



6-14-1849

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 47): June 14, 1849

Ephraim Maxham

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 47): June 14, 1849" (1849). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 98.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/98

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II. NO. 47.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1849.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

An Original Tale.

HENRY MELVILLE:
A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.
WRITTEN FOR THE MAIL BY MUSTAPHA.

CHAPTER I.

When storms assail the feeble bark,
And waves in angry dash on thee,
With bold unflinching eye look up
And sternly meet life's stormy sea.
Toil on, toil on, nor ever yield
To dangers dark that on thee dawn:
Remember darkness thickest far
Precedes the glorious light of morn.

The last rays of the setting sun were glancing back through the tall pines that waved in silent majesty, when our tale commences, where now the puffing engine and whirling spindle are heard, as a lone hunter might be seen winding his way towards the little village of S., in the old Bay State. Henry Melville (for thus we shall call him) had scarcely attained his twenty-first year, but his sunburnt face and care-worn brow would warrant the belief that he had buffeted the storms of adversity for a longer period than this. Born in poverty and early deprived by death of the kind counsel of a fond father and the sainted advice of a mother, he could say, and say too with all the bitterness of sad experience

I am an orphan; and the stern, cold world
Beholds my wants and heeds them not—
An orphan, yes, whose bitter cup to drink
From childhood's dawn hath been my lot.
I am an orphan, friendless and alone,
With none to guide my wanderings here—
I am an orphan, and to me this earth
With all its joys, looks sad and drear.

The years rolled slowly away—years of suffering and want—till young Melville reached the age of seventeen, when he betook him to the dangerous business of hunting, in which he soon became distinguished both as an excellent marksman and a bold and successful hunter.

In this capacity he continued up to the time when we introduce him to the reader, the spring that ushered in that most eventful epoch, our revolution. Tall, graceful, and commanding, with a strong arm and a dark piercing eye, he was the beau ideal of a young hunter. But he was not now the same free, light-hearted youth of the year previous, when he roamed the vast forests of his native colony, for dull care and the sufferings of the orphan were no longer his to endure, when unrestrained he could pursue his favorite employment. His wonted buoyancy and eager gaze for some object towards which to direct his unerring rifle, were gone, and now he moves on with an agitated and troubled look. Whence that half-drawn sigh—that troubled brow, and that sorrowful, downcast look? The answer is to be found in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER II.

The strong right arm may crush in wrath
The dangers that beset our path—
The eye unmoved may view the strife
Where mortals sternly yield up life—
Where death-shouts falling thick and fast
Proclaim their hour has come at last—
Unmoved may view the lightning's flash,
And scorn the thunder's deafening crash—
Or man may brave the ocean's roar
When tempests sweep the waves ash-d shore,
Nor palter with the wave's dash-d shore,
But there's a power to which must bow
All, 'all below and all above'—
To that all-conquering power, Love.

In the spring of 1774, one year previous to the period of the opening of our story, a young girl of perhaps seventeen summers was leisurely returning on horse-back (for carriages were not then in fashion) to the before mentioned village of S. Rose Lawrence was indeed one of earth's loveliest flowers; and now she appeared in all her peerless beauty. Her riding cap was thrown back, and her dark glossy ringlets waved gracefully in the gentle breeze of the May morning or kissed in fondness her swan-like neck. The zephyr caught her melodious voice, that rose and fell as she sung some favorite air, like the sweet and bewitching strains of the Aeolian harp, and bore it to the surrounding forests. Hers was a life of joy. Reared in the gay courts of merry England, and too early deprived of a mother to feel her loss, with a fond and indulgent father who supplied every want of Rose his only child, she had not as yet experienced the stern realities of life.

Her father had read of the strange continent beyond the Atlantic, and from motives of curiosity, not from golden dreams, for he possessed an abundant share of this world's goods, he resolved to embark for the far-famed land; and leaving London in the summer of '72, he reached Boston without accident. In a few weeks, however, he fixed his residence at the pleasant village of S., at which place he was still living at the commencement of our narrative.

Rose, on the morning we introduce her, was returning from a neighboring village whither she had been to spend a few days with an acquaintance, and had now nearly reached home. She had still a river to ford, which was but half a mile distant from home, and on ordinary occasions was quite low; but what was her astonishment to discover, in place of the quiet, shallow waters through which she had passed a few days previous without the least danger, a rushing and roaring torrent. An intermediate rain had swollen the river to an alarming extent, and rendered its passage extremely

dangerous. But the bold girl would not turn back, and selecting the most easily fordable place, she unhesitatingly plunged her steed into the rushing waters. He, as if conscious of the lovely burden he bore, proudly stemmed the current and was fast nearing the opposite shore. Already had they passed the middle of the stream, when Rose inadvertently grasped the reins too tightly, and in a moment all was lost. The horse was thrown upon his side and she precipitated into the boiling flood.

