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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II.....NO 36.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAR. 29, 1849.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

Miscellany.

THE LAST RESORT.

RELATED BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

In Spain I became very intimate with a French lieutenant. There was something similar in our domestic relationships. He had a son—a child, an infant—who was all in life to him, next to his country and his duty. I, too, had such a son, of the same years. We were accustomed, brother, to talk of these children—to picture their future—to compare our hopes and dreams. We hoped and dreamed alike. A short time sufficed to establish this confidence. The end of the campaign parted us, and we met no more till last year. Being then in Paris, I inquired for my old friend, and learned that he was living at R—, a few miles from the capital. I went to visit him; I found his house empty and deserted. That very day he had been led to prison, charged with a terrible crime. I saw him in that prison, and from his own lips learned his story. His son had been brought up, as he fondly believed, in the habits and principles of honorable men; and, having finished his education, came to reside with him at R—. The young Frenchman loves pleasure, sister, and pleasure is found at Paris. The father thought it natural, and stripped his age of some comforts to supply luxuries to the son's youth. Shortly after the young man's arrival the father perceived that he was robbed. Moneys kept in his bureau were abstracted, he knew not how, nor could guess by whom. It was done in the night. He concealed himself and watched. He saw a stealthy figure glide in—he saw a false key applied to the lock—he started forward and seized the felon, and recognized his son. The poor old man was horrified, yet he could not bear the thought of his boy's being a thief. He spoke mild remonstrances to the youth; he did more he gave him the key of the bureau. "Take what I have to give," said he; "I would rather be a beggar than know my son a thief."

The young man promised amendment, and seemed penitent. He spoke of the temptations of Paris, the gaming-table, and what not. He gave up his daily visits to the capital. He seemed to apply to study. Shortly after this the neighborhood was alarmed by reports of night robberies on the road. Men masked and armed, plundered travellers, and even broke into houses.

The police were on the alert. Suspicions rested on the son of the unhappy officer, but the old man dared not believe them; yet he resolved to interrogate his boy. He began by conversing with him on the subject of his studies; he followed him to his room, waited till he was in bed, but could not bring himself to speak of the robberies. As he was then about to retire, the youth said, "Father, you have forgotten my blessing!"

The father went back, laid his hand on the child's head, and prayed. He was credulous—fathers are so. He was persuaded he had been deceived. He retired to rest and fell asleep. He awoke suddenly in the middle of the night, and felt, to quote his words, "as if a voice had awakened me—a voice that said, 'Rise and search.' I arose at once, struck a light, and went to my son's room. The door was locked. I knocked, once, twice, thrice—there was no answer. I dared not call aloud lest I should rouse the servants. I went down the stairs, opened the back door, and passed to the stables. My own horse was there—my son's was not. I stole back, crept into the shadow of the wall by my son's door, and extinguished my light. I felt as if I were a thief at that moment myself."

Before day break the old man heard the back door open gently; a foot ascended the stairs, a key turned in the door of the room close at hand. The father glided through the dark into that chamber behind his unseen son. He heard the clink of the tinder box; a light was struck; it spread over the room, but he had time to place himself behind the window curtain, which was close at hand. The figure before him stood a moment motionless, and seemed to listen, for it turned to the right and left, its visage covered with the black, hideous mask which is worn in carvals. Slowly the mask was removed—could that be his son's face—the son of a brave man? It was pale and ghastly with a scowl of fear, the base drops stood on the brow; the eye was haggard and bloodshot. He looked as the coward does when death stares him in the face. The youth walked, or rather skulked, to the secretaire, unlocked it, opened a secret door, placed within it the contents of his pockets, and his frightful mask. The father approached softly, looked over his shoulders, and saw in the drawer a pocket-book embroidered with his friend's name who had recently been robbed in the neighborhood. Meanwhile, the son took out his pistols, uncocked them cautiously, and was about to seek to secret them, when his father arrested his arm. "Robber, the use of these is yet to come!"

The son's knees knocked together, an exclamation for mercy burst from his lips; but when, recovering the mere shock of his distasteful nerves, he perceived it was not the gripe of some hiding of the law, but a father's hand that had clutched his arm, the vile audacity which knows fear only from a bodily cause—none from the awe of shame—returned to him.

"Tush sir," he said, "waste not time in reproaches, for I fear the gens-d'armes are on my track. It is well that you are here; you can swear that I have spent the night at home. Unhappily, old man—I have these witnesses still to secret, and he pointed to the garments wet and dabbled with the mud of the roads. He had scarcely spoken, when the walls shook—there was the heavy clatter of hoofs on the ringing pavement without."

"They come!" cried the son. "Off, defend save your son from the galleys!"

The galleys! the galleys! said the father, staggering back. It is true, he said—the galleys! There was a loud knocking at the gate. The gens-d'armes surrounded the house. "Open in the name of the law!" No answer came—no door was opened. Some of the gens-d'armes rode to the rear of the house, in which was placed the stable yard. From the window of the stable room, the father saw the

sudden blaze of torches, the shadowy forms of men hunters. He heard the clatter of arms as they swung themselves from their horses. He heard a voice cry—Yes, this is the robber's gray horse. See, it still reeks with sweat! And behind, and in front, and either door, again came the knocking, and again the shout—"Open in the name of the law!"

Then the lights began to gleam in the casement of the neighboring houses; then the space filled rapidly with curious wonderers, startled from their sleep; the world was astir, and the crowd came round to know what crime or what shame had entered the old soldier's home.

Suddenly, within, there was heard the report of a fire-arm, and a minute or so afterward the front door was opened, and the soldiers appeared.

"Enter," he said to the gens-d'armes. "What would you?"

"We seek a robber who is within your walls."

"I know it—mount and find him: I will lead the way."

He ascended the stairs; he threw open his son's room; the officers of justice poured in, and on the floor lay the robber's corpse.

They looked at each other in amazement. "Take what is left you," said the father. "Take the dead man rescued from the galleys—take the living man on whose hands rests the dead man's blood!"

I was present at my friend's trial. The facts had become known beforehand. He stood there with his gray hair, and his mutilated limbs, and the deep scar on his visage, and the cross of the legion of honor on his breast; and when he had told his tale, he ended with these words—"I have saved the son whom I reared for France from a doom that spared the life brand with disgrace. Is this a crime? I give you a life in exchange for my son's disgrace. Does my country need a victim? I have lived for my country's glory, and I can die contented to satisfy it—sure that if you blame me, you will not despise; sure that the hands that give me to the headman will scatter bowers over my grave. Thus I confess all. I, a soldier, look round among a nation of soldiers; and in the name of the star which glitters on my breast, I dare the fathers of France to condemn me!"

They acquitted the soldier—at least they gave a verdict answering to what in our courts is called a "justifiable homicide." A shout rose in the court, which no ceremonial voice could still. The crowd would have borne him in triumph to his house, but his look repelled such vanities. To his house he returned, indeed, and the day afterwards they found him dead, beside the cradle in which his first prayer had been breathed over his sinless child.

THE END OF FOUR GREAT MEN.—The four personages who occupy the most conspicuous places in the history of the world, were Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar and Bonaparte.

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy heights of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless millions, looked down upon a conquered world and wept that there was not another world for him to conquer—set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, and having put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her foundations quake, died from his country, being hated by those who once exultingly united his name to that of their God, and called him. Hanni Baal, and died at last by poison, administered with his own hand, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Cesar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyeing his garments in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued and put to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends; and in that very place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandates kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name—after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which did not and could not bring him aid.

Thus these four men, who seemed to stand the representatives of all those whom the world called great—these four men, who each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centre by their simple tread, severally died—one by their simple trend, severely died—one by intoxication, or as supposed by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends, and one a lonely exile. "How are the mighty fallen!"

A HUSBAND.—A lady who had lost a beloved child, was so oppressed with grief, that she even secluded herself from the society of her family, and kept herself locked in her chamber, but was at length prevailed on by her husband, to come down stairs and take a walk in the garden. While there, she stopped to pluck a flower, but her husband appeared as though he would hinder her. She said—"What! deny a flower?" He replied, "You have denied God your flower, and surely you ought not to think it hard in me to deny you mine."

It is said the lady suitably felt the gentle reproof, and had reason to say, "A word spoken in season, how good it is!"

A MORALIST BITTEN.—Campbell went to Paisley races, got prodigiously interested in the first race, and betted on the success of one horse, to the amount of £50, with Professor Wilson. At the end of the race, he thought that he had lost the bet, and said to Wilson, "I owe you £50, but really, when I reflect that you are a professor of moral philosophy, and that betting is a sort of gambling, only fit for blacklegs, I cannot bring my conscience to pay the bet." "Oh," said Wilson, "I very much approve of your principles, and mean to act upon them. In point of fact, Yellow Cap, on whom you betted, has won the race; and, but for conscience, I ought to have paid you £50, but you will excuse me." [Battle's Life of Campbell.]

BANNER COLDS.—Old Collis moved from Black River because he didn't like the climate. In winter, said he, giving his reasons, "you have a cold day and then a colder, and then a colder yet, and then a direful cold day, and then comes a cold weather." Black River and Waterville are pretty much alike.

PETER THE WILD BOY.

[From Chambers's Miscellany.]
At the commencement of the last century, a great sensation was created by the accidental finding of a wild boy in a German forest, to whom the above name was afterwards given. The earliest account of him is to be found in a letter from the Hanoverian correspondent of the St. John's Evening Post, published Dec. 14, 1725. "The attendant of the house of correction at Zell," says the writer, "has brought a boy to Hanover, supposed to be about fifteen years of age, who was found some time ago in a wood near Hamelin, some 20 miles hence. He was found walking on his hands and feet, climbing up trees like a squirrel, and feeding upon grass and moss of trees." The young savage was brought to George L., who was at that time residing at Hanover. The king was at dinner, and some food was offered the youth, which he rejected. His majesty then ordered him such meat as he liked best; and raw food, having been brought he devoured it with a relish. As he was unable to speak, it was impossible to learn how he was first abandoned in the woods, and by what means he existed. Great care was taken of the boy by order of the King; but despite the vigilance of those who had charge of him, he escaped in less than a month to the woods. Every species of restraint had been evidently irksome to him, and he availed himself of the first opportunity of freedom that occurred. The woods in the neighborhood of Hanover were diligently searched, and at length he was discovered hiding in a tree. The boldest of his pursuers were unable to reach him, for as fast as they attempted to climb, he pushed them down, so great was his strength. As the last resource, they sawed down the tree; luckily it fell without hurting its occupant, and he was once more captured.

