



4-26-1849

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 40): April 26, 1849

Ephraim Maxham

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 40): April 26, 1849" (1849). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 91.

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II....NO. 40.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, APR. 26, 1849.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

The Mail is published on Thursday Morning, at No. 3 1-2 BOUTELLE BLOCK, AT \$1.50 A YEAR.

An Original Tale.

THE WITCH OF 18--.

Not many weeks ago, as I was looking over a box of papers which had been accumulating ever since I was a wild, thoughtless schoolgirl, my attention was drawn to a manuscript by seeing written on it the name of one of the dearest of my early friends, Emmie Lee. I opened it and found it an attempt to combine the principal events of her life in an 'over true tale.' Thinking it may interest some of your readers, I send it to you, hoping that its truth may atone for its faults.

CHAPTER I.

"Rare is the worthiness of authorship: I justify mine office; Albert fancies weak as mine credit not the calling. For it adds to immortality by dying facts, that are ready to vanish away. Embalming as in amber the poor insects of an hour."

It was in the summer of 1829, that a large party was assembled at the country residence of Colonel Lee, which was a beautiful retreat on the banks of the Potomac, where he had retired after having spent the best part of his life in public services. The party which I gladly joined had come together to spend with his daughter Emmie the last summer of her maidenhood; for she was betrothed to Henry Morton, and their marriage was to take place in September. It had been but two years since Emmie's introduction to the society which might always be found at the pleasant and hospitable mansion of her father; for immediately after the death of her mother, Col. Lee sent her to a convent to be educated, which was under the direction of his sister Cecilia. Yet since her return, many had been the hearts that had confessed her as the inspirer of their brightest dreams. Though she received every one with ease and politeness, yet Henry Morton and Eugene Wesley seemed to occupy the most of her attention. [There was an old song to sing, or a fine view to point out, or some other matter equally important. They were both noble and generous, distinguished for their high mental acquirements and cultivated tastes.] Still Morton was evidently the favored one. He possessed that insinuating suavity of manner which is so seldom seen, and which is so pleasing to an imaginative girl like Emmie. There seemed, from their first meeting, to be a mysterious sympathy which drew them together. But noble and generous as was Henry Morton, he was yet an exacting lover. He watched Emmie's endeavors to please with a jealous eye, and the attentions she received from Wesley aroused fully within him the demon of suspicion. The truth is, Morton was reading in a strange book, and had yet to learn that a deep, changeless love is not incompatible with light words and gay smiles. His suspicions having been once aroused, 'trifles light as air were confirmation strong.' Thus coldness had for a long time existed between them; until at last they had become almost estranged. Why, they themselves could hardly tell. She, confiding but proud spirited, could not understand the doubts of one whose intercourse with the world had taught him how often selfishness and hatred are found in the human heart, and how rarely true affection. She felt that he had no reason to distrust her, and she spurned the thought of attempting a reconciliation. But with all her pride the roses were fast fading from her cheeks.

It was a calm summer evening. The dim twilight was fast deepening into the darkness of evening, and I was sitting gazing into the illimitable void above me, and watching the blue heaven's starry eyes, as one after another joined the choral hosts, when a soft arm was twined around my neck, and a gentle voice whispered, 'Dear Lucy, I am going to Witches Cave; will you go with me?' 'To Witches Cave, Emmie, at this hour!'—for it was the place an old woman had chosen, in which to practise her deceptions upon the credulous people around her. But I saw by the compression of those lips that remonstrance would be in vain, and fearing to have her go alone I hastily prepared to accompany her; and we were soon on our way. Emmie was one of the fairest and most bewitching creatures my eyes ever rested upon. From her large dreamy eyes, shaded by long silken lashes, flashed forth a soul full of poetry and truth. With a complexion rendered more dazzlingly fair by the contrast to her long dark curls which fell almost to her waist, and a figure light and graceful, she seemed to me, as she tripped before, like a starry visitant from that far off realm above us. Pursuing our way in the pleasant path, which first led us through a rich meadow, then wound along by the river, and across an old bridge, we soon entered the dark deep forest. But when we came in sight of the Cave, a feeling of dread came over me at the thought of seeking, at such a time and in such a place, one who was generally believed to hold intercourse with unseen spirits. But we were already at the Cave, and Emmie boldly knocked for admittance. We heard a rustling noise within, and a sepulchral voice bade us enter. We pushed aside the rude door which barred our entrance, and at once found ourselves in the presence of a small hunch-backed woman. Her head was surmounted by a cap, which from its appearance might have belonged to the 16th century. Her hair was scattered over her

yellow visage, partially concealing her mammoth spectacles. Her nose, the most prominent feature of her face, was of a true Roman cast. A shawl hung loosely over her shoulders, and her short grey skirt left in full view her small feet which were encased in large thick shoes. She stood for an instant motionless, then waving her hand to Emmie she pointed to a seat before her. Then for the first time breaking the silence she said to her, 'If thou hast courage to hear it, give me thy hand and I will tell thee whether the cup of which it is given thee to drink shall be sweet and pleasant to the taste, or as wormwood mixed with gall.' Emmie quickly placed her hand within the long bony fingers which stretched out to receive it. 'If,' said the old crone, 'thy life be as fair as thy hand, its brightness will never be dimmed by clouds. But,' added she, fixing her black piercing eyes on the lines of the hand which she grasped, 'these tell me that though even now the bitter is mixed with the sweet, when two years have passed away the sweet shall be turned to bitterness, and thou shalt drink it to the very dregs. But remember!—added she with startling earnestness, 'Vows are registered in heaven.' Then turning to me and noticing my look of incredulity, she said fiercely, 'Lucy Selton, the scorn on thy lips needs not to be spoken; but know, proud girl, that thy days shall be passed in loneliness. Thou shalt see thy youthful bloom depart, and middle age creep on, with not one to cheer the solitude of thy life; and when the day of sickness and death shall come, thou shalt be lightly cared for and little missed.' I started at hearing her pronounce my name, for I knew that she never could have seen me before. But a smile of derision was my only reply, and Emmie seizing my hand hurried me out of the Cave. As we passed out we heard a low chuckling laugh—such a laugh as we might suppose an evil spirit would indulge over the ruin of a fallen angel. We hastened on our way, glad to be relieved of the presence of one, who to our disordered imaginations seemed to be the evil arbiter of our fate. Emmie's grasp of my hand tightened as she half dragged me along; for it would have been impossible for me unaided to keep pace with her almost flying steps.

We reached home in safety; but her exposure to the night air, together with the unusual excitement, proved too much for her feeble frame, and the next morning found her delirious. I was constantly by her bedside, and as I listened to the ravings of her wandering mind I perceived how deep an impression the events of that visit had made upon her. But there was one who listened to her wild expressions and her passionate apostrophes of his name with the deepest anguish. We had watched for two weeks almost in despair by her pillow, when one morning she fell into a calmer slumber than she had enjoyed since her illness. The physician anticipated from it the most favorable results, and as I sat watching the bright smiles which played over her countenance, I felt assured that she was indeed better. Soon she awoke, and raising her eyes to mine she said, 'Oh I have had such pleasant dreams!—but I thought you were not alone,' she added, with a sigh. 'Nor is she,' said the deep manly voice of Morton, who sprang to the bedside. 'Dearest Emmie!' 'Henry!' were their several exclamations. The past was forgotten and forgiven, and Morton needed only a glance into those expressive eyes to assure him that it was so. I placed my finger warningly upon my lips, and giving Emmie a composing draught she was soon sleeping quietly with her hand clasped within Morton's.

CHAPTER II.

The summer was now almost past, and Emmie was fast regaining her former health and spirits. Morton had been reading to her, but the book was now thrown aside, and they were gazing upon the blue canopy of heaven, as one after another of its bright orbs glanced out from under Evening's protecting mantle. It was the twilight hour—that hour in which we most love to hold converse with our own hearts and kindred spirits—and they both felt the magic of its influence. 'Emmie,' said Morton, suddenly, 'do you know that Wesley has been here to inquire for you every day during your illness?' 'I did not know he came so often,' answered Emmie, 'but I hope there is no danger of a recurrence of your jealous fears,' she added archly. 'Heaven forbid!' said Morton, 'for I should not care to risk your life again by a second visit to that old hag.' Emmie again deadened pale as she replied, 'Do not jest about that, Henry, for to me there is a strange reality about it all.' 'But why should you tremble now?' said he, 'for we are not only remembering our vows but keeping them too. And besides,' added he, 'you cannot surely have any belief in such idle tales.' Her eyes drooped beneath his earnest gaze; but after a moment's pause, raising them sparkling with unwonted energy, she replied, 'It is not for us to question the wisdom of our Father, who I believe has in all ages permitted some few favored ones to lift the mystic veil which hides the future and learn the mysteries thereby concealed.' Morton knew that it would be useless to reason with her then, and trusted that renovated health and change of scene would banish such gloomy forebodings from her mind.

Emmie's bridal morn had come, and how the blue sky and bright sun gladdened my heart, for the night previous the gathering clouds had made us fear a storm; and I fondly hoped that

thus would the clouds which had darkened Emmie's early morn be dissipated. The marriage was to be in the morning, after which they were to start immediately for New York, from whence they were to embark for Europe. There were many fair and many noble among those who listened to the beautiful but solemn service when Emmie gave her hand to Morton at the altar; but Emmie, radiant with smiles, was the fairest of the fair—the cynosure of every eye. There was one, however, among the number of those assembled who felt the pulses maddening play, and whose bosom heaved with emotion, as he heard those vows pronounced which made Emmie irrevocably another's. But she was happy, and that thought was a sad consolation to him in this hour of wild, withering anguish. But like the dove which was pierced by an arrow closely folds her wings to conceal the wound, he would 'bury deep the rankling dart, and smile the most when heaveniest was his heart.'

The time had come for their departure. Emmie parted with her father—imprinted a light kiss upon the brows of us, her chambermaids—and cordially gave her hand to her friends who stood around her. And who, as they heard Wesley utter his cold parting salutation, would have suspected that despair was gnawing at his heart, which like the Gheber's fire could not be quenched.

