS FOR BEING HOLY.—A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God, should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attended by celestial beings, and who is soon-to be known, not how soon—to be translated to heaven,

should be holy. Are angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of my companionship. Am I soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet soon to tread the courts of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine soon to look on the throne of eternal glory, and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes, and lips should be pure and holy; and I should be dead to the world, and live for heaven.—[Albert Barnes.]

REFLECTIONS.—There are a thousand things in this world to afflict and sadden; but oh! how many that are beautiful and good! The world teems with beauty—with objects which gladden the eye and warm the heart. We might be happy if we would. There are ills that we cannot escape—the approach of disease and death, of misfortune, the sundering of earthly ties, and cancer-worm of grief; but a vast majority of the evils which beset us might be avoided.

The curse of intemperance, interwoven as it is with all the ligaments of society, is one which never strikes but to destroy.—There is not one bright page upon the record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execrations of the human race. It should not exist, it must not. Do away with all this—let wars come to an end, and let friendship, charity, love, purity and kindness, mark the intercourse between man and man.

We are too selfish—how if the world was made for us alone. How much happier should we be, were we to labor more earnestly to promote each other's good. God has blessed us with a home which is not all dark. There is sunshine everywhere—in the sky, upon the earth—there would be in most hearts, if we look around us. The storm dies away and a bright sun shines out. Summer drops her tinted curtain upon the earth, which is very beautiful, even when autumn breathes her changing breath upon it. God reigns in heaven. Murmur not at a being so bountiful and we can live happier than we do.

'Georgina, do you know that young fellow in the opposite house?'

'No, ma, I never spoke to him in my life; he is merely a finger acquaintance—that's all.'

'A what!—a finger acquaintance! Why, what sort of acquaintance is that?'

'O, we only talk to each other across the street with our fingers—nothing more.'

'It would be a comfortable thing if I knew just where I was bound for, soliloquized a drunken fellow. 'Up street's got mixed with down street, and there's no such thing as cross street at all. The moon's cross-eyed, and keeps winking and blinkin' as if she had her eyes full of Macaboy. Now, what am I to do? If I stand still there's a very pleasant chance of going to sleep standing. If I go to stir, hang me if I know which way I am travelin'.'

The promises of hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more flattering to the expectations; but the threatnings of fear are a terror to the heart. Nevertheless, let not hope allure, nor fear deter thee from doing that which is right; so shalt thou be prepared to meet all events with equal mind.—[Dodsley.]

Kendall says that the spelling book is a better arm of national defence than the musket.—It might not be a bad idea if two opposing armies were to pause in their mad career, and try lessons of orthography with one another. It would be better to have a long spell in that way than in the way of gunpowder and—things.

HOW TO KEEP A HORSE FROM STRAYING.—The Icelanders have a most curious custom, and the most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying, which is peculiar to that country. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants, and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some objects at a distance from the road, they tie the head of one horse to the tail of the other, and the head of this to the tail of the former.—In this state it is utterly impossible that they can move on, either backwards or forwards, one pulling one way and the other another; and therefore, if disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way.

SINGLENESSE OF PURPOSE.—Ye did it unto me, or ye did it not unto me—these are the words of aggravation in which the Saviour depicts himself describing every act, and by which he informs us that, as he sits on the throne of judgment, the great centre of the congregated world, every act will be seen like a line pointing to him as his object and end—or else in forgetfulness and enmity diverging from him and losing itself in outer darkness.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—During the rapid sojourn that he made in Belgium, in 1810, Napoleon, according to his habit, went one morning, very plainly dressed, to walk in the gardens of the Lacken Palace, accompanied by an aid-de-camp, where he met a young man who was occupied in arranging some flowers. He was pleased with the frank and prepossessing features of the young botanist, and began a conversation with him. The young man, who was the son of the head gardener, had studied with great care and economy the vegetable world; he could name, without hesitation, the foreign and complicated names that the over-learned have given, often in so ridiculous a manner, to the most graceful productions of nature. He spoke of the Sedocanthus, the Aristolochia, the Rahn, the Scrochion, the Hydrocharidee, and thousands of plants with difficult names, as another would have talked of spinach and parsley. He knew the nature and property of each plant; in short, it was botany personified in a young man of twenty-two.

'Are you comfortable in your situation here?' says the emperor, speaking with interest.—'Yes sir,' replied the young artist, who was far from supposing the rank of the person who interrogated him. 'I live in the midst of what I love, but I am only an assistant to the head gardener. Napoleon never disapproved of ambitious ideas. He had remarked in the young florist his profound study, and the interest he took in his profession. 'What would you like?' says he. 'Oh,' said the young Belgian, 'what I would like is madness.' But still let me know,' says the emperor. 'It would require a fairy to realize the dream that has often occupied my mind.' I am not a

fairy,' replied Napoleon, 'but I am about the person of the emperor, and he could, if he knew them, realize your wishes.' 'You are too good, sir,' said the young man. 'It is certain that the emperor could be the fairy that I wish, for it all depends on him. During a journey that I made for my instruction, I saw in France the garden of Malmaison, with its eleven bridges and Turkish kiosks. The emperor, I understand, has given this charming place to Josephine. You see how modest I am. 'I will think of it,' says the emperor, almost betraying his incognito, 'but do not despair of fairy lore; and after some further conversation with the young botanist, Napoleon withdrew. He left Brussels on the morrow.

During the two months that followed this conversation, the young gardener could scarcely think of anything but the wand of a fairy and the place of head gardener, when one day he received a sealed packet with the arms of the Empress Josephine upon it; it contained his nomination to the post he had so much wished for. He hastened to the spot, and was very soon introduced to the fairy of Lacken, that man who forgot nothing, and in whom he only recognized the emperor, to express to him almost a species of adoration.

He still occupied the post of first botanist at Malmaison, when the Empress Josephine died.

LIME AND PLASTER FOR MANURE.—There are certain tracts upon which gypsum acts favorably, while on others it does no good; and there are those where lime is required, and others where it is not.—[Jackson's Geology of Maine.]

'Some soils require,' says Dr. Jackson, in connection with my text, 'the introduction of a quantity of vegetable matter, and we show the farmer the cheapest mode of introducing it; others are wanting in certain saline matters, required for peculiar vegetation, and the nature and quantity of such matter required, is indicated by a chemical analysis of the soil.' In order, then, that the farmer may know where to apply lime, and where plaster; it is necessary to subject his soil to analysis, and this must be done by a professional chemist; for Dr. Jackson farther says, in his third report: 'A minute analysis, however, is too difficult and complicated a task for any one who is not a professional chemist, having at his disposal delicate balances, crucibles of silver and of platinum, with all the other usual instruments of analysis, and a complete set of all the various reagents and tests in a state of absolute purity. To furnish such a laboratory, the farmer would have to expend too much money, considering how seldom he would have to make use of it; he will find it vastly more economical to avail himself of the skill and materials of those who are duly prepared for such operations.

Now, reader, just turn back to our author's second report, and read the following: 'It is a strange and almost unaccountable fact, that while we have the most minute and delicate analysis of rare and curious minerals, chemists have either neglected to ascertain the composition of soils, or have satisfied themselves with the most crude and careless examinations; that do not answer the purpose intended.' Page 154 he says, 'Attempts have been made to render the art of chemical analysis easy, so that farmers might be able to do them for themselves, but such attempts have been entirely abortive, for it would presuppose a knowledge of chemical science and manipulation rarely if ever in the hands of professed chemists, and it would be idle to put instruments and reagents into the hands of those who do not know how to use them.

It would certainly be very useful to the community, if our agricultural brethren would establish a college or institute, to educate professors of chemistry, to carry on the business of making crude and careless examinations, that do not answer the purpose intended.'—Such a college our farmers had better establish. Don't you think so?

In this State at present we have very few professed chemists, and no college to manufacture them. What then is the farmer of Maine to do? Blunder on without a competent knowledge of his art? Certainly not. Every farmer should know the defects in the soil he cultivates, and apply a remedy as far as he is able.

The greatest defect in a soil, is to have it contain a sulphate of iron, sulphuric acid, oil of vitriol, or coprates, terms that mean the same thing. Sulphate of iron is a most deadly poison to plants, and some soil in this state is rendered absolutely barren by it. There is no such thing as freeing the soil from it, because it is constantly forming by the decomposition of iron pyrites. The most that a farmer can hope to do, whose soil contains this substance, is to partially neutralize its effects. This can be done in two ways, namely; under draining, and the application of lime. Under draining is undoubtedly the most effectual and permanent, but is expensive; while the application of lime, is from the nature of the case a mere temporary expedient—a do for the present process.

But to return to the question, how is the common farmer to ascertain whether his soil contains sulphuric acid or not, without the aid of a professor of chemistry? There are a number of ways. First, if a soil contains sulphuric acid or coprates, the water that filtrates through the soil will be what most persons call hard water. Such water does not make good soap suds. In order to ascertain the quality of the water, it is necessary first that every farmer should furnish himself with a laboratory, chemical tests, and employ a professor. The professor may be in petticoats, instead of the gown of faculty, and the laboratory may consist of a common wash tub; the chemical tests, of warm water and soap, and then let the professor analyze a dirty shirt. In the process of washing the dirt out of the shirt, if the dirt comes out with little rubbing, requiring but a small quantity of soap, and the tub is nearly filled with soap bubbles, or froth, then you have sure indications that the soil is free from sulphuric acid, and that lime on such soil will do no good. If the professor pronounces the water hard, it is a hard case, for such lands require draining or liming, to render them productive. Pure soft water cannot be obtained out of soil that contains coprates. There are several other ways clear and easy by which every farmer may determine the presence or absence of sulphuric acid in his soil, and consequently where to apply lime and where plaster; but I must defer the account of them for the present.

A GLENBURN FARMER.

The streams that run most rapidly do not run most clearly; water purifies itself by flowing calmly.