Early in the following year (1726), George I. returned to England, and Peter was brought over also. His appearance in London excited intense curiosity. The public papers teemed with notices of his conduct and appearance. On arriving at the palace, a suit of blue clothes was prepared for him; but he seemed very uneasy at wearing apparel of any sort, and it was only restraint that would induce him to wear it. Various colors and descriptions of costume were meantime provided, and at length his taste appeared to be gratified by a strange dress, thus described by a correspondent to an Edinburgh paper, April 12, 1726. "The wild youth is dressed in green, lined with red, and has scarlet stockings." By the same account, we find that he has been taught to abandon the use of his hands in walking, and move about in an erect position. "He walks upright," says the same authority, "and has begun to sit for his picture." On his first arrival, no inducements could persuade him to lie in bed, and he would only sleep in a corner of a room.

When in presence of the court, Peter always took most notice of the king and of the princess his daughter. The scene was so novel to him, and he so strange an object to those who saw him, that many ludicrous scenes took place, which are humorously related by Dean Swift, in his amusing account of the wonderful wild man that was nursed in the woods of Germany by a wild beast, hunted, and taken in toils; how he behaved himself like a dumb creature, and is a Christian like one of us, being called Peter, and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great astonishment of the quality and gentry, 1726." From the droll character of the Dean, he may be suspected of having overdrawn his account of the wild boy; but we have carefully compared it with the current newspapers of the time, and find that in the main particulars he is correct.

It appears that, after residing many months within the pale of civilization, the boy was unable to articulate words. He expressed pleasure by neighing like a horse, and imitated other animal sounds. The king placed him under the tuition of the celebrated physician of that day, Dr. Arbuthnot, by whose instructions, it was hoped, the boy would, after a time, be enabled to express himself in words. On the 5th of July, he was baptised, at the doctor's house in Burlington Gardens, by the name of Peter. All attempts to teach this boy to speak were unavailing; and it was several years before his habits were at all conformable to civilized society. Finding this impracticable, the King caused a contract to be made with a farmer in Hertfordshire, with whom he was sent to reside, and who put him to school; but without any visible improvement. Instead of eating the food provided for him at the farm table, he preferred raw vegetables, particularly cabbage leaves, though he was not long in acquiring a taste for wine and spirits. His habits were far from steady; he was constantly running away from home, and cost his protector some trouble in reclaiming him. On one of these excursions he was arrested on suspicion of being a spy from the Scottish Pretender, whose army was then invading England. As he was unable to speak, the people supposed him obstinate, and threatened him with punishment for his contumacy; but a lady who had seen him in London acquainted them with the character of their prisoner, and directed them where to send him. In these excursions he used to live on raw herbage, berries, and young tender roots of trees. He took great delight in climbing trees, and in being in the open air when the weather was fine; but in winter, seldom stirred from before the fire.

After twelve years residence in Hertfordshire, Peter was removed to the care of another farmer in Norfolk, where he resided during the rest of his life. In June, 1782, Lord Monboddo, the author of "Ancient Metaphysics," visited the half-reclaimed "boy" by that title he was designated even in old age. He then resided at a farmhouse called Broadway, within about a mile of Berkhampstead. The pension which George I. had granted was continued by his successors, George II. and George III. "He is," says his Lordship, "low of stature, not exceeding five feet three inches; and though he was not now about seventy years of age, he has a fresh, healthy look. He wears his beard. His face is not at all ugly, or disagreeable; and he has a look that may be called sensible or sagacious for a savage. About twenty years ago he used to clope, and once, I was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk; but of late he has become quite tame, and either keeps the house, or saunters about the farm. He was never mischievous, but had that gentleness of manners which is characteristic of our nature, at least till we become carnivorous, and hunters or warriors."

Peter had always been remarkable for his personal strength; and even in his old age, he

stoutest young countrymen were afraid to contend with him in athletic exercise. To the last, his passion for finery continued; and any thing smooth or shining in the dress of a visitor instantly attracted his attention. "He is," remarked a correspondent of Lord Monboddo, "very fond of fire, and often brings in fuel, which he would heap up as high as the fireplace would contain, were he not prevented by his master. He will sit in the chimney corner even in summer, while they are brewing with a very large fire, sufficient to make another person faint, who sits there long. He will often amuse himself by setting five or six chairs before the fire and seating himself in each one of them by turns, as the love of variety prompts him to change his place. He is extremely good natured, excepting in cold and gloomy weather; for he is very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked; but when made angry by any person, he would run after him, making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed into the back of his hand. I could not find that he ever did any violence in the house, excepting when he first came over, he would sometimes tear his bed clothes, to which it was long before he was reconciled. He has never, at least since his present master has known him, shown any attention to women, and I am informed that he never did. Of all the people about him, he is particularly attached to his master. He will often go out into the field with him and his men, and seems pleased to be employed in anything that can assist them; but he must always have some person to direct his actions, as you may judge from the following circumstance.

"Peter was one day engaged with his master in filling a dung-cart; the latter had occasion to go into the house, and left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accomplished. But as Peter must be employed, he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully employed in emptying the cart as he had before been in filling it. On his master's return, he found the cart nearly emptied again, and learned a lesson by which he never afterwards neglected."

Nothing further can be gleaned respecting "Peter the wild boy," except that he did not long survive the visits of Lord Monboddo and his friend. He died at Broadway farm in Feb. 1789, at the supposed age of seventy-three.

DOMESTIC TRAINING.—Permit us to say, to those mothers who interest themselves, in the education of their children, be assiduously early to implant domestic tastes in the minds of your daughters. Let your little girl set by your side with her needle. Do not put her from you when you discharge those employments which are for the comfort of the family. Let her take part in them as far as her feeble hand is capable. Teach her that this will be her province when she becomes a woman. Inspire her with a desire to make all around her comfortable and happy. Instruct her in the rudiments of that science whose results are so beautiful. Teach her that not selfish gratification, but the good of a household, the improvements of even the humblest dependent, is the business of her sex. When she questions you, repay her curiosity with clear and loving explanations. When you walk out to call on your friends, sometimes take her with you; especially, if you visit the aged, or go on errands of mercy to the sick and poor, let her be your companion. Allow her to sit by the side of the sufferer, and learn those nursing services which afford relief to him. Associate her with you. Make her your friend. Purify and perfect your example for her sake. And while you mingle with domestic training, and with the germ of benevolence, a knowledge of the world of books, to which it will be a sweet privilege to introduce her, should you be able to add not a single fashionable accomplishment, still be continually thankful in shielding her from the contagion of evil example.

A RELIC.—The Springfield Gazette publishes a literal copy of a letter written 134 years ago, by the Rev. Lawrence Conant, giving an account of the ordination of the first minister ever settled over the old South Parish in Danvers. The letter is a curious relic of the old Puritan times, as will be seen from the following extract:

"The Governor was in the house, and her Majesty's commissioner of the customs, and they sat together in a high seat by the pulpit stairs. The Governor appears very devout and attentive, although he favors Episcopacy and tolerates the Baptists and Quakers, but is a strong opposer of the Papists. He was dressed in a black velvet coat bordered with gold lace, and buff breeches with gold buckles at the knees, and white silk stockings. There was a disturbance in the galleries, where it was filled with divers negroes, mulattoes, and Indians; and a negro called Pomp Shorter, belonging to Mr. Gardner, was called forth, and put in the broad aisle, where he was reproved with great carelessness and solemnity. He was then put in the Deacon's seat, between two Deacons in view of the whole congregation; but the sexton was ordered by Mr. Prescott to take him out, because of his levity and strange contortion of countenance, (giving grave scandal to the grave Deacons), and put him in the lobby under the stairs; some children and a mulatto woman were reprimanded for laughing at Pomp Shorter. When the services at the house were ended, the council and other dignitaries were entertained at the house of Mr. Epes, on the hill near by, and we had a bountiful table, with bear's meat and Venison, the last which was a fine buck, shot in the woods near by. The Bear was killed in Lynn Woods, near Reading. After the blessing was craved by Mr. Garrieh of Wrentham, word came that the buck was shot on the Lord's day, by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a lie in his mouth, like Annias of old; the council thereupon refused to eat the Venison, but it was afterwards agreed that Pequot should receive forty stripes, save one, for lying, and profaning the Lord's day, restore Mr. Epes the cost of the deer; and considering this a just and righteous sentence on the sinful heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on the Meat, the council all partook of it, but Mr. Shepard's conscience was tender on the point of Venison.

The refusal of the Council to eat the venison, and the subsequent reconciliation of conscience with appetite, by the infliction of forty stripes, save one, upon Pequot, are capital and characteristic strokes.—Boston Transcript.

GEOLOGY.—A bat has been found in limestone; opossoms in slate; Guinea-pigs, rabbits, rats and beavers, in limestone; the sloth (one, fourteen feet long) in South America, and in

limestone caves and marl; the teeth of horses, elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, hyenas, bears, wolves, tigers, &c. are found in masses in diluvial soils; oxen, in peat-bogs in several countries; deer and elks, in peat-bogs and marl-pits; (one, six feet high and nine feet long, was found in the Isle of Man, in marl, covered with sand, then peat, and then the vegetable soil). Rhinoceroses are found in every part of Europe and in the arctic circle; the hippopotamus is found in England, France and Germany.

Elephants, and Animals much larger than elephants, called mammoths, have been found in Europe, America, and Siberia. One found near Abingdon—now at Oxford—is sixteen feet high, and its bones were mixed with those of other large animals: another was found in Siberia, in the ice, quite perfect in its flesh, skin, hair, and eyes, with a long mane and tail of stiff black bristles; others have been found in Hudson's Bay. The gigantic mastodon is found in North America and Siberia. The gigantic tapir—twelve feet high and eighteen feet long—has been found in different parts of Europe. Whales are found in Essex, London clay, and in Bath limestone.

