



5-10-1849

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 42): May 10, 1849

Ephraim Maxham

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 42): May 10, 1849" (1849). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 93.

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II....NO. 42.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1849.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

An Original Tale.

IDA HILLMAN: A TALE OF FORMER YEARS.

Written for the 'Eastern Mail' by Mustapha.

CHAPTER VI.

Have you thought of the fearful debt that's due to your father, who fought and bled for you? Have you thought of the deadly Indian cry? As it rose when darkness was hovering high? Of your mother, who viewed with anguish wild the warm, meagre corpse of a butchered child? One hour before the dawn of the memorable 17th of May, a party of French and Indians might have been seen stealing along towards the town of Falmouth. They reached the village and separated into bands of three to attack each house at once and thus destroy all. But they were watched and followed by one whose heart beat not in unison with theirs. Silently he crept along in the shade of the trees and buildings, until he arrived opposite the splendid mansion of Mr. Hillman, when turning at a right angle towards it, he emerged into the moonlight, and discovered to the observer the form of the true-hearted warrior of the night previous. He planted himself in the range of Mr. Hillman's buildings, and there remained as motionless as the trees of yonder forest, his native home.

He had kept his place but a short time, when the loud and fatal war whoop rang shrilly forth on the startled air, and the work of death commenced. Three stalwart savages approached the dwelling where the warrior kept sentinel, and one stepped up to apply the torch, when the hunter slowly raised his rifle to his face and the next moment the savage was writhing in the agonies of death. Quick as thought the guard exchanged his rifle for a large unwieldy war club, rushed upon the two remaining savages, and with one sweeping blow dashed them to the ground. But a moment sufficed to dispatch them, and the warrior resumed his former position. Soon others approached, and they in turn followed their brethren to their long home.

Nearly the whole town was now wrapped in one general conflagration, and the shrieks of the dying caused even the heartless savage to shudder, but still Mr. Hillman's house remained untouched and its inmates undisturbed, when at length a large party of Indians directed their steps towards it and attempted to force the door. But the shrill crack of the rifle was heard and the two foremost savages bit the dust. A moment and the faithful sentinel was wielding his huge club among the astonished Indians. The enraged savages hurled their tomahawks at his head, but so quick were his movements that they scarcely touched him, while the boldest warriors sank beneath that awful crashing. Fearful fell the blows, and the foremost began to quail, when a savage ran and raised the rifle the sentinel had dropped after firing. He quickly loaded it, and aiming through the body of one of his companions, fired at the dread destroyer. The ball entered his body, and as he fell his terrible weapon came down with twofold power, and fresh victims went to their long home. The survivors surrounded their terrible enemy as he lay fast bleeding to death, removed his disguise, and the many features of the long dreaded Higgins (for the Red Men had sadly learned to fear that name) were exposed to view.

CHAPTER VII.

But when I think on all my wrongs, My blood is liquid flame; And ne'er the time shall I forget, When, in a Scottish hotel set, Dark looks we did exchange; What were his thoughts I cannot tell; But in my bosom revenged well His plans of dark revenge—Scorr.

Six weeks succeeding the events recorded in the last chapter, the old men of the pleasant Indian village of Pegwacket, upon the Saco, were observed to be collecting, evidently for the purpose of trying a prisoner, who was being led forth, his hands strongly bound with withes, and in whose features we recognize our old friend Lorenzo. His wound was of a serious nature, but the Indians, seized with a pity that bravery sometimes excites, stanching the blood, and after the carnage had ended bore him to their distant home on the Saco. He had now nearly recovered and was to be judged as a prisoner of war.

The verdict was soon pronounced, and the choice given him of death or joining their tribe and becoming one of their warriors. Higgins heard the decision with calmness; then turned to his guard and inquired concerning the fate of those he was defending when he fell, as that would influence his decision—which question he had refrained from asking until now, lest his worst fears might be realized. The guard replied not, but left the place and was gone, but a few moments only, when he returned and tossed towards the prisoner two dried and withered scalps, merely adding that these were the white squaw's and her father's. Lorenzo gazed in silence for a moment upon them, and he recognized at once, as he thought, the dark glossy ringlets of Ida, amid which his fingers had often played.

'I will live for revenge!' he shouted, with a thrill that made those dark warriors quake, while his hands burst as if they were gossamer, and with a single sweep of his long arm he cleared a passage through the savages, into which he darted with the swiftness of a deer, and fled towards the thick woods but a short

distance off.

The Indians started in hot pursuit, but he distanced them all; and when he judged himself beyond danger from his pursuers, he halted and threw himself upon the ground.

'Yes,' he cried, 'I live now for revenge alone. Blood shall be spilt, and for each drop of hers shall a river flow. Here in the silent forest I swear it; and loud and long shall the fatal war cry of "Death to the Red Man" break upon his habitation, and arouse him but to behold the red glare of death.'

Terrible! ah! terrible was that fearful oath; and many were the times, in succeeding years, that the Red Man shuddered at that awful cry rang out in clear wild notes, followed by the sharp report of the rifle, announcing that one of their race had gone to the land of spirits.

After the first gush of passion was over he sank back upon the ground, and a feeling of his utter loneliness came over him. There he lay for hours—the hot tears rolling down his pale cheek. There is a beauty and sublimity in beholding a frail and feeble woman weep; but when the strong man is bowed down with grief, a feeling of terror possesses the soul. Thus he lay until the shades of night began to fall, when rousing himself he ascended a steep eminence that overlooked the surrounding forest. He gazed to discover if possible whether there were enemies near, and his dark eyes flashed with fire and a ghastly smile played upon his cheek, as he beheld a thin curling smoke rising above the trees in the distance.

'There's food for my revenge,' he cried; and with the true instinct of a hunter he struck off in a direct line for the place. He had proceeded about a mile, when the sound of several voices struck his ear. He crept cautiously towards the place from whence the sound issued, and brushing aside the bushes he beheld six warriors seated around their camp fire taking their evening meal. In them he recognized the warriors of the tribe from which he had just escaped, and doubtless his pursuers. Retiring a short distance, he selected from the woods a large heavy weapon, prepared it carefully, and then returned to his former place. He approached within a short space of the savages, who were enjoying themselves in fancied security. Suddenly the fearful cry of 'Death to the Red Man!' echoed and re-echoed through the surrounding forest, and their foe was upon them. They sprang to their feet, but having thrown aside their weapons they had nothing to oppose to the almost raving madman. 'Death to the Red Man!' shouted he, as his weapon came crashing upon the heads of his victims, while drops of foam stood upon his livid lips. 'Death to the Red Man!' and the fifth victim sank with that awful cry. The sole survivor turned to flee, but an iron hand was upon his throat and a gory weapon above his head. The avenger held it suspended a moment, then dropped it by his side and thus addressed the savage: 'Go, red skin; tell the murderers of my Ida this is but a drop in the river of blood that shall flow; tell them my war cry shall echo around their blazing wigwams in the still hours of midnight; tell them you are the last savage I shall ever spare; go!' and he hurled the warrior from him with a force that well nigh proved fatal to the savage.

How well that declaration was fulfilled succeeding months unfolded. But we need not follow him through the fearful hazards he ran, and the fearful vengeance he took. Many were the orphans and widows made, and many a wigwam with its inmates was left in ashes by his unsparring hand.

For five long years he gratified his dark revenge, during which time he had avoided the desolate town of Falmouth, though often in close proximity to it, as if it contained a noxious pestilence, and his resolution had been taken never to view what would only awaken the most bitter sensations. His own rude home, too, had been neglected in his all-absorbing eagerness for revenge; but now he resolved to visit once more and for the last time his father's grave.

CHAPTER VIII.

When the sky is black and the tempest rife, When the billows dash on the bark of life, And death on the view is dawning, Let the heart be stout and the eye not quail, Let the hand be true and ye will not fail, For darkness heralds the morning.

On one pleasant June morning, in the year 1695, a solitary hunter might have been observed winding his way along by the seashore, towards the present town of Cape Elizabeth. He had a reckless appearance and a worn and haggard look; but in his firm step and dark flashing eye the beholder recognized the once happy Lorenzo. He was on his way to his desolate home, and purposely chose the outer and most dangerous path, in order to avoid witnessing the forsaken home of his once loved Ida.

