



3-1-1849

## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 32): March 1, 1849

Ephraim Maxham

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 32): March 1, 1849" (1849). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 83.

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II. NO. 32.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAR. 1, 1849.

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.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE WEDDING DAY. AN ENGLISH STORY.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HARRIS, ESQ.

The gray, dewy light of a soft morning was stealing faintly up the eastern verge of a sky so cloudless and transparent, that it could give promise only of as fine a day as ever shone over the green fields and hawthorn hedges of England in the olden time. The rich and liquid carol of the nightingale had not yet ceased, although day had already dawned, for so dense were the old thorn-brakes on the hill-side, and so massive the shadows of the great lime trees in the valley, that the bird of night was there often heard to sing the whole day long. But now he sang not alone, for from every leafy hedgerow and young coppice the music of the blackbirds and thrushes flowed out in gushes of clear melody, not unpleasantly blended with the shrill alarms of the village cocks, and the twittering of the swallows under the cottage eaves.

It was in the neighborhood of a pleasant Kentish village that all these sweet sounds were so rife on a June morning of the year 16—, that last century of the good unsophisticated times of old England. This village, like many others of that date, and some which even to this day have resisted the progress of improvement, was not built in two long straight lines on either side of a dull, dusty, treeless turnpike road; not one house in it glittered either with bright red brick, or flaring white paint—it had no park, no court-house, and no leucum.

In a word, it was as unlike as possible to a modern village anywhere; but most unlike of all to a New England village. For its houses, or cottages rather, no one of which but had counted its hundred years, of rough hewn sandstone, with thatched roofs all overgrown with moss, and yellow flowering stone-crops, were scattered here and there, irregularly, over a wide common of short, elastic greenward, among huge oaks that might well have witnessed the march of Caesar's brazen legions.

There were little gardens, gay with common flowers, the rose, the sweet pea, and the honey-suckle, attached to every cottage; and to one, in no way distinguished from the rest, except that it was a little larger, and boasted an arched porch of curiously carved stone-work, there seemed to belong nearly an acre of shrubbery, laid out with taste, and tended with unusual care.

Still, had it not been for the square ivy tower of the old gray and weather-beaten church, whose rose hued by it behind a screen of aged yew trees, which almost hid its wolf-toothed, Saxon archway from the traveler on the narrow and little frequented road, there would have been nothing to mark it as the vicarage, so humble was it if regarded as the abode, which indeed it was, of a gentleman and a scholar.

Beyond the common and its straggling village, covering all the level ground to the foot of a bare downlike green hill, the highest summit of which was crowned by the ruins of an old tower of the Norman era, which had probably been dismantled during the bloody wars of the Roses, lay a wide woodland park, or chase, parts of which were still thick with almost primeval forest, of which parts were opened to the sun in grassy glades and broad velvet lawns.

The manor house was not visible, either from the village or from any point of the road, until it scaled the brow of the hill under the very shadow of the old keep, which had been erected probably to command it. If he paused there, the wayfarer could just discern the glimpse of a gray, slated roof, and the tall stacks of curiously wrought chimneys among the thick black woods, and the quiet waters which surrounded the hall.

At about a mile's distance from the house, a pair of heavy, rustic gates, flanked by a lodge or gate-house, as it was then termed, gave admission into the grounds; but even there the eye gained little access to the interior of the demesnes, so suddenly, and with so abrupt a turn did the avenue disappear amid the woodlands.

Everywhere else the chase was encircled by an old wall of brick, so old, indeed, that it had lost every shade of its natural hue, with a heavy parapet and battlement, all overgrown with masses of ivy, which must have been growing there for centuries ere it could have attained such a degree of luxuriance. Other entrances there was none to the guarded precincts, except by one small postern door, which opened into the church, and was flanked on the right hand, as you looked northward to the hill, by the dark woods of what was called the home-park.

Early as was the hour, even for those industrious and matutinal days, when the very magistrates of the land were not too luxurious to rise nearly with the sun, the village was stir. Almost before it was light the old sexton had been seen halting across the green towards the churchyard gate, followed by the half dozen handsome, athletic youths who were known through all the country round as the bell-ringers of Melcombe Regis.

And ere the first rays of the sun had tinged the few fleecy clouds, which floated motionless in the still atmosphere, with gold and amber, the quick and merry chime of a festive peal had aroused the heaviest of the village sleepers from their protracted slumbers.

When the light streamed down long and level through the gap in the eastern hill-top, and changed the panes of the cottage lattices into so many glittering diamonds, the villagers might be seen collecting in little groups, some in the gardens, or under the rustic porches of their humble homes, and others on the green under the fine old oaks, all in their best attire. Clearly, it was a festive day—a day of joy to many.

Yet such, alas! is the very nature of human happiness, that what brings bliss to one, and the crowning of hopes, and the full fruition of fond promises, is often fraught to another with grief, with despair, and with heart-break.

Such is—such, despite all the theories of dreamers and Utopians, must be, while the round world endures, and the law of Him who made it the constitution, the condition of hu-

manity. And of this was that joyous morn, that day of thoughtless, inconsiderate mirth to the many, a great and notable example.

While the merry bells were yet ringing, 'in the gray, square turret swinging, in anticipation, as it seemed, of some glad event, a light and hesitating hand was laid, from within, on the latch of the postern door giving egress from the park into the churchyard, and after a moment the wicket was cautiously opened, and a fair face, half concealed by a hood of sea-green silk, peered forth as if to see that there were no spies at hand to comment upon its forth-coming.

It was a very fair face, of the finest Grecian model, with large, soft, azure eyes, and a profusion of rich, light brown hair, tinged with that sunny hue which the poetic ancients were wont to call golden. But the fair face was now deadly pale, and the large, soft, blue eyes were dim and suffused, and their lids heavy, as tho' they had been weeping; and the whole frame of the tall and delicate girl, who, seeing herself unobserved, came with a quick, light step forth from the postern gate, trembled, visibly, either with present fear or with the remains of past emotion. Hurriedly, and looking off behind her and around her with a timid eye, she took her way through the long rank grass, which dragged more than the hem of her white kirtle, and among the low ridges which covered the nameless graves of the poor, until she reached the narrow path which led from the door of the little vestry to the low wicket gate of the vicarage garden.

Into this, looking once more around her to see if she was observed, the young girl turned quickly, and in another moment was lost to sight among the lilac bushes, and behind the trim holly hedges of the vicar's shrubbery.

Early as was the hour, there was a lamp burning in the room on the ground floor, and its faint yellow light, dimmed a little already by the increasing brightness of the morning, fell in long lines upon the turf from a glass-door, in those days an unusual luxury, which gave access to the apartment which she well knew to be occupied by the early student.

At her light, hesitating tap, it was opened almost immediately by a tall, thin old man, wearing the bands and cassock of a priest of the Church of England, with a countenance of singular power and depth, mixed with the utmost benevolence of expression.

A shrewd observer of human nature would have decided at once that the owner of that countenance must, in early life, have been a man of violent passions and most energetic will, and would perhaps have added that the mastery, which he had now acquired over them, had been gained only through suffering and sorrow.

Now, however, all the expression of that fine, pale face was bland and natural benevolence, though as his eyes fell upon the person of his youthful visitor, it instantly assumed a character of anxiety and astonishment, that was, in truth, almost painful.

'Evelyn!' he exclaimed, in tones that expressed all he felt—is it possible!—at this hour! Come in, my poor child, I was thinking of thee even now. Come in, dear Evelyn.' And with the words he hurried her into the little study, surrounded on all sides with bookshelves, and seated her in his own easy chair beside the table, on which stood the lamp by whose light he had been reading.

But no tones of grave theology, no flowers of classic literature had been his study; for on the board were scattered only a number of old letters, the paper all yellow and marbled with age, and the ink of the beautiful feminine Italian writing changed to coppery hue. But among them lay a miniature of ivory, of a young, fair-haired face of extraordinary loveliness, in which it would have been a dull eye indeed that could not trace lines of resemblance, not to be mistaken, to the vicar's early visitor.

Her eye fell on them, and recognized the face at once, in spite of an attempt which the old man made to conceal the picture among the papers.

'Ah!' she said, with a sigh and a warm smile, 'you were indeed thinking of me, dear Mr. Mertoun. Do not put it aside—nay, do not, I beseech you!' and laying her hand on his arm she took the miniature from between his fingers and gazed at it in silence for some minutes. At length she returned it to the old man, and fixing her soft eyes full on his face, she said in a low but firm voice—'She was very unhappy.'

'She was, my daughter,' replied the clergyman, in tones which showed much more agitation on his part than on that of the first speaker—'she was, but God's mercy and her own consciousness of duty painfully performed, enabled her to endure her sorrows patiently, if not cheerfully; and she was blest in this at least, the cause of much happiness to others.'

The girl's face lightened at first, and her whole countenance was full of earnest attention; but ere he had ceased speaking, it was evident that her thoughts were engrossed by one dominant idea, and that his latter words were spoken to ears that neither heard nor heeded him.

As he ended, however, she again looked up quickly in his face, and said—

'Duty!—duty!—are you so sure that was duty?'

'She thought so; at least, Evelyn; and she was as wise as she was good and gentle.'

'I do not know,' answered the girl, with a strong emphasis. 'Duty, to make herself, and another beside herself, miserable for a lifetime—do not mine eyes look on the misery even now, which that duty, as you call it, created? Duty, to give herself to one man, when her heart was full of love for another—duty, to swear before the altar—'

'Daughter,' the old man interrupted her, solemnly, 'she swore to nothing which she did not resolve to do—which, by the aid of the Most High, she did not succeed in doing. If that self-sacrifice, in this world, be duty, then was it duty to which she devoted—'

'Two victims!' the girl interrupted him. 'Herself, perhaps, she was justified in devoting; another she had no right to devote to life-long anguish.'

'Evelyn!—Evelyn!—I grieve to see you thus; I had hoped you were resigned—contented. Tell me, what means this passion—this strange visit, so untimely, on your wedding morning?'

'Ay! she exclaimed, putting her hands up to her forehead and parting the rich curls of hair which had fallen forward a little over her eyes. 'Ay! that is it, my wedding morning! But I have no time to lose, father—not a moment—it may be they have missed me already.'

I stole away while the girls were in the garden gathering my bridal wreath; for they have guarded me of late that I should not consult with you.'

'My child!—my poor child! it is too late for consultation,' replied the priest, sorrowfully. 'Nothing is left to thee but to do thy duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call thee.'