What heart-rending shrieks are borne on the morning breeze from that drowning girl! Her voice could not reach her home, and she must die. Oh! it was a fearful thing for one so young, so beautiful, to die—die there alone. The maddening waters hurry her on, and already the world with its cares and joys were fast receding from her view.

But hark! a shout is heard. Hope kindles once more in her breast, and she opens her eyes and turns to the place from whence the sound proceeds. Lo! yonder comes the bold young hunter. He had gone out on that morning to engage in his favorite employment, when the wailing strains of his melodious voice entranced him. He listens, but soon those lovely notes are changed to shrieks, and he at once comprehends all. With astonishing rapidity he flies toward the river, and disregarding his own safety, covered with perspiration and panting from over exertion, he plunges in and manfully breasts the angry waters. On, on he struggles, and gazes intently upon the drowning girl. And now he reaches out to seize her, but the waters close over her and she is gone. He plunges after her, and both are hid from view. Moments fly away and again both appear—Rose in the arms of the young hunter. With desperate energy tee youth turns to the shore with his fair burden; slowly he nears it, but his exhaustion is too great and both sink again beneath the wave. Again they rise, and with one last desperate convulsive effort he gains the bank and deposits the lifeless form upon the shore, then falls weak and helpless as an infant. However, he slowly recovers and turns his object to the fair object by his side. He used every means that his knowledge suggested to resuscitate her, but all in vain. He had given up in despair, and was gazing in anguish upon those fair features, those half-parted lips, and that alabaster neck, which were so soon to be hid in the cold silent grave. Ay, his soul was drinking at that fount from which others, high and low, had slipped before—the fount of love—when a half-drawn sigh caught his ear and caused him again to attempt her restoration to life. This time he was successful, and in a few moments her eyes opened and met his earnest piercing gaze. The enraptured youth imprinted a kiss upon her cold white forehead, and with superhuman efforts seized her in his arms, and rested not till he reached her home.

Rose, when sufficiently recovered, related her perilous condition, and the desperate bravery of the stranger, to her father, and both united in thanking her preserver. Each requested him, after learning his history, to make theirs his home—to spend his lonely and leisure hours beneath their roof, where they could thank him again and again for his noble and successful efforts. With many thanks he departed, but not till he had stolen a parting glance at Rose, who returned it with half-averted eyes, and a slight blush tinged her cheek as she bade him farewell.

That day the youth hunted not with his usual success. His eye had lost his skill, and his free, joyous air was gone, and a shade of melancholy rested on his lofty brow. He in truth was living over again the past. The gurgling shriek was again heard—again he rushed to the rescue, and again he bore the lifeless girl to the shore. Now he gazes upon her cold features, and now she slowly opens her eyes, and they melt at his earnest gaze. The tired youth turned at night towards his rude cabin in the forest, sick at heart. His hopeless situation in its full extent broke upon him, and he saw at a glance and felt with all the bitterness of fond hopes crushed, that he, a poor friendless youth could not aspire to the hand of the fair object of his thoughts. He threw himself upon his couch and sought to forget his troubles in repose, but sleep fled from him, and he arose on the next day with a deeper and more absorbing love. But was he alone doomed to love? Did Rose bestow more than a passing thought upon him who had saved her life? The intrepid courage of the brave Henry, his noble form and his dark melting eye, had not passed unheeded by her, nor could she banish them from her mind. Unlike her father, who boasted of his noble blood and his boundless possessions, she shrunk not from those of lowly birth, but admired nobleness wherever it existed, in prince and peasant.

Smile ye may, who sneer at the thought that all the tenderest feelings of the soul may be awakened by one short interview—that the strongest passions may be excited by a glance desires that shall live on through life—in short, that man may love at first sight; but remember that the stern, inflexible and invincible Washington, whose cheek the thunders of artillery and the hoarse shouts of charging squadrons could not blanch, trembled and became a humble suppliant in one short interview.

CHAPTER III.

Imagination never shall win renown—
A lady's love—a monarch's crown—
Imagination never shall give us power
In changing fortune's adverse hour.

Nor burst the barriers bold that show
The bounding line 'twixt high and low;
But only toil to hope e'en dare
For fame alike and lady fair.

The last rays of an April sun had yielded to the soft and silvery light of the moon, nearly one year subsequent to the events recorded in the last chapter, when might be seen in the shadow of one of the most splendid mansions of S., two individuals engaged in earnest conversation. Upon nearer inspection, the observer might recognize the bold and commanding form of Henry Melville, and the sweet tones of the fair Rose.

During the time that had intervened since first they saw each other, often had Henry met Rose, and though no word of love had passed between them, yet Lord L. began to look on their interviews with a suspicious eye. In fact, he had forbade his daughter ever meeting Henry more, unless in his presence, and for some weeks had the latter sought to see her in vain. At length Henry received a note from Rose, designating the time on which she would endeavor to meet him. To this interview was Henry directing his steps, when in the first chapter we introduced him to the reader, and now true to her word he meets her awaiting his approach. Rose was the first to break the silence.