Silently he pursued his journey, occasionally glancing around with the practiced eye of a hunter, to see that no foe was lurking near. He proceeded first to his father's grave, and wept long and fondly over it; then directed his steps towards the house, situated nearer the eastern shore. He found it one black heap of ruins, and naught remaining to indicate that it ever existed, save the pile of stones to which allusion was made in the commencement of our narrative.

He seated himself upon these stones and groaned in agony of soul at his hard lot. He had remained there for some time, lost in thought and insensible to what was around him, when the sweet and mellow sound of a

female voice, wafted on the breeze to his ear, brought him to his feet sooner than if the surrounding woods had rung with the yells of the savages. He directed his gaze to the place from whence the sound issued, and beheld a female form, seated upon a rock by the water's side, with her back turned towards him, and her head resting upon her hand. She was chanting, in a low, melancholy strain, a humble verse—and listening, the following lines reached his ear.

My home is lonely, now, love,
No more shall e'er I see
Thy noble, manly form, love—
Thou'rt ever lost to me.

The flowers may bud and bloom, love,
The spring smile o'er the lea,
They all are cheerless now, love—
Thou'rt ever lost to me.

And hast thou surely gone, love,
Beyond this world, to be
In yonder sky above, love,
I hope not lost to me?

I feel my days are spanned, love—
That I shall soon join thee,
Where foes are never found, love,
And thou not torn from me.

It was enough. He could listen no longer, and with a bound he rushed towards the form. She turned as she heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and gazed at the hunter. He looked, and lo! there indeed was his long lost Ida. The transition was too much, and the strong man staggered, reeled, and fell. Ida, who did not recognize her lover in the hunter's haggard countenance, hastened to his assistance; but when she reached him, he had partially recovered, and rising he encircled her in his arms. The truth then flashed across her mind, but she sustained the shock better than her stronger companion. Neither, for some time, could find words to relieve the breast, but stood locked in each other's embrace. Again and again did Lorenzo press the lost one to his bosom, and at length became able to relate to her his history for the five preceding years—his belief of her death—and to request her to explain how she survived the terrible 17th.

She related that, awakened on that morning by the yells of the savages, she hastened to the window, and beheld the whole town wrapt in flames, yet, strange to say, her father's house remained untouched. She gazed around to discover the reason, and beheld a stout Indian opposing all who attempted to fire it. She saw several successive bands destroyed by him, until a large party of savages approached. She witnessed his more than mortal efforts, and at length his fall. Then she gave up all as lost; but owing to the delay occasioned by the resistance of the warrior, they resolved not to burn the house, but contented themselves with breaking into it and taking whatever they wished. When she heard them entering the door she secreted herself in a small closet, which fortunately they did not approach. Her father was murdered, and also a young lady, her cousin, who was there on a visit at the time, and these were doubtless the scalps he saw in the Indian camp. She remained in her place of concealment most of the time during the three days that elapsed before the capitulation of the fort. After the enemy had left, the few inhabitants who had fled to the woods began to return. Others came in and the town was again assuming a respectable appearance. But she was alone. Day after day she sought to hear some note of tidings from Lorenzo, but had finally given him up as dead. She had occasionally visited the places where he had often lingered, and was on that day on a visit to what he once called his home.

As she concluded, Lorenzo smiled and asked if she did not, on the 17th, under the Indian gage recognize her lover.

'I now fathom all,' she replied, 'twice have you saved my life, and right well do you merit my hand; here it is, and it is still your own. There is now none to oppose us, and we will yet be happy.'

He had no mind to refuse the offer, and pressing it to his lips he accompanied her to her home, where in a few weeks they were joined by the holy bands of matrimony. The inhabitants, who in their feeble condition were glad to receive so valuable an acquisition to their numbers as was Lorenzo, never troubled him concerning his accused murder.

His succeeding life was uninterrupted by cares and sorrows; and in after years, when the little prattlers climbed his knee, and his wife welcomed him with a smile as he returned from his daily labors, he would exclaim—

Let the hunter seek in the woods his game—
Let the warrior toil on the field for fame—
Their pleasures I desire;
But the peaceful home and the smiling wife,
And the little ones, are the joys of life,
And naught I ask beside.

DISCOVERY OF THE GOLD REGION.—'I was sitting one afternoon,' said Captain Sutter, 'just after my siesta, engaged by the by, in writing a letter to a relation of mine at Lucerne, when I was interrupted by Mr. Marshall—a gentleman with whom I had frequent business transactions—bursting hurriedly into the room. From the unusual agitation in his manner, I imagined that something serious had occurred, and, as we involuntarily do in this part of this world, I at once glanced to see if my rifle was in its proper place. You should know, that the mere appearance of Mr. Marshall at that moment in the Fort was quite enough to surprise me, as he had but two days before left the place to make some alterations in a mill for sawing pine planks, which he had just run up for me, some eight miles higher up the American river. When he had recovered himself a little, he told me that, however great my surprise might be at his unexpected reap-

pearance, it would be much greater when I heard the intelligence he had come to bring me. 'Intelligence,' he added, 'which if properly profited by, would put both of us in possession of unheard of wealth—millions on millions of dollars, in fact.' I frankly own, when I heard this, that I thought something had touched Marshall's brain, when suddenly all my misgivings were put to an end by his flinging on the table a handful of scales of pure virgin gold. I was fairly thunderstruck, and asked him to explain what all this meant, when he went on to say that, according to my instructions, he had thrown the mill wheel out of gear, to let the whole body of the water in the dam find a passage through the tail-race, which was previously too narrow to allow the water to run off in sufficient quantity, whereby the wheel was prevented from efficiently performing its work. By this alteration the narrow channel was considerably enlarged, and a mass of sand and gravel carried off by the force of the torrent.

Early in the morning after this took place, he (Mr. Marshall) was walking along the left bank of the stream, when he perceived something which he at first took for a piece of opal—a clear transparent stone, very common here—glittering on one of the spots laid bare by the sudden crumbling away of the bank. He paid no attention to this; but while he was giving directions to the workmen, having observed several similar glittering fragments, his curiosity was so far excited, that he stooped down and picked one of them up. 'Do you know,' said Mr. Marshall to me, 'I positively debated with myself, two or three times, whether I should take the trouble to bend my back to pick up one of these pieces, and decided on not doing so, when, further on, another glittering morsel caught my eye—the largest of the pieces now before you. I condescended to pick it up, and to my astonishment found that it was a thin scale of what appears to be pure gold.' He then gathered some twenty or thirty similar pieces, which on examination convinced him that his suppositions were right. His first impression was, that this gold had been lost or buried there by some early Indian tribe—perhaps some of those mysterious inhabitants of the West, of whom we have no account, but who dwelt on this continent centuries ago, and built those cities and temples, the ruins of which are scattered about the solitary wilds. On proceeding, however, to examine the neighboring soil, he discovered that it was more or less auriferous. This at once decided him. He mounted his horse, and rode down to me as fast as it would carry him with the news.'

PARTING OF EMMET AND HIS BETROTHED.—Emmet was, unfortunately, betrayed by his enemies in an attempt to emancipate his countrymen from tyranny and oppression. He was therefore, convicted of the crime of treason, and sentenced to be executed.

The evening before his death, and while the workmen were busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into the dungeon. It was the girl he so fondly loved, and who had now come to bid him an eternal farewell. He was learning, in a melancholy mood against the window frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his chains smote dismally on his heart. The interview was bitterly touching, and melted even the callous soul of the jailer. As for Emmet he wept and spoke little, but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of their former happiness, of the long past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection. At this very instant, the evening bell pealed from a neighboring church. Emmet started at the sound, and as he felt that this would be the last time he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her sinking form with eyes streaming with tears of affection. Turnkey entered at the moment, and as though ashamed of a temporary betrayal of sympathy, he dashed the rising drop from his eye, and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man meanwhile, approached to tear the lady from his embraces. Overpowered by his feelings, he could make no resistance, but as he gloomily released her from his hold, gave her a miniature of himself, and with this parting token of his attachment, imparted the last kiss of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door she turned round as if to gaze on the object of her widowed love. He caught her eyes as she retired; it was but for a moment; the dungeon door swung back upon its hinges, and as it closed after her, informed him too surely, that they had met for the last time upon earth.

