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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 34): March 15, 1849

Ephraim Maxham

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II.....NO 34.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAR. 15, 1849.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

## POETRY.

[From the Nineteenth Century.]

### THE PEASANT KING.

There is a man of prouder heart,  
And nobler far I ween,  
Than scepter king or laurel'd chief,  
Of warrior in his sheen!  
Who would not give a princely crown,  
The splendor of his name,  
Though hosts ran shouting at his heels,  
The heralds of his fame!  
See! yonder in his palace high  
His kingdom firm and wide;  
His throne the cot, his sword the plough;  
His realm the valley-side!  
His only hosts, his flocks and herds,  
And fields of nodding grain,  
The subjects of his royal rule,  
The lords of his domain!  
He wants no helm, nor iron hands,  
Nor pomp of waving plumes;  
Nor vassal knee, nor courtier tread,  
Nor ladies' soft perfumes!  
He holds his rein, he drives the steed,  
And bears his shining blade;  
And herds are his, and fields are strewn,  
But not with ruin laid.  
What ho! in court and castle hall  
Where kings in revel shout,  
Are not the words his royal lips  
Right royally rung out!  
But on the breeze, the mountain breeze,  
That shakes the giant rocks,  
He flings defiance to the foe,  
That threat his fields and flocks.  
There is no bribe of wealth of line,  
No sound of trumpet horn,  
But he would tramp to the dust,  
Or hurl them back with scorn!  
His only boast, an honest heart,  
His freedom, and a rod,  
To battle for his kin and home,  
His altar and his God.

## Miscellany.

### A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

In looking at Banvard's great panorama of 'the Father of Waters'—the running, roaring, majestic Mississippi—I was reminded of a fearful scene I once encountered upon that notable stream, the Mississippi.

In the year 1838, I went down to New Orleans as second mate and assistant cook of a flat boat, from Zanesville, Ohio. Many of our readers are well aware of the arduous and dangerous situation I thus occupied; and to those, I need not detail the preliminary circumstance of getting under way, or heaving to, day after day, and night after night; the desperate leaps I made in jumping ashore with 'the rope'; the tumbles I made in the mud; and the duckings I got in the water, which was just then—March—considerably colder than that used in hot punches, generally speaking.

It was a rough, drizzly night, and the double-decked hives of the 'silent watches' hung around 'our devoted barque,' which, in consequence of the Stygian darkness and inclemency of the night, we had 'tied up' to the right hand bank of the Mississippi, about ten miles below 'Lost Prairie.'

If my memory serves me correctly, it was then, and about the hour of two o'clock, A. M., I was called from my 'stateroom' (two old quilts upon some barrels of flour—part of our freight) to go on deck and stand my watch, until day broke. A watch, of course, is very essential, and is strictly kept on boats tying up along the plantations, as the colored population along the banks have a great penchant for robbing and plundering flat-boats whenever a favorable opportunity offers. Nor are the negroes the only professors of the business, for cut-throats and highwaymen of lighter complexion than charcoal, have frequently made descents upon flat-boats, taken the freights, and in hundreds of cases murdered the unguarded crew.

We had 'tied up' in a very suspicious place, close in under some tall cotton woods, and my 'shipmate' who had last been 'on watch' remarked to me that he believed 'somebody was prowling around the cotton woods, waiting a favorable chance to crawl aboard in the bow, and levy on a barrel of flour or a few hams.' The bow of a flat-boat is generally open; although the roof—excuse me—the deck, projects over the open space in the bow, thus sheltering what may stand or be placed beneath; and under this deck, seated on a barrel, I took my watch, with a small pistol in my trousers' pocket, and a pretty smart chance of a stick at my fingers' ends.

Having whistled and hummed most of the popular airs of the day to keep myself awake, I began to feel very drowsy. All of a sudden I caught a glimpse of something moving about and dodging around the cotton woods. Presently I espied another. I kept my eyes sharp about me, while a tingling cold feeling began to seize upon me, and a strong inclination to sing out for 'help! fire! and blue blazes! But, thinks I, I'll hold on a spell, and see if they make any attempt to come aboard, and if they do, I'll pull trigger with my pistol and shoot one of them, and that will arouse my fellow seamen in the cabin. Again I saw them; one came down very close to the boat, which lay rather too far from the bank to be stepped on board of; but, to my surprise, one of the invaders approached with something in his hands that looked like a rail or board, which was evidently intended to assist in getting into the bow of the boat or knock out my brains with it if I stirred. I felt transfixed to the barrel-head, and my last words to my trousers' pocket upon my brass-barrelled pistol; had the power to do so remained in my limbs, I should unquestionably have scrambled on deck and broke for the cabin.

I could just make out the dusky figure with the rail standing close to the boat; but it was evidently impossible for him to see me in the double darkness of my situation.

'Hallo! de bote!' said the fellow in quite a low call, and by his accent I of course discovered he was a negro.

'Hallo! de bote!' he again called, in a low, hoarse whisper.

The negroes are in the habit of thus calling out, and if they are answered by anybody,

they make some inquiries about the price of bacon or whiskey, and finally sneak off; but if no one answers, they naturally conclude all hands are asleep, and there is an opening for plunder.

'Hallo! de bote!' he now whispered, quite close to the bow.

He then disappeared, and in an instant returned with two others; the plank or rail was carefully laid on to the bow, and to my horror one of the villains began to come on board. I was speechless and glued fast to the barrel-head with fear; but what was my utter horror and consternation to see, right before me, the hand of a white man, armed with a horse-pistol! It was evident now that robbery and murder was about to take place. Now was the time, or never, for me to make a desperate movement. It was plain I should be discovered if I kept still; should have my throat cut, and be quietly thrown into the swift, deep stream. My mind was fully made up in a moment, and my self-possession returned as suddenly. Slowly drawing my pistol, just as the fellow put his head fairly under the deck and within two feet of my own, I pulled trigger.

A heavy fall of a man's body upon the bottom of the boat, and a terrific yell of anguish or horror, that aroused the crew, who came running forward in confusion and fright, announced the dreadful fact, that I had fallen from the barrel in my sleep, firing off my pistol by the concussion in my pocket, setting my trousers on fire, and raising a lump on my forehead against the bottom of the boat of about the size of a goose egg! In fact, I was just about killed dead for a few minutes, and it required considerable vinegar and whiskey to resuscitate me. With the exception of tearing the leg out of my old trousers, and setting them on fire, I felt no serious effects from the malicious little projectile. I swore, of course, that I had been assailed; shot, and knocked down by a score of ruffians and cut-throats, and from the appearance of matters, the supposition was feasible enough.

Daylight appeared; we 'cut loose,' and left the scene of my fearful adventure.—[Aurora Borealis.]

**SPEECH OF HON. JOHN P. HALE,**  
Of New Hampshire, in the Senate of the U. States, Feb. 12, 1849, against the motion to strike out the proviso inserted by the House, abolishing flogging in the Navy.

Mr. Hale then obtained the floor, after an attempt to shove him aside, and advocated the proviso proposed to be stricken out with great earnestness. The arguments of gentlemen in support of this abuse, because it was ancient, were the same that had been urged in support of every evil under the sun. He had so little reverence in his nature for anything human, that when an institution or practice came forward with nothing but age to recommend it, he certainly did not feel deterred from examining freely into its merits. If the report made by the Secretary of the Navy furnished a fair view of the average punishment inflicted by the lash in the Navy, our history would be written in blood; a stream of living blood was flowing from the backs of American sailors, from the first day of January to the last day of December. It was matter of history, that this power had been abused to such an extent as to cause death in our navy, in more than one, two, or three cases.

'I confess that, proud as I am of the glory which attaches to the American navy, if the history of what has been perpetrated under this arbitrary power could be blotted out of existence—if the waves of oblivion could cover it all, so that no human memory could ever recollect the abuses of it—I would be glad to exchange all the glory that our gallant tars have ever won; yes, sir, I would give it all up, proud of it as I am, if we could only begin anew, and blot out that bloody record of legalized brutality from the past. These are the feelings which I entertain on this subject. I suppose that the founder of the great State of Pennsylvania—and I hope that I shall have the votes of the Senators from that State on this occasion—first made the experiment of going armed with nothing but the panoply of brotherly love to deal with the aborigines of this country; I suppose that when that was first proposed to the mother Power, and to those accustomed to the ancient usages of the British realm, they laughed to scorn the idea that even savages could be approached in any mode or manner, except with weapons of war and instruments of destruction.

'But, sir, the experiment was tried and it succeeded—succeeded, probably, beyond the most sanguine hopes of its friends, or at least beyond the most sanguine expectations of him who made the experiment. Yes, sir, that experiment succeeded, and even the uncivilized savage of the wilderness, it was found, possessed not a nature so wild, so obdurate, so savage, as to be unimpressible when approached and treated as a man—treated with kindness and with justice. Thus it has ever been. Such has been the result of all like experiments. Why is it, then, that this class who have done so much to bring glory on the American name and on the American flag—who should they, poetically termed 'the sons of the battle and the breeze,' who have carried the fame of our prowess to the remotest shores of the ocean, and protected the pursuits of honest commerce on every sea—why is it that this class of citizens, proverbially generous, and generous to a fault, should be the only class, even of convicts, that are subjected to this humiliating, degrading, and degrading punishment? Why is it that when, in most of the States of this Union, the meanest felons that are to be found in the catalogue of crime, are not subject to this degrading punishment; why is it, I say, that when humanity interposes and prevents them from being subjected to the degradation of the lash; why is it that when this brutal and brutalizing punishment has been abolished in the army, when it has been abolished almost all over the land, why is it, I say, that this class of citizens, so eminently connected with all that is rich in the fame of our country, should be left exposed to this remnant of barbarity?

'Sir, let us try the experiment. We have tried what the lash will do; we have tried what brutalizing the sailor will do; we have tried what degradation will do; and now let us, in the name of common humanity, appeal to these generous tars, and see if there be any human nature in their hearts; let us see if they do not possess some of the elements of a high, generous, and noble character; that we may enlist in our behalf and call to our aid for the establishment of a wholesome discipline in our navy, and for the abolition of this barbarous and cruel punishment.

what the Senator from North Carolina has so well termed the right arm of our national despotism. Why is it, sir, that while humanity is lifting up her voice, and that successfully, too, for every other class of the unfortunate and oppressed, the sailor alone shall be left to have the finger of scorn pointed at him forever, as the only man, as the only creature that walks erect, with the image of God upon his countenance, that is still subjected to this degradation?