THE SERVANT'S DOCTRINE.—When the University of St. Andrew's, Scotland sold her honors, a certain minister who deemed that his ministrations would be more acceptable if he possessed what the Germans called the doctor-hat, put £15 in his purse, and went to St. Andrew's to 'purchase for himself a good degree.' His man servant accompanied him, and was present when his master was admitted to the long desired honor. On his return, the doctor sent for his servant, and addressed him as follows:

'Noo, Saunders, ye'll aye be sure to ca' me the doctor; and gin any spiers to ye about me, ye'll be sure to say, 'The doctor's in his study,' or 'the doctor's engaged,' or 'the doctor will see you in a crack.'

'That a depends,' was the reply, 'whether ye ca' me the doctor, too.'

The Rev. Dr. started.

'Ay, it's just so,' continued the other; 'for when I found that it cost so little, I've got a diploma myself, so ye'll be just good enough to say, 'doctor, put on some coals,' or 'doctor, bring the whiskey and hot water,' and gin any body spiers to ye about me, ye'll be aye sure to say, 'the doctor's in the stable,' or 'the doctor's digging potatoes,' as the case may be.'

[Arrive.]

There was a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow married the son, and the daughter the old gentleman. The widow was therefore mother to her husband's father, and consequently grandmother to her own husband. They had a son, to whom she was great-grandmother. Now as the son of a great-grandmother must be either a grandfather or great-uncle, this boy was one or the other. He was his own grandfather.—This was the case with a boy at school at Norwich.

A man in an Eastern city, somewhat noted for wrestling, sparring, and kindred physical feats, having been persuaded to enter a church on the Sabbath, and sit out a long doctrinal discourse, was asked, on retiring after the service, what he thought of the sermon. 'Think,' said he, 'why, if I could preach a better sermon than that, with one hand tied behind me, you can take my hat.'

'Our conscience is as a fire within us, our sins as the fuel; therefore, instead of warming, it will scorch us, unless the fuel be removed, or the heat of it be allayed by penitential tears.

Look not mournfully into the past, it cannot return; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

POLITICAL.

The following extract of a sermon recently published in the Tribune is so much to our liking, that we commend it to the careful perusal of men of all parties—all who vote—Free Soil men, Democrats, Whigs, Natives and all. It hits nobody in particular, but contains good hints for everybody.

'Time was, when men were selected for posts of honor in our nation, because of their ability to fill those stations, and of their fidelity to their country. But who now reaches lofty station on this ground?—Do we not now find men ascending to occupy those posts, whose chief qualification is, that they are most profoundly skilled in the science of political juggling, and most expert in the little arts of political legerdemain? So notorious has this fact become among us, that even the political character has fallen into disrepute. Who now expects to find in the professed politician political integrity, fidelity to his country, or statesmanlike virtues? They may exist there, it is true; but is not the very title politician associated, like that of horse-jockey, with corruption and falsehood, chicanery and deceit? And even the holding of a political office seems to be a sufficient ground of suspicion against a man's character, that he is nothing more than a political demagogue.'

But all this very naturally results from the modus operandi, from the practical wire-working machinery of political party organization. He who is most dextrous in pulling the wires of party influence, most vociferous in declaiming about the dear people, and most skillful in raising a popular clamor, is certain of success. It matters but little what may be his private moral character, only let him get the party nomination, and then the shackles of party are thrown around every man who enjoys the right of suffrage, and both great and small are whipped into the traces to help move onward the juggernaut of party idolatry.

But whence originates this movement?—With the people? No. In bar-room caucuses of the self constituted exponents of public sentiment. And does an independent freeman venture an expression of dissent, or an indication of independence, how soon is all the machinery of party brought to bear upon him; how earnestly is he admonished not to become a traitor to his party; how seriously is he exhorted to support the regular nominations?—and how completely is he proscribed from those posts in which he might honor and bless his country. But this is not all. Fraud and corruption cluster around the ballot-box, and that too, under the very eye and sanction of those who hypocritically prate about political integrity, the sacred right of freemen, and the sanctity of the elective franchise. Nay, votes are bought and sold in the shambles of every political party, and the perpetrators of these outrages, not only escape the penitentiary, but in some cases are absolutely elevated to office as a reward for their deceptions of the sanctum sanctorum of liberty. How often have we heard of the danger to our country from the voting of those who are both ignorant and depraved. But how seldom do we hear about any danger accruing from the opulent but unprincipled politician, who spends his \$20,000 in a single political canvass, in organizing the cohorts of party and in buying votes; thus, not only controlling the election—but as a reward for services rendered, controlling also the appointments to office, and filling them with his own minions, who will have less inclination, and, indeed, feel under less obligation to serve the public than their master. The former casts a single vote—a corrupt one it may be; but the latter corrupts the elective franchise at its very fountain head.

And are we freemen, and sit patiently under all this? Are we Christians, and offer no rebuke to these foul misdeeds? When and how

shall these things be corrected, if not at the ballot-box? Who will throw off the shackles of party, if Christians continue to wear them with submission? If the appeal of humanity and of patriotism be made to such in vain, to what quarter shall we look for a correction of the great and crying evils that infect our political organization and poison the councils of the nation.

'Thank God, I cannot doubt but that a brighter day is dawning upon our country in this respect. A powerful conservative and redeeming influence yet exists. Circumstances will no doubt continue to develop its power—we care but little as to the particular form or name under which it is developed; and the men will become neither few in number, nor small in power, who shall dare to do right even at the ballot-box. The development of this principle is of more importance to the nation than the mere success of any man or party. I beg pardon of the politician—nay, I beg pardon of no man for telling him the truth; I tell the politician, that though both he and his party should be exploded to atoms, the country would be the gainer by the development of this principle. Only let it become established, and the suffrages of the nation will be asked only for those whose hearts pulsate with a pure patriotism and a sound morality. Only let it be understood that the spell of party has not sufficient power of enchantment to compel enlightenment and virtuous freemen to do wrong, and even political wire-workers will be compelled to do right. This principle lies at the very foundation of our political edifice, and political parties will ever be compelled to do it homage. To provoke it is to solicit defeat; and so long as it exists—a principle that money cannot buy, nor fraud corrupt—I will not despair of the Republic.'

REPORT OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.—It is a document of unusual interest. It sets forth very clearly and fully the operations and condition of the department, and contains many very important suggestions and recommendations. Among the most prominent recommendations which it sets forth, are these: To make the rate of postage uniform for letters at 5 cents the half ounce; for newspapers at one cent the ounce; for periodicals 2 cents the ounce; and for foreign letters 15 cents the half ounce; the total abolition of the franking privilege; the prepayment of all mail matter; and lastly, a change in the tenure of the office of the postmaster general, with a view of removing the opinion which exists, that as at present constituted, the post office department is used by politicians at the seat of government with the view of promoting party purposes and party organizations. The document deserves, and doubtless will receive, attentive consideration.—[N. Y. Courier.]

WAR AND NAVY ESTIMATES.—The estimates of the Secretary of War for the fiscal year are as follows:—

Army Proper,	\$4,432,286.00
Military Academy,	170,142.61
Fortifications and Works of Defence,	671,000.00
Armories, Arsenals, and Munitions of War,	893,581.00
Surveys of Light Houses, &c.,	15,700.00
Indian Department,	857,473.45
Pensions, under various laws,	466,406.00
Arrangements,	1,000.00

Total Army Estimates, \$7,507,583.06

The estimates of the Navy Department are as follows:—

Bureau of Navy Yards and Docks,	\$2,648,002.53
Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography,	377,560.00
Bureau of Construction, Equipment and Repairs,	3,575,900.00
Bureau of Provision and Clothing,	686,200.00
Bureau of Medicine and Surgery,	38,500.00
Miscellaneous,	1,105,708.00
Pensions,	95,000.00
Marine Corps,	887,376.80

Total Navy Estimates, \$8,585,887.38

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The annual Message of the President of the United States was delivered to Congress on Tuesday noon. The following synopsis of the document was received in Boston by telegraph, on Tuesday evening. The Message is very long, occupying twelve columns in the Washington Union. It is the last annual Message of President Polk.

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and of the House of Representatives.

Under the benign providence of almighty God, the Representatives of the States and of the people are again brought together to deliberate for the public good. The gratitude of the nation to the Sovereign Arbitrator of all human events, should be commensurate with the boundless blessings which we enjoy.

Treaties of commerce have been concluded with New Grenada, Peru, the two Sicilies, Belgium, Hanover, Oldenburg and Mecklenburg Schwerlin. The establishment of a republic in France, and the effort to unite the German States, are hailed as auspicious events. Friendly relations are established with Mexico, and the favorable condition of our foreign affairs renders it necessary to call attention more especially thereto. The acquisition of California and New Mexico, the settlement of the Oregon Boundary, and the annexation of Texas, are results which, combined, are of greater consequence, and will add more to the strength and wealth of the nation than any which have preceded them since the adoption of the Constitution. But to complete these great results, it is our solemn duty to provide or organize territorial governments, both in New Mexico and California. The causes of the failure to do this at the last session of Congress are well

to the opinion of the slaveholding states themselves to decide—from the nature of the climate and productions, is a question. In much the larger portion of these states it is certain that it never could exist, and in the remainder, the probability is it would not. However this may be, the question, involving as it does a principle of equality of rights of the separate and several states, as equal co-partners in the confederacy, should not be disregarded in organizing governments over the territory. No duty imposed on Congress by the Constitution, requires that they should legislate on the subject of slavery, while their power to do so is not only seriously questioned, but denied by many of the soundest expounders of that instrument. Whether Congress shall legislate or not, the people of the acquired territories, when assembled in convention to form state constitutions, will possess the sole and exclusive power to determine for themselves whether slavery shall or shall not exist within their limits. If Congress abstain from interfering with the question, the people of these territories will be left free to adjust it as they may think proper when they apply for admission as states into the Union; and no enactment of Congress could restrain the people of any of the sovereign states of the Union, North or South, slaveholding or non-slaveholding, from determining the character of their own domestic institutions, as they may deem wise and proper. Any and all the states possess this right, and Congress cannot deprive them of it. If the whole subject be referred to the judiciary, all parts of the Union should cheerfully acquiesce in the final decision of this tribunal.