AFRICAN TREATY.—Late intelligence from the coast of Africa informs us of an interesting and important treaty which has been entered into by a Mr. Brodie Cruikshank, in behalf of the British Government, with the King of Dahomy, one of the most powerful and extensive slave dealer monarchs on the entire continent. Mr. Cruikshank was empowered to offer an equivalent amounting to £4,000 per annum to the King of Dahomy, should he succeed in making a treaty with him for the suppression of the trade in negroes, and by which he was to use his influence in putting down, and more particularly not to participate in it himself. He, it appears, is the largest seller of negroes in Africa, as, annually, he disposes of from 20,000 to 30,000, besides procuring domestics for himself and his chiefs. For this purpose, he makes annual slave hunts, which he conducts himself and shares the dangers. He is the absolute sovereign of the nation, and the people are all solely under his control, to whom they look up as a master; no person can hold any property except by his permission, even during life, and at death all reverts to him; he is protected by an immense army of women, numbered by Mr. C. at many thousands—these amazons are his body guard; they never leave him; and are answerable for the safety of his person. In his talks with the agent of the British government, he evinced a shrewdness in diplomatic affairs seldom met with in the negro. He conceded in all the arguments in favor of the treaty, on the score of humanity, &c., &c.; but placed the affair strictly in a pecuniary view, along with the custom of his country. He had received the crown from his father, to whom, like him, all his people looked to as their superior; that it required between £2000 and £3000 a year for the support of

his government, of which he derived at least £2000 by the slave trade;—that this was the great source of his revenue, and support of his crown and country. He would, however, endeavor to turn the minds of his people to agricultural pursuits, offered land to the British government, on the sea shore, to establish factories, and to aid, assist, and protect them in their interior trade, throughout the several territories. Mr. C. had much talk on this subject. He was exceedingly adroit and careful not to commit himself in conversation. The turning the labor of the natives to agricultural pursuits is the most likely method of suppressing the traffic.

ANGER OF BEES.—The honey-bee will seldom use her sting against any one when not molested, and children, in particular, are exempt. When a bee is aroused to anger, she gives immediate notice of it and no person was ever stung, unless in the midst of hundreds, excited to vengeance without having timely warning him. Every bee-keeper is familiar with the shrill sound emitted, when the bee approaches in a threatening attitude. It is quite unlike the soft song of contentment, that is sung as the returns from the fields laden with honey. I have never heard of any fatal consequences arising from the sting of bees except in animals. If a horse, or cow, or any other animal upset a hive, it is generally certain death. In case of being dangerously stung in many places, tobacco, as before stated, is worth more than all other remedies in the world. The duration of anger of bees, is from three days to a week; and any operation disturbing them, will not be entirely forgotten, short of that time. Private injuries are seldom resented by them; that is when molested in the fields.

THE MOHAMMEDAN COMMANDMENTS.—There are six commandments in the Mohammedan religion, viz:

1. There is no deity but God.
2. There is no prophet but Mohammed, he is God's apostle.
3. To fast during Ramadan every day.
4. To pray and practice ablutions five times a day.
5. To apply two and a-half per cent, of their property to the poor.
6. To make a pilgrimage to Mekkeh and Mount Ararat.

This religion is so general, that nearly one fifth of the population of the globe are its followers. Its most important duties are prayer, alms-giving, fasting, and pilgrimage. The hours of prayer are five; 1st, at sunset; 2nd, when the evening has closed, and it is quite dark; 3rd, at day break, on the first faint appearance of light in the East; 4th, at noon; 5th, about midtime, between noon and night-fall.

POPERY AND STARVATION.—The Irish nation furnish a most perfect illustration of the nature and tendencies of Popery. The latest accounts from that miserable land, give the most appalling details of destitution, misery, and starvation. A Mr. Milles, writing from Newport, Mayo county, after detailing a variety of instances of starvation of recent occurrence in that county, goes on to state, on the authority of a person officially connected with the district, that fully one thousand lives must be lost within the coming month in that single district. And this is said to be but a fair picture of other sections of the country. And yet, while men, women and children are dying—literally dying of starvation—and whole sections of country appear, to use the language of a Catholic priest, as if they had been ravaged by some powerful enemy; and while a large portion of the time of the English Parliament of late has been occupied in devising means for the relief of Ireland—the priests are busy in different parts of the country making collections of money for the Pope and have already obtained thousands of pounds; and it is estimated that they will in the end secure £25,000 or £30,000, or from £125,000 to \$150,000 for the purpose of aiding the Pope to hire soldiers to fight his way back to the temporal sovereignty of the Roman States! Such is Popery.—[Traveller.

NAPOLEON'S HABITS.—His partiality for the bath he mistook for a necessity. He would usually remain in bath two hours, during which time I used to read to him extracts from the journals and pamphlets of the day, for he was anxious to hear and know all that was going on. While in the bath he was continually turning on the warm water to raise the temperature; so that I was sometimes enveloped in such a dense vapor, that I could not see to read, and was obliged to open the door. Bonaparte was exceedingly temperate and averse to all excess. His flatterers, probably under the idea that sleep is incompatible with greatness, have evinced an equal disregard of truth in speaking of his night watching. Bonaparte made others watch, but he himself slept and slept well. His orders were that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, the first to enter his chamber; but very frequently when I awoke him, he would turn himself and say, 'Ah, Bourrienne, let me sleep a little longer.' When there was no very pressing business, I did not disturb him again till eight o'clock. He generally slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides taking a short nap in the afternoon.

Among the private instructions which Bonaparte gave me, one was very curious. 'During the night,' said he, 'enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not awake me when you have good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry; but when you bring me bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost.' This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte found his advantage in it.—[Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon.

CURIOUS CHARGE.—A spruce looking fellow named George Durdan, 25 years old entered a complaint against his landlady, a buxom widow of 45, named Jane Degroot, for feloniously detaining a ring valued ten dollars. Mrs. Degroot came up and stated that the foolish fellow owed her over \$30 for board—that he attempted to make love to her, offering his heart and hand as a convenient way to pay up the old score, and provide for the future; that he gave her the ring in question as a pledge of his young and ardent affection—and finally, when he found he could not 'come it' on that figure, he demanded his ring back. Mrs. Degroot said she was willing to give up the ring whenever Durdan paid his board bill. The magistrate, after giving the silly youth a

good lecture, told him he should not interfere. His only remedy would therefore be a suit at law.

THE MORMONS.—The Mormons are a great people. Their new temple at the Salt Lake is to be a splendid building. They enclose a lot of seventeen miles long and twelve miles wide, with a mud wall eight feet high and four feet thick. There are to be four cities inside. They have discovered mountain rock that resembles cornelian stone, which is beautiful for temples and pillars. The size of the temple is not stated, but its highest point is to be six hundred feet and can be seen eighty miles either way. On the shores of many of the lakes a crust is formed an inch and a half thick. They break up this crust, scrape off the dirt on the bottom and top, and find it pure saleratus. A mountain of pure rock salt has been discovered near the Mormon settlement. The last end of the journey to the Salt Lake, say two hundred miles, is attended with little fatigue. Nearly all the way the roads are good.—[Boston Investigator.

MARRIED VS. BURIED.—A clergyman who had in the lottery of matrimony drawn a share that proved to him worse than blank, was just experiencing a severe scolding from his Xantippe, when he was called upon to unite a pair in the blessed state of wedlock. The poor parson, actuated by his own experience, rather than by a sense of his canonical duties, opened the book, and began—

'Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery,' &c., repeating a part of the burial service.

The astonished bridegroom said—'Sir! you mistake! I came here to be married not buried!' 'Well,' replied the clergyman, 'if you insist on it, I am obliged to marry you; but believe me my friends you had better be buried!'

A GOOD ONE.—Brownlow, of the Jonesborough (Tenn.) Whig, tells a capital story of a farmer in that part of the State, who, to make a speculation, put a large stone in one of his hogheads of tobacco, and forwarded it to his commission merchant, at New Orleans, directing his merchant there to send him a barrel of sugar. By accident or otherwise, the stone was discovered. The merchant took the stone from the tobacco and put it into the barrel of sugar before he weighed it, put on the head and sent it back to the tobacco man, in course of time, and didn't say a word about the stone. But he found it before he had used up more than half of the sugar. This is a fact. He got four cents a pound for the stone, and had to pay eight cents per pound for it.

A wag in a country bar-room, where each man was relating the wonderful tricks they had seen performed by Signor Blitz and the rest of the conjuring family, expressed his contempt for the whole tribe, declaring that he could perform any of their tricks, especially that of beating a watch in pieces, and restoring it whole.

It being doubted, he demanded a trial.—Several watches were at once produced for the experiment.