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—LABOR!—Why, man of idleness, labor rocked you in the cradle, and has nourished your pampered life; without it, the woven silks and wool upon your back would be in the fold. For the meanest thing that ministers to human want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil; and even the air, by God's wise ordination, is breathed with labor. It is only the drones who toil not, who infest the hive of activity like masses of corruption and decay. The lords of the earth are the working men, who can build or cast down at their will, and who retort the sneer of the 'soft-handed,' by pointing to their trophies, wherever art, science, civilization and humanity are known. Work on, man of toil! thy royalty is yet to be acknowledged as labor rises onward to the highest throne of power. Work on, and in the language of a true poet, be—

'A glorious man! and thy renown shall be borne by the winds and waters thro' all time. While there's a keel to carry it on the sea From clime to clime, Or God ordains that idleness is crime.'

An industrious and virtuous education of children is better inheritance for them than a great estate. To what purpose is it, said Crates to heap up great estates, and have no concern what manner of heirs you leave them to?

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.—Hannah More, in a letter to her sister in 1782, relates the following interesting incident:—

'The other morning, the captain of one of Commodore Johnson's Dutch prizes breakfasted at Sir Charles Middleton's and related the following:—One day he went out of his own ship to dine on board of another. While he was there, a storm arose, which in a short time made an entire wreck of his own ship, to which it was impossible for him to return. He had left on board two little boys, one four and the other five years old, under the care of a poor old black servant. The people struggled to get out of the sinking ship into a large boat, and the poor black took his two children, tied them in a bag, and putting in a little pot of sweetmeats for them, slung them across his shoulders and put them in the boat. The boat by this time was quite full, and as the black was stepping in himself, he was told by the master that there was no room for him—that either he or the children must perish, for the weight of both must sink the boat. The exalted, heroic negro did not hesitate a moment. 'Very well,' said he, 'give my duty to my master, and tell him I beg pardon for all my faults, and then—guess the rest—plunged to the bottom, never to rise again until the sea shall give up her dead.'

I told it the other day to Lord Monboddo, who fairly burst into tears. The greatest lady in this land wants me to make an elegy of it, but it is above poetry.'

THE HEMPESTAD TRAGEDY.—We never knew Long Island to be so excited as it is at present in relation to the destruction of Mrs. Miller and children, by the fire of the fifteenth, and the arrest of Miller on suspicion of having destroyed his own family. Many of the stories and rumors are too improbable to notice, but there are strong circumstantial facts which demand strict investigation. Miller says his wife slept on a feather bed; there is not in the ruins the least remnant of a feather. Mrs. M.'s body was upon the remains of a straw bed. How came the feather bed from under her and the straw to remain? Miller says the axe was always kept in the shed, and was there (at least, he knows nothing to the contrary) when he left home. The axe was found under the middle of the house, between the four victims. It is known that there were silver spoons in the house; no remains of any can be found in the ruins, but remnants of knives and forks are seen. Miller says he left the house about half-past two o'clock in the morning; the fire was discovered at about 4, and the middle of the house was all on fire, and the roof nearly ready to fall in. Two of the neighbors, Messrs. Nostrand and Fowler, on the morning of the fire, left home for the purpose of informing Mr. Miller of his bereavement. When they saw him, their hearts failed them, and it was some minutes before they could communicate the sad intelligence. At last Mr. F. said, 'Mr. Miller, your house burned down this morning, and your family with it.' Miller calmly replied, 'What time did it take place? Accidents will happen sometimes. I thought I was always careful about fire.' There was a box in the house with brass corners and bands, which contained his money; no trace of this box can be seen. It is trifling to find out such a murder, more so to believe a father and husband could be guilty of destroying his whole family. Yet there are circumstances which look unfavorable.—Star.

Miller's examination was concluded on Tuesday, and resulted in his discharge from custody, nothing being proved against him.

CALIFORNIA 250 YEARS AGO.—Pinkerton, in an account of Blake's discovery of California, to which he gave the name of New Albion, says:

The country, too, if we can depend on what Sir Francis Drake or his chaplain says, may appear worth the seeking and the keeping, as they assert that the land is so rich in gold and silver that on the slightest turning it up with a spade or pick-axe, these rich metals plainly appear mixed with the mould. It may be objected that this looks a little fabulous; but to this satisfactory answer may be given: the first is, that later discoveries on the same coast confirm the truth of it; which for anything I see, ought to put the fact out of question; but if any doubts should remain, my second answer should overturn these. For I say that the country of New Mexico lies behind New Albion, on the other side of a narrow bay; and in that country are the mines of Santa Fe, which are allowed to be the richest in the world; here, then, is a valuable country, to which we have a very fair title.—[London Examiner.]

THE PIETY THE WORLD HATES.—It is not true that the world hates piety. The modern

and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good.—[Sidney Smith.]

ANECDOTE TO THE POINT. The English and other European governments have long been accustomed to enforce their negotiations with other powers by a display of military and naval powers. This will do in ordinary cases, but in dealing with a high-spirited people, it will produce the reverse of the desired effect. We are happy to know that sagacious English statesmen are aware that it will not do in the case of Americans.

At the time of the Oregon difficulty, when there was serious apprehension felt in England of a war with this country, Admiral Napier, who is notorious as a hot-headed officer, went to Sir Robert Peel and told him he could settle the difficulty. 'Let me take,' said he, 'ten ships of the line, and go to Halifax or St. John, and the matter will soon be settled. The Yankees will not like to have their cities burnt.' At the same time he referred the Minister to another naval officer better acquainted than himself with American affairs. Sir Robert accordingly sent a note to this officer, requesting an interview. The officer came, and the Prime Minister proposed the matter. 'Why,' said the officer, 'if you want a war, that is the best thing you can do.' 'No, no,' interrupted the Minister, 'we don't want a war.' 'Then,' said the officer, 'you had better let it alone; for you cannot more surely put a stop to all negotiations with the Americans than by an appearance of threatening them.' At the same time, he placed in the minister's hands a number of letters, which he received from distinguished Americans, all concurring that the idea of a war between England and America was monstrous, and not to be thought of for a moment. 'I thought,' rejoined Sir Robert, 'that this was a foolish scheme of Napier's, and I will go to tell the privy Council to day what you have said.' There the matter dropped—well has it proved for both countries.—[N. Y. Observer.]

THE FISHERMAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There lived an honest fisherman,  
I knew him passing well,  
Who lived hard by a little pond,  
Within a little cell.  
A grave and quiet man was he,  
Who loved his hook and rod;  
So soon ran his line of life,  
His neighbors thought it odd.  
For science and for books, he said,  
He never had a wish,  
No school to him was worth a fig,  
Except a school of fish.  
The simple minded fisherman  
A double calling had—  
To tend his flocks in winter time,  
In summer fish for food.  
In short this honest fisherman  
All other calls forsook,  
And though no vagrant man was he,  
He lived by hook and crook.  
All day that fisherman would sit  
Upon an ancient log,  
And gaze into the water, like  
Some sedentary frog.  
A cunning fisherman was he,  
His angles were all right,  
And when he scratched his aged poll,  
You'd know he'd got a bite.  
To charm the fish, he never spoke,  
Although his voice was fine,  
He found the most convenient way  
Was just to drop a line.  
And many a gadabout of the pond,  
If made to speak to-day,  
Would own, with grief, this angler had  
A mighty taking way.  
One day, while fishing on a log,  
He mourned his want of luck,  
When suddenly he felt a bite,  
And jerking—caught a duck.  
Alas! that day the fisherman  
Had taken too much grog,  
And being hot by a landman,  
He couldn't keep the log.  
In vain he strove with all his might,  
And tried to gain the shore;  
Down, down he went, to feed the fish  
He'd baited off before!  
The moral of this mournful tale  
To all is plain and clear:  
A single drop too much of rum  
May make a watery beer!  
And he who will not sign the pledge,  
And keep the promise fast,  
May be, in spite of fate, a stiff  
Cold water man at last.

GREELY'S CONFESSION. Horace Greeley, when the whole kit and boddy of the honorable thieves in Congress turned upon him, and branded him as no gentleman, owned up in the following Ben Franklin style. Well done Horace! If you would only stick to that!

[Chronotype.]

'I know very well—I knew from the first—what a low, contemptible business this of attempting to save public money always is. It is not a task for gentlemen, it is esteemed rather disreputable even for editors. Your gentlemanly work is spending, lavishing, distributing—taking. Savings are always vulgar, beggarly, two penny affairs—there is a sorry and stingy look about them, most repugnant to all gentlemanly instincts. And besides, they never hit in the right place—it is always "Strike higher!"—strike lower!—to be generous with other people's money—generous to self and friends particularly, that is the way to be popular and commended. Go ahead and never care for expense! If your debts become inconvenient, you can repudiate; and black-guard your creditor as descended from Judas Iscariot. Ah! Mr. Chairman, I was not educated in the school of generosity!'

CASE OF POISONING.—A young woman by the name of Letitia Page, an adopted daughter of an aged widow lady named Blaisdell, residing in New Boston, N. H., came about six weeks since from Nashua, where she had been working in the factory, and stopped in the family of Mr. Blaisdell, the son of the old lady above mentioned. A few days after, the old lady was suddenly seized, while about the house, with what was believed to be a fit, and

fell upon the floor, and after much suffering for about twenty-four hours, expired. No suspicion existing of anything wrong, she was buried. On Sunday, Feb. 18, a little boy, son of Mr. Blaisdell, about 2 years old, was taken in the same way as the old lady. A physician was called, who pronounced it poisoned. In about twelve hours it died. The girl remained in the family as usual till the evening after the funeral of the boy, when, as Mr. and Mrs. B. sat down to tea, they thought they perceived something unusual in the taste of the tea. They ceased drinking, and both were immediately taken sick. A physician was sent for, who pronounced them both poisoned. They were very sick through the night; and the next morning, the girl Letitia left and went to Goffstown.

On last Thursday, Letitia took the stage at Goffstown and went over to New Boston. She immediately proceeded to Mr. Blaisdell's house, and there confessed that she poisoned old Mrs. Blaisdell, the little boy, and Mr. and Mrs. B. She says she gave them morphine, which she procured at Manchester, at the instigation of the woman to whose house she went in Goffstown, immediately after poisoning Mr. and Mrs. Blaisdell. She says she was prevailed on to poison the whole Blaisdell family by the man and wife to whose house she went after the commission of the crime, in Goffstown; and manifests the most distressing sorrow for what she has done. The name of the family in Goffstown who are implicated, and some other facts we omit, as the subject is now undergoing a judicial investigation.—[Concord Dem. and Freeman.]

THE YANKEE IN ENGLAND.

A Boston gentleman, while on a visit to London, formed a resolution to visit Windsor Castle. While stopping at the public house in Windsor, a romancing Jonny Bull managed to scrape an acquaintance with him, and finally asked him to go a trout fishing. The Yankee consented, on being assured by the Englishman that Lord H., who owned the trout stream, was his intimate friend, and had given him a standing invitation to fish with his friends as much as he pleased. But let the gentleman tell his own story:

'We reached a very pretty trout stream, which my friend informed me was the boundary line between the property of Lord H. and a Mr. C. We soon got under weigh, and succeeded in landing three or four fish, when, hearing footsteps behind me, I turned and found a servant in livery, who thus respectfully addressed us—Gentlemen, I regret to inform you that Lord H. does not permit strangers to fish upon these premises.'