The President recommends the mineral lands to be sold in New Mexico, in small quantities. The President is so far from entertaining any apprehension of the safety of our system, by the extension of our territory, that the belief is confidently entertained that each new state gives strength and an additional guaranty for the preservation of the Union itself. The President recommends a liquidation of American Claims. The Secretary of the Treasury, he says, will present in his annual report, a highly satisfactory statement of the condition of the finances. The imports for the fiscal year, ending on the 30th June last, were of the value of \$154,977,876, of which the amount exported was \$21,128,010, leaving \$133,849,866 in the country for domestic use. The value of the exports for the same period, 154,032,031 dollars, consisting of domestic productions, amounting to 132,904,121 dollars; and 21,128,010 dollars of foreign articles. The receipts into the Treasury for the same period, exclusive of loans, amounted to 35,436,750 dollars. 59 cents; of which there was derived from customs \$1,737,070 dollars, 96 cents, from sales of public lands, 3,288,642 dollars, 56 cents; and from miscellaneous and incidental sources \$51,97 dollars, 07 cents.

He thinks the Mexican war has raised the nation in the estimation of foreigners; it has established the efficiency of the militia, and shows that republics are not less efficient in war than monarchies. The increase of vast territories has increased the responsibilities of the government. He enumerates the extent and boundaries of the territories. This country is nearly as large as all Europe.

The President comments on the annexation of Texas; says the acquisition of California is as important as Louisiana; San Francisco is predicted will become a great city. He alludes to the discovery of the rich mines of gold, the account of which is sustained by evidence of the officers of the army. The commanding officer has visited the gold region, and reports the supply very large in extensive districts of the country. In July last, 4000 persons were engaged in collecting gold; the number has since been increased. Mines of quicksilver have also been found, one of which is the most productive in the world. These discoveries, he thinks, will produce a revolution in the affairs of California. Labor was exorbitant, soldiers and sailors had deserted. Soldiers without increased pay could not be kept on duty. He suggests that a branch mint in California would attract gold from the neighboring countries in Mexico and the west coast of South America.

He thinks that the coin would find its way to the Atlantic States. California and New Mexico must have organized governments.—Congress at this session should provide such. There is no government there at present except a provisional government. No revenue was collected, Congress having failed to provide for the same.—thinks the establishment of territorial governments should not be jeopardized by agitation of domestic questions, coeval with the national existence; hopes that that question will be settled at the present session; thinks dissimilarity of institutions in different states should not prevent the erection of territorial governments; advises the non-interference of Congress in the slavery question in territories; thinks if Congress will let them alone, they will adjust it for themselves if left free to do so. When they apply for admission as states into the Union, no enactment of Congress could restrain the people of a sovereign state of the Union, old or new, North or South, slaveholding or non-slaveholding.

THE PRIEST AND THE ROBBER.

A TRUE STORY.

Forty years ago the scenes here related occurred in the heart of France. A Roman Catholic priest was called to prepare for his last change a highway robbery; condemned to die upon the scaffold. The good father used all his eloquence and all his efforts to lead the prisoner to repent of his aggravated crimes, in vain. He observed that the mind of the latter was absorbed—that he seemed to heed him not. What could engage his thoughts at such an awful hour?

"Do you reflect," said the priest, "that in two hours you are to appear before your Maker?"

"I do," said the criminal, "but I wish just now to live and repent, not to repent and die—and the thought has come into my brain, and I can't for the soul of me drive it out, that you are the very man to save me from death, not to pave my way to it."

"But," said the priest, "even if I had the power, and I can't see that I have, should I not be doing a wrong to mankind by setting you free, and subjecting you to a further load of guilt?"

"If that's the only obstacle in the way, you may, my good father, be entirely easy on that score. I have seen the scaffold too near ever to expose myself to its terrors again. Never will I rob or defraud more. I will be henceforth a changed man."

With eyes imploring and bathed in tears, he knelt before the holy man and begged his life. He appealed to a kind heart, and saw the impression he had made. The chapel in which they were, was lighted only by a window near the ceiling, and was more than fifteen feet from the floor.

"You have but to put your chair upon the altar," said the prisoner, "which we can place near the wall; you will then ascend upon the

chair, and I will mount upon your shoulders, from which I can gain the window."

In an instant the criminal was beyond the reach of the law. The priest remained tranquilly seated in the chair, having restored the altar to its place. Some hours after the flight, the hangman, impatient at the long prayers of the priest, who, he thought, might have put half-a-dozen souls on the road to heaven in less time, knocked at the door. Not seeing the prisoner, he demanded what had become of him.

"He must be an angel of light," said the father; "for on the faith of a priest, he went out by that window. I saw it with my own eyes."

The hangman was in a maze. Having closely questioned the priest, he demanded if he was in earnest. On replying in the affirmative he ran to warn the judges. They hastened to the chapel, examined the chair, the window, the height from the floor, and saw no other means of escape than that stated by the priest. Their brains were perplexed. But they could not preserve their gravity at the *sans froid* of the good father, while describing the flight of the angel, as he styled him, as he vanished to take him along with him to the skies. Be this as it may, the church was powerful in those days, too powerful to question the word of the priest, who assumed to himself the honor of converting a sinner into an angel in an hour.

Twenty years afterwards the holy father was lost in the woods of Ardennes. The night came on—he was without food or place of rest. Wild beasts were prowling around. Step by step, weak and desponding, he still wandered farther in the mazes of the woods. His frame sank, exhausted with hunger, fatigue and terror. He commenced his soul to the care of heaven, and laid him down to die. He had laid there some hours, when the light of a lantern shone on his face. It was held by a peasant who examined his features attentively. He aided him to rise. With his sinewy arm he bore the exhausted form of the priest to a neat farm-house, delightfully situated upon a fertile plain on the skirts of the wood. The father was nursed with care and restored to life, and warmly thanked his benefactor. On his recovery sufficiently to eat, the table was spread for the guest. A fine capon was cooked and nicely dressed, and every luxury the farm afforded set before him. A female, neatly attired, with eight little ones surrounded the table.

Father, exclaimed the peasant apart to him, after they had finished their repast, "a wife, children, farm, all these blessings I owe to you. You saved my life when I was condemned to die on the scaffold; I, in turn, have now saved yours. I have redeemed my pledge made to you. Wandering a mendicant, chance brought me to this house, where, by industry and honest dealing, I won the confidence of the father of my wife, who, on his death, left us this farm. I have prospered ever since in my affairs. My wife has been a real blessing to me, and my children, with their ruddy faces and their sweet smiles, remind me each day, as I return from my daily toil, of what I owe to heaven and to you."

The good father, whose conscience had often smote him for the fraud he had practiced upon the magistrate, and the danger of letting a robber loose to depredate on the public highways, was set at ease. He embraced the peasant, and thanked his God that he had been the means of reclaiming a guilty soul from perdition, and raising a condemned felon to the dignity of an honest man.

DEATH OF A SANDWICH ISLANDER.—Samuel Ka Poala, a native of the Sandwich Islands, died at the County House, on Monday night, the 27th inst., aged 28. Ka Poala was known to most of our citizens having resided here since 1824, when he came to this country from the Islands with the family of Mr. Loomis, a returned missionary, and formerly editor of the Rochester Observer. Mr. L. had taken him when about 5 years of age, to assist in taking care of children, and the boy became so attached to his benefactor's family that he decided to bring him with them on his return home. Some benevolent persons, after the death of Mr. Loomis, formed the project of educating him, and sending him back as a teacher among his own people, and with this in view, he was sent to the Canandaigua Academy, and subsequently to the High School in this city. But his progress in learning, although possessing no small degree of native intelligence and a peculiar kind of wit, was not such as to render successful the plan formed for his future career. He was found to be useful about a printing office, and for ten years was employed as a pressman in this establishment. Falling, however, into habits which have proved a scourge to the Sandwich Islanders, he has for a few years past been without employment, except casually, and by irregularities and excess incurred the disease which has taken him away. He was for some time an active member of the fire department. He had many friends among the most respectable of our citizens, and his natural kindness and generosity made him generally liked. His early death, and his unfortunate circumstances will be much regretted.—[Rochester Dem., Nov. 29.]

THE BODY RENDERED FIRE-PROOF.—Tanacra, a Neapolitan physician, states that the human body can be rendered insensible to fire by the following embrocation being applied:—one ounce of alum, dissolve in four ounces of hot water; to this must be added an ounce of fish glue, and half an ounce of gum arabic.

LOT'S WIFE.—The history of Lot's wife is told in a few words. On the retreat from Sodom she looked back and became a pillar of salt. This was recorded by Moses as a part of authentic history—sanctioned by the New Testament admission to "Remember Lot's wife," and was received as a historical fact by all the Jews. Josephus asserts that he had himself seen the pillar, but for centuries the whole story has been received as a fable, or as a statement of doubtful import by the learned world, while skeptics have triumphed in what they deemed the absurdity of the story. Accounts from the recent exploring expedition inform us that in passing the mountains of Uzdum, (Sodom), at the southern extremity of the sea, they actually found a large, round, turret-shaped column, facing the south-east, which proved to be of solid rock salt, capped with carbonate of lime—one mass of crystallization. Is this the pillar mentioned by Moses and Josephus, and which the Jews ever supposed to indicate the fate of Lot's wife?—[Farmington Chronicle.]

CONSUMPTION OF WOOD. We have often spoken of the rapid consumption of wood in this country, but we confess our ideas of its extent fell far short of the reality. Read for instance the following statement published recently in the Chicago Tribune:—

"The steamer Empire burns on some trips between this port and Buffalo, seven hundred cords of wood, and it is stated averages six hundred cords. Calculating that she averages thirteen trips, the usual number during the season, she will consume two hundred and thirty-four acres of timber, and employ forty woodchoppers, at an expense of over ten thousand dollars. This is but an item of the expenses

of this mammoth boat, and notwithstanding the largeness of her expenditure, she cleared the first year she ran, \$20,000 and the third year, over \$30,500. Some idea may be formed from this of the profits of vessels engaged in transportation on the lakes. There are sixteen first rate steamboats now engaged in the upper lake trade."

