



4-5-1849

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 37): April 5, 1849

Ephraim Maxham

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 37): April 5, 1849" (1849). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 88.

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II.....NO 37.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 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.

AUNT BRIDGET'S STORY.

By ELIZABETH YOUTT.

Light human nature is too lightly lost And ruffled without cause, complaining on— Bestless with rest—until, being overthrown, It learneth to lie quiet.—Miss E. B. Barrett.

'That is so like you, Charles,' said Mrs. Montague impatiently, in answer to some request of her husband; 'you never do think of anything until it is too late!'

'But it is not too late now, my dear; the carriage has only this moment come round, and you will have plenty of time while the servants are putting in the luggage.'

'Just as if I could trust them to put it in without looking after them. The very last time, if you remember, the thing of most importance was forgotten, and left behind, owing to their carelessness.'

Mr. Montague, seeing that it was hopeless to argue the matter, sat down to his desk without reply, while his wife went to superintend the arrangement of those numerous packages—*encombrances* we have heard them called—which some ladies think it impossible to travel without. By the time that everything had been completed to her satisfaction, there really was not a moment to spare.

'You will be sure to come down on Saturday, Charles,' said Mrs. Montague, as she went back to exchange a hasty and affectionate kiss with her husband.

'Yes, yes, my dear.'

'I shall long for Saturday!' continued his wife, still lingering; 'and when we are in the country, I shall have time to do everything you wish me.'

Mr. Montague looked up and smiled; and kissing him again, she hurried away, with the tears in her eyes.

It was a beautiful day; but the heart makes its own sunshine, and it is certain that Mrs. Montague did not enjoy her long and pleasant drive quite as well as she would have done had she found time to comply with her husband's request before starting. Not but she laughed and talked a great deal to her aunt, who accompanied her, and whose guest she was about to become for the next few weeks, declaring that the only fault Charles had was his provoking habit of procrastination, and that she would give anything to be able to break him of it.

'We have all our faults,' said Aunt Bridget, 'and must bear with one another.'

'Yes, to be sure; but still it is very annoying sometimes.'

Aunt Bridget did not reply; she seldom said much; and after a late dinner, both were glad to retire to their own apartments.

Mrs. Montague awoke on the following morning with a happy forgetfulness of everything save the enjoyment of the present moment; and as she looked out into the green, sunny fields, and listened to the singing of the birds, her heart was filled with love and gratitude towards the Creator of so beautiful a world. The day was passed in walking, driving, and paying visits; and as Aunt Bridget had almost as many friends among the poor as she had among the rich, Mrs. Montague saw and heard much that was new to her. She was particularly interested about one young woman whom they visited, and whom Aunt Bridget introduced as Mrs. Chambers, although she herself called her Mary, speaking to her with affectionate kindness and consideration. Her slight, girlish figure, and youthful appearance, contrasted strangely with the pale, sorrow-stricken countenance, and the long clustering hair, that had grown gray in a single night, while her smile was sad to look upon.

'Poor thing!' said Aunt Bridget, as they left the house; 'I do not think that she is long for this world. God is very good.'

'Although so young, she appears to have suffered much,' observed Mrs. Montague.

'Yes, indeed; her history is a very sad one. Some day, if you like, I will tell it to you.'

'I should like to hear it very much, for I shall not soon forget her pale, sorrowful face.'

'That evening, Mrs. Montague reminded Aunt Bridget of her promise.

'To-morrow,' said she, 'Charles will be here, and there will be no time for anything. Besides, we are so quiet and comfortable now, with the flowers smelling so sweetly, and the daylight fading away—just the very time for a melancholy story.'

'And yet no story either,' added Aunt Bridget, sadly, 'as poor Mary daily testifies by her tears and prayers.'

'Forgive me, dear Aunt,' said Mrs. Montague.

Aunt Bridget kissed the fair young face uplifted so pleadingly to hers, and began as follows:—

'Mary was born in the house where you saw her to-day. She was an only child; and her little property and great beauty—although no one would believe the latter to look upon her now—caused her to be much sought after. To use a worldly phrase, she might have married well; but Mary thought—and who shall blame her?—that to marry him she loved was better still. Maurice Chambers was a clerk in one of the large banking-houses of London; and it was during a holiday-visit which he paid to some friends in the neighborhood, that Mary and he first met. His honest, straightforward conduct and cheerful disposition won all hearts; and the only objection which her parents made to their engagement, was the very natural fear which they felt, lest Mary's health, which was but delicate, should suffer from the change and confinement of a residence in London. After a time, however, this was obviated by Maurice writing to say that he had heard of a very cheap house within half-an-hour's distance of London, by railway, and which he proposed taking; as the expense was inconsiderable, and the journey backwards and forwards would do him good. This was about Christmas. The following spring he came down again, and they were married; Mary leaving her native place amid the prayers and good wishes of all who knew her. I shall never forget how beautiful she looked on the day of the wedding, and how proud Maurice Chambers seemed to be of her. They were certainly very happy. Her father and mother promised to come down and see them before many months had passed, if they

were spared, for they were getting aged, and somewhat feeble; but there was no foreboding fear in their hearts about that young and loving couple, standing, as it were, on the very threshold of life and happiness.

I had a long conversation with Mary the day before she left, during which she entered largely into all her future plans. She had no foolish and romantic dreams about 'love in a cottage.' She knew that she had, of her own free will, married, comparatively speaking, a poor man, and was prepared for the consequences; nay, she longed to begin what seemed to her a labor of love; and to be the active and presiding spirit of her new home. She felt her responsibilities, and affection turned them into privileges. After all, it is a privilege to be permitted to minister to the beloved one, even by the means of the most common household duties.'

Aunt Bridget spoke earnestly; and Mrs. Montague, although she forebore to interrupt her, could not help thinking what a pity it was that she should never have been married herself, and wondering what could have been the cause, for she was right in imagining that there had been some cause. The annals of old maid-dom are, for the most part, full of sad and fearful revelations, but bound in so quaint a fashion that few care to look into them. Aunt Bridget continued thus:—

'Nothing could be prettier than Mary's new home. It seemed almost like magic for Maurice Chambers to step out of his dark counting house, in the very heart of the crowded city, and find himself, in little more than half-an-hour afterwards, standing before his own rose-covered dwelling, surrounded by the green, quiet fields. And magic it certainly was—natural magic—and the name of the enchantment—*Stream*. Sometimes Mary came the short distance to the railway station to meet him; and no one would have thought, to look at her then with her smooth, shining hair nicely arranged, and neat, and even tasteful dress, how busy she had been all day in those household arrangements which are so seldom noticed, and yet so sadly missed. In the evening both worked together in their little garden. Not that Maurice was particularly fond of flowers, but Mary thought that the fresh air would do him good after sitting all day; and so it did. And then she liked to have him with her. It was astonishing how soon he began to take an interest in his new pursuits, and yet not astonishing either, since it was only natural to love what she loved.

Time fled away, as it always does when we are happy. Mary was busier than ever, preparing for the long-promised visit of her dear parents; while Maurice entered cheerfully into all her plans for their amusement and gratification. As he said, he could never do enough for them, in return for the treasure which they had bestowed upon him; and then he would kiss his little wife, and tell her how he often sat and wondered, when alone, what he could possibly have done to deserve so much happiness, and how grateful he felt to Heaven at those times; while Mary confessed to the same feelings, with mingled smiles and tears.

It was the day before their arrival; and Mary was busily engaged in alternately superintending and assisting the labors of the girl whom she had thought it best to hire for the next few weeks, when she was interrupted by the cheerful voice of her husband, calling her to come up to him for a few moments.

'What do you want?' asked Mary.

'You.'

'But I am so busy just now.'

'I will not detain you an instant, Mary.'

'And I have not an instant to spare,' replied his wife.

But he still lingered.

'What do you want?' repeated she, impatiently.

'I have a hole in my glove.'

'Then put on another pair.'

'I want you to gather me a rose, Mary, dear.'

Mary could not help smiling, but she did not stir.

'Wait until the evening, and you shall have as many as you please. Only go away now, and do not tease me. Besides, you will be too late for the train.'

'No, I have just three minutes.'

'It's more than I have,' replied his young wife, as she quickly pursued her employment, while Maurice continued to walk to and fro over head; and presently she heard him singing to himself an old familiar air, of which he was very fond.

'Poor Maurice!' thought she, 'how good and patient he is; it is almost impossible to put him out of temper. I must leave off for a moment, and see what he wants with me.'

Just as Mary reached the top of the stairs, the street-door shut; and looking out of the window, she saw him walking quickly away, for he was late. Mary stood to watch him out of sight, and then returned to her employment. Long before evening, every little arrangement had been completed, and all made ready for the reception of her anxiously-expected visitors, who were to arrive early on the following day. Busy as she had been, Maurice was neither neglected nor forgotten. She found time to prepare some of her favorite preserves with her own hands, beside which she placed a vase of freshly-gathered roses; while some hot tea-cakes, of which he was very fond and which Mary rather prided herself upon her skill in making, only waited his arrival, in order to surprise him with their appearance. He was, however, later than usual on that particular night, and Mary began to grow anxious, but only for her tea-cakes, lest they should be spoiled. After walking several times somewhat impatiently up and down the room, she went out, and leaning on the garden-gate, stood watching for his coming. It was a still, summer evening; not even a leaf seemed to stir; and the singing of the birds, and the far-off voices of the children at play, alone broke the silence of the hour.

'Poor Maurice, he will be so tired!' thought the young wife as she strained her eyes to gaze down the long, dusty road; and then ran into the house to see that the cakes were not burning. 'Poor dear Maurice, how hard he works for me!'

When Mary returned, she saw several people coming up the road; and her quick glance having ascertained that Maurice was not among them, she drew back until they had passed. Instead of passing however, they stopped opposite the gate, and the foremost laid his hand upon the latch, and opened it; but seeing Mary, he started, and hesitated.

'I think you have made some mistake,' said

she. 'I am afraid not. It was Mrs. Chambers whom I wanted.'

'I am Mrs. Chambers. But what has happened? What are those men carrying? Why do they bring it here? Where is Maurice? My husband! God help me!' exclaimed the wretched woman as she read his fate upon the pale countenances of those silent and horror-stricken men, who were bearing back his shattered remains to his desolate home. There had been an accident upon the railway, and Maurice was one of the victims who perished by it.'

