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Ephraim Maxham

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# The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II. NO. 45.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1849.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

## Miscellany.

[From Sartain's Magazine.]

### ROSE STANDISH; A TALE OF THE PURITANS.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

#### CHAPTER I.

Upon a gentle eminence, near the banks of the river Douglas, in Lancashire, stood a young man gazing upon a mansion, whose windows were burnished by the rays of the setting sun. He was low in stature, but well proportioned. Seen at a distance, he might have been mistaken for a youth of fifteen; a near approach revealed the marks of early manhood. His eye told of slumbering passions, easily aroused; his firmly set lips, of a determination that would not lightly yield to opposition.

The sun sunk below the horizon, and the brilliancy faded. The young man turned away from the object upon which his attention had long been fixed. A stranger mounted on horseback, was near him.

"What seat is that?" said the stranger, courteously raising his beaver.

"It should be mine," said the young man to himself, and then, in a louder tone to the stranger, "it is called Standish Hall."

"I thought so," said the stranger, spurring his horse onwards towards the object of his inquiry.

"A minion of the law," muttered the young man, who then directed his steps towards a neat cottage, just visible in the distance. As he drew near it, he paused, and betrayed symptoms of irresolution. Then, as if vexed with himself on account of it, he went forward, with hasty strides, till he reached the door.

His rap was answered by a maid of seventeen, whose countenance and form were in perfect keeping with her name.

"Good evening, Rose Annesly," said the young man.

"Good evening, Miles," said the maiden with a smile which dissolved the stern expression that had been deepening upon his countenance, during the last half hour. He took her hand, and with a courtly manner pressed it to his lips.

"Are you alone?" said he, seeing no one in her apartment as he entered it.

"I am," was the reply; "my father has not returned from the burial of Mr. Hartlib. I am glad you have come. I was beginning to feel homesick, if not alarmed." She seated herself near him, as if for protection.

"What being could possibly harm you?" said he, with a fervor, which caused her heart to flutter, but not with fear.

"No one, I presume, wishes to harm me. I did wrong to say I felt alarmed. I have felt sad, at times, since cousin Elizabeth's departure."

"You are too young to be sad. You have friends—a father who loves you most tenderly. I have not a friend upon earth."

"Miles Standish!" said she reproachfully.

"I have neither father nor mother," said he. Her answer was a sigh. There was a pause in their conversation. Both sat gazing at the flickering embers on the hearth.

It was true that Rose experienced seasons of sadness, since the departure of her cousin. That event very nearly synchronized with another—the surrender of her heart to the young man who was sitting by her side. He had never spoken to her of love. He had never performed an act designed to make an impression upon her heart. All unconsciously he had manifested the deep devotion in which he held her, and all unconsciously she had yielded to him her heart. Feelings of joy and sadness, unknown before, were now experienced. The former she associated with Miles, the latter with her cousin. A profounder knowledge of the mysteries of feeling, would attribute both to the same source.

"Rose," said Standish, in a tone which caused her to start, and a blush to overspread her countenance—"I did not mean to frighten you," added he, gently placing his arm around her, and drawing her, unresisting, near him, and imprinting, for the first time, a kiss upon her cheek, thereby deepening the crimson hue, which the sudden utterance of her name had caused. He regarded the act as the offering of himself at the shrine of her affections. From that moment, both felt that they were betrothed.

"What were you about to say?" said Rose. "I was about to say, removing his arm from her person, as if the words he was about to utter were not in keeping with its position, "I was about to say that I had looked upon the Hall for the last time. I leave to-morrow morning."

"The effect of his words led him to replace his arm for her support."

"Where are you going?" said she, almost in a whisper.

"I have determined to become a soldier. Perhaps I may repair my fortunes by my sword."

"By the shedding of blood," said she, with a shudder.

"The shedding of blood is the necessary consequence of war; our sovereign has determined to send troops to the aid of our Protestant brethren in the Low Countries. I shall offer my poor services to the cause."

"As a common soldier?" her pride for a moment rising above her fears.

"The name of my family will give me the rank of a subaltern; my good sword must secure my further advancement."

Rose sat some time in silence, apparently rapt in thought. Again he drew her closer to him. She buried her face in his bosom and wept aloud.

He endeavored to soothe her grief by pointing to a hopeful future, when he should return with a name of which he might be proud, and with means for supporting her in a style befitting her merits.

"No, no," said she, "do not throw away your life. Let the usurpers have the Hall. We have enough to keep away."

"Rose must not marry a nameless man. A prince might be proud of her."

The latch was lifted, and her father entered. Rose made no attempt to conceal the place she had occupied, or the tears which were still upon her cheeks.

"What has happened?" said Mr. Annesly, with solicitude, but with the calm tone which

he was accustomed to use, when exhorting his persecuted flock to patience under their sufferings.

"Miles is going to leave us forever," said Rose.

"And wherefore?" said the old man, seating himself in the arm chair, which Standish placed for him in the accustomed corner.

"My kinsmen have succeeded in withholding my estate from me. There is nothing left for me but the sword."

"And in what cause would you draw it?"

"In aid of the Protestants in the Low Countries."

"Against the vassals of the Man of Sin. It is the Lord's battle, my son."

"And do you approve his going?" said Rose, bending earnestly over her father's chair.

"Yes, my daughter, provided God has called him to that work. But note well, my young friend, whether in undertaking this work, thou art moved by a desire to do service to the cause of truth and freedom, or by discontent with the injustice done thee."

"The cause is a just one, I am well assured, and my purpose is fixed. I desire your blessing and your prayers, and when I return"—he paused, and looked at Rose, who stood trembling before him.

"I know," said Mr. Annesly, "that you love each other; when Providence favors your union, my consent will not be withheld. But tell me now, the particulars of your purpose."

Rose seated herself by her lover, and permitted him to retain her hand while he made a full exposition of his plans.

Mr. Annesly added his affectionate counsel, and rose to implore the blessing of God. He prayed for the progress of the pure gospel of the reformation—for the success of those who did battle against the supporters of idolatry—for the young man who essayed to gird himself with carnal weapons for the good cause, that he might be girded with the armor of righteousness, and preserved in the hour of battle, which "is with confused noise, and garments rolled with blood;" for the little circle present—that they might meet at last, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Having given the young man an affectionate embrace, he retired to his own apartment to pour forth in secret, supplications more personal than might be heard by mortal ear.

The lovers walked forth under the bright shining stars, now in silent heart communion, and now uttering words of tenderness more fittingly spoken than recorded. When they had watched many a star to its setting, after one fervent embrace, one prolonged pressure of the lips, they parted at the cottage door.

When the morning sun arose, Miles was on his way to join those who were to fight successfully abroad for a liberty which was denied to their fellow citizen at home.

#### CHAPTER II.

Rose's hours of sadness were more frequent after the departure of her lover. Month after month passed away, and no tidings respecting him arrived. The press had not then begun to send forth his winged messengers, to make known to dwellers in the remotest valleys whatever is done upon the land and the sea, even to the uttermost parts of the earth.

"Father," said Rose, one evening, as they were sitting before the open door of their cottage, watching the stealing of the shades of evening over the landscape, "do you think Miles is living?"

"His reply was a look of surprise and inquiry. 'I had a dreadful dream last night,' continued Rose. 'I dreamed that he was slain by the Spaniards.'