'Never!' she answered, resolutely. 'Never! I may die, but I never will be the wife of Andrew Mildmay!'

'Why did you then consent, Evelyn?—and whence this late repugnance?'

'They have deceived me—led to me! I consented; and what consent is that wrung from a helpless girl by persecution such as I have suffered?—it is that they swore to me that Henry Fitzosborne was no longer of the living.'

'The old man started, vehemently moved. 'And is he,' he exclaimed, 'is he yet of the living?'

'At least,' she answered, mastering apparently some emotion by an effort, 'he is not of the dead. They had no tidings of his death when they swore to me that they knew him dead.'

'Alas! my poor child—my sweet Evelyn, you do deceive yourself. There is no hope—his ship was lost beyond all question, upon the savage coast of Barbary, whither even to escape is to perish—no soul was saved of all its gallant crew. There is no hope! They have not deceived you.'

'There are no tidings, it may be, that a soul was saved—but this I now know, that there are none that *all* were lost, and he, above all, as they swore to me.'

'Is it your last say, my Evelyn? Alas, it is a frail one. And I, they say, who told you this, are no true friends to you.'

'The truest, since they have saved me from the guilt of perjury. Who shall save those who swore that they knew him dead?'

'It was a pious fraud, my daughter. There was no doubt, not a shadow of it, that he perished with the rest; and that they were well assured, of who swore as they did, hoping so to spare you years of that hope deferred which maketh the soul sick unto death. You must be patient, Evelyn.'

'Patient!—I have been patient till patience hath become a crime, and rebellion virtue and piety. Is this your piety—yours, Norman Mertoun? Have you grown so much into the fashion of the time?—have you so far contracted the doctrines of our court and king, that you can lend your sanction to such juggling? A pious fraud! Heaven save the mark, I shall hear you preach next, I suppose, on mental reservation, and no faith to be kept with unbelievers.'

'The thin, pale cheek of the old man flushed fiery red at her reproach, and he replied, sorrowfully—

'You do me wrong; you do me great wrong, Evelyn.'

'Say, rather, you do yourself great wrong, Mr. Mertoun. But hear me, I have but ten words to say, and scarcely time to say them. You know all that has befallen me from my cradle; you know, my sweet, sainted mother, suffered; you know, Mr. Mertoun, all that you suffer now for love of that angel, whom the tyranny of others, and her own misguided sense of duty, severed you while on earth. Shall you be joined in Heaven? Man cannot answer that; and if he could, it is a weary time to wait, for who loathes earth and pants to die as others pray to live? You know—for in your hearing was it uttered—that her last entreaty was that her Evelyn, unhappy I never should be compelled or solicited to wed a man whom I loved not. You know—for in your presence was it signed—that not she only, but my father also, were consenting to my betrothal with Henry Fitzosborne. Knowing all this; knowing that the tidings of his death are a false pretext for hurrying on this hateful union; knowing that I detest the man to whom they are about to wed me; knowing all this, I ask you, Norman Mertoun—*you*, who should have been my father, can you, and will you save me from these detested nuptials?'

'Evelyn, I cannot.'

'Remember this, he is not dead. If he return in life and claim me, had I not, one, but twenty living husbands, I will leave all and cleave unto him only. In God's eyes he is my husband; man cannot put us asunder.'

'One word, Evelyn. Is he alive?'

'As God is my judge, I believe he is.'

'Can you prove it?'

'Now, I cannot.'

'There was a pause—a long, breathless, agonizing pause. It was broken, at length, by the young girl asking, again—

'Can you save me?'

'Alas! he answered, 'I cannot.'

'Then I will save myself,' she replied, arising to go. 'But first tell me, will not a contract, signed and sealed between two parties, and the parents of those parties, suffice to bar the solemnization of another marriage?'

'If both the parties were in life, present, and willing, assuredly it would.'

'And not otherwise?'

'I fear, not otherwise.'

'You fear?'

'Alas, Evelyn, I am certain.'

'And were those two parties of the contract present, and willing, would you unite them, in despite of man's forbidding?'

'If there were no just impediment, it were my duty so to do; I could not refuse.'

'God help me, then, as I will help myself,' she added. 'And now, Mr. Mertoun, forget that I have visited you this morning, and remember all that you said this morning; and now, farewell, and God bless you; pray for me—pray for me, I do beseech you, for on the next three hours, and what in them falls out, rest all my hopes of happiness on this side Heaven.'

'Farewell, my child, and may God bless you. Most surely will I pray for you, and that with my whole soul, child of my buried love; but oh! for my sake, Evelyn, and for God's sake, do nothing rashly.'

'At least,' she replied, 'I will do nothing wrongly,' and she pressed her soft, warm lips upon the white brow of the old priest, and leaving his study without another word, hurried across the churchyard homeward.

Hour after hour passed, and still the merry peals rang gaily out from the old gray tower; and as the day wore onward towards noon, the village girls, with garlands on their heads and voices in their bosoms, might be seen gathering in a gay circle round the old arch of the

village church; and the young peasantry, all in their best array, were collecting on the green without, while ever and anon, on horseback or on foot, the yeomanry of the neighborhood and the retainers of the family came thronging in to swell the jovial concourse.

At length high noon clanged from the turret, and ere long on the outskirts of the crowd, under the huge old oaks, the cry was heard, 'They are coming!' and shortly afterwards the roll of wheels and the thick trampling of horsehoofs announced the bridal company.

A train of mounted servants in green coats, with white favors at their button-holes and in their hats, led the van, and then a choice band of the young gentry of the neighborhood, splendidly horsed and gorgeously attired, rode gallantly along, the escort of the bride. Two of the heavy lumbering carriages of the day followed, the foremost carrying the lovely Evelyn de Lacy, with her attendant maidens, radiant in beauty, and resplendent with many veils and orange wreaths, and all the bright paraphernalia emblematical of maiden purity and nuptial promise. In the second sat, *tele-a-tele*, the stern old baronet, Walter de Lacy, and the intended husband of his sweet Evelyn, the young lord Andrew Mildmay. He was a heavy, coarse, dull-looking man, whose splendid garb sat ill on his ungainly figure; but coarse and heavy as were his form and face, the mind within was yet coarser and more earthy.

And men, even the rude peasantry, muttered among themselves that it was foul shame, and girls shuddered as they thought of the surrender, the sacrifice of a creature so pre-eminently, spiritually lovely, to so mean an animal as the Lord Andrew Mildmay. And one or two of the better class of yeomanry might have been heard muttering among themselves that it would have been a bitter day for Henry Fitzosborne, had he been of the living.

'And who says he is not of the living?' cried a loud cheery voice, just as the cavalcade came up to the church-gates.

'Why all the world says so, Jim Fairfax,' replied one of the first speakers.

'Then all the world *lies*,' answered the other, a fine, stout, well-made young man; 'and you'll see as much ere the day be an hour older.'

'Hush! hush! the bride! sweet Mistress Evelyn, God bless her!'

'Then rose a loud and hearty cheer, to which the fair young girl responded by a bow of her graceful head, with the color flashing crimson to brow, cheek, and neck, as she mounted the steps to the church door, where the good vicar awaited her anxiously with a wondering and wistful eye.

But, though she had become quite pale again, no traces of that strong emotion which had so shaken her in the morning was now visible; she was the calmest, and, though gravest, the most self-possessed of the party. But Mertoun observed that she cast no glance towards the bridegroom, nor none towards her father, as, in the midst of her fair bride-maidens, she ascended the old chancel overhung by the bannered trophies of her house.

And now the parties were assembled around God's holy altar, and the solemn ceremonial was commenced.

Still Evelyn's eye was calm, and her manner steady and resolute; though, as the service proceeded, the old vicar might perceive that she looked eagerly and often toward the door, round which the village throng had gathered in dense ranks.

Impressed with an idea that she desired, he knew not why, to protract the time, the good old man read slowly; and wondrously impressive were the words of that most beautiful and touching ceremonial, as recited by the clear and sonorous tones of Norman Mertoun's voice.

Still sentence after sentence proceeded; and if she had expected any interruption, none came, and Evelyn's eye began to assume a wild and terrified expression.

Now he had reached the solemn adjuration, and marvelously powerful and striking was the emphasis of his voice as he pronounced aloud the words, 'Let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace!'

He paused; and there was a deep and breathless silence, and every heart appeared to recoil on itself, trembling and expectant.

He had time to resume the ceremonial, and the outward crowd had heard a sound, like home's hoof on hard-frozen ground.

And instantly a wild and thrice repeated cheer hailed the new comer. The quick step of a clanging boot and spur on the pavement followed, the crowd opened, and in the archway, thinner and darker than he was wont to look of yore, but in full life and strength, Henry Fitzosborne stood alone, but resolved and dauntless.

The face of Evelyn was crimson, and she clasped both her hands upon her heart, as if to quell its throbbing, but she spoke not a word.

Then Norman Mertoun, foreseeing what was about to come, repeated the solemn words he had just uttered; but now with a peculiar emphasis that made every bosom thrill, which was within the reach of any human feeling.

Then, doffing his plumed hat with his left hand, and stepping one full pace forward into the body of the church, Henry Fitzosborne lifted his right toward Heaven, and exclaimed, solemnly and slowly—

'In the name of the Most High God, I forbid it! She is my wife, before God and before man—as such I claim her!'

There was a moment of strange confusion; voices were raised angrily, and hands laid up on sword-hilts, among the youthful partisans of either claimant—for now that Henry stood alive in the centre of his neighbors, he lacked not many and staunch friends—but the loud words of the old baronet, commanding the priest to proceed with the service, for that interruption was of no account and vain, overpowered all the rest.

But at that instant, as silence was restored, shaking off all her maidenly fears, Evelyn stepped a little forward from her bride-maidens, and said clearly, so that all could hear her—

'It needs not—for I say now, that which at all events I should have said a few minutes later, I will not have Lord Andrew Mildmay for my wedded husband! Witness, all men, my words, for I was given by my father and mother, three years since, to this man, Henry Fitzosborne, as his wife; and if he hold to me, him will I have, and none other.'

At the same instant, Henry Fitzosborne stood forward from the door, his steel-sheathed broadsword clanging on the pavement, and

now, for the first time, all present observed that he wore a foreign uniform; and the Lord Andrew Mildmay, bowing deeply to the lady, turned on his heel and moved, as if to leave the church.