'How terrible!' interrupted Mrs. Montague, shuddering, and hiding her face in Aunt Bridget's lap.

'Yes, it was very terrible; even those strong men could not help weeping at the sight of poor Mary's agony and despair. The following day her parents arrived; it was mercifully ordered that they should have come just then. For many weeks she was insensible to all around her; and upon her recovering sufficient to be moved with safety, it was thought best to bring her back to her native place, where she has since remained, looking, as you saw her this morning, more like a spirit than a living and breathing woman, but meek and resigned to the will of God. In all probability her earthly pilgrimage will soon be ended;—and none who know her sufferings and her faith, can help rejoicing with her in her slow but sure approach towards that land where there is no more sorrow or sighing, and God himself will wipe away all tears from our eyes.'

Aunt Bridget ceased to speak, and a long silence ensued.

'Poor Mary,' said Mrs. Montague, at length, 'how sorry she must have been that she did not go to her husband when he wanted her on that last morning!'

'Yes it was the old story—Love too busy for love!'

I wish now that I had done what Charles wanted me,' continued her companion, thoughtfully. 'Anyhow, I am glad that I went back and kissed him and made him smile upon me. May heaven watch over my dearest husband, and make me more careful in future.'

'Amen!' added Aunt Bridget, solemnly.

Mrs. Montague did not say any more, but she thought a great deal, and was the better and wiser for those thoughts as long as she lived. Truly it is a solemn thing to part from the beloved, in this world of trials and troubles, and sudden death, even for a single day; and we should be very careful in what spirit we separate one from another, that we may have nothing to reproach ourselves with, should it be God's will that we never meet again.

Mrs. Montague was restless and uneasy until her husband arrived; and then how grateful she felt as she flung herself into his arms, with a heart full of good resolutions for the future, and thankfulness to God for having given her a future in the which to atone and amend all that was past.

'You are not well, dearest,' said Mr. Montague, anxiously.

'Yes, quite well. But I am so glad you are come, Charles; I had begun to fear that something had happened.'

'What should happen, little coward?' replied her husband, laughing, and kissing her affectionately.

Mrs. Montague rested her head upon his shoulder, and smiled also; but she never afterward forgot Aunt Bridget's story, or the lesson which it had taught her.

DREADFUL BATTLE.

The following account of the sanguinary battle which took place on the 12th of January, near Dinghee, between the Sikh forces and the British under Lord Gough, is given by the Delhi Gazette:—

About eleven A. M., the force came upon one of the outposts of the enemy, and were fired upon from a slight eminence (a low, bare hill) above the rest of the jungle, which, although there in dense small patches, admitted of an easy passage between the masses.—

The heavy guns (ten in number, we believe) with three horse batteries, were ordered to the front to clear the ground, an operation that did not take more than five or ten minutes, the enemy retreating with their guns, but leaving their tents standing. The column again advanced, and marched over the ground on which the Sikh picket had been posted; but, instead of continuing the march in the direction of Russell, as originally intended and arranged, the commander-in-chief suddenly changed the plan of operations, brought up the right, and deployed his infantry line in front generally of the position at Moong, thus slowing the Sikhs that their strong post at Russell was no longer threatened. No enemy being at the time in sight, though their camp was in full view, and distant only between two or three miles on a rising ground with the jungle between, the order was given for the marking out of the British camp for the day, and the column were actually engaged in this duty when, about two P. M., a round shot or two from the enemy, which flew over the line of demarcation of the camp, and fell close to the commander-in-chief, showing that the place was by no means eligible for a halt. Observing this, Lord Gough determined at once on attacking, without, however, having taken the previous usual and necessary precaution of ascertaining by a reconnoissance in that direction where the strength of the enemy actually lay, and without making the smallest preliminary arrangements for the advance.

After a cannonade, which is variously estimated to have lasted between one and two hours, the left or Brigadier General Campbell's division were directed to make a flank movement, and in obeying the order, exposed their own flank to a dreadful cross fire from Sikh batteries on their left, which had not been observed, and on the 3d and 4th brigades, the latter being considerably in advance on the occasion, ultimately reaching the guns, they were met by such a tremendous fire that they were obliged to retire with a loss, in Mr. May's 24th foot, more severe than it has ever before fallen to the lot of a regiment in India to suffer in the field (we do not, of course, include the Cabul massacre). As soon as it was known that these two brigades were engaged, the 5th was sent against the centre of what was supposed to be the enemy's line, and advanced, under their gallant leader, Brigadier Mountain, in the most undaunted manner, through the jungle in the very face of a (a

storm), first of round shot, then grape, and lastly musketry, which mowed down the officers and men by dozens. Still they advanced, and on reaching the guns spiked every one in front, and two others on the left, which had subsequently opened a flank fire on them; but the Sikhs no sooner saw that they were deprived of the use of their guns than they renewed such a fire of musketry, not only on the flank but in the rear of the brigade, that common prudence dictated a retreat; and it was effected with the same determination that had distinguished the three brigades on the left throughout. The conduct of the European and native infantry who were, it appears, not supported as they should have been by artillery or infantry, for want of due and proper arrangements, was, to use the emphatic word of several correspondents, most decidedly 'magnificent.'

The loss of the several regiments engaged will show how they fought. In the mean time Brigadier Godby came upon the enemy's infantry; the brigade opened their fire, but the enemy were in such numbers that they easily outflanked them. Two companies of the 2d European regiment were wheeled up, showed front, and the whole charged. They had not gone far when they found they were surrounded. They immediately faced right about, kept up some fire firing, and charged, rear rank in front. At this juncture, Dawes's battery came to the rescue, and, having beat off the enemy, their guns were taken. While the infantry were thus highly distinguishing themselves, and earning imperishable laurels, the cavalry on the extreme left, under Brigadier White, had made a dashing charge, and contributed much to the defeat of the enemy; while the cavalry on the extreme right, consisting of Brigadier Pope's force, with the 14th light dragoons temporarily attached, having been taken in advance of their horse artillery, (Lane's, Christie's, and Huish's troops) were directed to charge a body of the enemy's cavalry, variously estimated at from 1000 to 5000.

Instead of obeying the orders given them, they faced about, and, in spite of the energetic endeavors of their own and other officers, left the field (with the exception of a body of the 9th lancers, who were rallied), and made direct for the artillery; on coming up to which, instead of pulling up they dashed through Huish's and Christie's troops, upsetting a wagon and some horses, and directing their course to the field hospital. The enemy, seeing the advantage they had thus unaccountably insured, followed our cavalry, got amongst the horse artillery, cut down no less than 73 gunners, who had, by the flight of the cavalry through their ranks, been deprived of the means of defending themselves, and carried off six of the guns, two of which were subsequently recovered; and would have done much more harm, had not Colonel Lane been fortunately enabled to draw his troop out of the *melee*, and pour in grape so energetically, that the Goorchurra thought they had done enough, and fled. When the whole was over the commander-in-chief rode in among the troops, and was received with every demonstration of joy.

The fight was certainly as severe a one as has ever been fought in India, not excepting Ferozshah, the enemy having such great advantage in the jungle, which they were thoroughly acquainted with, and in their very superior numbers; notwithstanding which they were undoubtedly beaten from their positions at Moong, and would, had there been time to withdraw them from the jungle after the retreat of the enemy, have lost above one-half of their guns. Night unfortunately supervened, and the Sikhs were unable to recover many of their guns, from which it was subsequently found they had been successful in extracting the spikes. The loss of the Sikhs must have been very great, as in one spot above 250 dead bodies were counted. In their night excursion to recover their guns, they killed many of our wounded, and stripped and plundered all the bodies within their reach.

It is stated that in the opening cannonade the Sikhs were so effectually concealed behind the thick jungle that the only guide to the British artillerymen in taking aim was the smoke of the enemy's guns. The dreadful slaughter in her Majesty's 24th regiment is attributed in some measure to the exhausted state in which the men reached the battery against which they were sent. Almost as soon as they had got to the Sikh guns and commenced spiking them, a regiment of the enemy's infantry suddenly opened a volley on them. The 24th then, with their native companions of the 22d and 26th Bengal native infantry (forming Pennycook's brigade) commenced a retreat, and great havoc was made amongst them, the brigadier falling along with many of his men. Thirteen officers of the 24th were killed and wounded, and some 500 men of the same regiment likewise fell the dust.

An excuse has been put forth for the flight of the 14th dragoons; it is said they mistook an order given them to move to the right or left for an order to retire. The horse artillery have called for a court of inquiry, and it is to be hoped the painful question will be cleared up; at the same time, the precipitate and disastrous retreat of such a regiment cannot be looked upon otherwise than with feelings of the most profound regret. Brigadier Pope, who gave the order, is now no more. The conduct of the 5th Bengal light cavalry is scarcely like to meet with an apologist.

During the night of the 13th the British force bivouacked a little in the rear of the battle-field. Next morning their camp was formed. Rain now came on and lasted without intermission till the evening of the 15th, adding to the gloom of the scene, and exercising anything but a comforting influence on the spirits of our troops. During those two wet and dreary days the wounded were brought in and the dead interred; the latter is said to have been a peculiarly sad and affecting ceremony. By the last accounts Lord Gough continued to occupy the same position, though it was an unfavorable place for supplies as well as in other respects. The enemy were seen encamped at Russell (they had abandoned Moong), on a low range of hills, on the right flank and to the front of the British force. The river was behind the hills, and the Sikhs had a bridge over it. The commander-in-chief had thrown up slight entrenchments to protect weak points. The force having been so terribly crippled by the action of the 13th, his lordship had deemed it expedient to direct Brigadier Wheeler's force to join him, as well as to order up the 53d regiment from Lahore. It was not that there would be any renewal of hostilities until

reinforcements arrived for Lord Gough's army.

[From the Union Magazine.]
THE OLD CHAPEL BELL.
A PARAPHRASE FROM THE GERMAN.
BY JOHN Q. SAKS.

Within a church-yard's sacred ground,
Whose fading tablet's tell
Where those who built the village church
In solemn silence dwell,
Half-hidden in the earth, there lies
An ancient Chapel Bell.

Broken, decayed and covered o'er
With mouldering leaves and rust;
Its very name and date concealed
Beneath a cankering crust;
Forgotten—like its early friends,
Who sleep in neighboring dust.