"Our dreams often indicate the source of our anxieties; they do not add to our knowledge."

"Do you think it possible that he has escaped?"

"My dear, he is in the hands of God, with whom all things are possible. I frequently hope—nay, I may say I have faith to believe—that he will be spared to become an honored instrument in promoting the cause of God's truth."

"Thank you, dear father," said Rose, rising and winding her arms around his neck, and kissing his forehead again and again.

"I have watched over him," said Mr. Annesly, "from his youth. I have thought that it was permitted that his estate should be withheld from him, in order to prepare him for some great work. If such be God's design, he will verily accomplish it in his own good time."

Intense as had been the daughter's affection for her father from her very infancy, she now felt that she loved him more than ever, for the hopeful words he had spoken.

After a long silence, she again asked, "Father, do you think he is a Christian?"

"My mind is not clear upon that point. I could wish that all who profess to be Christians were as orderly in their outward walk as he. His heart is with the persecuted people of God. While I have rejoiced to see him stand forth their bold defender, I have also trembled lest his spirit should not be duly tempered with the meekness and gentleness of Christ."

"Oh, that he would return!" said Rose.

"I would that he might return ere I sleep with my fathers. There is a storm coming upon the persecuted remnant. You would be but ill prepared to buffet the billows alone."

"I can bear, said Rose, meekly, 'whatever Providence sees fit to lay upon me.'

"Trust not in your own strength, my daughter."

"I do not. I trust in the promise, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.'"

"You are right. Rest there, and you are safe. Let us now worship God."

The evening portion was read, and the evening prayer was offered. When mention was made of Rose, there was a fervency of petition which, while it absorbed her soul in devotion, thrilled it with an undefined terror. Did a guardian spirit, forewarned of what was frequently to come to pass, give direction to his thoughts and feelings? Is it not the language of poetry that coming events can be said to cast their shadows before?

The next morning Rose awoke, as usual, with the dawn. She failed to hear the murmured voice of prayer from her father's apartment. For years beyond which her memory could not reach, he was accustomed to rise before the break of day, to study the written word, and to commune with his holy author. The first sounds which used to salute her ear, on waking, were the tones of his voice in prayer.

"He is growing old," said Rose, "and needs more rest. I will not disturb him."

She entered upon the noiseless performance of her domestic duties. The frugal breakfast was prepared, but still he who was to implore the blessing of God upon it did not make his appearance.

After waiting for a long time, Rose rapped at his door. Still there was no sound within but the ticking of the clock, which was fearfully distinct. Her hand trembled and her heart beat violently as she opened the door.

Her father was, to all appearance, asleep upon his pillow. His eyes were closed, and his countenance wore a serene composure. "Father," said Rose, still there was no voice or movement. She stepped cautiously forward, and laid her hand upon his forehead. The touch shot an icy coldness to her heart. The angel of death had released his spirit without disturbing his slumbers.

Rose sank into a chair which stood near, and gazed with a tearless eye upon that "chill, changeless brow." The sun had mounted high in the heavens, and still she was alone with the dead. So sudden and stunning was the blow, that her thoughts had not even wandered to him who now constituted the only tie that bound her to the earth.

A loud knocking at the cottage door roused her. She opened it, and an officer of the law stood before her. He started back from her bloodless and haggard countenance. She made no reply to his questions, but led him to the bedside of the deceased.

"Ah!" said the officer to his attendant, "we have less to do here than we supposed."

"Your prey has escaped you," said Rose, bursting into tears, and returning to her chamber. There she knelt and gave thanks that her father had been translated without confinement in prisons, in which so many had languished, because they would not symbolize with popery, or regard as sacred the inventions of man.

The disappointed agents of persecution, spread the news of the death at the cottage, which was soon filled with those who had received spiritual nourishment at the hand of the departed one. They proffered to the orphan the sympathy of christian hearts. With that absence of rites peculiar to the puritans of that period, they laid the body in its last resting place.

The property of the deceased, the remnant of former affluence, was deemed sufficient to support the orphan, but her friends had reckoned without the spirit of persecution, or rather, of avarice connected with it. Would the spirit which could withhold from a perishing people the light of the pure gospel, stay its hand from the heritage of the orphan? Heavy fines, which, it was claimed, had been previously imposed, were collected from the estate. Strangers took possession of the cottage, and Rose could only make her appeal to Heaven.

#### CHAPTER III.

On a Sabbath, in the spring of the year 1619, a stranger, in the dress of a British officer, was seated in the church of the Pilgrims at Leyden. He joined with devout attention in the services. He was observed to be visibly affected when prayer was offered for friends in their native land.

He retained his seat while the congregation retired. Pastor Robinson, Elder Brewster, Carver, Bradford, and few others, bade him welcome to their sanctuary. On the Sabbath day they would ask no question to gratify their curiosity.

On the morrow, they learned his history. He was returning home from the theatre of war, (a true having taken place) bearing the commendation of his general, as a brave and skillful officer. The inquiries compelled him to dwell more fully upon his services than was quite agreeable to his modesty, or his soldierly pride.

The arrangements of the Pilgrims for their departure for America, were well nigh completed. The difficulties known only to those who had given careful attention to their history, had, as they hoped, been overcome. They were soon to spread their sails for the western world, there to kindle a light to lighten the nations in all coming time.

One want they needed to have supplied. They had full confidence in their own courage—in their capacity to dare and suffer; for they had passed a long apprenticeship. They had their beloved Elder, skilled in theology, and no inconsiderable experience in affairs of state. Carver and Bradford were committed to be civil leaders in any commonwealth. But no one of the band was experienced in military life. This was regarded as all important at that time when experience had not shown that the occasion always brings forth the man. They earnestly desired a military leader.

When, therefore, Standish, with his war-worn countenance and military bearing, was seen devoutly joining in their simple worship, the question arose in many a mind. "Has not Providence sent us the man we need?"

A consultation was held. The stranger was invited to cast his lot with them, and to become their captain. After a brief consideration of their proposal, he gave conditional consent. He would visit his native place. If things were ordered aright, he would return and go with them over the great waters.

At the earliest practicable moment, attended by the blessings and prayers of the pilgrims, he set sail for England. When her white cliffs rose in sight, he could scarcely restrain his impatience at the slow progress of the vessel, though every sail was spread to a favoring breeze. When once on land, he gave himself no rest till within sight of the turrets of Standish Hill.

He was then afraid to make inquiries respecting her whom he was so anxious to meet. Long years had passed. Did he still live in her remembrance? Had he still a place in her heart? There was but one answer to these questions, if she was among the living. Death who spares not the lowliest might have seized her for his prey.

He passed through the village, and hastened toward the cottage. It wore an aspect of neglect. The fragrant honeysuckle, which used to be neatly trained around her window, had fallen down, and lay trailed on the ground. The flower-beds, which had learned to love because they were kept in order by her hand, were overgrown with weeds. The sight caused the quicker throbbing of a heart whose movements had seldom been disturbed by an advance to an imminent deadly breach.

A slatternly woman met him at the door. She could give no information respecting the former owners of the cottage. He turned and retraced his footsteps to the village. A heavy

load lay on his heart than he had ever felt before.