The fossil organic remains in strata, are always the same kind in similar strata and generally have characters of simplicity of structure, proportioned to the age or depth of the stratum. According to Kirwan, petrifications, or fossil remains, are found in marl, chalk, limestone, or in clay, seldom in sandstone, and rarely in gypsum; never in gneiss, granite, basalt, or shale; but sometimes in pyrites and ores. They are impregnated with the species of earth in which they are formed. Those in slate or clay are compressed and flattened.

In the oldest limestones are found worms, tubipores, millepores, bellermites, ammonites, nautilus.

In argillaceous schists of primary formation are found the same, and corallites, echinites, fishes, leaves, reeds, palms, &c.

In the lowest secondary sandstone are found the preceding, with orthoceratites and pectiniles.

In the secondary sandstone, below coal are found the same, with graptolites, ostracites, bellermites, &c.

LEXINGTON AVENUE TRAGEDY.

MRS. WALKER'S MARRIAGE LIFE.
Two weeks ago, we published an account of the murder of Mrs. Martha E. Walker, who was shot dead by her husband, Thomas A. Walker. The domestic troubles of Mrs. Walker comprise a series of strange scenes so developing themselves as to startle and agitate the public mind. New York has been the stage where the principal of these scenes was exhibited, and fiction, within its whole range, has not a more soul-harrowing story than the true one which forms the ground-work from which this scene has arisen. The following is that story, which we copy from the National Police Gazette:—

"Martha Eliza Blackwell was left in early life an orphan, and was brought up beneath the roof of her uncle, Lemuel Wells, Esq., a wealthy inhabitant of Yonkers, Westchester County, N. Y., and one of the most respectable citizens of this State. She was a girl of graceful form, regular and interesting features, of amiable and cheerful disposition. In the year 1834 she married Charles F. Miller, and went to the home he had provided for her. Years passed on, and that home was not for her a happy one. Her uncle died. Miller gave out that he had a note for \$20,000 drawn in his favor, by the deceased Mr. Wells. His wife declared it to be a forgery. Miller served a notice on the administratrix of the estate that he had such a note, and would enforce its payment. This notice was returned to him, according to the law, in such cases, with another notice, that it would not be paid. The matter ended here, and Miller never presented the note. On account of this transaction, and also for various other acts of outrageous conduct towards her, Mrs. Miller left her husband and went to the house of her aunt Wells, at Yonkers. Miller endeavored to take her thence, and sued out a writ before the proper authorities, to compel her to go with him. It was decided that she could go where she pleased. The town of Yonkers was a scene of commotion on this occasion, and Miller himself committed an assault on one of the legal gentlemen engaged on behalf of his wife. Mrs. Miller decided to return to her aunt, and did so accordingly. The breach between the husband and wife was final. Mrs. Miller soon after made application to the Legislature of Connecticut for a divorce, and pending the application retired to Stamford, in that State. Miller, however, gave her no rest. The quiet little town of Stamford was in one continual fever of excitement.

The most base and slanderous stories were put in circulation regarding her, through the agency of Miller, and prejudices strong and bitter were excited against her. On this foundation two parties arose in Stamford, and were known by the name of Miller and anti-Miller. So high did the spirit run that the anti-Miller party actually built a large and beautiful Hotel, where Mrs. Miller boarded, refusing to patronize the old established one. This party spirit extended even into the election of members for the Legislature. Mrs. Miller was obliged to watch her steps lest she should be surprised and carried off by her husband, against her will. During all this time, she conducted herself with the strictest propriety, as those with whom she lived can and have willingly testified. The mind shrinks from contemplating what the internal sufferings of that woman must have been, situated as she there was. Refined and accomplished, shrinking from publicity, and yet the theme of every tongue, and her misfortunes made the foundation on which to build a public party. A being, formed to love and be loved, and yet her affections crushed and withered—can the imagination conceive a deeper agony than that which must, day by day, and hour by hour, have torn her breast, if she was the woman she is represented to be, and which we are bound to believe she was, until it is proven to the contrary.

The worst, however, even in this, the first stage of her life's misery, had not come. She had not been long at this place, when Miller presented himself before her armed with a six-barrelled pistol loaded with powder and ball, seized her violently, threatened to kill any one who interfered with him, and when disarmed by her friends, left her senseless from the fright which she had experienced.

On another occasion, upon a cold, inclement, winter day, a carriage drove at full speed into the town of Stamford. In it and with it was Charles F. Miller and some companions whom he had obtained to assist him on the occasion. The carriage stopped before the door of the hotel where Mrs. Miller was. Miller rushed into the house, entered his wife's room, and seizing her, dragged her violently and with great brutality down the stairs, thrust her into the carriage, and carried her off to New York, confined her in a small house in Dominick-st., and from thence conveyed her to Norfolk, Virginia. Not until she arrived at that place, and found means to communicate with her friends, did they know whether she had gone. Persons were immediately sent on to bring her back. In the meantime, it is said, Miller made arrangements at Norfolk, to carry her to the West Indies. Mrs. Miller claimed the protection of some ladies in the house, where Miller had taken her, and they sent for some Naval officers, who it is said forced Miller to take his wife home to her relatives. On her return the suit for divorce was hastened on with all possible speed. On the 6th day of June, 1843, an act passed both Houses of the Connecticut Legislature, dissolving the marriage tie between Charles F. Miller and his wife, and changing her name from Miller back to Blackwell. The vote in the House was 135 to 81, but in the Senate there was not a dissenting voice.

She now again sought the kind shelter of her aunt's roof, that she might rest and be at peace. Her repose, however, was short. A gain she was wearied doing wake-fing, fly over the dark waters, finding no rest for her feet, till the shot of the fowler should pierce her heart, and cause her to fall in death.

That fowler was already at hand in the person of Thomas L. Walker. This man wooed, and in the year 1846 was supposed to have married her in the city of New York. Soon after this marriage he left without her knowledge, and went to St. Louis. She followed, and returned with him to this city about a year ago. She lived no more with him after her return, but took up her residence once more with her aunt, in Lexington avenue. Walker went there occasionally to see her, and it would seem went only on business in relation to the differences between them. On the 27th of February last, Walker was at the house on one of these visits and was in the parlor with his wife. The report of a pistol was suddenly heard. Mrs. Wells rushed into the room, and found her niece prostrate on the floor, weltering in her blood and Walker standing by. Assistance was sent for, and soon arrived. The physicians found the wound to be mortal; and the officers found a revolving pistol on Walker, and arrested him. He was taken to confinement and she to the couch on which she was to die. The Rev. Samuel L. Southard, Rector of Calvary Church, came, at her request, to her bedside. With the injunction that he should only in case of her death disclose what she would communicate, she then, between the sharp spasms of her mortal agony, told him as follows:—That she and her husband had met that day, she with her feelings embittered by his slanders, and he jealous of her; that he had a pistol; that he always went armed, and during their angry discussion she, with the pistol in her hand, put it to her breast and said, to be shot with this pistol, would be less than to be slandered as you slandered me; she then reproached herself for seeing him when her feelings were embittered, and said that she ought not to have met him; she was then convulsed with pain for about half a minute, and on breathing again, said, did you see that (meaning her agony), that was less than I have suffered for the last three years; that shortly afterwards she gave him the pistol and told him to go away and leave her alone; she ought not to have given it to him after what had passed; that it seemed like tempting her fate; it then attempted to take the pistol from him; and there was a scuffle; I was afraid he would shoot me; I did not get the pistol, but stepped back two or three steps, when I felt the ball; I screamed, bounded in the air, and as I fell or came down, he caught me, and said 'horrid!' after that I remember no more of what occurred, but I will not say that he did it with intent to kill me; I would not hang him for this world; perhaps he did not mean it."

She further told Mr. Southard that Walker was of a jealous disposition; more than commonly jealous; she said that Mr. Walker charged her with making statements that were untrue as to his threatening her; but she added, he did threaten to cut her throat, and to throw her out of the carriage window; she could say before God that she was pure from infidelity to him, and that if religious principle would not have restrained her, pride would; she said that she was not unforgiving, and even forgave him all that he had done.

She stated that she neither induced or dared Walker to shoot; that he was an Atheist, and did not believe that there was a virtuous woman in the city.

During all this communication to her clergyman, she used no harsh expression towards Walker, and her whole mind appeared one of forgiveness for him and resignation to her own fate. She lived twenty-eight hours after she had been wounded, and then the weary and wounded spirit found its rest in the arms of death. Walker, it is said, heard in his prison the news of her death with the most careless indifference, turned to eat a hearty meal, and then to read a novel, as if nothing had happened which had any relation to him.

Such is the short and sad story of the married life of Martha Eliza Blackwell, as far as we can gather it. As yet there is no spot or stain upon her name, and in the present aspect of the case, there is universal sympathy for her, and universal indignation against him who has thus brought her to an untimely grave.

BATTER CAKE.—Mix together a pint of sifted Indian meal, and a pint of wheat flour; add half a gill of yeast. Make it up stiff with water at night. In the morning add an egg, and new milk sufficient to make it thin enough to bake on a griddle.

ISSUE TRAITORS.—The following comment on the recent state trial was overheard in a public thoroughfare:

"Ah! Tom, it's just like our rulers; but the last victim was a much better man than this one—'Ho'Brien.'"

"Who was he?"

"Vy, a chap as was 'anged ever as many years ago; his name was Sittich."

"Oh, no; Hemmett you mean (Emmett)."

"Oh aye; that's it. I knowed it had something to do with sewing."

SONGS OF NEW ENGLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE MAIL.

O, MARRY EARLY.

