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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 41): May 3, 1849

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II.....NO. 41.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY, 3, 1849.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

The Mail is published on Thursday Morning, at No. 31-2 BOUTWELL BLOCK, AT \$1.50 YEAR.

## An Original Tale.

IDA HILLMAN: A TALE OF FORMER YEARS.

Written for the Eastern Mail by Mustapha.

### CHAPTER I.

"Ah! where are our fathers who fought here of yore? The soil is upon them, they'll struggle no more. The hatchet is fallen, the Red Man is low, But near him reposes the arm of his foe."

Sleep, fathers of might—sleep, gallant of yore! The hatchet is fallen, the struggle is o'er! While the fir tree is green and the wind rolls a wave, The tear drop shall brighten the turf of the brave."

On a spot, short distance from Fort Seamen, one of the forts that protect the entrance to the harbor of Portland, may still be seen a rude pile of stones, which near the close of the seventeenth century formed the hearth and chimney to a log house. This house was owned and occupied by an individual of the name of Higgins, who had for fifteen successive years buffeted the storms and braved the dangers incident to a settler's life. Higgins was in many respects a remarkable man. His strength was extraordinary, so great indeed that two and even three athletic Indians were scarcely a match for him. He possessed, in addition, agility, cunning, sagacity, and wariness; with which qualities he was a valuable auxiliary to the little parties, that along the Casco bay were, from 1675 to the time of his death, almost continually engaged in partisan warfare with the Indians. Of his early history but little was known, save that he came from England near the breaking out of King Philip's war, purchased a small piece of land on what is now called the Cape, erected the house before mentioned and there settled.

His whole family consisted of but one child, a boy seven years of age. His time he employed either in hunting or fishing, the former of which was exceedingly dangerous, particularly after the commencement of the wars with the natives. But danger was nothing to Higgins. His life was considered as a charmed one by the wily savages, so often had they failed in bringing him down; and they would lie in ambush and let him pass by unmolested, for fear of exciting his terrible wrath.

Sometimes would Higgins steal out alone on his excursions, and return after some few days with as much game as he could carry, together with several scalps of the Red Men attached to his gun barrel. At other times he would accompany small parties in the capacity of commander, but generally he was alone attended by his son, to whom he taught the art of hunting, with dexterity, man as well as beast; and thus early inured him to toils and dangers.

As the younger Higgins grew up he exhibited signs of possessing, to a far greater extent, the remarkable qualities of his father. At the age of twenty, at which time our story commences, to the casual observer he presented no extraordinary appearance, indicating his muscular power, in comparison with which his father's was as a child's; but on examination his uncommon strength could be easily accounted for. His bones and muscles were exceedingly large, so that the cavity usually found upon individuals under the arm was not discoverable upon him, being filled up by the superabundance of muscle. Like most strong men he was kind natured, except when aroused by some extraordinary event, and then his anger was lasting and deadly. He was in external appearance prepossessing, possessed a clear strong mind and a better education than most settlers of that period.

On the 20th of May, 1689, when our tale begins, his father and himself started, early in the morning in their boat, to catch, as was his custom, some fish for Falmouth market. They were unusually successful, inasmuch that they were compelled to return by noon to unload their boat. They moored it to the shore and proceeded to the house to procure some refreshment. As they reached the house the old man was seized with an apoplectic fit, and in a few moments expired in the arms of his son.

Long and sincerely he mourned the loss of his kind and tender parent. He felt his loneliness in this land of dangers and strife. Day after day he sat upon a rude block, which supplied the place of a chair, his head resting upon his hands, and the hot scalding tears coursing down his manly cheeks. But he had at least one friend—a friend to whom he could unbosom his aching heart, and on whose breast he could lay his burning head and know that within was a heart which beat in union with his. That friend will hereafter be noticed.

It might have been a week after the death of his father, that a small party of British sailors from a vessel of that nation, at anchor in the stream, being on an excursion upon the Cape, approached the house of Higgins to have some frolic, and procure food from the inmates, wherever they might be. They entered and discovered Lorenzo (for thus was he surnamed) seated upon the rude seat, mourning with keen anguish his recent loss. In a rude, authoritative manner they demanded of him something to eat. He arose from his seat without uttering a word and placed before them the best that his scanty board furnished. After having satisfied their hunger, they began to throw around the room whatever remained unbroken, and then to address to the owner insulting language. Still he replied not. At length one of the party, trying upon the shelf a small bible,

the gift of Lorenzo's dying mother, arose, seized it and commenced destroying it. This was too much for his nature to withstand, and it called forth one of the few exhibitions of his remarkable strength. He sprang forward, seized the offender, and with one hand sent him headlong from the cabin. The others arose to interpose, but all the lion of his nature was aroused. Each successively was sent after his companions, and as the last fell to the ground, his head came in contact with a stone and his brains were immediately dashed out.

His companions returned to Falmouth, entered a charge of murder against Higgins, and with a large number of the King's men, or 'hounds,' as public officers were then called, departed for the offender's house to arrest him.

On arriving there none seemed willing to enter first; when Lorenzo, guessing their object, went out and willingly gave himself up. He was pinioned, and in two hours thrown into Falmouth Jail, to await his trial the next morning.

At the time appointed, as the jailer visited the jail to lead forth the prisoner, he found the door wide open, forced through lock and staple, and the bird flown.

### CHAPTER II.

In peace, love tames the shepherd's reed; In war, he mounts the warrior's steed, In halls, in gay attire is seen, In hamlets dances on the green, Love rules the camp, the court, the grove, And men below, and saints above; For love is Heaven; and Heaven is love.—SCOTT.

In a chair (for sofas were not then in fashion) within one of the most splendid dwellings of Falmouth, sat a young girl bathed in tears. Her age was but eighteen, yet the thoughtful, pensive expression of her countenance warranted the belief that she had seen at least twenty summers. The midnight hour had already passed, but still she exhibited no signs of retiring to rest. Occasionally she would rise from her seat and pace her narrow room with hurried steps, while the big tear drops coursed down her pale cheek in quick succession, then turn and with strong effort resume her seat.

"Oh! God! must he die?" broke from her tremulous lips; and a fresh flood of tears gushed from her dark blue eyes and fell in pearl drops upon her heaving bosom. The words had scarcely died upon the air, when the door latch was noiselessly raised, and the manly form of Lorenzo stood before her. With a wild cry of joy she rushed towards him and fell fainting in his arms. He raised her lifeless form in his sinewy arms with as much ease as the mother holds her young babe to her breast, and bore her to the open air. The effect of Heaven's medicine was instantaneous, and she slowly opened her beaming eyes, and gazed up in his.

"I thought it was false; I knew my Lorenzo was not guilty of such a crime," she said, as he imprinted a sweet kiss upon her pure white forehead.

"Ida," replied he with sadness, "I have done that of which I hoped never to be guilty, and from which my soul shrinks with abhorrence, but it was in defence of that lonely home left me by my father, and for the preservation of the last and holy gift of a dying mother. Dear Ida, can you—will you forgive this, the only foul blot upon my character? For I trust I have been forgiven by my God."

"I will, I will," said the forgiving girl, and to seal her declaration she threw her soft arms around his neck and met his lips with the true token of recognition and reconciliation a lover can bestow.

"But, Ida," resumed Lorenzo, "I must leave you. The cringing slaves of a jealous tyrant will not forgive me as readily as my own sweet Ida. The bonds will be upon my trail, as soon as my escape is discovered; and ere to-morrow's sun sheds its golden light upon the village which contains the dear object of my affections, I must be far into yonder boundless wilderness. When my offence is forgotten, as it soon will be in these exciting times, (for it was in the spring of 1689, when the Indian war was raging with unrelenting cruelty,) I will return and endeavor to gain your father's consent to our union. But though my countrymen are seeking my life, I will return good for evil, for your sake. For yourself fear no harm, for I will watch and my arm will ever be near to protect my Ida. Farewell, and be true, said he, as he stole a parting kiss from her unsuspecting lips.

Farewell," sobbed the tender hearted maiden; and the receding form of Lorenzo was lost in the darkness.

### CHAPTER III.

To break the bonds of union, When heart inclines to heart, And thwart a lover's passion, Is not a parent's part. Full many a flower is withered, And tender leaves are torn, By those whose hearts are soiled, And think that love is worn.

Ida Willman was the only child and sole family of James Willman, Esq., the most wealthy and aristocratic (if aristocracy can be said to have existed at so early a period of the settlement) inhabitant of Falmouth. Ida was indeed a woman to be loved.

Not for her cheek and bosom fair, Nor for her mind that's hidden there, When but six years of age she lost her mother, who was killed by the Indians in their attack upon Falmouth during King Philip's war; which event made a lasting impression upon her mind, and occasioned that pensiveness of expression which is characteristic of a thoughtful cast. Though thus left to herself, she improved her time and educated her mind, as well as the limited means of the colony would

allow. As she grew up, her beauty of mind and person increased, and at the age of eighteen, when we introduce her to the reader, many were the aspirants to her hand; but she spurned them all save one, who alone possessed her heart. That one is already known to us.