An aged female, making her toilsome way by the aid of crutches, met him. Both paused at the same moment. "Are you Miles Standish?" said she, shading her eyes with her withered hand.

"I am."

"There is one there," pointing to an humble tenement in a neighboring lane, "who will joy to see you."

He went forward with an alacrity which led her to exclaim, "Blessings on him; he has not forgotten her."

The door of the humble dwelling was open, to let in the sunlight. The unusual sound of approaching footsteps brought Rose to the door. She recognized him, and leaped for support against the door post. He rushed forward, and prevented her from falling by receiving her in his arms.

The day was spent in relating to each other the history of the eventful years which had passed since their farewell words were uttered.

As Rose spoke of the kindness of the faithful few who had enjoyed her father's ministry, her lover's heart throbbed with increased devotion to the principles taught by that father, and with an increased desire to assist in founding a commonwealth in which they should alone bear sway.

Rose lent a willing ear to the proposal of the Leyden Pilgrims. The glory which Standish might acquire in so adventurous a work was not without its attraction to her ardent mind. But higher motives had a stronger influence. Her devotion to the cause of Puritanism was most entire. To establish a community in which all its principles should be fully recognized—to plant the standard of the cross in a heathen land—she deemed the noblest undertaking in which mortal could engage. The hardships she had suffered since her father's death she regarded as intended to prepare her for the work. She was ready at once to accompany her betrothed to Leyden.

At night they met with a few of her father's flock, who remained faithful beneath the rod of the oppressor. It happened that one who ministered in holy things was present. Standish and Rose were united in marriage, though not after the forms prescribed by the laws of the land. They had no doubt that their union met the approbation of Heaven.

One thing more remained to be done before they left forever the scenes of their childhood. It was a visit to her father's grave. They repaired thither at the quiet hour of evening. The soft winds of June caused a gentle rustling in the trees which grew in the churchyard, and sweetly fanned the cheeks of the mourners as they stood by the lowly mound covering one who had been a faithful and true witness to the arm of her husband, and wept. Her tears were not tears of bitterness. By that hallowed grave she consecrated herself to the great work before her. She felt as though the spirit of the departed was near her, and witnessed the act. She was sure, at least, that he would rejoice to know that his daughter was engaged in a work of self-denying labor and patient suffering for Christ, and for his church.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Welcome, daughter," said the pastor of the Pilgrims, as Captain Standish introduced his bride, whose fair cheek and rejoicing eye told of fewer years than she had actually seen. "Have you counted the cost of this great undertaking?"

"I have," said she, with a gentle firmness which brought a smile to the lips of the grave and care-worn Carver, who was standing near. "It is no pleasant voyage on which we are bound," said he.

"My father taught me that duty, not pleasure, is to be the object of our lives."

"God's blessing be upon you; he seems to have given you the right spirit. You will be a help and comfort to us."

"My husband will, I trust, be useful; I hope I may not be a burden."

During the few days which passed between her arrival and the embarkation at Delft Haven, the whole company became warmly attached to Rose. When the final separation took place, those who were to be left behind hung upon her as tenderly as upon those with whom they had passed eleven years of exile.

We pass over the vexatious detention in England, the repeated returns, the crowding of the passengers of the Speedwell on board the May Flower, the long and wearisome voyage. Land was at length reached amid the cold blasts of a New England winter. The ship was anchored in Cape Cod harbor, and the Captain was sent forth at the head of an exploring party, to select a place for erecting their habitations.

In the course of the long dreary month during which the May Flower lay in Cape Cod harbor, there were hearts on board which began to faint, not through the failing of the spirit, but of the body. Then it was that the buoyant spirit of Rose found its sphere of usefulness. Her cheerful air and encouraging smile, her calm confidence, and hopeful words, and ready assistance, cheered many a desponding heart, and lightened many a heavy burden. It was only during the absence of her husband that the most observant eye would perceive a trace of anxiety upon her countenance. She feared that he might be overwhelmed by the waves, while coasting along the shore in the frail shallop, or pierced amid the thick forest, by the Indian's noiseless arrow.

Sad days were those for the devoted band. Sufferings of which they had not dreamed came upon them. The wife of the beloved Bradford perished in the deep during his absence from the ship. Hollow coughs and hectic cheeks gave mournful intimation that the first planting upon the land would be that of graves.

"Rose," said Standish, on his return from the second exploring tour, "your cheek grows pale, and your strength is failing. My heart reproaches me for bringing you here to endure such hardships. I did not foresee this."

"My husband, I have never been so happy in my life as I have been since the ship cast anchor in this bay."

An incredulous smile passed over his features.

"Believe me, I have never been so happy—no, not even when my young heart's first affections were first given to you—as I have been on board this vessel. I have never before had an opportunity of devoting myself entirely to the happiness of others."

"You must not destroy your life in so doing."

"I take as much care of myself, for your sake, as is possible in the circumstances in which we are placed. Whatever becomes of me, I am sure you will aid in kindling a light which will shine to the ends of the earth."

"When we once get a resting-place upon shore, I can do more for your comfort."

"I shall be glad to set foot on shore, but our comfort must be found in our work. We are sent to prepare the way of the Lord, and like the Baptist must suffer the hardships of the wilderness."

The third and last exploring party had been sent out. They had kept the Sabbath, shelterless amid the storm, on Clark's Island. Their feet had pressed the Rock to be held in everlasting remembrance. They had selected the spot where their altars were to be raised, and the undying fires of freedom kindled. The ship weighed anchor, and on the 16th of December, (O. S.) were round into the Bay of Plymouth.

As soon as the anchor was dropped, Rose was on deck, surrounded by a group of her fellow pilgrims, to whom she pointed out the place where their homes were to be prepared. Some listened with glistening eyes to her glowing descriptions of the scenes which should be witnessed there; some smiled faintly, and some shook their heads, as if conscious that their only dwelling on the longed-for shore would be the "narrow house."

Those of the Pilgrims who were able to go on shore commenced the work of erecting their rude dwellings. How well they were adapted to repel the rigors of the climate, we may gather from the fact that they were roofed with thatch, and that oiled paper supplied the place of glass. The number of efficient laborers was diminished daily by disease. Scarcely had the first tree been felled, when Richard Britteridge was brought back to the ship, not to leave her till carried forth to become the first tenant of the spot selected as the burial place of the Pilgrims.

While the able-bodied men of the company were thus engaged on shore, (when the frequent storms would permit) the direction of matters on ship-board fell almost entirely upon Rose. The captain's lady was referred to on every occasion. The increasing amount of illness called for her services night and day. Many remonstrated with her for going beyond her strength, yet they felt that none could take her place.

The child of Christopher Martin was taken ill. He was a gentle, intelligent boy—the favorite of all on board. Rose had been his instructor during the voyage, and he loved her almost as well as he loved his own mother. His case awakened peculiar sympathy, and everything that kindness could do was done to save him from an early grave.

A dim light was burning in the cabin of the May Flower. The captain was sleeping upon the bare floor, his military habits of endurance causing him to relinquish to others the comforts to which his rank entitled him. Rose was sitting with the sick child in her arms; the mother, worn out with watching, was sleeping heavily in her chair.

After a short season of rest, Standish rose and took the child in his arms. She kissed his cheek as he stooped to perform the act of kindness. He then, in a whisper, requested her to seek repose. She pointed to the child, and retained her place by his side. In silence they watched his rapidly shortening breath. There was a short struggle, and all was still. The repose of death rested on the face of the beautiful boy.