In connection with the above we insert the following, from the St. Louis Era:—

"There are 1190 steamboats engaged on the waters of the Mississippi valley, costing upwards of \$10,000,000, employing 40,000 men, and running at an annual expense of \$32,700,000. These boats are capable of carrying annually, 10,000,000 tons of freight, and the annual value of the commerce of the great valley is over \$432,000,000, or more than twice as much as that of the whole foreign commerce of our country."

OCCUPATION FOR CHILDREN.—The habits of children prove that occupation is a necessary affair with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. With some children it is a very strongly developed physical necessity, and, if not turned to good account, will be productive of positive evil; thus verifying the old adage, that "idleness is the mother of mischief." Children should be encouraged, or, if indolently disinclined to do it, disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to the toilet, which they are capable of performing. They should also keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independent of the services of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reversal of fortune that may befall them. We know of no rank, however exalted, in which such a system would not prove beneficial.

LENIENCY TOWARDS THE ERRING.—Harsh and unrelenting views respecting human depravity are taken from various causes. First, there is the fear, highly rational to a certain extent, but wrong in its excess of affording any degree of encouragement to future evil doing. Then there is the prejudice of early habits of feeling, and a blindness to the good effects of a milder code.

Some, from their very horror of crime and all kinds of error, admit the propriety of a severe system of punishment. Others, probably a larger number, adopt stern maxims because they have themselves felt the tendency to error, or committed actual trespasses, and find a relief to their own regrets on that account in counselling the most merciless measures towards those who are now in the same bondage.

But the various passions under which this subject may be viewed, will never affect the course which reason, guided by an enlarged view of man's nature and his situation upon earth would dictate. Evil-doing being a thing in nature, there must be in nature's philosophy a right way of treating it, with a regard to the good of the community. And certainly, if a blind rigor and ruthlessness be calculated to increase rather than to diminish the bad consequence of crime, which has been fully shown, that cannot be the right way. It has been proved by experience, that a large proportion of criminals can be brought back to a good life by the use of a proper treatment, and holding out to them the hope of being replaced in the esteem of their fellow creatures. And is not this exactly what might have been predicted from that code of doctrine which all profess to venerate? Are not all of us, in the eyes of immaculate Goodness, aberrant and impure? and do we not all, nevertheless, petition daily for forgiveness, presuming upon the institution of Heaven's counsels, of a system of forgiveness for penitence, as neither unworthy of its dignity, nor calculated to encourage us in evil-doing? If such be the principle on which God himself has seen fit to act towards our kind—and the voice of nature within us is sufficient to tell what we should be upon any other—can it be unsafe for us to act on one of a similar nature towards each other?—[Robert Chambers.]

GREAT SALE.—The "Live Oak" says, a part of the property belonging to the succession of the late N. N. Desrehan, was sold by the sheriff of the parish of Jefferson, on the 20th and 21st ultimo, for the sum of \$230,000. The plantation was divided into several lots, and sold for \$105,000. The slaves were sold in families, at enormously high prices. In one or two instances, negro men sold for \$1,700 each. All the property belonging to this estate known as lots in Mechanicham, was not sold. If the estate remaining to be sold brings as high prices as that sold yesterday and the day previous, the aggregate worth of this estate will not be less than \$500,000.—[N. O. Courier.]

LIABILITY OF HOTEL KEEPERS.—At the Court of Common Pleas in Greenfield last week, the case of Ashael Dickinson, of Brattleboro, Vt., viz. D. D. Winchester & Son, of the Exchange Hotel in this town, for damages alleged to have been sustained in the loss of a trunk, was tried. The trunk contained a quantity of clothing and other articles for the use of a minor son of the plaintiff, who was on his way to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and who, on arriving at Springfield, entrusted it to the charge of a hackman, employed by Messrs. Winchester. The trunk was either lost or stolen from the carriage on its way to the Exchange Hotel, and the suit was brought to recover the value of the trunk and contents, which were stated at about 124 dollars, of the proprietors of the house. The jury rendered a verdict of 114 dollars, for the plaintiff.—[Springfield Republican.]

MURDER WILL OUT.—A special term of the Supreme Judicial Court was commenced in Worcester yesterday, for the trial of John Cook, Jr., of Ashburnham, for the murder of his wife fifteen years ago, by poison. We condense from the Worcester Telegraph an account of the first day's proceedings. Mr. Cook is charged with the murder of his wife some fifteen years since, or in the winter of 1833-4, by giving her poison on a certain Sabbath afternoon; and that in February last, the appearance of the remains of the deceased, which were still in good preservation, led to an examination under the direction of the Medical Board, when it was found that the stomach contained arsenic. These, in connection with previous circumstances, caused the arrest of Mr. Cook.

The chief witness for the government is the sister of the deceased, Mrs. Ward. Her testimony was, in substance, that Mrs. Cook, who had been in good health previously, was taken suddenly sick on a Sabbath afternoon, and was in great distress trying to vomit; in the evening the deceased had a second distressed turn, when the prisoner rent the witness out of her room, and gave the deceased something to drink, after which her distress increased. At five o'clock on Monday morning the husband sent for a physician, and at ten o'clock on Monday she died, and on Wednesday was buried in her wedding clothes. The deceased left

about \$300 in money and notes, of which she had refused to let her husband have a part about three weeks before her death.

Mrs. Ward also testified to some intimacy between the prisoner and a Miss Cynthia Metcalf, previous to his wife's death, and that they were afterwards married. The sexton at Ashburnham testified that after death the body swelled so as to burst the coffin. Dr. Webster, of Cambridge, testified to finding four grains of white arsenic in the remains of the stomach of the deceased. Dr. Pierce, of Ashburnham, testified to having sold the prisoner poison to kill rats, but Mrs. Ward testified that they had no rats in the house.—[Trav.]



WATERVILLE, DEC. 14.

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

[From our Boston Correspondent.]

BOSTON, Dec. 11, 1848.

FRIEND MAXHAM.—"Ho for California!" is the cry of almost every one you chance to meet. The golden vision of a trip to California is disturbing the quiet which has reigned since election, and everybody is talking of the truthfulness of the reports which have reached us from that region. Of the truth of vast quantities of gold being found there, and of its being easy of access, is proved by the Report of the Secretary of War, which he has forwarded to Congress, enclosing the letter of Gov. Mason of California, with specimens of gold found in some twenty different localities.

It has taken considerable of a hold of many here, and hundreds will go there from these "diggings" a digging for gold, and depend upon it they will be disappointed in their anticipated gold. What a foolish move! Why they can get gold here, by digging. By the time all who go from here get there, all the gold that is easy of access will have been found, as the last account represents that people are pouring in there from the Sandwich Islands, Oregon, Mexico, and the United States, and they will find it hard digging to get gold as plenty as to afford to pay two dollars a pound for pork, which is the price asked for it. A brother of a friend of mine, who has been engaged in the copper and lead mining for the last six years, and has acquired some wealth at it, wrote him from Louisville, Kentucky, about two months ago, that he was then on his way, with other miners, for California, by the overland route. These will be successful, without doubt, being guided by experience. So firmly has this fever taken hold of people, that it is reported that one of our millionaires is fitting out a freight, to be under the control of two or three of his sons. The calculation is, to employ men and reap the profits of the freight and of others' digging. Besides this there are several other vessels fitting out to go there. An acquaintance of mine, who had firmly made up his mind to go, had his ardor amazingly cooled, last Saturday, by accidentally meeting one who has not been a great while from California, where he was in the employ of government. He said, "There is no doubt much gold in California, but there is much more humbuggery coming from there," and he earnestly advised him not to go.

There is a singular trial going on at Worcester, in this State. John Cook, Jr. was married in 1832 to his wife Rosanna, and in July 1834, she died under such circumstances, that the people believed at the time that she was poisoned by him. She has lain in the tomb until the past summer, when her stomach was taken out and four grains of white arsenic were found in it. He gave her some cider, and her sister saw him put some white powder in it. She was then in violent spasms, &c., and died soon after. She was buried in her wedding dress, as he would not procure a suitable habiliament for the corpse; this was the only dress that could be found in the house, and it was put on at his suggestion. It is proved that he purchased arsenic, such as is found in her stomach, a few days before her death, for the purpose, as he said, of killing rats. His wife was twelve years older than himself, and was possessed of considerable property. When she died, the physician who attended her, on his return home, met Cook, with a Miss Metcalf, and told him that his wife was dead; but he passed on and said nothing. That night, while the body of his wife was lying in the parlor, he and Miss Metcalf were occupying the kitchen, which was the next room, and as a witness said, "they were having a cosy time by the fire." Miss Metcalf then became his housekeeper, and the next Thanksgiving they were married. As yet the Jury have not returned a verdict, as the case is not completed. His appearance, it is said, is not in his favor, as he is possessed of large animal propensities, with a less than ordinary intellectual development. It certainly is a very remarkable case and excites considerable interest in the community.

Leap Year balls and parties have been quite numerous in these regions lately. The ladies in Canton, and some other towns around, had a ball Thanksgiving night, and completely reversed the old order of doing things on such occasions—inviting the gents, paying the escort, taking partners for dances, and finally accompanying them home. The ladies of Hingham, the week before Thanksgiving, fitted up a hall in a very elegant manner, and they had a social party, found the fixings, asked the "fellers," and saw them home safely, and we suppose made it all right with their "manas," for keeping their boys out so late. Egad! I almost wish I was in the market, so that I might get some of these leap year goodies, free gratis for nothing. Don't you, friend Maxham? wouldn't we go it?