Her acquaintance with Higgins was accidental, and perhaps extraordinary. One pleasant June morning, two years previous to the commencement of our narrative, she requested of her father permission to take a short sail upon the bay, in company with a domestic, to which he readily assented. They immediately went down to a rude wharf, unmoored a small boat belonging to Mr. Willman, and proceeded to take the intended sail. They had gone but a short distance, when a sudden flaw of wind struck the boat and it immediately capsized. The domestic sank and was drowned; but Ida, owing to the buoyancy of her clothing, was prevented from immediately sinking. Lorenzo, who had just landed with a load of fish he had brought to the market that morning, beheld the accident, and from the promptings of a generous heart leaped into the water and proceeded to the rescue. Right nobly did he breast the waves with his strong arm, and was fast nearing her. The girl, who beheld assistance so near, struggled with desperate energy to keep herself above the water; but her clothes had now become completely saturated, and before he reached her the waves closed over her head. Though unprepared for his exertions to reach her to meet with such unexpected opposition, yet dawning in his breast he plunged down after the sinking girl. Several seconds elapsed before either reappeared, and the crowd that had collected upon the shore began to give up both as lost, when Lorenzo rose above the water with one arm grasping the slender waist of his weaker companion, and with the other he struck boldly out for the shore. The crowd watched with eager anxiety his approach; and as he landed his charge safely upon the shore the air rang with their shouts. Several minutes intervened before her restoration; but when she became sensible she called for her preserver to thank him. Lorenzo was not to be found among the crowd, but was discovered quietly engaged in his occupations as if nothing had occurred.

Mr. Willman condescended to invite him to visit his house, and believed this privilege a sufficient compensation for a poor fisherman to expose his life. He accepted the invitation, and soon discovered the endearing qualities of the fair Ida, while she in turn observed the correct deportment, kind disposition, and enlightened mind of Lorenzo. Thus an intimacy sprang up between them which ripened into love; and at the time of Lorenzo's escape from prison, Ida was his affianced bride. Mr. Willman was too proud to tolerate the idea that a fisherman's son should aspire to the hand of his daughter, and when asked his consent to their nuptials he rushed into a towering passion and forbade Lorenzo again visiting his house forever. Ida pleaded and expostulated with him, but in vain.

On the day of the arrest of Lorenzo, the report of the murder with which he was charged spread on the wings of the wind and soon came to the ears of Mr. Willman, who secretly rejoiced at it, as it would in all probability rid him of further trouble. With a demonic smile and an adamant heart he conveyed the news to his daughter, stated his arrest, and added that he would soon be executed. The singular calmness with which she received these tidings led him to suppose her attachment not very firm; but he little knew the fearful heavings beneath the surface. She retired to her room; and there her overcharged heart found relief in tears. In this situation she was found; and we have seen, by Lorenzo, on the evening succeeding the afternoon she had learned of his danger; and at that hour she

CHAPTER IV. Strong was the hand and stout the heart, That tared from home and tended to part, And plunge in yonder wilderness, Where doubtfully she was howled— Where blood thirsty the Red Man roved— And brave alone his dreariness.

Lorenzo, after leaving his mistress, proceeded directly to his home upon the Cape; took from thence his gun, ammunition, and whatever easily transportable articles needful in his intended wanderings, and then directed his steps to his father's grave. There he knelt and offered up a short but sincere prayer to be guided aright and kept from harm. He then struck off into the dark forest with a sad and heavy heart. He proceeded on his way for eight or ten miles, when thinking himself far enough to elude pursuit, he selected a place to rear a cabin, and commenced at once building it. A few days were sufficient to form one capable of sheltering him. An expert hunter, his gun supplied him with food. Here he spent, however, but little of his time, being mostly engaged in following the trail of the Red Man, and watching over the safety of the little village of Falmouth.

He would look about the camp of the Indians, find out their designs, and convey such information as he obtained to the settlers; sometimes in the disguise of a friendly Indian, and sometimes by a few words scratched with a flint upon birch bark, which he would contrive to drop in their way. But the inhabitants were ignorant to whom they were thus indebted for much valuable knowledge, and were unconsciously seeking to destroy their best friend. His person was made known to

all the settlers, and a large reward offered for his apprehension. Occasionally he would by some means convey a slight token of his regard to Ida, and receive a similar one from her in return. But it would have been folly for him to visit her—the inhabitants being on the watch continually, knowing as they did his attachment for her. Thus the summer, fall, and winter passed away, without his situation and affairs changing for the better.

### CHAPTER V.

Hark! hark! there's a sound that strikes on the ear— A groaning that floats on the breeze, It is borne from the hills and vales around, And it falls from the sighing trees.

It was on the 16th of May, 1690, as the sun was sinking behind the western horizon, that a warrior clad in the war dress of the Indians, was seen entering the town of Falmouth, and approaching the dwelling of one of the principal authorities of the place. The functionary noticed his approach with suspicion, and was about taking measures to arrest him, when the latter extending the palms of his hands in a token of peaceful intentions the officer went out to meet him.

"What is my brother's wish?" said the former as he approached him.

"The foe," began the warrior, "is lurking near. Many will be the graves of the pale faces ere to-morrow's sun is hid in the western sky. Thy brother hath spoken."

"A blessing on thy faithfulness, and a reward for thy fidelity," replied the magistrate, as he extended to him a considerable sum of silver.

"My brother is kind," replied the hunter, refusing to accept it, "but my reward lies here; pressing his hand upon his breast; and turning, he retraced his steps.

The intelligence communicated by the Indian spread with the rapidity of lightning. Families from every part of the town were seen, abandoning their homes, and moving into Fort Loyal for greater security. But some resolved to wait until the next morning, and among these was Mr. Willman.

### CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

### THE MAIL COACHMAN.

The following is a letter from the mail coachman who drives daily from Cardiff to Swansea, Wales, to a gentleman who rode on the box of his coach to the late meeting of the British Association at Swansea. This gentleman observing that the coachman are very intelligent men, and the picture of robust health and learning from him that the circumstances under which he became a telegrapher was very interesting, begged to have an outline of them in a letter, of which the following is an abstract and which is now published with his permission.

CARDIFF, MAY 4th 1848.

DEAR SIR—A short time since you came down on the box of the London and Pembroke rail, via Gloucester, which I drive, and have driven for nearly eight years; and among other topics which our conversation then led to, was that of Temperance, and the most important one of total abstinence from all stimulating, intoxicating drinks, which you and myself agreed were not at all a requisite, for there is not one man out of every hundred who requires to take it for the sake of keeping up his strength.

Some persons may, perhaps say that with some constitutions it is requisite; but from my experience and long observation, there are but few instances where it would be absolutely, *bona fide* useful, and then to be taken most strictly, not to gratify the palate—in every sense of the word, "medicinally." I will now endeavor to convince you, (and God grant that I may be enabled to convince others) from the following narrative, that it is "quite a mistake" for men to think he requires a glass of ale, wine, or spirits of any kind while he is travelling or exposed to the inclemency of the weather. I tell him he does not require it because he is exposed to the atmosphere; I speak from experience and I think you will allow my authority to be good, and I hope of some value to the cause, when I tell you it is the result of an experience of twenty seven years of exposure to all kinds of weather; and that during that time, as a servant of the public, I have never been out of employment, one minute.

I have driven on several roads out of London and in the Provinces, but never was out of a situation; always having a coach to go to before my previous engagement terminated; during that period I have driven a distance equal to more than twenty-seven times round the earth which we inhabit, allowing the circumference of the globe to be 25,000 miles.

My present appointment is seventy four miles per day, or 27,050 miles per year; and during the last fourteen months (with the exception of my having been subpoenaed in Bristol in October last, on a trial to prove an "alibi") I have never been one day off the box of the mail, Sundays not excepted, and I have been through some very severe weather last winter yet I have never had recourse to "stimulant" of any kind showing clearly that a person in health does not require them. And it is really quite astonishing what a very little we do require, only the "mind" cannot be brought to think so with all people; for instance, from the amount of exposure to which I am subject, a person would fancy he ought, previous to starting lay in a good "foundation." It is a mistake, the majority eat and drink too much. Now I will tell you my habit for the last fourteen months, and their results.

I rise regularly without being called, about six A. M., and immediately have a cold bath, dress read for three quarters of an hour, and pray; breakfast which consists of a small basin of bread and milk; am at my duties (the coach office) at eight o'clock; go seventy miles (all weather) without taking anything whatever; return to my home at 5 o'clock P. M. At half past 5 o'clock, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, I partake of meat for dinner, (roast or boiled mutton), potatoes, and bread, and about half a glass of water, (always leaving off when I could eat half as much again); and in the evening of these days, at nine o'clock, I take a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and

Sundays, I do not eat meat, but take tea and dry toast for my dinner; and on those evenings at nine o'clock, I have a glass of water and a slice of bread and butter; read every evening and go to bed very regularly at ten o'clock. The result of such extreme regularity of diet, habits, and rest, I find to be most conducive to my health, and I have no doubt it would be to others.