'There? said he, 'there are the pieces.' 'Yes,' all exclaimed, 'now let's see the watch!' He used mysterious words, shook up the fragments, and at length put down the mortar and pestle, observing—

'Well, I thought, I could do it, but by George I can't!' 'Henry, love, I wish you would throw away that book, and talk with me—I feel so dull.' [A long silence, and no reply.] 'O, Henry, my foot asleep!' 'Is it—well, don't talk, dear, you might wake it up.'

During the pugilistic excitement in Philadelphia, and when Hyer, after the encounter, was dining at Miller's, a friend of his antagonist's wishing to cast a slur upon the victor, ordered the waiter to bring him some Sullivan potatoes. A moment after the servant returned, and presenting a dish, exclaimed aloud, 'Here dey is, massa, smashed of source!' An instantaneous roar was the result.

Dr. Faraday, says the Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch, has shown that a single drop of water contains as much electricity as an ordinary flash of lightning; enough at least, to destroy the life of an elephant. What a terrible idea to one who puts water in his brandy! Unfortunate man who guzzles at once, stone-fence and streaks of lightning!

'What do you drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that for? Why don't you put a good heavy coat of flesh on him?' asked a person of an Irish carman, about his horse. 'A heavy coat of flesh, my vounnent! Be all the blessed powers, now, when the poor creature can scarce carry the little flesh there is on 'im, a certain son of St. Crispin, recently called on a blacksmith to get the steel corks on his shoes sharpened, and being in great haste he asked, 'Can't you do it without taking the shoes off?' 'I don't know,' said Vulcan, 'but if you will hold his feet in my forge I will try.'

The following are infallible recipes.—To make pie—play at blind man's buff in a printing office. To have music at dinner—tell your wife she is not so handsome as the lady who lives across the way. To save butter—make it so salt that nobody can eat it.

The Bangor Mercury tells of a jolly husband not a thousand miles from that city, who, having been out on a bit of a spree, was saluted by his better half on his return with: 'O you hard-hearted wretch!' The husband meekly replied that he didn't think his heart could be very hard, for he'd been 'soaking it' for the last forty-eight hours!

A story is going the rounds of a man living out West, who completes eight pairs of large sized boots, every day. The editor of the N. Y. Globe says it would be considered small doings in his city. 'There is a ladies' shoemaker down in the Swamp, who as fast as she finishes a gaiter, throws it over his shoulder, into a box behind him. He keeps one in the air all the time, and don't halt a try.'

A voter, sadly deficient in personal beauty, said to Sheridan, 'I mean to withdraw my countenance from you.' 'Many thanks for the favor,' replied the candidate, 'for it is the ugliest mug I ever saw.'

Punch, in his Parliamentary Dictionary, defines a comprehensive measure to be a measure that will take every body in.

SLAVE-INVADION OF CALIFORNIA.—The "quietness and optimism," as Mr. Webster called them, which resisted all early agitation of the Texas question, on the ground that annexation could not take place, have been equally positive that slavery cannot exist in California.—A letter from Virginia, in the New York Evening Post, tells a tale which ought to arouse every freeman of the North.

The Memphis Eagle tells us that a large majority of the companies formed and forming for El Dorado, carry with them slaves. A Mr. Howard, of Columbia, Georgia, proposes to form one of five hundred to carry out from one to two thousand slaves. Personally, I know that several of the companies which left this state carried out slaves with them. A member of Congress, from Tennessee, said to me that within his own knowledge there would be taken to California, from ten to twelve thousand slaves this summer. From reliable evidences, I know that whole families are moving with their slaves, from the States of Tennessee, Arkansas and Missouri. It is said that even slave drivers are making up gangs to carry out. It is well known, from a fair test in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, that the slaves make the best gold miners.

The valley of the Sacramento in the Summer is as unhealthy to the white man as the low cotton and rice lands of North and South Carolina and Georgia, and the belief is that the miners will be compelled to resort to slave labor. Those who carry out slaves undertake to say that the thirst for gold will soon quiet all scruples of conscience about the sin of slavery. Besides, the Governor of California is a slaveholder, and the principal conductor of the press and officers are either slave holders or from the slave States. All this looks as though the introduction of slavery into that territory might succeed, if timely action is not taken to prevent it. I am no alarmist, and despite sectional animosities; but I cannot feel willing to see an institution so much to be deprecated planted there.

A SPECIMEN OF PENOBSCOT FARMING.—Capt. Nath'l Bryant, of Dexter, last week sold a yoke of beef oxen for 170.50. These oxen were almost entirely fattened on Ruta Bagas. Capt. Bryant last season raised three thousand bushels of Ruta Bagas. On three acres of land he raised between twenty-four and twenty-five hundred bushels, a portion of which he sold in the Bangor market for fifty cents a bushel, while the average cost of his whole crop, exclusive of land rent, was but four cents a bushel. He prepares the land as for wheat, and sows the seeds in rows two feet apart with a sowing machine, with which one man can plant three acres in a day. He has never failed to secure a good crop, and they keep well and make good fodder for all his cattle and sheep.

Capt. Bryant was very successful last season in his wheat crop, having raised one hundred and fifty bushels of Georgia Red Wheat, all fit for seed, from eight bushels of sowing on eight acres of land. This is less than the usual quantity of seed, but he thinks it is quite sufficient. This seed wheat he has sold for about two dollars a bushel. He will sow ten acres to wheat the present season. He has upon his farm a flock of one thousand sheep.—Bangor Whig.

KENTUCKY CONVENTION.—The Convention in Kentucky, for the revision of the Constitution of the state, assembled at Frankfort on Wednesday, the 25th ult.

The friends of gradual emancipation held a meeting in Frankfort on the 21st, preparatory to the assembling of the Convention, and appointed a numerous delegation to attend that body. Resolutions were also adopted, favoring gradual emancipation with colonization, not to extend, however, to the present slave population; and providing that the constitution be so framed that whenever public sentiment should demand such a change, it might be effected without calling a convention.

The Convention was organized on the morning of the 25th, by the election of Col. Henry Clay, of Bourbon, as President. Some 150 delegates were in attendance, 23 counties being represented.

After organizing, the Convention adopted the following propositions:

1st. That hereditary slavery, as it exists among us, is contrary to the rights of mankind—opposed to the fundamental principles of a free government, inconsistent with a state of morality, and hostile to the prosperity of the commonwealth, and therefore ought not to be perpetuated.

2d. Any scheme of emancipation adopted ought to be prospective, operating upon the negroes born after the adoption of the scheme. The following points were recommended to be inserted in the new constitution.

1st. Absolute prohibition of the importation of slaves into Kentucky. 2d. That complete power should be lodged with the people of Kentucky to perfect, under the new constitution, a system of gradual prospective emancipation of the slaves.

SMART DOG OPERATION. One night last week two dogs belonging to different persons in Felchville, started off together, and proceeded about five miles into the west part of Reading, where there entered a yard containing a flock of sheep. They made a violent attack upon the sheep, seizing them by the throat and biting them until they bled to death. When the dogs were discovered the next morning, they had killed nearly one hundred of the sheep, and mortally wounded some forty more, many of which number have since died. The canine murderers kept possession of the yard, and defended it against all attempts of the owner and his neighbors to get possession, and it was only after one of them had been shot, that the yard could be entered. Fifty or more of the slain sheep lay together, three or four deep, in one corner of the yard, where they had been dragged by the dogs. The damage assessed was \$189, which the owners of the bruits promptly paid.—Windsor Journal.

SAMUEL ADAMS—was one of the most distinguished men connected with the American Revolution. He was born in Boston, Mass., in 1772, and graduated at Harvard University in 1790. He was one of the first who organized measures of resistance to the mother country, and for the prominent part which he took in these measures, he was proscribed by the British Government. In 1776 he signed the Declaration of Independence with Franklin, Hancock, Jefferson, and the other illustrious men who adorn that instrument. He was a member of the Convention of Massachusetts, which accepted the Constitution of the United States; and on the adoption of the Constitution of Massachusetts, was elected President of the Senate. From 1789 to 1794, he held the office of Lieutenant Governor, and that of Chief Magistrate during the three succeeding years. He died October 3d, 1803, aged 32 years.—Young People's Mirror.