The visit to Europe had been planned for Emmie's gratification; for from childhood she had longed to rove among the wild scenery which Scott and Burns have immortalized, or to make the 'pilgrimage' of the Rhine, and to wander amid its ruined towers or sip of the wine which crowns its 'rocky cup'; or perchance to visit the German's fatherland, and to saunter through the long and gorgeous galleries of the Louvre. These early dreams were now to be realized. But her happiness was still mixed with pain, for she must be separated from the friends of her childhood perhaps for years; for Morton intended remaining for a considerable time in some of the countries they were to visit. Their voyage was pleasant, and after they had paid the usual tribute to the Ocean God they enjoyed it much. Chess, backgammon, checkers and cards were among the amusements with which many of the company beguiled the leisure hours. But they partook but lightly of any of these, for Emmie loved better to lean over the vessel's side and listen to Old Ocean's deafening roar as the shrill wind piped through the rigging, or to the 'gentle breeze which fans itself over the bosom of the peaceful' ocean; or with Morton to pace the deck and watch the sun as it sunk to its ocean bed and gilded the dark wave with its parting rays. The voyage was very pleasant, yet when the cliffs of England appeared in sight they one and all anticipated with no little pleasure being once more on land. We will not follow them in their wanderings either in England or on the Continent. The letters which I regularly received from Emmie told me that life was doubly dear to them since they had learned how much could be enjoyed in one day, or even in an hour.

CHAPTER III.

They had spent a gay winter at Paris, and although they had the summer before made the long desired 'pilgrimage' to that river, whose majesty of motion and deep cerulean tint has given it an eminence over all the rivers of the world, yet they resolved that their *retraite* should be spent on the shores of Lake Lemane; and but a short time elapsed before their household gods were erected in one of the beautiful villas that dot the land around the lake. The beautiful scenery by which they were surrounded had the happiest effect upon their health and spirits. They often clambered over the rocks which overhang the lake, or seated in a fairylike boat would leisurely float on its surface, while the echo of their voices might be heard at a great distance as they warbled the songs of their country or chanted the wild notes of the Swiss peasant girls which might well vie with the nightingales in sweetness. Sometimes ponies were brought; and then Emmie was almost wild with delight, and Morton would laughingly say, 'Have a care, my fine lady, or I shall suspect your love is being transferred from me to a less worthy object.' 'Your fears are groundless, my jealous lord, so mount and catch me if you can,' she would merrily say; and away she would fly at a right royal pace. But Morton's more powerful horse would soon overtake her.

One morning, being wearied with the wild pace at which they had come for a few miles, they walked their horses to an eminence, and dismounting they gathered wild flowers and with them decked their horses, which seemed to arch their necks more proudly as if conscious of their honors. As they were preparing to return home, and Emmie and Morton were gazing with rapturous delight at the prospect which was spread out before them, Morton, throwing his arm around Emmie, said, 'Is not this happiness—almost too pure for earth?' 'Ah! Henry,' said Emmie, 'how often have I thought that to live in some wild, secluded spot like this, with one I loved—the world forgetting, by the world forgot—would be the acme of all my hopes and ambitions; and now my wildest dreams are more than realized.'

But their happiness was indeed 'too pure' to be long enjoyed by sinful mortals. A few weeks more, and one who stood there that day in all the pride and beauty of manhood would be a tenant of the lonely tomb. Ah! well is it for us that we cannot know the future. For

then even the few moments of happiness which we now enjoy would be dimmed by one glance through the vistas of the future. The time at which they had intended to leave Switzerland had already passed, but Morton still delayed their departure in order to join a hunt which was to be in a few days. The thought of his going filled Emmie with apprehension, but she stifled her feelings until the morning of the hunt, when Morton came as he said, 'to claim the kiss whose talismanic influence should shield him from all harm.' 'God grant that may prove effectual,' exclaimed Emmie, and she fell sobbing upon his bosom. 'Nay, dearest,' said Morton, 'why have you not before told me your reluctance to my going? But it is not too late even now: you are not well and I will not leave you.' 'But you must, Henry; you shall not alter your plans merely for the foolish tears of a weak, silly woman,'—and she pressed her fingers upon her eyelids, as if to crowd back to their fountain the tears which she vainly endeavored to repress. But smiling through them, she said, 'Come, I will go and help you mount.' Morton, assured by her playfulness, led her to the verandah, and was soon on his steed, which, by his restless pawings showed that he too shared the excitement which seemed to animate the whole company. Morton kissed his hand to Emmie, and the rest waiving an adieu, they all dashed off at a quick pace. 'Zounds! Morton,' exclaimed one of his companions, 'you are a lucky fellow; I would run the risk of having my neck broke a dozen times for one such sigh for my absence by the woman I love.' 'But I hope,' replied Morton, smiling, 'there is no prospect of my enjoying such a delightful catastrophe.'

But we will return to Emmie, who stood motionless watching Morton until a sudden turn in the road hid him from her sight; then covering her face with her hands she burst into tears. She knew not why, but a weight was on her heart which she could not throw off. Surely, 'coming events do cast their shadows before.' Else why did such gloomy forebodings fill her mind because Morton was to be absent a few hours? But at last night came; Emmie had her evening meal brought into his favorite room, from whence they could see all the beauties of the surrounding scenery. Then seating herself at the piano to await his return, she played and sung what she knew he best liked to hear—the old songs, they had learned together, when they were at her own dear home on the Potomac. While thus engaged the tramp of horses' feet was heard in the yard, and Emmie sprang to the door to welcome Morton. But what was her horror to see him whom she parted with in the morning full of life and animation, borne by companions, insensible, his face wearing the hue of death, and the blood trickling from a gash in his forehead. He had been dashing through the woods at full speed, when a projecting bough, which he did not see in time to avoid, hurled him to the ground. His head struck a stone, and when his companions came up they found him insensible. 'My God!' burst from the lips of Emmie, and springing to his side she passionately kissed his pale brow, and in tones of agony besought him to speak to her. But soon suppressing her emotion, she performed all those gentle offices which woman thinks her highest privilege to be allowed to do for those she loves. But when the physician came and she saw by his grave looks the fears he felt, and to her questions answered it was well to be prepared for the worst, her convulsed features showed her agony, but not a tear moistened her eyes. Her sudden grief had come like the simoom of the desert, and with its hot breath dried up the fountain of her heart.

It was almost morning, when, as Emmie was bending over him, Morton for the first time opened his eyes, and attempting to rise he exclaimed, 'What is the matter?' But the effort was too much for him and he fell back exhausted upon his pillow. Dr. Stanley immediately approached his bedside and explained to him his situation, and told him all depended upon his remaining quiet. But after a few moments' pause, pressing the hand of Emmie to his heart that she might feel its feeble beatings, Morton said to her, 'It is vain for us to deceive ourselves; I feel that Death is already freezing the vital current and dimming my eye. But Oh! Emmie,' he continued, 'if you would rob death of its sting, promise me, by all your hopes of Heaven, that this hand which I now hold within mine shall never be given to another. Answer me, Emmie, that I may die in peace.' A thrill passed through her frame as she said, with an earnestness most awfully solemn, 'If I ever forget the vows I have pledged to you—if love or friendship should ever woo me from thy memory—then may Death assume thy form, and claim me for his bride and wrap me in the funeral pall.' 'God bless and protect you, Emmie,' he murmured, and his spirit was wafted to Heaven by the angels who had been waiting to receive it. And when the sun rose and flooded the world with his glory and threw his light into that chamber of death, it was all unheeded. The pale fair being who knelt at the bedside, was as motionless as he who was sleeping the sleep of death. The light which she had hoped would guide her through life was gone forever, and the darkness was overwhelming her.

CHAPTER IV.

Two weeks had passed since the death of Morton, and Emmie was wasted to but a shadow of her former self. She still remained at

the villa, for to her it was a consecrated place; and instead of shunning whatever reminded her of her loss, she loved to gaze upon his likeness, and to sit by his grave which she daily strewed with flowers. And sometimes, as the breeze swept by, she would fancy that it was his voice speaking to her. One morning she had abandoned herself to her grief, and throwing herself upon the grave she exclaimed—'Oh! Death! why dost thou not come and lay thy hand upon this breaking heart and still its beatings!' A deep groan answered her, and turning she saw Wesley standing before her. She shrieked and would have fallen to the ground had not Wesley sprang to her assistance. His sudden appearance had seemed to her supernatural, but when she found it was indeed her friend of other days, for the first time since the morning of that fatal day she found relief in tears.

I will here explain his sudden appearance in that place. After Emmie's departure from America he had been restless and unhappy, and longed to go to Europe that he might at least breathe the air which she breathed. He had been at Paris at the same time Morton and Emmie were there, and once actually met them in the Rue des Petites Augustins. At the time of Morton's death he was preparing to go to England; but seeing in a paper an account of the melancholy accident, he set off immediately for Switzerland, hoping to be of some service to Emmie in her bereavement. Soon after his arrival at Vevey he called at the house in which Emmie lived, and to his inquiries the servant said, 'Poor thing! she has gone to master's grave where she stays most all the time.' And there he had found her; but the meeting we have already described. Emmie could not speak, but pointing to the simple monument which she had already erected she leaned her head against it and burst into tears. The monument was of plain marble, upon which was simply inscribed, 'Henry Morton, an American. Implore peace.' As soon as Emmie became composed, Wesley accompanied her to her home, and after obtaining a promise from her that she would see him in the afternoon he left her.

The limits of this story will not allow me to give a minute account of the events of the next two years, during which time Wesley was to Emmie a kind and sympathizing friend. He remained in Switzerland until the necessary preparations were made and then accompanied her to England, where her mother's relatives lived. Her father having died soon after she left home, no tie remained to make her wish to return to America; therefore, at the pressing invitation of her friends, she decided to remain in England.

Two years passed away, and to her every thing was wrapped in gloom. But at the end of that time that feeling vanished, and she began to regain something of her former cheerfulness. Wesley had by his kind attentions won her esteem and gratitude, but more she told him it was vain for him to hope for. 'But these,' he answered, 'are more to me than another's love.' 'But, Wesley, I have told you the vow I made to him who is resting in the church yard at Vevey.' 'Yes; but you performed all your duties to him while he was with you, and surely the living have now the strongest claim to your care.' 'But,' replied Emmie, 'I cannot endure the thought of returning again to America; my father, you know, is dead, and our old home has passed into the hands of strangers.' 'Emmie,' said Wesley, 'thy country shall be my country, and thy people my people.'