Very faithfully,  
Your ob'dt servant,  
JOHN PROBERT.

NEVER GET ANGRY.—It does no good.—Some sins have a seeming compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort, but anger has none. A man feels no better for it. It is really a torment, and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool.

And he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured, churlish man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbor, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in nearly the same state of mind as if they were living next door to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal.

And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything goes "by contraries?" Will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the ground more productive, the markets more favorable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? If men, animals, or senseless matter cause trouble, will getting "mad" help matters?—make men more subservient, brutes more docile, wood and stone more tractable?

An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a firebrand, and it is a wonder if he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. Without much sensibility and often bereft of reason, he speaketh like the piercing of a sword, and his tongue is as an arrow shot out. He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving.

Above all, an angry temper in a professing Christian is bad to the last degree. Religion sympathizes not with it, makes it no promises, provides it no place in heaven. It belongs to the category of things sensual and devilish.

Contrast with the angry, vindictive, revengeful spirit, that of David when he says, "They rewarded me evil for good, to the spoiling of my soul; but, as for me, when they were sick my clothing was sackcloth, and I behaved myself as though he had been my friend and brother."

What a lovely temper of mind this, and what a close imitation of Christ, who, when he suffered threatened not; and of Paul, who blessed when reviled, and when defamed returned entreaty.

Since then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only "in the bosom of fools," why should it be indulged at all?—Boston Reporter.

### Original.

For the Eastern Mail.  
A YEAR AFTER THE FAIR.  
OCTOBER 10, 1847.

My Dear Sir—I was called, the morning after my arrival, by the intrusion of the confidential servant of the house, whom a slight docteur had admitted to the confidence of one of my traveling friends of the barouche, to say that a gentleman wished to speak with me, and would call again on his return from the United States. It was one of my great friends. He had, for a moment, a little air, but it was a matter of business, and was to be got through with. The diamond chamber at the C. H. could be secured for four: my friends were but three, and would prefer a gentleman, with whom they had been so happy as to make a slight acquaintance, to an entire stranger, or such old friend, (here my companion's natural manliness returned,) as fortune might thrust upon them.

I should be too happy, but—

It was of no use to express the qualification: my friend would satisfy the keeper, at least as to delay, and my fourth of the diamond chamber should be secured to me.

Happy I, to have met with friends at once so influential and so condescending, never suspecting myself to be one of them. There is the diamond chamber, the heart and the club and the spade, at the C. H., all held sacred amongst the masonry of our money-spenders, but he that has gone to the privileges of the first and second, need never inquire as to the light forsaken luxuries of the rest. The heart is offered to men who have a certain delicacy, a certain something, which publicans even in early life understand, a look of newness and nuptiality, and the sum of the arrangement is that it is to be paid for, a thing which a bride seldom thinks to inquire about. The diamond is an honest affair, and is taken by companies similar to ours, when the comforts and seclusion of a suit of rooms are desired; in the use of a parlor, at the corners of which are four dormitories, all but one with a window to the air.

It was this which satisfied my great friend to report my conditional enlistment, rather than to present me in person as a recruit, for had I been in company, I might reasonably, as a stranger, have expected light enough to have been being still to come, the old rule of the same naturally prevailed, that the sufferers were light enough for duty. However this might be, the difference is but little, except at evening for the sake of air, as every where at a watering place the dormitories crowd a single man in his bed, and sunshine is too little admitted through the ridge of a curtain of red.

My conditional acceptance had drawn me therefore upon the old centre of fashionable enjoyment at the C. H., a flavor of which, I confess, yet lingered in my imagination, to give

it a preference over its more current rivals of the sisters three. To me, they were the most invited out, but the Congress were the prettiest slipper, but little played at the toe. The home of the stranger, is conversely the stranger's home, in the attentions of which the feeling of absence finds a harmony, and the mind's tone of susceptibility to new impressions is soothed rather than broken. Otherwise, the dissonance of strange enjoyments becomes an excitement, and a variety of feeling is seen, yet more animated than that which is concerned in the sentiment of novelty. Numbers were already active in expectation of the succeeding week, and this three days in advance of the Fair. The bustle was the greater, as it was the last of the season's harvest, to make the most of a good thing on the part of citizens and the country, and with so little reference to the purposes of the occasion, that there was a manifest danger that these might be forgotten, yet perhaps a year after. The Sentinel had gone to press in an Extra. Reporters were arriving by the cars. Occasionally the melancholy note of a wheezing animal was heard in the street, and a rush followed to the doors and windows to see the appropriate hero of the day, some hard-traveled wanderer of a distant County, which had been but little known at home, which its owner intended to indulge in a day or two for recruiting, as if Taylor, the new Attila, or Scott, the hero of Saratoga and Chippewa both, had been passing with his suite. The harmonies of my stopping place were quite alive—the frequent arrival, the loud salutation, the native air were increasing, and left but little space for hesitation as to the alternative of comforts, which the fortunate stars had left me. The confidential servant betrayed no surprise, while receiving an additional docteur, to be told to deliver the gentleman's baggage, to the Porter of the C. H. "All right, sir!" and he is off with the busy and mincing step that becomes his office.

The ancient lights of the enviable diamond chamber look upon the culminating point of the gay resort, where now lies the jelly of its meteoric life, by this date time enough—the half temple of the Congress Spring, the bottle water house at the left, the walks which lead to thirty heights at so moderate an elevation, the grove of the circular railway;—except its occupants, now easy in their seats, look rather upon the books in their hands, upon the wall brushed backs, that, distended upon complacent legs, stretch themselves luxuriously along the crimson sofas, in that sense of indulgence which gentlemen only spare to their legs, when traveling without female company; upon the dressing glass, which returns through its mist that has gathered upon it, a complexion which has more than gained in dignity what it has lost in youth; upon the fresh pall of Congress water just planted upon the marble centre-table, with its irregular "satellites" of half-sized tumblers about it; upon a chestnut spaniel, with white eyes, which one of my great friends has already purchased at "the Fair," and is training upon soda biscuit; upon the chamber boy thirty years complete and pale Irish at that, the only pretence of a maid we are likely to see in the diamond chamber, for love or money, and he under lessons from the Governor lest his napkins be not only warm but damp, and his sheets to match. No more!

I was in season, and more. My friends had prepared, and were appetizing for dinner, but I had time to overtake them at that. They were all notable from about the capital of a neighboring State. One had passed not unacceptably as Governor at home, and passed the better for this quondam favor of politicians when abroad. Another was a gentleman of high life in the country, though whether that dignity shall have sprung from blood or natural temperament, easiness of temper or of circumstances, it is hard to tell, though itself is unequivocal. The other was a State official, and, having a frank, military air, intimated a shrewd suspicion that I was a certain learned Professor, which, upon denial, they were simultaneously ready to swear to, and a Professor I became; without an equal degree of profane-ness, it was impossible to swear the contrary; though from another State and sphere than my anti-type, similar in figure, from a place the name of which my military friend admired.

They were sound men by daylight, that suffered nothing from the preparations of the toilette, but put on cleanliness rather than dandyism, retaining the color, stoutness and decision of real men. The gentleman was not an exception, though paler, with clear blue eyes, clean, dark beard, fine lips, tall, the look of a man that has daughters. The Major was an auditor of State at the least, an amateur agriculturist, and not without bank stock, the breed of brooders. The Governor had his faults and his influence, not a cradle in his house, but a bread tray, and a larch string always out. All were boots, and in exterior positions at Fairs, or at Railroad conventions, except the gentleman, might smoke cigars, and all, after the exchange of salutations, looked tenderly at me, sympathetically, as I dove into my apellon, my bed-room in the shade. The Major had been a border war's Captain on the frontier, the war of our neighbors, and felicitated us that we were of one tent, while the gentleman blessed himself that the crisis was so near, that would dissipate the encampment and close the campaign.

The dinner hour stays upon its price, a moment for the favored; at least there is a warning of the clock before it strikes, to the initial



ated. When others steal to the purlieus of the dining-room, or smuggle themselves into the mixed society of the parlor, the Ganymede of the diamond chamber intimates to its quiet inmates the moment, and we descend and cool our whiskers in the first fresh breeze of the great saloon, like the heads of a new dynasty, from some Republican Valpalla, descended by right divine. An invalid lady with a veteran gentleman were cotemporary with us, then a belle with a fat mother, positively fragrant enough, by special precedence leads in the 'parlor host,' hastening moderately behind, then a thumping crowd of gentlemen, an indiscriminate herd, follows thronging from the hall, to the symphony of the big bell, which rings alone, almost superfluously, to that extreme synonyme of misery, he who is late to dinner;—while within, scops, servants, fans and cellophane, viands and people seem to be competing in the universal steam.