The Captain gave his wife a look as he raised his eyes from the lifeless child, which seemed to read her thoughts; for the first time since she set her foot on the deck of the May Flower, her eyes were filled with tears.

He laid the child gently in its rude cradle, and took Rose in his arms, where she reclined like an infant, and slept sweetly on his bosom till the break of day.

It was with a manifest reluctance which surprised all who witnessed it, that the Captain went on shore that morning, to press forward the work of erecting habitations.

#### CHAPTER V.

"When shall we be permitted to keep the Sabbath on shore?" said Rose to her husband, as he came on board, at the close of weary day.

"On the next Sabbath, the Elder says, we shall worship in the Common House," said Standish.

The information occasioned a smile of pleasure like to those which rested upon her lips in earlier days.

The long wished for Sabbath morning came. It was cold, but the sun shone brightly on the snow-cold hills. Rose was among the first to be prepared to take the boat for the shore.

"My dear," said a mother in Israel, "You are not well enough to go. How very pale you are!"

"A sad, sweet smile, a silent pressure of the hand, was her only answer."

With the aid of her husband, she passed down the side of the vessel, and was soon standing on the Rock. She paused for a moment, as if in mental devotion, and then went forward, leaning on the arm of her husband. He perceived that her step was unsteady, but hoped it was owing to long confinement on ship-board, and not to mortal weakness. They reached the Common House, in which the services were to be held. Carver, Bradford and Brewster were sitting by the fireside. The Elder gave Rose his seat by the side of Carver. The congregation soon collected, and their worship began.

The soldier paid more attention to his wife than to the words of the Elder. His eye was fixed upon her sunken cheek and bloodless lip. He observed the wrapt attention with which she listened to the Elder, as he described the glories of the heavenly land, and was convinced that she would soon be translated thither.

The protracted services came to a close. The earnest desire of Rose's heart had been gratified; she had joined in the first act of religious worship on the shores of New England.

It was with difficulty that she rose to return to the ship. She could not conceal from her husband the deadly sickness that came upon her. He bore her in his arms to the boat.

He bared his own person to the freezing wind, while he placed his rough garments around her. The rowers put forth their utmost strength. When she was borne over the side of the ship there was weeping, from the fact that the days of the beautiful pilgrim were numbered.

The next day the Captain would fain have remained on board; but Indians had been seen in the vicinity, and he must be at his post.

Rose lacked not such attentions as was in the power of her companions to bestow. Perhaps there were none on board who would not have expended their strength in her behalf.

On the morning of the 29th of January, as the Captain was about to go on shore, she retained his hand. He understood that she wished him to remain with her. He sat down by her couch, and wept. They were the first and the last tears seen upon his cheeks by the pilgrims.

"My husband," said Rose, with her sweetest smile, "we must soon part. You know what the Elder said of the heavenly city."

The lips of the Captain moved, but no audible reply was heard.

"I have rejoiced that it was put into your heart to engage in this work. Few are permitted to live and die in such a cause. Could I have foreseen all that has taken place, I would have made no change, unless it were to secure a larger supply of faith. I could wish to be spared, to be a comfort to you, and thus to assist in this great work; but God sees, perhaps, that I should be a hindrance. My last desire is that you should give your whole heart to the work of building up the church in the wilderness."

The day was passed, for the most part, in silence, for she was too feeble to converse. The shadows of evening began to fall. The fierce wind ceased at the setting of the sun. An unusual calmness settled upon the waters. The ship lay as still as an infant sleeping in the cradle. Rose intimated a wish to be taken in her husband's arms.

Carver and Brewster came on board, to each she extended her hand, and smiled. Word was passed that the Elder was about to offer prayer. Every sound was hushed throughout the vessel, and all who could draw near and reverently joined in the supplications. At first she opened her eyes and fixed them for a moment upon her husband's countenance. She then closed them, and covered them with her hand. Just before the prayer was ended, she rested more heavily upon his arm. The amen was uttered. She had ceased to breathe. "Jan. 29, died Rose, wife of Captain Standish," is the brief entry made by Bradford in the Pilgrim's Journal.

She was borne, on a stormy day, to her bleak resting-place, by men of stern countenances, but of warm hearts. Her husband would permit no hand but his own to fill her grave. It was the eighth one dug during that month in the first burial-place. "On that spot have lain to rest together—the earth carefully smoothed down, that the Indians might not count



**THE WALDENSES.**—The Worcester Spy contains the following report of Dr. Baird's lectures on these interesting members of the Christian church.

The Waldenses are found, not in Switzerland as many suppose, but in Italy, 200 miles from Geneva. They live in the kingdom of Sardina. Their country is 18 miles in length, and from 12 to 14 miles in width. Its population is 26,000; 22,000 of them are Protestants, and 4,000 Catholics. To this spot they are confined by law, and are forbidden to hold property in any other part of Italy.

The ancestors of the Waldenses took refuge in these valleys in the first centuries, from the persecutions which arose under the Roman Emperors. Amid all the changes of the world they retained the truth, in its purity, in their mountain fastnesses. In the 11th century, they stood alone in the world as an evangelical people. In the 14th century, the dukes of Savoy, at the instigation of the Popes, commenced their wars of extermination. In 250 years they passed through 34 wars, and still preserved their national existence. They owed their safety to their position. The old men, women and children, were sent to the mountain tops to pray, while the young and strong fought. In one battle 300 of the Waldenses repulsed 8,000 of the invaders. As the enemy defiled along the narrow valleys, rocks were thrown from the overhanging precipices, and many were killed. Cromwell interfered to save them, but at his death their enemies renewed the attack.

The most destructive war in the time of James the second. The troops of Louis XIV. attacked them in 1688, and 14,000 were slain. The remaining 3,500 went to Switzerland in mid-winter. They were kindly received by the Bernese, and remained with them three years and a half. William, Prince of Orange, then sent Col. Arnaud to persuade them to return to their own country. He placed himself at their head, as both minister and leader, and they reconquered their country. Peace was declared in 1692. Since that time, they have not suffered from war, but have been grievously oppressed. Their taxes were far higher, in proportion, than those of the other Italians. They were not allowed to proselyte, but priests were sent among them to win over their children. These attempts rarely succeeded. When the reformation commenced, the Waldenses sent a committee to Luther, to ascertain his religious views. When informed, they replied that his doctrines were the same they had held for centuries.

From that time they have kept up a communication with Switzerland. Their ministers are educated in that country. They use the French language in their pulpits. Seven young men are supported in their colleges, by the interest of a fund created in Calvin's time. The contributions for their assistance from Protestant countries, since that time, would probably not vary much from half a million. Col. Beckwith, an Englishman who now resides among them, has done much for their benefit. He has given them about 30,000 dollars and has built for them 165 school houses.

They have fifteen parishes, a college with 50 students, and a grammar school. Their national flag is a burning lamp surrounded with stars, and encircled with the beautiful and appropriate motto, *Lux lucet in tenebris*. The king of Sardinia has, during the last year, granted them what they never possessed before, religious liberty. They are now endeavoring to restore the Italian language in their pulpits. God has evidently preserved them, to be indeed a light shining in a dark place, that through their influence, the true Gospel may be spread in Italy. They send by the lecturer, their salutations to the American churches, and ask their prayers and aid in their great work.

**STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN, April 21.**—While some workmen were recently making repairs on the family mansion of the ancient and illustrious Counts of Fersen, situated in the quarter of Blasieholm, in Stockholm, they discovered in the first story, inside a very thick wall, a box containing ornaments, rings, necklaces, and other jewels, all set in diamonds, the value of which is estimated at about three millions six dollars. None of the present inhabitants of the house knew of the existence of this treasure, and information on the subject has been in vain sought for in the archives of the family of Fersen. It is the general opinion that the concealing these articles in the wall of Fersen House is to be traced to the flight of Varennes of King Louis XVI., for it is recollected that Count Axel de Fersen, at that time Swedish Minister at Paris, and who was much devoted to the Royal family of France, assisted much in facilitating that flight, and himself, disguised as a coachman, drove the carriage in which the unfortunate monarch departed for Varennes. It was the same Count Fersen who, on the 20th of June, 1840, was massacred by the populace of Stockholm, because they suspected him, though very unjustly, of having poisoned Prince Holstein-Augustenburg, who, shortly before that time, had been elected Prince Royal of Sweden, and who had just died suddenly. [Daily Advertiser.]

**J. G. WHITTIER.**—Whittier gave early indications of poetic powers. Several of his juvenile poems having found their way into the newspapers and magazines of the day, attracted the attention of some literary gentlemen, who appreciated the merit of the productions, and resolved to make the author a visit, to offer their assistance in introducing the "Quaker poet" to literary notoriety. Accordingly they took a conveyance that soon set them down in the picturesque town of Weare, N. H., the residence of the young poet. With some difficulty they found the residence of Whittier, and were ushered into the best room of the house by the mother, to whom they made known their desire to see her son.

All this time young Whittier was working away at the certainly unpoetical business of cleaning out the hog-sty. He plied his shovel with right good will, totally unconscious of the honor that awaited him. Judge of his astonishment, when Lizzy, his sister, came running from the house, and informed him that it was full of very great people, who were waiting to see him. "What shall I do?" cried the young poet in agony. "Run, Lizzy, and get my boots, while I wash me in the brook."

The boots were brought, but the bare wet feet of Whittier refused to enter. At length, after a deal of tugging, one was drawn on, but oh, horrors! the other would not go on, neither would the first one come off. "A pretty looking spectacle I shall present for their inspection," murmured Whittier, as with one boot in his hand and the other on his foot, he entered the house. But in a short time, the flattering words of his visitors made him quite forget the awkwardness of his attire. [Madison Family Visitor.]

**A PLEASANT MEETING.**—Capt. Bailey, of Brig Gambia, arrived at this port yesterday from River of Plate, had the pleasure of speaking, on his outward passage, the barque Eliza, of Salem, bound for California, with several of our townsmen on board. The vessels were in company four days, and parted on the 22d of

February, lat. 33.50 S, long. 51.40. The Californians were all well, and sang the California song, with which they left our harbor, with great gusto on the ocean. The meeting and interchange of visits, during the four days, proved very agreeable to all parties. The Gambia also spoke the barque Elvira, with Californians, among whom, we believe, were several from this vicinity. [Salem Reg. 4th.]

The world without a Bible has been a world without humanity. The idea that all men are equal exalts men, and humanity, truly conceived, is above nationality. Give up this idea of equality, and humanity is lost, and castes and pride prevail. The Chinese and Indian know nothing of the end of humanity. The Bible gives the only true idea of liberty. God is the head of all government. As the national law is above that of any State, so is the law of God above that of any other. The liberty of Greece was not that of a man, but only that of Greeks, as Greeks. In many of their States there were more slaves than freemen. The world without the Bible had been without domestic society; woman has not been appreciated, nor has she occupied her proper station; without the Bible, the world has also been without popular education, which is indispensable to liberty. [Becher.]

## The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAY 31

[From our Boston Correspondent.]

Boston, May 26, 1849.

**Friend Matham:**—I think an apology is almost due to you from me, for my sudden stop in writing to you, without even a hint that I should do so. Since I last wrote, I have scarcely been in this city until this week, but for the most of the time have been in a neighboring State, and so much absorbed in business that I found it almost impossible for me to get time to write to you. But as I am here now I cannot resist the temptation of following the old track, and letting you know how the world was hereabouts, as it will be the last opportunity I shall have of writing from here for the summer, as, ere another week has sped, I'll be with thee again, and shake that impious hand which is yet 'joined to its idol.' I feel less regret in laying aside the pen to meet you face to face, now that you have another correspondent, who 'sprinkles' your readers from these diggings with his generous, sparkling, refreshing, gladdening outpourings of Cochinatene. And long may he continue to sprinkle them with his effusions, and I here extend the fraternal hand to him, and when I am in this city again we'll meet and be 'unco'ed' of generosity.

In the busy turmoil and daily din constantly encountered here, there is always that to sadden as well as to cheer. Of the former character is the execution which took place yesterday, of Washington Goode, a negro, for the murder of Harding, last June. I have no wish to particularise any upon it, further than to say that I have my doubts about its being fully proved that he did the deed. It gladdened but few hearts besides those who paid fifty cents for a chance to witness the execution from the houses which overlooked the jail-yard where it took place. Many, yes, all whom I have conversed with, regretted that it was to take place, and it seemed as if Nature herself harmonized with the scene, and 'hung the heavens in black.' Oh! may it be the last time that such a heart-sickening, heart-demonializing scene as this will ever take place in this city. And it scarcely seems possible that the like can ever take place again here, so strong seems to be the feeling manifested against capital punishment.

The case of Dr. Coolidge has excited a great deal of interest, from the first time he was brought before the public until the last act of his to-be-regretted life; which last act was in perfect keeping with his former one—the murder of Mathews—all proving him to be a most consummate villain and diabolical fiend. The result of the plot which he had matured against Flint removes all doubts which many had here, to his (Flint's) prejudice, from his peculiar connection with Coolidge. To Flint it must be a source of gratitude to Him 'whose ways are not our ways,' thus to have his innocence proved to the world.

The notes of preparation are sounding for the moral and religious Anniversaries, which are to be held this week. One can safely guarantee a vast increase of visitors here, and all tastes will be gratified in their various sympathies, as all the religious sects have their peculiar organizations in full activity, and all their leaders are always present to strengthen the weak and warn up the lukewarm, and all will go forth renewed and determined not to falter. This is a grand democratic week, surely; high and low, rich and poor, meet together, bound by common sympathies in a common cause—all being co-laborers in a work of goodness; therefore I am glad that they are held, as the tendency of all religious and social meetings is, to make all love one another more.

Our city officers are taking the most energetic sanitary measures to cleanse the city, as a preparatory step towards ameliorating the ravages of the Asiatic Cholera, as doubtless it will be here ere long. The order has gone forth for each family to turn the water taps, and let the water flow freely for a period of six hours through the drains into the sewers, which may have accumulated therein, and those who do not have the Cochituate are requested to cause their pumps to be set going one hour the same day; and if one may judge from the flooded state of the streets, this order is very generally obeyed. This, with the previous knowledge which the city has circulated, must almost forbid the cholera from being very fatal, if it comes.