"I don't think the whole World worth Suffering for."—These were the words of a profane little boy about ten years of age, when suffering severely from sea-sickness, and as he thought very near death. As his berth was very near

mine, I could hear him piteously moaning and sobbing, "Oh, I shall die. I wish I could see my mother once more; when he fell back exhausted on his pillow. After lying still a little while, I heard him say: 'I wouldn't swear, I wouldn't swear for a dollar.' After another fit of vomiting, at which he was evidently very much alarmed, he exclaimed, 'I wouldn't wear for two dollars; no, nor for five dollars, either,' when he again fell back in his berth, tired out. A third time, when forced to rouse as his nausea increased, he exclaimed, 'I don't think the whole world worth swearing for.' After this he fell asleep, and did not wake until the sea was calm.

This little boy was the son of a profane and intemperate man, who taught him to swear as soon as he could speak. But he had a good mother, who had taught him the third commandment. This was the sin into which he had most frequently fallen, and this was the sin which troubled him when he thought he was going before that God 'who will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.'

The Eastern Mail,

WATERVILLE, MAY 10.

For the Eastern Mail.

A YEAR AFTER THE FAIR.

OCTOBER 11, 1847.

Dear Sir:—Sunday comes with observation at Saratoga. Brilliant as it may be in its atmosphere, and calm if the thoughts aspire to the Heaven's calmness, vacant for the mind's activity, it witnesses the many marks of transition here, from a state of blossom and beauty, already apparent, to one of magnificence and fruit as civilization is maturing. It is the sabbath of nature and art. Society expands spontaneously in relief from the pressure of care, and refrains voluntarily from folly to realize its growth. Here is the warm aristocratic hand of our prosperity withheld from the tablet as from the distaff to-day, the vigorous palm of labor true to duty as to toil. Types of national youth! as are the architecture, the embellishment, the system itself of the place, mixed, simple and hurried, as these appear.

The sabbath has come without rain, a gratuity of favor not always recognized at a watering place. The lively breeze of the season plays over the crowded village whose pleasure seeking cares are suspended for a day. At last the loungers come forth dressed, men of humbler cast than are seen on other days, still in early life, and meeting are off again, perhaps for the twentieth or thousandth time, to make the circuit of the springs, drinking a glass at each. An increase of silk dresses, frequently black, is seen about the windows in the piazzas, the voices of clusters of chattering in the streets are clearer and yet not louder than usual. Up the ravine are companies larger or less, from one fountain to another, according to the attraction of their waters, larger on this than on most sundays of the fashionable season, many visitors being of the class with whom curiosity is the highest mental passion, but orderly in general, and always respectful to invalids, who occasionally for a minute are mingled with them. The unfrequent carriage approaches the hotel door stiller and in neater order than usual, and retires with an increased rapidity as it goes, having less of circumstance than the chuffing-coach. Fifty years ago, an old friend tells me, by the path it takes, he drank at the Congress spring, as it welled up under a root in the forest, mingling almost immediately with the brook, where there was little but Sunday then, and with his companion, resuming their horses at the road on the eastern bank, passed on to the High-rock, where was a common tavern and more of an opening. My great friends except the gentleman, are off to the lake, where they may discuss the anticipated arrivals of the morrow, and eat an inadequate but elegant dinner of fish at a magnificent price.

It is on the blessed day the citizens are out to show that this is their home. The usual hour of worship claims its own. Citizens and their families are met in the way, children with their Sunday school books, as if they had a home to claim, and entering the churches, you see those who are familiar with the place, and have relaxed the usual aspect of care to drink at the fountains of spiritual strength, of the water of peace that flows as a river. The smile of affability they wear to strangers is that of fellow pilgrims, whom the Providence of life has brought to-day to share their tent with a stranger. Here are men of dignity, whose courtesies are appreciated, nay, are looked for by those who on other days seem to trample the sweet dependencies of life under the feet of money only. Here are talent, study, independence. Here is matronly care and comeliness, the gentle regency of virtue, nay, of wisdom too, and piety, the dove-winged nurse of both. Here is natural beauty from its own bower, at the oratory of its earthly paradise, its gleam in the eyes, its warmth in the cheek, its tenderness in the platted hair. It is life as God meant it, acknowledging Him! O, praise be to Him, that they do or can acknowledge Him, they for whose happiness in this world, that the perfection of his work might be attained, He has pledged the endowment of the glories of the life eternal. The word they hear was preached in Palestine, when amidst its shrubby borders the souls of the Prophets struggled to subdue the chosen people to the rule of pleasure in Him; and when his devoted Son invoked all the earth to believe, what all his Providence had taught, what all his power attested. The half triumphs of redemption confirm what we hear, the Comforter replies to prayer, and the resurrection commences with the assurance to love.

The afternoon service is less fully attended than that of the morning by strangers, hardly less by residents. My gentlemanly friend had indulged himself, and so lost the favor of a seat with the Philadelphia philosopher, at Mrs. F's, at tea. A friend of George's was with him, the merchant who employed him, a female acquaintance of Mrs. F's, and her child, and sweet Sarah F., now the teacher of a Sunday school, but her natural ministry that of

happiness yet. There was a blank to me in the dining-room as we entered it, and so perhaps to them. Joseph is not and Simeon is not, said the Patriarch in that book of the dealing of God's providence to which I have referred. Two were not, yet cheerfulness, kindness and love spread over the little company at Mrs. F's table, so genial yet not earth-born, as if she wished to dispense on others a portion of the beneficence by which she lived. The tones of the philosopher were touched by a melancholy experience of life, but expressed the confidence of one who had endeavored well, and would impart good, if not permitted unalloyedly to enjoy it.

It was now that I saw the beautiful picture of B. F. Mason, that perpetuates the likenesses of the boys, painted with a taste as exquisite as his skill. It was at the inner end of the room, protected from the idea of exposure, preserved for beauty and memory. The picture is a fragment of a wood, dark enough, but vitalized by running water. In this their fair faces live as if themselves were creatures of genius, rather than its work, filled with its diligence and life. It had been taken when they were in the freshness of health, and was meant to preserve them from the changes of time. It is the artist's happiest study, now consecrated to impetuous immortals.

After tea, as the family separated, a part to an evening service, the philosopher sitting with the lady, it was natural for me with George F. and his friend, to find my way to the new cemetery. This had become an attraction since my last visit. The route we took led us by the old burying-ground, where within the borders of the village, many strangers and former residents sleep, to the table land at the south-east, following out one of a series of roads, which radiate from the street which defines it. The distance is only great enough to bring you to retirement. The field is neatly enclosed, and scattered pines chiefly of the original growth are left about on it, as if they were mourners for those of their own race, left to sympathize with our's. Others had found the same resort, like ourselves, as much perhaps from the novelty of its character, as for the sacredness of its associations. William L. Stone is buried here, the unwearied Editor, the classical contemporary of Coleman in the palmy days of Editors, when their pens did it; Sands was his first Luff; all dead languages now, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, except the latter, that still wags an unchristian tongue upon the Christian holiday; the historian of Red-jacket and Thuydenagen, his immortality mingled with that of a fading race. In the former book, it was something to daguerreotype the most romantic hero of civil life, a model of nature's wonderpieces; in the latter to preserve the history, embodied in Brandt, the savage and gentleman, the demon warrior and christian scholar,—of the merger of the wilderness in the field, of violence in labor, of liberty in law, the change from savage to cultured life in one generation of men. God bless him! One of our country's bards! among us in body, in spirit before us, now caught up to his reward while we are fed with his labor. Like the people whom he recorded, he passed without a winter, not like them to realize the spring succeeding. Here is Cowen's grave, whose pile of dust lay in the way of national comity, in the picturesque affair of McLeod. The Eagle could not fan it away, the Lion could not climb over it. Never was such an instance of the obstinacy of learning, the impracticability of science, as contrasted with the suppleness of policy merely. Cedunt arma togæ, fœcesque securis, et omnia insignia imperii, should be his epitaph, and the genius of America for his cherub. Coleman's beautiful memorial is of Italy's east-of-marble, wrought with a language of symbols. Young Crompton! an instance of the fatality of success. The God descended to him in a shower of gold, said the Heavens, and left him but ashes. The higher Divinity saved him from the trial of earthly prosperity. Near by is another, white, pure, unpretending, a tabula rosa except within the panel, the hardness of its purity scarcely checked by a sparkle of faced marble, with the inscription—Charles, born May 3, 1832, died October 2d, 1844.—William, born January 7, 1834, died January 3d, 1845. They were orphan sons of the late William F. I remember them as if they were a part of myself; how then shall they, whose hearts in part are buried with them? Vigor, thought, obedience, merriment, love—especially love of one another? Who could part with such a double joy, that being one is more than both? Nurse them again she never may, that cherished them; chasten them no more, in answer to prayer, can the Spirit that softens and checks the coarse and shapes the better nature. Admire them no more can the stranger, as master-works of Him who made them, gifts which most honor Himself when he bestows them. Their profiles only are inscribed within the tablet, in that severe disposition of them which only the Sculptor's material justifies, simple and perpetual in its peculiar grace. So we leave the new pillows which are provided for the dead, in their new resting place, which looks forward to ages of change, the maturity of the anxious world of which these are the first fruits. Well, well; we of the common earth shall sleep with those who heard the higher calling while here alive! Well, if they who perish sanctify the present, how holy will its remembrances be, when mingled with the past. We returned to the village, and my young friends left me at the C. H. After a night of moonlight, I awoke the next morning from restless but pleasant dreaming to find on my toilet table, by the side of an alum basket, shielded with gauze from the flies, the following verses, which in all but the hand-writing, reminded me of the style of moralizing of my gentlemanly friend, who slept in the opposite angle—

THE BOY BROTHERS.