But then Sir Walter de Lacy cried out, angrily—'My lord!—my lord! what mean you? Will you do my daughter this dishonor, to leave her standing at the altar?'

'Faith,' replied he, not appearing to relish the idea of a contest with Fitzosborne, 'I think the lady has left me; and it comporteth not with my dignity to press a suit on an unwilling maiden.'

And without another word, he departed from the church, followed by his friends, and taking his horse, rode sullenly away to his father's castle.

A long conversation followed in the same study of the small vicarage wherein Evelyn's morning visit had been paid to the good priest, and by his means it was chiefly, aided, it must be confessed, by the disclosure of strange things which were falling out in England, that the old baronet consented to the celebration of his daughter's nuptials on the same day, with the same bridal train, in the same nuptial garb—with no change, in a word, but that of the bridegroom's name to her old true love, brave and good Henry Fitzosborne.

Scarce had they left the church, when the sheriff of the county, escorted by a troop of Dutch dragons, and followed by the flower of the noblemen and gentlemen of Kent, rode up on the village green, and proclaimed—James the Second having abdicated the throne—William the Third, and Mary, by the grace of God, king and queen of Great Britain.

The same day, and the same event gave happiness to Evelyn de Lacy and liberty to merry England. Long may they both enjoy the boon! Such was the prayer of all who loved, and they were all who knew, the lady.

## SLAVES.

They are slaves who fear to speak  
For the fallen and the weak;  
They are slaves who will not choose  
Hatred, scolding, and abuse,  
Rather than in silence shrink  
From the truth they needs must think;  
They are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

## REMARKABLE ATTACHMENT IN A DOG.

The wife of a coalheaver, in Moor-lane, being taken ill a short time ago, a spaniel dog, belonging to the husband, manifested the most extraordinary sympathy for the poor woman, by taking up his station at the foot of the bed, and occasionally emitting a low melancholy howl. The wife died, and the animal's grief redoubled. Taking by the coffin a similar position to that which he had occupied in the sick chamber, he refused to quit his post, even for food, and would have been hanged to death if his meals had not been brought to the room where the deceased was laid prior to the interment. On the day of the funeral the dog followed the mourners to church, and could not be ejected without considerable difficulty. Nothing more was seen or heard of him until the same evening, when he was heard scratching for admittance, about twelve, at his old master's door. On ingress being afforded the faithful brute was found covered with soil, and appeared greatly fatigued. It transpired next morning that he had visited the grave, and displaced a considerable quantity of the earth in his attempts to reach the coffin. He refused food, and is literally dying by inches from his affectionate solicitude for his late mistress.

[Preston (Eng.) Pilot.]

HORSE TAMING.—A horse tamer named Offutt has created quite a sensation in Columbus, (Ga.) by some of his feats. The Democrat thus records one of them:

'Col. James C. Holland has a wild foolish animal that would never suffer him while riding to come near the tap of a drum. He was slow to believe that Mr. O. could do anything with her, but it took only a few moments for the latter to enter the stable, and saddle the filly, and cause her to follow him quietly out, he beating a drum a few paces in advance. He then mounted, with the drum in his hand, beat the same while on horseback, then dismounted and tied up the reins, causing this now docile animal to follow him like a well trained soldier at the sound of the music, and obedient to every word. This and other experiments were witnessed by several citizens to their entire satisfaction.'

THE POPE AND HIS SUBJECTS.—Since the year 1434, four hundred and fifteen years ago, no Pope, till now, has been compelled to fly from Rome and the Romans; though, in the Middle Ages, this spectacle was by no means rare. From his lurking place at Gaeta, on the borders of the kingdom of Naples, the present pope is sending proclamations to his subjects, who stabbed his prime minister Rossi, on the public square, and who shot his secretary, Cardinal Alba, in the Quirinal, at his side. He now threatens them, with the terrors of interdict and excommunication; but these old thunders of the Vatican have lost their once dreadful peal, and will scarcely startle the ears of the Romans, unless their reverberations are echoed by the roll of the Austrian drums or the French artillery. Yet, even if foreign bayonets could put him back into Rome, it is improbable that they could keep him there, except by continued foreign occupancy of the Eternal City. At the onset, the Romans, and all the Italians, would have had the Pope place himself at the head of the democratic movement; and since it is found that this he neither can do, nor will do, they are for a Pope no more. As a sample of the way in which the Romans have learned to talk to 'his Holiness,' we give the following from the Journal called *Il Popolano*:

'Fly, hapless Pope, thou symbol of slavery! from blooming freedom! Fly, last of apostates, and first of despots, from the country thou hast betrayed, from the people thou hast deceived, and from the seat of Catholicism, which thou wouldst make the seat of criminal intrigues, the seat of corruption, the support of wretched thrones. Fly, thou king of the Jesuits, thou man of pious fraud and selfish deeds—thou dove without thunder, thou king without crown, and apostle without faith, thou betrayer traitor! Fly to the dens of the Lombard king, or to those of the hangman of Vienna, or to the protection of the sullen and perfidious shop-woman of the Thames! Coil yourself, reaching from the Caucasus to China, the easier to the hunters of kings will your destructible be!'—[Traveller.]

CROPS IN 1848.—In the forthcoming report of Mr. Burke, the U. States Commissioner of Patents, the total crops of the United States in '48 are estimated as follows: Wheat, 126,864,000 bushels; Barley, 6,220,000 do.; Oats, 185,500,000 do.; Rye, 32,962,500 do.; Buckwheat, 12,538,000 do.; Indian Corn, 598,150,000 do.; Potatoes, 114,475,000 do.; Hay, 15,735,000 tons; Hemp, 20,330 do.; rolls of Tobacco, 218,909,000; Cotton, 1,066,000,000 lbs.; Rice, 119,199,500 do.; Sugar, 200,000,000 do.

A REASON FOR LACONICISM.—A person was remonstrating with a friend on the absurdity of following foppish fashions. 'They are really contemptible,' said he, 'and I am sure all who see you must think you ridiculous.' 'I don't value the opinion of the world,' answered the irritated fop, 'I laugh at those who think me ridiculous.' 'Then you must be the merriest man alive,' was the reply.

What Tully says of war may be applied to disputing; it should always be so managed, as to remember that the only true end of it is peace; but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

## TO THE HUSBAND.

Speak kindly to her. Little does she know  
What utter wretchedness, what hopeless woe  
Hang on those bitter words, that stern reply  
The cold demeanor, and reproving eye.  
The death steel pierces not with tender darts  
Than unkind words in woman's trusting heart.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.—The destruction of the tea at Boston is familiar to all. It is not so generally known that we had in N. Jersey a little affair of our own, of the same kind. The captains of the tea ships, destined for Philadelphia, did not deem it safe to land their cargoes there, and most of them returned to England. One, however, in the brig Grayhound, ventured up the Cohoes, and discharged at Greenwich, a quiet little village, in the county of Cumberland, where a popular outbreak was never dreamed of. The tea was landed without resistance, and deposited in the cellar of a house fronting the market place. But on the 22nd of November, 1774, about forty men assembled in the dusk of the evening, deliberately took possession of the tea, removed the chests from the cellar, piled them up in an adjoining field, and made a bonfire of them.

We are indebted to one of our venerable vice presidents, Col. Robert G. Johnson, for the names of many of these ardent and resolute patriots. One of them was the late Ebenezer Elmer, father of the Hon. Lucius Q. C. Elmer, of Bridgeton; another was Richard Howell, afterward Governor of the State; a third was James Ewing, a father of the distinguished Chief Justice of New Jersey; and a fourth the Rev. Andrew Hunter—a man as distinguished for his piety as his patriotism, and who was a chaplain in the American army during the whole of the Revolutionary war. His second wife was the daughter of Richard Stockton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one of his sons became Attorney General of the state.

Suits were brought in the Supreme Court, by the owners of the



## POETRY.

## SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently!—It is better far  
To rule by love, than fear—  
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar  
The good we might do here!

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low  
The words that true hearts bind;  
And gently friendship's accents flow,  
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!  
Its love be sure to gain;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild—  
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear—  
Pass through life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the care-worn heart,  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,  
Let no harsh tone be heard;  
They have enough they must endure,  
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know,  
They may have sinned in vain,  
Perchance unkindness made them so—  
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently! He who gave his life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were force with strife  
Said to them, "Peace, be still!"

Speak gently!—'Tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

## Clippings.

**WORK AND LEARN.**—When the late Governor Phillips was in college, owing to some boyish freak, he quit his studies and went home. His father was a grave man, of a sound mind, strict judgment and of few words. He inquired into the matter, but deferred expressing any opinion until the next day. At breakfast, he said, speaking to his wife—

"My dear, have you any tow cloth suitable to make Sam a frock and trousers?"

She replied "Yes."

Samuel kept pace with his father as he walked near the common, and at length, ventured to ask—

"What are you going to do with me father?"

"I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith," replied his father, "take your choice: return to college or you must work."

"I had rather return," said the son. He did return, confessed his fault, was a good scholar, and became a respectable man.

If all parents were like Mr. Phillips, the students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a plentiful supply of blacksmiths.

**MR. CLAYTON AND MR. CRITTENDEN.**—The long agony respecting the connection of these gentlemen with the new Cabinet, seems at length to be over. It is announced by the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, under date of the 21st of Feb., that Mr. Clayton's formal acceptance of the office of Secretary of State had been that day communicated to General Taylor, by telegraph, and that his resignation had already been transmitted to the Legislature of Delaware, and would be laid before the Senate on Friday, at which time he would retire from that body.

In regard to Mr. Crittenden, the same authority says—"Letters have been received from confidential parties in General Taylor's suite, dated on the day of the offer of the Department of State to Mr. Crittenden, which represent that he had decidedly and positively declined."

**THE MORRISTES.**—These people are increasing in numbers rapidly, both in the neighborhood of Camden and Somerstown, and intend, in the spring of the year to emigrate and colonize in California. They have arranged to hire the use of four or five vessels for their own immediate conveyance to the Western world, not being desirous of intermixing with persons distinct from their own sect. On their arrival in the settlement above named, they intend to pursue their route to the "Valley of the Salwaer Lake," enter upon farms, and encourage agriculture. They "hold all things in common" among themselves, and are strictly bound by the ties of fraternalism and socialism. Many thereabout have disposed of their furniture and the leases of their houses, to raise money for the voyage.—[Lond. Globe.