Before dinner is over the livery establishments of Saratoga are on foot; the four private carriages, with coachmen, and footmen in great coats, are drawn up in the street. This was the last day of grace; the next week would be one of doom to fashion; the last on which the showers off would not be overwhelmed in the crowd, and was seized by its flying locks accordingly. Never had fares been so plentiful or so free; the political grand condescended to ride, at least the younger members of their families, the fashionable great, and the mere visitor, the great pro tempore, was particularly about his team. They are off to the Lake, my great friends not with them, but towards evening, in a barouche, the glassiest of its class, they took me the beautiful drive to the ten springs, and back in the golden glow of an autumnal sunset.

Ever yours,

#### HEALTHY & EASY TO TAKE.

**BEGIN RIGHT.**—Are you just stepping on the threshold of life? Secure a good moral character. Without virtue you cannot be respected; without integrity you can never arise to distinction and honor. You are poor, perhaps. No matter; poverty is often a blessing than a curse. Look at the young man who is heir to half a million. What is his standing? Of what use is he to the world? You must make yourself.

A Roman captain, having gone over to the camp of Pompey from that of Caesar, declared to Cicero that he had come off so hurriedly that he had not even thought of bringing his horse with him. "You have provided," replies Cicero, "much better for your horse's safety than for your own." After the defeat (thus foreseen) of Pompey on the plains of Pharsalia, the captain Nonius said to Cicero, "Be of good heart; we have yet left seven eagles." "An excellent thing, if we had to fight with jays," replied the orator.

**THE ANGLO-SAXONS.**—The Americans are Englishmen exaggerated, if any thing, as regards enterprise. This is not to be wondered at, as they have, as a people, more incentives than we have, to enterprise. Of this we may rest assured, that the most will be made of the resources and advantages at their disposal.—This is all that has made us great. We turned our coal and our iron, and our other resources, to account, and the world has by turns wondered at and envied the result. The American stock of coal and of iron is more than twenty times as great as that of all Europe. Their other resources are in the same proportion, as compared with ours. And if our resources, turned to a good account, have made what we are, what will be the fabric of material greatness, which will yet spring from the ample development of resources thirty times as great? If the industry of from twenty to thirty millions of people, with limited means, has raised England to her present pinnacle of greatness and glory, what will the industry of 150,000,000 yet effect in America, when brought to bear on resources almost illimitable? The continent will yet be Anglo-Saxon from Panama to Hudson's Bay. What Anglo-Saxons have done, circumstances as we have been, is but a faint type of what Anglo-Saxons will yet do, working in far greater numbers, on a more favorable field of operation.—*Mackay's Travels.*

Well, Pat, Jim didn't quite kill you with that brickbat, did he?  
'No; but I wish he had.'  
'What for?'  
'So I could 'a seen him hung, the villain.'

**AN INCIDENT OF CRIME.**—We are indebted for the following statement, to an officer of our criminal police. Some time ago, a young student of good connections and liberal education was detected in the perpetration of a robbery, and from subsequent investigations, it appeared that there were several other like cases against him. He had been in the habit of visiting stores, where, under the pretence of purchasing, he filled his pockets with plunder, which he afterwards disposed of at a considerable discount to the second hand dealers, with whom our city abounds. He was arrested, and while an inquiry into the matter was going on, a merchant came to the police office and stated that he had been plundered of a number of articles; that he suspected his clerk of the robbery, and that he wished him to be arrested. From some circumstances in the case, it was thought that this robbery also might be the work of the student under arrest; and subsequent discoveries confirmed the opinion. A complaint was made in the Police Court and bail required in the sum of \$500 for the appearance of the accused at a higher Court.—There seemed to be no doubt, from the nature of the evidence, that this young man of undoubted talent, pleasing exterior and warm friends, would be condemned as a felon. But, fortunately for him, on the very day of his arrest, he became possessed of a fortune sufficiently ample for all his future wants. A lady, too, to whom he was about to be united, about the same time came into possession of considerable property. As the latter property was more available at the moment, she promptly stepped forward with the necessary amount of bail and rescued the object of her affection from his ignominious confinement. The parties left the police office and probably the city, as they were not again seen here. When the case was called in the Municipal Court, the defendant did not appear, and the bail was forfeited and paid.—*Boston Traveller.*

**NOTICE REQUESTED.**—We learn from the advertiser that the late Henry Todd, of this city, has, by his last will, after making abundant provision for his family connections, given five thousand dollars to the "Massachusetts General Hospital"—the interest of which is forever to go towards furnishing free beds (in addition to those now maintained by the noble charity)

ty)—for those whose circumstances may require them. To the "Boston Anglum and Farm School" for indigent boys, he left a legacy of three thousand dollars. To the "Boston Children's Friend Society," he gave two thousand dollars. The rest of his estate amounting, probably, to some ten thousand dollars, he bequeathed to the "Board of Education," for the benefit of the "Massachusetts Normal Schools," in which he took a deep interest.

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAY 3.

#### OUR OWN STATE.

The following article from the National Intelligencer, we take the liberty to recommend to our readers in Maine, and especially to those in other States. We are inclined to think that the resources of few States in the Union are less known and appreciated than those of our own. Even in Massachusetts, notwithstanding the labors of Mr. Horace Mann, in the line of common schools, Maine is regarded by many as a sort of Down East Texas, a land of boulders, codfish, and ice; where, except in a few towns on the coast, people live in log houses, and shiver away six months of winter in hunting bears, and spend their short summer in fishing and planting potatoes.

To a Maine man this sort of cockneyism, that so much prevails in the city of notions, is most amusing. When New England is spoken of by such they mean Massachusetts, and by Massachusetts they mean the territory that can be seen from the dome of the State House on Beacon Hill. Old Massachusetts was a rather harsh mother-in-law to us, and it was a happy day for us when we cut her apron strings and set up for ourselves. Since then we have grown with great rapidity. We have been so constantly engaged in our own business, that we have had no time to blow our own trumpet. Our newspapers and lecturers are not continually telling the world how rich, how intelligent, and how moral we are. We are willing to build our ships, catch our fish, cut our lumber, and take care of our schools and churches—utterly careless of the good or bad opinion of anybody. We are satisfied when we know that our soil is not inferior, taken as a whole, for farming purposes, to that of any State in New England; that we have the smartest sailors and the most of them, and build the most ships and the best ones, of any State in the Union. We are satisfied when we know that we have a population, that for intelligence, thrift, tact, and general power to go ahead, are equal to any people on the earth, and that we have room enough for them to grow and thrive in.

Besides, our growth has been a steady and healthy one; business has not been forced by any hot bed processes, and we trade on our own capital; and this capital is distributed among all classes of our people—not accumulated in the hands of a few, or in one large city. Years ago, much was said about the evils of speculation in eastern lands, but the effect on Maine herself was but slight. If dry goods dealers from Washington street, and stock brokers from State street, who did not know a pine or a hemlock from a cactus, would come to Maine and buy swamps and bare mountains for good timber land, we could not help it. Real timber land is as valuable now as it was then, and those who bought understandingly did not lose money.

We hear croakers sometimes asking what we shall do when our lumber fails; we answer, go to farming on a larger scale than at present, and to manufacturing; and let neighboring States bear in mind, that when we take hold of these branches in earnest, we intend to outstrip them as far as we have already in navigation and shipbuilding.

"It will be seen that Maine is taking the lead in the gigantic strides of this nation to commercial supremacy. That she is, in truth, the commercial state of this confederacy, and is at this moment furnishing these additions to our mercantile navy which are swelling it beyond all former example, and rapidly extending it to a point where it will know no rival, as it now fears no competition. It is owing to Maine, in a most remarkable degree, as the facts we are about to state will show, that the increase of our tonnage stands out in such bold relief before the world, and that our ships lie at the door of every nation and people, all over the globe, ready to fetch and carry every commodity of commerce. It is owing to Maine, in an especial manner, that our commercial career bids fair to eclipse that of every nation that has existed, and makes us now amongst the cheapest and swiftest carriers on the ocean. Maine, by so many, supposed buried one half of the year in snow and the other half in fog, does to-day occupy a position more remarkable in a commercial point of view than that of any other state in this Union. And such are her resources that this position must be maintained, and become more striking and conspicuous at each successive year for a long period yet to come. She is destined to reach a commercial pre-eminence hitherto unexampled. And until in the lapse of ages, some great unforeseen revolution in commerce shall perhaps occur, she will maintain it. She leans her broad bow against the Atlantic, and through a thousand channels sends down her clear granite waters to meet and embrace its eternal surges.—Their commingled flow eddy in a thousand inviting harbors, unsurpassed in rugged beauty, in capacity, and security. These constitute her unchangeable characteristics, and point out her inevitable destiny. Her natural position and advantages are such as to make her defy competition, and to enable her to maintain against the world the appellation of THE GREAT COMMERCIAL STATE.