"It's better so—
They rest again together."

And winter snow,
And summer's rainy weather
Fall on them both alike;
And hallowed thistle-down,
That scalds the autumn air,
And star-like rises in the azure fair,
Ah! lighter than a feather,
Hies on above them there
Alike, as from their bed,
The memory of the dead!
But children still,
The fondness of the breast,
In stillness as they rest,
And joyance of the heart,
Where fixed they never part,
Mingle and meet;
As fragrant, sweet,
The vapor, as it goes,
That from the clover blows,
Meets in the grave-yard for its life;
And thus their strife
About old toys is o'er,
These boys, yet fond before,
More faithful unto each,
The kind consent both reach
Of loving death, if thus their love
A life perpetual prove!
Ring bells of melody above their rest!
'Tis thus without alloy the lids are blessed;
And softly toll,
If woful soul,
Afrail to see the Heaven it sought,
Steals larking out,
And leaves the woe
That drapes the fearful lingerers below,
Better than joys to which they hope to go.
Ever yours.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED ON SEEING THE REMAINS OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Can it be possible that this is all that remains of our dear and much respected friend? Is it true that the spark which rendered her acutely alive to every demand of benevolence and affection is gone to return no more? Must we resign to the cheerless grave this much loved form? and is that to be the resting place of so much worth?

Let us for a moment reflect, upon her past life. Her character was irreproachable—her deportment gentle and pleasing—her sympathies ever awake to the wants of suffering humanity. Wherever there was affliction, there might be found our lamented friend, like a ministering angel, binding up the broken heart and soothing the perturbed mind.

Her countenance ever wore the same benignant expression, the same sweet smile, which assured you most fully that she possessed the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Her soothing attentions were admirably calculated to beguile the sick bed of much of its weariness; and surely no one who has seen her moving noiselessly about the chamber of a beloved friend, languishing on the bed of death, can ever forget her. Her consolations to the bereaved were such as assured them that they came from a truly sympathizing heart. Indeed her whole character was eminently fitted to relieve suffering in each and all of the various forms which it assumes in the journey of life; and long, very long must she live in the memories of those who are capable of appreciating such excellence.

Notwithstanding her usefulness to the community was thus inestimable, yet where she shone pre-eminently was in her own domestic circle. She was the object around which clustered the best affections of a most interesting family—the cherished companion of a devoted husband—the beloved mother of children who looked upon her as one eminently qualified to counsel and direct them in the numerous vicissitudes of life. She was companion and friend, at the same time that she discharged most faithfully the duties of mother.

Heavy indeed is the dispensation of Providence which deprives them of such a loved friend. Sad and cheerless will be the hearts of that bereaved family. How much consolation will they need! and how impossible to derive any from earthly considerations! the heart that is broken must bleed. And yet there is consolation. We know that the spirit which is capable of diffusing so much happiness here, cannot, will not be confined within the narrow limits of the grave. Most certainly not.

May we not in imagination follow the released spirit to the mansions of rest? May we not almost hear the halleluyahs of the countless multitude as they welcome it to the Golden City? May we not see the radiant smile with which the object of her affections, who have preceded her, welcome her to that blissful abode? and are we not assured that the 'Lord God will wipe away all tears from their eyes' in that city of the blest? And is not this consolation to feel that a beloved one, after being subject to the various trials of life, has finally reached a haven of perpetual joy?

Be comforted, ye mourning ones, and feel that your departed friend is not dead but sleepeth—sleepeth to awake in the midst of ceaseless rejoicing. 'Tis true that she can no more return to you; but it is equally true that you may go to her. Let this be your consolation henceforth, that she has gone to a mansion prepared for you and her, amongst the redeemed, where there will be no more separation, no more sorrow.

And now do we as a community suitably feel this admonition? 'Tis true we shed the tear of sympathy, and say, 'How sad this dispensation of Providence!' but do we realize that Death is abroad in the world, and that even now he may be seeking another shining victim? If we are scarcely arrested in our ordinary pursuits by an admonition like the present, is there not danger that we may defer a preparation for the great change that awaits us all until it is forever too late? Com.

THE MAYFLOWER.—This vessel, in which several goldseekers of this section sailed for California in March last, has not, to our knowledge, yet been reported. She carried out one of the best and most promising companies that has left New England. Among the judicious arrangements for securing gold, they took with them the small steamer 'Lawrence,' built by Messrs. W. & D. Moor, of Waterville, last spring. The following list of the company, furnished us by 'one of 'em,' will give an idea of the business character of the men who compose it.

Name.	Age.	Occupation.	Residence.
George Randall, 56,	Captain,	New Bedford.	
Reuben C. Hicks, 33,	1st Mate,	Westport.	
Joshua Grinnell, 40,	2d Mate,	Fairhaven.	
Charles Ball, 35,	3d Mate,	Westport.	
Wm. B. Hicks, 34,	4th Mate,	Westport.	
Henry Jenkins, 31,	Housewright,	Barnstable.	
Joseph S. Bassett, 37,	Caulker,	Westport.	
Geo. B. Macomber, 27,	Cooper,	Westport.	
Daniel R. Richie, 41,	Mariner,	Needham.	
Lewis Albert, 21,	Mariner,	Westport.	
Leander Brightman, 33,	Carpenter,	Westport.	
Frederic Gifford, 41,	Engine machinist do.		
Albert Seabury, 35,	Cooper,	Westport.	
Alex'r Hathaway, 39,	Mariner,	N. Bedford.	
Charles S. Randall, 25,	do,		
Jonathan B. Meader, 29,	do,		
George R. Dean, 35,	Cooper,	Fairhaven.	
Rob't C. Randall, 40,	do,	Rochester.	
Wm. Merriew, 47,	Mariner,	Fairhaven.	
Isaac S. Chadwick, 28,	do,	S. Dartmouth.	
Isaac Howland, 21,	Trader,	Westport.	
Dan'l Sullivan, (col'd) 49,	Cook,	N. Bedford.	
Hardy Hitch, 42,	Sailmaker,	Fairhaven.	
Bradford Cogshall, 21,	do,	Westport.	
Edward F. Stone, 20,	do,	Boston.	
T. Buchanan, 39,	do,	New Bedford.	
Joseph E. Huse, 23,	Painter,	Newburyport.	
Freeman B. Howes, 30,	Blacksmith,	Rochester.	
James Smellie, 43,	Farmer,	do.	
Thos. Stead, 20,	Accountant,	Providence.	
Jos. P. Meulton, 18,	do,	do.	
Seth R. Leach, 34,	Nailer,	Hamburg, Pa.	
Wm. Lindley, 43,	Iron master,	Clinton co., Pa.	
Ezra Thompson, 31,	Sur. & Phys.,	Fairhaven.	
I. H. Drinker, 27,	Physician,	New Bedford.	
James W. Manchester, 25,	Caulker,	Westport.	
Samuel Warren, 24,	Gardener,	Bridgton.	
Thos. B. Meader, 33,	Mariner,	Nantucket.	
McPherson Barmitz, 23,	Civ. Eng.,	York, Pa.	
Wm. S. Church, 25,	Farmer,	Little Compton.	
Wm. J. Pierce, 26,	Pattern-maker,	Providence.	
Chas. Allen, 26,	Mariner,	Westport.	
Eben C. Clark, 25,	Merchant,	Rochester.	
Edward S. Gifford, 34,	Machinist,	Westport.	
James H. Whaley, 30,	Fireman,	Montville.	
Israel Washburn, 52,	Clergyman,	Westport.	
Oliver Allen, 45,	Eng. & Machinist,	Norwich.	
Loyce H. Brooks, (col'd) 2d Cook,	N. Bedford.		
Geo. F. Fletcher, (col'd) 2d steward,	do.		
John A. Rhodes, 42,	Cordwainer,	Waterville.	
Joshiah Doe, 50,	Vassalborough.		
Joshiah Crosby, 50,	Engineer,	Waterville.	
Robert S. Williams, 30,	Merchant,	Waterville.	
George Pierce, 32,	Machinist,	Boston.	
John H. Washburn,	do,		
Aaron S. Taylor, Fairhaven.			
R. C. Randall, Jr., Rochester, Mass.			
James T. Dexter,	do,		
Michael McLaughlin, New Bedford.			
Henry C. Johnson,	do,		