Foreign immigration is as strong as ever, and the cry is still they come. This week about 1700 have arrived, and some weeks they count up as high as 2500. Surely it is a hard fate which compels men and women to leave their hearthstones and the binding associations

which cluster around them, and to seek new ones they scarcely know where; still harder is it for them to find the highly pictured hopes which so brightly shone upon them almost blasted, as they must inevitably be, when they find here that almost all the avenues to competency are already filled with those who have come before them, and they have spent their all to get among strangers. Oh! how lonely and dreary must be their condition! They are worthy of our pity; and unless a helping hand is extended to them, to cheer, guide and aid, it is surprising that a majority of the inmates of our poor houses and houses of correction should be foreigners? Some of our leaving minds begin to see this, and active steps are now being taken to procure capital to invest in lands at the West. A society has been formed, who are to get all immigrants who may arrive (so far as their means will allow) to go and settle on these lands, the society putting up buildings, stocking the farms, &c. the amount to be refunded to the society in stated annual sums.

The last news from California by the telegraph is quite cheering, as it represents 100,000 dollars' worth of gold being on its way, in the charge of a Boston boy, being the result of one year at the mines. But the best gold digging of the season was found at Point Gammon, near the town of Yarmouth, in this State, on a lonely island. The word went forth that gold was found in large and easily obtained quantities, and such a turnout as there was immediately was warming to cold heads. Men made nothing of getting bucketfuls of it easier and quicker than they could so many clams. The rush continued for about three days, but alas for human hopes! 'it was such stuff as dreams are made of.' Some of it was forwarded to this city privately to be examined, and answer was returned that it was nothing but mica, and that a vessel load of it was not worth a brass farthing.

We are basking in one of nature's loveliest days, and I long to get where I can hear the birds sing their own unmeasured strains, and see the flowers blossom in their own beauties, warmed into life by Nature's smiles; the very thought makes the heart young again.

Adieu till we meet again. ZIGZAG.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

**DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.**—It is sometimes the case that boys, in their thoughtlessness will go about shooting the little innocent birds, which cheer us by their presence, and delight us with their music, and if unmolested do so much good to the farmer and gardener. If there any such boys in Waterville, or boys of a larger growth, let me entreat them not to kill the birds; for the birds do a great deal of good. They eat up the worms and other insects which destroy our gardens and fruit. One of these birds, if let alone, will do more good to the community than the unlucky idler who goes about to shoot him. The birds cheer us with their songs. What is more inspiring than the lively note of the birds in the morning? If treated kindly, they will come near our dwellings, and their music will enliven our pleasant hours. Besides, it is unnatural and cruel to kill them. The boy or man who finds his pleasure in killing innocent birds, will never be a kind brother, or son, or husband, and will never be really loved nor truly happy. He does not deserve to have friends, nor to enjoy the flavor of a good winter apple, nor the produce of a good garden. He ought to live in the woods. Set a mark on every one who finds a pastime in shooting birds, and cross him off your list of friends forthwith.

PHILOMELA.

**ANDROSCOGGIN & KENNEBEC RAILROAD.**—A meeting of the stockholders was held at Lewiston on the 24th inst. The principal object of calling the meeting was to determine on the mode to be adopted for raising additional means for completing and opening the Road to Waterville the present season. For this purpose, various projects were proposed by different gentlemen, all of which, after discussion, were referred to a Committee, who reported in favor of raising an additional sum of \$200,000, by issuing new stock at par, to be offered to the present stockholders. This report was adopted with great unanimity, and we understand that books will, in a few days, be offered to all the stockholders for subscription.

The number in attendance was quite as large as could be expected at this busy season of the year, and we are informed that a good feeling prevailed, and that the stockholders present at the meeting expressed a determination to have the Road opened to Waterville as early as next October, and to this end were willing to take their proportion of new stock, and trusted that the absent stockholders would cheerfully respond to the call. That the stockholders have the ability, no one doubts—but have they the will? We believe they have, and that the same spirit which originated and has carried on the enterprise thus far, almost to its completion, will not now be wanting.

**COL. BENTON TO THE PEOPLE OF MISSOURI.**—Col. Benton has appealed from the Legislature of Missouri to the people of Missouri, against the instructions which that Legislature has given him, and obedience to which, in his opinion, involves treason to the Union. The following is his letter which was published in the St. Louis Republican of the 14th inst.

**To the People of Missouri:**  
The General Assembly of our State, at its late session, adopted certain resolutions on the subject of slavery, and gave me instructions to obey them. From this command I appeal to the people of Missouri—the whole body of the people—and if they confirm the instructions, I shall give them an opportunity to find a Senator to carry their will into effect, as I cannot do anything to dissolve this Union, or to array one half of it against the other.

I do not admit a dissolution of the Union to be a remedy, to be prescribed by statesmen, for the diseases of the body politic, any more than I admit death, or suicide, to be a remedy to be prescribed by physicians for the diseases

of the natural body. Cure and not kill is the only remedy which my mind can contemplate in either case.

I think it probable, from what I observed, that there are many citizens—good friends to the harmony and stability of the Union—who do not see the Missouri instructions and their prototype, the Calhoun address, in the same light that I see it, and in the light in which it is seen by others who best understand it. For the information of such citizens, and to let them see the next step in this movement, and where it is intended to end, I herewith subjoin a copy of the Accomac resolutions, lately adopted in that county of Virginia, and fully endorsed by the Richmond Enquirer, as the voice of the South.

I do not produce these resolutions for the purpose of arraigning them; on the contrary, I see something in them to admire, as being bold and open, and take them to be the true interpretation and legitimate sequence of the Calhoun movement. I consider the Calhoun address, and its offspring, the Missouri instructions, as fundamentally wrong; but to those who think them right, the Accomac resolutions are also right, and should be immediately imitated by similar resolutions in Missouri. I produce them to enable the people of Missouri to see what it is to which their Legislature would commit the State, what it is they have instructed me to do.

I appeal from those instructions to the people of Missouri—the whole body of the people—and in due time will give my reasons for doing so. It is a question above party, and goes to the whole people. In that point of view the Accomac resolutions present it—and present it truly; and I shall do the same. I shall abide the decision of the people, and nothing less.

Respectfully, THOS. H. BENTON.  
St. Louis, May 9, 1849.

**WHAT IS THE MATTER?**—The following from the Gardiner Fountain, indicates most decidedly that something is in the wind. This is the first we have heard of the matter, and hardly know what to make of it. The editor of the Fountain indicates by his fiery indignation that he has learned more than he reveals. We feel an interest in this subject, and hope he will gratify the public by a full disclosure.

**Can it be so?**—Rumors are rife in this community, that by some hook or by crook, the rail road, is to be diverted from this town, and that the back track is to be taken. Can this be so? after so much money has been expended, after many of our citizens have invested their capital in the hope of an ultimate gain, are they to be deceived? What means it, that the track on the road this side of Bath, has been abandoned? Why is it that the money raised in this and the towns above us, is being used to benefit the towns below us?

It is worse than nonsense to talk about the economy of the back route; the river route is the only true and beneficial one, and it must be carried through, and we to be those who have the power, if they fail to meet this just demand that those they represent have upon them.