The Report of the Register of the Treasury, to which we have alluded, shows that the amount of tonnage built in the year ending June 30, 1848, was 318,075 tons. An inspection of the tables leads to the conclusion that upwards of a hundred thousand tons were river craft, such as steamers, sloops, flat-boats, &c.; leaving not much over 300,000 tons added to the external commerce of the country within the year. Of this Maine furnished 60,000 tons, or almost one half. Massachusetts furnished forty thousand tons and New York about as much, after deducting her contributions to the internal navigation of that state. But a more striking fact is the whole number of ships, bark-

and brigs built is 428, of which Maine furnished 248 while all other states together furnished 180. Now it will be remembered that these three classes of vessels are alone engaged in our foreign trade. Thus the important fact is disclosed that Maine contributes almost three fifths of the entire annual additions to our shipping engaged in foreign commerce, and nearly one half of all the additions to the whole external commerce of the country. We need add nothing to this statement to show that we have nothing unduly magnified the commanding position of Maine in relation to the navigation interests of the country.

The tabular statements of this document also show that the tonnage of the country now amounts to 3,154,041 tons, (of which, however, a considerable portion is engaged in her interior navigation) Massachusetts 612,570 tons, and Maine which 1830 owned less than 452,321 tons. These three states owning about one-half of all the tonnage of the country.

They also show that one single county in Maine, (Lincoln) composing not the whole of one Congressional District, owns 190,000 tons of shipping; which is with the exception of Boston more than is owned by any Congressional District in the Union; New Bedford, Philadelphia, and Baltimore not excepted.—New Orleans has a greater show of tonnage, but a very large proportion of it is river craft, and New York herself not owning so much to each representative district, when divided among her four representatives as this one county in the state of Maine.

The cause of the extraordinary pre-eminence of Maine, which we have now alluded to, is to be found, first, in her immense line of sea coast, which, measuring its indentations, is upwards of a thousand miles in extent, and penetrating throughout its whole length with a continuous succession of the very best harbor in the world. A greater number indeed, than can be found in our whole Atlantic coast beside. Secondly, in the abundant supply of various kinds of timber adapted to shipbuilding and in the vigilant enterprise of her citizens engaged in that pursuit. They have already secured by purchase large tracts of the best timber lands to be found in the state of Virginia and other Southern states, and annually make the forests echo to the sound of the Northern woodman's axe.—They cut and convey to Maine the oak and pine of these distant states, and there convert them into ships. The shipbuilders of Maine have, it has been seen, in the extent to which they have prosecuted their business, far outstripped those of Massachusetts and every other state, while some of their specimens of naval architecture are equal to any of which the world can boast. Again, this pre-eminence is to be found in a sea population, bred under a rigorous climate, whose natural home is the ocean, and who court its invigorating gales and face its tempest blasts on every sea from Hudson Bay to frigid circle of the Antarctic, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the waters which wash the coast of Oregon and China. The sea coast population of Maine are competent to the fulfillment of the highest demands of the most ambitious nation, the world ever saw.—Brave, adventurous, hardy, intelligent, and indomitable, they need but seap to achieve the highest reputation. They have their opportunity in their commanding position; and they are already found more than equal to that position. The state is the nursing mother of a people who are destined to figure in history as the shipbuilders, the navigators, and mariners of the world. The little sandy promontory called Cape Cod has a world wide reputation. It deserves its honors. But the great coast of Maine is to furnish a people who shall eclipse its highest glory.—The maritime renown of Cape Cod is but an index to that which shall yet attach to Maine. Already the footsteps of her children are on every beach and her ships on every sea. She is destined to swell our commercial marine till it shall dot the ocean with whiteness, and make the stars and stripes the most familiar flag which floats at the mast-head in the most distant regions of the earth. We hail, then, the rising star in the East!—*The Great Commercial State.*

[For the Eastern Mail.]

#### COCHITUATE SPRINKLINGS.—No. 2.

BY DOCK WATTS.

You will remember, friend Maxham, the anecdote of a philosophical chap, who was once caught with a stage load of passengers in a snow storm at some village 'way down east.' The stage being unable to proceed, he located himself for the night with the rest of the passengers at the Inn, and while others were growing forth their discontent, he quietly inquired of the landlord how many inhabitants the town contained. 'About fifteen hundred,' was the reply. 'Well, all I have to say, is that you have more snow in proportion to your population, than any other town in the State of Maine.'

When I read in last week's Mail, of five or six steamboats making Waterville their headquarters, I said to myself, within myself, 'as Mr. Pillsbury hath it, you have more steamboats in proportion to your population than any other town in the State of Maine.'

Seriously, I am gratified to hear of these evidences of your prosperity, and my ideas of Waterville have become considerably enlarged. When California gold comes here in heaps, I shall endeavor to borrow a scale; or two, and take a trip up the Kennebec to the head of navigation. I learn that the Kennebec and Androscoggin Railroad will soon be completed, and from the signs above mentioned I have no doubt it will prove a capital investment.

In allusion to railroads, permit me to call the attention of your readers to a new plan for building a railroad from St. Louis to San Francisco, which has lately been proposed by P. P. F. Degrand, Esq., of this city. He proposes that a company shall be chartered by Government, with a capital of \$100,000,000; that two millions shall be paid in by private subscription, and that the company shall have the right to borrow of the United States six per cent. stock payable in London, to an amount necessary to complete the road, not exceeding \$98,000,000; also, that a strip of land ten miles in width, north of the track, shall be given to the company, with the privilege of taking from the public lands gravel, stone, &c., for the building of the road. All the materials and furniture of the road are to be of American manufacture, exclusively; and the road is to be built in sections, commencing in those parts of the route where the physical obstacles are less, and connecting temporarily by plank roads or something of that description. The United States, if considered desirable, is to be secured for the loan of its stock, by mortgage

of the road and its appurtenances.

The contemplation of a scheme so gigantic, in which Government is to aid so powerfully by the loan of its stock, will startle the superficial observer; but a little reflection will be likely to convince any one that the adoption of this plan will secure the completion of the all important enterprise in the shortest time possible.

In proposing a loan of Government stock, the company will only ask a loan of its credit—the stock being payable some years hence in London. The effect of this will be that the road will be constructed by European capital, which would flow into the country in payment for the stock. The payment of the loan can be provided for (as in the case of the Western Railroad, in this State) by a sinking fund, which would rapidly accumulate from the immense business of the road.

The Whitney project is considered defective, inasmuch as a section of his road must first be built to sell the land, and the land must be sold before another section can be added; thus extending the period of completion to an indefinite time.

The plan of Mr. Benton, introduced into Congress last winter, approaches more nearly that of Mr. Degrand's, but it is objectionable because it depends upon the yearly action of Congress to make appropriations—a method which experience has proved would subject the enterprise to innumerable delays.

I shall send you soon a pamphlet copy of this plan, and I trust you will lay it before your readers, to whom I recommend its attentive perusal. Mr. Degrand, the author of this plan, is a gentleman of great intelligence and comprehensive mind, and from long experience in railroad matters is admirably qualified to put the cars in motion for San Francisco.—From his unflinching, active support of the road between this city and Albany, which but for his agency would not perhaps have been completed to this day, he is not inaptly styled the 'father of the Western Railroad,' and it will not be surprising if, by the consummation of his plan, he adds to his children the 'San Francisco Railroad.' Who would not be a father, with such links of affection and interest?

Money matters are much easier in Boston, and the arrival of half a million of specie in the Europa creates general satisfaction, and gives the business community confidence in the future. Trade is very dull for the season, and much disappointment prevails on this account, as the Spring opened favorably and promised well. Domestic goods do not command so high prices as at the commencement of the season, and unless a brisk trade or export demand takes place during the remainder of this month and May, the chances are that some further decline will occur.

My purpose, at the commencement of this lot of 'sprinklings,' was to deal a little in light wares; but the cars carried me off the track, and it is too late to reverse the engine.

Good bye, then, friend Maxham, until my next, and permit me to wish you and your 'idols,' all sorts of happiness and plenty of good potatoes.

Boston, April 23, 1849.

**FANCY PAINTING.**—Nature has always been more or less outraged by the pencil and the brush, from the first attempt of Eve to improve her fading beauty with the juice of Eden's strawberries, even down to the days of Daguerre and Sartain. Nevertheless, Mr. Dore is giving our citizens some very good specimens of GRAINING. For common work, at common prices, we have seen nothing better. The oak panels in the Vermont State House are not an exception for the prices paid for a single one of them would compensate Mr. D. for converting a hundred feet of pine into a fair sample of oak or mahogany. Those were paid for by the people. But we speak of cases where individuals pay out of their own pockets—and such individuals would do well to examine specimens of Mr. D's work, which are rapidly multiplying in our village.

Among the various indications of thrift in our village, is one that has already attracted the attention of the ladies to a very great extent. In the line of rich Dry and Dress Goods, Mr. CHASE, opposite Elden's, gives evidence of a 'knack' and taste that will find their reward in the proprietor's pocket, if not in the improved appearance of his customers. See his advertisement in another column, and then go and see his goods—which last we are sure must please the ladies.