O, marry early, gentle sons and daughters,
'Tis then your bloom of youth in love can mingle—
And like the dash of hill-descending waters,
A river flow where you have ventur'd single:
O, marry early in the day of life,
'Tis thus the husband weds a holy wife.
The limb is clothed with beauty, and the bosom
Like lilies woe the soul, but fairer wins it;
'Tis only fragrance dwells about the blossom,
But woman's sweetness, like a fruit, begins it!
O, marry early in the day of life,
'Tis thus the husband weds a holy wife.
I need not, need not tell you, taste and try it!
O! if you love, 'tis Heaven would induce you;
The world for love if offered could not buy it,
And why should but its potage so seduce you?
O, marry early in the day of life,
'Tis thus the husband weds a holy wife.
When widows mourn, why should they mourn for sorrow?
O! it is June with roses they remember;
From joy's sweet wreath, a weed of grief they borrow,
And love-lit smiles illumine their December.
O, marry early in the day of life,
'Tis thus the husband weds a holy wife.
The soul in youth is waken'd with desire,
Quick in its glow, yet slightly revealing
The coming of its power, its will, its fire,
Its glow of passion and its bond of feeling!
O, marry early in the day of life,
'Tis thus the husband weds a holy wife.

II.

TOO NOBLE TO WOO.

A maiden all tender sat down by the hill,
And soft her cheek came the wind,
And heavy her hair on her temples lay still,
And thought was away in her mind.
No one was gentle or gallant to her,
None to her breast was yet dear;
None, in his walk, would have loiter'd to stir
The charm of delight in her ear.
When evening's shadow brings down on the lea,
And river or forest is dark,
There's never a whisper to her by the tree,
Nor floats on the water a bark.
Her foot was so gentle, her bosom so cold,
Her waist like the wheat as it stands,
When the reaper has swept every stalk from its hold,
And the sheaf falls away to his hands;
That the heart of a lover awaken'd that hour,
His eye on the maiden was fire;
As the dew takes the starlight in joy to the flower,
Her heart answer'd back his desire.
They'll love in the morning, when thought is all gay,
They'll love when the world calls them true;
They'll love when their friends welcome love's genial ray,
That weds hearts too noble to woo.

Clippings.

HURRY AND HASTE.—Never do anything in a hurry, is the advice given to attorneys and solicitors by Mr. Warren. "No one in a hurry can possibly have his wife about him; and remember, that in the law there is ever an opponent watching to find you off your guard. You may occasionally be in haste, but you need never be in a hurry; take care—resolve—never to be so. Remember always that others' interests are occupying your attention, and suffer by your inadvertence—by that negligence which generally occasions hurry. A man of first rate business talents—one who always looks so calm and tranquil, that it makes one's self feel cool on a hot summer's day to look at him—once told me that he had never been in a hurry but once, and that was for an entire fortnight, at the commencement of his career. It nearly killed him: he spoiled everything he touched; he was always breathless, and harassed, and miserable; but it did him good for life: he resolved never again to be in a hurry—and never was, no, not once, that he could remember, during twenty-five years' practice! Observe, I speak of being hurried and flustered—not of being in haste, for that is often inevitable; but then is always seen the superiority and inferiority of different men. You may indeed almost define hurry as the condition to which an inferior man is reduced by haste. I one day observed in a committee of the House of Commons, sitting on a railway bill, the chief secretary of the company, during several hours, while great interests were in jeopardy, preserve a truly admirable coolness, tranquility, and temper, conferring on him immense advantages. His suggestions to counsel were masterly, and exquisitely well timed; and by the close of the day he had triumphed. How is it that one never sees you in a hurry? said I, as we were pacing the long corridor, on our way from the committee-room. "Because it's so expensive," he replied, with a significant smile. I shall never forget that observation, and don't you. [Warren on Attorneys and Solicitors.]

PRINTERS' PROVERBS.—Never inquire thou of the editor for the news, for behold it is his duty at the appointed time to give it unto thee without asking. When thou dost write for his paper, never say unto him, "what thinkest thou of my piece?" for it may be that the truth may offend thee. It is not fit that thou shouldst ask him to keep such things to himself. When thou dost enter his office, have a care unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may be lying open, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding. Neither examine thou the proof sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye, that thou mayest understand it. Prefer the best conducted paper to any other, and subscribe immediately for it, and pay in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thy little one. [Pleasure.]

DEACON HUNT.—He was naturally a high tempered man, and used to beat his oxen over the head, as all his neighbors did. It was observed that when he became a Christian, his cattle were remarkably docile. A friend inquired into the secret. "Why," said the deacon, "formerly, when my oxen were a contrary, I flew into a passion and beat them unmercifully; this made the matter worse. Now, when they do not behave well, I go behind the load, sit down, and sing Old Hundred. I don't know how it is, but the palm tune has a surprising effect upon my oxen."

SAGACITY OF THE HORSE.—It is stated that if a horse be shut up in a pasture where there is no water, he will, at certain times of the day, make it a practice to stand in those situations where water is nearest the surface, and thus indicate the best place for digging for it. Those who allege this to be the fact, say that horses have the faculty of smelling the water, like the camels of the African desert, or the cattle of the South American pampas.

RANDOLPH ON THE BANKING SYSTEM.—The eccentricities of John Randolph, of Roanoke, are familiar to almost every American reader, and the anecdotes which are treasured of his peculiarities stamp him as one of the most singular men that ever lived. We find upon record in the Massachusetts State Register, a characteristic instance of his peculiar oddity. It seems that he went to New York,

on business, many years ago, during a suspension of specie payments. Having a check on the Merchants' Bank for a large sum, he called for the cash, and would take nothing but specie which the tellers obstinately refused to pay. Randolph declined to bandy words with their clerks or principals; believing himself swindled, he withdrew and had a handbill printed, and circulated all over the city, which set forth that John Randolph, being on a visit to New York, would address his fellow citizens on that evening, on the Banking System, from the steps of the Merchants' Bank. Long before the hour, a crowd began to gather, which increased to a fearful number, when the officers of the bank, taking the alarm, sent Mr. Randolph his money in gold, which he received with sardonic smile and apt quotation: *Chastatium invectione ducunt delictum.* He left New York next morning, in a stage, before day; and his being unknown in the city, the handbill passed off as a hoax on the public.

A man of wealth, living a stranger to religion and its ordinances, was walking and holding this soliloquy:—What a happy man I am! I have an ample fortune, an affectionate wife, and every thing to make me comfortable; and what is more, I am indebted to no one for it; I have made it myself; I am independent of every one; it is all my own. Many persons are under obligations here and there, but I am not. It is all my own. At that instant, a sudden shower drove him to the nearest church. He went in, and just at that moment the minister rose and read his text, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." "What!" (said he to himself) "this is a strange doctrine. But it does not apply to me; I am my own, and all I have is my own." The course of the sermon exposed his obligations to God, and issued in totally revolutionizing his views and feelings. [English paper.]

IN A STRAIT.—Well, Captain, says a California adventurer to the owner of a craft, yesterday, up for California, "when do you sail?" "On Tuesday," said the Captain. "How do you go?" said the interrogator. "Through the Straits," said the Captain; "shall I book you for the voyage?" "I reckon not," said the man in search of gold, "I left home to get out of a strait, and I am not voluntarily going into another." [N. O. Delta.]

A YANKEE TRICK.—During the exhibition of a menagerie in a country village in Maine, a real live Yankee was on the ground, with a terrible itching to "see the elephant," but he hadn't the desiderated "quarter." Having made up his mind to go in "any how," he stationed himself near the entrance, and waited till the rush was over. Then, assuming a patient, almost exhausted tone, and with the forefinger of his right hand placed on the right corner of his mouth, he exclaimed, "For Love's sake, Mister, aint ye goin' to give me my change?" "Your change!" said the door-keeper. "Ya-ees! my change! I gin ye a dollar as much as a half an hour ago, and haint got my change yet." The door-keeper handed over three quarters in change, and in walked the Yankee "in fundz." Now this true anecdote is sent to us as a "cute 'Yankee trick," and so it is; but we should like to know where in it differs from the meanest thief. Whip us such scoundrelly wits! [Knickerbocker.]

An able bodied man asked charity of a New York boatman, who told the applicant he would give him a dollar a day to fish from the Battery with a potatoe bait. He agreed, and on the second day caught a halibut which weighed 217 pounds! the only fish of the kind that has been taken in those waters for years.

YOUNG MAN STOP.—You, young man, on the way to the ball-alley, or billiard room, with a cigar in your mouth and with an appetite for a mint julep—stop a moment. Are you not in a dangerous way? Will those places, or your habits, lead you to respectability or usefulness in society? Will you by them become more moral, more virtuous, or intelligent? If not, stop where you are, we beseech of you. You have nobleness of heart, perhaps, and a generous disposition. You may do good to those about you, if you will. Your example, if it leads to vice or error, will also and the more readily lure others in the way of evil.

Then, young man, stop and think upon your course! Where is it tending? If to bad habits and low associations, stop instantly. Stand firm. Take not another step in the dangerous way, but turn back immediately while you have power, and seek the way of virtue, the ways of intelligence and you may do good in your day and generation and be esteemed by those who enjoy your acquaintance.

LEGISLATION.—Some time ago a professor of legerdemain performed before an audience in an English village, which was principally composed of colliers. After astonishing the natives with various tricks—metamorphosing wine into water, he asked the loan of a half penny from any of his admirers. A collier with a "little hesitation, handed out the coin which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a guinea. "An!" is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the collier. "Undoubtedly," answered the juggler. "Let's see it," said the collier; and turning it round and round in examination with an ecstasy of delight, thanked the juggler for his kindness, and putting it in his pocket, said, "Ise warrant ye'll not turn't into a bawbee again."

CARROTS FOR COFFEE.—Wash and scrape the outside off; then cut them in pieces the size of about half an inch square; then dry on a stove. Pare and grind like coffee; or mix equal portions of carrot and coffee and grind and make your coffee as usual.

If you know it to be mixed you may say that it tastes a little sweeter than coffee generally. We got our information from our neighbors who came from Germany a few years ago and who say in their country there are large factories where it is packed in pound papers and sold. [Prairie Farmer.]

The marriage of the President of the French Republic with Miss Coutts, daughter of the rich English banker, is again talked of. Should the project be realized, the lady would bring Louis Napoleon a dowry of two million pounds. General Jerome Bonaparte, the Governor of the Hospital of Invalids, it is said, will make the contemplated marriage the subject of a speedy visit to London.