It is said, we trust not however, truly, that corporations have no souls; judging from the way things look now upon this section of the road, they never had any life at all. Thousands and tens of thousands of dollars have already been expended. What has been done is now going to ruin, and for want of a spirited, bold and manly push. The citizens of this town have a deep interest in this matter, for where would the business go if the back route were taken. Let us look with a jealous eye to our rights, ay our rights, and see that by no intrigues or mismanagement, they are taken away from us. We shall have more to say on this subject next week.

**SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE,** for June, is a beautiful number, and contains, as usual, some matters of great value to the ladies. An article, with illustrations, upon the budding of plants, is worth the price of the work. Sartain is evidently getting his Magazine into wide circulation. It already ranks with the very best.

**DR. COOLIDGE.**—We anticipate little profit to the public from a contemplation of the depravity of this man. Still we feel bound to give our readers all that pertains to the history of his crimes. The following additional particulars have reached us since our last. We caution our readers against crediting the foolish reports and surmises that are afloat—especially one that Dr. C. is still alive. In our view, when a man has passed through the hands of half a dozen doctors, and they pronounce him dead, he may as well be counted a dead man.

After the commutation of the sentence of Coolidge, it is generally known that he was allowed the liberty of the yard, and some light duties put upon him, such as sweeping out the Prison, supplying the cells with water, &c, which gave him decided advantages. For many weeks previous to the discovery of the present affair, the Warden had just grounds for suspicion that Coolidge was exerting an injurious influence among the prisoners; and that he was endeavoring to communicate through the wall outside. This put him on the alert, and orders were given to watch Coolidge's movements closely. At this time a young prisoner (whose name is withheld) was confined to his cell by sickness, and as Coolidge was passing and re-passing, a fine opportunity was afforded for conversing with him from time to time; when Coolidge, being convinced that he could make a confidant of the sick man, revealed to him his whole plot, and the name of the person whom he intended to employ to consummate it: this person was a prisoner whose term of confinement expires in a few months, but as there is no available evidence against him as yet, his name is not given. So confident was Coolidge of having enlisted the sympathy of the young man in his behalf, that he entrusted to him the papers he had prepared, for purpose of reading. Upon obtaining possession of them he refused to give them back, stating as a reason that he had not finished reading them. Coolidge became impatient and gave some threats; but the sick man succeeded in retaining the documents until a week ago last Friday, when he handed them over to the officers; whereupon Coolidge was placed at work in the shoe shop, where more vigilant watch could be kept over him.

When it was first intimated to Coolidge that he had been writing certain papers, and holding unlawful correspondence, he stoutly denied it. On Wednesday of last week he complained of being unwell, and went to his cell. This was probably done, with the hope that his papers were still in the hands of the person with whom he had left them, and he might possibly have an opportunity to obtain them.

At this stage of the affair, the Warden consulted with the Inspectors upon the best course to pursue in regard to the writings found; and it was thought most advisable to re-commit Coolidge to close confinement and make his foul design public. [The end of the story is not given.]

On Thursday morning he was accordingly placed in a solitary cell. In the evening Dr. Rose called upon him, and found him somewhat unwell, and extremely low spirited; he appeared to have lost every shadow of hope—expressed fears that he should lose every friend he possessed when his plan became public,—enquired what disposition would be made of his body after death,—and said he had no desire to live longer.

**ACCIDENT AT THE LAUNCH.**—This morning two fine ships were launched at the shipyards of Westervelt & Mackay, in presence of large number of persons. Their names are the Southampton and Powhatan, both full-masted and rigged. The Southampton had about 500 spectators on board, and she was launched without difficulty. The Powhatan, a barque, is very crank and sharp; being full-rigged, spars all in and yards across. As soon as afloat she immediately careened on her beam ends, and an immediate rush was made for the upper bulwarks and rigging, and several persons, failing to secure themselves, were plunged headforemost into the river. Several boats were in attendance, and rescued a number. Others clung to the spars and rigging; there were others, who, in their fall, hit against the blocks, &c., and being stunned, immediately sunk. Several persons on the quarter-deck of the Ohio, who were so situated that they had a full view of the scene, say they saw three persons drowned, and fear many more. [N. Y. Eve. Post, 23d.]

**MURDER.**—The city was thrown into a state of great excitement in consequence of a murder perpetrated on Wednesday evening, about 6 o'clock. The unfortunate victim was a laboring man in the employ of W. & C. Kelsey, coal merchants, Atlantic street, near the South Ferry, named William Parker. From the facts ascertained, it appeared that Parker, while driving a coal cart, was unfortunately enough to run over the child of a man named John Kennedy, a glass-blower, working in Amity street. The child was fortunately but little injured; but Kennedy, the father, watched his opportunity to inflict a summary revenge upon Parker for his having run over his offspring. Accordingly, as Kennedy was driving along Amity street in his cart, his back being turned, Parker jumped upon the cart, and knocked him off, and as he fell his head went under the wheel, which passed directly over his throat, breaking his jaw in two places, and causing instantaneous death. Kennedy immediately made all haste to escape, but the officers are after him with a praiseworthy vigilance. Parker has left a wife and family, and is represented as a quiet and peaceable man. [N. Y. Herald, May 25.]

**FORGERY.**—Our community have been for several days, excited by reports of forgeries to a large amount of money, by one of our citizens, who has hitherto stood among the first as a christian and a citizen. The amount of different notes, with forged endorsements, is said to reach 6 or 7000 dollars. The name used, is that of the father-in-law of the delinquent, a hard working old gentleman, who has scraped a snug little property together. The system appears to have been, to make the notes, forge the endorsements, and then in the tightness of the money market for the last year or two, a shavling had to come off, the thickness of a pine plank. A ruinous usury has been paid, and again paid. The business has been going on this two years. The crevasse has broke out at last—the notes are afloat, but the means are absorbed. The indignation of sufferers is not loud but deep. A shocking phase of the case is the debts due to work girls, and others who had in their unbounded confidence, left their hard earnings in his hands. The delinquent has left the city. His family, with illness and grief, are in the valley of tribulation. On their account, we for the present withhold the name.

The event may "point a moral." No man stood higher in the whole city—no man, clergy or lay, would not have been named as quickly, in our city, to have done this foul deed, as he. Yet this high character and confidence—worth more than all of California—is frittered away and lost, by the blameworthy of the devil. "O Lucifer, son of the morning, how art thou fallen!" "Now, there are none so poor as do him reverence." In view of the events of this week, in this regard, "let him who thinketh he stands, take heed lest he fall." [Portland Argus.]

**DEATH OF GEN. WORTH.**—The announcement of the death of Gen. Worth, fell upon his family, as they read it in the newspapers, with a frightful suddenness. It was altogether unexpected, as he had escaped all the perils and diseases of the Mexican War, it was hoped there was a lease of life for him, during the succeeding peace. But the death that spared him at Monterey, and in the heart of Mexico, met him in Texas. General Worth has left in this city, at school, two interesting young ladies to mourn his loss, who are almost distracted. His wife is in Paterson, N. J. [N. Y. Express.]