**A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.**—A very remarkable case in medical science has transpired, which will prove interesting to the profession, as well as an object of curiosity. A lady residing in Locust street, named Flaherty, who has been sick for a long period of time, and was treated for various diseases, such as heart complaint, spinal irritation, etc., was relieved of the cause of her physical distress but a few days ago, by medicine administered by Dr. Solomon Hays, which expelled a tape worm fifty-two and a half feet long. This monster was exhibited to us yesterday, and it certainly is a formidable looking foe to health. It is preserved in a glass jar, and is really an object of curiosity. We do not know the nature of the medicine that was given, but we learn that four table spoonful of it, like a search warrant, found the enemy, dislodged him from his position, and made him vacate the premises instantly.—[Philad. Ledger.

**SEVERE WEATHER IN NOVA SCOTIA.**—A letter from Halifax, dated 18th inst., states that the streets were impassable, owing to a snow storm on the 14th, considered the worst since the year 1788. Halifax harbor was closed by ice, and was expected to remain so for some time. On the 15th, the steamer Margaret forced a passage through the ice, proceeded below and returned.

The Halifax correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser says, under the date of 21st—

"Our harbor has been frozen over since Tuesday night, 18th inst. Vessels arrived since that date have had to anchor below, till a channel was cut by the elements in harbor so as to allow their progress up to the wharves. Our roads are impassable. The like, as regards snow storms, drift, and continued severity is not in the recollection of our inhabitants generally, the last fifty years."

**MR. WEBSTER'S PROJECT.**—The correspondent of the Journal of Commerce thus explains Mr. Webster's project for a Government in California—

"Mr. Webster's project substantially proposes, that the President be authorized to hold possession of California and New Mexico, and to employ for that purpose the Navy and the Army of the United States. It also provides that the judicial authority be vested in persons whom the President may appoint, to the end

that the people be protected in the enjoyment of civil and religious liberty—provided that martial law shall not be enforced except in regard to ordering courts martial: that this act shall remain in force till the end of the next session of Congress, unless previously repealed, and that ——— dollars be appropriated to defray the expenses."

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAR. 1.

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, Feb. 26, 1869.

**Friend Maxham:**—On the eve of the 22d, the Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association celebrated their 28th anniversary by an address and poem at the Masonic Temple, which was filled to overflowing. The address was by J. M. W. Yerrington, late of the 'Excelsior,' and the poem by A. J. H. Duganne, now a resident of Philadelphia; both of whom were formerly active members and are now honorary members of the Association. I never passed a pleasanter evening in my life, than I did in listening to the exercises. To say that the address was a finished and highly creditable production, would be scarcely doing it justice. It was not one of those inflated, insipid things, like some I could name, before certain literary societies; but it was dignified yet energetic, close reasoning yet eloquent, and it probed deeply yet justly. It was upon Life, and it was well fitted to instruct; in fact, it was everything that those who know the writer could anticipate, and his friends were not disappointed in their desires and expectations. The Poet is so well known that he needs no praise from me, as his poetry speaks the man, and on his occasion he sustained his well earned reputation. At the close of the meeting, the Hon. Samuel T. Armstrong made some remarks, and concluded by saying that he was authorized to offer two hundred and fifty dollars, in premiums for the six best essays that should be written by members of this Association, on "The use and advantages of the observance of the Sabbath day to the Mechanic." This sum is to be awarded thus: one hundred dollars for the best, fifty for the second best, forty, thirty, twenty, and ten dollars for each of the others, according to their merits. This Association is composed exclusively of Mechanic Apprentices; they have a library of near 4000 volumes, a reading room, where all the city papers may be found, and very many from various parts of the country, likewise all the standard magazines of the day. These are open twice a week, for one dollar a year. They have in the winter a course of lectures, besides an elocution class, at the meetings of which they debate, declaim, write essays, and have lectures delivered by themselves often. To prove its usefulness, I need but point to those I have mentioned, and to a Slack, of the 'Excelsior,' who proves by his weekly labors the advantages of it. And I am glad to say that the public think so too, from the encouragement bestowed upon a Drew, of the 'Christian Citizen,' a co-partner of the Learned Blacksmith—a Stodder, and hosts of others who are scattered from California to the ends of the earth—all proving the advantages of an intellectual institution like this to elevate labor through the laborer.

Last week I chronicled the commencement of the operation of the Dog Laws. After a slaughter of four days, however, their Honors got humanized enough to reconsider them, and now the dogs are not afraid to walk the streets without their masters. There were 192 killed, so you see there was some good done; not I mean, that it lessens the dangers of hydrophobia in the least, but the fact is, we have a surplus, and can well spare them. For my part, I do not believe there has been a single case of hydrophobia in this city. I do not like to spoil that very harrowing story, you published last week, about a case of death caused by the bite of a mad dog, but if a person who has worked with the man that died is to be believed, the dog would never have bitten him, nor would he have died mad, had he been a tetallier. My informant says he has no doubt that the man had a dread of water; in fact he always had; and if that is a criterion, he thinks he had been mad for some time before his death. But of course it is very gratifying to his family to have the world believe he died of hydrophobia.

I was mistaken in naming Gov. Briggs as a speaker at a temperance meeting, a fortnight ago; my informant, I have since found out, meant Hon. Amasa Walker, who spoke on that occasion. The Governor, at that time, was suddenly called home to his family, on account of sickness.

A new feature is to be introduced at the Taylor-Ball, next Monday evening, at South Boston, which is singing; a glee club is to sing between the dances. This is a very pleasing combination, and I doubt not will become popular.

All interest seems to centre in the movements of our President elect. As he has arrived at Washington, all who are in favor of rotation in office will of course have a disinterested interview with the General. I called at the Whig Reading Room, this morning, and found many who seemed to think that Hon. Geo. Evans would be Secretary of State; they had but faint hopes that Hon. Abbot Lawrence would get the office, in fact some give it up entirely.

For the last four or five days, we have had it rather warmer, so much so as to completely destroy all our sleighing. Our streets are in a most horrid condition. The very fact of its

being warmer seems to fill every one with buoyancy, and the effect upon business is plainly perceptible. It makes one feel all the poetry of spring time, just to have a little warm weather, if it is but for a short time.

We are having alarms of fire, I was going to say, the whole time; within the past thirty-six hours, we have had no less than five alarms, the most of them being incendiary attempts. Last week, during the same time, we had six, and we are having about two a day now. But, thanks to the waters of Cochituate, it is impossible to have a large fire now, as hydrants are scattered so thickly that water can be brought to bear against a fire in all directions, and with such a force that a fire engine is scarce one fourth as powerful.

I stated, the other day, that about a hundred were going to Washington to attend the Inauguration; this was with the understanding that the fare on and back was to be reduced one half; but the gentleman who had charge of it cannot as yet get a reduction of this kind, so it is doubtful if many go. Heretofore there has been no difficulty in making such an arrangement as this and every one expected there would be none at this time.

## ZIGZAG.

## [For the Eastern Mail.] THE GOLD FEVER.

"Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,  
When Gold and Silver beck me to come on."  
[SHAKESPEARE.]

Your correspondent, "Adios," in the Mail of Feb. 8th, suggested to the writer a few reflections on the subject of his communication, which ought properly to have found a place in the paper which followed.

"Adios" conjures up "fearful shapes," to shake their skinny fingers at the California emigrants, and although we can but coincide with him in considering a journey to that distant region extremely hazardous, we must beg leave to differ in regard to the objections.

"Adios" calls the climate of the *Placer* dangerous, but accounts do not verify the assertion; and any one who is familiar with California will so inform him. Mr. Atherton, who has just returned from thence, has recently been lecturing in New York: "The climate," he says, "is not unhealthy, being as good or even better than that of the valley of the Mississippi or of the State of Illinois." It is very natural for any one unacquainted with the country of Upper California, to infer that the climate is like that, which in the valley of the Rio Grande swept off our soldiers like a pestilence; but that this is an entirely erroneous view can be easily proved.

It does not strengthen the position of "Adios" to allude to the fact, that vessels sometimes advertise that an "experienced surgeon" will accompany the ship; for without any regard to the climate at the place of destination, it would be great folly for a ship load of emigrants to make a voyage like that around the Horn, occupying as it does from four to six months, without being furnished with a physician, or one well qualified to act as one. It is not because the climate of California is unhealthy, that vessels thus advertise, but because there is great danger of sickness on the voyage. Scurvy, and the like, are the usual pests of a long voyage, and from these horrible diseases the surgeon is a tolerable safeguard.

It is difficult to foretell the result of this extraordinary emigration; but if we can judge by the character of the men who are flowing thither from this section of the country, it will not be unreasonable to expect the growth of a powerful state in an unprecedented space of time—a city rivaling New York in importance: and wealth will spring up like an exhalation, and the left arm of American commerce will rule the western world.

"Adios" may regard this as a fanciful view, but he may live to see the realization of these prognostications. AURIFODINA.

## TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL.

The anniversary of the 22d of February was observed by Ticonic Division of the Sons of Temperance, in Waterville, by a very agreeable festival at their Hall. An assembly of some two hundred ladies and gentlemen partook of refreshments, and listened to various intellectual exercises provided in the 'bill,' with a degree of social cordiality and kind feeling seldom called into exercise by the circulation of the wine-cup.

After prayer, by Rev. Mr. Thurston, and appropriate music by the choir, E. L. Getchell, Esq., a member of the Division, addressed the assembly. The close attention of the audience was a sufficient and well deserved compliment to the eloquence and practical good sense of the discourse. It gave evidence of coming from a heart deeply imbued with the spirit of the temperance enterprise, and familiar with the principles and object of the Order of the Sons of Temperance.

After the address, followed a social and very agreeable "spree" over the cakes, tarts, and wiches, fruits, nuts, &c., that told well for the genial inspiration of the accompanying beverage. It is not too much to say, that in this part of the entertainment ample justice was done, both to the guests and the viands. It was fully demonstrated that no beverage better acquires itself as a "relisher" than cold water.

Then followed the regular toasts: a little ardent in their spirit, but the only ardent spirit found essential to the entertainment.

This Anniversary—Sacredly associated with the greatest man and the greatest enterprise of any age.

Washington—A name sanctified in civil freedom—it continues a watchword in every moral enterprise.

The Order of the S. of T.—Day unto day uttereth speech and night unto night showeth knowledge of the need of its most vigorous labors.

The Rum-sellers—Men whose hearts the love of gain has turned to stone: may they be made to see the evil of their ways, and cease their abominable traffic.