Many conversations like this passed between them; but finally Emmie was silenced if not convinced, and she consented to become his bride, although she said she was faded and already in the 'yellow leaf.' But these, Wesley assured her but endeared her to him the more. They were to be married at twilight in the old church which rose near by. As the hour approached, Emmie's pale and trembling form showed her anxiety. 'But it will soon be over,' she thought, and stifling her emotion she allowed Wesley to support her to the church. Only a few friends were assembled, for they wished their marriage to be as private as possible. But how unlike was Emmie now to the fair and beautiful being who stood at the altar with Morton a few years before; well might she say that she was in the 'yellow leaf.' The man of God had already in deep and solemn tones pronounced the ceremonial, and was about to declare them man and wife, when a piercing shriek rang through the church, and Emmie exclaimed, 'Morton! he comes—he comes!' and she fell senseless to the floor. On raising her, blood was upon her lips; and although every effort was made to recover her, before they reached home her spirit had fled and she was indeed the 'bride of death.' Though they looked in the direction in which Emmie pointed, nothing was to be seen; and Wesley, knowing her forebodings, afterwards concluded that her excited imagination, aided by the dim light, had made the statue which stood at the left of the altar look to her like the form of Morton.

I cannot, if I would, describe the grief to which Wesley abandoned himself. As soon as possible he left England; but before leaving he sent an account of Emmie's death to her uncle in America. After that I never heard from him again. From that account, and from the letters I regularly received from Emmie until her death, this narrative has been written. Although the *moral* may not be very

obvious, yet from it we may learn the necessity of preventing children's minds from being filled with stories of witches and ghosts. For doubtless it was her early education that led her to have so much faith in the predictions of the Witch, which ultimately caused her death.

This story has already exceeded its intended limits; yet allow me to say that, though my days have been passed in single blessedness, they have not been passed in 'loneliness.' For, in the language of another, 'When intercourse with the living becomes irksome and insipid, I can summon to my side the spirits of the mighty dead.' And although my writings may not show that my communings with the illustrious dead have been either deep or constant, yet they have been my dearest friends. And when sickened with the flatteries of life, or wounded by undeserved neglect and cruel misinterpretation of words and actions, I have turned to the world which I have by myself, and there revel in uninterrupted enjoyment until some false hope would again draw me from my refuge.

THE CROAKERS OF SOCIETY.—One of the most melancholy productions of this condition of life is the sniveller—a being that infests all classes of society, and prattles from the catechism of despair, on all subjects of human concern. The spring of his mind is broken. A babyish, nervous fear, has driven the sentiment of hope from his soul. He cringes to every phantom of apprehension, and obeys the impulses of cowardice as though they were the laws of existence. He is the very Jeremiah of conventionalism, and his life one long and lazy lamentation. In connection with his maudlin brotherhood, his humble aim in life is to superadd the *snivellization* of society to its civilization. He snivels in the cradle, at the altar, in the market, on the death-bed. His existence is the embodiment of a whimper. He clings to what is established, as a snail to a rock. He sees nothing in the future but evil, nothing in the past but good. His speech is the dialect of sorrow; he revels in the rhetoric of lamentation. His mind, or the thing he calls his mind, is full of forebodings, premonitions, and all the fooleries of pusillanimity. He mistakes the trembling of his nerves for the intuitions of his reason. Of all bores, he is the most intolerable and merciless. He draws misery to you through his nose, on all occasions. He is master of all the varieties of the art of petty tormenting. He tells you his fears, his anxieties, his opinions of men and things, his misfortunes and his dreams, as though they were the most edifying and delightful of topics for discourse. Over every hope of your own he throws the gloom of his despondency. He is a limping treatise on ennui, who invades sanctuaries to which no mere book could possibly gain admittance. [E. P. Whipple.]

ELECTRIC LIGHT may be made applicable to the illumination of cities, lighthouses, &c. The experiment has been tried in London, with partial success, by Mr. Staites. The Magazine of Science for February says:—'the experiment already tried in the various parts of the metropolis have proved very satisfactory. The light has been raised upon the Duke of York's column and other eminences, and reflected in various directions with the most beautiful effect.' Man may apply on a small scale the principle which Deity has applied on a larger, and thus furnish day-light, (or its equivalent) to a city, as He furnishes it to the globes of the universe. Light thus supplied, may be, as stated by the New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer, without heat and without cost. It will cost something, though comparatively a trifle, and will produce heat; for electricity is only the cause of light but of the heat of day. If it failed in the latter, it would be of little service in the production of vegetation.

INSTINCT.—We see anecdotes occasionally going the rounds of animal acuteness. The following conundrum, related to us by a friend, is as keen as we remember to have heard. A raccoon was chained up near a tavern door in the country, in the neighborhood of which sundry chickens were scratching about. The coon wanted one amazingly, but they kept beyond his reach. At last some bystander dropped a piece of biscuit near the varmint; an idea struck him. He bit the biscuit in crumbs, and after scattering them about within the length of his chain, laid down, and covered up his eyes with his paw. The birds saw the crumbs, and picked up one and then another, growing bolder every moment, and advancing nearer to the 'sleeping beauty,' until at last the wretch pounced upon one, and ended his life in an instant. [Saturday Post.]

A corporal in one of the regiments in Mexico, when the roll was being called, refused to answer to the name of Ebenezer Mead. The officer repeated the call. No answer. 'Is Ebenezer Mead on the ground?' said the indignant official. 'Ebenezer Mead' is here,' said the corporal. 'Why don't you answer, you rascal, Ebenezer Mead?' 'My name is simply Eben Mead.' The 'Ebenezer' was repeated again in a tone like a small north-wester. 'Captain,' said the rampant corporal, 'you call me Ebenezer, your name is Peter Read; would you respond if you were called Peteranezer Read?'

GRIDDLE CAKES.—A quart of unbolted wheat and a teaspoonful of salt; wet it with water, or sweet milk, in which is dissolved a teaspoonful of saleratus; add three spoonfuls of molasses. Some raise this with yeast and leave out the saleratus. Sour milk and saleratus are not as good for upbaked as for fine flour. These are better and more healthful cakes than buckwheat. —*Prairie Farmer.*

TO TAKE MILDEW OUT OF LINEN.—Rub it well with soap, then scrape some fine chalk, rub that also on the linen, lay it on the grass, and, as it dries, wet it a little, and the mildew will come out three doing.

Near Pikeville, Mississippi a negro, whom J. Heggerson was whipping, stabbed Mr. H. killed J. C. Hobbs with a blow in the breast, and retreated to a swamp, where he was pursued by dogs and men, but did not surrender till he had been shot four times and had his throat cut. Even then he held the knife and cut at the legs of those who approached to finish him. Mr. Boon, one of the company, was accidentally shot in the face, but only Hobbs and the negro were killed.

INTERESTING JOURNAL.

The following extracts from the journal of the march of Arnold's forces through the valley of the Kennebec to Quebec, will be found extremely interesting to our readers. The journal begins at Cambridge, and we pass it along to the mouth of the Kennebec.

Sept. 20, 1775. In the morning we made the mouth of the Kennebec, right ahead, which we soon entered. The mouth of the river is narrow. We were hailed from the shore by a number of men under arms, who were stationed; they were answered by the continental troops, and that we wanted a pilot, whom they immediately sent on board. The wind and tide favored us, as we proceeded up the river. Five miles from the mouth lies an island called Pousack; upon this is a meeting-house and some very good dwelling houses; the river to this island is very unequal, and the shores generally rocky. Ten miles from the mouth is a large bay, called Mearns Bay; 25 miles from the mouth is Swan Island, opposite to Pownalborough where is a block-house, we came to anchor. I cannot help remarking in our despatch, that this day makes only fourteen days since the orders were first given for building 200 battans, for collecting provisions for levying 2185 men and conducting them to this place. (Gardiner's town.)

22. Embarked on board the bateaux, proceeded up the river, and toward evening I put up at the house of Mr. North, and was very agreeably entertained.

23. In the morning proceeded up the river about six miles to Fort Weston, where an unhappy accident fell out in the evening, a number of soldiers being in a private house, some words produced a quarrel, and Mr. Connick being turned out, immediately discharged his gun into the house, and shot a man through the body, of which he soon expired. Mr. Connick was tried by a Court Martial, and received sentence of death, but denied the crime till he was brought to the place of execution, he confessed himself guilty; but for some reason he was reprieved until the pleasure of Gen. Washington could be known.

24. At Fort Weston preparing for our march to Quebec. This Fort stands on the East-side of the river Kennebec, and consists of two block-houses, and a large house 105 feet long which were enclosed with pickets; this house is the property of—Howard Esq where we were exceedingly well entertained.

25. Some men embarked in bateaux, with orders to proceed up the river with all expedition to the great carrying place, and clear the roads while the other divisions came up.

26. Col. Green embarked on board the bateaux three companies of musket-men, with whom went Maj. Bigelow, on their tour to Canada.

27. At 3 P. M. I embarked on board some bateaux, with the 3rd division of the army consisting of four companies of musket-men with 45 days' provisions, and proceeded up the river hoping for the protection of a kind providence. We encamped in the evening, four miles from Fort Weston. I had forgot to mention that the navigation for vessels is good to Fort Weston, which is 30 miles from the river's mouth; the water some part of the way rapid.

28. Proceeded up the river, the stream very rapid, and the bottom, and the shores rocky.

29. In the morning continued en route up the river, at 11 A. M. arrived at Fort Halifax which stands on a point of land between the river Kennebec, and the river Sebasticook.—This Fort consists of two large block houses, and a large barrack which is inclosed with a picket fort. I tarried half an hour at the fort, then crossed the river to the carrying place, with ninety-seven rowing canoes; then proceeded up the river (which falls rapidly over a rocky bottom) five miles, and encamped. The above falls are called Tonoonock.

30. Proceeded up the river, nine miles, and encamped, the land we passed this day was generally good.

Col. Arnold joined at night, and encamped with us.