'It is no time now,' said she, 'for concealment or reserve. You would seek my hand. You love me earnestly—fervently; I feel it. I know it—and it is returned. My hand is yours, Henry, and you alone shall possess my love; but it is yours only on one condition. I feel for your country; she bleeds at every pore. Your murdered brethren at Lexington cry to you for revenge. Your country stretches forth her hands towards you and beseeches you to hasten to the rescue. Fly, Henry, fly; and when this merciless, this tyrannical war is closed—when peace, sweet peace, with her happy train, shall once more smile upon this land, then you may claim me as your bride. My father may oppose us stronger than before, for he still favors his native country, but fear not. None shall claim or win me but you.—Should you not survive, I will soon follow you and meet you in the spirit-land, where all is joy and peace.'

She ceased, and fondly extended her hand towards Henry. He seized it, and poured forth to her his soul.

'I had thought,' he replied, 'that you would scorn one so humble as me. I had thought that my love was vain. I will win you, if courage and daring can accomplish it. Where you shall hear that the thickest fight raged, there, Rose, may you know I was. Remember your promise; if I shall live you are to be mine.'

'I will remember,' she added, and returned the kiss he gave.

'But my fall,' continued he; none can tell how long this war may last; blood must flow like water, and among the many who are to be sacrificed on their country's altar, I may be one. If so, bestow one passing thought upon him who looks to you as his only earthly friend, and who loves you more than life. And now farewell.'

'Farewell!' sobbed the patriotic girl, as he pressed her to his bosom, and the next moment Henry was beyond the reach of sight.

CHAPTER IV.

Hark! hark what dreadful sounds were those
That from you fill in wilderness roars
And rolled along the shore?
List! list again, those shouts are gone—
Another sound awakes the morn—
It is the cannon's roar.

Oh! ye who boast a freeman's hand—
A freeman's rights, a freeman's land—
For these each danger brave;
Remember what from each is due
To those who fought, who bled for you,
And found a patriot's grave.

The terrible morning of the 17th of June dawned upon the inhabitants of Massachusetts, and the sullen cannon began to discharge their iron loads upon her devoted citizens. Yes; that day ever memorable in history had come, and fearful were the stakes at issue. A crushed and oppressed people were to struggle for existence, and a tyrant for power. And who were they on whom rested the hopes of a trembling people? A few scantily armed and undisciplined citizens, to whom death was dearer than base, ignoble servitude; and these were to meet the trained and haughty legions of England, scorned the puny efforts of their adversary. But there is a power that nerves the patriot's arm in the hour of trial, and steals his heart to fear; that Power fought with our fathers on Bunker Hill.

Already had the bold and dangerous position of the Americans been discovered by the British commander; already had he trained his artillery upon that feeble redoubt, threatening its complete annihilation; and now he had resolved it must be stormed. His glittering troops were forming upon the shore, and the American general was urging on the reinforcements to that forlorn hope upon yonder hill. But lo! when they arrive at the neck of land that separated them from the redoubt, they falter and fall back. The enemy's cannon sweep it at every discharge, and the danger is too great for undisciplined militia to brave. But one man stepped forward, upon whose brow were traced the outlines of stern, unalterable determination.

'Brethren in arms,' shouted he, and his clear tones were wafted on the morning breeze, 'yonder are our friends; shall we leave them to perish by a cruel enemy, or shall we march to

the rescue? Follow, ye who would fight for God and liberty!' He ceased, and began that dangerous march alone. That man was Henry Melville. With a shout his comrades rush forward. The Neck is passed, the redoubt gained, and they are with their friends.

But what a sight presents itself to that little band of patriots! With bristling bayonets, and light, gay hearts, the thousands of England came on. The cannon cease their bellowing, as if to gaze in wonder on those beautiful troops, and naught is heard among the patriotic band save the beating of their own hearts.—On—they come; but why that silence among their foes? They had expected to meet them as enemies, and to experience some slight opposition from them; but fear had frozen that little band. On they move, and now they almost touch the rebel band. But lo! a sheet of living flame issues from that redoubt, and ye hear the hoarse shouts of men determined to be free. Where now is that gay troop?—Look along the hill and behold them writhing in the embraces of death, while those who were not stricken down have fled trembling to yonder shore, to escape that leaden storm.—Again they form and march up to the breast-work, and again they roll back broken to the shore. And now reinforcements are sent to the field of carnage, and once more they wheel to the charge. With fixed bayonets they ascend the hill. Now the patriots' fire is slackened, and the enemy mount the redoubt, but not to see the enemy fly. Slowly they retire like the wounded lion at bay, ever and anon turning in wrath upon his pursuers. With the butts of their rifles (their last weapon) our fathers meet the invaders. Foremost among them might be seen the form of Henry Melville. With his arm bared to the elbow and reeking with blood, while his strong hand grasped the barrel of his rifle, he dashed like a thunder-bolt among the foe. Now he aids a fallen brother, and now slowly falls back with his companions. Again he leads them on, and the bravest of the enemy fall beneath his blows. Thus the patriots retire; and the enemy, astonished at the firm, dauntless front they present and their own excessive losses, at length return, and our tired fathers rest. The terrible conflict was over, and the Goddess of Liberty smiled in triumph, yea in hope, of the redemption of mankind from the thralldom of slavery, as she chronicled with letters of fire, the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Time passed on, and the great, the immortal Washington was called to take the helm and rescue the ship from the dangers that assailed her on every hand. He felt the need of aid, and carefully selected from among those who had exhibited the highest bravery in the two engagements already had with the enemy, those choice spirits that were to aid him in bearing the burdens of the Revolution, and among the first stood the name of Henry Melville.