REL FASCINATED BY A SNAKE.—On approaching an almost dry drain, I saw a snake slowly extending his coils, raising his head, and steadfastly gazing on what I saw to be an eel of about a foot in length. The eel was directly opposed to the snake, and glance seemed to meet glance, when the snake, having gained the requisite proximity, darted on the eel and caught it about an inch behind the head, and carried it off; but the eel was soon himself the captive, for with a blow on his head I secured both. [Journal of the Indian Archipelago.]

The Mexican papers received by the last arrival express the opinion that Santa Anna entertains a design of returning to the Republic. A pronouncement had already been made in his favor by one of the officers of Bustamante's army, but the Government were on the alert, and ready to adopt the most vigorous measures.

A Washington correspondent of the Norfolk Beacon, says:—"Mr. Reverdy Johnson, I learn, upon entering on the duties of his office, remarked to the clerk and messenger, both democrats, 'please retain your offices.' Now," added he, "I am delighted that I have disposed of all my patronage."

The Eastern Mail.
WATERVILLE, MAR. 29.

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

VILLAGE SCHOOLS.—Our schools are destined to improvement—thorough, radical improvement. We see it in the interest already excited. Our citizens, one and all, are taking the matter into close investigation. They are talking it over, in their shops, in their stores, in their parlors, and in the streets even. They are writing upon the subject, and reading upon it. A few are examining improved systems adopted in other places, and inquiring how they work in practice. The result of all this must be, and cannot fail to be, a radical change, and a change for the better. For the mass of our citizens have only to see that improvement is necessary, and at the same time practicable, to be induced to begin the work with an energy that insures its completion. These facts can be shown, and the present investigation will make them plain. Each one must see for himself, and to this end each one must examine for himself. The subject is one of much importance, and has a direct and strong bearing upon the growth and prosperity of our village and town. We hope our correspondents will continue to write, and that their articles will be read by all. Let them be practical and to the point, and adapted to the comprehension and common sense of all. It should be borne in mind that we need not now so much to be convinced of the need of reform, as to know the precise character of the changes contemplated. This is essential to efficient action. Tell us what you want, and what to do, and if we think it should be done it will be done. We are not slow, as a village, in comprehending plans that look for our interest; and there is some evidence that we act promptly when the way is made plain.

We have several articles on file for our next paper. In the mean time we invite discussion, and want to hear both sides.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

MR. EDITOR:—Several articles have appeared in your columns, of late, on "our schools," together with a "schedule of the attendance of the scholars at the Institute during the Winter Term of 1848-9." I am heartily glad to see this subject agitated; it is ominous of better days to come; and now that the ball has been set in motion, I hope it will be kept rolling, until the importance of popular education be fully understood and felt, and the present defective and inefficient system shall be overthrown, and another, fully adequate to meet the entire wants of a free, intelligent and growing community, permanently established on its ruins.

But it is not my present purpose to discuss this subject directly, but to call the attention of the public to Bro. Palmer's "schedule of attendance," which he published in the last number of the Mail,—a procedure, by the way, which must commend itself to the good sense of every sober-minded and intelligent citizen, and one in which I should have most cheerfully joined him, had I been engaged in one of the public schools. Such things ought to be known. The effect upon scholars and parents, and even teachers, cannot be otherwise than salutary. I do not suppose that schoolmasters are very much different, in some respects, at least, from other men; and, unless they are, they need some stimulus to prevent them from falling into remissness in the performance of these arduous and responsible duties. Parents, too, if their children do not have their ears pulled off, nor the master get a black eye, or get smoked out of the schoolhouse, are apt to think the school is doing pretty well; and, if I do not greatly misjudge, much of the apathy and indifference which prevail among us on this subject, arises from the belief that the schools are in a better condition than they really are. It is manifest, therefore, that something is necessary to give direction to the public mind, and to arouse it to thought and action; and what is so well fitted to do this as facts? Are not facts the very things we want? Is it the part of wise men to shut their eyes to a painful truth? Is it not better "to know the worst and to provide for it?"

I have a small quantity of that stubborn stuff, vulgarly called facts, which I will proceed forthwith briefly to detail; and if such developments, together with those contained in the "schedule," to which allusion has already been made, do not move people, I confess I do not know what will. Deeply impressed with the ruinous consequences to the young, of habits of irregularity in their attendance at school, and daily experiencing much difficulty and annoyance in the management of my school, arising from this source, I resolved, at the beginning of the fourth week of the past Winter Term, to turn over a new leaf, and make one more strong effort to mitigate, at least, if not entirely remove, the difficulty. The subject was brought before the school, and the evils of tardiness and absence were portrayed as faithfully as it was in my power to do. I then announced my plan to them, which was, to keep an accurate record of the absences and tardiness of each scholar, in days and minutes. To secure the greatest accuracy possible, a scholar was requested to take a seat directly in front of the clock, and record the number of minutes, as each tardy scholar entered the room. This was done both forenoon and afternoon. These items were often summed up and the result given at the close of the day, but always at the end of the week, accompanied by a lecture on the importance of punctuality, and an earnest appeal to the school to endeavor to make the amount less the next week. And, in spite of these efforts perseveringly carried out to the end of the term, that school, averaging through the term about 30 scholars, lost by tardiness and absence, on an average, 40 days a week. The whole amount of loss in eight weeks was 324 days. The loss from tardiness alone was 36 days. The whole loss of 324 days, reduced to school years of 44 weeks each, gives one year and one-third.

Now, I ask, in the name of common sense and common decency, if such a result is not enough to stir a man's feelings, if he has any? But I have more revelations yet to make. On looking over my school record for the Winter Term of 1847-8, I find the following result, which forms a fairer comparison with the Institute report just published, because that was a public school. Whole number of scholars, 100; average, 89. An account of absence was kept with only 92, and of tardiness with 81. Number of days' absence, 1062 1-2. The number of minutes each scholar was tardy was not recorded, neither was any account taken of tardiness in the afternoon. The whole number of cases of tardiness in the morning was 2197. If we suppose them to have been the same number in the afternoon, (which, probably, would not vary much from the truth,) the sum total will be 4394. If, now, we suppose the average amount of tardiness to be ten minutes, (a very low estimate,) we shall have 43940 minutes; which, reduced to days, will give 122. (School days, of 6 hours each, are here always meant.) This sum, added to 1062 1-2, the amount of absence make 1184 days, or 4 9-10 years—showing a result, not differing very widely from Mr. Palmer's report. But it will be observed that his report takes no account of loss of time from tardiness; and comparing my record of tardiness with that of absence, for both winters, I find the amount of tardiness to be one-eighth of the amount of absence, very nearly. Supposing the same to be true in his school, we must set down to tardiness at the Institute, the past winter, 140 days; which, added to the absence, will swell the amount to 1262 days, or 5 1-5 years.

Let us now complete the term of 11 weeks at the Academy, (a record of only 8 weeks of which, it will be recollected, was kept,) by calculating the loss for the three weeks at the same rate as for the eight, and the whole amount will be 2 years.

I do not know the number of scholars who attended school at the Town Hall, or at the Grammar Schools, but will suppose the average number at the Hall to be 60, and the three Grammar Schools to average 40, each. Now, supposing the loss from absence and tardiness to be in the same proportion as at the Institute, we arrive at the following astounding result. Let us arrange the figures in a row and look at them.

Tardiness at Institute,	5 1-2 yrs.
Do. do. Town Hall,	7 1-4 "
Do. do. Academy,	2
Do. do. 3 Grammar Schools,	14 1-3

Total, 28 47-60y.

These estimates may be too high, but I believe they are below the reality. If they are correct, or any where in the neighborhood of correctness, is it not time for the citizens of Waterville to pause and consider? TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS of time lost in twelve weeks!—Twenty-eight scholars could be schooled a whole year in this time; and is not here a tax that has eluded the scrutiny of the closest and most economical calculators? It is not the less a tax because thrown away and lost, but rather the more; the money is raised and expended for the schooling of these twenty-eight children, and they receive none of the benefits of it. Suppose the \$1500, raised by this Town for the support of schools, should be thrown into the Kennebec as soon as collected, would it be, therefore, not a tax? would it not be a tax of the most burdensome kind, a tax without a profit? And yet I think it would puzzle the most acute to tell the difference between the two cases. If the state of things is one half as bad as I have shown it to be, ought it not to be known, and ought parents or scholars to find fault if such facts are exposed? They knew that they were to be made public; they were told that they would be; and the only consolation which I am at all disposed to give is, they are reaping the necessary and legitimate consequences of their own folly and neglect. It must not be forgotten that teachers have feelings, as well as parents and scholars; and every teacher, who is fit for his office, feels, and keenly, too, on these very points. Besides the disorder and confusion inseparably connected with irregularity of attendance, which are inflicted upon him every day of his life, he is keenly alive to the fact that his pupils are passing through the formative period of life, and that habits, ruinous alike to reputation and to success in every department of active life, are impressing themselves indelibly upon their characters. Did my pupils at the present time begin to feel on this subject as strongly as I do, there would not be 300 instances of tardiness and absence per week, in a school of 85 scholars. And what adds very much to the aggravation of this sin is, that it is totally unnecessary. Scholars can get to school in season as well as I can; and they would do it if they possessed the right sort of feeling in reference to the matter, and there was the right kind of management at home.

But I have spun a much longer yarn than I intended, when I began. The moral bearings and political economy of the subject, I have left almost wholly untouched. I have not the leisure to discuss them. But here opens a field of indefinite extent and of intense interest and importance, which I earnestly hope some of the contributors to your columns will feel it their duty to enter and explore.

J. H. HANSON.

CLASSIFICATION OF OUR SCHOOLS.

MR. EDITOR:

As you have called the attention of this village to the subject of improvement in our schools, I should be glad if you could, among other things, awaken some interest in reference to a more complete classification. I have sketched a plan below which I will offer, without, however, presuming that it is by any means perfect.

PRIMARY SCHOOL.