31. In the morning proceeded up the river; at ten o'clock arrived at Skowhegan falls where is a carrying place of 250 paces, which lies across a small island, on the river. There I waited for my division to come up and encamped on the West side of the river opposite the island with Capt. Goodrich. Had much rain in the night; I turned out, but on my clothes, lay down again, and slept till morning. Our course in general from the mouth of the river to this place, has been from North to North-East.

32. Proceeded up the river to Norridgewock; on my way, I called at a house, where I saw a child fourteen months old which is the first child born here. At 7 o'clock in the evening a little below Norridgewock, my bateaux filled with water going over the falls; I lost my kettle of butter and sugar a loss not to be replaced here. At Norridgewock, is to be seen the vestage of an Indian fort, and a priest's grave, there appear to have been some entrenchments on the covered way through the bank of the river for the convenience of getting water. This must have been a considerable seat of the natives as there are large Indian fields cleared.

4th I proceeded up the river about one mile and crossed the river at a carrying place of one mile and a quarter. Here I came up with the second division commanded by Col. Green.

7th Continued our march up the river, and at 12 o'clock tarried at Carratoneons carrying place. Here the river is confined between two rocks, not more than 40 rods wide which lie in piles 40 rods in length on each side of the river. These rocks are polished in some places by the swift running of the water. The carrying place here is 433 paces in length.

9th Capt. Ward's company passed the carrying place this day at 12 o'clock. At one P. M. I left the carrying place and proceeded up the river about 4 miles and encamped. The stream for four miles is very rapid, and in some places very shallow, being divided by a number of islands which appear to be fine land.

From this encampment some high mountains rise to our view at the Northward.

10th Proceeded the river continues its course North-West between two high mountains, and encamped at the great carrying place, which is twelve miles and a half across, including three ponds we were obliged to pass.

11th I crossed the great place as far as the 3rd pond; there I had the pleasure of discovering Lieut. Steele and party, who had been sent forward on a reconnoitering command as far as Chandler pond; they discovered nothing with regard to the enemy. I returned back and lodged with Col. Green.

12th In the morning repassed the second pond and went to the river and gave orders which I received from Col. Arnold, for building a block-house; and returned, and crossed the first pond, and encamped this day at the great carrying place with the 4th division of the Army, consisting of three companies of musket-men.

16th Employed in carrying our boats and

provisions across the first pond and the second portage. I went myself across the 3rd portage and returned back by the East side of the 2nd portage, and encamped with Col. Arnold. The wind was so high the boats could not cross the third pond. About this time we killed four moose which is excellent meat.

14th At eleven o'clock I repassed the first pond, to see Capt. Darborn's and Capt. Ward's companies over. Last night a tree blew down and fell on one of our men, and bruised him in such a manner that his life is despaired of. In the evening I returned back to the second portage, and encamped with Capt. Ward.

17 In the morning I went to Dead river and took part of Capt. Goodrich's party and returned to the 3d pond, where I met with Capt. Ward's company.

At evening went to Dead river, marched one mile up, and encamped with Capt. Hanchet.

18th In the morning ordered 3 men to kill 2 oxen, (which we had driven with great difficulty to this place), and to bring 5 quarters under a guard for Col. Enos division.

22nd Continued our route up the river about 3 miles. In our way we passed two portages or carrying places, each 74 perches. Our course this day is only 8 miles, owing to the extraordinary rise of the river of 8 feet perpendicular, and many places overflowed its banks, and filled the country with water which made it very difficult for our men on shore to march.

23d In the morning continued our march though very slow, owing to the stream. A number of our men who marched on the shore, crossed a river that came in from the westward, mistaking it for the main river, which as soon as we discovered, we despatched some boats after them.

25th Proceeded up the river, though with great fatigue, the water being very rapid.—Our whole course this day was only four miles when we encamped. Wrote to Mrs. Meigs by the officer that returned with the sick.

27th Continued our route, and soon entered a sound about two miles across, and passed through a narrow strait about two perches wide, and about 4 rods long; and then entered another small pond about one mile and then through a narrow strait about a mile and a half over to a pond three miles, then entered a 4th pond, a quarter of a mile wide, and then entered a crooked river about three miles wide, and then entered a crooked river about three miles in length, to a carrying place 15 perches across, and encamped on the N. W. side upon a high hill which is a carrying place.

12th—13th I was at Point Levi. Nothing extraordinary happened except a deserter came to us from Quebec, by whom we were informed that Col. McLean had arrived from Sorel with his regiment. The Lizard frigate also arrived a few days before us. On the evening of this day at 9 o'clock, we began to embark our men on board 85 canoes.

At 4 P. M. we got over and landed 500 men entirely undiscovered, although two men of war were stationed to prevent us. We landed at the same place Gen. Wolfe did in a small cove which is now called Wolfe's cove.

19. Early this morning we decamped and marched up to Point aux Trembles, about seven leagues from Quebec. The country through which we passed was well settled. Every few miles a handsome little Chapel. We have with us seven prisoners, and two deserters.

20. An express came in this morning from Gen. Montgomery at Montreal—the contents were that the King's troops had abandoned the town, and fled to the shipping, and that he was about to attack them with row-galleys, and boats with artillery mounted in them, and that he should immediately join our detachment with men and artillery.

22. An express arrived from Montreal, which informs us that all the shipping were taken last Sabbath evening, and that Gen. Montgomery was about to march for Quebec.

33. An express arrived from Montreal, by whom we have intelligence that Gen. Montgomery was on his march, and that yesterday he had sent clothing for our troops.

One of our men came in from the woods, who had been left behind, and says that himself and one more, killed a horse; and lived several days on the flesh.

24. This morning the Hunter Sloop of War and three other armed vessels, appeared in sight. An express is now going to meet the troops that are coming down from Montreal.

Degem. 1. Gen. Montgomery arrived this day at 1 P. M., with 3 armed schooners, with men, artillery, ammunition, and provisions, to the great joy of our detachment.

4. We marched at 12 o'clock with our camp, before Quebec. At evening I quartered at the house of the Curate of the parish of St. Augustine; we were entertained with hospitality and elegance.

6. A party of 100 men are ordered to cover the train this evening while they bombard the town. I went with this party; twenty-seven shots were thrown into the town.

This day we began to erect a battery before St. John gate.

10. The enemy cannonaded our camp, early in the morning, and continued it till night. A party of our men are ordered into St. Rue, to cover the train which are ordered there also with five mortars and two field pieces. This evening 45 shells were thrown into the town, the enemy returned a few, and some 24 pounders and grape shot. No person on our side was hurt, beside a Canadian who was shot through the body.

11. The town kept a warm cannonading upon our men, one of whom was wounded in the thigh.

13. We opened our battery, had two men wounded in it by a cannon from the city. Five men of Col. Livingston's regiment of Canadians were also wounded by a cannon-shot, which went through a house in St. John suburbs, where they were quartered.

14. One of our men was killed in the battery, and several wounded. In the evening we threw into the town twenty-four shells; at the same time we were briskly cannonaded from the town.

16. This morning before sunrise our battery began to play and continued one hour, then ceased by order of the General. A flag was then sent into the city, but was refused admittance. After some discourse with the officers from the ramparts the flag returned. (The discourse was, that Gen. Carlton would suffer no truce with the rebels; if they came to employ mercy from the King, he would then give them a hearing.)

At 2 P. M. our battery began to play upon the town, and mortars also from the suburbs of St. Rue which sent in 50 bombs. This day we had two men killed at one battery, and our guns damaged by a shot from the enemy. It is now in agitation to storm the town, which if resolved, I hope will be undertaken with a proper sense of the nature and importance of such an attack and vigorously executed.

16. The enemy this morning began to cannonade our quarters; several shot struck the house, on which it was thought best to remove elsewhere. One of our men was shot through the body with a grape-shot. His life is despaired of.

This evening a council was held by the commissioned officers of Col. Arnold's detachment, when the majority were for storming Quebec, as soon as the men were provided with bayonets, hatchets, and hand-grenades.

21. We have orders for all our men to wear hemlock sprigs in their hats, to distinguish them in their attack upon the works.

22. Preparations are making and things ripening for the assault upon Quebec. The blessings of heaven attend the enterprise!

26. This day I dined with General Montgomery, and spent the afternoon and evening with him in an agreeable manner. This evening as a party of our men were executing a command in the suburbs of St. Rue, they were fired upon from the walls, and one man was wounded in the leg.

30. This morning between the hours of one and three o'clock our train threw into the city about thirty shells, which produced a number of shells, and a brisk cannonading from the town. Continued our preparations to make an attack upon the city, the ladders being now ready, and the wind East, stormy, which was thought best for the purpose. The troops were ordered to parade at two o'clock, to-morrow morning.

31. The troops assembled at two o'clock this morning; those that were to make the attack by the way of Cape Diamond, collected at the headquarters upon the heights of Abraham, and were headed by Gen. Montgomery.

Those that were to make the attack by the suburbs of St. Rue, were headed by Col. Arnold, and which were two battalions from the army at Cambridge. Col. Livingston with a regiment of Canadians, and Major Brown, with part of a regiment from Boston, were to make a false attack upon the walls, southward of St. John gate, and in the mean time to set fire to the gate, with combustibles prepared for that purpose. These different bodies were to move to the attack from their places of assembly exactly at 5 o'clock; but the different routes they had to make, the great depth of the snow, and other obstacles, prevented the execution of Col. Livingston's command.

The General moved with his corps, and a number of carpenters, to the piquets of Cape Diamond; the Carpenters soon cut the piquets with saws, the General pulled them down with his own hands, and entered with his aid-camp Mr. Mc Pherson, Antil the engineer, Capt. Chessman, the carpenters and others.—The troops did not follow, except a few who attacked the guard-house, the enemy gave them a discharge of grape shot from their cannon, and of small arms at the same time, by which the Gen. and his aid-de-camp, Captain Chessman, and some others bravely fell. The firing then entirely ceased, and the lights in the guard house were out, at which time, it is said, the troops might have entered; but Colonels ———— and ———— thought of retreating, which they did, and carried off the wounded to the camp.