My friend the Englishman replied—'I know that, but his Lordship is my particular friend.' 'I beg your pardon, sir,' replied the servant, and retired towards the mansion of his Lordship, which was situated about a quarter of a mile from the stream, and in full view from the point where we stood.

We continued our fishing quietly for some little time, when another servant appeared, and respectfully touching his hat, said, 'His Lordship presents his compliments, and would be happy to learn the names of the gentlemen, and inform them that breakfast would be ready shortly, and desire the pleasure of their company.'

My friend replied, 'Say to his Lordship, with our compliments, that we have breakfasted, and that his old friend B. is here.'

'I will, sir,' replied the servant, and he moved away in the direction of the mansion.

We had continued our sport some time longer, when I noticed an uneasiness on the part of my friend, and knew not to what to attribute it, and while revolving in my mind what it could possibly be, he remarked to me, in rather a hurried tone, 'I think I will try the other side of the stream, the fish don't bite very sharp here.'

I thought quite the contrary, and told him that I should remain where I was. He accordingly descended along the bank a few yards, crossed the brook, and commenced operations upon the premises of the said Mr. C., the bank, as I said before, being the boundary line. While arranging his bait, he sung out to me, 'Who the deuce is that coming down?'

I turned and saw a gentleman approaching, followed by two servants in livery; he was almost upon me, and I had not time to reply to the question of my friend, as I was saluted with a 'good morning, sir,' from the gentleman, which salutation I returned in my best style, inferring that the gentleman must be his Lordship.

'I say, you had better come over here, they bite much better,' sung out my friend from the opposite side.

'My servant,' said his Lordship, 'has informed me that a gentleman styling himself Mr. B., an old acquaintance of mine, as he stated, was fishing here; allow me to ask if you are that gentleman?'

I replied that I was not the person referred to, but the gentleman on the other side was Mr. B.

His Lordship looked intently at the gentleman a few moments, and then said, 'I am sorry, sir, but I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance.'

This information somewhat startled me, and I was preparing an apology to make to his Lordship for what must, under the circumstances, appear to be an unwarrantable intrusion, when my friend on the other side addressed me—'What the devil is that fellow saying to you?'

'I replied, 'His Lordship says that he has not the honor of your acquaintance.'

'Oh, pooh! pooh! nonsense!' said my friend, 'you had better come over here, the fish are beginning to bite quite sharp.'

I turned to his Lordship, and, stating to him the circumstances, apologized for my intrusion, when my English friend again addressed me—'What's that you are saying to him?'

'I am apologizing for our intrusion,' replied I.

'No intrusion at all,' sung out my friend, at the top of his voice; 'if he says anything more, kick him! I know the law!'

With this his Lordship colored to the eyes, but turning towards me, he said, blandly, 'It is evident, sir, that your acquaintance is no gentleman; but, sir, as regards yourself, I shall be most happy if you will accompany me to the house, and spend the day with me.'

I was about declining the invitation, when the idea struck me that it would be a proper method of repaying my acquaintance for the trick he had played me. I therefore thanked his Lordship for his politeness, and accepted

his invitation. His Lordship then ordered his servants to remain by the stream, and if the person on the other side attempted to cross the stream, to pitch him into it; and then turning, led the way to his mansion, where I spent a most delightful day, and in the evening his carriage was put at my disposal, to convey me back to Windsor.

When I arrived there, I found that my acquaintance had returned early during the day, but had packed up his baggage and slept, not without, as the landlord informed me, venting some expressions of disgust for the society of infernal Yankees.

GOD FAITHFUL.

Pilgrims, is thy journey drear?  
Are its lights extinct forever?  
Still suppress the rising tear—  
God forsakes the righteous never.

Storms may gather o'er our path,  
All the tides of life may sweep—  
Still amid the fearful sea—  
God forsakes the righteous never.

ROMANCE.—It has been the general impression that the eldest son of the unfortunate Louis XVI died in the dungeon some time in June, 1795, a short time after the execution of his father, but the editor of the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser deems some facts narrated conclusive against such a supposition. He says that some time last year, a very old gentleman, a native of France, died in Louisiana, where he has resided since the closing of the last century. On his death-bed, he is reported to have stated that he was employed to convey out of France the young Dauphin, and deliver him into the hands of the North-western Indians of this continent. A report of the child's death and burial was spread, while he took charge of him, and came to New York; from thence he proceeded far into the interior, among the Indians, where he found a half-breed chief, wealthy and a strong Catholic, to whom he gave the child, without giving him any knowledge of his origin, but under the most solemn obligations that he should not reveal the circumstances under which he was received. The child was adopted into the chief's family, according to the Indian custom. The account he gives of himself, without the least suspicion of the present surmises respecting his origin, is, that previous to his tenth or twelfth year, his life is a perfect blank. He was gentle but serious, and, becoming early impressed with the truths of Christianity, he entered into holy orders, and has from that time been a missionary among the Indians. In the fall of 1841 he entertained the Prince de Joinville, who, notwithstanding the remoteness of his residence, sought him out, and treated him with great attention, giving him the place of honor next himself, much to the surprise of his suite, who could not understand the reason of his marked civilities. On the return of the Prince to France, Louis Philippe sent to the obscure missionary an autograph letter, thanking him for his attention to his son, and accompanied this letter with a donation truly royal.

CURIOSITIES OF BOILING WATER.—The higher we ascend, the less the pressure of the atmosphere becomes, and consequently, being to a certain extent removed from its surface, water boils at a much lower temperature than below. Many remarkable facts are dependent on this, for the nutritious principles in many kinds of common animal and vegetable food cannot be extracted at a temperature lower than 212 degrees; therefore those who live in very elevated regions, such as the plains of Mexico, &c., are deprived of many luxuries which their more fortunate, because less elevated, neighbors are capable of procuring. This is rather remarkable as relates to the monks of St. Bernard, who live at the Hospice on the Alps at an elevation of 8600 feet. They are obliged to live almost entirely on fried, roasted, and baked food; as water there boils at 203 degrees, which is an insufficient heat to extract the nutritious properties from the food which they procure. Hence that isolated community, situated at the boundary of the beautiful Swiss valleys on the north, and the fertile plains of Piedmont on the south, seem, as it were, cut off from participating in many comforts from the simple fact, that they cannot make their boiling water so hot as that of their neighbors below.—[Isaiah Deek.]

SCARCITY OF DWELLINGS.—Houses and shanties are so scarce, that an occupant of ten by twelve, who has the shanty on a lease of \$10 per month, was offered \$80 per month to move out, by a recent arrival. In consequence of the large number of passengers arriving from abroad by every vessel, we fear that a vast deal of suffering will be experienced by hundreds without shelter, when the rains commence, which must be close at hand.—Lumber is scarce, and at the enormous price of \$125 per 1,000 feet, while quantities are lying ready for shipment at all the Embarkaderos on this Bay, at Bodega and Santa Cruz, to say nothing of the abundant supplies we might obtain from Columbia River and Sitka, if we had the vessels. Our citizens hope to obtain some relief from Com. Jones, by his throwing open the coasting trade of Oregon and California temporarily, to foreign flags, and thereby enabling them to obtain articles of first rate necessity—lumber and provisions—at moderate cost.—[California Star.]

LACONISM OF GEN. TAYLOR.—The shortest letter which was probably ever written by a public man, is recorded of General Taylor, and the occasion is thus related by a correspondent of the National Intelligencer:

One of my duties was that of forage master, and my instructions were that I must proportion the forage to the exigencies of the case, and serve out half or even quarter rations, if it should become necessary. One day General Taylor's servant came as usual 'draw' the forage for the staff horses, being generally the best and strongest framed horses, which could subsist on the half allowance quite as well, and probably better than the horses in the teams, and those on which the private soldiers were mounted. General Taylor's servant had been gone but a few minutes when he returned with a message from the Adjutant General, that the staff horses must have full rations. I immediately sent a message to the General as follows:

'Sir—in obedience to my instructions from the quartermaster at Tampa, I have put all the horses and mules upon half allowance; must the staff horses form an exception to the rule?'

The answer was promptly returned, and here it is:—'No.'



## Clippings.

**MARRIAGE FOR A NAME.**—The *Courier des Etats Unis* relates the following anecdote: "The marriage of M. Gosse, sub-prefect of Dax, to a lady named Sara, is announced. The marriage, it is said, was not one of love; but had its origin in the following curious circumstance. The grandmother of M. Gosse had distinguished herself by some noble action at the Siege of Saragossa. In honor of this action, and in order to perpetuate the memory of it, M. Gosse determined to marry a lady by the name of Sara, so that when he addressed his wife, he might hear the name of Saragossa."

**YANKEE ENTERPRISE.**—Literally one of the coolest operations that we ever knew in the annals of trade, recently came to our notice from a source worthy of entire credit.

New England is said to have but two native products, granite and ice. We have an ice story to tell that is worth hearing. A gentleman long identified with the ice trade, having entered into it as early as 1805, after some twenty-five years of successful enterprise, tho't to enlarge his sphere of knowledge and action by entering into other mercantile business. He soon became entangled by his relation to some unfortunate mercantile houses, and found himself a debtor to the amount of \$210,000. This must have given him more of a chill than his ice-houses ever did. But he knew that faint heart never won either fair lady or noble prize. He told his creditors that if they would give him time and not hamper him at all, he would pay the whole, principal and interest. For thirteen years he labored for it, and last year made the closing payment on \$210,000 principal and about \$70,000 interest. He did it in his old business, as the ice-king of the globe. He sold his cargoes in the great southern ports of the two hemispheres, at low prices, kept rigid faith, bought largely the needed stores in the various centres of the trade, secured the lands around his ponds, made friends everywhere, and now comes out with an independent fortune and free of debt. Such was his generous policy that the English residents of Calcutta presented him with a fire-proof store-house, as a token of respect and to retain him in that market. He takes a very cheerful view of his past misfortune and thinks himself, on the whole, better off for embarking in the disastrous business which caused his embarrassments, yet enlarged his facilities for his old traffic more than enough to make up his loss.

All honor to the man who labors to pay his debts, instead of creeping out of his responsibilities through any small hole in the crevices of the law, and allowing his creditors to suffer whilst he pampers himself over ill-gotten gains. The above incidents show the power of a cheerful purpose and the worth of veracity on the one hand and confidence on the other. But we will not spoil a good story by a long moral. [Prov. Journal.]

"Crow, I want to ax you a conundrum." "Well, Julius, succeed. Ise open for de ques-chum."