**NEW BOOKS.**—We learn that Rev. H. B. Magalhães, late principal of the Liberal Institute in this place, is about to publish two works on elocution, designed for the use of common schools. The first is entitled 'The National Speaker,' containing an Elocutionary Analysis, exhibiting a clear explanation of principles, with rules for each element of oral expression, fully illustrated and practically applied in a systematic course of exercises; and a variety of Lessons, original and selected, in prose, poetry, and dialogue, for declamation and occasional reading.' This will be a work of between three and four hundred pages. The other is an easy text book of elocution, designed for the use of common schools and younger classes in academies, and will be so comprehensive as to be afforded at a low price. We wish him success in his first contribution to a labor of which the wise man predicted there would be no end. We doubt not we shall be able to commend the work, as the author is familiar with the wants of the class for whom they are designed.

**A PHILANTHROPIST IN MAINE.**—We have never stopped at Blossom's, in Mr. Vernon, for the good reason that we were never in that town; and right glad are we to have so good an apology to offer. Mr. Vernon is a rare place, and Mr. Blossom is a rare man; and every generous fellow ought to be able to affirm it from actual observation. In this we are de-

ficient, but are amply ready to assert it, as Falsstaff did the royalty of Hal, upon instinct. It is enough for us to know that the waters of Mt. Vernon have produced a trout of twenty-four pounds weight; but when we are allowed to add to this an invitation from Mr. Blossom to go and dine upon such a trout—to eat, and eat, and eat, as long as twenty-four pounds of trout can bear to be eaten—it is too much to think of! Mr. Blossom is the only true philanthropist we have found in Maine, and we predict that we shall be found worthy to eat at his table.

**MODEL PEDESTRIAN.**—Bullock, a heavy, corpulent man, weighing eighteen stone, on one occasion offered to beat a hundred guineas with Lord Barrymore, that he would beat him walking a hundred yards, provided he could have thirty-five yards the start, and choose his own ground. To this my lord immediately consented, and staked the money; and so confident was he of success, that he notified all his friends of the race, and large bets were offered by them in his favor, which Bullock and his friends were no way slow to take. For the ground, Bullock had fixed on one of those narrow alleys (with only room for one person to walk, a high wall on each side), well known at Brighton as the East side of the town; and as the previous wager was specified and witnessed on paper, no objection could possibly be made. At starting, each party took his place, Bullock thirty-five yards in advance, and the Lord Barrymore soon got close to him, the other by his contrivance, his breadth of shoulders, his arms extended, and being the most powerful, kept the other behind; and laughing at his ease, took his time to win, to the annoyance of the many who lost their money.

**WEAVING RIBBONS.**—Eight ribbons are generally wove at once in a loom something like our coach lace looms. In those countries like England where a great deal of ribbon weaving is carried on, the looms have eight shuttles, one to each ribbon, and they are worked as though they were but one shuttle. They weave very fast. In Switzerland there is considerable business done in the ribbon line, mostly by females, who spend part of their time in the fields and part in guiding the spindle and directing the shuttle.

**A STRANGE CARRIAGE.**—A New Carriage has recently appeared on the State Road, in Ohio, between Canal Dovers, and New Philadelphia, which is a novelty undoubtedly. The vehicle consists of a large, hollow, wooden wheel, fourteen feet in diameter and six feet wide. The horses are placed inside, and propel it along in the same manner that a caged squirrel makes its wheel to revolve. Slats are nailed on the inside floor of the wheel, by which the horses obtain foothold. In the centre is a small iron shaft, from which depend hangers which support four comfortable sofas for passengers; the wheel thus revolves freely, the seats remaining in equilibrium.—*Scientific American.*

**NEW MODE OF WASHING.**—A Mr. Tibbets advertises in the Motile papers that he has made a discovery of a chemical nature, by which a large washing of clothes, say five hundred pieces—may be done by one person in twenty five minutes, without any machine or any rubbing, and without any injury to the clothes. The Editor of the Register says, that the experiment was tested at the American hotel in that city; in the presence of a number of persons, and with the most complete success; and adds, that a knowledge of the ingredients employed in preparing the water, enables him to say that their use can work not the slightest injury to the clothing. [Who believes it?]

On Tuesday, 17th, a sail boat at anchor on Nantasket beach, was boarded, and in the cabin, which was closely fastened, two dead bodies were found. The persons were ascertained to be Joseph Butler and Patrick Durent, the former a native of Newfoundland, the latter of Ireland. Both were young men and residing in Boston. They started from South Boston on Monday, on a fishing excursion. It is supposed that they were obliged to come to anchor in consequence of the severity of the gale; that they lit a fire in the furnace of charcoal, and closed the hatchway so closely that it was with difficulty that those who found the boat could raise it. There is no doubt that they were both smothered to death, and a verdict was so returned by the jury.

**WARNING TO SMOKERS.**—A singular case of asphyxia is related in one of the late French journals. A youth of the name of Lemoine paid a visit to his uncle, who is a farm laborer in the neighborhood of Havre. The man occupied a small and ill ventilated apartment, the nephew, at eight o'clock in the evening, went to bed in the room. Soon after the uncle and two companions entered the room, and all fell to smoking. The youth was asleep. At midnight the visitors withdrew, and the uncle went to bed. Laying his hand upon his nephew, he found him unaccountably cold, and endeavored to awake him but without effect. Help was called; some faint indications of life appeared, and a physician directed operations for the recovery of the patient. A post mortem examination was made, and the physician pronounced that he had died of congestion of the brain, caused by the respiration of tobacco smoke during sleep.

The Department of State has received official notice of the death of Wm. L. Fulton at Hobart Town, on the 8th of July. He is reported to have been a married man, with 2 children—the son of a clergyman. He left America in a whaler, name not known; the captain's name said to have been Wicks or Weeks, of Geography bay. The ship belonged to N. Bedford. He is stated to have been of language and appearance indicating that he 'had seen better days.' His father is supposed to have been a resident of Maine.

In Berlin a girl twelve years of age, claims to have the gift of curing diseases. An angel sits by her side and tells her what to prescribe for the sick. The specific is prayer. Thousands go to her for relief, and she appears at the door and says to them 'Es wird Euch allen geholfen werden.'—You will all be cured.

Estlin S. Blaisdell, who poisoned a family at New Boston, N. H., has been sentenced to be hanged on the 30th of August next. She pleaded guilty to the charge.

**ETHER WAY.**—Will you pay me my bill, sir? said a tailor in Charles street to a vagabond fellow, who had got into him about a feet. 'Do you owe anybody anything, sir?' asked the vagabond. 'No, sir,' said the tailor. 'Then you can afford to wait!' and he walked off.

A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. 'Our wag was not at his wit's end yet; so turning on his creditor he says—'Are you in debt to anybody?' 'Yes, sir,' says the tailor. 'Well, why don't you pay?'

'Because, I can't get the money.'  
'That's just my case, sir; I'm glad to see you can appreciate my condition—give us your hand!'

**A SENATOR IN CONGRESS INSTRUCTED OUT OF HIS SEAT.**—Both houses of the Legislature of Wisconsin, the Senate by a vote of 10 to 6, and the House by a vote of 42 to 9, have passed the following resolutions. Mr. Walker has just been re-elected to the Senate for six years, but he took care not to vote in the manner complained of, until his re-election was secured.

**Resolved,** By the Senate and Assembly of the State of Wisconsin, That the course of the Hon. I. P. Walker, one of the Senators of this State in the Congress of the United States, in presenting and voting for an amendment to the General Appropriation bill, providing for a government in California and New Mexico, west of the Rio Grande, which did not contain a provision forever prohibiting the introduction of slavery or involuntary servitude in said territories, has violated his oft-repeated as well as his solemn written pledges given before his election, on that subject, and outraged the feelings and misrepresented those who elected him on that station, and has openly violated the instructions contained in the resolutions passed by this body on the subject of slavery, at its present session: therefore,

**Resolved,** That Mr. Walker is hereby instructed immediately to resign his seat in the United States Senate.

**Resolved,** That Hon. Henry Dodge, our other Senator, in voting against the proposition of Mr. Walker, as he did on the 20th of February last, has represented the views and wishes of his constituents on that subject, for which we express to him our most cordial approval of his course.

**Resolved,** That the Governor is requested to forward a copy of the foregoing resolutions to the President of the Senate, and to each of our Senators and Representatives.

**RIOT IN MONTREAL.**—The intelligence from Canada, for the last three months, has authorized us to expect that the questions which agitate the public councils there, and divide the two races that compose the population, would not be adjusted till a startling outbreak of the mob spirit should manifest the necessity of measures of conciliation. We were not prepared, however, for such a scene as has occurred.

**MONTREAL, April 26th.**—The Governor General came down to the Legislative chamber yesterday, and gave the royal assent to the bill authorizing the payment of the indemnity for losses sustained during the rebellion. On leaving Parliament House he was pelted by the mob, who were chiefly Orangemen, and forced to retire to his residence in the city.