Talking of *whales*, puts me in mind that I had a jolly good time myself, last Friday evening, at a Union Meeting of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, composed principally of the members of Merit Union, D. of T., and Suffolk Division, S. of T., both of this city. A more social, happy, and right good time was never enjoyed by the same persons, I'll warrant. There was some speaking and singing, after which the social was enjoyed. These meetings are to be continued once a fortnight the ensuing winter, and members appear in their appropriate regalia; they are to invite their friends, and if I don't go to the rest of them, it will only be because I cannot, for I never met with a more social, free-hearted, and merry group in my life. It seemed a free outgushing of fraternal temperance feeling.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

FRIEND MAXHAM.—In the Mail of November 2 I noticed a rat story, which put me in mind of what occurred at my father's house some years ago in the rat line. My mother killed a rat in a closet; my sister stepped in, and took the rat by the hind legs to fetch him out. As she raised him from the floor, a live rat poked his head out of a hole in the wall, a foot or two from the floor, caught the dead one by the head, and hauled him in. My sister cried out that she was losing him, and I went in, and taking the rat by the leg, pulled until the live rat was nearly out of the hole, when he let go and was jerked back by what I supposed was other rats hold of him, as he could not possibly have pulled so hard upon the dead rat, situated as he was in the hole.

After his escape, the rats went into another part of the house, and gnawed a hole through the middle of a large meal chest, which stood upon legs at the four corners, so high that they could not have reached the bottom. I suppose that they must have piled themselves upon the floor, and one of their number got upon the pile, and made the hole. They let out about a peck of meal upon the floor. I set a steel trap in the meal at night and caught one of them. I set it the next night, but they dug my trap out, tipped it over, then all dug got hold of the chain and hauled it off in another part of the house. A FARMER.

Waterville, Dec. 1848.

The President's Message was despatched from Washington to New York by government express, in 8 hours and 30 minutes, the shortest time ever made between the two places. Distance 225 miles. The express locomotive started from Washington at 12 o'clock, just as the reading of the Message was commenced.

Talking of *whales*, puts me in mind that I had a jolly good time myself, last Friday evening, at a Union Meeting of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, composed principally of the members of Merit Union, D. of T., and Suffolk Division, S. of T., both of this city. A more social, happy, and right good time was never enjoyed by the same persons, I'll warrant. There was some speaking and singing, after which the social was enjoyed. These meetings are to be continued once a fortnight the ensuing winter, and members appear in their appropriate regalia; they are to invite their friends, and if I don't go to the rest of them, it will only be because I cannot, for I never met with a more social, free-hearted, and merry group in my life. It seemed a free outgushing of fraternal temperance feeling.

I cannot close without giving you a very graphic account, which a friend of mine wrote me, as regards a new Eating Room, which has been opened in the city of New York. "You must come on and pay me a visit, and as you know I have lots of *tions* to show you, to say nothing about the *bears*, I cannot resist the temptation of telling you that Brother Perkins has fitted up an eating saloon, under the new Odd Fellows' Hall in Grand street. It is a rare, splendid and beautiful thing, and it is much visited. It is got up so as to resemble a series of Odd Fellows' Lodges and Tents instead of stalls, as usual. It is embellished and decorated with a profusion of satin draperies, trimmed with gold lace, velvet and Odd Fellows emblems, such as crooks, sceptres, shields, lances, &c., too numerous to mention, which are arranged with much taste. There is one large tent for large parties, which is beautifully elegant. It certainly is a novel and very ingenious effort, and it is most admirably carried out in all its arrangements: it is got up in the richest and most elegant manner, and luxury itself could not ask for more." ZIGGERS.

THE LYCEUM.—We congratulate the Committee on having secured a lecture from Rev. Mr. Judd, of Augusta. The subject is one of striking interest and in the hands of an acknowledged scholar, will doubtless offer a rich entertainment to our citizens. No one should neglect to secure a ticket—for sale at Mathews's.

IMPORTANT.—The editor of the New Orleans Delta announces that General Taylor, the President elect of the United States, recently stepped upon an orange peel and fell down! This encourages us to announce what our modesty has thus far forbidden—that we recently placed our foot unwittingly upon an humble ex-quid of tobacco, and fell as flat as the hero of Buena Vista! We of course tender our sympathy to the fallen great man, and hope hereafter to meet him on equal footing.

THE "ECLIPSE BREED" OF HOGS.—Many of our readers will recollect the fine show exhibited at the late Fair by Col. Williams, of this place. It was recently slaughtered at the precise age of nine months, and weighed when dressed, four hundred and twenty-two pounds! On the same day a pig of the same litter, bought of Col. W. in the spring, was killed by Mr. Charles A. Dow, of Waterville, and weighed four hundred and thirty and a half pounds! The pig killed a few weeks since by Mr. Bachelder, which weighed three hundred and ninety-eight pounds; when seven months and twenty-five days old, was also one of the same litter. In all the paragraphs we have seen this fall, touching the weight of extraordinary porkers, nothing has equalled this. The breed has extraordinary merit, and should receive the attention of farmers. We are glad to learn that Col. Williams expects to be able to answer a few orders for pigs in the spring, and we have no doubt the "Eclipse Breed" of hogs will be generally approved. Certainly when spring pigs can be brought to weigh four hundred and upwards, in season for the Fall market, a little extra feed—though we do not know that this breed demands it—is not to be estimated, in comparison with the common habit of killing hogs of less weight, at a year, or fifteen months old.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

FRIEND MAXHAM.—In the Mail of November 2 I noticed a rat story, which put me in mind of what occurred at my father's house some years ago in the rat line. My mother killed a rat in a closet; my sister stepped in, and took the rat by the hind legs to fetch him out. As she raised him from the floor, a live rat poked his head out of a hole in the wall, a foot or two from the floor, caught the dead one by the head, and hauled him in. My sister cried out that she was losing him, and I went in, and taking the rat by the leg, pulled until the live rat was nearly out of the hole, when he let go and was jerked back by what I supposed was other rats hold of him, as he could not possibly have pulled so hard upon the dead rat, situated as he was in the hole.

After his escape, the rats went into another part of the house, and gnawed a hole through the middle of a large meal chest, which stood upon legs at the four corners, so high that they could not have reached the bottom. I suppose that they must have piled themselves upon the floor, and one of their number got upon the pile, and made the hole. They let out about a peck of meal upon the floor. I set a steel trap in the meal at night and caught one of them. I set it the next night, but they dug my trap out, tipped it over, then all dug got hold of the chain and hauled it off in another part of the house. A FARMER.

Waterville, Dec. 1848.

The President's Message was despatched from Washington to New York by government express, in 8 hours and 30 minutes, the shortest time ever made between the two places. Distance 225 miles. The express locomotive started from Washington at 12 o'clock, just as the reading of the Message was commenced.

THE GOLD MANIA.—Among the documents communicated to Congress with the President's Message, is a despatch from Colonel Mason, the Military Commandant of California, which reads like a tale of romance. It confirms all the reports which we have been receiving respecting the abundance of gold found on the Sacramento and its tributaries, and furnishes particulars which show that for once rumor has rather fallen below the truth.

The Journal of Commerce has received a letter from the Rev. Walter Colton, Alcalde of Monterey, dated August 29th, which is of the same general tenor of Col. Mason's despatch. He says that the precious ore is not only found in large quantities on the Sacramento, Feather River, Yerba River, the American Fork—North and South branches—the Cosamer, and in many dry ravines, but also on the tops of high hills. The gold region is now ascertained to extend some two hundred miles North and South, and some 60 East and West; and these limits are every day enlarging by new discoveries. On the streams where the gold has been subjected to the action of water and sand, it exists in fine grains; on the hills and among the clefts of the rocks it is found in rough, jagged pieces of a quarter or half an ounce in weight, and sometimes two or three ounces.

Mr. Colton says that people are running about the country picking up gold out of the earth, just as hogs in a forest would root up ground nuts. They vary from one ounce to ten ounces a day; an ounce is worth from 16 to 18 dollars. One man is mentioned, whose profits from sixty Indians, employed in hunting gold, are at the rate of one dollar a minute. For further illustrations, take the following statements from Mr. Colton's letter:—

"I know seven men who worked seven weeks and two days, Sundays excepted, on Feather river; they employed on an average fifty Indians, and got out in these seven weeks and two days, two hundred and seventy-five pounds of pure gold. I know the men and have seen the gold and know what they state to be a fact. I know ten other men who worked ten days in company, employed no Indians, and averaged in these ten days fifteen hundred dollars each. I know another man who got out of a basin in a rock, not larger than a wash bowl, two pounds and a half of gold in fifteen minutes. Not one of these statements would I believe, did I not know the men personally, and know them to be plain matter-of-fact men—men who open a vein of gold just as coolly as you would a potato hill."

The importance of having a mint in California immediately, is urged; as otherwise this gold will go out of the country and be lost to our currency. Over a million of dollars a month is now being taken from the mines.

A despatch from Washington says that the Secretary of War has a box of the gold bro't from California, valued at 3000 dollars, which he intends coining into medals for the gallant officers who served in the late war. It is pronounced pure by Lieut. Loesser.—[Traveller.]

The following extracts embrace the substance of Mr. Mason's despatch.

HEADQUARTERS 10th MILITARY DEPT., Monterey, California, Aug. 17, 1848.

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that, accompanied by Lieut. W. T. Sherman, 3d artillery, A. A. General, I started on the 12th of June last, to make a tour through the northern part of California. My principal purpose, however, was to visit the newly discovered gold places in the valley of the Sacramento. We reached San Francisco on the 20th, and found that all or nearly all its male inhabitants had gone to the mines. The town, which a few months before was so busy and thriving, was then almost deserted. On the evening of the 24th the horses of the escort were crossed to Sausalito, in a launch, and on the following day we resumed the journey by way of Rodega and Sonoma to Sutter's fort, where we arrived on the morning of the 2d of July. Along the whole route mills were lying idle, fields of wheat were open to cattle and horses, houses vacant, and farms going to waste. At Sutter's there was more life and business. Launches were discharging their cargoes at the river, and carts were hauling goods to the fort, where already were established several stores, a hotel, &c. Capt. Sutter had only two mechanics in his employ—a wagon maker and a blacksmith—whom he was then paying ten dollars a day. Merchants pay him a monthly rent of 100 dollars per room; and whilst I was there, a two story house in the fort was rented as a hotel for 500 dollars a month.