Yet it was once a trusty Bell,
Of most sonorous lung,
And many a joyous wedding peal,
And many a knell had rung,
Ere Time had cracked its brazen sides,
And broke its iron tongue.

And many a youthful heart had danced
In merry Christmas time,
To hear its pleasant roundelay,
Sung out in ringing rhyme;
And many a worldly thought been checked
To list its Sabbath chime.

A youth—a bright and happy boy,
One sunny summer's day,
Fatigued, at last, with bat and ball,
Chanced hitherward to stray
To read a little book he had
And rest him from his play.

'A soft and shady spot is this!'
The rosy youngster cried,
And sat him down, beneath a tree,
That ancient Bell beside:
(But, hidden in the tangled grass,
The Bell he ne'er espied.)

Anon, a mist fell on his book,
The letters seemed to stir,
And though, fall off, his flagging sight
The boy essayed to spur,
The many page was quickly lost
Beneath a cloudy blur.

And while he marvelled much at this,
And wondered how it came,
He felt a languor creeping o'er
His young and weary frame,
And heard a voice, a gentle voice,
That plainly spoke his name.

That gentle voice that named his name,
Entranced him like a spell,
Upon his ear, so very near
And suddenly it fell;
Yet soft and musical, as 'twere
The whisper of a bell.

'Since last I spoke,' the voice began—
'Seems many a dreary year!
(Albeit, 'tis only since thy birth
I've lain neglected here)—
Pray list, while I rehearse a tale
Behoves thee much to hear.

'Once, from you I loved to hear, I watched
The villagers around,
And gave to all their joys and griefs
A sympathetic sound—
(But most are sleeping, now, within
This consecrated ground.)

'I used to ring my merriest peal
To hail the blushing bride;
I sadly tolled for men cut down:
In strength and manly pride;
And solemnly—not mournfully—
When little children died.

'But, chief, my duty was to bid
The villagers repair,
On each returning Sabbath morn,
Unto the House of Prayer,
And in his own appointed place,
The Savior's mercy share.

'Ah! well I mind me of a scold—
A gleesome, happy maid,
Who came, with constant step, to church,
In comely garb arrayed,
And knelt her down full solemnly,
And penitently prayed.

'And oft, when church was done, I marked
That little maiden near
This pleasant spot, with book in hand,
As you are sitting here—
She read the Story of the Cross,
And wept with grief sincere!'

'Years rolled away, and I beheld
The child to woman grown;
Her cheek was fairer, and her eye
With brighter lustre shone;
But childhood's truth and innocence
Were still the maiden's own.

'I never rang a merrier chime
Than when a joyous bride,
She stood beneath the sacred porch
A noble woman beside,
And plighted him her maiden troth,
In maiden love and pride.

'I never tolled a deeper knell,
Than when, in after years,
They laid her in the church-yard here,
Where this low mound appears—
(The very grave, my boy, that you
Are watering now with tears!)

'Is it the Mother I gentle boy,
That claims this tale of mine—
Then are a flower whose fatal birth
Destroyed the parent vine!—
A precious flower art thou, my child,
Two lives were given for thine!

'One was thy sainted mother's, when
She gave thee mortal birth;
And one thy Savior's, when in death
He shook the solid earth—
Go! boy, and live as may best
Thy life's exceeding worth!

The boy awoke, as from a dream,
And thoughtful, looked around,
But nothing saw, save at his feet,
His mother's lowly mound,
And, by its side, that ancient Bell,
Half-hidden in the ground!

BITING OFF THE NOSE TO SET THE FACE.
Comparatively, there are few individuals parable with that dignity of soul, which scorn to indulge in that hateful passion—revenge. But with these few, the pleasure experienced in the forgiving of injuries, far outweighs any satisfaction that can possibly attend even the most successful in the gratification of this fiendish principle. And it seldom occurs that those who are revenged, escape without punishment; for generally speaking, to use a homely phrase, they but 'bite off the nose to set the face.' We once heard of a man marrying to be revenged. Having been refused by a lady whom he offered his hand, he renewed the suit

until she at last consented, and they were married. After the ceremony, was over, he slipped a note into the hands of the bride, and left the house. It ran thus:—'Madam, you would not be mine—now I will not be yours; neither can you be the wife of another while I live—I am revenged.' The best of the story is, that the self-banished bridegroom forgot to make his will, and in less than a month afterward, being killed by a fall from his horse, his deserted wife, according to law, inherited a large portion of his very handsome property.

DEPOSITION OF THE POPE.—The public are so accustomed to hearing of a king dethroned and a republic established, that such a trifling affair is now scarcely heeded at all. Thus we see the press comparatively silent on the late deposition of Pope Pius the ninth, and the solemn act of the people of Rome which has established a republic in the holy city. This purpose has not been hastily consummated, but has been brought about coolly and with the utmost deliberation. The Pope is assured that if he pleases he can return to Rome, and that his spiritual character shall be cordially acknowledged and upheld; but he will never again be accredited as a temporal prince or ruler. This is, doubtless, excepting the dethronement of Louis Philippe, the most important political act in Europe these many years, and cannot fail to have a great influence upon the political world. There is probably not one of our readers who is not fully aware that it was the Pope himself who evoked the spirit of freedom and republicanism which burst forth, first in France, and like an uncontrollable volcano has burned ever since, lighting the masses of Europe to the halls of the temple of Liberty!

ECONOMY.—A slight knowledge of human nature will show that when a man gets on a little in the world he is desirous of getting on a little further. Such is the growth of provident habits, that it has been said, if a journeyman lay by the first five dollars his fortune is made. Mr. William Hall, who has bestowed great attention on the state of the laboring poor, declares he never knew an instance of one who had saved money coming to the almshouse. And he adds, moreover, that those individuals who save money are better workmen; if they do not the work better, they behave better and are more respectable; and I would sooner have in my trade a hundred men who save money, than two hundred who would spend every shilling they get. In proportion as individuals save a little money their morals are much better; they husband that little, and there is a superior tone given to their morals, and they behave better for knowing they have a little stake in society. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that habits of frugality and thoughtfulness are at all times of immense importance.—[Wilderspin's Early Discipline.]

SINGULAR LAKE.—About ten miles to the southeast of Saratoga springs, N. York, there is a small lake, well worthy the attention of the curious geologist. Around it, for a considerable distance, stretches a valley that shows many indications of having once been full of water, but which has been drained by the bursting of its southern boundary, towards the Mohawk river. In the centre, deeply shaded by woods, lies the present lake, not more than a quarter of a mile in width, but about three miles in length. The shape is serpentine, and, though several small streams empty into it, its outlet has never been discovered. Very slight changes only are perceptible in the water-mark, even at the period of the spring freshet. No sounding has been made in it yet, although deep-sea-lines have been used. The shores are bold and perpendicular as a wall, descending downwards to an unknown depth.—The mightiest ship that ever floated could touch the shore in any place with safety. Its surface is as calm as a mirror, for it is seldom touched by the boisterous wind. The water, though seemingly clear, looks black, from the great depth and the shadow of the trees on the shore. It has nothing of the diaph shape usually pertaining to lakes or to seas and oceans. It seems very much like an immense crevice in the solid crust of this great earth's surface, thrown open by a convulsion in nature, as an earthquake, long centuries ago. When our planet was young; it underwent shocks such as would crumble the mountains that now bristle along; and to one of these awful convulsions this curious lake owes its origin.

GRATITUDE—A STORY OF THE WHARF.

It is pleasant as well as profitable to contemplate beautiful and lofty traits of character in humble life; and it is a gratifying fact that opportunities for such contemplation are by no means unfrequent—indeed, it often happens in life, as it does in gold regions, that the purest ore lies deepest.

The following incident is illustrative of one of the highest characteristics of human nature; but this distinguishing quality is seen in a phase so peculiar, that in a recital its touching attributes must necessarily fall coldly upon the general mind—nor have the genius to invest it with the slightest tinge of romance, or even the ability to dispel the coarse influences consequent upon common-place associations, but are obliged to give it in plain and homely phraseology.

Those who are familiar with the neighborhood will remember that at the head of Commercial wharf, some six years since, stood a small shanty; this place was tenanted by a quiet citizen, who gained a frugal living by the sale of hot coffee, cakes, pies, &c.

At about the period named, on a smiling May morning, there came from Vermont a cute Yankee, who, with the aid of one side of the shanty, a few boards and no ceremony, made quite a convenient arrangement for the exhibition of a mammoth hog which he had brought with him. For a while everything went on very well; but as the season advanced, both the sun and the quadruped grew stronger, particularly the latter; whose influence though less extensive was so powerful that passers by were careful to keep to windward of him; pretty soon it was conceded on all sides that the hog was truly a great bore; one by one the patrons of the eating department of the shanty dropped off, and at a month's end it was curious to see the remaining few dive as the mackerel gulls do for their food, and like them bear it to some agreeable spot to enjoy it; almost any day might be seen half a dozen of these constant ones perched upon the unstocked anchors which then ornamented the pier, and which

still continue to grace it) nibbling a pie or sipping ginger beer.

At last even the anchors were deserted, and the ruin of the eating shop seemed to be complete. No longer was the smoke seen oozing through the sides of the shanty, the coffee pot remained bottom up, the sausage defied the spider, and the mouldy cakes were a prey to the scorpions in the dock.

Meanwhile the sufferer had been constantly and earnestly importuned to complain of the unlicensed mammoth, and to have him removed; but all entreaties were vain—he was inflexible—he seemed to be bound by some mysterious tie to the outside despair, and to lie down in silence upon the altar of self-sacrifice. It was evident to some that he was the victim of a too kind heart; but the nature of the deep and solemn obligation which induced him to welcome ruin with a smile, no one could divine.

At last one of the merchants on the wharf, in passing up, spoke to him of the unnecessary hardships he was suffering, of his duty to himself, &c., and asked him kindly why he submitted to such imposition. "Sir," replied the victim, "I have been asked that question very often, but never before by any one that I thought would appreciate my motives; there is no secret about it—it will not appear strange to you when you understand my position. The truth is this; the owner of the mammoth hog came to this place a stranger; I was entirely unknown to him, he had never heard of me before, yet on the very morning he established here he called upon me, was pleased that we were to be neighbors, and, at parting, in the kindest manner, tendered me a season ticket for the whole course. Sir, gratitude won't allow me to complain of that man's hog, and I never will do so, even if I am compelled to eat my own pies."