"Can you tell me why de art of self-defence am like de ribber at low tide?"

"No, Julius, I don't see no similarity in de two subjects; so darefor, I guvs 'em up."

"Well, den I'll tell you; it is simply becase it develops de muscles! You is de most ignominious nigger I nebbur seed."

"Yah-yah! I knowed all de time what dat was, only I didn't want to say nuffin! Jiss ax me again, and see if I can't tell you."

**CROSS READING.**—A droll fellow being requested by an old lady to read the newspaper, took it up and began as follows:

"Last night, yesterday morning, about two o'clock in the afternoon, before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old, bought a brick cast for a levy, and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumped over it and broke his ankle right off above the knee, and fell into a dry mill-pond and was drowned. About forty years after that, on the same day, an old cat had nine turkey gobblers—the wind blew Yankee Doodle into a frying pan, and knocked the old Dutch churn down and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Boston, where a deaf and dumb man was talking French to his aunt Peter!"

The old lady raised up both hands and exclaimed, "Du tell!"

**ANECDOTE OF CHARLES LAMB.**—Coleridge told me of a ludicrous embarrassment which Lamb's stammering caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea-bathing; and accordingly, at the door of his bathing machine, whilst he laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters; they waited for the word of command from their principal, who began the following oration:—

"Hear me, men! Take notice of this—I am to be dipped."

What more he would have said is unknown to land or sea-bathing machines; for having reached the water, dipped, he commenced such a rolling fire of di—di—di—di, that when at length he descended a plomp upon the full word dipped, the two men, rather tired of the long suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the 'operative' clause of the sentence; and, both exclaiming at once, "Oh yes, sir, we're quite aware of that!"—down they plunged him into the sea. On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold, that he found no voice suitable to his indignation; from necessity he seemed tranquil, and, again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus:—

"Men! it is possible to obtain your attention?"

"Oh, surely, sir by all means."

"Then listen: once more I tell you, I am to be di—di—di; and then with a burst of indignation, 'dipped I tell you!'"

"Oh, decidedly, sir; and down the stammerer went for a second time."

Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at explanation;—

"Grant me pa—pa—patience; is it num—um—murder you me—mean? Again and a—ga—ga—gain, I tell you, I'm to be di—di—di—dipped, now speaking furiously, with the voice of an injured man."

"Oh, yes, sir, the man replied, 'we know that—we fully understand it; and for the third time down went Lamb into the sea."

"Oh, limbs of Satan!" he said, on coming up for the third time, 'it's now too late; I tell you that I am—no, that I was—to be di—di—di—dipped only once.' [Do Quincy, in *North British Review*.]

**PARIS POLICE SCENE.**—A curious scene is said to have taken place between the chief of the secret police and several of the conspirators engaged in the affair of the 29th. On Sunday afternoon, he caused seven, accused of being deeply involved in it, to be arrested, and brought before him. They bitterly complained of the cruelty and injustice of their arrest. He at once silenced them by exposing all the details of the conspiracy. The prisoners, astonished at the accuracy of the information, no

longer persevered in their complaints, but asked him by whom he had been so well informed. "By one of you!" replied he; and then left them shut up in the same cell. The state of the seven prisoners may be imagined—as every one suspected the other of treachery.

**BURNING OF A THEATRE.**—On Saturday night, 17th ult., in Glasgow, the Theatre Royal, in Dunlop street, took fire in the upper gallery, from the gas pipes. The fire was soon extinguished; but such was the alarm of the people, that in the rush to get out, sixty-five persons perished. The panic was principally in the upper gallery, where there were about five hundred people, the price of admission being only three pence. They rushed down the stairs in the terror of some undefined calamity, and fell one over another at the foot, thereby making a barricade of a compact mass of prostrate human beings against the only means of egress. Independent of the pressure of human beings upon each other, this flight of stairs soon became a second Black Hole of Calcutta, from the intensity of the heat. The weak were trampled down by the strong, the latter only to be trampled down in turn by the furious crowd in the rear. The noise of the stifled cries and groans, and the struggles for life which came from this horrid staircase, was most agonizing. Relief to the living was finally obtained by cutting through the partition. By 9 o'clock all the rooms in the Garrick Hotel, opposite the theatre, were filled with the dead. Scarcely any of the bodies presented external wounds. They generally exhibited a placid aspect and seemed as if death had been caused by pressure on the heart.

There are many painful cases; one was that of a poor woman who found her husband and two children among the dead—one of the latter a girl only three years of age. Sixty-five were taken out dead; several died on their way to the hospital, and many of the wounded will probably die.

**THE BUNYIP.**—A nondescript animal has recently been discovered in New South Wales. The natives call it a 'bunyip.' It appears to be very rare upon the coasts near the British settlements, and no individual of the kind has yet been captured. The following account is from the *Maitland* (N. S. W.) Mercury:

"A stockman, in the employ of Mr. Baxter, was fishing in the river Eumerralla, when he was suddenly startled by what he at first imagined to be a huge black fellow swimming in the river but which I think must be the bunyip. I went with the stockman the next day, and was fortunate enough to get a good view of him. He was of a brownish color, with a head something the shape of a kangaroo, an enormous mouth, apparently furnished with a formidable set of teeth, long neck covered with a shaggy mane, which reached half way down his back. His hindquarters were under water, so that we could not get a full view of him; but if one may judge from what was seen, his weight must be fully equal to that of a very large bullock. On trying to get a closer examination of him, he took alarm, and immediately disappeared, and although a strict watch has been kept, he has never again been seen; but it is hoped the exertions of Baxter to catch him will be crowned with success."

**THE END OF THE WICKED.**—We alluded in our last paper to the death by shooting, of Walter Maythe, in an affair at Cincinnati. The whole Maythe family have long been known in the West as desperadoes and outlaws. The whole family, male and female, were of the most abandoned character. They knew no restraint, and followed no guide, but their own depraved appetites, and outrageously wicked propensities. Taking these as their guide, they regarded society and its members as lawful prey. The long catalogue of their crimes embred those of the deepest dye.

But fearful indeed has been the retribution that has fallen upon the whole family. With one exception the whole family is now extinct. But not one has died a natural death. They lived by violence, and by violence they died. The two sisters died most miserably in a hospital in Mobile. Smith Maythe was taken from the jail of Grant County, Kentucky, and hung by a mob. Scott Maythe was arrested among a gang of counterfeiters on the Mississippi river, and tied neck and heels with a companion in crime and cast into the river and drowned. How Walter Maythe came to his death we have already stated. There is but one member of the family living, and he is, we are informed, in inmate of the penitentiary at this time. What a lesson does the history of this family contain! What a fearful warning in their horrible fate.—(Dayton (Ohio) Transcript.)

**MURDER IN CALIFORNIA.**—One of the most deliberate and dreadful massacres ever our lot to record, and under circumstances the most inhuman, has recently occurred in the valley of the Sacramento. The affair has created much sensation in the North, and that the fiendish perpetrators may be hunted down and made to answer for this first of crimes, will be the prayer of every reader of the following account.

A Mr. Pomeroy, late from Oregon, and a person whose name we have not yet learned, left for Sacramento on or about the 20th ult., taking the route leading through the country and across the San Joaquin river into Pueblo valley. They were accompanied by two fellows with whom, it is said, they were partially acquainted—Joseph Lynch and a 'Bill Jones'; the one a recent deserter from the Navy, the other formerly in the Army service, a deserter too. A short distance from the fort the party overtook and passed a wagon, and a few miles beyond which they encamped for the night.

It is supposed that Lynch and Jones arose upon their companions during the night, plundered them of a large amount of gold, and murdered them upon the spot. The wagon arrived at their camp ground early next morning, and the bodies of the unfortunate Pomeroy and his friend found a short distance from a camp fire blazing in blood. The assassins had fled, taking with them the animals of the two murdered men. Information was conveyed to the fort, and parties despatched in different directions to apprehend Lynch and Jones. There can be no doubt but that these are the murderers.

A party of men arrived in this place on Wednesday last, in hot pursuit of the fugitives. They have been traced to this town, where it is reported they applied for passage in a vessel shortly to leave this coast. They have since been heard of a short distance off, evidently on their way down to Santa Cruz. Parties are on their trail and we hope next week to report their capture.—(California Star, Dec. 2.)

**DISTILLERY.**—The Pittsburgh Com. Journal of Feb. 25, says: An order from a wealthy company about to embark in distilling whisky, was received by one of our steam engine manufacturers, to supply the necessary apparatus. He refused to fill the order for such a purpose, when an application was made to others engaged in the copper and sheet iron business, but with no better success; all refused to be instrumental in the manufacture of ardent spirits.

its. This speaks well for the temperance of those engaged in this branch of the Pittsburgh trade.

The St. Augustine Herald of the 23d ult., says, "A friend of ours has sent us an Irish potato weighing 4 1/2 ounces. Radishes, cabbages, lettuce, green peas, turnips, beets, beans, carrots, and all kinds of vegetables, are furnished by the different Hotels; the late frost not having done material injury."

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAR. 15.

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

## OUR SCHOOLS.

It is about four years since the school districts of this village became united. Two plans were then proposed for the improvement of our schools; one of which contemplated a larger annual expense than could be incurred without authority from the Legislature to lay additional taxes. The other plan proposed such an arrangement of the schools as we have since that time had in operation. This last plan was adopted as an expedient for the time, and was not intended to introduce a permanent system. It was a great improvement on what before existed, as any one at all acquainted with the state of the schools before and since its adoption must be sensible of; but he must also be sensible that our school system is yet very defective. We are deriving all the advantage from it that it is capable of furnishing; if we would have better schools we must change the system.

In the first place, there must be a larger amount of money at the disposal of the district. In order to raise it we must have an act of the Legislature, granting power to levy taxes in the district for school purposes. It is to be hoped that the subject will be discussed at the next school meeting, and that measures will be taken to petition the Legislature accordingly.

We ought to have three grades of schools sustained forty weeks in the year. The following estimate cannot vary much from the cost of sustaining such a system, namely:—  
For Principal of High School, per ann. \$500  
" Grammar Sch'l " 200  
" Teachers of 3 Primary Sch'ls " 480  
" Fuel and other Incidentals, 120  
Total, \$1300

With such a system, children could be instructed in schools suited to their attainments, and be carried forward through the highest studies taught in our best academies. These advantages would be accessible to every citizen of the village, free from private charge. These advantages would be greater by far than our Institute, Academy, and High Schools can now furnish, because the classification would be more perfect.

But, as we have before said, in order to realize anything like such an arrangement we must have more money. Our public money now amounts to about 700 dollars. We should need 600 dollars more. It would be a somewhat heavy tax, but much less heavy than we now pay in the form of private tuition.