General Worth was born in the city of Hudson, New York, about the year 1794. On the declaration of war in 1812, he joined the army as private secretary to Major General Lewis. He was with Scott at the battles of Chippewa and Niagara, where he greatly distinguished himself. In the latter battle he was badly wounded. As Colonel, Worth was ordered to Florida during the Seminole War; and his good conduct in that campaign led to his appointment to the rank of Brevet Brigadier General. His services in the Mexican War are too recent to require enumeration. Both under Taylor and Scott he served with distinguished success, showing himself, on all occasions, a brave and capable officer. [Trans.]

**FROM SAN FRANCISCO.**—A gentleman of this city received, this morning, a letter from his son, in San Francisco, which we have been politely allowed to extract from.

He says gold is very plenty, and the previous accounts of its abundance can hardly have been exaggerated. Every man that is met has a bag of it. The average product of a day's digging is about \$20; though some have been so successful as to obtain from \$3,000 to \$5,000 by a few day's labor.

Most of the articles of merchandise were reported to be very high. Lumber was selling at \$500 a thousand feet; shovels, nails, and all iron for building purposes was paying some 500 per cent profit. The best articles for exportation were ready made houses.

Several Bostonians at San Francisco were doing extremely well. Mr. R. A. Parker, of Boston, was now reputed to be the richest man in San Francisco.

The writer speaks of his own business as a very successful one. It was necessary to keep one partner of the house all the time employed in weighing gold, which was received for goods at \$16 the ounce. It had been selling at \$8.

**DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.**—Yesterday afternoon, upon the Fall River Railroad, as the quarter to five o'clock special Bridgewater train from this city was approaching a crossing near North Bridgewater, two young men in a

chaise attempted to cross. The crossing, in consequence of a high bank, cannot be seen from the cars. It is supposed that the young men in the chaise imagined that they could pass ahead of the train. The horse got over the track, but the engine struck the chaise with great force, breaking it entirely to pieces and throwing one of its occupants upon the track, where one was cut to pieces and died instantly. The other was taken up insensible, a maimed trunk, arms, legs and ribs being broken. He lingered until 11 o'clock at night, when death ensued. Their names were Henry and Ethan Leach, sons of Elbridge Leach, a farmer of Bridgewater. They had left their father but a short time previous to the accident. The horse, it is said, escaped uninjured. [Trav.]

**LUMP OF GOLD.**—The barque Florida has arrived at New Orleans from Chagres. Mr. Beale, of the American Navy, was a passenger from California. He has a lump of gold worth two thousand dollars; and he states the accounts of the abundance of gold have not been exaggerated.

Colonel Fremont and his party have arrived safely in California. [No date given.]

**ANOTHER.**—Mr. J. E. Teschemaker furnished us this morning with an outline sketch of a lump of California gold, found near the Stanislaus River in California, in October last, by Mr. Lorenzo Truxell. The piece of gold, Mr. Teschemaker informs us, was seen and measured by his son, who is in San Francisco. The outline is 7 3/4 inches at the largest part, and 6 1/4 at the widest. The piece weighed twelve and half pounds, and averaged 3-4 of an inch in thickness; and had in it about half an ounce of dirt and stone, but no more. It was worth in California about 2500 dollars.

Mr. Teschemaker writes from San Francisco where he has resided for seven years—that the last winter has been unusually severe there, and that consequently there has been a great deal of suffering at the mines. The gold, he says, is abundant, beyond exaggeration. A half a million of men could find employment at the placers without interfering with each other, so extensive is the mineral region. Trav.

**AGRICULTURAL HINTS.**

**Kerry Cows.**—The Albany Cultivator thinks the Kerry breed of cows from Ireland, would be advantageously introduced in this country, especially in the northern sections. They unite a hardy constitution and easy feeding to excellent milking properties. Colman says a dairy of five of these cows in Ireland yielded 320 lbs. of butter each in a season.

**Crows vs. Grasshoppers.**—Strew a peck of corn over the surface of your field, and the crows will not disturb the hills. If allowed to live near you they will eat up all the grasshoppers, and thus save the fall feed for the cows.

**Encourage the Birds.**—If robins and other small birds are encouraged to build near the habitations of man, they will prefer such locations to extensive forests and swamps, where hawks, crows and snakes are more apt to be their neighbors.

**Carrots.**—There is no root cultivated which yields so great an amount of fattening properties per acre as the carrot. Horses, however poor, if healthy, will get fat in a few weeks on carrots only. No hay, no water—in fact they will not drink, if you feed entirely on carrots. One bushel per day, with hay, will keep your horses in good working order without corn. During the prevalence of the potato-ail, farmers should return to carrot culture. It is a sure and profitable crop if well cultivated.

**Cabbages.**—To keep the young plants from the flies, make the seed bed in a box, raised four feet from the ground, and the flies cannot rise to it. To keep off the cut worm, set the plants in a trench four inches deep, and the worms cannot get down to them. As the plants grow tough, raise the earth gradually to the level.

**The sleep of plants.**—Mr. Kindley, of London says:—

"The coolness of night is to plants what sleep is to animals. This law may, to some extent be violated for a time; but they cannot, on pain of loss of life, be deprived of their proper period of repose."

**Butter.**—It is an opprobrium to American farming that we have so little good butter. The Shakers say that a cask made of red oak staves is preferable to any other; and it will add to the flavor to work in a little sugar at the last working over—say a table spoonful to four or five pounds of butter.

**Subsoil Plough.**—By the use of this plough, the subsoil is loosened deeply and gradually mixed with the active soil, and brought to the surface, where, by changes from the air, rains, snows, and frost, it becomes improved, and restores in some measure, many ingredients that have been lost from old lands.

**ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.**—A despatch from Washington of the 23d says:—"Our Minister to England has been instructed to discontinue all correspondence with the British government upon the subject of a change in their navigation laws. The Cabinet, it is supposed, will not do any thing in the matter until the arrival of the new British Minister, Sir Henry Bulwer, who, it is understood, has at length consented to accept the mission, and may be expected here during the summer."

**A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.**—A negro man named William, the property of George W. Dunham, Esq., came to his death at the lower Cotton Press yesterday in a most singular manner. While at work at the Press, he attempted in sport to butt with his head against a bale of cotton with sufficient force to turn it over. He was cautioned by one of the clerks not to do so, but having heard that it had been done by some other negro, he gave no heed to the advice, ran at the bale from a distance of some 20 feet, with a force which actually turned the bale over, but which caused him to fall senseless at the same moment, and upon examination it was found that he had broken his neck. [Savannah Register, 19th.]

"Mr. Howard, whose wife was recently murdered at Cincinnati, on her trial for the murder of her husband's mistress, has been shot by a Mr. Freeman. Howard previously had shot another man."

We copy the above from the Journal of yesterday. It is entirely incorrect. Howard shot Freeman, killing him instantly, and afterwards it was reported that he shot another man, but did not kill him. For the murder of Freeman, Howard was arrested, but was discharged after an examination, on the ground that he acted in self defence. [Boston Herald.]

The Lowell Courier says that a petition for the commutation of the sentence of Letitia Blaisdell, now in Amherst (N. H.), jail, has been signed by nearly all the officers of the court that tried her; also by Mr. and Mrs. Blaisdell, two of the family who were selected to be poisoned before the forged notes could become payable.

**ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES.**—The Rev. H. G. O. Dewight and family, from Constantinople, and Rev. J. H. Van Lennep, missionary from Smyrna, arrived this morning in the barque Ionis, from Smyrna.