The merchant, being fettered by no such strenuous obligation, and not wishing to see the poor fellow reduced to the awful extremity of eating his own pies, promptly interfered, and the same afternoon the hog was seen "larding the lean earth" on his way to Charlestown.—[Boston Post.]

THE CAPTIVE'S DAUGHTER.

A SCOTCH TALE.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable of his dangerous usurpations, was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor of the present Earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion, and for ages a destructive gloom seemed to hang over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of his chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the King's troops—long, deadly, and desperate was his resistance; but at length overpowered by numbers he was taken prisoner, tried and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and the jailer awaited but the arrival of his death-warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last long, the heart yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing, one who was the pride of his love. Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison house, he was mourning for the last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold, damp wall of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark, bright and cheerful; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wept away; her raven tresses were parted over a brow clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered—

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short, very short," said the jailer as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

"God help and comfort thee my daughter," added the unhappy father, as he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow. "I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing upon the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death; but thou art come, my love—thou art here! and the last blessing of thy wretched father—"

"Nay, forbear! forbear!" she exclaimed; "thy last blessing! not the last! My father shall not die!"

"Be calm, be calm, my child!" exclaimed he, "would to Heaven I could comfort thee, my own, my own. But there is no hope—within three days, and thou and my little ones will be—"

Fatherless, he would have said, but the word died on his tongue.

"Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressed his hand; three days; then there is hope; my father shall live! Is not my grandfather the friend of Father Peter, the confessor and the master of the king? From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay, nay, my Grizel," returned he, "be not deceived—there is no hope—already the king has signed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is already on the way."

"Yet my father shall not—shall not die," she replied emphatically, and clasping her hands together—"Heaven speed, a daughter's purpose," she exclaimed; and turning to her father, said calmly—"We part now; but we shall meet again."

"What would you my child?" he inquired eagerly, gazing anxiously in her face.

"Ask not now," she replied; "but pray for me and bless me—but not with thy last blessing!"

He again pressed her to his heart and wept upon her neck. In a few minutes the jailer entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfarer man crossed the draw-bridge at Berwick, from the north, and proceeded down Margate, sat down to rest on a bench by the hostelry, on the south side of the street, nearly fronting what was called the Man-guard then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his headquarters a few years before, and where at a somewhat earlier period, James sixth had taken up his residence when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin, fastened round his body by a leather girdle, and over it a short cloak composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man; but his features were drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff.

Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting

ing a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this!" said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was on the borders of the wide, desolate and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles, presented a desert of whins, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle, covered with thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, heading the storm which now raged in wildest fury.—The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward until he had proceeded above two or three miles from Berwick when as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the wayside.

Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head and the traveller stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount, cried the stranger sternly. The horseman benumbed and stricken with fear made an effort to reach his arms, but in a moment the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail of the north, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning, the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the moor; but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail that contained the death warrant had been robbed; and before another order could be given, the intercession of his father the Earl of Dundonald, with the king's confessor, might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort.—Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful—and a second time the bigoted monarch had signed the warrant for his death, and in a little more than one day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of Heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

Again the rider of the mail reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and the second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane. He spurred his horse to its utmost speed, he looked cautiously before, behind and around him; and in his right hand he carried a loaded pistol ready to defend himself.

The moon shed a ghostly light across the heath, rendering desolation visible, and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into his very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and his horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said:

"Give me thine arms sir, or die!"

The heart of the king's servant failed within him; and without venturing to reply, he did as he was commanded.

Now go thy way," said the robber sternly, "but leave with me thy horse, and leave with me the mail—lest a worse thing come upon thee."

The man arose, and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling, and the robber, mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail, with the second death-warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, when tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days, and the life of the prisoner would again be prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter and wept and said:

"It is good, the hand of Heaven is in this!"

"Said I not," replied the maiden—and for the first time she wept aloud—"that my father should not die!"

The fourteen days were not yet passed, when the prison doors flew open, and the old Earl of Dundonald rushed into the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had at length been successful; and after twice signing the death-warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the king had at length sealed his pardon.

He had hurried with his father from his prison to his own house—his family were clinging around him, shedding tears of joy—and they were marvelled with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted—and the robber entered. He was habited, as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and coarse jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering he slightly touched his forehead, but yet remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he taking two papers from his bosom, "cast them into the fire."

Sir John glanced on them, started and became pale—they were his death warrants.

"My deliverer!" exclaimed he, "how shall I thank thee?—how repay the savior of my life? My father, my children, come and thank him for me."

The old earl grasped the hand of the stranger—the children embraced him, and he burst into tears.

"By what name?" eagerly inquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud, and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my child! my savior! my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more—the imagination of the reader can supply the rest. Grizel Cochrane was the grandmother of the late Sir John Stuart of Albany, and the great-grandmother of Mr. Coutts, the great banker.

A country clergyman being opposed to the use of violin in church service, was, however,

overruled by his congregation, who determined upon having one. On the following Sunday, the person commenced the service by exclaiming long-drawn accents, "You may f-i-d-d-l-e and a-n-g the 40th psalm."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, APRIL 5.

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

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The truth must be told—we are sadly in want of money. Will our subscribers forget the hardness of the times, and give us a lift? Many are indebted for nearly two years, while but very few have paid for the volume now near its close. A small sum from each one would relieve us greatly, and the favor shall be remembered at another time, besides being most thankfully received now. If all of whom the above request is made, will show us favor promptly we promise to make no more calls of this kind for a long time; and our paper shall give acceptable evidence of our gratitude.—Two dollars or over may be sent by mail at our expense.

We tender our thanks to a few friends who have paid for the present volume.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

A YEAR AFTER THE FAIR.

OCTOBER 5, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR:—Saratoga, in full dress, is none of your small affairs. The world has a niche at Saratoga. Men, extraordinary for morals or for money, are common here; the seniors of political or literary life find character in the associates whom it furnishes; political veterans, both *exes* and *izzards*, measure the shape and tendency of their shadows on its piazzas; and beauties begin and end here, dazzling the wits of the weak, and delighting, in not too rare instances, the wisdom of the wise. There are watering places to which a coterie may go with an Editor of its own, and all the world seem to be there. There are those at Saratoga whom no one coterie has seen, and as to whom it is significant. A part only of the world itself is there.

The second rate houses of Saratoga cut quite a little figure. In villages they might flourish with no little eclat, in the capital of some States, and dazzle the representatives of thrifty towns with tables of three courses, and a degree of motion. The bar is particularly gilt, and there shall be, if he have not retired in a spirit of cupidity, renting his establishment for twice its annual income, a fat landlord, the last of his race at Saratoga, the monarch of his own halls, the platonic despot of a she-cook. The race of fat landlords became ominously extinct, the victims of cigars and indignations, as it slipped through the fingers of a she-cook.

There is an indefinite number of third rate houses, nondescripts, the enterprises of broken or adventurous men, soliciting attention by imposing or inviting names, and fulfilling the promise to the hope, not indifferently, of those who look for a fitness of food, and politeness of attention, in connection with a limited extent of quarters and diminished emphasis of price.

Of the extreme tenth-rate tavern there are one or two, to which a certain complacency for the name seems to reconcile man and woman, in which the heat, dirt, and confusion are greater than they left at home. There are public boarding houses, in which the comforts of respectable society may be found by plain men, of congenial society, for their character of custom is known; the farmer, the literary man, the Methodist, the Prelate, the Presbyterian, may be suited, while they can afford or are inclined to stay. The private boarding houses are numberless, and these have each their character and recommendations—the names of some of them growing into favor with whole States, nay, with half a nation. And there are the great Hotels.

These to the traveler are Saratoga, to the world a show, to their inmates a part of themselves. The Pavilion is burned. It would have arisen again at the pressure of Aladdin's lamp, but the year at Saratoga is shorter than at Spitzbergen, and rents, like the boasted age of the little glass of wine, out of all proportion. But the Union Hall expands with every stride of the colporteur. There is an air about it that reminds one of some chastened festivity, as if it were a temple of some native Judaism, to which the affections had attracted the flesh. The Messrs. Putnam, aside from Prospect Hill, where is a sort of summer palace, which the wind and sun equally contend for, are rewarded like those who worship in the market place, and enjoy a notoriety, in their establishment, like that of the celebrated British Hall at Exeter. Congress Hall, over the way, long the very Tagioni of hotels, replete, none such, but not particular, now is walking in their footsteps, had last year a consequence in its price, and this, in its wreaths of woodbine and parterres of hollyhocks, has cut its bar and has no longer a cellar. The hollyhocks at the Congress are a very floral militia. The old Congress! that it should do its peak to snuff the footsteps of anything.—Once fashion was here, and the Count of Servillians—save the mark! it will be up for the Christmas in a year or two.—Joseph Bonaparte was driven to the United States for the sake of accommodation, and had it all his own way. Now that remote object of curiosity, in brick, up town, which was then begging for rent, and for aught I know, bankrupted its owner to start it, is the summit of delight to those who live upon their pockets. When men

are homeless and yet would be happy, they think of quarters there. Trading people or sight-seers, who visit the cities, will stop of necessity (at some of the caravanseries, which, at such gloomy points, intercept life's journey, but from its sunniest, dustiest track, from the smile of one's own cousin's wife, and the promise of premium groves of his planting, the pilgrim hastens to the concentration of luxury and pleasure at the States, and his heart whistles or whistles, as he looks, "All but home, by Juno!" Every day counts three, and the night is enough at half of one. Here are pillars of wreaths, tracing their way up like the very bean of the early fab, which the north and south poles had been hardly long enough to lift from zenith to nadir; or if less in height, far more are they in number; and hollyhocks, clumped about the garden, to emulate the Champ de Mars at the beginning of the hundred days. It is a palace of ease; and to those within it—whether at morning, when the fiery air dallies with its columns of real verdure, and the votary of pleasure is revived by the breath of the mountains, toying like lost birds in their shade; at mid day, when the chatter of vapidity is succeeded by the lull of expectation, and the taste for dress and the zest of appetite are awakening their sense of dominion; at evening, when throngs of watchful spectators flock together to testify their concession to it of all which it pretends in luxury or ornament, and when the dangerous dance exhibits, at its very centre, the central victim of all this waste of time and thinking, it is the golden show of folly, and pleasure is its queen. And pleasure truly there is, to those who are stimulated to receive it; dignity to those, few enough, who, in the accidents of life, are crowned with it; society to those who chase the ball of fashion for a game. The sensuality of civilization has its temple; the spirit of enterprise purchases checks in the world, which are commuted here, for the delusion of the eye and the indulgence of the appetite.