We pass over the intermediate events—the successes, the reverses, the hope that cheered them on, and the bitter sufferings of our brave fathers—up to that time when despair had settled over the land and nearly chilled all hearts, and when Washington, upon one desperate, Herculean effort roused the nation into life again—that effort the battle of Princeton.—Henry Melville had now, for his bravery and devotion to his country, risen to the station of Aid to Washington, and the latter often looked upon him as one on whom he could trust in the hour of need.

To be Continued next week.

A ROYAL ROMANCE.—At the grand and brilliant ball given by Prince Schwartzberg the Austrian ambassador at Paris, in the year 1810, in celebration of the marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise, at which the emperor and many illustrious persons were present, it is well known that a most destructive fire broke out in one of the temporary buildings erected for the occasion, by which the young and beautiful hostess and other persons were burned to death, and many seriously injured. One of the visitors at this ball was the dowager duchess of Savoy Carignan, mother of Charles Albert, ex-king of Sardinia. This lady, prevented by the great confusion from getting out in time, found herself in one of the flames burning on all sides. When in this most perilous situation, and almost suffocated, she was accidentally discovered by her courier, who resolutely rushed through the flames into the room, took the mistress in his arms, and jumped from a window on the first floor to the ground. By this heroic conduct he broke both his legs, but the dutchess was unhurt. Her life having been thus most miraculously saved through the courage of her courier, she, of course, paid him all possible care and attention during his illness; and when he had recovered from his accident, she married him. He received afterwards from some Italian prince the title of Count Monclair; and ever since they have been living together, but not very happily, in various parts of the continent and now in Paris.—[London paper.]

LOVE IN A WEDDING-RING.—Thousands of people are inquiring, 'Where is Love to be found?' I answer—In a wedding ring. Do you doubt me? Look, and satisfy yourself. Wedding-rings are almost as plentiful as fingers. There can be no difficulty in finding them. Love is there.

Is he not? What can have driven him away? I know there are fingers encircled by golden rings, which Love has had no hand in placing there—I know that there are hearts sacrificed upon Hymen's altar, which Love has turned from in tears! but these sacrifices are exceptions to the rule. In most cases, when the ring is put upon the bride's finger, Love is there.

Is he not still there? Then you have turned him away. Violence must have been used; for Love is not a voluntary wanderer; he loves his home too well; he will dwell perpetually

where he has made his home, if you will only permit that home to remain as you found it, when he took up his abode there. Then look for him in your wedding-ring. If he is not there, take shame to yourself for his flight, and strive to call him back.

A bridegroom when he bestows the ring and a bride when she receives it, both make virtuous resolutions to allow nothing to disturb the serenity of their minds and the happiness of their lives; but alas! both bridegroom and bride are apt to forget that virtuous resolution. It is a cold December day; the rain and sleet are falling without; and we ring the bell for the domestic to improve the fire. Who but simpletons would let the fire go out?—Brides and bridegrooms are such simpletons. They think love's fire will burn and blaze, without any trouble being taken by themselves. They see it fading by degrees, and make no effort to revive it. They only clasp their hands, and lament the wretchedness of their fate! Who can pity them?

They who take care, of the fire are comfortable, and happy, on the bitterest winter day.—Snow, rain, wind, tempest have no terrors for them. They pass through life as through a delightful dream; and you may always be sure in their house to find Love in a Wedding-Ring.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. With what species of stone is gold most frequently combined?
A. The clayey stone.

Q. Why is mercury recommended for obtaining the precious metal in that region?
A. Because Mercury was the God of thieves.

Q. What course do the Californian miners take when they have blasted the rocks and found no gold in them?
A. Blast em again.

Q. What is the best evidence of the purity of the precious metals?
A. The mint stamp.

Q. Is gold found in quartz near the Sacramento?
A. Yes; but on the 'lifts' of the mountain it is generally found in ball galls.

Q. Is it ever combined with horn blend?
A. No; but many persons find lumps of it 'in a horn.'

Q. What is the best season for remitting your earnings home?
A. Any time when you happen to have the remittance fever.

Q. Is it a fact that there is such an enormous amount of gold in California?
A. American sovereigns are very plentiful there, and dolor is written on every countenance.