I come now to Col. Arnold's division, which was to proceed to the attack in the following manner:—A Lieutenant and thirty men were to march in front of an advanced guard, then the artillery company with a field piece mounted on a sledge, and then the main body of which Capt. Morgan's company was the first. The advanced party were to open when arrived near the battery, which was raised upon a wharf, and which we were obliged to attack on the way, and when our field pieces had given a shot or two, the advanced party were to rush forward with ladders, and force the battery, while Capt. Morgan's company were to march round the wharf, if possible, on the ice. But the snow was so deep, the field piece was brought very slow, and we were finally obliged to leave it behind; and to add to the delay, the main body mistook their way, there being no road, the way dark and intricate, among store-houses, boats and wharfs; and harassed at the same time with a constant firing of the enemy from the walls, which killed and wounded a number of men, without our being able to annoy them in the least, from our situation. The field piece not coming up, the advanced party, with Capt. Morgan's company, attacked the battery, some firing into the port holes or a kind of embrasures, while others scaled the battery with ladders, and immediately took possession of it, with a guard consisting of thirty men. This was executed with so much dispatch that the enemy only discharged one cannon. In the attack we lost one or two men, the enemy, the same number. At the battery Col. Arnold received a wound in one of his legs with a musket ball.

So soon as the prisoners were taken care of and a few men came up, (which was near half an hour,) our men attempted the next barrier, but could not force it, and as the main body were some time in coming up, occasioned by the obstacles above mentioned, adding to this that the part of the army commanded by Gen. Montgomery, after his fall, having retreated, gave the enemy the advantage to turn their whole force and attention upon us; so that before our men attempted the second barrier, the enemy had such a number of men behind it, and in the houses, that we were surrounded with such a fire, from double our numbers, we found it impossible to force it, they being also under cover, while we were exposed to their fire. To add to our embarrassment, we lost the help of one of our companies, which was quartered on the north side of the St. Charles, by their not having notice in season, who, endeavoring to join the main body, were surprised by a party of men who made a sortie thro' the Palace gate, and most of them were made prisoners. Our men near the second barrier took possession of some houses, and kept up a fire upon them for some time; but as the body which rallied out of the Palace gate, came upon the rear, and our numbers were greatly lessened by being killed and wounded, it was not best to retreat to the battery that we had taken; which we did, with the greatest part of our men; when at a consultation of officers present, it was the unanimous opinion, that it was impracticable to retreat, as we must have passed a great part of the way under the walls of the town, exposed to a line of fire, and our rear exposed to the fire of the enemy at the same time, besides having the party that sallied out through the Palace gate to oppose in front. We maintained our ground, till about ten in the morning, but were at last obliged, with great reluctance to surrender prisoners of war.

By the best accounts we can obtain, our loss by killed and wounded, amounts to about 100; the loss which the town sustained, we cannot learn; it must be small in comparison with ours, owing to the advantage of situation. We had one Captain and two Lieutenants killed; wounded officers, Col. Arnold, Capt. Hubbard, Capt. Lambe, Lieut. Steele, Lieut. Tisdale and Brigadier Maj. Ogden. The loss in that part of the army commanded by the General, beside himself, was his aid-de-camp, Mr. Mc Pherson, and Capt. Chessman; private, number unknown. His honor, Brigadier General Montgomery, was shot through both his thighs and through his head; his body was taken up the next day, an elegant coffin was prepared, and he was decently interred the Thursday after. I am informed when his body was taken up, his features were not in the least distorted,

and his countenance appeared regular, serene, and placid, like the soul that had animated it. He was tall and slender, well limbed, of a gentle, easy, graceful, manly address and had the voluntary love, esteem and confidence of the whole army. His death, though honorable, is lamented, not only as the death of an amiable, worthy friend; but as an experienced, brave General. The whole country suffers greatly by such a loss at this time. The native goodness and rectitude of his heart might be easily seen in his actions; his sentiments, which appeared on every occasion, were fraught with that unaffected goodness, which plainly disclosed the goodness of the heart from whence they flowed.

In the afternoon the officers were confined in the seminary, and well accommodated with bedding; the private were confined in the Recollets, or Jesuits' college. I dined this day with Capt. Law, whom in the morning I had made prisoner, but a few hours after I was made prisoner also. Capt. Law treated me with great politeness and kindness.

Jan. 1st. This whole day in the seminary. The first day I ever knew confinement. I hope I shall bear it with becoming fortitude. Major McKenzie brought General Montgomery's knee-buckles, and Mr. Mc Pherson's gold watch, and made a present of them to me, which I highly value for the sake of their late worthy owners.

Major RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS.

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?—When you have found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May chrysalis to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman (ill you have first a man. To be a gentleman, it will not be sufficient to have had a grandfather.

To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate.—Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog, in England, was the only gentleman, as being the only thing that did not labor.

A gentleman is just a gentle-man; no more, no less; a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is generous. A gentleman is slow to take offence as one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman goes armed only in consciousness of right. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman subjects his appetite. A gentleman refines his taste. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sydney was never so much a gentleman—mirror tho' he was of England's knight-hood—as when, upon the field of Stutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of water, that was brought to quench his mortal thirst, in favor of a dying soldier. St. Paul described a gentleman, when he exhorted the Philippians Christians:—"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honored, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

And Dr. Isaac Harrow, in his admirable sermon on the calling of a gentleman, pointedly says,—"He should labor and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a notable promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaneer people by his bounty and favor; he should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness, by his works before a profane world."—Bp. Doane.

A GREAT NURSERY.—Perhaps the largest nursery in the world, is Booth's in Holstein, one of the Danish provinces. It consists of one hundred and eighty acres, and requires; on an average, one hundred and thirty men and twenty women, to cultivate it. Eighty packers are employed during the packing season. The average profit for the last thirty years, has been \$15,000 annually, though at one time for 12 years, the sale of dahlias alone netted \$50,000 per annum, and to which eleven acres are still devoted. Some rare Orchideous plants sell for \$300 each. Of this family of plants, they have two thousand varieties, and two thousand of the dahlias. The collection of ornamental trees is enormous.

MATTHEW HALE AND THE POOR.—It is said of the excellent Lord Chief Justice Hale, that he frequently invited his poor neighbors to dinner, and made them sit at table with himself. If any of them were sick, so that they could not come, he would send provisions to him warm from his own table. He did not confine his bounties to the poor of his own parish, but diffused supplies to the neighboring parishes as occasion required. He always treated the old, the needy, and the sick, with the tenderness and familiarity that became one who considered they were of the same nature with himself, and were reduced to no other necessities but such as he himself might be brought to. Common beggars he considered in another view. If any of these met him in his walks, or came to his door, he would ask such as were capable of working, why they went about so idly. If they answered, it was because they could not get employ, he would send them to some field, to gather all the stones in it, and lay them in a heap; and then paid them liberally for their trouble. This being done, he used to send his carts, and cause them to be carried to such places of the highway as needed repair.—Moral and Religious Anecdotes.

A LOUD LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Knickerbocker tells of a place down east where the gold fever rages with remarkable fury, which is not a little increased by the practical jokes of a young lawyer, who pretends to receive many letters from the gold regions, which he reads to those gaping bumpkins who assemble at his office, in order to have their credulity stretched. The following is his latest mischievous:—"We arrived at San Francisco three weeks ago yesterday, and after stopping there four days to recruit and make preparations, set out for the gold country. The country on the banks of the Sacramento is exceedingly fine, and the soil the most fertile in the world. We passed several wheat fields which had just been reaped, and would yield over two hundred bushels to the acre. There is, however, one drawback; this neighborhood is much infested with noxious serpents, and more than as likely as not, in picking up a bundle of wheat you will take a huge rattlesnake in your arms."

We passed along up the river without making much stop, and soon came to the gold region. We found the gold in small grains or particles. My companions all stopped to gather it, but I thought I would keep on and go to the head-quarters if I could find them. Soon I came where I found the precious metal in bits as large as a walnut. Penetrating the country further, I found it became more plentiful, and I frequently noticed pieces of gold the size of a common tea-kettle. In fact the ap-

pearance of the country in many places reminded me of one of our New England corn-fields after the corn has been removed, and before the pumpkins are gathered. Still I did not stop there, but kept on towards the source of the river. Here the country was broken and mountainous, and large boulders of gold the size of a five-pail kettle were quite common. I came at length to a mountain, where I suppose the river takes its rise. On the side of my approach it was very high and precipitous. At the base of a high cliff, I looked up and saw, about one hundred and fifty feet over my head, a mass of solid shining gold, large as a bunch of screwed hay! It seemed to be suspended by a single root or vine. I had nothing but my gun, which was loaded with ball, and my first thought was to fire and cut off the cord by which the glittering mass was suspended. Just as I was on the point of firing, it occurred to me that if I did, the gold would fall upon me and crush me—so I—

Here the reader was interrupted by a largely developed organ of credulity, his eyes transfixed with wonder, and tobacco juice running down each corner of his mouth, who broke out with—"By thunder! I'd a fired!"

PRAYER ON THE MUSTER-FIELD

I was approaching the Main street of the village—from my suburb residence—the morning of the solemn occasion, and I could perceive something ailed the people I met on the way. There was a sort of "great training" eagerness in their look, and hurry in their step. I don't know but I walked a little quicker than common myself, as I drew nigh and beheld the current of the day setting up street towards "the ground." I knew it was training day, for I had heard a cannon or two fired off about sunrise—and now then a drum tap or the squeal of a life in the course of the morning.—It was ludicrous, as well as melancholy, to stand and see the poor human multitude trudge by in the dust. Concord Main street is never lacking for dust; but now there had been a long drought, and the dust they kicked up as they drove and poured along, man and beast, (if the distinction continues training day,) was "a caution," as well a cloud. Poor codgers, on foot, old and young, evidently from some distance, as their poor "other clothes bore dusty witness"—pulling on, like pilgrims to Holy Land, as if it would be death to miss getting there in season. Lots of pedlars—getting in late from neighboring musters—the day before—hastening to get on the ground to mingle in the auction chorus that swells up there so harmoniously with word of command and the voice of the chaplain! By the way, I described the chaplain of the day—friend Ryder, of the Universalist pulpit, hastening with animated step, towards "the place where prayer is wont to be made." I had just been told friend R. was to perform—and was rather sorry, because his pulpit had lately been taking liberal ground toward Anti-Slavery, which has "no dealings" with the muster field.