A little street of private residences opens from the main thoroughfare; they call it—; shaded, cool, and as if it were private. They who have suddenly slid into Globe street, in Charleston, have seen a better thing—its southern cousin, modifying unexpectedly, in the latter case, the despair of elegance with a sense of its choicest refinement, where amid piazzas filled with tropical roses, in halls that breathe of the forest more than of the conservatory, opening into mock orangeries in the rear, guarded by cages of musical birds, the blue eyed daughters of the south appear so gentle, their cheeks tinted with the jealous blood, they well may animate the steel-nerved chivalry which defends them. But the charm of that is winter, while summer is the natural foil of this, and this is on a smaller scale but that much further off.

Ever truly yours.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

MR. EDITOR:—The common school system demands the careful attention and good wishes of every citizen. In considering this subject, we should investigate the best method of giving our children a good English education and having them instructed in Reading, Spelling, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, &c.; but the hard earned pittance of mechanics and others should not be wrung from them to pay for refined schools where French and other languages are taught. It is to be feared that the name of such genteel schools may have the effect to prevent some who need it most, from attending at all; as they might be ashamed to go, thinking they might not know so much as the other scholars. Shall we lose the reality, and be contented with the bubble of glitter and show, until it bursts, when we shall find that we have sacrificed our best interests for vanity and dress?

But let us examine the subject. We have now, and have had for some years past, what is termed a High School, where not only the English branches were taught, but also the languages at the district's expense, and scholars were not, generally, to be admitted, unless they could parse in the English Grammar.—The question now is, have we succeeded? We shall find that instead of admitting only such (with a few exceptions) as had some knowledge of parsing in English grammar, the examination seems not only to be dispensed with, but a large number of scholars attending the Institute last winter were under the age prescribed, and did not even attend to the study of grammar; yet the district must pay the expense of sending them to a Grammar or High School. Although the district has been for years paying the expense of a High School, where French, Latin and other languages are taught, yet the teacher of one of the High Schools, the last winter, considered it necessary to put all his town school scholars (not excepting those engaged in studying the languages, &c.) into the common English spelling book, and to commence with words of one syllable. And this seems to be the effect which our genteel schools have had—to leave education in a lower state than they found it.

When our common schools are what they should be—the dependence and pride of our country—they will give the rising generation a good English education, such as will make them men and women fitted to live and become useful members of society, and impressed with the principles of virtue and morality.

COMMON SENSE.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

CULTIVATION OF CARROTS.

Last spring I planted a piece of ground in my garden to carrots. When they came up I found ten weeds to one carrot, and it cost me more than all the carrots were worth to keep the weeds down. I thought when I planted any more carrots, I would break up a piece of grass land early in the fall, harrow immediately after plowing, to prevent the grass from starting between the furrows. The ground should be plowed deep, and the manure plowed under; then if I plant them in the Spring,

neither too early nor too late, and the little yellow fellows come up well, and the ground is rich enough to cause them to grow very large and long, and they should stand very thick together, I can't see why I should not have a very large crop. I should not want the carrots to grow quite as long as Col. Crockett's did. He said that in Kentucky the ground was so rich, and the carrots ran so deep into the ground, that they went clear through this little earth, and the inhabitants on the other side of the globe took hold of the lower end of them and pulled them through. That beats the Dutch.

Waterville, April, 1849.

I. MARSTON.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

PRUNING TREES.

The present is comparatively a leisure season with the fruit cultivators, many of whom may improve their fruit crops by giving their trees a judicious pruning, and scraping off the rough bark, and applying soft soap diluted with water so as to be put on with a brush. This will destroy numerous insects, and give the bark a more healthy and vigorous appearance, besides adding nourishment to the tree, when washed to the roots by rain.

In pruning, it would be well to bear in mind what must be evident to every careful observer, that much damage has been done to very many orchards by injudicious pruning—such as cutting off large branches, while in a thrifty condition, leaving the wounds unprotected from the weather, the consequence of which often is a profuse bleeding, or loss of sap—the parts below assuming a blackish appearance, clearly denoting an unhealthy action. But what is far worse, the stump begins to crack, and open the way for water to penetrate even to the heart of the tree, inevitably producing premature decay and death. It is true, that pruning in many orchards has been neglected; in consequence of which the trees have formed compact bushy heads, instead of one open and wide spreading, to admit the sun and air, so essential to maturing fruit. Better, thus, than manage as too many do, cut off large limbs, hack and mangle with an axe, stripping down the bark, &c., and leaving large wounds unprotected from the weather. Such treatment is an infraction of nature's laws, to which she will not passively submit; and ere long an increase of decayed limbs and rotten holes, (where large limbs have been amputated,) reprove the operator for his imprudence.

Fruit trees which have been properly trained in the nursery, require only a light annual pruning, such as may be performed with a knife, and the wounds being sealed will soon heal over if covered with cement, which, too, renders the observance of the season for pruning less necessary.

D. TABOR.

Vassalborough, 3d Month, 1849.

ONIONVILLE ARISTOCRACY.

BY JAKE SMIGGINS.

It has been decided, on very good authority, that every community, however small, can boast of its aristocratic blood and members—every society, however insignificant, of its "high-top sweeteners," every village of its Honorable and Esquires. Admitting this decision to be a correct one, it must be concluded that Onionville is not wanting in these valuable and necessary requisites to fame and immortality. That a chapter upon the Onionville aristocracy is evidently wanting, I believe to be an undeniable fact; therefore, having nothing else to do at this time, perhaps I cannot employ an hour or two to better advantage than in writing this chapter.

Onionville is a prodigy—'tis a great place, decidedly—although its notoriety has not as yet been sufficient to attract the attention of geographers, unless this has been done since my schoolboy days; for I have often worked myself into an unseemly passion, when committing my geography lesson, that my own dear native Onionville had been so carelessly neglected and passed by.

However, that this is a great place will not be denied, when I say that it has been the birth place of one Representative to the General Assembly, of a Justice of the Peace and of the Quorum, of a Militia Captain, and one soldier of the Mexican War. On this plantation is raised larger pumpkins, fatter babies, and plumper school marmas—more of them and sweeter—to say nothing of the shaved shingles and whortleberries, than in any other town or plantation in all Down East. Here we have always supported one minister of the gospel, (by his preaching three Sundays in a month in the neighboring towns)—one petitfogger—Old Gripes, the schoolmaster—and aside from all this, Dea. Snodgrass says that "there haint a town in all Israel that has got so much wild land round it as Onionville." Although the old Deacon has given us no statistical proof of this assertion, yet he being an officer in the "Church militant," we are bound in honor and reverence to believe the old man. But I am forgetting the subject matter of my chapter. 'Tis the Onionville aristocracy of whom I write; and whose merits or demerits I would discuss.

The individuals who compose the "upper circle," who walk a path apart from the vulgar world, and seek for pleasure and pastime only among themselves, are but few, very few, yet enough to form a distinct circle—a distinct community from the commoners—a little world of their own. Each member may be easily known and distinguished from the herd, by a certain air of self importance, a consequential inflatedness, an ethereal strut or authoritative swing of the body, all of which are sure indications to the stranger that he is in the immediate vicinity of ancient family and blood.—Upon what the *illuminati* base their aristocratic pride and exclusiveness I am at a loss to know, for really they are a strange mixture of forward foppery with embodied negations, among which there are some most curious specimens of humanity and also of hog-munity, and wretched possessing but little of the needful, which makes "greatness great"—cash.

Among the most prominent in this very useful, very honorable, and very aristocratic class, are Dr. Pagnolass, L. L. D. (to which has been recently added A. S. S. by the Medical College and Faculty Association of Hornby;) Rev. Jeremiah Shirtless, who for his deep erudition and Biblical acumen was once talked of for a missionary to the tribe of "Cider Suckers," and Aaron Lickspittle, a gentleman loafer and President of the "Stick-your-nose-into-every-body's-business Society." These three worthies, together with old Gripes, who plays second, it may be truly said are the "ring-leaders," and govern the remaining few in all matters of importance. It may be asked, by what means have these men placed themselves in the very enviable situation which they occupy? I answer, nothing which they themselves have done, but family and blood have placed them there. But let us particularise a little.

Dr. Peletiah Pagnolass, L. L. D., A. S. S., was the son of an honest soap boiler, who, though he could boast of an intimate official acquaintance with Mr. Justice Lawpikker, was ever considered a pattern of morality and christian devotion. Although poor, he managed to give Pel, his oldest son, a very good common school education. At an early age, Pel gave promising indications of a bright genius, and so full was the hopeful's head of future literary fame and glory, that he determined on one of the learned professions as his future employment; consequently, by dint of perseverance, he succeeded in attending the Darby Academy six weeks, and then commenced the study of medicine with Mr. Snapp, the Lobelia puke doctor. In three months he received his "sheep skin" from the aforesaid College and Association, and commenced practice in Onionville. The Dr. never succeeded in gaining the full confidence of the aristocracy until the A. S. S. was prefixed to his other honorary titles, but since then a change has taken place in the affections of the "big bugs," and he is now "one on 'em" decidedly. He is quite young, and unmarried, and is destined at some future day to make a big gun, and one that will make a loud noise. He is talked of as a candidate for surgeon in the "Shad-eye and Cheese-knife gang." Should he accept the nomination he certainly will be "run in."