Our Clergymen—While they are engaged in almost every good work, it is a matter of regret to us that their names are not enrolled

among those whom they acknowledge faithful and true.

The Gambler, the Rum-seller and the Drunkard—A trio that reminds us of the fox, the goose and the peck of corn.

Cold Water—A beverage never to be feared: it has harmed mankind but once, and then it took the pledge never to do it again.

The Older Mill—A spiritual subject, and therefore we greet it in an unknown tongue—"Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!"

Visiting Brothers—The bearers of glad tidings from a goodly land—our love for them is wonderful.

The Temperate Drinker—Like the whist player in the "nine-holes," his honors count him nothing.

Matrimony, between the 'Sons' and 'Daughters'—A 'Union' of hearts, and a 'Division' of cares and sorrows.

The Divisions in the Valleys of the Kennebec and Penobscot—Like those two noble rivers that roll their pure waters along in beauty and grandeur, until they embrace each other in the great ocean into which they both flow.

Rum-Drinkers—Slaves more to be pitied than the most degraded blacks at the South.

Our Motto—"Love, Purity and Fidelity."—A due regard to its spirit never subtracts from our numbers, but tends to multiply additions to our Division.

The Ladies—The alpha and omega of every moral enterprise—the entire alphabet to this festival.

Our Guests—Though we offer them cold water, we pledge ourselves never to accompany it with "cold shoulder."

Then followed, in response to the call of the Chair, the volunteer toasts, interspersed with music, remarks, and good "hits," till the proper hour for adjournment.

By Bro. T. O. Saunders. *The Orator of the Evening*—As eloquent in his works as in his words.

By Br. E. H. Piper. *Subordinate Divisions*—Firm fortresses, always garrisoned and ready for the enemy.

Our Choir—They can better sing their own praise than we can speak it.

By Br. W. Chipman. *The Treasurer*—Poor Chip—My best friend, elevated to his position by the confidence and trust reposed in him by the members of this Division, may he ever keep his integrity as safe as the funds of the Division, and love it as he does the fair, lasses and candy.

The Rum-seller—Brave, benevolent, honorable and generous—\* \* \*—brave enough to face the contempt of all men; benevolent at six cents a glass; honorable when he sells water for rum; and generous in proportion to the quantity of molasses he puts in his backstrap.

That Coat—He proves on examination to be no coat, but a bear, of the species called *bug*, and is found, not in the Division Room, but in the brains of nervous old ladies—of both sexes.

We regret that we cannot give more of the volunteer toasts, many of which were decidedly good. Time flew rapidly, and the "seasonable hour" arrived just in time to surprise most of the company. After the following sentiment,

The Memory of our late worthy and well beloved brother, William M. Phillips, had been received, a brother offered

Our Homes, and the delicate hint being taken, the company retired.

\* \* \* Some time since a communication was handed us from a gentleman in Sidney, purporting to be a reply to a personal attack upon individuals in that town, through the columns of the Cold Water Fountain. It claimed the privilege of making explanations and correcting erroneous imputations. We stated to the individual who handed it, that we had no wish to lend our columns to the controversy, but that the Fountain having made the attack, we had no doubt it would cheerfully give the party aggrieved the privilege of a hearing through the same columns and before the same readers.

We therefore declined publishing it, on the ground that it belonged to the Fountain, and not to us. In the Fountain of the following week we saw a notice of the reception of the communication, with a refusal to publish it, and an invitation to the writer to call and take it away!

Under these circumstances the article is again sent to us, with the implied query whether it shall finally be denied a hearing or not. We shall publish it—though somewhat objectionable in its length and in its spirit—in our next. We do not do this because we think it strictly incumbent upon us; but because when the editor of the Fountain declines to discharge an evident duty the cause of temperance suffers unless temperance men discharge it for him. While we believe with all our heart that the traffic in intoxicating liquors is inexcusable and without defence—wrong, all wrong and always wrong—wrong to the public, the buyer and the seller—we still pledge ourselves that the Mail shall always be as ready to repel the wrongs of the rum-seller and his friends, as those of the community he outrages. If he is attacked through our columns, he shall always have room to defend himself. Further—when we see him wronged we will defend him with our own pen, so far as our convictions or prejudices will permit. Our columns are open to the discussion of the entire temperance enterprise, and shall always remain so. If our own opinions differ with those of either party, they are offered our columns to correct us. If the moral character of our paper cannot stand on this ground, it will not stand on any.

**WEBSTER'S OPINION.** The following passage is from Mr. Webster's eulogy, upon the death of Hon. Jeremiah Mason, a distinguished member of the bar in Massachusetts. It will be difficult to find a more truthful and eloquent testimony in favor of the Christian religion.

"But, sir, political eminence and professional fame fade away and die, with all things earthly. Nothing of this character is really personal worth. They remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul itself, belongs to both worlds. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life. It points to another world. Political or professional fame cannot last forever, but a conscience void of offence before God and man, is an inheritance for eternity. Religion, therefore, is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it."

**MORE LIKE TRUTH.** We are glad to hear something from California that looks like unvarnished both sides of the subject. While we have never doubted that gold had been found in large quantities, we have felt convinced that there was extravagant misrepresentation in most of the accounts received. They are necessarily based upon mere reports there, and are of course magnified in their way here.

The following statements look to us as though they might be relied on.

**AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS FROM CALIFORNIA.** Capt. William D. Phelps, late of barque Moscow, of this port, arrived here from California via Panama, on Saturday morning. Capt. P. brings a quantity of the gold in grains, in scales, and lumps—the largest of the latter weighing about an ounce and a half. The amount of gold brought by him has been much overrated in the published accounts, though he brings a considerable quantity—much less, however, than the lowest amount stated (\$38,000).

As Capt. P. worked personally at the mines, which we believe was not the case with Mr. Atherton, his experience of the minutiae of the gold digging there is considerable. In the first place, as to the piece of gold that he has seen it is in the possession of Mr. Mellus, and weighs but six ounces. He heard numerous stories at the mines of a large piece weighing several pounds; he went to see it, found that its weight was only two ounces, and that it was the proceeds of an entire day's work.

As to the stories that the diggers were many of them averaging \$150 per day, he thinks

Religion is the tie that connects man with his creator and binds him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death. A man of no sense of religious duties is he whom the scriptures describe—in such terse but terrific manner—as living "without God in the world." Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far away, from the purposes of his creation.

**OHIO BLACK LAWS.** The Ohio House of Representatives has concurred in the amendment to the repeal of the "black laws." We know not definitely the features of the old code, but if the bill now passed is an improvement of the condition of the negro, that code must have well deserved the name of "black law." If the blacks of Ohio have not cause to pray to be "saved from their friends," we know but little of their past history.

The State Journal gives the following synopsis of the bill now passed.

Section 1st provides for the creation of distinct school districts for colored children, and creates the office of trustees for them.

Sec. 2d provides for the election of trustees by the colored tax payers.

Sec. 3d dedicates the taxes paid by colored persons exclusively to the support of colored schools.

Sec. 4th provides that the districts for colored persons shall be considered distinct bodies politic.

Sec. 5th defines who shall be deemed to be colored.

Sec. 6th repeals all laws creating disabilities or conferring privileges on account of color.

The blacks under this law have not the right to sit on juries, or the benefit of the poor laws.

Sympathy for the colored race—generated by the abominations of slavery—is becoming so popular, that unless the free negroes are on their guard against false friends, they will find themselves in a worse condition than their brethren in bonds. They should beware of legislation. The less it has to do with their rights—distinct from the rights of all—the better for them. When the negro is made a negro by law, he has not even the resort of the vices of the white man to make him anything but a negro. When even straight hair and a white skin do not give him place or privilege among white men, because law makes him a "colored" man, to what shall he look for annihilation of the prejudice against his race? When his education even must be marked as "colored" education, and the white man's poor-house be shut against him, to what shall he look for anything but his present degradation? Even in crime he is to be judged by those whose complexion makes them his natural enemies, and the statute book must be searched to see that he gets no sympathy from blood that descended from his ancestors. We say, if this is an improvement upon the old code, may God forgive the white legislators of Ohio for the past, and secure the negroes of that state from any more "amendment."

**BIGOTRY.** The Rev. Dr. Bushnell has the following pungent sentiment touching that deluded being the bigot. Those who approve it should bear in mind that we have political and moral as well as religious bigots—and that they always have a peculiar sharp tooth for each other.

"What will God, in his justice, more surely give up to delusion than the sanctimonious bigotry that crucifies an error and hugs a sin? The worst of all heretics is the man of loose practice. The best defence of purity is never to cast out of a church, never to withhold the acknowledgment of brotherhood for any kind of opinion which does not destroy the confidence of character. By their fruits ye shall know them."

"As the presence and righteousness of Lot failed to save Sodom from destruction, we have little faith that the example and influence of the editor of the Eastern Mail will produce a more favorable result for Waterville; and though there may be little danger of his becoming (like Lot's spouse) salt, we shouldn't wonder if, in his endeavors to sustain the rum-fies, he became somewhat *corned*."

Well said, brother; and we are truly sorry for your doubts for us and Waterville; but as the squalling of a goose once saved imperial Rome, we have full faith that the village of Gardiner needs none of our watchcare—though we admit we are in as much danger of becoming "salt," or "corn," or "Lot's wife," as the "Reverend Freeman Yates" is of hearing any likeness to Lot himself.

**FARMERS WOULD DO WELL IN CALIFORNIA.** The climate is such that green peas can be had every month in the year. The country affords every inducement to those who desire to go there, without regard to the gold excitement. About the Sierra Nevada there is plenty of oak, pine and cypress, of good quality. Lumber is worth \$100 per M. The route which Mr. A. took was from San Blas to Vera Cruz by way of the city of Mexico. The stage fare is \$110 dollars.

In regard to persons going out gold hunting, Mr. A. said he would not advise any man to go to California who is doing well here. The inconveniences will be very great. There will be many privations and difficulties, but to such as have good health, who are accustomed to labor, and are doing nothing here, or laying up nothing, I say by all means go to California.

The emigration to California has made a demand for books on that country. Appleton & Co., of N. York, have published two. The first is by Edwin Bryant, late Alcalde of San Francisco, entitled, "What I saw in California." He went from Louisville, Ky., to Independence, Mo., and thence to California by the emigrant route and south pass of the Rocky Mountains. He gives a true picture, and all who think of going overland, may know beforehand what they will experience, if they read the book. The other book is made up from the official reports of Col. Fremont and Maj. Emery; a reliable work, giving an account of the geographical, agricultural, geological and mineralogical features of the country and the route from Fort Leavenworth to California.