Q. What is the best mode of preparation for the emigrant?
Q. Get your life insured and make your will.

Q. What is the most prudent course to preserve life and health in the arduous region?
A. Wear a 'secret' or shirt of mail, and sleep with your finger on the trigger of a cocked blunderbuss.

Q. What route would you recommend to emigrants after reaching Vera Cruz?
A. The route back again.

Q. Upon the whole what do you think of emigrating?
A. Have never thought of it at all.

Q. Do you think that those who have gone to the diggings will make a hundred dollars apiece all round?
A. No; nor half enough to make all square.

—[N. Y. Sun & Times.]

BROWN BREAD.—A friend of ours in reply to some commendations of brown bread, remarked of late, 'Bread of good superfine flour is good enough for me.' This, he thought somewhat witty. The probability is, that he knew very little about good brown bread. No small number of persons might be found who would turn the tables and reply, 'Good brown bread is good enough for me.' At all events, try the following recipe, and decide after trial as we have:

Three pints of warm water.

One tea-cup of Indian meal, and one of wheat.

Three great spoonfuls of molasses, or a tea-cup of brown sugar.

One teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a little hot water.

One tea-cup of yeast.

Mix the above, and stir in enough unbolted wheat flour to make it as stiff as you can work it with a spoon. Some put enough soda to make it to leaven. Try both. If made with home brewed yeast, put it to rise over night. If with distillery yeast, make it in the morning, and bake when light.

In loaves the ordinary size bake one hour and a half.

An American captain having been almost eaten up by rats, took an opportunity one voyage after delivering his cargo in Holland, to lay a plank from his own vessel to that of a countryman who had just finished loading a cargo of cheese. The greedy sagacity of the rats led them entirely to desert their former quarters.

THE LEADER OF THE ROMAN REVOLUTION.—'Joseph Mazzini, one of the Roman Triumvirate, was born in Genoa in 1809, and educated a physician. The regeneration of his country has been his dream from youth. Early exiled on account of his liberal opinions, he went to Marseille, and published a liberal paper for circulation in Italy, was obliged to fly, and escaped to Switzerland. There he organized an expedition to Savoy, which was led by Romario, and failed. He was driven out of Switzerland, fled to England, distinguished himself there by his writings, his general benevolence, and his love of liberty. He went to Paris during the revolution, and thence to Milan, where the people wished to make him the dictator and resist the Austrians when at their gates. But it was too late. He again took refuge in Switzerland, from whence he departed for Leghorn, where he was elected a deputy to the Constituent Assembly. From thence he proceeded to Rome, where he now occupies a position of great eminence. He is much admired and beloved by the English, and is celebrated for his eloquence, a specimen of which we extract from his late address to the French:

'French soldiers,' says Mazzini, 'before marching on an injured people, question that azure sky you admire and envy, ask time-honored monuments of the over-glorious past, and they will tell you they have been soiled and

too long sullied by a sacerdotal despotism.—Question our women and our youth, and they will tell of the seductions, of the debaucheries, of the barter and the sale of consciousness and of chastity, of which a black clerical band of impostors has made them the victims. Frenchmen, your mission is a work of darkness.'—N. Y. Eve. Post.

A SCENE.—The Association of the Medical Superintendents of the American Asylum, in session at Utica, visited the State Asylum there with Dr. Bingham, and were invited by the patients to the Chapel, where they were most handsomely received by a congregation of 300 of their number. An original ode of welcome was sung by the whole Asylum choir, with an organ accompaniment by a Lady. After which a clerical patient addressed them with much feeling, expatiating with much beauty and propriety upon the great benefits of these institutions. Dr. Ayl, the President of the Association, made an impressive reply.—Several sentiments were then read by Doctor Bingham, which gave rise to speeches by Drs. Bell and Kirkbride. The agreeable ceremonies of the day were concluded with a handsome entertainment.

SCENE IN COURT.—Judge C—was an original, but that did not hinder him from being a dolt. The following story is told of him, as illustrating the sensitiveness of his dignity, and the powerful means he sometimes employed to defend it. Among the hard customers with which the Judge had to deal, was one of the sauciest of all saucy lawyers—Mr. S. Some remark, made by this individual, touched a sore spot in the Judge's feelings, when the following colloquy ensued:

Judge—Mr. L., fine you fifty dollars for contempt of Court.

Mr. L. (coolly)—Hadh't you better add another fifty?

Judge—Mr. Clerk, add another fifty to Mr. L.'s fine.

Mr. R. (reddening) Hadh't you better add another fifty?

Judge—Mr. Clerk, enter another fifty.

Mr. L. (thrusting his fingers nervously into his hair)—Can I go up town before I pay my fine, your Honor?

Judge—What do you want up town?

Mr. L.—I wish to buy up your Honor's paper at ten per cent, to pay my fine with!