Summary

MURDER OF MRS. COOPER. The trial of Conrad Voudar, the brutal wretch who killed Mrs. Cooper, wife of Tego Cooper, Esq., last May, came off in Baltimore last week. This was one of the most brutal and diabolical murder on record—the object of the murder being merely to rob his victim of a few dollars, which he could easily have accomplished without taking her life. It appears that Mrs. Elizabeth Cooper, the deceased, was the wife of Mr. Tego Cooper, a very respectable gentleman of Baltimore county. That on the 29th of May, 1848, having been visiting in Baltimore, she was returning to her residence about 21 miles from Baltimore, and had arrived at Parkton by the railroad, her residence being about a mile and a half or two miles from that point. She left Parkton about one o'clock in the afternoon, carrying an umbrella and a bandbox containing various articles of clothing. It was not until four or five days afterwards that her body was found, her husband having had no knowledge that she had left Baltimore. This fact having been ascertained, however, a general search was made for the body, which was found upon the county road, something less than half a mile from Parkton. It was by the side of a branch, covered with brush and large stones on the top of it, the clothes being pulled over the head and the person exposed. The head was much bruised, the skull being broken in, and the body much lacerated by being dragged along the road. In the vicinity of the spot several marks of blood were discovered, the rails being marked with blood and exhibiting the evidence of attempts to remove it by sand. A large stone was also found with a sharp point on it, stained with blood, and having a small portion of gray hairs attached. It was shown, in evidence, that Voudar was in the neighborhood immediately before Mrs. Cooper's arrival, and said that he had no money, or but six or seven cents; that he was enquiring the way to Newmarket; that he exchanged a pair of pantaloons, which he said were too good for him, for an inferior pair, to get a trifle to boot, with the privilege of redeeming them. Further, that he was sitting upon a woodpile when the cars arrived at Parkton from Baltimore, and that after Mrs. Cooper left, the prisoner was seen to get up and go along that road, bearing a direction contrary to that he had proposed to go. That in the course of the afternoon he re-appeared in Parkton, inquiring the time the cars left for York, and having at least \$5 or \$6 with him, a pair of woman's shoes, which could be clearly identified as belonging to Mrs. Cooper. That he, with a man named Paul Kunkle, who had been seen with him previously, left in the cars for York on that afternoon. That he remained four or five days at Kunkle's house in York, until he obtained employment at Dr. Bell's, where he was when the murder was discovered, and he was subsequently arrested. That on his arrest he burst into tears, and instead of protesting his innocence when told for what he was arrested, he remarked that they could not prove it on him, for nobody saw him do it. A snuff-box was found upon him, positively identified as that of Mrs. Cooper. After being confronted with Kunkle in the jail, he complained that Kunkle was not in irons, who he said was as guilty as he was; further, he had admitted that if they had known who the lady was, they would not have killed her; that they thought it was a Mrs. Parks, who they heard was about to return from Baltimore, with something like \$1000 which she had received for wood.

Mr. Tego Cooper, the husband of the murdered woman, identified the snuff-box. Her spectacles (said he) she kept in a small case. I don't know what clothes she took away with her. She used to wear sometimes a little shawl with a fringe to it; I have no recollection of her handkerchiefs; I couldn't speak positively. As she was going out I asked her what money she wanted, and took out two five dollar notes; she said one would be enough, and I told her to take both and she could bring back what she didn't use. (Spectacles shown.) These are her spectacles; I know them well; have used them frequently.

[Mr. Cooper spoke under much emotion, and the counsel for the defence kindly and considerately waived any cross-examination. The jury found Voudar guilty of murder, and he was sentenced to be hanged.]

FROM CAPE HATYEN.—Victory of the

Blacks over the Spaniards.—By the arrival of the brig Silius, we have dates from the Ial and of Hayti to the 20th of April. Accounts had been received at the Cape of a battle at Azua, between the Haytiens and the Dominicans, in which the latter were utterly routed with great loss. The battle is represented to have been a hotly contested one, and the Haytiens did not altogether escape, losing, it is said, from one to two hundred. Of the Dominicans three or four hundred were killed, mostly in the battle. A number of women and children in Azua, (which town fell into the possession of the conquerors,) were also slain. The accounts, however, do not represent that there was any general plunder of the town or indiscriminate slaughter of its inhabitants, as might have been feared from the undisciplined state of the conquering army. A large quantity of provisions, five thousand stand of arms, and many prisoners fell into the hands of the Haytiens. From Azua, Soloque continued his march for the city of St. Domingo, which would probably fall into his hands, together with Santiago, and the whole of the Spanish part of the island. A passenger from the Cape gives a curious account of that portion of the Haytien army which started from that quarter. He says that they were barefoot, without tails or sleeves to their coats, not a cent in their pockets, nor a mouthful to eat. Of course, on their march they were obliged to live by forced contributions upon their own countrymen until they reached the frontier. It is actually stated that the Commanding General, before starting, sent on board one of the vessels in port to beg a few biscuits to put in his knapsack. The Monopoly Law, it is now thought, was a very cunningly devised scheme of Soloque to prevent the merchants from meddling in politics, by setting them by the ears among themselves, as to the division of coffee, &c. Soloque is a shrewd manager, and is perhaps a better head of the Haytien Government than some of his more ignorant and brutal generals, to whom the authority would devolve in case of his death or displacement.—[Traveller.]

CAUGHT BETWEEN THE RAILS.—The cars from Boston yesterday noon were an hour and a half behind their usual time of arrival in this city. They were detained in Elliot by the locomotive of the up freight train being thrown from the track by coming in contact with a loaded cart upon the road. We learn that a man in South Berwick attempted to drive across the road a load of manure, when it stuck between the rails. While in "this fix," he discovered the approaching train and immediately detached his oxen and left the cart to its fate. It being on a down grade, the engineer was unable to check the locomotive, and coming in contact, took up the load of manure with the cow pocker and carried it some half a mile or more, when it became entangled with the wheels of the locomotive and threw it from the track. No person was injured, while the road and the locomotive were somewhat crippled by the adventure.—Portland Adv. 2d.

RAILROADS IN MAINE.—The arrival of some ten thousand tons of railroad iron is looked for at this port, within a month or two, for the Atlantic Road, the Lewiston and Waterville, and the Buckfield Branch. The York and Cumberland Road has contracted for a quantity to arrive in August. Some hundreds of cords of cedar sleepers for the last mentioned road have already been landed in this city.

As to new movements for railroads within this State, the principal agitation at present concerns the valley of the Androscoggin river between Rumford, or Canton Point, and Danville. The Buckfield Branch Road was authorized to be extended northwards to the Androscoggin, and it is affirmed that surveys have exhibited a desirable route for such extension. The Androscoggin Road, so called, is chartered, and approximately located, on the east bank of the river, from Greene to Jay Bridge. Intermediate between these two, is the enterprise, of which the people in Turner and some neighboring towns have taken strong hold, by which they would extend a road from Lewiston, through Tupper Village to Rumford. This movement has been put forward with energy, and it is understood that the parties concerned intend to apply for a charter. All these undertakings go to open very desirable connections with the Atlantic Road, and to draw the business from the great central valleys of the Androscoggin and Sandy rivers, towards Portland, as the natural gate of the State.—Portland Adv.