**ANECDOTES.** A rough countryman asked Dr. Belknap if he really believed there was such a man as Job. The doctor took the Bible and asked him to read—

"There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job."

"You see the Bible says so," said the doctor.

"So it does," drawled out the man, "and I don't know anything to the contrary."

"Neither do I," said the doctor—and thus

that those that done the best, have not obtained more than \$3000 during the entire digging season. The hours of work were from five to ten hours per day. Formerly, the Indians were willing to work for a trifle, but they have since become better acquainted with the value of their toil. They are principally the remnants of tribes, and are not formidable.

But one case of disorder occurred before Capt. P. left. It was that of a negro who insulted a Mormon woman. The people turned out, caught the negro, tied him to a tree, gave him a good lashing, and then turned him loose, with a threat of a rifle ball if he misbehaved again.

The inhabitants of California, Capt. P. says, are anxious to maintain order; but they can hardly do it in any other way than by Lynch law, until some regular government is established.

When several companies of Col. Mason's Regiment deserted to the mines, a file of soldiers were sent after them, who in their turn deserted. Col. Mason then started with a file of dragoons, called the miners together, and told them that if they expected the countenance of the Government, they must help him to arrest deserters. To this they replied that if there was any refugees from justice among them, they were willing to turn out and help arrest them, but their time was too precious to be occupied in running after deserters. After this, Col. Mason was glad to get back with half his dragoons.

Agriculture has been so totally neglected, that a man who had a field containing 15,000 bushels of wheat, could not get it harvested, though he offered half the products, and was obliged to let his cattle eat it. Women and children, as well as their husbands and fathers, had become gold diggers. Capt. Phelps' opinion as to the success of expeditions daily starting from this country, is that it will depend upon the manner of their organization. There is no doubt, he says, of there being considerable quantities of gold in California, but there is gross exaggeration in the matter.

Letters had appeared in the papers from persons who had no existence in California, and in respect to vessels that had never been there.

Captain Phelps looks hearty and healthy, and bears no marks of a toilsome voyage from the other side of the world.—[Post Trav.

**GOLDEN FACTS.** A correspondent of the Portland Advocate, who attended in N. York, the lecture of Mr. Atherton, who has recently returned from California, writes as follows:

"Mr. A. said the soil is generally good, and capable of producing the ordinary grains. The climate is healthy, though along the banks of some of the rivers fever and ague is somewhat prevalent. It is more healthy than the state of Illinois. When the weather is warm it is not weakening to the system as it is in the southern states. In regard to the gold region, it covers a space 300 by 1000 miles, and the precious metal is so abundant that 100,000 diggers would not exhaust it in twenty years. He has no doubt, from his personal knowledge of the richness of the placers, of the truth of these stories, which, to those who have been on the ground, seem incredible. The captain with whom he came from San Francisco to San Blas, gathered \$10,000 worth of dust in three weeks, of which 3,000 was gathered in the last three days.



the matter ended. In a mixed company, bearing a person speak in a free manner against the Christian religion, he asked, "Have you found one that is better?" and the reply being in the negative, he headed, "When you do, let me know, and I will join you in adopting it."

**TROUBLE AMONG THE GOLD HUNTERS.**—We are furnished by the New York papers with intelligence from various correspondents at Panama, which is interesting. The latest dates are to the 23d ult.

A letter in the Commercial Advertiser of the 22d represents the means of transportation from Panama to California as ample for the present, and states that the difficulties of crossing the Isthmus have been greatly exaggerated. The expense is said to be the chief cause of dissatisfaction, \$100 being now demanded for carrying an individual across from Chagres to Panama, instead of \$20, the former cost. It is said that—

"The bridge paths from Gorgona and Cruces to Panama—or roads, as they are called by some freak of an exuberant imagination—are very bad; the hills over which they pass are steep, and the ravines through which they wind, narrow and sharp winding, so that it is difficult even for a mule to keep the path. That there is no great danger is apparent from the fact that no serious accident has occurred to any of our number, and large families composed of women and little children have passed over in safety."

It is admitted, however, that the number of boats and mules are entirely inadequate to the immense demand made upon them by immigrants.

Appearances indicate that trouble is thickening in the gold region, which will demand the prompt interposition of an efficient government, on the part of the United States. The flood of foreign immigrants, which were pouring into California, had already produced an excited state of feeling among the Americans, and Gen. Smith had been induced to issue, at Panama, the following manifesto:—

PANAMA, Jan. 19, 1899.  
To Wm. Nelson, Esq., U. S. Consul at Panama:

Sir:—The laws of the United States inflict the penalty of fine and imprisonment on the trespassers on the public lands. As nothing can be more unreasonable or unjust than the conduct pursued by persons, not citizens of the United States, who are flocking from all parts to search for and carry off gold from the lands belonging to the United States in California, and as such conduct is in direct violation of law, it will become my duty, immediately on my arrival there, to put these laws in force, and to prevent their infraction in future by inflicting the penalties provided by law on those who offend.

As these laws are probably not known to many who are about starting to California, it would be well to make it publicly known that there are such laws in existence, and that they will be in future enforced against all persons, not citizens of the United States, who shall commit any trespass on the lands of the United States in California.

Your position as Consul here, being in communication with our Consuls on the coast of South America, affords you the opportunity of making this known most generally, and I will be much obliged to you if you will do it.

A meeting of Americans was held at Panama on the 19th ult., William P. Bryant, Chief Justice of Oregon, presiding, the avowed object of which was to inquire into the grievances under which it was said, many Americans were laboring, and to endeavor to find some means of redress. Committees were appointed to bring in a report expressive of the sense of the meeting, as to the course pursued by the agents of the steamer California, in taking so large a number of passengers on board previous to reaching Panama, and thereby disappointing many Americans who were waiting to go in her to California, with tickets purchased in New York for the voyage.

This Committee brought in resolutions, setting forth that passengers for the California who went across the Isthmus, had a claim to priority of berths for California, by the terms of their agreement with the agent in New York; that the taking of passengers at places on the Pacific was a violation of that agreement; that the said Pacific passengers were foreigners, and would be trespassers upon the gold mines, and that they could have no right as citizens in California; and that the meeting heartily approved of Gen. Smith's manifesto, and pledged him its full support.

In regard to the route across the Isthmus, Capt. Phelps says:—

Passengers for California by the Isthmus of Panama must not leave the United States unless they are certain of meeting a vessel at Panama to proceed on board immediately on their arrival there; otherwise they will find themselves out of funds and a long way from the gold diggings. The risk from sickness by being delayed on the road is also a serious consideration.

There has been some cases of cholera at Panama and on the road across; also at Cruces. Owing to the scarcity of animals and their worn-out condition, most of the merchandise and luggage had to be transported across the Isthmus on the backs of the natives, who taking advantage of the state of things, were charging enormous prices. Many of the emigrants were crossing on foot, and some carrying their trunks and baggage on their backs; a number had died from fatigue and exhaustion; many got sick on the road. Board at Panama \$3 per day. Their expenses being much more than was anticipated, many of the emigrants were penniless, and endeavoring to raise the wind by getting up exhibitions. A sparring match was advertised to come off on the evening of the 25th.

The honesty of the natives is proverbial. On the arrival of passengers at Gorgona and Cruces, the custom of the natives to engage for the transportation of all the merchandise and baggage they can lay their hands on, the owners of which will proceed on to Panama, expecting their goods will be there on the following day; but the carriers calculate otherwise, they deposit their freight just without the line of the village, in piles, in the woods, and in places across to Panama promiscuously, and at their leisure; but they all arrive safe, eventually. Bales, boxes, trunks and packages of specie are thus left to the mercy of the poor, half-naked natives, and a robbery by them has never been known. [Traveller.]

The following paragraphs are copied from the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser:

In conversation with a friend, a few days since, we learned a few facts in reference to trading in and to California, which may interest the reader. First we may mention that the sum of \$200,000, said to have been brought by Mr. Atherton, is but \$20,000—a very respectable amount, nevertheless. A mercantile house in Cedar street, sent out a few notions for "Oregon, California, or a market," before the discovery of the gold placer was known here. They found a very profitable market. An old stock of buttons, which would have gladly sold here for two dollars per gross, went off among the natives at an enormous profit. Some of them were of the large "bell" fashion and brought in five instances five dollars each, to be worn as "studs" in the front of the shirt. Some equally out of date tinselled ornaments, invoiced at 3 or 4 cents, sold for 75c. each. Another merchant in this city sent out a number of cases of merchandise, invoiced at \$2800; they arrived at the favorable moment, when the market was entirely bare, and realized \$23,000.

We might give other instances of similar good fortune. But it must be remembered that these are cases in which the goods, were on the spot when the gold was discovered. No repetition of such profits can be expected.

## Summary.

A young man was recently drowned in the town of New Gloucester, Mass. The poor fellow had been totally abstinent for some time previous, but having accepted an invitation to take a social glass with a friend, his appetite for liquor was so stimulated thereby that it became ungovernable, and in a fit of intoxication he got into the water and was drowned.

A man named Sanborn, formerly a resident of Hampton, N. H., who undertook to walk on the track of the Eastern Railroad from Newburyport to Hampton, was run down by the engine about a mile from the Hampton depot, and instantly killed. He was not seen till the cars were on the point of passing onto his body.

The Collector of the city of Cleveland, Oh., states that the lake commerce of that place last year exceeded in value ten millions of dollars.

The bill to modify the slave law of 1833 has passed both branches of the Kentucky legislature, and become a law. It provides that men may bring into Kentucky as many slaves as they please, for their own use, but requires that they shall not dispose of them for five years.

There was great excitement in the First District Court of New Orleans recently, owing to the Judge sending the clerk to prison for contempt in refusing to deliver up some money in his hands, upon the order of the Judge.

Mr. Polk will, according to rumor, visit Europe with his lady, soon after leaving the white house.

**BENEVOLENT.** A story has reached our ears of a singular scheme for raising funds, which was hit upon and put in practice at a donation party not a thousand miles off. It appears that some of the kissable ladies present actually allowed their sweet lips to be tasted at the rate of fifty cents a kiss—this being considered a suitable price for the privilege. If we are not misinformed, one gentleman actually took five dollars worth.