Reading and Spelling—Town's Speller, and Town's 1st and 2d Reader.
Geography—Goodrich, 61 pages—only the large type.
Arithmetic—3-4ths of Colburn's Mental Arithmetic, and Numeration, Addition, Subtraction and Division, in Robinson or Greenleaf.
Grammar—Weld, about 100 pages, committing only that in large type—also, the sounds of the letters, abbreviations, punctuation, and multiplication table.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Reading—Town's Third Reader.
Spelling—Town's Speller.
Geography—Completed.
Arithmetic—2-3ds of Colburn's Mental Arithmetic, and Interest in Robinson or Greenleaf.
Grammar—Weld, to be recited through, with exercises in Parsing and Analysis.
History of U. States—Goodrich.
Writing.

HIGH SCHOOL.

Reading—Town's Fourth Reader.
Spelling—From the Speller, and from the reading exercises.
Grammar—Parsing and Analysis of Sentences.
Arithmetic—Colburn and Robinson or Greenleaf completed.

It is probable that reading, spelling, grammar and Colburn's Arithmetic might occupy the forenoon of Saturday, and perhaps of Wednesday, and not interfere with the regular daily exercises.

In addition to the studies now specified, there would of course be the usual studies of the best high schools, which need not be enumerated here.

In addition to the books here catalogued, I would express the hope that the daily reading of the Scriptures would in no case be neglected. I have intended to specify exactly the studies to be pursued in the primary school, before being admitted into the grammar school, and the studies to be pursued before being admitted into the high school. It is well known to some, that great embarrassment has hitherto arisen from the want of such a guide. It is important that the district shall decide by vote what these limits shall be.

It will be observed that the range of studies in the grammar school is much more limited in this plan than it has been practically in past years. I think it very important that this limitation should be made, and that no higher studies should be allowed in the grammar school. The tendency is to make this school a high school and a primary school. I presume that there will be objection to fixing such limits, and I call attention to it that there may be a full expression of opinion and feeling on that point at the school meeting.

If these remarks have not already become too protracted, I would suggest in addition, That scholars be promoted by thorough examination on all the studies of the school from which they propose to be raised.

That the examinations be by written questions.

That they be public.

That they be held at the close of each term, and on one day near the opening of the grammar and high schools, and at no other time.

That they be conducted by the Classification Committee.

That no certificates be valid till signed by the Chairman and at least two other members.

J. R. L.

For the Eastern Mail.

RAISING WHEAT.

During the last few years, the culture of wheat in this State has been an uncertain business. This has been owing to that little but powerful scourge, the weevil, if sowed early—and to the rust, if sowed late. In order to avoid these two evils, farmers should sow a kind of seed that would be sufficiently hardy to withstand the rust if sown late. The Black Sea and red bearded is as hardy as any we have in this part of the State. Many farmers have abandoned the business, and those that sow any sow but a very few bushels, and that on land which was planted to corn or potatoes the year before and heavily manured. I think if farmers, instead of sowing their wheat upon this very rich land, would sow upon pasture or mowing land, broken up the fall before, they would raise more wheat. The stoutest wheat that ever I saw was a piece sowed by my father, some fifteen years ago, upon a piece of clay loam pasture land. He plowed it in the fall, and the spring following he spread on an acre 8 or 10 loads of well rotted manure; he then sowed two bushels of wheat and harrowed it all in together. He raised fifty-two bushels from the two bushels sowing. I have sowed more or less wheat for twenty-one years; and the best yield that ever I had was from sward land, some twelve years ago. I had on more land than I could manure, and I tried an experiment by plowing up a piece of clay grass land, upon which, the next spring, I spread a few loads of old manure, and then seeded it to wheat and clover. After the wheat came up I sowed one bushel of plaster and a

few bushels of ashes per acre. I had a good crop of wheat, and the next year a good crop of clover. After mowing it one year, I broke it up again, and in the spring sowed it again to wheat and clover, without any manure. I sowed plaster and ashes as before, and I raised a good crop that year. I followed that method a number of years, and found I could raise a good crop of wheat every other year without manure, and at the same time the piece of land was growing richer.

I. MARSTON.

Waterville, March 15, 1849.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

THE DEATH OF MRS. ADAM.

It was twilight—the evening of the death of the Mother of Munkind. Eve was looking for the last time upon the sun, as it slowly sank beneath the horizon. And as she lay there, upon her rude couch, her mind wandered back to the happy hours spent in Paradise. She contrasted the present with the past, and as she did so, she broke into a voice of wailing.—"Alas! it was I who tempted him, to whom I was given as a cherished companion; it was I who plucked the fruit, and gave him to eat thereof. But for me he would be still enjoying the balmy air of that loved retreat. That form, once so erect and noble, would not be bent with care. His voice, so rich and mellow, would not be tremulous with old age, and his hair, of snowy whiteness. And me, his fondly beloved and cherished wife—no trace of my former comeliness—nothing but a shriveled form and grey locks. The final punishment of my disobedience has come, and this body must return to the dust. But sadder—far sadder is it to be shut out forever from the visible presence of Him, the Source of Life and Light. And can it be that this spirit dies? Is this the all of life—to suffer—and to die? Is there no resurrection?" and as she gazed upon the place where the sun had disappeared, a heavenly light shone from her countenance, and she exclaimed—"I shall live again! Like that glorious orb, I shall rise again in new glory! He has provided a great deliverer—a redeemer who shall free us from all sin." So saying, she calmly fell asleep, never more to wake, till the last trump shall sound.

Lucy.

Waterville, March 20th, 1849.

AN INCIDENT IN THE WAR OF 1812.

WRITTEN FOR THE EASTERN MAIL.

'Twas on a hot and sultry day, near the close of our last war with Great Britain, that a small schooner entered Casco bay, and came to anchor near the end of Long Wharf. A moment's glance revealed her character. She had been fitted up by a few individuals, as a privateer, under the name of the Racer, commanded by Captain Harris. She was manned by forty as true sons of Old Neptune, as ever sailed from Yankee-land; and her armament consisted of three twelve-pound carronades on either side, together with a thirty-two-pounder amidship, which the tars designated by the title of "Bill's woman," from the circumstance that it was always managed by a seaman of that name; and so dear had this piece of insensible iron become to him, that he had often expressed his determination never to survive the loss of his beloved gun. The Racer was owned in Portland, and was just returning from an unsuccessful cruise.

But the little vessel was not destined to remain long inactive. On the second day after her arrival she boldly stood out of the harbor with a flowing canvas, and bid adieu forever to her native place. Her commander had left with the firm resolve, never to return unless with a prize worthy of his gallant little vessel. He was continually thinking over the ill success of his former voyage; and his men, as they looked in the face of their beloved captain, knew that should they meet an enemy, it would be life or destruction.

On the morning of the fifth day out, as the man at the mast head was leisurely scanning the horizon, he thought he beheld a speck in the far off distance. His gaze becomes riveted, and now the joyous sound of "sail ho!" is borne to the ear of the commander. "Where away?" shouted he, as he snatched his glass and leaped into the shrouds to get a glimpse of the stranger. "Right ahead," was the reply. Pile after pile of canvas was now heaped upon the little schooner, and she went dashing on like a sea monster, throwing the water from her bows as if disdainful to touch it, and leaving far behind a snowy streak. The stranger was soon made out to be an English brig of about one hundred and fifty tons burden. He apparently did not discover the American until he himself was discovered, but when he saw her approaching he braced up his sails, and apparently seemed trying to escape. Yet had Captain Harris carefully noticed his manoeuvres, he would have seen that it was only a ruse to get his devoted vessel more completely in his power. All the reefs were not shaken out, nor were the yards braced up as sharp as they should, and there was a want of energy, unusual in so exciting a time. The schooner rapidly nearest the brig, and when within speaking distance, Captain Harris, wishing to avoid the effusion of blood, demanded him to lower his flag to the stars and stripes. The demand was barely uttered, before four eighteen-pounders were run out, and their deadly loads hurled upon the deck of the unsuspecting vessel. Five men were killed and two wounded, while the main mast tottered and fell with a crash over the side.

Captain Harris also vared too late the ruse. Escape was now impossible, and the last hour of his brave little schooner seemed to have come. Yet as his men beheld the fire that flashed in his eye, and the calmness with which he issued his orders, and the unconquerable firmness that was written upon his countenance, they knew the enemy had to deal with a lion, and that while he lived his flag would never go down, except beneath the waves. Nobly did that brave vessel sustain the honor of her country against such fearful odds, and so

bly did Bill preserve his reputation and that of his gun. At every discharge, he made dreadful havoc among the enemy, while the other guns were managed with equal success. For one mortal hour did the work of death go on; and now the Racer lay an almost unmanageable wreck—yet her men still fought like heroes. At length it became apparent that the brig determined to carry her by boarding. The enemy slowly approached and grappled with his prey. In a moment, thirty men, nearly all that remained of the crew, headed by their captain, leaped upon the deck of the American. But they are only rushing into the jaws of destruction. Bill, who lay upon the deck with one leg shot off, had managed to load his gun for a last fire. He had filled her with slugs; and now the dying tar's eye lights up as he beholds the enemy approach within his range. They had scarcely touched the deck, when every timber in the ship shook beneath the recoil, and Bill and his "woman" had held their last conversation with an enemy. Twenty men, with their captain, sank beneath that awful fire, and the remainder fled panic-struck to their own vessel. Captain Harris, at the head of his men, followed them, and after a short struggle the stars and stripes waved gracefully above the British lion. As the grapple was cast off, the invincible Racer sank beneath the blue wave; and as she went down, the brave Bill was seen, hugging, in the agonies of death, his beloved gun, that had won for his captain the bloody victory.

CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR OF THE NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOC., TO BE HELD AT WATERVILLE, OCT. 3 & 4, 1899.