In the evening, the Assembly being in session, a shout from the outside gave intimation of a riot. The windows of the Parliament buildings were broken in, and Legislators compelled to retreat. Whole volleys of stones were thrown in at the windows. When the mob took possession, the members retreated to the Library, and behind the Speaker's chair. The rioters carried off the mace, broke down the gas lights; one took possession of the Speaker's chair; another mattered something about dissolving Parliament, and the rest were engaged in breaking down benches and destroying furniture. Having demolished the interior of the building, it was fired from the McGill street side, and in a short time became a mass of ruins, with the valuable Library and Legislative records. Other houses adjacent were also burnt. Sergeant-at-Arms Chisholm was struck at with clubs.

Sir Allan McNab, Colonel Gully, Messrs. Robinson, Badgley, and Stevenson, were the last in the House, and tried to save some of the books, but could not.

Hon. Geo. Moffat, Chairman of the British League, and many others, are under arrest on charges of high treason. The Parliament House was in the heart of the city, in which are barracks containing several regiments of regulars. This morning all is quiet.

**CANADIAN TROUBLES.**—The Boston Traveller of the 28th says—

It seems that the Governor General, Lord Elgin, came into town and gave his sanction to the Rebellion Losses Bill, on the afternoon of the 25th. As soon as this was rumored abroad, an excited mob gathered around the Parliament House, and when his Excellency made his appearance, greeted him with groans, hisses, dirt, eggs, &c., one of the eggs hitting him in the face. The Governor nevertheless passed on without material difficulty to his residence, some four miles from Montreal; and there remained, until recalled by a message from the city.

The peace being once broken, means were adopted to excite still further the public passions; and a mass meeting was called in the Champ de Mars, at 8 o'clock in the evening. A large number of persons assembled at the appointed time and place, and after being harangued by excited speakers, the cry was raised, 'To the Parliament Houses!' where the Legislature was in session. An immediate rush was made in that direction, and the work of stoning and breaking the windows, destroying the furniture and firing the buildings, was begun and ended without opposition from any quarter.

What is unaccountable about this business is, that all these movements should have been suffered to take place, without any interference on the part of the military or even the police. But so it seems to have been. It does not appear that the garrison were called out until the mischief was all done; and even then they are represented to have been idle spectators of the scene.

But, it must be remembered, this is a Tory rebellion. It is an ebullition of that deep-seated hatred—almost innate and intuitive—which the English cherish towards the French; and the troops with their officers being English, there might be no disposition to interfere, unless required to do so by the most unquestionable authority and necessity.

**FROM THE ISTHMIAN.**—Mr. G. A. Rhodes, who left this city on the 5th of Feb. for California, via the isthmus, returned in the Falcon, leaving Chicago on the 1st of April and arriving at N. York on the 15th. Mr. Rhodes and his party went on as far as Gorgona, 42 miles from Chagres, and there remained while a delegation went forward to Panama to see what chance there was for passages to California.—The delegation returned, and reported that there had been a meeting of those waiting at Panama for passage to San Francisco, and that about 1,200 persons had enrolled their names as such; and of these, two hundred persons had exhausted their funds, and were unable to go or return home. This meeting was held on the 10th of March, and many of those who attended it had January tickets, which they took at New York; but it was thought that there was no chance of getting through until May, if even then.

Mr. Rhodes, like nearly every other visitor of the isthmus, speaks in terms of open condemnation of the conduct of the American Consul at Panama. His great object seems to be to fill



his own pockets at the expense and inconvenience of those whom he is appointed to assist and protect. He is accused of boarding vessels bound up the coast and buying up the boats at moderate rates and retailing them out at enormous profits. Mr. Rhodes anticipates that dreadful suffering and crime will follow the extreme destitution to which hundreds of emigrants will be reduced while waiting at Panama for conveyance to San Francisco.

**REBELLIOUS HENS.**—A neighbor of our State says that hog's lard is the best thing he can find to mix with the dough he gives to his hens. He says that one cut of this fat as large as a walnut, will set a hen to laying immediately after she had been broken up from setting, and thus his hens lay through the whole winter.—*Poughkeepsie American.*

**ARRIVAL OF SPECIE AT NEW YORK.**—The New York Evening Post says that upwards of \$1,000,000 have arrived in that city within the past week, and good paper, which sold for 1.1 to 1.2 per cent, now sells for 10 per cent premium.

A work on the 'History of the Precious Metals,' recently published in Hartford, Conn., says the value of the silver (caspoons) in the United States is estimated at \$36,000,000; of silver table-spoons \$27,000,000; of silver forks \$4,500,000; and of plate and dining service, \$5,500,000.

A Mr. John Welsh, near Spring Mill, Richmond Co., Ohio, has been arrested on suspicion of knocking his wife on the head, and then throwing her into a well. He has been committed to jail.

**EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERATION.**—We learn from the News that Dr. Warren, of this city, recently took from the stomach of an Irish girl at the Massachusetts General Hospital, by means of an incision, a tape worm forty one foot and eleven inches in length! The operation was performed while the sufferer was under the influence of ether. She observed, on coming to her senses, 'Oh! I have had a pleasant dream, and feel relieved!' The wound was dressed with care, and she has scarcely complained of pain since the operation. This, we are told, is the only case on record where the tape worm has been literally cut from the human stomach.—*[Boston Journal.]*

A canal boat was recently washed into the lake at Cleveland, Ohio, during the night, with but one man on board; he, like an old salt, split all the lines on board, attached them to the cooking stove, threw it overboard as an anchor, and rode the waves of the lake safely until assistance was furnished him on the next morning.

A letter from Rio de Janeiro of the 13th of March states that a whaler had arrived there from California, bringing extravagant reports respecting the abundance of gold, and that one of the passengers had 40,000 dollars' worth of the "dust."

**CHILD POISONED WITH TOBACCO.**—Last Saturday week Patrick Ryan, living in Green street, Fall River, had a little boy, two years old last month, remarkable for his size, beauty, and intelligence. He was the picture of health, but had been rather uneasy for a night or two previous, which was attributed by his parents to worms. The father stated the case Saturday forenoon to a man named Waite, who he believed worked in the same machine shop with himself. This Waite has for some time past been pretending to be a doctor, and in the habit of prescribing whenever he got a chance. He readily told the father that he could cure the child at once. He directed him to put some tobacco into some warm water at noon, and let it steep till night. He directed how much—half a hand—which was steeped in a coffee cup full of water. In the evening, Waite attended to administer the injection himself. The moment the injection was given, the child exclaimed, 'it is hot,' and immediately became pale, gasped a few times, and it was dead. So instantly was it, as the mother described it, that when he administered the injection, 'it blew the breath out of him.' So deadly poisonous is tobacco, and so fatal are the consequences of ignorance.—*[Fall River News.]*

**LUDICROUS AFFAIR.**—In our paper of yesterday quite a funny typographical error occurred. Camp intended advertising 'Panama Hats,' but the printer made it 'Panama Rats'! This mistake led to a queer transaction. Mr. A. Burnett, who has a proclivity to natural history, and keeps 'collections' of every thing from pickled elephants down to spiced pole cats, inclusive, addressed a note to Mr. Camp, inquiring the price of a pair of those rare animals, and desiring him to send up a couple of healthy ones.—*[Cin. Com.]*

A Philadelphia Quaker confectioner recently visited upon Gen. Taylor with a present of candies and remarked—  
"I did not come here, friend Taylor, to bore thee for office for myself or friends."  
"Then sir," replied the General, "I hope you will spend a week with us."

**WHY YOU CAN'T GO TO CALIFORNIA IN A BALLOON.**—Professor Mapes has been lecturing before the Jersey City folks, explaining why the air line to California cannot succeed. The reason consists in the nature of hydrogen gas, which is a fluid so subtle, that no substance except a vitrified surface, has yet been found capable of confining it. Thus hydrogen makes its way through the walls of a house as easily as if nothing intervened. This process of the escape of the gas goes on at a rapid rate, even while the balloon is floating with the wind; but, if you oppose the motion of the balloon to the direction of the wind, the escape of the gas becomes accelerated from the increased pressure. This is a formidable difficulty to steering the balloon.

**HOME MARKETS, THE FOREIGN.**—According to the report (1898) of the Commissioner of Patents fifteen articles of the produce of the soil are valued at about nine hundred millions of dollars—the five leading articles, viz, corn, wheat, hay, cotton, and oats, estimated at about seven hundred and fifty millions—and, if you correct the value of all the crops reaching the large sum of eleven hundred and twenty millions of dollars, but guard against errors, we will say ten hundred millions of dollars. And now let us see how these immense products are disposed of. In the reports which emanated from the Treasury Department for some years past a great parade was made about the importance of the foreign market, but every man of business knew that our exports did not generally exceed ten per cent. of the value of our products, and that during the famine year in Ireland our exports were only about 15 per cent. of our products. It would appear, if the books kept at Washington tell the truth, that whilst we export one hundred millions of dollars worth of products, we consume nine hundred millions, the manufacturers taking a large portion.—*[National Int.]*

**LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.**—By arrivals at Mazatlan from San Francisco, the N. Y. Herald has received dates from California to the 3d of March. It is stated that the Pacific mail, from various ports on the Pacific, had arrived at San Francisco within the week previous to March 3d. The market

was consequently overstocked with produce; every description of merchandise was a mere drug, and prices were down to New York figures.