The Judge gave in.

BAND OF AMAZONS.—This year, as in several preceding years, the carnival masked balls at Paris have been signalized by the presence of a band of Amazonian belles—just twelve in number, and each one strong enough to strangle a lion in her embrace. There is prodigious curiosity to know who they are. Alike young, of perfect shape, teeth that would raise envy in a band of tigers, and of exactly equal height, all much above the ordinary size of women, they form a magnificent spectacle.—Like bees they have a queen, and are dressed precisely alike in all of thousand velvet gaily ribboned, white perique curled round the head, arms and shoulders bare, short white gloves, chemises of batiste with small plaits, pantaloons of red silk and lace, white silk stockings and shoes with diamond buckles. The Amazons are, evidently, but from eighteen to twenty years of age, and, of course, their band must be perpetually renewed, since they have appeared, now, at every carnival for five or six years. As they are always masked, and accept no invitations to sup after the ball, the inquisitive are nonplussed. They have always their pockets full of money, and, when they retire, three black carriages take them away, on the panels of which are no crest or armorials. They have been known to take distinguished men to sup with them, but it is always as a guest.

FRENCH POLITENESS.—A lady who changed her opinions as to forty years of age, that, reluctant as she was to approach it, she had chosen to remain 'just forty' ever since, was happy in the constancy of an admirer who professed to hang his devotion entirely on the singular beauty of her blond ringlets. After many years of unflinching success in dyeing her locks of a certain shade of blond, however, the hair-dresser, in a fit of pre-occupation, recently applied the wrong tincture, and Madame F—arose from her chair with the most beautiful jet-black chevelure imaginable.—Fainting and despair ensued, for there was no remedy. She who had been a lovely blond all her life must either submit to a shaved head or figure as a brunette. In anguish she awaited the arrival, that evening, of him whose lips and pen had so long been accustomed to glorify the ringlets of sunshine.

'Ah, my friend,' she said, as he took his first astonished look at her own braids, 'it is vain to conceal! You are lost to me forever!'

'On the contrary,' replied the pattern/Celadon, recovering immediately, 'I always thought black was becoming to blondes!'

A YANKEE MOVE.—A New York paper says a strapping Yankee having got out of employment in that big city, has hit upon a plan by which to raise the wind. He is a painter by trade, and goes with his pot and brush to a house and inquires who lives there, and what time he will be home to dinner. Having found out, he stations himself at the door just about the time he expects the owner out from dinner and commences painting the around the door step. The astonished proprietor comes out and finds a man painting his railing.

'Who gave you authority to paint this?' 'Nobody,' says the Yankee. 'But ye see, squire, I was comin' along, and kind o' thought it would look a little better painted. Don't you think so?'

The proprietor gets a little wrathful, but the Yankee, taking it very coolly, keeps on with his work.

'It will never do,' says the proprietor, to let it go so half painted.

'I'll finish it cheap for ye,' says the Yankee. 'Well, finish it.'

And so he gets a good job. He has been practicing in the neighborhood of Broome and Varick streets lately.

It is estimated at the Home Department that 90,000 land warrants will be applied for on account of services in the war with Mexico. Of these about 5000 will be for 40 acres each, and the rest for 166 acres. Total, 13,800,000 acres. About 60,000 have already been issued.

The old Hartford Bank, with a capital of over \$1,000,000, made three dividends last year, amounting in all to nine per cent! The New Haven and Danbury Banks make the same amount of annual dividends.

IRELAND.—Horror accumulates in the west. Famine and disease are sweeping away the people in myriads. The Protestant clergy, joined by the Roman Catholic, implore aid for their miserable flocks; the gentry and middle classes are fast sinking to the lowest level; some affluent people hear the appeals on behalf of the utterly destitute, but their donations are instantly swallowed up, while the cries continue for "more," "more," and death seems the only certain means of relief. "A Commercial Traveller" writes thus to the *Freeman's Journal* from Ennis.

"On my way here I called at Ballynasloe, Loughres, and Galway. The first mentioned town I found a vast hospital having 12 or 14 auxiliary poor houses. They are situated in every part of the town, and consequently you cannot go to any district without coming in contact with a cholera hospital. A person from Ballynasloe, contracted for the supplying of coffins for that town, but such had been the demand for the last month, that he employed 40 men sawing boards and 20 men nailing them together. Notwithstanding that number constantly at work (even on Sundays), the guardians had to engage an additional contractor, with their united exertions, and the numerous staff employed by them, they are scarcely able to keep a sufficient number ready. Many of our readers have no idea of the description of coffins they are. The boards are nailed together in the same way boxes containing yellow soap are sent to the country by the Liverpool manufacturer, but not with as much care (without planing or painting). You can judge what number 60 or 70 men would prepare daily."