At the urgent solicitation of many gentlemen, I delayed there to participate in the first public celebration of our national anniversary at that fort; but on the 5th resumed the journey, and proceeded twenty-five miles up the American fork to a point on it now known as the Lower Mines or Mormon Diggings. The hills were thickly strewn with canvases tents and bush arbors; a store was erected, and several boarding shanties in operation.—The day was intensely hot, yet about 200 men were at work in the full glare of the sun, washing for gold; some with tin pans, some with close woven Indian baskets, but the greater part had a rude machine known as the cradle. This is on rockers, six or eight feet long, open at the foot, and at its head has a coarse grate or sieve; the bottom is rounded, with small cleets nailed across. Four men are required to work this machine; one digs the ground in the bank close by the stream; another carries it to the cradle and empties it on the grate; a third gives a violent rocking motion to the machine; whilst a fourth dashes on water from the stream itself. The sieve keeps the coarse stones from entering the cradle, the current of water washes off the earthy matter, and the gravel is gradually carried out at the foot of the machine, leaving the gold mixed with a heavy, fine, black sand above the first cleets. The sand and gold mixed together are then drawn off through augur holes into a pan below, dried in the sun, and afterwards separated by blowing off the sand. A party of four men thus employed at the lower mines, averaged 100 dollars a day. The Indians, and those who have nothing but pans or willow baskets, gradually wash out the earth and separate the gravel by hand, leaving nothing but the gold mixed with sand, which is separated in the manner before described.

As we ascended the south branch of the American fork, the country became more broken and mountainous. At the saw mill, 25 miles above the lower washings, or 50 miles from Sutter's, the hills rise to about a thousand feet above the level of the Sacramento plain. Here a species of pine occurs, which led to the discovery of the gold. Capt. Sutter, feeling the great want of lumber, contracted in September last with a Mr. Marshall to build a saw-mill at that place. It was erected in the course of the past winter and spring; a dam and race constructed; but when the water was let on the wheel, the tail race was found to be too narrow to permit the water to escape with sufficient rapidity. Mr. Marshall, to save labor, let the water directly into the race with a strong current, so as to wash it wider and deeper.—He effected his purpose, and a large bed of sand and gravel was carried to the foot of the

race. One day Mr. Marshall, as he was walking down the road to this deposit of mud, observed some glittering particles at its upper edge; he gathered a few, examined them, and became satisfied of their value. He then went to the fort told Capt. Sutter of his discovery, and they agreed to keep it secret until a certain quantity was obtained. It got out, however, and spread like magic. Remarkable success attended the labors of the first explorers, and in a few weeks hundreds of men were drawn thither.

Mr. Marshall was living near the mill, and informed me that many persons were employed above and below him; that they used the same machines as at the lower washings, and that their success was about the same—ranging from one to three ounces of gold per man daily. This gold, too, is in scales, a little coarser than those of the lower mines. From the mill Mr. Marshall guided me up the mountain on the opposite or north bank of the south fork, where, in the bed of small streams or ravines, now dry, a great deal of coarse gold has been found. I saw several parties at work, all of whom were doing very well; a great many specimens were shown me, some as heavy as four or five ounces in weight, and I sent three pieces labeled No. 5, presented by a Mr. Spence. You will perceive that some of the specimens accompanying this hold mechanically pieces of quartz; that the surface is rough, and evidently moulded in the crevice of a rock. This gold cannot have been carried far by water, but must have remained near where it was first deposited from the rock that once bound it. I inquired of many people if they had encountered the metal in its matrix, but in every instance they said they had not; but that the gold was invariably mixed with washed gravel, or lodged in the crevices of other rocks. All bore testimony that they had found gold in greater or less quantities in the numerous small gullies or ravines that occur in that mountainous region.

I send you a small specimen, presented by this company, of their gold. From this point, we proceed up the stream about eight miles, where we found a great many people and Indians—some engaged in the bed of the stream, and others in the small side valleys that put into it. These latter are exceedingly rich, and two ounces were considered an ordinary yield for a day's work. A small gutter, not more than a hundred yards long by 4 feet wide and 2 or 3 feet deep, was pointed out to me as the one where two men—Wm. Daly and Perry McCoon—had a short time before, obtained \$17,000 worth of gold. Captain Weber informed me that he knew that these two men had employed four white men and about a hundred Indians, and that, at the end of one week's work, they paid off their party, and had left \$10,000 worth of this gold. Another small ravine was shown me, from which had been taken upwards of 15,000 dollars worth of gold. Hundreds of similar ravines, to all appearances, are as yet untouched. I could not have credited these reports, had I not seen in the abundance of the precious metal, evidence of their truth. Mr. Neligh, an agent of Commodore Stockton, had been at work about three weeks in the neighborhood, and showed me in bags and bottles over 2,000 dollars worth of gold; and Mr. Lyman, a gentleman of education and worthy of every credit, said he had been engaged with four others, with a machine, on the American fork, just below Sutter's mill; that they worked eight days; that his share was at the rate of 50 dollars a day; but hearing that others were doing better at Weber's place, they had removed there, and were on the point of resuming operations. I might tell of hundreds of similar instances; but to illustrate how plentiful the gold was in the pockets of common laborers, I will mention a simple occurrence which took place in my presence when I was at Weber's store. This store was nothing but an arbor of bushes, under which he had exposed for sale goods and groceries suited to his customers. A man came in, picked up a box of Seidlitz powders, and asked its price. Captain Weber told him it was not for sale. The man offered an ounce of gold, but Capt. Weber told him it only cost 50 cents; but he did not wish to sell it. The man offered an ounce on a half, when Capt. Weber had to take it. The prices, of all things are high, and yet Indians, who before hardly knew what a breach cloth was, can now afford to buy the most gaudy dress.

Mr. Sinclair whose rancho is three miles above Sutter's, on the north side of the American, employs about 50 Indians on the north fork, not far from its junction with the main stream. He had been engaged about 5 weeks when I saw him, and up to that time his Indians had used simply cleared willow huts. His net proceeds (which I saw) were about 16,000 dollars worth of gold. He showed me the proceeds of his last week's work—fourteen pounds avoirdupois, of clean washed gold. The principal store at Sutter's Fort, that of Brannan & Co., had received in payment for goods 36,000 dollars (worth of this gold) from the first of May to the 10th of July. Other merchants had also made extensive sales. Large quantities of goods were daily sent forward to the mines, and the Indians, heretofore so poor and degraded, have suddenly become consumers of the luxuries of life. I before mentioned that the greater part of the farmers and ranchers had abandoned their fields to go to the mines. This is not the case with Capt. Sutter, who was carefully gathering his wheat, estimated at 40,000 bushels. Flour is already worth at Sutter's \$36 a barrel, and soon will be fifty. Unless large quantities of breadstuffs reach the country, much suffering will occur; but as each man is now able to pay a large price, it is believed the merchants will bring from Chili and Oregon a plentiful supply for the coming winter.

The most moderate estimate I could obtain from men acquainted with the subject, was that upwards of four thousand men were working in the gold district, of whom more than one half were Indians; and that from \$30,000 to \$50,000 worth of gold, if not more, was daily obtained.

Mr. Dye, a gentleman residing in Monterey, and worthy of every credit, has just returned from Feather river. He tells me the company to which he belonged, worked seven weeks and two days, with an average of 50 Indians (washers) and that their gross product was 273 lbs. of gold. His share (one seventh) after paying all expenses, is about 37 lbs., which he brought with him and exhibited in Monterey. I see no laboring man from the mines who does not show his two, three, or four pounds of gold. A soldier of the artillery company returned here a few days ago from the mines, having been absent on furlough 90 days. He made by trading and working during that time, \$1,500. During these twenty days he was travelling ten or eleven days, leaving but a week in which he made a sum of money greater than he receives in pay, clothes and rations during a whole enlistment of five years. These statements appear incredible, but they are true.

Two cases of cholera were reported on the 25th ult., to have been brought to New Orleans from Havre, on the ship Victoria. The authorities ascertained the report to be unfounded.

BRUTAL FATHER.—The Albany Evening Journal states that on Tuesday afternoon, Caroline Goodwin, the wife of Wesley Goodwin, a canal boat captain, made a complaint at the Police office, that her husband had severely beaten her and her infant child, not quite two years old. Goodwin was subsequently arrested and examined upon the charge. The wife gave in detail a history of the whole transaction, the substance of which is as follows:

That she is an orphan: that she has been married three years, and has two children—one two years old on the 19th December inst., and the other four months old; that her husband is a canal boat captain, owner of the boat, and possessed of other means; that he provides well for his family, and is a perfectly temperate man, but has a most demonic temper; that they live on the boat winter and summer; that from the day of their marriage he has been in the constant and almost daily habit of using personal violence to her; that she can do nothing to please him, and upon every occasion of his dissatisfaction he inflicts such violence as his malignity shall suggest; that he always evinced a dislike towards the eldest child, for what reason the wife never could satisfactorily learn; that he is in the daily habit, when it shall not obey his every command, to beat, strike and kick it; that he commenced on Sunday morning maltreating it, and continued it until Monday night—kicked it off the chair—put it into the cold midships, and compelled it to remain there until it was stiff and shivering with the cold—struck it on the head with a boot jack—sawed its neck with a boot jack, and, by putting his thumbs under the ears, held it suspended in the air.

The child was produced in Court, and its appearance sent a thrill of horror among the auditory. It was apprehended that the crowd would inflict speedy chastisement upon the brutal father, and it required care and coolness to restrain them.

The wife said she had before made complaint of the conduct of her husband, but in hope of his reformation, and from fear of her own safety, she had been restrained from urging his prosecution.

Upon the examination of the case the prisoner boldly claimed the right to chastise his child. The magistrate committed him fully on both charges, and he was remanded to jail.