Let us look at facts. At this present time there are more than 200 children of the village attending private schools, at an average cost of about three dollars a term, making an aggregate of six hundred dollars. If it is added in the form of a tax to the other public money, it would sustain a much better system of schools than we now have, the year around. We, however, pay all this in a single quarter. In the fall we pay as much more, and in the winter and summer terms together we pay still another six hundred, as private tuition.

As a matter of fact, then, we pay 1800 dollars as private tuition, and 700 dollars as a school tax, making 2500 dollars for the support of our present system, when we might have better schools for a little more than half of that sum. Here is 1200 dollars paid annually by this village for nothing; that is, more than is necessary to support a complete system of schools. This is an enormous tax upon us—an unnecessary tax; and worse than useless.

There is neighbor T., who pays 20 dollars a year for private tuition; his tax to raise what we need would be two dollars. Another neighbor paid last year 17 dollars tuition—and his tax would have been less than two dollars. And yet neither of them has taken any active interest in perfecting our school system. Their indifference in this matter is in reality a tax of more than 15 dollars a year upon each of them. And their case is substantially the case of a large majority of voters and tax payers in the village. We ask them to look into this matter. It is no small matter that we pay five, ten, or twenty dollars a year to no good purpose.

## ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned members of "The American Committee representing three Associations for the cause of peace—desire to present to the Public a view of the value and practicability of the object for which they are associated, and its claims on the attention and aid of their fellow citizens.

The Peace Societies in Great Britain and the United States early perceived that most of the wars of modern civilized nations were occasioned by disputes for the settlement of which there was needed, either a Common Arbitrator, or Principles of Law, not supplied by the uncertain and unauthorized precedents called "The law of nations;" and in the belief that the establishment of this Arbitrator of these principles, on sufficient authority, would be the means of preventing all wars, they proposed a

Congress to be composed of Delegates from all the Sovereign Powers according to this arrangement, whose duty it should be, to form such a code of international law as would receive the assent of all; and become a basis, on which an impartial Court could determine future disputes.

We will not detain you with a relation of the successive discussions and measures thro' which this proposal has passed to its present maturity; we will only say in brief, that memorials in its favor to the British Parliament and to the Congress of the United States, at different times, have met with friendly reception; that the Legislature of Massachusetts has twice passed Resolutions recommending it; and that a large volume of Essays on the subject, issued by the American Peace Society, has been presented to many of the leading Sovereigns and eminent Statesmen of Europe and America, by whom it has been acknowledged with approbation.

We are now encouraged to renewed exertion in this enterprise under the happiest auspices. A Convention for this object was held at Brussels, in Belgium, last September, composed of Delegates from Great Britain, France, Belgium, Prussia, Holland, Spain, Italy, and the United States of America; persons generally eminent in station and talent; and some of whom were connected with the Governments of the nations they represented. In this Convention there was a luminous discussion of the principles of a Congress of Nations, and urged recommendations of its speedy establishment. We quote one of the Resolutions passed there, with only one dissenting voice.

"That it is the settled conviction of this body that Convocation of a Congress of Nations, composed of duly appointed representatives, is of the highest importance; inasmuch as it would secure the establishment of a well digested code of laws for the regulation of international intercourse; and by constituting a High Court of Nations, would provide an effectual guaranty for the preservation of permanent and universal Peace."

This convention was followed by large meetings in England, at which several members of Parliament and other eminent men were present and where the sentiments and proceedings of that body were enthusiastically approved.—A deputation from the Convention with an Address to the British Government was favorably received by the Premier, and an intimation was given his Government would readily meet advances from others on the subject. It is proposed to hold another Convention at Paris in the ensuing month of August, to which delegations are invited from all civilized nations.

We would now appeal to Americans citizens of every class, party and denomination, to encourage and aid us zealously and unitedly in this truly beneficent work. We believe we offer a scheme by which all the burdens, horrors and crimes of war may be forever precluded, and a state of universal friendship and prosperity be introduced, correspondent to the advance of the age in science and civilization. We appeal to the humanity of Philanthropists; for the practice of war is more destructive of life, comfort, liberty and virtue, than all other corrupt customs of the world combined. We appeal to the piety of Christians; for the wide diffusion of the love of God and man enjoined in the Gospel, finds its greatest obstruction in war and martial preparations. We appeal to the patriotism of Citizens; for we would that our country should have the glory, in all future ages, of leading in this enterprise of universal pacification, to which it is pledged by its past agency in cause, its constant pacific professions and the freedom of its institutions. We also appeal to the interests of its commerce and the policy of Political Economy; that the enormous sums of money, hitherto wasted in war, may be employed in fertilizing the earth and securing competence to its inhabitants.

It is asked, how can unconnected individuals give us the aid we solicit? We reply; by circulating this and other communications; by social conversation and kindly persuasion by participation in public meetings for this purpose; by petitions to Government; and by acquainting us with persons who are qualified, and willing to proceed as our Delegates to Europe. And we would intimate to the friends of peace, who may be blessed with wealth, but not with the leisure for personal service, that pecuniary contributions to defray expenses, are necessary in this, as in other benevolent movements. Believing that our labors are for the good of the whole community, we trust that the magnanimity of the affluent will not permit them to be given at great sacrifices to ourselves; and that we shall receive from them cheerful and sufficient voluntary contributions.

In any of the modes now pointed out all who aid or co-operate with us, will become truly and efficiently "Peace makers;" and such will receive from the Prince of Peace the appellation of "The Children of God."

Robert Waterston.  
Ezra S. Gannett.  
Bradford Sumner.  
Amasa Walker.  
Walter Channing.  
Joshua P. Blanchard.  
George C. Beckwith.  
Charles Sumner.  
Wm. H. Channing.  
Warren Burton.  
Samuel G. Howe.  
Frederick W. Holland.  
George Merrill.  
Wm. C. Brown.  
Ann Fitz.  
James Tolman.  
Charles B. Fairbanks.  
Albert Tolman.  
Thomas Drew Jr.  
E. W. Jackson.  
Lewis T. Stoddard.  
American Committee for a Congress of Nations.  
Worcester, Feb. 17, 1849.

The hurry to under the bands of matrimony is so great, that the chancery docket of the Common Pleas of Hamilton county, Ohio, is mainly made up of this business. Twenty couples were sukked week before last, and about a hundred were waiting their turn.

[For the Eastern Mail.]  
Mr. Editor:—As the season for active farming operations is near at hand, I have thought a few hints to a certain portion of your readers, might not be inappropriate at this time. First, then, premising that every farmer has drawn his year's supply of wood, to be cut, split, and suitably housed, during the interval between sledding and the breaking up of frost, no better time can be found for removing to the fields the manure that has accumulated at your barn windows, than the present. By securing your cart body to the sled, this may very easily be done, while your team, which would otherwise be unemployed, will accomplish the task much more readily than in the warm, enervating weather of April and May.

One advantage to be derived from this procedure is, the saving upon your lands of a great amount of fertilizing matter, the soluble portions of your manure heaps, which, by delay, are washed by the rains of spring, in many cases, to enrich the roadsides, on account of your having neglected to provide a suitable shelter to prevent it, and having—according to a custom quite too prevalent—left your barn yard an inclined plane, for years, that the wash might the more easily pass off, when it should have been concave, or disking, that all the liquid excrement might be saved by being absorbed by muck, leaves and loam; placed there in the fall for that purpose. Another, and by no means inconsiderable advantage is, that, by removing your manure at this season and heaping it in piles containing several loads, it becomes more thoroughly pulverized by the action of the frost and atmosphere circulating through it, at a season when the fertilizing gases are not driven off by too great heat of the weather, thereby rendering it more suitable to be applied to your crops in the hill, or if spread broadcast (the better method) more easily incorporated with the soil.

You may set down manuring in the hill, without the application of a liberal quantity broadcast, as a practice that will eventually be decidedly injurious to your mowing fields—the first crop appropriating the greater part of the strength of the small quantity of manure applied by this method, to the serious detriment of the succeeding grass crops.

If your orchard is worth trimming, you cannot find a better time for that operation, than the present month. Be sure and not content yourself with the idea that the work is well done, if you take an axe and hack off a low limb, here and there, to promote the growth of the tangled mass that is above it, but cut your way up into the tree—for some of you cannot get there without first "swamping a road,"—and then cut off all the dead and decaying limbs, together with the sprouts and the branches that cross and chafe one another—being careful to leave the top evenly balanced, well spread, and open, so that the sun may shine upon, and improve the quality of the fruit.

Pay no attention to moonshine in this business, but do it when the sun shines, for if you amputate a limb from your apple tree in a wet, drizzly day in any of the spring or summer months, be the moon old or new, on the increase or decrease, the wound inflicted will be sure to bleed, unless immediately covered with some substance to protect it from the weather. Tar and brick dust, or Spanish brown and oil are very good for this purpose; but if very large limbs must be cut off, a piece of cotton cloth dipped in melted grafting wax, and confined over the wound with a string, is far better. If you intend to cut any scions, do it any time this month. The best method of preserving them is to wrap them up well in paper, and bury them in sand on the bottom of a dry cellar.

Albion, March, 1849.

## NEWS FROM EUROPE.

BY THE AMERICA.

FRANCE.—On the 14th, the monthly election of President of the Assembly took place, when M. Marrast was re-elected by 408 votes to 218 given to M. Dufaure. The Assembly afterwards granted the authorisation to prosecute M. Proudhon, one of its members, for a libel on the President of the Republic. It subsequently resumed the discussion on M. Lanjuinais's proposition relative to its dissolution, and rejected, by 459 to 347, an amendment by M. Emile Pean, who wished the Assembly to discuss and vote the budget of 1849 previous to the promulgation of the electoral law.

On the 15th the Minister of the Interior presented a bill relative to the celebration of the anniversary of the revolution of February. By this bill it was declared that the ceremonies on the 25th of February would be a mere service for the dead, leaving the period of rejoicing to the anniversary of the 4th of May, the day on which the National Assembly first met. The bill was at once referred to the committee of the interior, with an injunction to send in a report in the course of the sitting. Some articles of the electoral law were adopted. M. Babaud Lariere then presented the report of the committee on the bill mentioned above; the committee declared that in general it approved the views of the Government, but still insisted on having both the 24th of February and the 4th of May considered as festive days and national holidays. M. Leon Faucher persisted in the bill which he had presented, but the Assembly approved that of the committee, which was adopted by 490 votes to 99.