The Trustees offer the following list of Premiums for 1899:

HORSES.	
For the best stallion,	\$5.00
2d "	4.00
3d "	3.00
Best breeding mare,	3.00
2d "	2.00
3d "	1.00
Best three-year-old colt,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best two-year-old colt,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best one-year-old colt,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00

NEAT CATTLE.	
Best bull, not less than two years old,	5.00
2d "	4.00
3d "	3.00
Best bull, under two years old,	4.00
2d "	3.00
3d "	2.00
Best bull calf,	3.00
2d "	2.00
3d "	1.00
Best stock cow,	3.00
2d "	2.00
3d "	1.00
Best dairy cow,	4.00
2d "	3.00
3d "	2.00
Best heifer,	3.00
2d "	2.00
3d "	1.00
Best pair of oxen,	4.00
2d "	3.00
3d "	2.00
Best yoke of three-year-old steers,	3.00
2d "	2.00
3d "	1.00
Best yoke of two-year-old steers,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best pair of steer calves,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best team of oxen from any one town—	10.00
not less than ten yoke,	8.00
2d "	6.00
3d "	4.00
Best team of steers from any one town—	6.00
not less than ten yoke—three years	4.00
old and under,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best drawing yoke of oxen,	4.00
2d "	3.00
3d "	2.00

Persons who enter dairy cows for premium, in giving the amount of butter and milk, will be required to state the feed which such cows receive.

PLOWING MATCH.	
Best work with four oxen,	4.00
2d "	3.00
3d "	2.00
Best work with single teams,	3.00
2d "	2.00
3d "	1.00

SHEEP.	
Best flock ewe sheep, not less than 10,	3.00
2d "	2.00
3d "	1.00
Best flock, not less than 10,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00

SWINE.	
Best boar,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best breeding sow,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best litter of pigs, not less than six,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00

POULTRY.	
Best lot of turkeys raised by one person—	2.00
not less than twelve,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best lot of barn-yard fowls, raised by one	2.00
person, not less than twelve,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00

CROPS.	
Best half acre of winter wheat, not less	3.00
than 20 bushels per acre,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best acre of spring wheat, not less than	3.00
10 bushels,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best acre of winter rye, on plowed land,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best acre of spring rye,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best acre of Indian corn,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best acre of oats and peas, 1-3 peas,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best acre of oats,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best acre of barley,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best half-acre of peas,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best half-acre of beans,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best half-acre of potatoes, not less than	3.00
100 bushels,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00

Best quarter-acre of Ruta Baga turnips, 2.00
2d " 1.00
Best quarter-acre of carrots, 2.00
2d " 1.00
Best quarter-acre of mangel wurtzel or sugar beets, 2.00
2d " 1.00
Best lot of winter apples, not less than 3 kinds, and 1-2 bushel each kind, 2.00
2d " 1.00
Best specimen of pears, 1.00
Best specimen of plums, 3 kinds or more, 1.00
Largest number of seedling apple trees raised the present season, 2.00
2d " 1.00
2d " 1.00
Entries for premiums on crops may be made with the Secretary, on or before the first Monday of January, and must embrace the following items: 1st, Nature of the soil, mentioning the previous crop; 2d, Time, depth and cost of plowing; 3d, Quantity, quality, and method of applying manure, with cost of same; 4th, Cost of planting, cultivating and securing the crop, and the amount of crop, certified by two witnesses.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES.

Articles here named must be manufactured within the limits of the Society, to entitle them to premium.	
Best new improved sward plow,	2.00
2d "	1.00
Best new improved seed plow,	2.00
2d "	1.00
Best dozen scythes,	1.00
Best dozen hay forks,	1.00
Best dozen manure forks,	1.00
Best dozen shovels,	1.00
Best dozen hoes,	1.00
Best dozen narrow axes,	1.00
Best improved horse rake,	1.00
Best single horse wagon,	2.00
Best single horse sleigh,	2.00
Best sleigh or wagon harness,	1.00
Best dozen tanned calf skins,	1.00
Best specimen of sole leather,	1.00
Best half-dozen pairs men's thick boots,	1.00
Best 1-2 doz. men's sewed calf boots,	1.00
Best " ladies' kid shoes,	1.00
Best specimen of window sash,	1.00
Best " paneled doors,	1.00
Best " cabinet work,	2.00
Best improved harrow,	1.00

Best butter, not less than 25 pounds, 3.00
2d " 2.00
3d " 1.00
Best cheese, not less than 50 pounds, 3.00
2d " 2.00
3d " 1.00
Written statements of the manner of making butter and cheese will be required.

HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.	
Best filled cloth, 10 yards,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best woolen flannel, 10 yards,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best cotton and wool flannel, 10 yards,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best woolen carpeting, 2 yards,	2.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best rag carpeting, 6 yards,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best two pairs worsted hose,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best men's half hose, woolen,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best woolen shawl,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best worsted hood, knit,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best bed-spread,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best woolen yarn, 2 pounds,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best work-pocket,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best lamp-mat, worsted,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00
Best specimen of needle work,	1.00
2d "	1.00
3d "	1.00

ON MANURE.
To the person who shall prepare 10 cords of compost manure, of the best quality, at the least expense—a statement to be given in writing of the materials used and the process of manufacture, 4.00
2d " 3.00
3d " 2.00
The Trustees would say, in addition to the above, that articles not here enumerated, if presented and thought worthy, will receive gratuities. Also, that no premium will be awarded on any animal or article, though it be the best presented, unless thought worthy by the committee.

E. H. SCHRIENER,
ALLEN JONES,
R. R. DRUMMOND, Trustees.
H. JAQUITH,
ISAIAH MARSTON.

AMERICAN ART UNION.—We have so often lent our aid in bringing the object of this truly national association before the public, through other channels than the "Mail," that we had entirely forgotten that many in this section may not be familiar with its character. Its object is the promotion of the fine arts in the United States. It was incorporated in the State of New York, and is located in her metropolis. It is managed by gentlemen chosen annually by the members, and who act without compensation.

Every subscriber of five dollars is a member of the Art-Union for the year, and is entitled to all its privileges. The money thus obtained (after paying necessary expenses), is applied to the production of a large and costly Original Engraving from an American painting, of which the plate and copyright belong to the Institution, and are used solely for its benefit. Of this Engraving every member receives a copy for every five dollars paid by him. Members entitled to duplicates are at liberty to select from the engravings of previous years. Whenever the funds justify it, an extra engraving or work of Art is also furnished to every member. Every member also receives a full Annual Report of the proceedings, &c., of the Institution. Funds are also appropriated to the purchase of Paintings and Sculpture by natives or resident artists. These paintings and sculptures are publicly exhibited at the Gallery of the Art-Union till the annual meeting in December, when they are publicly distributed by lot among the members, each member having one share for every five dollars paid by him. Each member is thus certain of receiving in return the value of the five dollars paid and may, also, receive a painting or other work of Art of great value. The Institution keeps on office and free Picture Gallery, always open, well attended, and hung with the paintings, at 497 Broadway.

The number of members in 1897 was about ten thousand, from almost every section of the United States. Most of the principal towns in Maine, have more or less members, though our own immediate section is but lightly represented. E. Noyes, Esq., is the local secretary, of whom inquiries can be made, and through whose hands the matters connected with membership can be arranged.

To CORRESPONDENTS. "Lory" will see that we are pleased with her, and of course hold her to her promise.

'Common Sense' is deferred to next week, when our readers shall have it.
'A Year after the Fair' was a day too late, but shall appear next week. The writer has our thanks as liberally as he has our esteem. Many of our best readers 'join' in this expression.
'Onionville Aristocracy' next week.
'S.' on the subject of schools, is to the point, but we are compelled to defer it a week.

Notice Dr. Pollard's advertisement, in another column. He leaves early next week and those in need of his advice or services will do well to call. His skill and experience, and the great efficacy of his remedies, are well known to some of our citizens. Such an opportunity rarely offers.

THE BIG SQUASH. Some of our readers may recollect a notice of an enormous squash, of a choice kind, raised last year in Portland, weighing 165 pounds. It was taken to Bangor for a market, and distributed among the epicures there, who spoke well of its flavor. Dr. Pollard, who had the honor of dissecting the monster, secured the seeds to distribute gratuitously among the farmers, to whom he offers them "for the asking." Better get a few and try them. We have secured our share, and will bet a button that we raise the biggest squash.

FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—We have received Sandwich Islands papers by the Tzar, which arrived at this port yesterday from Honolulu, whence she sailed on the 10th of November. The Tzar has a full and valuable freight—among the rest, a consignment of real California gold dust, 100,000 dollars' worth. The Polynesian of the 4th of November gives the following summary of the news of the previous week:

As we predicted in our last number, some of the gold-diggers have come, and another "rush" has taken place. On Monday morning the Mary Frances arrived from San Francisco bringing a large quantity of the glittering treasure. Several of our residents who left here a few months since, have returned. Three or four gentlemen—not so greedy as the rest—came in the Mary Frances, and are shortly to sail for the United States; having during their stay in California, acquired a little fortune by digging. The news has caused an increase of the fever. Several natives returned in the Mary Frances at \$5 day wages—rather good wages for fore-most hands. One lucky "maoli" formerly in our employ returned with about \$500. He sailed from here in the Sabine, and was ashore in San Francisco only about twenty days. Such a dash as he cuts, and such a lot of friends as his money secures for him, is not often seen. The reports of natives returned, will doubtless induce others to go.—Traveller.

A Big 'Un.—Mr. Hiram F. Crowell, of this town, killed a hog twenty-one months old, on Saturday last, which weighed, when dressed, 680 pounds. In raising pork and building railroads, we certainly can beat the good folks down the river.

The ship Mayflower, with several individuals from this town and vicinity on board, cleared from New Bedford for California, on Monday last. The Boston Traveller of Tuesday says:

"The company is composed, says the Mercury, of men of the highest respectability, including two physicians, two civil engineers, a geologist, shipmasters, &c. The ships American and Obed Mitchell, with numerous passengers and valuable cargoes, are to sail in a day or two."

THE EXPECTED GOLD FROM CALIFORNIA.—The New York Express of Wednesday evening, says:

"In spite of the impatience shown at the absence of receipts of gold from California, it is beyond a doubt that the Insurance Companies, of Wall street, have large amounts insured with them. It is not in large sums, but in moderate parcels, that in the aggregate reach a large sum, that will have great effect upon the money market. Very late advices, and rapid and regular intercourse with California may now be expected, as the steamers California and Oregon are now in successful operation, in connection with the steamers to Chicago."