BEAR SHOT.—On Saturday last, a Mr. Richardson of Denmark, N. H., shot in that town a young black bear, under somewhat singular circumstances. It seems that he was hunting in the woods for partridges, and such small game as might chance to fall in his way, being wholly unprepared to give battle to any quadruped larger than a squirrel or rabbit. After rambling some time, his attention was attracted by the furious barking of his dog and following the sound, he discovered "Bose" at the entrance of a sort of cave, barking most furiously. Thinking there might possibly be some little animal inside that would like to come out and run the risk of receiving a "charge for partridge," he called away his dog, and stationing himself by the side of the cave, with the muzzle of the gun within a few inches of the entrance, determined to fire at the first living object that should attempt an egress. He had barely secured his position, when thro' the under-bush he observed an object moving precisely in front of the muzzle of his gun which he instantly discharged. Springing to his feet, great was his surprise at finding that he had killed a bear, and upon examining him he found the charge had entered one eye and lodged in the brain, thus producing instant death. Had the small charge of shot taken effect in almost any other part of the animal, the chances are that Mr. Richardson would have been the victor. The bear was exceedingly fat, weighing 288 lbs. It was brought to this city, and sold at the rate of 18 cents per pound.

Mr. Richardson received \$5 for the hide, and is entitled to \$5 bounty from the State, which added to price obtained for the carcass, will be a pretty handsome sum for one day's labor.—[Boston Jour.]

WAR.—Even those who do not fully unite with us in belief, that "war is unreservedly prohibited by the Christian religion," must admit that besides the misery and suffering it produces—it is highly demoralizing—and that it eminently tends to retard the progress of vital religion among men;—and if so, the glorious theme of "peace on earth" should not fail to find devoted advocates in all who are sincerely seeking to promote the present and eternal welfare of their fellow-men.

We are aware that when the public mind is strongly excited it may require great moral courage, and a deep abiding sense of duty, to enable the pastor to stand firmly at his post, and advocate the noble cause of peace. But these are occasions when, by reason of the position he occupies, his constant intercourse with the people, and the influence he exerts upon their feelings, he may—by restraining, or by giving a right direction to the popular impulse—becoming instrumental in hastening the day when righteousness shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.—[Circular of the Friends.]

CAPTURE OF A SLAYER.—Capt. Kennard, of the ship Goodwin, which arrived at this port on Sunday, reports that the American brig Frederica, with 400 slaves on board, had been captured by H. B. M. ship Britomart on the west coast of Africa, and taken to St. Helena in October. She had been frequently boarded by H. B. M. brig Dart, and those on board represented her as an American, consequently she was permitted to continue her cruise until the time of her capture by the Britomart. When captured, she was under Brazilian colors,—having been transferred, as usual, upon the coast—without papers. She was captured in the Congo river; about 40 slaves had died—the others, over 400, would be sent to the British West India Islands, "with their own free will and consent."

Judge Dickey, of Chicago, has decided, on the authority of the case of Prigg vs. Pennsylvania, (16th Peters' Rep.) that a master or owner of a slave escaped into Illinois has a right to remove said slave without regard to the Illinois statute on the subject. The Illinois statute was pronounced unconstitutional.

In Wilmington, Mass. Mr. Parsons, tavern keeper, in attempting to chain a dog which had given symptoms of hydrophobia, was very badly bitten in the leg. The dog soon afterwards died in paroxysms, which could leave no doubt regarding the nature of his malady. Every precaution has been taken for the safety of Mr. Parsons.

UNINTENTIONAL INFANTICIDE.—About 9 o'clock on Thursday night, the people in the house of Mr. Pierce, Harvard row, Charleston, heard the door-bell rang, and one of the females went up to see who was there. She opened the door about a foot, and seeing no one, concluded that some idle boy had given the bell a jerk and passed on, and she shut the door and thought no more of it. Yesterday morning, a small basket, containing a dead in-

fant, was found in the doorway. According to the law as laid down in the books, the person who placed the child in such an exposed situation is guilty of murder.—[Post.]

The Queen of England has purchased a French piano, constructed entirely of ivory.

The trial of John Cook, Jr., for the murder of his wife fifteen years ago, by poison, was concluded on Saturday, by a verdict of not guilty. When the verdict was declared, the prisoner occupied a box the sides of which were about four feet high; and when the Court passed the order for his discharge, he did not wait for the door of his box to be opened, but leaped over the top and sprang towards the outer door of the room, exhibiting the most extravagant tokens of joy at his deliverance.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8, 1848.—Neither House is in session to-day. The weather is sultry and hot, beyond example at this season; mercury in thermometer about eighty. The wells hereabouts are becoming dry, both in the city and country, and people complain of disturbance of their bodily economy. These may or may not be forerunners of cholera or something worse. There is no apprehension felt on the subject here.

Nothing is yet certain as to Gen. Taylor's Cabinet or his measures. Even what was lately considered as probable is now thrown into doubt. Some suppose that a late editorial article in the Picayune foreshadowed his views. I hope it may prove to be so.

One thing I can positively state—viz: that Gen. Taylor has said that he would not name his Cabinet till after his inauguration.—[Corr. Jour. of Com.]

Notices.

NOTICE.

Rev. Sylvester Judd, of Augusta, will lecture before the Waterville Lyceum on Friday evening, Dec. 15th. Subject, "The Dramatic Element in the Bible." Tickets may be had at Matthews's book store.

CORPORATION MEETING.
On application of Purmort Hill and others, I hereby notify and warn the legal voters of Ticonic Village Corporation, to meet at the Town Hall in Waterville, on Friday, the 22d day of December inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.—for the following purposes, to wit:

Article 1. To choose a Moderator to govern said meeting.
Art. 2. To see if the Corporation will cause an additional number of Cisterns to be made, and designate where they shall be made.
Art. 3. To see if the Corporation will vote to pay members of Engine Company No. 1, for services in the fire department, and if so, how much; or take any action in relation to the organization of Engine Companies.
Art. 4. To see if the Corporation will vote to raise a sum of money, by taxation or otherwise, for the above objects,—and transact any other business that may legally come before the meeting.

E. L. GETCHELL,
Supervisor of Ticonic Village Corporation.
Waterville, Dec. 13, 1848.

RELIABLE TESTIMONY.
Washington, North Carolina.
Mr. Fowle—Dear Sir:—Mr. Harvey Hill, whose certificate is given below, is one of our most respectable and honest farmers, and his wife now enjoys good health. Very respectfully yours, Wm. A. SHAW, M. D.

Beaufort County, North Carolina.
Chocowinity, near Washington, 12th Aug., 1848.
The undersigned, feeling grateful for the relief afforded by the use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, deems that it is but an act of justice to say that but for the use of that valuable remedy, his wife, long afflicted with what she and all others considered consumption, would have probably been ere this in her grave. But all the dangerous and unpleasant symptoms have been removed by the use of a few bottles and she now attends to her daily avocations as usual.

Look well to the signature. Remember it must be I BUTTS on the wrapper.
For sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville. Sold also by agents generally. (10-2w.)

LIFE AND DEATH.
In the struggle which is in progress between two principles from the cradle to the grave, Rev. B. Hibbard's *Vegetable Anti-Bilious, Family Pills*, will be found a most precious agent. For more than one fourth of a century they have been accounted a specific for diseases of the liver, stomach and bowels, and as among the very best of alternative and aperient medicines for persons of all ages, and in all varieties of seasons and climates. Their operation upon the blood and the secretions, seems to be as salutary as it is certain, and at this juncture of the most fatal season of our climate, we cannot do better than direct the attention to these facts. For sale by Wm. Dyer and I. H. Low & Co., Waterville, and by Druggists and Dealers throughout the state.

FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND.
The most extraordinary article in the world for the preservation and reproduction of the HAIR. FACTS: FACTS!—No article for the Hair has stood the test of time so well and so long as the Mountain Compound—none stand so firm in the confidence of all who have become acquainted with it. No article of the kind has so extensive a sale, nor none so long and constant patronage from the same individuals and families who first began to use it, as it is an established fact, that more than 2000 families in Boston and Lowell only, have made their staple toilet preparation for the hair, for nearly three years past. Many of them will prove, from the best and most direct authorities, that those who have sold the article and from those who have used several of the most popular "Hair Restoratives," so called, and many who have tried other articles of subsequent notoriety, all agree that the Mountain Compound is more practical, cooling and healthful to the hair in the summer, than any preparation that has ever been used. The proprietor, H. W. FOSTER, of Lowell, can produce letters, a host of them, from every part of the N. E. State, in evidence of the above facts. Druggists who sell the article everywhere, can meet of them testify to the same thing.

Agent for Waterville, WM. DYER, Druggist.

MARKETS.
WATERVILLE PRICES.
Flour, bbl \$6.50 a 6.75; Corn, bush, 50 a 55. Rye, \$1.17; Wheat, \$1.20; Oats, 30 Butter, lb. 12 a 17; Cheese, 6 a 8; Eggs, doz. 14 a 15; Pork, round hog, 7 to 8; Salt, fine 40; Rock, 50; Codfish, 3 to 4; Molasses, 25 to 30.

BOSTON MARKET.
SATURDAY, Dec. 9.
Flour—Gen. 5.02, Michigan 5.50 a 5.62 per bbl. Ohio and St. Louis, 5.50 a 5.62.
Grain—Sals Southern white Corn 63 a 64 cents, and yellow flat 67 a 70 per bushel. Oats scarce and in brisk demand; North River 37.

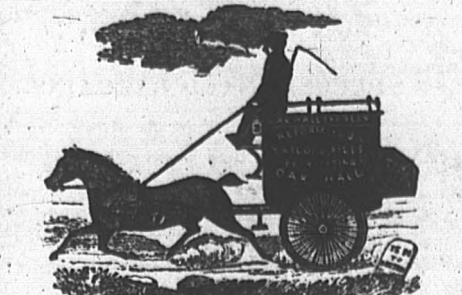
BRIGHTON MARKET.
THURSDAY, Dec. 7.
At market 600 Beef Cattle, about 1200 Sheep and 500 swine.
Beef Cattle—Extra quality, 6 00; first quality, 5 75 a 6 00; second do 4 75 a 5 00.
Working Oxen, a few pairs in market; prices from 60 to 100.
Cows and Calves—A very few in market 16 to 37.
Sheep—Sales from 42 a 2 25.
Swine—Wholesale 4 for Sows, 4 1/2 for Barrows; Retail 4 a 5 1/2.