The Protestant rector of Ballinrobe thus addresses Lord John Russell:—"I will not, my lord, dwell at present upon the painful subject of the workhouse, as the evil has gone far to correct itself, the inmates having died off in awful numbers, and more liberal supplies being now remitted for the current weekly expenses—alas!—that these supplies should have been withheld so long. I would, however, fix your lordship's deepest attention upon the appalling fact, that we have, even at best, to encounter three months more of sore, sore famine, and bear it in mind my lord, the three worst months of the year, in point of home supply—and thus with 27,000 of our population in the Ballinrobe union, on out door relief, while the remaining 68,000, minus the thousands already lost, are all, with very few exceptions indeed, barely trying to hold on through the dread crisis!—The all-engrossing questions with every one, gentle and simple, are these—"What in Heaven's name is to become of us? What are we to do? The country is gone!" We must thus again and again strive to arouse you, my lord; for it is not possible that you or the English people can be fully conscious of, or alive to the true state of things in the west of Ireland."

THE CHURCH.—It is peculiar to religion that she has a language for every individual; that all can understand, the high as well as low, the happy as well as the unhappy; and that she ascends or descends, without an effort, into every rank and region of society. And it is one of the admirable features of the constitution of the Christian church, that her ministers are not only scattered over, but form an integral part of the whole society, living as near to the cottage as the palace; in habitual intercourse with the highest and the lowest; equally the monitors of greatness and the consolers of misery. The tutelary power, spite of the abuses and faults into which it has been led by its very force and extent, has for ages exercised a more vigilant and energetic control over the moral dignity and the dearest interests of man, than any other.

Nobody would be so averse as I should, for the sake of religion herself, to see a revival of the abuses by which it has been abused or corrupted. But I confess that I do not fear this at the present day. The principles of lay supremacy and freedom of thought have definitely triumphed in modern society; they may still have some enemies to repel, and some conflicts to sustain, but their victory is certain. They have in their favor the prevailing institutions, manners, opinions, interests and passions; and that general and overwhelming current of ideas and events that flow on through all diversities, obstacles and perils, in the same direction, at Rome, Madrid, Turin, Berlin, and Vienna, no less than at London or Paris.—[Guizot.]

AN EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.—At an anti-slavery meeting in Boston, last week, the following story was related of a very singular escape from slavery. It is published by the *Chronotype*:

Thrilling Narrative. At the meeting on Wednesday evening a fugitive slave, newly named Henry Box Brown, came on to the platform, by invitation, and related his adventures, while escaping from the house of bondage. Henry was a slave in Virginia. He had a wife and 3 children, for whom their master asked \$650. The husband and father made incredible exertions to purchase them, and succeeded in raising \$600. The remaining \$50 were advanced by his own master, who had a lien upon the wife and children. After purchasing his family, Henry rented a house for them, but he soon became involved as his master claimed the largest part of his earnings. One morning he went off to his work, but on returning found that his wife and children had been seized, sold on the auction block to the slave traders, and were to be transported out of the State. They were sold for \$1,050. After this sad event his master seized upon the furniture provided for the slave wife, sold it and pocketed the proceeds.

Henry remarked with the deepest pathos, that after his wife and children were stolen, his heart was broken. He had learned to sing, to lighten the tedium of his labors, and for the gratification of his fellow captives, but now he could not sing. His thoughts were far away in the rice swamps of Carolina or the cotton plantations of Georgia. His wife and children were not, and he refused to be comforted.—When the master noticing his despondency told him he could get another wife (southern morality) Brown shook his head, the wife of his affections and the children of his love, or none at all.

Thoughts of liberty began to spring up in his bosom. He had heard of the abolitionists and determined to escape to them if it was possible. He became frugal, saved with more than a miser's eagerness every cent he could lay claim to, until he had amassed a sufficient sum for his purpose. The means used for his escape were of a most unprecedented character. With the assistance of a friend, arrangements were made for him to escape in a box, which was to be forwarded to friends of the slave in Philadelphia, carefully marked as a valuable package.

The friend who assisted him in this plot, took all his money, about \$60, and his clothes. Brown could offer no objection, though it left him penniless. Yet with a Roman hero, he was true to the fixed purpose of his soul, he was on his way to liberty. The box used for this extraordinary flight was only three feet one inch long, two feet wide, and two feet six inches

deep! In this diminutive box he was transported from Richmond to Philadelphia by railroad and Steamboat, a distance of 300 miles, amid perils so great that the mind shudders when they are contemplated.

On board the steamboat while going up the Potomac, the box was set on end, which placed Brown head downwards. How long he remained in this fearful position, he does not know, but he mentally resolved to die, if he must, without making a sign, which might involve those who had been assisting him.

The next great peril which he encountered was at the Baltimore depot at Washington.—The box was roughly tumbled over two or three times. This the unhappy fugitive thought was bad enough, but he was horror stricken when it was proposed not to forward the box until the next day. In that event he would die.—But he bethought him to pray, and while yet praying a superior officer ordered it to be forwarded. When placed in the baggage car he was again placed on his head, in which position he remained for the space of half an hour.—His eyes became swollen nearly out of his head; his veins were filled to bursting, and he must have died, had not his position been providentially changed.