**SANDWICH OBS.**

**IMPORTS AND DUTIES** at the Boston Custom House for Jan. 1899:

Value of dutiable merchandise, \$1,521,781 00
free do., 226,608 00
specie, 18,557 00
\$1,761,946 00

Am't of duties paid & deposited, \$372,970 36

Am'ts for corresponding month last year:—

Dutiable, \$1,431,043 00
Free, 125,898 00
Specie, 7,402 00
\$1,564,343 00

Am't of duties paid & deposited, \$355,623 46

An officer of the army writes to St. Louis, from Los Angeles, California, that the number of regulars in the service in that country is not more than seventy-five. The remainder of the force have deserted and gone to the mines, carrying with them their horses. He says that by Spring there will not be twenty regular soldiers in the country. All the Alcaides have resigned their offices and gone to the placer.

A woman living with her third husband in Hartford, has just had a call from her first spouse, who left her 21 years ago for South America, and whom she supposed to be dead. During his absence she has been twice married, her second husband being dead.

A deer was killed near Campbell's Bridge, Marion District, S. C., on the 7th inst., by Mr. Neill M. Carmichael, which weighed 150 lbs. On the same day, Mr. John Carmichael succeeded in killing another, which weighed 155 pounds.

A community of socialists exists in Wisconsin, consisting of 120 members, in Ceresco township, occupying 793 acres of land. Their property amounts to \$33,527 77, and their profits, the past year were \$3,077 02.

Mr. Miller, whose house was burnt at Hempstead, last week, has been arrested on suspicion of murdering his family and setting fire to the house.

**RIOT AT PORTLAND.**—The city authorities of Portland having issued orders against the celebration of Washington's Birthday, by burning tar barrels in the evening, some boys who disobeyed the ordinance were arrested and taken to the watch house. A crowd of some five hundred men marched up and demanded their release in twenty minutes. This not being complied with, the mob proceeded to more active measures. A battering machine in the shape of a stout ladder was procured, and door, shutters, sashes and glass were stove in, and the boys were released. Several of the police and watchmen were injured.

**ARREST OF BURGLARS.**—A gang of burglars, Hugh Casey, William Nelson Phillips, Thomas King, and Charles Wilson, were arrested in New York, on Saturday evening, on a charge of being engaged in no less than seven recent burglaries; among others, in the store of Ward, Peck & Co., Maiden Lane, of goods valued at \$350; the store of Charles C. Church, Pearl street, of fancy goods, valued at \$150. The thieves were detected in a singular manner. On the premises of Mr. Church was found a button, which had been twisted from the coat of one of the robbers. The wearer of the coat was carefully sought for, and was found in the third tier of the Bowery theatre. His accomplices were also found and taken into custody, as was also a licensed second-hand dealer, named Samuel Conlon, whose store is at No. 60 Centre street, where a large quantity of the stolen goods were found. The New York Tribune says that these burglars are understood to be a portion of the gang of burglars of which Theodore Williams, (recently sent to the State Prison,) acted as chieftain.

**SAD ACCIDENT.**—A child of Mr. Harrison Robinson, of this town, two years and seven months old, on Saturday afternoon, stepped backwards, and stumbled over a water pail, into which its mother had a minute or two before poured only two quarts of boiling water, so as to bring it in a sitting position directly in the pail. The mother was but a few steps distant, and turning at the sound, immediately rescued the child and removed its clothes; but though the whole was but the work of an instant, the little sufferer lived only twenty-four hours. [Newburyport Herald.]

A man named Hamblin, a conductor upon the canal enlargement, who had absconded with money, was arrested and confined in the third story of Givens's hotel, Schenectady. In the night he attempted to escape by tying his bedclothes together, but fell and broke his thigh and his leg; his injuries are probably mortal.

A gentleman residing in Jersey City, a few days since was solicited (says the Evening Post) to give alms to a miserable couple—a man lame and his limbs bandaged, and a woman apparently in the last state of destitution. They were liberally supplied, and the man was furnished with a complete suit of clothes. They were seen by a neighbor, however, to go together behind a fence. The woman sold her provisions for rum, the man took off his clothes and bandages, put them in a bag, and walked off as lively as a cricket.

In 1835, only thirteen years ago, there were not 5,000 white inhabitants between Lake Michigan and the Pacific ocean; now there are nearly 1,000,000.

**THE POOR DOGS.**—Up to twelve o'clock, yesterday, fifty-five dogs had been sacrificed, and the killing ceased not. Boys in gangs of ten and twenty might be seen pursuing the poor brutes, and pelting them with sticks and stones. As it is possible that there can be found in this city, men mean enough to kill an inoffensive dog for the sake of the paltry fifty cents offered as a premium for the act.

A friend of ours has a rational idea of the matter. Seeing his barber beating out a dog's brains with a broomstick, he remarked, "That barber can't have my custom any longer; the man who would kill a dog for fifty cents, would cut my throat for a dollar."

We wish from the bottom of our hearts, that some boys we saw yesterday torturing a poor dog to death could be put in solitary confinement, on bread and water for fifty days to humanize them a little. Those who advocate the enlistment of such a ferocious gang of ruffians are not much better. [Boston Bee.]

**MATERNAL LOVE.**—The Dayton (Ohio) Journal relates a thrilling incident showing the strength of maternal affection. The house of Mr. Waddle, in that city, took fire in the absence of Mr. W. and his wife. A little daughter of four or five years had been left rocking the cradle, in which was the babe. The little girl easily escaped, but the infant was left in the burning house. Several persons tried to penetrate in and rescue it, but were driven back by the excessive heat. But a woman came rushing to the spot from a neighbor's; she threw water over her clothes, and drew her wet apron hastily over her head, rushed in and returned in a moment, the child in her arms, and safe. It was the mother—of course it was—every mother's heart will tell her that.

**EXPLOSION OF A STOVE.** At Philadelphia, recently, a stove exploded in the Chatham-st. public school, causing great consternation among the children, the fragments flying in all directions, breaking the windows and doing other damage. The children rushed affrighted to the stairway and tumbled en masse to the bottom, breaking and dislocating the limbs of several. One of the children is so badly hurt that she is not expected to survive. There is great excitement in the neighborhood, among parents and others. The explosion was probably caused by accumulation of gas, it being an air-tight stove.

**A ROW.**—The bill to indemnify sufferers by the late rebellion, to the amount of nearly a million of dollars, has caused great excitement in Canada. In the Legislature, when the bill was under discussion, Mr. Blake, Solicitor General, applied the term "rebel" to Sir Allen McNabb. The latter said it was a falsehood. At this moment there was a great uproar in the galleries, and several ladies who were there vaulted into the body of the House. Many members insisted that the galleries be cleared so that the House should not be controlled by a mob. A fight was commenced between two individuals in the gallery, in which others seemed disposed to participate. The Speaker shouted order in vain, and was on the point of leaving the chair, when the Sergeant-at-Arms and several of the members climbed into the galleries and cleared them. The next day J. A. McDonald, the member from Kingston, was taken into custody, by order of the House, it was supposed on the ground that he had despatched a hostile message to Mr. Blake.

On the night of the 5th, a meeting of several thousands was held in Montreal, at which the indemnity bill was denounced, and the Attorney General for the East was burnt in effigy. The following is the tone of the Canada papers. [Boston Traveller.]

If they (the ministers) do not withdraw the measure, we promise them not to be the last in forwarding the fiery cross through the Anglo Saxon population, nor shall we be slack in urging them, as to measures of safety for themselves, and to guarantee against further cruelty to their injured honor as a race. A little more, and the Almighty can alone control the storm—the hand of man will be powerless. We tell the Ministers they have struck a chord in the Anglo Saxon breast, which will not cease to vibrate until one race or the other is put down.

**IRISH ECONOMY.**—An Irish woman recently presented herself to our City Clerk, and informed him that surely she had been imposed upon, she had, being a lone widow, without any children, (having lost her husband) a few weeks before, she had occasion to employ a "bye" to saw some wood—and the "bye" had taken the money she had paid him for sawing the wood, and procured a palishment of marriage with herself. She learned he was of bad character and wished the matter stopped. Receiving assurance that it should be, she wished to have back the money. To this the Clerk demurred. But the good woman was determined to have her "money's worth" and so the next day, she came with a proposition which sorely puzzled the Clerk, viz to insert the name of another "bye" and let the publication go on. [Portland Adv.]

**A MODERN MIRACLE.**—The editor of the (Catholic) Freeman's Journal publishes this week a letter from a correspondent at Rome, dated in January, 1899, in which it is asserted that during the Prayer for the Pope there were exhibited a piece of the cross on which the Redeemer was crucified, and the famed "Suarium" (a sort of handkerchief with which it is alleged, the perspiration was wiped from His face), which is said to bear a scarcely visible impression of the Savior's countenance. The correspondent says that during its exhibition, the "Suarium" underwent a change and soon gleamed with a soft light, in the centre of which was the Redeemer's face clearly and distinctly revealed to the entire assembly. The Journal promises farther extracts from the same letter.

**DARING ROBBERY IN PHILADELPHIA.**—Yesterday, Beebe and Ludlow, porters, carried two bags of gold to the Mint, and while delivering one, the other was stolen, containing \$7000. The thief was arrested.

**GODEY, of the Lady's Book,** seems destined to eclipse all competitors. Each succeeding number excels its predecessor, till we are led to wonder what will come next. We assure those ladies who want a magazine, that Godey's is the Book. The Lady's Dollar Newspaper accompanies it, without any extra charge.

Arrangements are in progress for an Inauguration Supper, or levee, at Williams' Hotel, on Monday evening.

**STRANGE.** Jonathan Miller, of Hempstead, the burning of whose house, with his wife and children, we noticed, is himself arrested on suspicion of being the author of the dreadful deed. A committee of the neighbors had been raised to assist in ferreting out the murderer, who were induced by circumstances which came to their knowledge to have Miller arrested. The examination has not been reported.

**ARRIVAL OF THE EUROPA.** The Royal Mail Steamer Europa arrived at Halifax on Wednesday evening, Feb. 21st.

**ENGLAND.** In every department of trade and commerce there is increased activity. American provisions and productions are in fair demand. Stock and money market quite buoyant. United States six per cents continue to advance.

Parliament was opened on the 1st instant, when the Queen read the usual speech from the throne. The government adheres firmly to its liberal commercial policy.