MARRIAGES.
In Barnham, by D. L. Milliken Esq. Mary Ellen Milliken and Miss Hadenah L. Whitney.

DEATHS.
In Belgrade, on Tuesday morning last, Mr. William Tilton, aged 26.

A CHOICE lot of Groceries, Dry Stuff, Lamp Oil, Mats, Tubs, Churns, Brushes, Brooms, &c., for sale (see 1st, 1848.) by William Dyer, Druggist.

FALL AND WINTER CAMPAIGN
Commenced in Reality!
OAK HALL ROTUNDA OPENED!



CLOTHING!
CHEAPER THAN EVER.

GREAT RUSH OF CUSTOMERS!

"Large Sales and Small Profits," the Motto.

YOU CAN PURCHASE
MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING,
AND ALL KINDS OF
FURNISHING GOODS,

For about HALF PRICE at wholesale and retail, at this Celebrated Clothing Establishment,

Oak Hall,
BOSTON.

Visited by upwards of 200,000 strangers from all parts of the United States & Europe.

RECOLLECT

OAK HALL, ENTRANCE 32, 34, 36, 38, Ann-st. Boston.

LADIES!
YOUR LITTLE CHILDREN
can be fitted out with their Autumn and Winter Clothing, with but little trouble and expense, by a visit to

Oak Hall Rotunda,
adapted especially for the sale of every variety of Boys' and Little Children's CLOTHING.

Little Girls' Oversacks made to order.

THE EXTENT OF THIS
MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT
Can only be known by a visit to

OAK HALL ROTUNDA,
TWO EXPRESSES

for the Delivery of Goods. The above Cuts represent them with Drivers in rich

LIVERY.
GEO. W. SIMMONS,
PROPRIETOR.

FOR SALE.
ON hand and for sale by the undersigned, at very low prices, the following articles:

One small Steam Engine;
One Smit Machine;
One Shingle Machine.

These articles are new and complete, and will be sold at a bargain for cash or good notes. Apply to

RUFUS NASON.

ANDROSCOGGIN & KENNEBEC RAILROAD.

NOTICE is hereby given that the stock in the Androscoggin & Kennebec Railroad company on which fifty per cent has not been paid, will be advertised and sold immediately, unless arrangements are paid forthwith.

EDWIN NOYES, Tr. And. & Ken. R. R.

THE STORE FOR LADIES.
MRS. BRADBURY.

Has long had the reputation of keeping a great variety of the best Goods. Determined to add the reputation of selling at the lowest prices, we now offer a larger assortment than ever before, and pledge ourselves to sell every article as low as the same quality can be found in town.

THEREFORE, LADIES,
if you want a splendid and fashionable Velvet Bonnet, or a Satin Bonnet, or a Silk Bonnet, or a Florentine Bonnet, or a Straw Bonnet, or a Hood, or a Cap, or a Head Dress of any kind, or a Ribbon from the best assortment ever in town, or a Plume, or Wreath, or Fan, or Flowers, or a rich Wrought Veil, or a Barage Veil, or Lace Capes or Flowers or Springs, or real Thread Edgings, or wove Thread or Smyrna, or Egyptian or Gimpure or Little Thread or Muslin or Cambric Edgings or Insertings,

Call at Mrs. Bradbury's.

If you want a nice Cashmere Shawl, or a Black Thibet Shawl, or a Cashmere Dress, or a Woollen Shawl, or a real Cashmere Scarf, or Worsted Scarf, or Tidy Silk Scarf, or a Cravat, or a Collar of any price, from ninepence to two dollars,

Call at Mrs. Bradbury's.

If you want a splendid Plain Black Silk Dress, or one extra rich with Satin Plaid, or a beautiful Satin Levantine, or a plain light Silk, or a plain or striped Changeable Silk, or a Fine Alpaca, or a real Thibet, or any cheaper Dress, or Cloak, or any Cloak, or Dress Trimmings—Lifings, or Waddings, or Fringes, or Gimps, or Buttons, or Whalebone, or Cord, or Hooks and Eyes, or Silk, Worsted, Linen or Cotton Embroideries.

Call at Mrs. Bradbury's.

If you want any Super French Kid Gloves, or Cashmere Gloves, or Silk Gloves, or Lisle Gloves, or Silk Hosiery, or Hose, or Ties, or Handkerchiefs, or Cotton Hosiery, or Children's Hosiery, or Worsted Coats, or Hoods or Socks for Children, or nice English Flannel, double or single width, or Domestic or Salisbury Flannel, or French Binding.

Call at Mrs. Bradbury's.

If you want any Zephyr Worsted, or Tapestry Worsted, or Knitting Worsted, or Worsted Patterns, or Canvases, or perforated Paper, or Shaker Yarn, or Extra Cotton, or Sewing Cotton, or Findlay's, or Factory Colored Spool Cotton, or Saddlers' Silk, or Sewing Silk, or good better, or best Dried Laid Needles, or Netting, Crochet, or Worsted Needles, or best American Pins, or super English Pins in boxes, or Shawl Pins, or Hair Pins, or Shilded Pins.

Call at Mrs. Bradbury's.

If you want a beautiful Shell Comb, or a Horn Comb, or a Dressing Comb, or an extra, or common Ivory Comb, or a Hair Brush, or Tooth Brush, or Nail Brush, or Bag Cuffs, or Tassels, or Steel Gilt, or Silver Gilt, or a rich Embroidered Purse, or a common Silk Purse, or any Purse Twist, or Clasp, or Rings, or Tassels, or rich Steel Belt Buckles, or Silver or Pearl Shields, or Ivory Whistles, or Ivory or Rubber Teaching Rings, or a Doll, or Doll's Head, or a Perfume Cushion, or Card Case, or Wallet, or Carpet Bag, or Bandbox, or Cap Box, or any other article usually kept in the Millinery. Fancy or Dry Goods Line, do not waste your time in looking around, but come directly to our

STORE FOR LADIES,
and buy to your satisfaction, and receive the thanks of
MRS. AND MRS. BRADBURY.

JOSEPH MARSTON,
DEALER IN
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
West India Goods and Groceries.
Crockery and Glass Ware.

Also, Pure Spices, Winter strained, Solar and Linseed Oils, Cans, Ground and Blown Hair, Irish Moss, Snuff, Hemp and Manila Bedsteads, Stone Ware &c., &c.

The above goods will be sold for cash or short and approved credit.

VOLNEY A. SPRAGUE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CORINNA, ME.

HATS! HATS!
NEW AND ELEGANT STYLE.
Fall Fashion!

Just Received at J. C. BARTLETT'S, Corner of Maine & Silver sts.

GLOVES! GLOVES! GLOVES!
BUCK for lined, for backs, common and fine Buck, B. Morway Doan's, Wm. Fringed, Jashmere, Chamolied, Kid, white and colored, and Silk Gloves of all kinds, for sale at the Glass Depot.

C. R. PHILLIPS'S.

ANOTHER new lot of splendid MUFFS, consisting of every kind, cheaper than ever at PHILLIPS'S.

F. & B. C. PAINE
Have, at their mill in Winslow village, a plenty of a good **GROUND PLASTER** as can be bought; which they will exchange for money or produce on fair terms.
Dec. 1848.

FISH FOR SALE.
3000 LBS. Old Fish from 2 to 4 cts. per lb. by
JOSEPH MARSTON.

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 **GOODS**, 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 bbls. Genesee Flour,
25 " Extra Fancy do.
5000 lbs. Codfish,
1000 Pollock,
1000 Halibut,
15 bbls. 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 Hhds. Cardenas Molasses,
Mansanilla 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,
Souche, Ningyong, Oolong, Y. & O. H. Tea,
Soda, Cream of Tartar, Saleratus,
Malaga, Sultan 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,
Cocon, Chocolate,
Hemp and Manila bed-cords, clothes-lines, &c.

STONE, BARTLETT & WOOD'S 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.

WINTER GOODS.

Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods at Lower Prices than ever before offered in Waterville.

J. C. BARTLETT has just returned from Boston with a large and desirable assortment of

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
adapted to the Fall & Winter Trade which he offers at lower prices than ever. Consisting in part of

Plain and figured Alpacaes from 20 to 50 cts.
Mohair Lustres, plain and figured, from 34 to 75
Changeable, all colors, from 42 to 75
Lyonese Cloths from 15 to 25
Tweed Alpacaes, new and beautiful styles from 20
Fig'd Alpacaes, new styles at the low price of 25
Gala Plaids from 17 to 42
Silk Warp Alpacaes from 37 to 75
All Wool Thibets from 1, 1 1/2 to 1 3/4
Glimghams at 12-12

Also, a very large assortment of Merrimack, Hamilton, and Cocheo PRINTS, new and beautiful styles, perfectly fast colors.

Very fine Chocolate Prints, fast colors, at 8 cts.
Good Styles Madder Colors at 4 cts.

10,000 YARDS
brown and bleached Sheetings at the following low prices:

Merrimack 39 in. wide 1 or 6 1/4 cts.
Mohawk 40 do. 7
Sundook 40 do. 6 1/4
Dover 40 do. fine & heavy 7
Exeter Very Heavy 7
Express Mills 37 in. wide, very heavy 5 for 4

Very Fine Shirtings ALSO,
a large assortment of brown and bleached Drillings, Striped-shirtings, Tickings, Denims, Diaper, &c., &c.

ALSO,
FLANNELS of all descriptions. Red and white twilled, Flannel, Salina, Tweeds, Plain and fig'd Vestings, TRIMMINGS of all kinds, together with a large assortment of