On the 19th the question before the Assembly (viz. the electoral law) was interrupted by an incident which created great sensation for the time. General Cavaignac mounted the tribune to complain of an article published in the 'Union,' accusing him of endeavoring to seduce part of the army of Paris from their duty; he had not, he said, prosecuted the journal for libel, because, being attacked as a private individual, he could not, therefore have forced the journal to bring forward proofs of the facts alleged against him; he thought it better to come forward in the tribune, and inquire from the Minister of the Interior and General Changarnier if anything had come to their knowledge relative to the accusations. M. Leon Faucher declared that he had never seen the article in question; that the Ministry had no communication of any kind with the newspaper in question; and that, as regards the charge itself, if any such allegation had reached his ears, he would have repelled it with indignation, as utterly inconsistent with the character of General Cavaignac, and also with the services he had rendered to the country.

General Changarnier also denied all communication with the 'Union' newspaper, and expressed his surprise that General Cavaignac could have supposed that he could have anything to do with the matter of which he complained. General Cavaignac then declared himself satisfied, and in reference to an expression used by General Changarnier, who had complained that he had not come to him privately to ask an explanation, he stated that his reason for bringing the subject before the Assembly, was in order that the contradiction might go before the country.

The affair then dropped, to the disappointment of the members, who expected to have heard some explanation of an assertion made within the last few days by the 'National,' to the effect, that if a conflict had taken place between the National Assembly and the Government had determined at once to arrest General Cavaignac and two other generals. That part of the story was, however, passed over in silence. It is said that the two generals whom it was intended to arrest along with General Cavaignac, were Generals de Lamoriciere and Le Breton.

STATE OF MAINE.  
BY THE GOVERNOR.  
A PROCLAMATION.  
For a Day of Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

With the advice of the Executive Council, I JOHN W. DANA, Governor of the State of Maine, do appoint THURSDAY, the 5th day of April, as a day of PUBLIC HUMILIATION, FASTING AND PRAYER.

Occupying the relation of revolted subjects to God's universal kingdom; ungrateful to Him who daily upholds us with His arm and feeds and clothes us with His hand and scatters blessings and beauties all around us; disobedient to the laws He has given us, solely for the promotion of our highest good; duty, gratitude and a proper self regard, all demand that we at once submit to His authority, humbly sue for pardon and restoration to His favor, and henceforth cease our wanderings after false gods we have wrought and fashioned by our own fancies, pride and passions.

Let us then on that day, as a community and individually, publicly and privately, acknowledge our allegiance to the only true God and King, seek forgiveness for our deep ingratitude and unprovoked rebellion, and ask that He may aid us to conform our future lives to the reasonable requirements of those laws which he has briefly summed up in this, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.'

Given at the Council Chamber, at Augusta, this seventh day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, and of the Independence of the United States, the seventy-third.

JOHN W. DANA.  
By the Governor.  
EZRA B. FRENCH, Secretary of State.

**THE NEW-BOSTON POISONING CASE.**—The Lowell Courier, of yesterday, gives the following additional particulars respecting the confession of the girl, Letitia Page, with the names of the parties, who, as she alleges, instigated her to the dreadful crime of which she has been guilty:

"Letitia stated yesterday that she held in her possession a forged note running to herself, against Mr. Blaisdell, of New Boston, for the sum of four hundred dollars. She states further that this note was drawn up by John Cheney, a farmer in Goffstown, one of the adjacent towns. Mr. Cheney now occupies the farm in that village, previously owned by Mr. Blaisdell of New Boston, and sold by him to its present occupant. Mr. B. has notes against Cheney to the amount of some two thousand dollars. The girl states that Mrs. Cheney, the wife of the occupant of the farm, gave her money to purchase the poison, and was in the habit of saying that 'Mr. Blaisdell ought not to live—that she hoped he would die;' with similar expressions; though we do not learn that she in so many words instigated Letitia to poison Mr. Blaisdell. The inference among those who have heard the confession of the girl, is that there was a plan to make way with that gentleman so as to escape the payment of the amount due him by Cheney. The motive of the girl was to aid in this, and also to collect against the estate the amount of the forged note given her by Cheney. Her trunk was searched yesterday, and in it were found other and more fatal poisons, which she was advised by Mrs. C. to try, if the morphia failed. She states that the application of the morphia upon old Mrs. Blaisdell and the child, was an experiment merely, which, if successful, she was to repeat upon Mr. B. This she did by mixing the poison in the family tea, by which he very narrowly escaped, and which led to the arrest of the girl as stated yesterday."

**HOMICIDE.**—On Tuesday, between three and four o'clock afternoon, a horrid attempt at murder was perpetrated at the house No. 46 Lexington Avenue, the victim being a female residing there, and known as Mrs. Margaret E. Walker, wife of Thomas J. Walker, a gentleman of fortune, well known in that city. An old lady occupying the upper part of the house heard the report of a pistol, proceeding from the lower front parlor, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Walker; and rushing into the room, she discovered Mrs. Walker lying on the floor bled in blood and gasping for breath, Mr. Walker being at the time in the room. In a few moments police officers were at the scene, and Mr. Walker was arrested. He was searched, and a six-barrel revolving pistol was found in the inside pocket of his coat; one of the barrels having been discharged. Mr. Walker told an officer that the woman was not his wife, and that she had shut herself.

She refused to the last to make any declaration as to who perpetrated the deed. She was still alive at the last accounts; but as the ball has passed through her lungs, her recovery is almost impossible, and meanwhile Mr. Walker is committed to close custody. The unfortunate female whose life was thus attempted, turns out to be the wife of Mr. Charles Miller, of N. Y. city, whose abduction from Stamford, Ct., by Miller, some years since, created great excitement in the community. She at that time resolutely refused to live with her husband, and accused him of having forged the name of her uncle, Mr. Lemuel Wells, a wealthy gentleman of Westchester county, to a check for \$20,000. Mrs. Miller, who is a very beautiful woman, has been living for six months past, passing as his wife. The cause which led to the perpetration of this most shocking deed, is buried in mystery.

P. S.—She has since died. Walker is yet in confinement, and conducts himself, it is said, with the most heartless indifference in relation to the affair.

N. Y. Cour.



## AN INDIAN LEGEND.

[For the Eastern Mail.]  
THE VALLEY OF POODACK.

There is a place in the eastern part of the town of Skowhegan, in the State of Maine, which has for a long time gone by the name of "Poodack Valley." Yet I believe it is not generally known where the name had its origin. For the sake of gratifying an honest curiosity entertained by some of the readers of the Mail, I have undertaken to give the long wished-for information. As the little story I am about to narrate is wholly traditional, it will not be strange should some parts of it appear to the reader somewhat fanciful. Be that as it may, I only wish the reader to understand that I give it precisely as I received it. So should it appear a little misty to him, at times, he will please brush it away to suit himself.

Long before the feet of civilized men had left their prints in the soil that now constitutes the State of Maine, my story begins. It was then one vast wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts, and people nearly as uncivilized as themselves. The feelings and passions of these people were often indulged to such an extent as to leave reason and discretion quite out of the question—as the sequel will show. [And here I will take occasion to remark, that the same fault is quite too prevalent among ourselves.]

At the time my story commences, there resided in the wilds of N. America many powerful tribes of these people. Those of which I shall more particularly speak were the Norridgewock and Ticonic, located on the Kennebec river, and occupying very nearly the same spots that the villages of Norridgewock and Waterville now do. These tribes had long lived as friendly neighbors, frequently mingling with each other at the hunt, the feast, and the dance. The chiefs of these tribes had each an only child. O-wah-ne-ka was the son of the Ticonic chief, and one that a father might justly be proud of. He was a model an artist would delight to look upon; as brave as he was handsome, and as skillful in the arts of warfare as he was brave. Oneida, or the Mountain Fawn, as she was called by the young Indian braves, was the daughter of the proud and haughty chief of the Norridgewock. She was what might well be termed a rose in the wilderness. She was indeed a beauty, and the pride of her father. She was envied by her own sex and adored by the other. Among her lovers—for she had many—two only shall I mention. One was the brave and handsome O-wah-ne-ka, the other a young brave belonging to her father's tribe, and distantly connected in the ties of consanguinity to the old chief himself. This made him a formidable rival to the young Ticonic, but not a favorite with the charming Oneida, as we shall presently see.

She loved the young Ticonic, and the fact was well known to the rival lover. He had long watched their movements carefully, and with a jealous eye; for he ardently loved the forest bird, and was determined to win her or die. The foot of the mountain that stands east of the Valley of Poodack, is lavied by the waters of a beautiful pond, which is one of many scattered around in that region. These ponds and mountains afforded much game to the Indian hunters, and they spent a great part of the hunting season among them. It was not uncommon for the old chief to join his young men in the hunt, and on such occasions his daughter was allowed to accompany him; where, with her tent pitched in some pleasant spot, accompanied by a few favorite forest maidens, she would remain during the season.

On a beautiful morning in the month of June, near the margin of a lovely creek formed by the waters of the above mentioned pond, and shaded by a beautiful forest willow, might be seen the tent of the forest queen—its gaudy colors flashing in the beams of the just then rising sun. A little apart from her tent, and near a cluster of willows, might also be seen the beautiful maid herself. She was apparently engaged in earnest conversation with a confidential servant. She had just taken leave of her father, who, with a few chosen warriors and his wise men, had just left with the intention of visiting a distant tribe called the Penobscots, for the purpose of transacting some important business, and would be absent several weeks. He had left his daughter, as he always did on such occasions, in the special care of her maids and some choice young braves. To give herself a better opportunity for private conversation with the above mentioned servant, she had allowed her attendants a short absence for an excursion of pleasure up the pond. Notwithstanding her great care to have that private conversation in a very private way, the whole affair was discovered by that ever watchful lover before named. Concealed in a thicket near her, he had overheard the whole—which was neither more nor less than a message to O-wah-ne-ka, informing him of her father's absence, and requesting him to take advantage of this circumstance to make her a visit. She gave the servant a token for her lover, and a basket of refreshments for himself, and invoking the Great Spirit to protect and prosper him, bade him hasten on his errand.

On the afternoon of the following day the Norridgewock lover made her a visit. Not doubting that all was as it should be, she did not hesitate to join him in a short walk. They directed their steps down the pond to near its outlet, when they turned suddenly to the right and entered the southern extremity of the before named valley. They proceeded but a little distance up the valley, when Oneida seated herself on a rock facing the south, while the lover remained standing before her. They were engaged in earnest conversation on a subject that deeply interested the young brave. He had made use of that favorable opportunity to disclose the secret passion of his bosom, and was urging her to accept him for her future lord and husband, instead of O-wah-ne-ka, whom he knew she preferred. He intended

in the true eloquence of the forest, that she would favor his suit. But Oneida was true to her favorite lover, and rejected every overture with a calmness that drove him mad. Instead of entreating he now resorted to threats. His wild Indian passion had become fearfully violent. His voice was loud and harsh; his hand clutched firmly the handle of his tomahawk; his eyes rolled frightfully in their sockets; the white foam dropped from his lips, and his gestures became fearfully menacing. He watched closely the countenance of his victim. She sat calm and apparently resigned to her fate, her eyes fixed firmly on the thicket before her. Suddenly her face lighted up, and for a moment a smile rested on her lips. The keen eye of the savage was not slow to notice it. With eyes flashing fire, he turned suddenly to look in the same direction—at the same instant he bounded high in the air, and with a horrid yell fell a corpse at the feet of the now senseless Oneida.