Lord John Russell said in debate that he had been formerly in favor of a fixed duty on corn, but the house not having chosen to adopt that mode, but having chosen to see corn entirely free, he hoped that no attempt, above all, he hoped no successful attempt will be made at renewing any duty upon that main article of sustenance.

This settles at once all speculation upon the course of conduct likely to be adopted by the present administration. With the navigation laws alone, the government propose to be equally decisive, and a new bill for their modification will be immediately introduced. The declared intentions of ministers to make every retrenchment, compatible with complete efficiency in the various branches of the civil, naval and military department of the state, have produced general satisfaction, and the liberal free trade policy which they have determined to uphold, will probably prolong their tenure of office to a more distant period than they could have anticipated before the opening of Parliament.

I love thee still, as the quiet husband said to the chattering wife.

## MARKETS.

**WATERVILLE PRICES.**  
Flour, bbl \$6.75 a 7.00; Corn, bush, 50 a 55. Rye, 50 a 55. Wheat, 50 a 55. Butter, lb, 12 a 17. Cheese, 6 a 8. Eggs, doz, 14 a 15. Pork, round hog, 7 to 8. Salt, fine, 40. Root, 50; Codfish, 3 to 4; Molasses, 22 to 30.

**BOSTON MARKET.** SATURDAY Feb. 24.

Flour—Gen. 5.57, Michigan 5.62 a 5.75 per bbl. Ohio and St. Louis, 5.50 a 5.62.  
Grain—Sales Southern white corn 53 a 54 cents, and yellow flat 52 per bushel. Oats scarce and in brisk demand; North River 40.

**BRIGHTON MARKET.** THURSDAY, Feb. 22.

At market 625 Beef Cattle, about 1850 Sheep and 220 swine.  
Beef Cattle—Extra quality 7.00 first quality, 6.75 a 6.90 second do 6.25 a 6.75.  
Working Oxen—few pairs in market; prices from 75 to 135.  
Cows and Calves—A very few in market 22 to 40. Sales from 2.50 a 3.50.  
Swine—Wholesale 4 for Sows, 4.10 for Barrows; Retail, 4 a 5.12.

## MARRIAGES.

In Sebastopol, 27th ult., by Ashur H. Barton, Esq., Mr. Ira Waldron and Miss Lucinda Holt.

In this town, 19th ult., by Rev. D. B. Lewis, Mr. Nathan Perry and Miss Rachel Field.

## DEATHS.

In Chesterville, 18th ult., George Williams, of Waterville, aged 37 years. [Bangor papers please copy.]

In Mercer, Jan. 12th, Ivory Jones, aged 34 years.

## NOTICES.

**FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND.**—The 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 stands 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 it their staple toilet preparation for the hair, for nearly three years, as certificates, many of them will prove, from the best and most direct authorities, those who have sold the article and from those too who are consumers themselves, and have used articles of unimpaired integrity. All agree that the Mountain Compound is more practical, cooling and healthful to the hair in its tendencies than any preparation they have ever used. The proprietor, W. W. FOSTER, of Lowell, can produce letters, a host of them, from every part of the N. E. States, in evidence of the above facts. Druggists who sell the article everywhere, can send of them testimony to the same thing.

This terrible disease is commonly attributed to our climate. But the climate is pure, the disease would have been inflicted on that, and not upon the people. We think the fault is in the people, and that if the people would keep the skin of themselves and their children properly washed, and abstain from greasy food, and cleanse for a generation or two, Consumption would be no more known.

Every information may be obtained and application made by calling at my office. N. B. BOUTELLE, M. D., Agent and Med. Ex. [25-4]

public may rely upon Mr. Forre for the genuine article. [Boston Daily Observer, Jan. 18, 1899.]  
Look well to the signature. Remember it must be L. BUTTS on the wrapper.  
For sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville. Sold also by agents generally. (32-2w.)

**NEWS WORTH HEARING.**  
Congestion, Fever, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Determination of Blood to the head, Cholera Morbus, Eruptions, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and a variety of other diseases proceeding from general or local derangement of the functions and organs which govern and regulate the condition of the body, are common at this season of the year. But Science has not only given a key to the origin of these maladies, but a means of prevention and cure. THE REV. B. HIBBARD'S

**Vegetable, Anti-Bilious, Family Pills** embrace a combination of sensitive ingredients, which will fortify the system against the attacks of the epidemic and endemic prevalent in hot weather. For cholera infantum, and other complaints incident to children, they constitute the best known preventive and cure. The traveler and voyager should never be without them, for they fit the system to endure unharmed all changes of temperature and climate. Acting simultaneously on the blood and the secretory system, they are a powerful controlling influence over all the miasmas, (and their name is legion,) which emanate from those sources.

For sale by Wm. Dyer and I. H. Low & Co., Waterville, and by Druggists and Dealers throughout the state.  
**BEAUTY AND PROFIT.**  
Glossy and tight b's may be obtained by using **Peel's Chemical Oil Polish**, an article which renders firm and tight the pores of the leather, preserves its elasticity and gives it a lasting and beautiful polish. In short it is decidedly the best article now in use for preserving and polishing boots and shoes. This is the season to attend to these things. The genuine article for sale at wholesale and retail by E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row.

**THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.**  
Among that class of blessings, and not the least useful, is found the newly discovered medicine, called POND'S PAIN EXTRACTOR AND HEALING EXTRACT. This Medicine is no nostrum got up by a Quack, but the extract of a single plant discovered by a talented physician, and without puffing or humbugging, is the most useful Family Medicine now in use. It cures, burns, bruises, sprains, sore cuts, scalds, &c., it is an unfailing remedy. Thousands of bottles have been sold within the past year, for a great variety of complaints, with such gratifying results that we are prepared to furnish the medicine as a true proof of its usefulness from numerous persons of the first respectability, and among them a number of Physicians. Remember, the only genuine article to be found at Waterville is sold by E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row, he being sole Agent for the town. 25

**Advertisements.**  
FREEDOM NOTICE.—This certifies that I have relinquished to my son, Charles Harrison McIntire, for a reasonable consideration, his time during his minority, and shall hereafter be considered as one of his sons, in any way he may be responsible for his contracts or obligations. (32-3w)  
TIMOTHY MCINTIRE.  
Waterville, Feb. 20, 1899.

**THE SPRING TERM**  
**MISS SCRIBNER'S SCHOOL**  
Will commence on Monday, Feb. 26th.  
TUITION—From \$2 to \$4.  
Waterville, Feb. 15th, 1899.

**COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.**  
THE subscribers have formed a Copartnership under the firm of

**WEAVER & PHILLIPS.**  
and have taken the Store lately occupied by the late Wm. M. Phillips, where will be found a general assortment of Foreign and Domestic

**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &c.**  
cheap for cash or approved credit.  
EDWARD G. WEAVER,  
G. ALFRED PHILLIPS.  
Waterville, Feb. 2, 1899. 31f

**\$10.00 REWARD.**—The above reward will be paid for any reliable information as will lead to the detection of the person or persons who trespass upon the line of the A. & K. R. R. by pulling up and removing the stakes on said line, between the upper crossing of the Emerson Stream and the lower crossing of the Ticonic River. Res't Eng. 5th Div. A. & K. R. R.  
Feb. 19, 1899—31f

**TICONIC BRIDGE.**  
PERSONS wishing to contract for passing the Bridge by the year are requested to leave their names at the Toll House on or before Thursday the 23d of March next.  
Waterville, Feb. 20, 1899. 31 w

**GOLD WANTED.**  
FOR the balance of the first day of March next, will be saved by an immediate payment. (30-3w)  
Waterville, Feb. 14th, 1899.

**BLACKSMITHING.**  
HAVING removed from Winlow, and taken the stand heretofore occupied by Mr. Esau Savage, opposite the Parker House, Waterville, the undersigned respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of this place and vicinity. All work will be done in the best manner and at the very lowest cash prices, and those with cash in hand will not need to enquire of any other smith. He refers to Rev. John Richards, Job Richards and various others, in Winlow and Waterville, who have proved his work, especially in horse and ox-shoeing. ELIJAH WOODMAN.  
Waterville, Feb. 18th, 1899. 30

**WATERVILLE ACADEMY.**  
The SPRING TERM of this Institution will begin on Monday, the 30th of February, under the direction of JAMES H. HANSON, A. M., Principal, assisted by Miss ROSA F. HANSON, Preceptress, and Miss CATHERINE A. COX, Teacher of Music, and other other assistants as the interests of the school require.

Its prominent objects are the following:—To provide, at moderate expense, facilities for a thorough course of preparation for College; to furnish a course of instruction adapted to the wants of teachers of Common Schools, and to excite a deeper interest in the subject of education generally.

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

Board, \$1.50 a week. Tuition from \$3.00 to \$5.00.—Drawing \$1.00, and Music \$2.00 extra.  
STEPHEN STARK,  
Secretary of Board of Trustees.  
Waterville, Fe. 15, 1899-b.

**CABINET FURNITURE & CHAIRS,**  
EMBRACING  
SOFAS, Card, Centre, Work & Dining Tables, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Wash Stands, Light Stands, Toilet Tables, Settee Cradles, &c., &c.

With a good assortment of  
Cane back and Wood seat Rocking Chairs,  
Grecian Cane and Wood seat do.

of various styles, may be found at L. CROWELL'S on reasonable terms.

ALSO,  
N. B. L. C. is agent for selling the Cottage Bedstead, a new article.  
Waterville, Nov. 20th, 1898. 1

**LIFE INSURANCE.**  
THE Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co., established in 1840, and based upon a plan which has stood the test of time and experience, is now issuing new Policies and transacting a heavier business than any other Life Company.

The rates of Premium are as low as those of any other responsible Company in this Country or in England, and as low as is compatible with the safety of the insured and the stability of the Company.

Every information may be obtained and application made by calling at my office.  
N. B. BOUTELLE, M. D., Agent and Med. Ex. [25-4]

**HEALTH INSURANCE.**  
THE United States Health Insurance Co., established at Boston with a Capital Stock of \$500,000, covers both Maine and New Brunswick, or, as Agent, for any term of years not exceeding five, at the lowest rates consistent with perfect security.

By the payment of a premium annually a person may make provision for his family and secure to himself a Weekly Benefit of from \$2 to \$7, at a time, when more than at all others, it is needed.

Further information may be obtained and application made by calling at my Office.  
N. B. BOUTELLE, M. D. [25-4]