Of Rev. Jeremiah Shirtless I know but little. He came among us but a few years ago, from whence no one knew, yet he was believed by many old women to be a spiritual adviser, sent for the express purpose of christianizing the Onionvillians. This belief arose partly from the fact that he ever preserved a forbidding silence, when questioned in regard to his parentage, place of birth, &c., which wrapped him in a mystery a being of divine origin would be likely to assume, and partly from his very elongated visage and sanctimonious demeanor. There is one fact, however, in regard to the Rev.'s history, which no Onionvillian is in possession of but myself, and that is—when he left the "cot of his father" it was "between two days," handsomely escorted by a score of shaggy representatives of the canine race, and after proceeding for some distance on foot, he took a coach and four then in the employ of Uncle Sam, and went—his anxious marm knew not whither. The presumption is, he came direct to Onionville. The Rev. gentleman is a great theologian; in bringing to light the hidden meaning of dark and obscure passages in the Scriptures he is *some*, and on a real, right down, rough-and-tumble reformation, exhortation and prayer, he is powerful, very powerful. He is an aristocrat, which hides any little imperfections which he may possess, if any.

Now a word in regard to Aaron Lickspittle, and you have a fair sample of the Onionville aristocracy. Aaron is a queer dog, and some have had the audacity to intimate that he is affected with insanity, for he has the impression that he was born to rule all Onionville, and consequently all the world—for he contends, and rightly too, that the destinies of this "mundane sphere" depend entirely upon the chances and changes of this little hermitage. Having been no farther from home than the length of his mother's apron strings, he concludes that Onionville is nearly or quite as large as the rest of this little world. He glories in the honorable cognomen of gentleman loafer; and well he deserves the title, for work he will not do, as he and that much dreaded individual had a "falling out" when Aaron was quite young. He says he is not lazy. Oh! not! he possesses principles which are very repugnant to corporal labor. His chief labor (if labor it may be called) is acting the agreeable to strange visitors, waiting upon the "amability," and meddling with other people's business, for which he has a strong propensity. It is said by the knowing ones, that no president of the Stick-your-nose-into-every-body's-business Society ever discharged the functions of his office better than Aaron. He is extremely fond of popularity and applause; consequently Lyceum debates and Society meetings always find him ready to show off his oratorical powers in a highflown burst of eloquence, or knock-down matter-of-fact argument. His powers of oratory are indeed surprising, considering his advantages. Aaron is not handsome, but the ladies say he is good looking, very good looking—and then he is so kind, and so obliging, and plays the gallant so agreeably, that there is nobody like Aaron Lickspittle.

But I will not further prolong my chapter, but will only say that here are the ingredients that generally compose the "upper circle" of all small villages like our own. Let the reader travel from Seguin to Darby, and he will find at every stopping place a Dr. Pagnolass, a Rev. Mr. Shirtless, or an Aaron Lickspittle, who head a class of self-styled aristocracy, and whose pretensions to true aristocracy are as slight as those of Onionville.

The favors of several correspondents are necessarily deferred until next week.

COMMON SCHOOLS.

Mr. Editor:—I am pleased to learn that those of our citizens who are interested in the cause of education, are beginning to move in an attempt to improve the present system. In fact, it is a question whether any regular system has attended the management of our village schools, so far as proper classification is concerned; particularly in regard to the education of those under the age of 8 to 10 years. Now this class of pupils embraces a large proportion of scholars, and the parents or guardians of such have to incur considerable expense in providing them with suitable teachers, while they are paying taxes for the instruction of those a few years their seniors. There is, evidently, injustice in this. In other places of note, where the public schools have been properly organized, the people speak of and visit them with some degree of pride.—Why, I would ask, should not Waterville stand amongst the first in patronizing a judicious system of public schools? We have a college well sustained, and which annually receives evidence of its increasing popularity. To the several County Institutes we send able and interesting lecturers, who are zealous in the cause of education, and readily suggest to others what should be done to promote the spirit of improvement and enhance the character of their schools. All that is right; but when our neighbors turn upon our representatives in the good cause, and ask of them a description of our own schools, of our 'model' schools, why, they blush, and say the people of Waterville have not yet duly considered the subject.

We should have a system that would recommend itself to every one who feels an interest in the promotion of knowledge; one that gives equal advantages to the rich and poor—that recognizes mental improvement as the only passport from the primary school to that of a higher grade—thus opening the door to all, and throwing no impediment in the way of that spirit which is desirous of gaining commendable fame. With what pride our people would cherish such a system of education, could it be put to the test. Why, it would rank next in importance to our churches, and the school rooms would be visited by parents, who feel a solicitude for the welfare of their children. But some will object to any new system, in consequence of its requiring additional pecuniary means. In regard to that matter, your correspondent has very fully explained, and certainly he removed objections that were predicated upon the fear of being personally taxed.

I am confident that when our citizens look at this subject in its true light, laying aside all their prejudices, they will unconditionally come to the conclusion, that, at all hazards, our public schools must and shall be based upon a better system.

The following anecdote is none the worse for being authentic. We get the story from an intelligent friend, who had it from the 'victim' himself.—*Boston Post.*

'Ephraim Maxham,' some years ago the able editor of the People's Press, at Middlebury, Vt.—a journal since merged in the 'Northern Galaxy'—having grown a weary of single blessedness at an early age, got married. The Sunday following the nuptials, which had made considerable stir in the village where the bridegroom resided, the 'happy pair' attended the Congregational church, and were walking up the broad aisle, under a sharp fire from several hundred curious eyes, when the parson, announcing his text, exclaimed, in a loud voice—'Ephraim is joined to his idol—let him alone! To be 'singled out' in so public a manner so soon after he had been lawfully 'doubled,' was terribly vexatious to poor 'Eph,' while it utterly ruined the 'devotions' of all the 'young men and maidens,' whose risibility grew none the less as the parson went on repeating the unlucky text, at frequent intervals to the end of his discourse.

We had some doubt about the expediency of admitting ourself the 'victim' of the above anecdote, even after a Boston correspondent (whose favor is deferred to our next) enclosed the 'clipping' and demanded a plea of guilty or not guilty. But when the 'Excelsior' [whose name being interpreted means 'most excellent'] pulls off the veil, and tickles us with 'rare genius,' we submit. We thought of pleading a short memory—but who ever forgot a case like that? One might as well forget getting the 'mitten' or falling down in a ball-room. We are the victim—and the author of our blushes on that occasion is now a 'Rev. D. D.' whose memory would most reluctantly turn back to the joke—though a good one. But the way in which we paid him off!—wasn't that a joke too!—and he never paid the 'boot'! If the friend who told the first will reveal the other, our modesty will be relieved of the task.

SHOCKING MURDER IN HALLOWELL.—A slip from the office of the Gazette, (for which we thank the publishers,) gives the details of a shocking murder in that village, on Saturday night last. A party of young rowdies, natives of the town, had been 'on a train' during the afternoon, and in the evening proceeded to a section of the village where several Irish laborers on the railroad resided, and amused themselves by chasing and attacking such as they could find in the street. After several 'knock-downs,' an Irish man named Mathew Kin-Kennan who made some effort to defend himself, was stabbed in the thigh with a knife, and died in ten minutes. The funeral was held on Sunday morning, and the body was buried in the cemetery. A jury of inquest was summoned Saturday night, who sat till Monday forenoon, when they rendered the following

Verdict:—That the deceased Mathew Kin-Kennan came to his death on Saturday evening about 9 o'clock, on Second Street in Hallowell, near the residence of Mrs. Heard, by an instrument called a dirk knife, which wound nearly severed the femoral artery, willfully and feloniously inflicted by Samuel L. Blanchard, said Blanchard with Elijah Barker, George Runkle, John and Henry Leeman being engaged in an aggravated and unprovoked assault upon several Irishmen, all of whose

names the jury have been unable to ascertain.

The Eastern Mail of last week says, "Common Sense is deferred till next week." We look with a great deal of anxiety for the next number of that paper.—*Clarion.*

We thought you would—"acquaintiveness large."

FRUITS AND FRUIT TREES.

At the agricultural meeting, at the Massachusetts State House, March 13, the above subject was discussed.

Mr. Wilder opened the discussion. He said that the culture of fruit trees, or, in modern language, the science of pomology, occupies a wide field. Grain and vegetables may be considered the necessary and substantial blessings of Providence; but he had ever regarded delicious fruits as the overflowings of his bounty. Formerly the cultivation of fine fruits was limited to the gardens of the opulent and the vicinity of good markets. But the increased facilities for information, intercourse, and transportation have spread over the land and awakened an interest in the subject, so that now thousands of trees are planted instead of dozens; and the most humble cottage without its fruit trees and grape vines is considered an anomaly. In no part of the world is this enterprise crowned with better success than in our own country.—Mr. Wilder here alluded to the statement of Mr. Barry, in regard to the demand in England for American fruits, showing that so vast an amount of fruit was necessary for home consumption and for foreign markets that there was no danger of overstocking the market.

Hon. J. C. Gray, of Boston, recommended subsoiling or trenching the land before planting trees, and taking up trees with great care, so as not to break the roots. He remarked, that our climate was better for fruit trees than that of England.

Mr. Marshall S. Rice, of Newton, spoke of the great injury to apple trees by the caterpillar, and he recommended destroying their eggs, which may be seen on the small branches glistening in the morning sun. He picks up the windfalls of apples, which prevents the fruit from being wormy. He had kept Russet apples a year and a half in dry sand.

Hon. Mr. Brooks, of Princeton, thought it was a favorable time to destroy caterpillars when they first formed their nests, as it was but little labor.

Colonel Wilder said, that he removed large trees with success, by digging a trench around them in autumn, leaving a sufficient ball of earth to protect the roots, and remove them when the earth becomes frozen. It is an expensive way.

Hon. Mr. Calhoun, secretary of state, said, that fruit was the farmer's most profitable crop. He thought that this country would supply England with fruit. He said, that in almost every section there were valuable native fruits worthy of attention.

Mr. Brigham, of Westborough, said, that he had prevented the effects of curculion by placing a hen and chickens under the tree to devour them.

Mr. Cole, of the New England Farmer, exhibited fine specimens of the Northern Spy, Ladies' Sweeting, Shawmut, and Red Russet apples, and made some remarks on their qualities, habits, &c., observing, that, in order to keep apples late, the better way was to cultivate late varieties. These kinds were all late and excellent, but not well tested. These fruits were tried at the close of the meeting.

Dr. Bardwell recommended, in the raising of fruit trees, to begin right, and select only the largest and most vigorous stocks, as many were small, and unsuitable for setting.