As soon as the California arrived at San Francisco, her crew deserted and started for the mines; and serious apprehensions were entertained that she would be unable to go to sea again for want of hands.

The gold is said to be as abundant as ever; and several new placers had been discovered. The steamer Oregon arrived at Mazatlan on the 14th of March, and proceeded on her voyage to California.

A schooner had arrived at Mazatlan, from San Francisco, with 15,000 ounces (say 200,000 dollars' worth) of gold, which had been purchased at San Francisco, at from 11 to 15 dollars the ounce.

There is a report that another placer has been discovered in California, which promises to rival in richness those of the Sacramento.

**THE TEN HOUR SYSTEM.**—The law, making ten hours of actual labor a legal day's work in this state, went into effect on Friday last. The following is a copy of the law, which we copy, that all may know its precise character:

An act regulating the hours of labor. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in Legislature assembled, as follows:—

Sec. 1. In all contracts for labor, ten hours of actual labor shall be a legal day's work and no man shall be required or held to perform more than ten hours labor in any one day, except in pursuance of an express contract requiring a greater length of time. Provided the provisions of the section shall not apply to monthly labor or agricultural employments.

Sec. 2. No minor under the age of sixteen years shall be employed in any labor for any manufacturing or other corporation for more than ten hours in any one day, and if any manufacturer or agent, or other officer of any corporation, shall employ any such minor in violation of the provisions of this section, he or they shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars; and all fines and forfeitures accruing by virtue of this act shall be paid, one half to the city, town or plantation, where the offence is committed, the other half to the person so held to labor or to their parent or guardian, on complaint to any court competent to try the case.

Sec. 3. This act shall take effect and be in force on and after the twentieth day of April, eighteen hundred and forty-nine. [Approved August 10, 1848.]

**GOODRICH'S PICTORIAL HISTORIES** of the United States; England, Ireland, and Scotland; France; Ancient and Modern Italy; Ancient and Modern Greece. New York; Huntington & Savage.

We have already commended these books to the public, and especially to the friends of common schools. The following from the Belfast Journal is to the point.

"The tendencies of the age have been rather to improvements in the physical than in the moral sciences. Invention has been on the stretch to devise improvements in the application of steam—to perfect railways—to construct telegraphs, and last, but not least, arrangements—rather than to improve the means of operating on mind, or perfecting (to use a timely simile) the machinery of education. The works enumerated above comprise five volumes, beautifully got up, for the use of schools; but their completeness renders them a far different thing from the epitomes of history that have before been introduced in schools, and a valuable addition to a library. The style of the books is simple and perspicuous; the subjects presented in short chapters directed to verses, with questions for the aid of the teacher; each chapter presenting an event or train of events, in such a manner as to arrest the mind and strongly impress the memory of the student. The author has endeavored to steer between two great faults in history—the dryness of chronology, and also that laxity in chronological outline, without which history is a maze. The greater points of history are selected, and presented in distinct order, and made interesting by descriptive detail and anecdote. When the pupil has once possessed himself of the contents of these works, he is prepared to understand any more detailed work connected with any portion of them.

We are glad to see that there is a probability of the old routine of common school studies being broken up. People are beginning to see the uselessness of scholars delving for years into the same 'things'; of making those three branches that 'Dolittle' taught—reading, writing and arithmetic—the study of half a dozen successive winters, each school beginning at a certain place in the book, going over a given portion, and the next school just the same; when, if only to vary the monotony, an amount of valuable information in history, philosophy, chemistry, or anatomy, might be obtained. We are glad to see such books as these of which we are speaking, introduced into our schools.

These books may be had, at wholesale or retail, of J. B. Shurtleff, Bottelle Block, at the publisher's lowest prices.

**DIED.**—In Unity, March 20, Benjamin F. C. Goss, youngest son of Widow Elizabeth Goss, formerly of Readfield, Me., aged 14 yrs. A few weeks previous to his death, while wasting away with the consumption, the writer had the privilege of visiting him, and was gratified to learn from him that 'he prayed to the Lord daily.' A day or two before he died, as I am informed, he experienced, in answer to prayer, the forgiveness of his sins; thus enabling him to triumph in Christ his Savior. As death approached he found him ready, resigned, and happy. May this solemn dispensation of God's providence be sanctified to the spiritual good of the afflicted mother and friends of the deceased.

**Notice.**

**Notice.**—Lost, last evening, between the brick house and barn of John Kendall, in Fairfield, two promissory notes—one for the sum of \$35.07, dated some time in April last, made payable to Thomas Sargent or order, one half in June next and one half in October next, and signed by Joseph S. Clark; the other note dated April 27th, 1849, payable to said Thomas Sargent or order, for the sum of \$12.53, payable in August next, signed by J. S. Clark. Also, one note for \$5.35, due in June next, signed by William Bodfish. Whoever will return said notes shall be suitably rewarded. All persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing said notes, as the makers have been forbidden to pay them.

**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.

**ANDROSOGGIN & 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, 1849. 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, 1849.

**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.

JOSEPH HARDISON.

Attest, ROBERT AYER.

Winslow, 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 Fireward for the ensuing year.

Art. 3d. To raise by assessment or otherwise, a sum of money to pay the expense of ringing 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. Vic. Corp.

**THIRDE-WEEKLY AGE.**—The subscriber will publish a Thrice-Weekly Age, during the session of the Legislature 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 Bottelle 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 first hand, as the cheapest and greatest place in the Union. It is also unrivaled for every variety of Furnishing Goods for Travelers, and Gentlemen who stay at home, Boys' Clothing, &c., &c. See advertisement.

**CONSUMPTION PREVENTED.**  
That consumption, when once firmly fixed and seated can be cured, we much doubt; but that 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 what was at first only troublesome and annoying, at last becomes a permanent and fatal ailment.

For incipient consumption, we know of no better remedy than WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY. 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. It is a powerful expectorant, and it is now in the enjoyment of comparative good health.—*[New England Westerner, Boston, November, 1847.]*

Those in 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.

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

**NOTICE.**—Dr. POLARD, who has been a great sufferer, for over 25 years, from the Piles, Cancer, and from Outcaneous diseases—will, by request, be in Hartford at the Avon House from April 23rd, until Monday 30th, and at Skowhegan until May 12th, and at Waterville from June 2d until June 17th; in the intermediate time he can be seen at his residence on Spring street, Bangor, where he will be happy to wait on all who wish to examine or purchase his medicines, which are now gaining a wide spread celebrity in this State. Advice free to all. Persons suffering 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 which human flesh is heir to; but so far as my own personal experience and the benefit that thousands of others have received from the use of my medicines, I do not hesitate to recommend them to all who are suffering from the most distressing and hitherto incurable complaint. There are many, no doubt, who have suffered throughout their whole lives (especially of the female sex) with troubles, which, if made known in season, could easily have been cured.

**ANY QUANTITY** of Trunks, Valises and Carpet Bags for sale at **C. R. PHILLIPS**, 11 Ticonic Row, by

**ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.**—By virtue of a decree of Hon. D. Williams, Judge of Probate in and for the county of Kennebec, I will sell at auction or private sale on Wednesday, May 9th, at 10 A. M., at the dwelling house of James Gray, in Waterville, the personal property of Mrs. Abigail Gray, late of Waterville, consisting of sundry articles of household furniture.

Waterville, April 24th, 1849.

**FREEDOM NOTICE.**—Notice is hereby given, that I have this day given to my son, Granville W. Beal, his time to act and trade for himself, and shall claim none of his earnings and pay no debts of his contracting after this date.

SAMUEL M. BEAL.

Attest: JOSEPH BUZZELL, Clerk.

Canaan, April 26, 1849. 5w41

**MARKETS.**  
**WATERVILLE PRICES.**  
Flour, bbl \$6.00 a 7.25; Corn, bush, 75 a 80 c. Rye, 61 1/2; Wheat, 61 1/2; Oats, 30 c. Butter, lb, 17 a 20 c. Cheese, 10 a 12 c. Eggs, doz, 10 a 12 c. Pork, round hog, 7 to 8; Salt, fine, 40 c. Rock, 30; Codfish, 3 to 4; Molasses, 28 to 30.

**BOSTON MARKET.**  
SATURDAY, Apr 28.  
Flour—Gen 5 75, Michigan 5 75 a 5 87 per bbl. Ohio and St. Louis, 5 37 a 5 50.  
Grain—Sales Southern white Corn 50 a 60 cents, and yellow 40 a 45 c. per bushel. Oats scarce and in brisk demand; North River 40.

**BRIGHTON MARKET.**  
THURSDAY, Apr 26.  
At market 500 Beef Cattle, about 1000 Sheep and 800 Hogs.  
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 87 to 115.  
Cows and Calves.—A very few in market 23 to 38.  
Sheep—Sales from 2 00 a 3 50.  
Swine—Wholesale 4 for Sows, 5 1-2 for Barrows; Retail 5 a 5 1-2.

**Advertisements.**  
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