The N. Y. Tribune of Wednesday, speaking upon the same subject, has the following: "The California was at San Blas the 14th Feb., and the Oregon had arrived at Panama. She would probably reach San Francisco by the 25th of February, and leave that port about the 5th to 10th of March. She will probably bring a considerable amount of gold to Panama, as she took up over half a million of dollars for the purchase of dust. At San Blas, where she was at last accounts, she was to take on board a consignment, with about a million dollars, which left Tepic some time ago to meet her, and which money is also destined for the purchase of gold. A letter from a gentleman residing at Panama, to his brother in this city, which was received by the steamer Trent, states that a gentleman had arrived at Panama for the purpose of taking passage on the Trent, who had one hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold dust."

CLOSING OF CONGRESS.—We copy a paragraph from the N. Y. Com. Advertiser, relating to the attack of Mr. Meade upon Mr. Giddings: "The fight and personal collisions which occurred on the floor of both houses are deeply deplored, but they should not be forgotten. The facts concerning those which took place in the House, however, not only in unimpaired, but a most alarming state of feeling as existing there. The difficulty between Mr. Giddings and Mr. Meade took place at about ten o'clock, when the Southern members, after having been at one time in the evening elated to a high degree by what they thought almost the certainty of success in their most cherished plans, began to fear that the chances of final success inclined to their adversaries. Mr. Giddings sat near the Speaker's chair on the left; Mr. Meade almost directly in front of it, not far removed. Between their seats is the open semi-circle area before the clerk's desk. Mr. Giddings crossed over to the desk of Mr. Turner, of Illinois, zealously engaged in co-operating with Mr. G. and others in the effort

to strike off the Senate amendment or to defeat the bill. Mr. G. asked Mr. Turner, who is a Democrat, if the Locofocos on his side of the House were as good humored as the Whigs on the other. Mr. T. replied that they were not, that they were very much exasperated. Mr. Giddings said that was not good policy; that there was no need of passion.

Mr. Meade was sitting near, in his own seat. He said, seeming to address himself in part to Mr. G. and in part to another gentleman, that the only way to manage the southerners was to put them in bodily fear, to make them understand that if they persisted in their faction and incendiary course, they were doing it at the risk of their lives. He was understood to refer to the contest then going on. Mr. Giddings turned to him and said that that would hardly effect any good purpose; that the best way would be to be calm, to contest the matter with mild firmness, as long as there was a fair hope of success, and to yield with a good grace when it became inevitable. Mr. Meade then sprang to his feet and seized Mr. Giddings by the collar, swearing with bitter oaths that he would cut his heart out. The members who interfered said that Mr. G. had his hand clenched, in the attitude of a man about to strike. Had he done so he would have been justified, and his assailant would have been desperately hurt, for Mr. G. is a man of Herculean mould, and his antagonist was paralyzed with rage so as to be totally powerless.

Summary.

A TRUE FISH STORY.—In the month of September last, I had occasion to repair an aqueduct in Hallowell, that was formerly, a part of it, laid with logs. The logs were difficult to remove, being from four to six feet under the surface of the ground, and the water continually running through and around them from the spring. They extended ninety or one hundred feet, and concluding the logs would be a safeguard for the pipe, if we could get the pipe through them, that was our next object. We concluded if we could get a line through we should succeed in getting in the pipe. The water running freely, we tried to float a line through, which we did not succeed in accomplishing. We then hit upon a plan that worked finely. We caught a trout in the spring and attached a small fish hook to his tail, with a small line attached, and put him in at the entrance of the logs at the spring, and he drew the line through the whole length. We then returned the trout to the spring and wished him well.—Hallowell Gazette.

The first salmon of the season, from Bangor, weighing nineteen pounds, was sold in Boston on Tuesday, at two dollars per pound. He was served up at the Tremont House.

The city officers of Portland have determined to prosecute all violators of the law against the sale of intoxicating liquors, in that city. The prospect now is, throughout the State, that the people mean to suppress the sale of intoxicating liquors, or learn, at least, what virtue there is in the law. In this county, the League intend, as we learn, to do their duty. The city officers ought, at least, to break up many of the little two-cent gazzling shops about town, in short metre.—Bangor Whig.

Two deer have been taken within a few days in Bangor, one by Ira Danbar, Esq., near the Rose Place, one mile and a half from the city, and the other by Col. Smith's boys within half a mile. They were both taken on the ice.

A verdict of \$18,000 damages was lately given against the proprietors of the North Upper Canada stages, for injuries sustained by a Mr. Russell, in consequence of the intoxication of a driver. He was precipitated into the water, which resulted in the loss of his feet and hands.

The U. S. storeship Lexington was reported off Valparaiso on the 6th of December, with \$400,000 in California gold on board.

The captain and crew of the barque Warsaw, from New York for California, which was burnt at sea on the 19th, have been picked up and brought to Philadelphia, by the brig American.

A Yankee transported a couple of hogs to the "diggings" in California to root for "the precious ore," and obtained every night from six to eight ounces of gold from their snouts!—Post.

It is now understood that all the President's nominations have been confirmed, except that of Mr. McGeaughy, as Governor of Minnesota. The Secretary of the Treasury has given notice he will pay off the Mexican War Bounty Scrip on the first of July.

The town of Beverly, last week, unanimously directed the Selectmen to institute prosecutions against all unlicensed sellers of intoxicating liquors and approved their efforts of the past year to suppress the traffic in that town—and all the proceedings of the meeting were conducted with unanimity and despatch.—[Gloucester Telegraph.]

'Hello, Bill, lend me five dollars.' 'You're mistaken in your man, sir; I'm not a five dollar bill.' 'Well, you can pass any how.' It is stated in the papers that within three months after the new law of divorce was adopted in France, there were as many divorces as marriages and that in eighteen months twenty thousand divorces were registered.

CHOLERA.—A telegraphic despatch from Louisville, of the 25th inst., says:—"A Steamer from New Orleans to this port have cholera on board—very prevalent. On the steamer Bride there have been 14 deaths, and many more are still sick. The Geo. Washington had fifteen deaths previous to her arrival at Memphis."

A SAGACIOUS DOG.—On Saturday evening, as Mr. Ezra Fletcher was going through Dark Cliff, on his way home from Barnsley to Holyday, he heard some persons making towards him, who he thought, intended to rob him; and having only a few pence and his watch on his person, he took the latter out of his box and gave it to a little dog he had with him, which had been taught to carry articles home, when he was told to do so. He had no sooner done this than he was pounced upon by some highwaymen, who beat him very ill, and took the few pence from him. On his arrival at home his faithful little dog and his watch were there, all right.—Leeds Mercury.

A BARGAIN.—No doubt our neighbor Chipman, who advertises his cottage on Pleasant-st., will give a good bargain—but nobody in Waterville will buy it! We all know better. How can we spare Chip? Who will collect the Church dues—obtain subscriptions—see to Communion—ring the bell—regulate the town clock, and do a thousand other things pro bono publico? Who is a better mechanic—and can fill his place at Ellis? Who will take his place among the "Sons"? All in all, who can be Chip, but Chip? Pshaw! don't go away—we can't spare you.

LYCEUM.
There will be a meeting of the Lyceum at the Town Hall on Friday (to-morrow) evening, for the purpose of organizing and making arrangements for the next course of lectures. All who take an interest in its prosperity are requested to be present. By order.

Notices.

NOTICE.
A. W. POLLARD, who has been a great sufferer, for over 25 years, from the Piles, Cancer and from Cutaneous diseases—will be at the house of Mr. James Savage, a few doors north of C. Williams's hotel, in Waterville, from the 21st of March until April 1st, where he will be happy to wait on all who wish to examine or purchase his medicines, which are now gaining a wide spread celebrity in this State. Advice free to all. Persons suffering with the Piles, and who are not able to pay for medicines, shall be furnished gratuitously by satisfying me of that fact.

DEFEND YOUR LIVES.
"In time of Peace, prepare for War," says the Statesman. "In time of Health guard against Sickness," exclaims the prudent Physician. As it is defined against disease, as well as a remedial agent, there is no medicine before the public which will compare favorably with the REV. B. HIBBARD'S

Vegetable, Anti-Bilious, Family Pills.
No family medicine chest should be without them! Composed exclusively of vegetable substances, they may be administered with perfect safety to the infant and the adult, and in all stages of disease, whether acute or chronic. Such is their potent preventive efficacy, that when taken in doses of a quarter of a pill each night, they keep the system in perfect order, secure the vigorous exercise of all the functions of vitality, and leave no organ relaxed or overstimulated for disease to fasten upon. As a preventive for a change of climate, and a preventive remedy for the febrile and other maladies common to a new settlement, and in tropical countries, they will be found of inestimable value; and whoever desires to live to a good old age, in the enjoyment of that blessing to which all other blessings owe their vigor, should keep these Pills within reach of the hand, and make frequent use of them. As a Spring medicine they have been used for many years with unflinching success throughout the United States, South America, and the West Indies.

For sale by Wm. Dyer and L. R. Low & Co., Waterville, and by Druggists and Dealers throughout the State.

TEN DOLLARS REWARD

Will be paid to any person who will give such information as will lead to the detection of the man who run afoul 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.

Waterville, Mar. 6, 1899.

[From the Boston Chronicle, Oct. 1, 1847.]

Consumption is the great curse of our northern latitudes. It is the blight of domestic felicity and the despoiler of beauty. It robs the cheek of its healthful bloom, the mind of its serenity, and the eye of its brilliancy. It wastes the form, dims the intellect, and plunges its victim into an early grave. The young and the old, the serious and the gay, the city belle, the country lass, are alike its prey and its victims. Blessings on the man, then, whose genius and research furnished us weapons to bid defiance to this "Dweller of the Threshold!" He merits the applause and gratitude of ages; he shall have ours, at least.

One of the most important discoveries of modern science, for the cure of pulmonary affections, is the BAL-SAM OF WILD CHERRY, and the credit of its discovery is due to the celebrated Dr. Wistar. This