Mr. Wilder said, that all kinds of trees succeeded well on a good mellow loam. Some require a warm soil, others a cold soil; and some will flourish in any soil, and in different sections of the country. The soil should be prepared by draining if the land be wet, and soils generally are improved by subsoiling and trenching. Much depends on appropriate manures. In some cases specific manures are necessary. By the analysis of the ashes of various trees it was shown what manures are required for each species. Lime and potash are necessary for the apple, and potash and bone-dust for the pear.

Mr. Bartlett, of the Boston Cultivator, made some remarks on the appropriate manures. He said, that new lands furnished proper food for trees, but in the process of time the orchard fails, the food is taken up in the production of trees and fruit, and the soil becomes exhausted. The leaves are blown away, the fruit carried off, and the pomace wasted. Specific manures must be applied to renovate the soil. Kirtland says, that a tree requires specific food as well as an animal.

Mr. Rice, of Newton, said, that where cows ran in a pasture and devoured the fallen apples, the fruit was not wormy; but worms were very destructive to apples in orchards where fruit remains under the trees. He said that there was a great profit in grafting our old trees of worthless fruit. He puts litter around newly set trees, and stones on it to support the tree, but uses no stakes. He had applied urine around peach trees for the yellows, and he thought it had a favorable effect.

Major Benjamin Wheeler had prevented the operations of worms in apple trees, by washing the trees in a solution of potash, about strong enough to bear up an egg. Some will not set trees, as they say that they are too old. Others think there will be a superabundance of fruit; and yet not one farmer in four has a good orchard: the demand for good fruit is increasing; and nearly half the apples in our market are from the State of New York.

Mr. Buckminster, of the Ploughman, said, that trees should be taken up very carefully, so as not to break the roots. Many persons are apt to set too deep. The roots should be near the surface, and no deeper than they were in the nursery. Some litter should be laid around the tree, to make the soil light and moist. This with some stones laid on it, will support the tree, and no stakes will be necessary. The trees will need no hoeing, and but little watering. Muck is a good manure for trees.

Samuel Walker, Esq., of Roxbury, said, that he would dispense with all manures, rather than with the preparation of the soil.—Trenching is good, and a tree will grow in a good soil without special manures: these may be useful after a while. Trees should be adapted to the soil; and it is important to get the best varieties. The apple is a noble fruit, and of more importance than other finer kinds. The amateur may have his hundreds of kinds, but the cultivator for the market should have but few. He recommended the Rhode Island Greening as the best, the Gravenstein next, and then the Baldwin, which were sufficient for the market.

The Rev. Theo. Mathew has addressed a letter to Gen. Carey, of Pittsburgh, Pa., announcing his intention to visit this country in April next. He intends to be present at the Grand National Jubilee of Teetotalers, to be held in Cincinnati in May.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.—The New York Express publishes a letter from the Agent of one of the most respectable and extensive commercial firms in New York, a gentleman of 'unquestionable probity,' in whose statements the editors say, implicit confidence may be placed, dated Dec. 25th, 1848, from which we make a few extracts:

Dear ———— You have of course, heard of the extraordinary richness of the "diggings," but though some of the accounts sent to the United States may wear an air of exaggeration, I can assure you, from what I have seen myself, that it is next to impossible to exaggerate the matter. Capt. F. of the Army, a man of well known probity of character who has recently travelled over the greater portion of the auriferous district, arrived here a day or two ago, says were even the simple truth told about it, he could hardly hope to be believed. The gold soil, he says, is from five to six hundred miles long, by one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles wide—richer in some parts than others, but wonderfully prolific of the precious metal, everywhere.

I know individuals who have hit upon a lucky spot, which with easy scratching, yields them from five to twenty ounces per day.—From this solitary fact—and only one out of many—you will be enabled to form a pretty accurate estimate of the unparalleled richness of the mines, and the sudden good fortune of the people of California. There is no mistake about it my dear G—, this is the true El Dorado, the wise men of by gone ages sought for, so long in vain. It is impossible to tell whether it will be a benefit or a curse for us. Time will tell, but at present there can be no doubt the unnatural excitement it induces, is extremely prejudicial to the permanent prosperity of the territory.

A great deal of sickness prevails, and in consequence of not having medicines, comfortable quarters, and good nursing, many every day die off on the way from sheer exhaustion.—In and about the gold region, even now, the weather is exceedingly hot, but here it is cool and bracing.

Another direct consequence of this extraordinary state of things is, that the population have all ceased to be producers, and now all become consumers. Although considerable supplies have come in, and continue coming, prices instead of declining are constantly on the advance, and so will continue, it is likely, for a long while to come. If I had held back the sale of my cargo till now, I could have easily realized an advance of 50 per cent. on some and 100 per cent. on other articles. The goods that sell slowest, and bring the lowest prices are cotton fabrics. Fancy prints, however, and other rich dry goods, bring profitable prices. Persons who are rich purchase very freely, and at most extravagant rates, costly shawls and satins, that they never saw or heard of before. The wages of seamen are exorbitantly high, and all other expenses are very heavy; but freights, I think are proportionately higher than anything else. The "Euphemia," an old brig, has lately loaded for two or three ports as far down as Mazatlan, to return here in about two months. She gets \$40 a ton, both ways. Launches of ten, twenty or thirty tons, charge for cargo to Sutter's Fort, (that is, one hundred and eighty miles up the Sacramento) \$60 per ton, or \$3 per hundred.

It is understood that the Collectorship of Philadelphia is to be changed during this week, but nothing will be done with regard to the New York Collectorship until January or February next.

THE FLOODS IN THE WEST.—The St. Louis (Mo.) Republican of the 14th inst., speaking of the flood in the Illinois River, says: "If all we hear in relation to this stream be true, there was never yet known such an amount of suffering and loss of property, as has taken place within the past few days, and must result from the flood. From boats in yesterday, we learn that the water at Peoria, on Monday, was 12 to 15 inches higher than during the great freshet in 1844. Nearly all the landings and towns on each side of the river, are completely inundated, and there are but two or three places from the mouth to Peoria, on the north side of river, but which are under water. On the south side it is even worse, and with the exception of Havana, Pekin, and one or two other points, the whole coast is submerged, to the depth, in many places, of 8 and 10 feet. The water at Peoria, on the morning of the 12th, was up to the curb-stones on Front st. and rising rapidly all the way down. Brewster's large warehouse at Peru, has been carried away. It was filled with 20,000 bushels of wheat. This warehouse was built of stone, and it was considered abundantly able to withstand any flood. Some twenty five or more houses in Peru, are more or less injured."

The steamer Columbus at Philadelphia from Charleston, put into the Breakwater on Sunday, to land for a Charleston vessel a slave who was found to be concealed on board.

DEATH OF COMMODORE BOLTON.—In Galvani's Messenger of March 8, we find a letter from Genoa, dated Feb. 23, which announces the sudden death of Captain Bolton, of the U. S. sloop of war Jamestown. It is alleged that Captain Bolton was lying dangerously ill at the Hotel Feder, in Genoa, on the 23d, when a mob broke into the Hotel to seize the person of the Royal Commissioner, Signor Buffa: they filled the interior of the place, says the letter, with such infernal yells that a number of females were thrown into convulsions and the suffering Commodore suddenly expired. He was buried on the 25th, in the English burial ground, being followed to the grave by the officers of the Jamestown and of the English 74, Vesuvius.

MURDER.—The Fort Smith (Arkansas) Herald of the 7th contains the particulars of the murder of a teamster named Gardiner and a young Choctaw, who were returning with a wagon train, under charge of Lt. Harrison, U. S. A., from Fort Towson. The train stopped for the night about 50 miles from Fort Smith; part of the teamsters slept in their wagons, but the two murdered men slept by the fire. In the morning they were found dead, with their heads deeply cut, as with a tomahawk. It is supposed that the murderers mistook the teamster and the Indian for Lieut. Harrison and a Mr. Cooper, a collector from Boston, who was in company with the train, but who, that night instead of encamping with the teamsters, came on some four miles further and put up for the night. The robbery of Mr. Cooper was probably the cause of the murders.

THE GOLD.—A little over \$100,000 of the gold from California has been entered at the Custom House. About \$60,000 was despatched to the Mint, per Harnden & Co., yesterday, and will return in about a fortnight, in the shape of eagles, half eagles and quarter eagles. We understand that other parcels were despatched per Adams & Co.—[*Trans.* of 29th.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.—Letters have been received at New York from San Francisco, via Mazatlan, as late as the fourth of January, and also in this city to the latter part of Dec. These letters the recipients decline publishing, but represent that they contain ample confirmation of the most extravagant statement of the vast quantities of gold, new discoveries, &c.—The New Orleans papers of the 19th states that news had been received there, that five millions of gold would be despatched to this country upon the return of the steamer California. If one-fifth of this quantity really arrives, it will tend to remove the doubts of the most skeptical as to the plenteousness of gold in that region.

The New Bedford Mercury of this morning says:—A letter received here from Capt. Netcher, of this city, dated at San Francisco, Dec. 18, mentions his return to that place, after an absence of six days up the river in his launch, and that the trip yielded a clear profit of 575, Capt. N. is engaged in carrying passengers and trading on the Sacramento.

Another letter received by Geo. Randall, Esq. from Capt. Wm. H. Warner, of the U. S. Corps of Topographical Engineers, dated at New Helvetia, Nov. 1, speaks of the climate at that place as delightful, and the placer district extensive, and fully corroborating all the most favorable accounts hitherto received, as to the abundance of gold.

MONEY.—For a few days past there has been some slight relief in the money market, and rates of interest have destined a little; 12 per cent. and upwards is, however, still paid on good paper and securities. The quantity of first class paper offered in the market has somewhat diminished, as well as calls for loan on collateral securities. The banks have been able to discount to a limited extent, and the arrival of small parcels of gold from California has had a favorable effect, and has revived the hope that larger sums will speedily follow.

The semi annual Bank Dividends are reported, and the aggregate exceeds that of the six months previous by \$11,250, showing, as was anticipated, that a profitable business has been done by these institutions. From this excess however, \$10,000 should be deducted, dividend on the Grocers' Bank, which has existed but 7 months.

The stock market continues depressed, and sales are limited to small orders for investment.