O-wah-ne-ka was soon at her side—for it was the sight of her favored lover that had caused the change in her countenance; and it was an arrow from his unerring bow that had pierced the heart of the now prostrate rival.

A little exertion on the part of O-wah-ne-ka was sufficient to restore the fainting maid to life again. She looked wildly about for a moment, and then became calm and collected as before. She gazed not without a shudder on the lifeless form before her, for it was a shocking sight to behold. The young brave had fallen so violently against the point of a rock, as to fracture the skull, and cause the mingled blood and brains to flow freely over the rock. The tradition says the rock may now be seen in the valley of Poodack, with the stains visible upon it.

O-wah-ne-ka had received the message from his mistress, and hastened to comply with her wishes. He had arrived in the vicinity, and was proceeding to the tent of Oneida, when his ready ear caught the sound of the mad Indian's voice. He listened for a moment, and bounded forward in that direction, arriving, as we have already seen, just in time to save the life of Oneida.

With a face and manner beaming forth the wildness of forest life, O-wah-ne-ka now addressed the Indian princess:

"Beautiful bird of the forest, behold O-wah-ne-ka has done! There is the body of one of your father's braves—nay more, one of his kindred. Yes—dead and cold as the rock on which he lies. And O-wah-ne-ka is his murderer. Yet who should regret, when so much has been saved? By the aid of the Great Spirit Oneida yet lives. Listen to what O-wah-ne-ka now says. The friendship of our fathers will now be destroyed. The tomahawk, so long buried, will be dug up, and the war-whoop, before two more moons pass over, will echo from hill to hill. The blood of our braves will flow down these valleys like rivers. It must be so—the Great Spirit wills it. O-wah-ne-ka will bury in this accursed valley the body of the once noble and proud Poodack the Brave, and this place shall be called the VALLEY OF POODACK."

"O-wah-ne-ka now lives only for Oneida—Were it not for her, he would die by the side of this grave; but while she lives he will protect her life with his own. Oneida shall now decide which way she shall go—whether to her tribe or O-wah-ne-ka's. Speak, Oneida."

"Brave O-wah-ne-ka! Oneida is saved from the tomahawk of a Norridgewock, and by O-wah-ne-ka's bow. This is enough to direct her steps. Where O-wah-ne-ka goes she will follow—lead the way! Farewell to the land of Oneida's fathers—farewell to Oneida's father and friends."

They leave the Valley of Poodack, to join the tribe of the Ticonics.

[From our Boston Correspondent.]

BOSTON, March 1, 1849.

Friend MASHAM—Having leisure, lately, and knowing that the South had begun to interest itself in manufactures, I have gratified my curiosity by looking over their papers; and I have been struck by the extraordinary efforts which are being made to persuade the Southern people by the dollar and cent argument, and appeals to their pride, to engage in manufacturing; in fact, some of them say that they must turn their attention to manufacturing, if they wish to escape financial ruin. Almost every cotton growing State is making strong efforts to increase the number of their manufacturing articles which they consume, so as not to be dependent on the North. Georgia seems to lead in the movement, having dozens of cotton manufacturing in successful operation; even Mississippi has begun to wake up, and their papers are teeming with enthusiastic appeals to capitalists to invest their money in them. They argue thus: If the manufacturers of Massachusetts, and other States, can make fortunes, while paying such high prices for labor, and the freight on the raw material for over 2000 miles, the inhabitants of the cotton growing States ought to, and can do the same, if they will only unite and make well directed efforts. Who can deny but what a well directed effort on their part will bring about an extensive and successful introduction of manufacturing establishments at the South? And they will do it: they have capital enough, and cheaper labor though not so intelligent, yet enough can be hired here at the North to guide their ignorance and make it productive and profitable. If they do so, what an interesting and curious change it will make in the social and political condition of the Slave States! and it will operate upon Northern capital and Northern skill; an entire change must take place and they will have to find new channels for their activity. This movement does not seem to be confined to any particular section, but shows itself over the whole Southern confederacy, and it does seem to be the result of a determined and well considered plan on the part of the leading minds of the South. The

result, I think, is inevitable; they have the facilities, as they say, for manufacturing cheaper than the North, and it only needs enterprise to make their facilities productive to them. Another thing which will hasten them to improve their facilities, is the constantly increasing hatred against the North, on account of the spread of abolitionism, by which increased facilities are given for the most valuable portion of their property to free itself. One is struck, in reading their journals, to observe how this feeling rankles in their excitable natures; they cannot forget this, and to me it appears to be the greatest reason that urges them to try and build up their own manufactures, so as to be independent of the North, and enable them to pay off the Yankees by touching them in that tender spot, the pocket, for interfering with their "peculiar institution."

In this connection I cannot resist giving you the substance of a conversation I had with a Portland gentleman, the other day, whom I came across making purchases in a wholesale store. We were entire strangers to each other, and it was only after he left that I found out he had 10,000 dollars invested in the Portland and Montreal Railroad. He was enthusiastic—glowingly so—in his anticipations of the great results which the building of this road would produce in Portland. He told one fact, in illustration of its effects upon real estate there, in just one year. A piece of "flats" which was bought for 3400 dollars six months before the road was chartered, was sold, six months afterwards, for 10,500 dollars. This, he said, was more than the rise would average in Portland, but he thought real estate generally had advanced to about three times its former value. I then asked him about your Waterville Railroad; he said it was destined to be one of the best paying Railroads in the U. States; that it was now, and always had been, managed in the most creditable and economical manner, and from its situation and the position which it held in connection with other Railroads which would be built to connect with it, it must succeed, and be one of the most profitable Railroads in the country. He said if the Portland people had only shown one half the enterprise that the people of Waterville have, that the Portland Railroad would have been completed ere this. I dare not repeat all the flattering things he said of the Watervillians, as I fear it would seem too 'soapy.'

Well, the agony is over in regard to Genl Taylor's Cabinet. It caused considerable chagrin among the Whigs, to think that, after they had made up their minds to have Abbot Lawrence for Secretary of the Treasury, he cannot have that office, solely on account of the indomitable firmness of the General, who insisted that he must take the Navy Department or nothing. To heal the wound, he is to be our representative at the court of Great Britain. For myself, I think more of the General than ever, for his independence in arranging and selecting his Cabinet; and his wisdom in not selecting the old wire pullers in politics.

Yesterday, while passing along through the streets, my attention was attracted by an auction sale of a rather extensive grocery. I stepped in, and was much amused to see the "tasting committee" officiate on the occasion. I should think that all the walking rum jugs in the city were present to get filled, gratuitously. Barrel after barrel of the various kinds of liquors was sold, and, as they were put up, fifteen or twenty tumblers were filled for the audience to taste and prove the quality to their satisfaction. And of the whole crowd (it was a perfect jam) there were very few but what took a good taste. I amused myself by witnessing the "firing and falling back" that took place among them.

Our various Taylor Balls were well filled, and every thing passed off very pleasantly, except at the Boston Theatre, of which, as one of the papers has it, "the least said is the best."

P. S. Wonder if that 'Slack' fellow of the 'Excelsior' has found out who 'Ziggy' is yet? You may say to him that he may send 'that hat' to 'Mac'; I guess he would take it. If he don't believe it, just tell him to try.

## Summary.

DEATH FROM CHLOROFORM.—The inmates of the house of Mrs. Binney, in Mount Vernon street, were a good deal startled yesterday morning, by the announcement that one of the servants, named Abby Penock, a chambermaid, 17 years of age, had been found dead in her bed. It appears that she slept in the room with two other female servants. On the night previous to her death, she retired a little earlier than the other servants, who had not the least suspicion of her death until they went to the bed in the morning to awaken her. She was lying with a handkerchief impregnated with chloroform pressed against the nostrils; and a bottle partially full of chloroform was found in the bed. A number of physicians were called in, who made a post mortem examination of the body. Their opinion was, that she died by the imprudent use of chloroform, which caused congestion of the brain. It is stated that the deceased had once taken the chloroform while under a surgical operation, and that she expressed herself delighted with its effects, and said she should like to take it often. She was a native of Keene, N. H. and bore an irreproachable character.

Samuel Pope has been appointed Postmaster of Kennebecport, in place of Enoch Cousins, resigned.

RUMORED EXECUTIVE NOMINATIONS.—The Senate had adjourned on the 9th over to Monday, when it was expected that nominations would be made of Ministers to Spain, Chili and Russia, and of Charge d'Affaires to Sweden.

Mr. Pendleton of Virginia, it is said, has been nominated Minister to Spain.

Mr. Philip Greeley, it is said, has been nominated Collector of the Customs at Boston.

Mr. Charles Hudson, it is said, has been nominated Naval Officer at Boston.

Mr. Fletcher Webster, it is said, has been nominated District Attorney at Boston.

Thomas L. Smith, it is said, has been appointed

Register of the Treasury, and the dispatch to Saturday's evening papers says that Col. Young, of the Treasury Department, is to be retained; that Joseph Brady will be appointed 2d Auditor, and that the Appointing Bureau of the Post Office Department has been conferred upon Fitz Henry Warren.

THE N. Y. MURDER.—The Coroner held an inquest on Friday on the body of Mrs. Martha A. Walker, and after hearing the testimony rendered a verdict that the deceased came to her death by a ball shot from a pistol, by her husband, Thomas A. Walker. Whereupon the Coroner committed Mr. Walker to prison for examination.

The only new fact elicited in the examination before the Coroner was the statement by the Rev. Mr. Southard, that Mrs. Walker confessed just before her death that the shot was received from the pistol held by her husband, whilst she had been trying to get it from him, and that she believed the shot was accidental. The cause of the quarrel between Walker and his wife appears to have been jealousy on his part.

CALIFORNIA MATTERS.—The barque Russell, with a company of gold-seekers, mostly from Nantucket, sailed from New Bedford last Thursday.

A letter from Col. J. D. Stevenson, from Monterey, Oct. 29d, contains the following: "The country is in a deplorable condition, without either civil or military law or government. At this moment there is not in this town (the late capital) either Governor, Alcalde, Adjutant General, or any other person clothed with authority, except Capt. Burton, late Lieut. Col., commanding the post, and some twenty regular soldiers. All the others have deserted. Of the company of dragoons, C of 1st regiment, but about twenty remain, and they are divided into detachments, 500 miles apart.