But I saw him hastening to the field at real military rate. It occurred to me, I would like to go and witness his prayer, and take one glance at the accompaniments. It might afford matter for a wholesome word in the "Herald of Freedom," and I hadn't for a long time witnessed such a thing as muster devotions.—I had learned, moreover—which I would mention for friend Rider's credit—that on application from the commander of the regiment to go and open the muster with prayer, he declined, or hesitated, on the ground that he was not friendly to fighting; and that the commander gave him to understand that if he would go he should be at liberty to pray in his own way. It occurred to me that friend R. might take it in his way to pray a real Christian prayer (in sentiment, for Christianity does not hold to praying at musters of any kind,) one that would blow musters and all other kinds of fighting sky high. I was in hopes he would. So I resorted to the "tent field." The troops were there, stretched out in line—not very long compared with the people—and not the crowd of people that used to throng at a muster. There were no women there. There was movement and evolution among the troops—a gathering inward into a sort of conference shape, which I soon perceived was a manoeuvre for prayer. I followed the multitude over the guarded lines, where paced the sentinels with trailed musket, to watch the borders of the field! The people were permitted to overpass it, for it was to prayer! We all shuddered up close to the armed men. I was almost afraid the people would run on to them, for they seemed to have no fear of trainers before their eyes; and the idea of prayer on such occasions and under such circumstances seemed to strike all minds as more of joke than anything of sober earnest. I was very glad it did; for if there is any thing of Christianity even in these prayers, the incongruity of throwing them up from the muster field is most monstrous.

The commanding officer looked rather serious; but it seemed more from anxiety to get through the manoeuvring right, than any care for the prayer. When he had got them all posted about, according to regimental gunter, and so they wouldn't be likely to run over friend Rider, who was on foot, and who, I understand, absolutely refused to perform on horse-back—the commander took off his cocked-up hat, and ordered "all heads uncovered for prayer." The troops took off their caps, but the people didn't—a soul of them that I saw; so it was wholly a military affair. The Colonel intimated, in some way—I believe it wasn't a word of command—to friend Rider, that he might, or must, or could, or would, or should—I didn't catch the term—proceed.—I didn't hear whether he said "lead in prayer" or not. But it amounted to a call for prayer, and friend R. took his position and began. I was really interested to hear what a man could say in such a predicament. I didn't see how he could say any thing. But friend R. did. He began by invoking the "God of our fathers," meaning, I suppose, the revolutionary, continental "fathers," which was in military style enough; but he went on to call Him "father" and the armed and accoutred array around him, His "children"—and to treat the muster as a sort of brotherly family affair. He didn't pray for a bit of the spirit of '76, nor for any thing that goes to make up or stir up the soldier—said not a word to the "God of Battles," any more than if there hadn't been any such Deity presiding over mankind, to set them by the ears—not a word for "grace" to nerve the arms of our troops, and steel their hearts to look on blood and carnage without dimching or winking, as stern old parson Burnham would have done, had he been there—not a word, not even enough in the prayer for a 4th of July, so far as I remember. I treated mankind and brethren, and God as the father of us all, and brethren, by asking that in the end all should be received into peace and heaven together. He had hardly said "amen" when the Colonel cried out, "shoulder arms!" and went the guns and baganets, in quite a fraternal brotherly, family way.

I saw one officer on horse trying to run his sword into its case, while friend R. was in the midst of his prayer. The sword looked like

anything but a family utensil. He didn't put it up with any reference to the prayer, or to there being a prayer going on. He seemed to put it up because he was tired of carrying it in his hand. A drum struck up, rub-a-dubbing, a little way back among the trainers.—The Colonel seemed to think the drum and prayer didn't keep time, and rode off and had it stopped. But the noise outside the lines kept on through all the prayer, and the cry of pedlars rose there high above it towards heaven, mingled with the snapping of crackers and all manner of training-day uproar.

FREE SPEECH.—The right of speech—it is the right of rights—the paramount and paragon attribute of our kind. It is glorious among the virtues when it is free. The roar of the lion—it is majestic and sublime in his native desert. Not so when he grunts under the stir of the poker, in the menagerie. The scream of the eagle in the sky, or on the crag where he lives and has his home—how unlike his most base creak, when they withhold his allowance in the cage, that you may hear him make a noise. The one is free speech, in 'free meeting.' The other, speech-making under chairs, boards and business committees. How different the wild note of the fire-bird, in the top of the high pine, when the setting sun awakes her throat after the shower—how different from the chirp of the poor caged canary, in the pent up street of the city. But illustration fails. The glory and beauty of freedom cannot be illustrated. It must be witnessed, experienced and felt.

THE MORAL OF SUFFERING.—I have read of holy men, who in days of persecution, have been led to the stake, to pay the penalty of their uprightness, not in fierce and suddenly destroying flames, but in a slow fire; and tho' one retracting word would have snatched them from death, they have chosen to be bound;—and amidst the protracted agonies of limb burning after limb, they have looked to God with unwavering faith, and sought forgiveness for their enemies. What, then, are outward fires to the celestial flame within us? And can I feel as if God had ceased to love? as if man were forsaken of his Creator, because his body is scattered into ashes by the fire? It would seem as if God intended to disarm the most terrible events of their power to disturb our faith, by making them the occasion of the sublime virtues.—Channing.

THE VICTORIES OF PEACE.—It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot, the small Island of Delos, dedicated to the Gods, and kept at all times sacred from war, where the citizens of hostile countries met and united in a common worship. So let us dedicate our broad country! The Temple of Honor shall be surrounded by the Temple of Concord, so that the former can be entered only through the portals of the latter; the horn of Abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of Religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within, in JUSTICE, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, shall rear her serene and majestic front. And the future chiefs of the Republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be the 'first in PEACE, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen.'

But, while we seek these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the *Truce of God* to the whole world forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth be exchanged for the golden cestus of Peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. Charles Sumner.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, APRIL 26.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several very welcome favors are on our table, but came there a little too late for our present number. Among them are the second number of 'Sprinklings,' by Docky Watty; a letter from our Saratoga correspondent; 'Ida Willman, a Tale of Former Years,' and some other good things.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

MR. EDITOR:—We often hear the complaint made, that the advantages which our village possesses are not brought into usefulness as they should be, and thereby become a source of wealth to the inhabitants of our pleasant village, and that there is so little enterprise exhibited by our business men in Waterville. A few merchants with a trader's stock of goods, a small number of mechanics' shops, and about a dozen sawmills, furnish nearly all the business that Waterville, which possesses it, is said, more water power than any other town in the State—can boast of.

Why are these immense resources of wealth sealed up to us, and except a few infantile efforts, suffered to lie dead? Why does not Yankee enterprise and industry break the deadly coil which encircles our valuable privileges? We often hear of

chance with ourselves. The immense water power of Waterville—which is now suffered to languish in neglect and disuse—might then become fully developed, and be a source of wealth and pride not only to our State but to our whole country. But while unequal taxation throws its paralyzing effect upon the intelligent and enterprising citizen—who by privation, industry, and prudence, has laid by a small capital—is there any encouragement for him to associate with others to establish factories, where not only every risk of fire, of flood, and of the fluctuations of business falls upon their property thus invested, but the capitalist must also pay all the taxes for the education of the children, &c., of those who pay no other than a trifling poll tax themselves, and who without any risk or expense enjoy large incomes from the employment afforded by the enterprising owners? Surely we shall be laughed at, if we think any one will invest their capital to benefit us upon such terms.

Equal laws and equal rights, we say; but how are these laws to be acted upon? A man dies and bequeaths to his two sons one thousand dollars each. The eldest expends his share in fitting and preparing himself for an office or for a profession, from which he obtains an income of one thousand dollars per annum. The younger son takes his part and purchases with it a farm, cattle, tools, &c.; he has much hard labor and many expenses, and must pay a heavy tax out of his small income, while the eldest son living in ease and plenty pays little or nothing.

Ministers of the gospel alone should be exempted from paying taxes; all other persons should take a part of the public burdens, according to their means, whether those means are derived from professional services, or salaries for stated duties, or from other sources—each and every person should pay a just and equal tax according to his ability.

Why should a man vote liberal taxes upon his neighbor's property, whilst his own means of living are kept in the back ground for his sole and special benefit. The income tax is assessed upon other towns in this State; why is it not assessed here also? When that is the case, then and not till then will the obstructions in our river be removed, our navigation assisted by permanent dams, and Waterville give an impetus to the surrounding country, and become what nature designed it for, a great and flourishing city.

C. S.

OUR POSTMASTER.—The meeting on Saturday evening, in response to the call of the Whig Town Committee, was well attended, and gave evidence that a considerable number of the Whigs of Waterville are 'interested' in the Post Office, agreeably to the call. Wm. Dorr, Esq. was called to the chair, and Judah Gage appointed Secretary. After some remarks from Messrs. Thayer, Noyes, Stark, and others, the following resolution was adopted, by a majority bearing about the same proportion to the minority that the number of Whigs in town does to the list of candidates for the office:

"Resolved, That it is not expedient to petition for the removal of the present incumbent of the Post Office."

This looks very much as though the Whigs of Waterville approve the professions of President Taylor, and are willing he should have a fair chance to carry them into practice. This will be no easy matter, as we view it, and he should certainly meet no opposition from his friends.

HARDWARE.—Probably few of our readers are aware that the most extensive hardware store in the State of Maine—and if we except Boston we might probably say New England—is that of Messrs. Nourse & Stark, in Waterville. In the various branches of trade embraced, and the extent and variety of each, it has few equals. Here the harness-maker can find not only every article used in his business, but the tools with which he labors. The carpenter, the blacksmith, the painter, the shoemaker, the glazier—indeed every mechanic whose tools are made of iron, steel, brass, zinc, tin, or lead, or whose work require these items, can find an assortment beyond which he could hardly make inquiry. In iron and steel their trade is extensive, as it also is in stoves, furnace ware, and tin and sheet iron ware. In paints and oils they deal largely, meeting extensive orders not only in this but the adjoining counties. They provide specially every article used in building, so that they can furnish almost every thing needed in the erection of a house, except the labor, lumber and brick. Those making purchases for this purpose, effect a great saving in procuring their entire supply at this establishment, as such orders can be met at little advance from wholesale prices.