WASHINGTON RUMORS.—The Washington correspondent of the pennsylvania gives the following, as the latest Washington tattle, under date of March 28th:

'Ex-Governor Young will probably be Collector of New York, after July next. It is understood to day, that both Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Steward, have united in his favor, considering prudence the better part of valor,' Caleb Cushing and Robert Rantoul, jr., will emigrate to Minnesota, and engage there in the iron business, in connection with a company already formed. The removal of Mr. Morton, as Collector of Boston, like that of Col. Page, has been determined upon, to take place about the 1st of May next. Mr. Bogardus, Naval Officer of New York, is in the same category.'

Senator Foote, in a card published in the National Intelligencer, making some corrections in the report of his speech delivered on the night of the 3d of March, casually remarks that he is authorized to say that had the Senate passed the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill with the House Amendment, (organizing California as Free Territory,) the said Appropriation bill would have been lost, as President Polk had already in part prepared his Veto in anticipation of such a result.

A bill has passed the Wisconsin House of Representatives, to submit the question of Negro Suffrage to the people at the next election. It was passed by a vote of 36 to 22.

In the year ending on the 1st of April, 1849, there landed at New York two hundred and four thousand, six hundred and thirty-six immigrants.

BIG LUMP OF GOLD.—The Boston Traveler says:—We have seen a lump of gold brought home by Mr. Brewer, which weighs 5 ounces heavy, and is worth \$83-100 dollars. Mr. Brewer brought home about \$15,000 in gold.

Notices.

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 a defence against disease, as well as a remedial agent, there is no medicine better than the one 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 equal 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 over stimulated for disease to fasten upon. As a preparative for a change of climate, and a preventive or remedy for the febrile and other maladies, 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 zest 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 unfailing success throughout the United States, South America, and the West Indies.

Sole Agents, Wm. Dyer and J. H. Low & Co., Waterbury, and by Druggists and Dealers throughout the state.

NOTICE.

DR. POLLARD, who has been a great sufferer, for over 25 years, from the Piles, Cancer and from Cutaneous diseases—will, by request, be in Hartland at the Avon House from April 23d, until Monday 30th, and at Skowhegan until May 12th, and at Waterville from June 2d until June 17th; in the intermediate time he can be seen at his residence on Spring street, Bangor, 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 from the Piles, and who are not able to pay for medicines, shall be furnished gratuitously by satisfying me of that fact. All who are expecting to see me at these places should call on me as early after my arrival as convenient, as it will perhaps enable me to give some important advice and also to see the effects of the medicines before I leave. I wish the public to understand, I do not pretend (as many have done) to cure all diseases which human flesh is heir to; but so far as my own personal experience and the benefit that thousands of others have received from the use of my medicines, I do not hesitate to recommend them to all who are suffering from the most distressing and heretofore incurable complaint. There are many, no doubt, who have

suffered throughout their whole lives (especially of the female sex) with troubles, which, if made known in season, could easily have been cured.

(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 healthy bloom, the mind of its serenity, and the eye of its brilliancy. It wastes the form, dries 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 valuable compound has restored thousands of sufferers to health. It is expectorant, tonic and demulcent, and is said to be a purely vegetable preparation. Under its magic influence the most obstinate coughs, colds and bronchial irritations disappear. We have used it and can recommend it, particularly at this season, when the great cause of disease, east winds, are so prevalent.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper. For sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville. Sold also by agents generally. (30-2w.)

VASSALBORO NURSERY.

The subscribers have on hand a large variety of fruit and ornamental trees of vigorous growth suitable for transplanting, which together with various kinds of shrubbery, they offer upon reasonable terms. They can also furnish some of various approved kinds of Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, &c. Trees will be carefully packed to ensure safety, and if desired, will be delivered on board of the Steamers for Augusta or Waterville, without charge except for package. All orders, post paid, will receive prompt attention, and early applications will be preferred. D. & S. N. TABER. Vassalboro Apr. 4th 1849.

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES.
Flour, 50 lbs 67 1/2; Corn, bush. 75 a 80; Rye, 81; Wheat, 81 1/2; Oats, 30; Buttery, lb, 12 a 17; Cheese, 6 a 8; Eggs, doz. 30; Pork, round hog, 7 to 8; Salt, fine 40; Rock, 30; Codfish, 3 a 4; Molasses, 28 to 30.

BOSTON MARKET.
SATURDAY, MAR. 31.
Flour—Gen. 6 00, Michigan 6 75 a 6 87 per bbl. Ohio and St. Louis, 5 27 a 5 40.

Grain—Sales Southern white Corn 53 a 54 cents, and yellow flat 60 a 61c per bushel. Oats scarce and in brisk demand; Rye 40c; Barley 40c.

BRIGHTON MARKET.
THURSDAY, MAR. 29.

At market 500 Beef Cattle, about 1000 Sheep and 800 swine.
Beef Cattle.—Extra quality, 67 1/2 first quality, 65 00 a 66 00 second do 60 00 a 62 25.
Working Oxen.—few pairs in market; prices from 57 to 115.
Cows and Calves.—A very few in market 23 to 38.
Sheep.—Sales from 2 25 to 2 50.
Swine.—Wholesale 4 for Sows, 5 1-2c for Barrows; Retail 5 a 5 1-2.

Advertisements.

A Card.

THE subscribers having formed a connexion in the business of **WATCH-MAKERS & JEWELLERS,** UNDER THE FIRM OF **WINGATE & TALBOT,** have taken the store heretofore occupied by C. J. Wingate, where they will keep on hand, and at the lowest prices, a complete assortment of GOODS in their line, consisting in part of:
Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry; Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware; Cutlery and Fancy Goods; Flutes, Accordions and Toys.

Also, Solar Lamps, Shades, Wicks and Chimneys, Communion Service, &c.
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry REPAIRED in the best manner. Coffin Plates furnished and engraved. Old Gold and Silver bought.

Particular personal attention paid to repairing fine and Common WATCHES, &c., and having much experience, they feel confident that all watches and business entrusted to their care will give entire satisfaction. C. J. WINGATE, JAMES TALBOT. Waterville Apr. 2d, 1849.

LIST OF LETTERS.

REMAINING in the Post Office at Waterville, April 1, 1849.

Avery John	Lowell Helen
Alden Samuel	McCusker Peter
Arnold Danville	Mastison Larns
Avery Thomas	Maynard Caroline F.
Atwell Chase W.	Mayo Wm.
Bailey Thos. F.	Merrill Nathan
Branch Wm.	Morse Eben
Burbank Olive	Morse M. M.
Branch Chandler	Mitchell Olive
Barker Charles	Morse Newbury
Burgess & Getchell	Messer Marietta
Bates Edmund M.	Marshall Sophia P.
Bates Wm. M.	Morse Mary
Bates James	Norcross Charles S.
Brown Wm. H.	Nicola Joe
Burgess Sylvia M.	Nicola Mary
Bowman Geo. W.	Nye Albert
Blanchard John A.	Osborn Jacob
Cady Seth D.	O'Keef Dennis
Crommet James A.	O'Brien Thomas
Crowell Ripley	O'Brien James
Cullinan Dennis	Potter Philena S.
Connely Michael	Prescott Josiah
Carroll Edward	Packard Parthena
Cronin Patrick	Penny Eunice
Crowley Catherine	Parrar John
Dorsey Patrick	Potter J. F.
Dort William	Richardson Henry
Dorsey James	Raynor Thomas
Dunbar Otis	Rand Reuben G.
Dow Geo. W.	Ricker Geo.
Dowse Jacob F.	Richardson A. W.
Dow J. & D.	Richards Hannah
Dods Wm. B.	Shores Hannah
Emery Mary	Stevens James
Emerson Mary	Sawelle A. V.
Fowler Nathan	Stacey Wm.
Foss Chas. H.	Silston Nancy
Gills C.	Small Emma
Gardner Mary	Stevens James E.
Gibbs Job	Simpson R. T.
Glenon Leonard F.	Starkey Charles R.
Guarid Francis	Twitchell Julia A.
Giroud A. C.	Thomas Rosetta
Getchell E. P.	Thomas James
Hayden Henry	Tilton Isiah
Hodges C. A.	Trafton Joseph
Hunford L. B.	Thayer & Morse
How A. C.	Tosier Joanna
Higgins Carmick	Tilton A. F.
Harman Michael	Thomas Mrs. James
Hughes John	Wells Edmund
Joyce John	Williams Chimesa
Jackson John F.	Wyman David
Jackson Benj.	Wyng Almida
Kendall Samuel	Whitman, Isiah J.
Low Amos	Wyman L. B.
Levis Alvin B.	Williams Warren
Leavett Mary E.	Wright Dr. O.
Epaphian John	Ware Robert

Persons calling for the above Letters will please say they are advertised. (37-3w) E. L. GETCHEL, P. M.

WHOLESALE DEALERS, FARMERS, MECHANICS, CITIZENS, and especially Ladies with their Little Boys;
OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF **NEW SPRING GOODS**
for 1849,
is now ready, at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER!!!
PLEASE CALL!



TO THE TRAVELING PUBLIC.

VISIT HEAD QUARTERS for your Outfit. As many of our citizens and New Englanders in neighboring towns are about starting for the New El Dorado, or California Gold Diggings, and having no experience as to what they will require for their convenience and comfort, or in purchasing at Low Prices—or, in short, in getting a good, suitable Outfit for a little money, they should go to head quarters, OAK HALL, Boston. Having made the Outfitting Business our study—(three-fourths of my entire force, numbering some fifty clerks, being all engaged in this new branch of our trade)—and having fitted out a number of extensive companies, we are prepared to furnish our patrons with a Printed List of all suitable articles required, and also inform as to concerning the various routes to the Gold Regions. It is unnecessary to say that our Outfitting List contains all that is new and desirable in the Outfitting trade. We have made the Outfitting Business our study—(three-fourths of my entire force, numbering some fifty clerks, being all engaged in this new branch of our trade)—and having fitted out a number of extensive companies, we are prepared to furnish our patrons with a Printed List of all suitable articles required, and also inform as to concerning the various routes to the Gold Regions. It is unnecessary to say that our Outfitting List contains all that is new and desirable in the Outfitting trade. We have made the Outfitting Business our study—(three-fourths of my entire force, numbering some fifty clerks, being all engaged in this new branch of our trade)—and having fitted out a number of extensive companies, we are prepared to furnish our patrons with a Printed List of all suitable articles required, and also inform as to concerning the various routes to the Gold Regions. It is unnecessary to say that our Out