MORTALITY AMONG CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS.—We have already announced the death by cholera, of one or more of a company of emigrants—several of whom belonged to this vicinity—who undertook to go to California by way of the Rio Grande and Mazatlan; and more recently, we have mentioned the arrival at New Orleans of Mr. Buchanan of New York, who was also of this company. The company was composed originally of 30 members. When the cholera arrested them, near Brownsville, and after several deaths had occurred, some of the number returned, leaving thirteen, including Mr. Buchanan, in camp. Now, Mr. Buchanan has returned, with the last intelligence that he alone is left of all those thirteen—twelve having fallen victims to the cholera. We have before us a letter from one of those who first left the company, from which we learn the names of those belonging to this vicinity who were left in camp. They were as follows:

Messrs. Brooks, Christy, Nichols and Baxter, of Boston; and Mr. Hobbs, Charlestown. The disastrous result is, that out of the whole 30, who composed this company, 20 or 21 have died. Mr. N. R. Blaney, of Marblehead, whose death has been mentioned, was one of the company. Mr. Curtis, of New York, who was murdered, was another. A Capt. Dix of Texas, was also lassoed and murdered.—[Boston Traveller.]

PILES,

EVERY firm, Pin Worms, Scrofula, Cancer, internally and externally, Jackson Itch, and all other diseases, Dysentery, &c., &c., consisting of pills put up in six different forms. For particulars, please refer to his circulars, which are found wherever his medicines are. The PILL has only proved themselves to be sure to do what

recommended to, but have been found a certain cure for internal Cancer, and other internal diseases, and are so common and yet so fatal, of which I have seen many instances. I have therefore been enabled to find a few certificates and testimonials to the good effects of the medicines;—I hereby certify that a member of my family has upwards of 20 years, afflicted, frequently and with endurance or description, with the worst of Cancers, and that, after trying many medicines, and consulting the most celebrated Physicians without success, effected in six weeks by the use of Pollard's medicines. I can say with the strictest truth that the medicines prepared by A. W. Pollard were the cause of the cure, and I will therefore certify for which they are recommended, of myself yet discovered, and will cheerfully say applied upon at my place of business, No. 88 Main

October 3d, 1848.

The following certificate is from a respectable
Exchange-st., Bangor.

A member of my family has used for a few
Pollard's Compound Double Extract, No. 4,
which has cured him of a severe cold, and
entirely covered her hands and wrists, though
suffering from her using them to any advantage.
The minor has for the first time entirely dis-
posed of her cough, and taken a good sleep.
I assure will be the result of a few more applica-
tions of the medicine. Previous to using it, almost
every day was marked with long courses of medical
treatment, and associated with not the least
beneficial effect.

H. PERKINS.

References relative to the good effects of the
medicines prepared by the inventor—Dr. G. B. R.
Dr. J. C. H. Perkins, Dr. J. C. H. Perkins, Dr. J. C. H.
K. H. Perkins, Dr. J. C. H. Perkins, Dr. J. C. H.
W. Thompson, Charles Durham, James H. F.

The above certificates and references are deemed sufficient to satisfy the public that these medicines are recommended to be, and they are all put up by the inventor, who has for over 20 years been a great sufferer from the Piles, in its worst form, and many of the other complaints for which medicines are recommended.

BEAR IN MIND, that my medicines cannot be obtained in any of our cities or towns, (supplied only by mail) in this State, except at my store, No. 10, Exchange St., Bangor. I warrant a cure in all cases when consulted personally.

A. W. POLLARD,
Original Inventor and sole P.

For sale by I. H. Low & Co., Waterville, and
M. & Titcomb, Augusta.

**WHOLESALE DEALERS,
FARMERS, MECHANICS,
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OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF
NEW SPRING GOODS
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PLEASE CALL!

TO THE TRAVELING PUBLIC
 VISIT HEAD QUARTERS for your Own. Many of our citizens and New Englanders in mining towns are about starting for the New El Dorado California Gold Diggings, and having no experience of what they will require for their convenience, port, or in purchasing at Low Prices—or, in

getting a good, suitable outfit for a little money. I should go to head quarters, OAK HALL, Boston. I made the Outfitting Business our study—(three of my entire force, numbering some fifty clerks—all engaged in this new branch of our trade)—and fitted out a number of extensive companies.

prepared to furnish our patrons with a Printed and bound volume of all suitable articles required, and also information concerning the various routes to the Gold Region, and the best means of procuring the same. We are now grouping to see Oak Hall daily thronged with prospectors—old men, young men, boys—rich and poor, every free admitting where they are bonnd—but they are selected from the following useful Mining Articles. We shall tell the story.—Feather River Overcoats and California Cloaks, adapted to the double use of Cloak by day and Blanket at night, Sutt's Michigan Waistcoat, Linen Sacks, Thin Rags to

Bags, for India Rubber Shoes, Life Preservers; and
 Bags, for pack mules, Canteens, Traveling Bags,
 Gold Bags, Tents, one of which can be seen in
 the Hall Rotunda, Hammocks, Mattresses
 Mosquito Bare, Fancy Striped Traveling Shirts,
 Flannel Shirts and Drawers, Knit under Shirts,
 Drawers, Cravats or Stocks, Pocket Hdks., a
 El Dorado Caps, California Hats, Bowtie Knives,
 Knives, Dirks, Pistols, Traveling Trunks, Car-
 Umbrellas, Money Belts, Hair and Tooth Brushes,
 and Reading, Pocket Clothing, Maps, a shipping
 Clothes, for the laboring class—Jackets, Caps,
 Pants, Socks, Coats, &c., &c. We hope that
 some will succeed in their antislavery

will not unless they lay in a good supply of the named articles. If accounts from California are not will require the Large Lumps to purchase and above useful articles out there. A Printed List (ions of this establishment) of necessary articles

for six months, one, two or three years. Outfits with prospectus, explanatory of various routes may be paid post-paid application, addressed to "Fall." When a large company or club desires our Traveling Agents will be despatched to the place. Together with the above, we have an Extensive stock of every grade of Clothing, adapted to those who do not caught the "Gold Fever," and prefer to remain home.

**RECAPITULATION OF ABOVE ARTICLES
WITH PRICES ATTACHED.**

Spanish or California Cloaks, for double purpose, Blankets or Cloaks	3 50
" Feather River" Mining Coats	6 50
Capt. Sutter's Long Mining Waistcoats	3 00
Linen Sacks or Thin Coats	75

Woolen Hats, adapted to that climate	50
Feet, of various patterns	50
Oil Snits, adapted to the voyage out and to the rainy season	175
India Rubber Coats or Capes	600
India Rubber Hats	300
India Rubber Life Preservers	50
Stethmus Bags, for pack mules	125
Canteens, for drink	275
Traveling Bags	100
Gold Bags	50
Shoes, of various patterns, (one can be seen pitched in Oak Hall Rotunda)	600
Wool Hammocks, for slinging in the open air	175

Blankets	100
Mosquito Bars, for protection from various insects that infest the minal regions	100
Many Striped Travelling Shirts	50
Red Flannel Shirts, Drawers, &c.	75

Blue Flannel Shirts	1 25
Drawers or Stocks	17
Pocket Handkerchiefs	25
Fine Shirts, with Linen Bosoms, Collars	
and Waistbands	75
California Caps	25

Uniform Caps	20
Sampano Hats	75
Pocket Knives	17
Shovel Knives, with Belts for Pistols, complete	5 00
Shovels or Large Knives	50

elt, Sheath and Knife, complete	37
in Cup, Plate, Spoon, &c , all for	
istols, Revolvers, &c.	3 00
aveling Trunks,	2 00
aveling Bags (very handy in traveling	
to the mines from San Francisco)	1 00

umbrellas, for the rainy season	371-2
clothes, Hair and Shoe Brushes	17
any Soap, per cake	3
ocket Combs, Pocket Mirrors, &c.	3
pecie Belts	50

Socks, of Woolen, Cotton, Linen, &c.	12 1/2
Gloves, Buck Mitts, &c.	17
Trimming, or Laboring Jackets	1 25
Trimming, or Laboring Pants	1 00
Trimming, or Laboring Overalls	50

Also, Tooth Brushes, Purses, Pocket Books, Adumns, Wallets, Smoking Caps, Night Caps, Heats, Pillows, Bedding, &c.,—together with every variety of Traveling and Convenient Articles, complete the largest assortment in the Outfitting Line, in any establishment in the United States! By selection

Establishments will be avoided, as here you can
 anything wanted, from a Pick Axe to a Cap
 long Mining Waistcoat. — **OAK HALL**, Bos
 36, 38, Ann street, — **Wooden Building**, —

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(37-3m) G. W. SIMMONS