Their spring supply is now nearly in, and their extensive rooms in Boutelle Block, from cellar to attic—and there are three stories between—are literally crammed. We take pleasure in inviting business men from abroad to look in upon Messrs. Nourse & Stark, as their establishment is prominent, among others, in indicating the advantages of Waterville for an extensive inland trade, and the extent and prosperity of the section of country around her.

TAKES.—This is precisely the time for setting out trees of all kinds, and those who make it a rule to attend to things in season, should not forget that Messrs. Tabor, of Vassalboro', are prepared with an extensive supply of fruit and ornamental trees, which they sell at moderate prices. Those who defer for a few weeks will probably lose a year in this matter, as they will be too much hurried to attend to it in the Fall. We are weary of suggesting this subject, especially when we see how sadly both comfort and interest are neglected in relation to it. Like the disagreeable duty of repentance, it is deferred to a 'more convenient season,' till even the need of it seems forgotten. There are those who now eat the fruit and luxuriate in the shade of trees that somebody else was 'just going' to set out ten years ago; and

they will do so for ten years to come—our word for it—unless this thing is attended to now!

Summary.

BEWARE!—There is every reason to believe that an attempt is about to be made, under cover of the unrepented but broken Wolfborough Bank charter, (New Hampshire) to throw spurious bills of that Bank into a fraudulent circulation, by providing means of redemption. New bills have recently been engraved and it is feared that some of the old ones also may have gotten into improper hands. The Bank is entirely insolvent; the stock is worthless, and there is not one dollar of means in existence for the redemption of any bills upon it, which may be thrown into circulation.—[N. Y. Express.

THE COMET, now visible in the evening by the naked eye, will soon be at its least distance from the earth, or about 18 millions of miles.

COUGHING.—It is injurious to cough leaning forward, as it serves to compress the lungs and makes the irritation much greater. Persons prone to the enjoyment should keep the neck straight and throw out the chest. By these means the lungs expand, and the windpipe is kept free and clear. There is an art in every thing, and the art of coughing is perhaps as important in its way as any other.

NEW ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.—We have already mentioned the fact, that companies of emigrants had been concentrated at Fort Smith, Arkansas, with a view to an overland journey to California from that place, through the valley of the Canadian River. These companies are to make the journey under an escort of dragoons, about to be sent forward by the government for that purpose. Lieut. Dent has recently made a partial survey of the route. He examined the South side of the Canadian, not crossing the main stream, and found, as he states in his report, which is published in the Fort Smith Herald, an excellent route for a road to the Grand Prairie. He says he considers it the best natural location for a road in the Western country, there being no material obstacle to the construction of a fine road. Good water abounds all along the route, and corn can be procured at several points. A detachment of U. S. troops was to leave Fort Smith on the 28th ult. to open a road on the route thus surveyed, and the engineer, with the escort of dragoons was daily expected, so that companies in waiting could soon proceed on their journey.—[Traveller.

FROM THE RIO GRANDE.—By the arrival of the Steamer Globe at New Orleans, intelligence has been received from the Brazos to the 8th inst., and from Matamoros and Brownsville to the 4th. The cholera is reported to have disappeared from the Brazos and from Brownsville, and nearly to have ceased its ravages at Matamoros.

The Flag of the 28th of March says:—"Within the past week about one hundred and twenty California emigrants have arrived, procured outfits and have gone on their way rejoicing in their golden prospects. They are made up of companies from New York, Massachusetts and Alabama."

REMOVED.—The New York papers state that the Hon. Eli Moore, District Attorney, is a defaulter to government. It appears that about \$20,000 in specie, taken from a brig under seizure, was placed by him in a bank, and afterwards drawn out. A day or two since, the Court ordered him to pay the money into Court, but it was not forthcoming. The Tribune says that probably only about half the money will be repaid.

MORE GOLD.—The New Bedford Mercury of this morning states that the ship Mount Wollaston, which arrived at that port yesterday, from the Sandwich Islands, brought about \$20,000 in gold dust, the property of Mr. B. D. Washburn, a passenger. The Mercury says, Mr. Washburn has been a resident with his family at San Francisco during the last five years, but accumulated the 'dust' during the last dry season, at the 'diggins.'—[Traveller.

ANOTHER OVERLAND COMPANY.—The Northampton Gazette states that the Massachusetts and California company, formed at that place, start for their destination soon, overland, with all the fixings for establishing a private mint at San Francisco, with the approbation of the government. They have in Vm. H. Hayden, a graduate of Yale College, an assayer well qualified to discharge his duties, and machinery capable of coining \$10,000 a day. It is their intention (says the Gazette) to purchase gold dust at the current prices, and transform it into gold for circulation.

The St. Louis Republican of the 10th inst. says that over one thousand persons had reached that city within three days, from different quarters, bound for the gold region, and several boats were then due from the Ohio, crowded with more.

A public meeting was held in Lexington, Ky. on the 14th inst., of persons opposed to the perpetration of slavery in that commonwealth, at which Mr. Clay was present and spoke.

KIDNAPPING IN CAROLINE COUNTY.—The Denton (Md.) Journal says that on the night of the 6th inst. an atrocious outrage was committed in Caroline County. The circumstances are as follows:

Three free negro youths, a girl and two boys, were kidnapped and taken from the county with intent to sell them at the South; their names are Margaret Davis, Harrison Hubbard and James Clarkson. They had been hired for a few days for the ostensible purpose of cutting corn stalks. After being a day or two in Mr. Wootter's employ, they suddenly disappeared, and no one could learn of their whereabouts.

A suspicion of their being forcibly kidnapped soon took possession of the public mind, and inquiry being set on foot, it was, after some days discovered that they had been secretly carried through Huntington Creek toward Worcester Co., thence to Virginia. We learn that the negroes are now in Norfolk. Efforts are being made to return them to their parents. Several others are implicated with Wootter in this outrage, one of whom, Mr. Smith W. Corran, is now in jail. A Mr. Parker, of Kent County, negro dealer, is said to have acted a principal part in the matter. The officers are now on the look out for Wootter and others, who are supposed to have engaged in the kidnapping.

MURDER WILL OUT.—A German by the name of Freedly, has been recently arrested in Philadelphia, on suspicion of having murdered his wife. She died on the 21st of March, and was buried the next day. The conduct of Freedly excited suspicion among his neighbors, the body was disinterred, and on a post mortem examination, the physicians were satisfied that she was strangled. The coroner's jury returned a verdict according, and Freedly, who had already married another woman, was arrested and committed. We learn these facts from the Phil. North American of the 19th.

A calf belonging to Mr. Joseph Little, of Old town, was killed on Friday 13th, on account of manifesting violent symptoms of hydrophobia. He had been slightly bitten a fortnight previous, by a large white dog, which came to the barn for a moment, but nothing was thought of the matter until the calf manifested strongly the symptoms of the disease.—The dog was seen on the turnpike afterwards, fighting with other dogs.—[Newburyport Herald.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A young man from the town of New Gloucester in this State, whose name we have not heard, was killed instantly by falling about thirty feet from one of the landings on the Kennebec river. His remains were carried by here on Monday evening.

Notices.

A CARD.—J. S. CHASE would respectfully inform the inhabitants of Waterville and its vicinity, that he will open, on Thursday, April 26th, a choice stock of DRY GOODS, recently selected from the New York and Boston markets. The attention of the Ladies is earnestly solicited.

ANDROSCOGGIN & KENNEBEC RAILROAD.—Written Proposals for boating from Bath or Hallowell to Waterville Landing about 1500 tons of Railroad iron, in July and August next, as the same may be wanted to be laid down, will be received till the 21st of May next, at the office of the Treasurer of the R. R. Co. in Waterville. Also for trucking the same from the landing to the Depot ground in Waterville. By order of the Directors.

April 23, 1869. 40

TO SCHOOL TEACHERS.—The School Committee will meet for the examination of Teachers for the summer schools, at 2 o'clock P. M., on Saturday, the 12th day of May, at the house of Prof. Loomis; and at the same hour on Saturday, the 19th, in West Waterville, at the house of the Rev. Mr. Bean. It is important that Teachers should be engaged in all the districts before these examinations occur, and that they should all be examined at one of the above mentioned times.

Waterville, April 25, 1869.

FREEDOM NOTICE.—I hereby relinquish to my son, Ezra H. Hardison, his time until he is twenty-one years of age; in consideration of which relinquishment I will pay no debts of his contracting, nor claim any of his earnings.

J. JOSEPH HARDISON.

Windsor, March 17, 1849. 3w40

CORPORATION MEETING.—The members of the Ticonic village Corporation, are hereby notified to meet at the Town Hall, in said Village, on the first Monday, being the seventh day of May next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to act on the following Articles to wit:

Art. 1st. To choose a Moderator.
Art. 2d. To choose a Supervisor, Clerk, Treasurer, Auditor of Accounts, Chief Engineer, Two Assistant Engineers, and Firewards for the ensuing year.

Art. 3d. To raise by assessment or otherwise, a sum of money to pay the expense of riving one of the Bells in said Village, and to pay the out standing debts and necessary current expenses of said Corporation, for the ensuing year, and for building or repairing such Cisterns and Engine Houses as may be necessary.

Dated at Waterville, this twenty-fourth day of April, 1849.

HENRY B. WHITE, Clerk of Tic. Vill. Corp.

THIRTY-WEEKLY AGE.—The subscriber will publish a thirty-Weekly Age, during the session of the Legislative for 1849.

It will be the only legislative paper published at the capital during the session.

Its character as a faithful chronicle of legislative proceedings and debates is so well established as to render any remark on its principal feature unnecessary. In addition to its legislative record, it will contain the matter that appears in the Weekly Age.

The price will be \$1.00 for the session.—It will be published on Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays.

The price of all subscriptions must be paid in advance. No order will be complied with unless accompanied by the money.

Wm. T. JOHNSON.

Augusta, March 29, 1849.

REMOVAL.

The office of the Mail is removed to No. 31-2 Boutelle Block, nearly opposite its late location.

For all kinds of goods suited to those who are providing outfits for California, from clothing to a six-barreled Revolving Pistol, Oak Hall, Boston, seems to keep the lead, as the cheapest and greatest place in the Union. It is also unrivalled for every variety of Furnishing Goods for Travelers, and Gentlemen who stay at home, Boy's Clothing, &c., &c. See advertisement.