All the recruits that lately came out here have deserted, and I have no doubt that the military force of the country will, in a short time, consist of the officers of the artillery and dragoon company, and even they have strong inducements to desert—if not to dig for gold, at least to find some place where a common round jacket may be purchased for less than 50 dollars, and where a very indifferent board will not cost 4 dollars per day. In short, I regret to say, that there is neither law, order, nor any kind of government, civil or military, in the country."

A female slave of Dr. J. James, in Wentworth, N. C., having lately committed some trifling misdemeanor, her master threatened to sell her. Prompted by revenge, she took her master's only daughter and a little slave boy into the woods and murdered them. She escaped, but was overtaken and imprisoned.

The Virginia House of Delegates, on Saturday week, passed a resolution instructing the Governor to place at the disposal of the civil authorities of Accomac county, one hundred muskets and four pieces of six-pound cannon, to enforce the oyster laws of the State.

Eighty dollars were paid in New York for four barrels of green corn and peas, received by steamer Crescent City from Chagres, and sent direct to Washington.

The Washington Union states that thirty thousand persons were present at the Inauguration. Not an accident occurred.

Miss Emma Humphrey, in Ohio, has obtained a verdict of 1200 dollars, against Mr. Woodward for slander.

CORN IN PENOBSCOT.—G. W. Chamberlin, Esq., of Carmel, says in the Bangor Courier, that he raised last year on an acre and ninety-nine rods of land, 341 1-2 bushels of corn in the ear, which would probably give 175 bushels of shelled corn, which is at the rate of 108 bushels to the acre.

SPORT.—It is said that the fishermen up at Moosehead Lake have rare sport this winter. Salmon trout are caught weighing over thirty pounds. One thousand dollars worth are said to have been caught, selling readily in market at ten cents a pound.

The celebrated Indian Chief Macksauba, of the Ottawa tribe, was recently frozen to death at Fisher's Mills in Allegany county, N. York. Liquor was the cause. The band to which he belonged is located near Black Lake at the Old Wing, and through the instrumentality of the missionaries have become nearly civilized in all their habits. Macksauba was a very popular chief.

A Post Office has been established at West Freedom, and H. Sylvester Esq., appointed Postmaster.

The Calais Advertiser, states that there is a lad in that town, who is only 15 years of age, who weighs 255 pounds.

TOWN ELECTION in Waterville, resulted in the election of  
Jones R. Elden, Town Clerk.  
E. L. Gutchell,  
A. Lyon,  
A. Winslow, Selectmen.

## MARRIAGES.

In Augusta, 11th inst., by Rev. H. Hawes, Mr. Constantine Bates 2d, of Waterville, and Miss Mary Emily Lord, of Augusta.

## DEATHS.

In New-Portland, 2d inst., Mrs. Mary Henderson, wife of Mr. John Henderson, aged 71 years.  
What is death?—It is to be free.  
No more to weep or joy or fear.  
To join the dead equality:  
All—All alike are humble there.

## MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES.  
Flour, bbl \$6.75 a 7.00; Corn, bush, 75 a 53; Rye, \$1.17; Wheat, \$1.25; Oats, 30 Butter, lb, 12 a 17; Cheese, 6 a 8; Eggs, doz, 10 cts; Pork, round hog, 7 to 8; Salt, fine, 40; Rock, 30; Codfish, 3 to 4; Molasses, 25 to 30.

## BOSTON MARKET.

SATURDAY, MAR. 10.  
Flour—Gen. 60, Michigan 57 1/2 a 57 per bbl. Ohio and St. Louis, 57 1/2 a 58.  
Grain—Sales Southern white Corn 34 a 35 cents, and yellow flat 60 a 61 per bushel. Oats scarce and in brisk demand; Northern 40.

## BRIGHTON MARKET.

THURSDAY, MAR. 8.  
At market 600 Beef Cattle, about 1700 Sheep and 800 Swine.  
Extra quality 700, best quality, 675 a 650; second do 625 a 575.  
Working Oxen, few prices in market; prices from 97 to 115.  
Cows and Calves.—A very low in market, 32 to 38 Sheep—Sales from 2.00 a 3.00.  
Spring—Wholesale 4 for 50s, 5 for 50s for Barrows, 50 a 60.

## NOTICES.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD  
Will be paid to any person who will give such information as will lead to the detection

of the man who ran off of the subscriber's horse and sleigh, on Tuesday last, on the Fairfield road, between Levi Dow's and John Tozer's. He drove a double team, loaded with bags of produce, as supposed. One of his horses had a white face. My horse, at the time, was driven by two ladies, who were thrown out of the sleigh, the sleigh was completely "smashed," and the horse, badly hurt, ran some two miles. The man made no stop, but left the ladies to take care of themselves.

LEMUEL STILSON, 3  
Waterville, Mar. 6, 1849.]

LECTURE BY HORACE GREELEY.  
The Committee authorize us to say that a lecture may be expected on Wednesday evening, the 21st instant, from Hon. Horace Greeley, of N. York. There will doubtless be a demand for tickets and seats, and those who would secure them must begin in season. Tickets at Matthews's bookstore.

NEWS FROM 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 now given a key to the origin of these maladies, and a means of prevention and cure. THE REV. B. HIBBARD'S

Vegetable, Anti-Bilious, Family Pills  
embodies a combination of natural 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 and most 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 secretions, they exercise a powerful controlling influence over all the maladies, (and their name is legion,) which emanate from those sources.

For sale by Wm. Dyer and J. H. Low & Co., Waterville, and by Druggists and Dealers throughout the state.

Advertisements.

STRAY COW.  
CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, about the 35th inst., a brown COW, about four years old. The owner is requested to pay charges and take her away.  
Waterville, March 15. J. M. HANES.

PROPOSALS  
FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE POOR.—The subscribers will receive proposals until the 21st day of March inst., for the support of the Poor of the Town of Waterville, for one, two or three years from the 15th day of April next.  
E. L. GUTCHELL,  
ALTHEUS LYON,  
Overseers of the Poor.

HOUSE & SIGN  
Painting, Glazing, Papering, Gilding and  
Imitations of Wood and Marble.  
W. M. DOE, having taken the shop recently occupied by J. P. Canby & Co., nearly opposite the Store of J. R. Elden & Co., will attend promptly to the calls of the citizens of Waterville and vicinity, who may require his services in any of the above branches. None need apply unless they want GOOD work, and are willing to pay a fair price for it. [341f]

NOTICE.  
PERSONS wishing to contract to pass the Fairfield Bridge by the year, are requested to leave their names at the Toll-House by the 28th of March, 1849.

American Hotel,  
Broadway, Corner of Barclay street, N. Y.  
THE Proprietors, TABER & BAGLEY respectfully announce to their friends and the public that they have leased the well known Hotel, and have made many improvements and repairs. A new and splendid Ladies' Ordinary will soon be completed, also additional rooms on Broadway.

It is furnished entirely with new Furniture made expressly to order. It is their determination to make it one of the best and most fashionable resorts for the travelling public that can be found in this country. The Tables will be at all times beautifully styled and with the delicacies of the season, and their general supplies having been selected with great care, cannot fail to give satisfaction.

The Proprietors hope by personal politeness and attention to merit the support and confidence of the public.  
JOSEPH TABER, Boston. JAMES BAGLEY, Philada.  
New York, Feb. 26, 1849. (33-1mo)

FARM FOR SALE, IN CLINTON.  
HALF a mile above Noble's Ferry, on the river. It consists of one hundred acres of land, well divided into mowing, pasture and tillage—a good two story house, with barn, cow-house, sheds, &c.—a thrifty orchard of 175 trees, two good wells, and a farm otherwise well equipped. There are about 12 acres of Fall plowing, with manure hauled. Terms liberal, and a considerable part of the purchase money may remain on credit, for time to suit the purchaser. Inquire on the premises.  
Clinton, March 6, 1849. (33-1f)

NOTICE.  
ALL PERSONS indebted to me by Note or Account are respectfully requested to call and settle the same immediately.  
Kendall's Mills, Feb. 27, 1849. JOSHUA NYE, Jr.

Mr. JOSEPH F. NYE is a partner in my business from this date.  
JOSHUA NYE, Jr.  
Feb. 27, 1849. (35-6w)

ALPHEUS LYON,  
HAVING returned to WATERVILLE, for the practice of his Profession, will be happy to see his old friends or new ones. [35-3m]

OFFICE, Over S & J. PERCIVAL'S Store.

To the Honorable J. Williams, Judge of the Court of Probate and for the County of Kennebec.  
THE Petition and Representation of Clifford Williams, Executor of the last will and testament of Thos. J. Shores, late of Waterville, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, respectfully sheweth, that the person of said deceased, which has come into the hands and possession of said Executor, is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of fourteen hundred dollars.—That said Executor therefore makes application to this Court, and prays your Honor that he may be authorized and empowered, agreeably to law, to sell and pass deeds of certain real estate of said deceased, and that the proceeds of said sale be applied to the payment of said debts and demands, and that the balance of said estate, including the reversion of the widow's dower, be necessary with incidental charges, all which is respectfully submitted.  
CLIFFORD WILLIAMS.

COURT OF KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probate held in Augusta, on the last Monday of February, 1849.  
On the Petition aforesaid, Ordered, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively, in the Eastern Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested may attend on the last Monday of March next, at the Court of Probate then to be held in Augusta, and shew cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. Such notice to be given before said Court.  
D. WILLIAMS, Judge.  
Copy of the petition and order thereon, (33-3w)

To the Honorable Judge of Probate for the County of Kennebec.  
THE undersigned Guardian of Caroline F., Mary A., Emily J., Eveline M., and Chs F. Bacon, minors, and children of E. F. Bacon, late of Waterville, deceased, represents that said minors are seized and possessed of certain real estate situated in Waterville and Fairfield, described as follows, to wit, all their interest in the homestead of their late father, also their interest in five acres of land in Fairfield, owned in common with the estate of Ebenezer Bacon, and that the interest of said minors will be best promoted by a sale of said real estate, and the proceeds thereof secured on interest. He further represents, that an advantageous offer has been made to him for said real estate, and that the interest of all persons concerned will be best promoted by an immediate acceptance of the same. He therefore prays that he may be authorized to accept said offer and sell said real estate to the person making the same, without giving public notice thereof.  
JACOB M. CROOKER.

COURT OF KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probate held in Augusta, on the last Monday of February, 1849.  
On the petition aforesaid, Ordered, That notice be given by publishing a copy of this petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively, in the Eastern Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested may attend on the first Monday of April next, at the Court of Probate then to be held in Augusta, and shew cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. Such notice to be given before said Court.  
D. WILLIAMS, Judge.  
Copy of the petition and order thereon, (33-3w)

NOTICE.  
The subscriber has been appointed Administrator on the estate of George Williams, late of Waterville, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bonds as the law directs: all persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to  
FEBRUARY 26, 1849.] SETH N. WILLIAMS.

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