CONSUMPTION PREVENTED.

That consumption, when once firmly fixed and seated can be cured, we wish the public to know. It can be prevented, if the proper remedies are applied in season, we firmly believe. A slight cold, a gentle cough, a general derangement of the nervous system, which renders the individual sick or well—these are the symptoms which herald the approach of the fell destroyer. If these be attended to in season, all may be well, but neglect them, and they will be sure to gain the mastery, and when the first onset of trouble and annoying, at last becomes alarming and often fatal.

For ineffectual consumption, we know of no better remedy than WOOD'S BALM OF WILLOW BERRY.

It is soothing and healing in its nature, and is admirably adapted to allay and dissipate that annoying and distressing irritation which so much prevails at this season of the year, caused by colds, coughs and chills, brought on by frequent and sudden changes in the weather. We know of several severe cases which have been radically cured by the use of this Balm.

It dispels the threatening encroachments, and is in the enjoyment of comparative good health.—(New England Washington, Boston, November, 1847.)

In the want of this excellent article can be supplied with the genuine, with the signature of I. BUTTS on the wrapper of the Agents.

For sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville. Sold also by agents generally. (36-2w.)

V. B. PALMER, 3 Congress-st. Boston and at his offices in N. York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, are our advertising agent.

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 would be preferred. D. & S. N. TABER.

Vassalboro Apr. 4th 1849.

wait on all who wish to examine or purchase his medicines, which are now gaining a wide spread celebrity in this State. Advice free to all. Persons suffering with the Piles, and who are not able to pay for medicines, shall be furnished gratuitously by satisfying me of that fact. 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 (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 kept known in season, could easily have been cured.

DEPARTURE OF THE MAILS.
The Western Mail will leave Waterville every day, (Sundays excepted,) at ten o'clock. A. M. The Northern Mail will leave at 12 o'clock. M. The Bangor Mail will leave Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock. A. M. The Belfast Mail will leave Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock. A. M.—The Monson Mail will close Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, at 7 o'clock. P. M.
E. L. GETCHELL
Waterville, Apr. 16th, 1849. P. M.

MARRIAGES.

In Fairfield, by Rev. Joshua Nye, Mr. Joseph E. Joy of Portsmouth, N. H., and Miss Maria D. Ellis of F.

In Waterville, April 6th, by Rev. R. Thurston, Mr. Charles T. Whitney of Plymouth, and Miss Martha C. Thayer.

DEATHS.

In Fairfield, April 6th, Jonathan B., son of Joshua Freeman, aged 33 years.

He lived a virtuous life, and his last moments were peaceful, giving good evidence to his mourning friends that he was prepared to die.

In New Orleans, 27th March, of Cholera, Dr. John A. Hersey, formerly of Farmington, aged 60 years.

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES.
Flour, bbl. \$6.50 a 7.25; Corn, bush. 75 a 80; Rye, \$1.17; Wheat, \$1.25; Oats, 30; Butter, lb. 17 a 20; Cheese, 5 a 6; Eggs, doz. 10 a 12; Pork, round hog, 7 to 8; Salt, 50; Rock, 50; Codfish, 3 a 4; Molasses, 25 to 30.

BOSTON MARKET.

Flour—Gen. 5.75, Michigan 5.75 a 5.87 per bbl. Ohio and St. Louis, 5.37 a 5.50.
Grain—Southern white corn 59 a 60 cents, and yellow flat 60 a 61 per bushel. Oats scarce and in brisk demand; South River 40.

BRIGHTON MARKET.

At market 500 Beef Cattle, about 1000 Sheep and 800 swine.
Beef Cattle—Extra quality 6.75 first quality, 6.50 a 6.75; second do 6.00 a 6.25.
Working Oxen—few pairs in market; prices from \$7 to \$15.
Cows and Calves—A very few in market 23 to 38 Sheep—Sales from 2.00 a 2.50.
Swine—Wholesale 40 a 45 for Sows, 51-2c for Barrows; Retail 5 a 12.

Advertisements.

New Store! New Goods!!

Opposite Boutelle Block.

J. S. CHASE,

DEALER in Foreign and Domestic

DRY GOODS,

Of every Description,

RICH SHAWLS AND DRESS GOODS,

Linces, Hosiery, Gloves, White Goods,

Muslins, Laces, Millinery articles, and

MOURNING GOODS.

A Great Assortment of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

TEA & COFFEE.

ALYFORD is agent for the China Tea Co., and can sell good Tea and Coffee very low. He is also agent for some of the best Butter and Cheese makers. Also, just received a fine assortment of Confectionery, sugars &c., which will be sold cheaper than ever any one thought of. Beer, Lemon Syrup, meat, soda, Oils and Essences, &c., &c.

April 23, 1849.

WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?

It has been amusing to the quiet lookers-on to witness the tremendous and cry made about selling goods cheap and the enormously high prices at which they have been sold. But, Ladies and Gentlemen, the chance to hump in this way, has ceased in this village—Whoever any thing is said to you about buying goods cheap, just call on ESTY, KIMBALL & CO., and you can buy them cheaper.

SAVINGS BANK

For the Widow and Orphan.

AGENCY for the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society. Assurance will be made upon life, for 1 or 5 years, or for the whole term.

ALPHEUS LYON.

April 23, 1849.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

By virtue of a license from the Court of Probate, I the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Sewell Hobbs, late of Fairfield, deceased, intestate, will sell at public auction on the premises, on Saturday the fifth day of May, A. D. 1849, at two o'clock in the afternoon, one half of a Shingle Machine and Joiner and Cutting off Saw, in good running order, with the room in which said machine stands, with other privileges, undivided and in common with Joshua W. Ellis, situated on Somerset Mill Dam, in said Fairfield. Also the whole of the second story of said building with one quarter of the water power, with a right to attach an upright shaft which has been done for the use of the second story, with a right in common to enlarge upon the whole building.

Fairfield, April 30th, 1849. J. J. THOMAS.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the old Firm of Esty & Kimball, who have paid up promptly, are requested to call on the new firm of ESTY, KIMBALL & CO., and buy as many goods as they please, at a little less price than they can obtain them for any where else. Those who have been rather tardy in making payment, are requested to call and settle immediately. But for those whose accounts are of long standing, who have paid us nothing and never intend to settle, we will find their Notes and Accounts in the hands of Attorneys for immediate collection, without further notice.

Waterville, April 25, 1849. ESTY & KIMBALL.

ANY QUANTITY

Of Trunks, Valises, and Carpet Bags for sale at

CHEAP FOR CASH.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

By virtue of a license from Hon. D. Williams, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Kennebec, I will sell at auction or private sale on Wednesday, May 6th, at 10 A. M., at the dwelling house of James Gray, in Sebasticook, the personal property of Mrs. Abigail Perkins, late of Sebasticook, consisting of sundry articles of household furniture.

Waterville, April 24th, 1849. J. PERCIVAL, Administrator.

REMOVAL.

J. R. ELLEN & CO. would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have removed from their Old Stand to the New & KENNEBEC BLOCK.

No. 3, Boutelle Block,

where they have received, AND ARE NOW OPENING, the Large Stock of New Spring Goods, to which the attention of the community is especially invited.

VERMONT MAPLE SUGAR, just received at No. 1 Ticonic Row, by

E. L. SMITH.

ALMONDS,

ENG. Walnuts, Filberts, shellblacks, Castanets and Pecan Nuts, just rec'd. at Smith's, No. 1 Ticonic Row.

NEW GOODS.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!!

ESTY & KIMBALL, having completed their arrangements for supplying themselves with Goods at the Manufacturers' and Importers' Prices!

and by taking advantage of all important AUCTION SALES, by means of a Partner on the spot, are now prepared, under the title of

ESTY, KIMBALL & CO.

to sell Goods for CASH at a lower rate at wholesale or retail than they can be afforded for at any other Store in town.

In offering to the Public our large and valuable assortment of

Dry Goods and Groceries, Crockery, Feathers and Carpeting,

we would particularly call the attention of Ladies to an entire New Stock of

DRESS & FANCY GOODS,

among which are rich Cashmere, Silk, Thibet and Fancy Shawls, Dress Silks, the new and beautiful styles of Silk, Linen, Mohair, and Plain changeable Laces, Linen Gingham, Prints, De Lains, Lancaster & Scotch Ging., 11-2 a 12-2 c. Barages & fine Mus., 12-2 c. Fine all Linen Lustres, 20 a 25. Fine all Linen Lustres, 20 a 25.

Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Fringes, Laces, Edgings, Linen Hdkfs., Parasols, F. Lances, &c., &c.

We indulge in no vain boasting which can mislead only the simple, because we shall exhibit a genuine specimen of Cheap Selling, and we are now ready to prove it to CASH PURCHASERS that they cannot ascertain how low Goods can be bought in Waterville, until they call on

ESTY, KIMBALL & CO.

April, 1849. No. 4 Ticonic Row.

Particular Notice

TO ALL NOT GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

GOLD can be saved by making purchases from the stock of NEW GOODS, just received and now opening at

No. 1, Ticonic Row,

the only exclusive Grocery and Provision store in town. A choice selection of W. F. Goods and Groceries, comprising in part the following articles, viz—early crop Cardenas Molasses, Maudsall and sugar syrup, Portland, Porto Rico, brown and white Havana, Crushed and powdered sugar, souchong, Ningyong, Dolong, Heber, Hyson and Old Hyson Tea, Porto Cabello, Rio, and Java Coffee, Chocolate and Cocoa.

Mackerel, Nos. 1 & 2. Rice. Dried Apples. Pickles. Sago. Tapioca. Irish Moss.

Also, a good assortment of Dried Fish, Cod, Pollock, dried and smoked Haddock, Eggs, Herring, Box and Cast Raisins, Figs, Oranges, Lemons, Tamarinds, Citrons, Mace, Currants, Nutmegs, ground Pepper, Ginger, Pimento, Cinnamon, Cloves, prepared Mustard, Radish and bottles, an excellent article, ready for table use, Manila and Hemp bed cords, together with a variety of other articles usually to be found in a W. F. Goods store.