The box arrived safely in Philadelphia to its destination. The friends who were anxiously waiting for it were assembled in a room with the door locked. They were afraid to move. They feared that the inmate was dead, as he made no noise. Finally one, more firm than the rest, rapped on the box, "Is all right here?" in a friendly tone. "All right!" was the brief response from within. The friends were overcome by their emotions, and one of them, finding speech, exclaimed, "you are the greatest man in America."

As for Brown, he was joyful, his fatigues were nothing, his sufferings were forgotten.—He was free; he breathed the air of liberty.—That one thought swallowed up all others. After stretching himself for a moment, he breathed forth the feelings of his soul in a song of solemn praise for his deliverance.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 14.

A YEAR AFTER THE FAIR.

For the Eastern Mail.

OCTOBER 21, 1847.

Whatever might happen elsewhere, or on other days, this afternoon, (Tuesday,) but one object was possible. It was the trotting match of Black Hawk and the Washington Gray. So great was the jam of notables to attend this august match, that I preferred to enter the field amongst the obscurities, the more, as I was assured that there the predominance of skill would be found. The course is beyond the show-ground, as I have described it, on the same gradually rising plain with that and the cemetery. I had found a companion just to my fancy. He was a sandy-haired, fresh-faced man, with lively blue eyes, tense smiling lip, not tall, his legs standing well out, and his nose cutting into the weak part of a bargain, like a Turkish sword used for hospitality. He knew the turf and the stable. The truth is, he is a little bald, and the only excitement with him, that would have taken a man's hair off, is the failure of a limb in driving that he might have warranted sound, or the sudden subsiding of the winning horse, when he has struck the goal, and the poor jade that is distanced comes lumbering up to breathe. My heart clings to such a man in strange scenes. He brings home with him. It is the only marriage, at my time of life, it seems desirable to contract, and this for convenience.

"Will he trot, B—?" said I.
"Yes. D—d, if I understand what Hill is at. They say the horse is lame, and he is lame. But if he's lame, why don't they withdraw him? They know the Gray's time, and if Black Hawk ain't up to his best mark, he can't save it."

"Ain't they playing 'possum?"
"No, they ain't. The horse can't play. I told Thurston his horse was surely beat, if he did not do up to his best time, and Thurston himself won't lay a cent on him."

"Shall you risk anything?"
"I shall risk something. I shall do it on the honesty of the horse. He'll count all he makes."

"You've seen him trot?"
"A thousand times. There's faster horses than Black Hawk; not many of them, either; but there's faster horses than he, a good many that I have seen, but he's the honestest horse I ever did see, and won't miss a blow. Some horses, and that gray is one, or I'm mistaken about him, have power enough and to spare, but they throw it half away; and no horse, I don't care if he's as swift as a wild pigeon, and has as much bottom, can afford to lose anything against Black Hawk. I don't know what's got into Hill, but I believe they are coming. I can get you a seat somewhere here. Boy! this gentleman is an owner!" said he, making his way to a favorable seat, and clearing another for me.

I was loth to stultify the representation of my friend, and sat down, trusting the boy would disoblige some less interested spectator."

"There's the Gray!"

"A good deal French, ain't he?"

"Yes, French enough—but he's a better shoulder than Black Hawk, and is a d—d fine limbed horse for one of his heft, that let me tell you. See! he thinks he smells powder! Now that's all waste steam. There's the Hawk, still as a boat on its rudder—always just so; so d—d honest, if he is lame! If he snorts, it's only to clear his nose passage, and Jem Thurston knows him as well as a man knows his cook. There!—and henceforth my friend was lost in deep attention, except when some obstruction or movement compelled a terse expression of discontent.

"There! says he, Hill must hold up his foot, and his son must pour a mite of grease upon it!"

"Will you bet on that horse?" said a snug looking stranger, in substantial business dress, who might be a hotel-keeper or forwarder from Schenectady.

"Yes, I'll bet upon him," said B.

"I'll lay you eight to ten on the Gray."

"I'll lay you, or any man, twenty-five on the

race, that Black Hawk beats him."

"Done!" said the Yorker, looking at the new comer, unable to discover where it was the assurance of victory lay.

"He is lame!" said the Yorker.

"You don't know the honesty of the horse!" said Beethoven, at which honest remark his competitor said nothing but looked not ready to double the bet.

"They're laying two to one against him!" said a stranger, not a betting looking, but a pleasant looking lad, in plain clothes.

"Three to one," said another.

"I should like to take one of those bets. I know—"

The gray horse whinnied.

"Hoo!" said my friend. "He's just like one of those low pressure boats at the dock, and you'll find he won't let off steam enough now, but that he'll burst his boiler."

"Will you-day fifty on the black horse?"

"Yes, I'll lay fifty on the black, and that's all I will lay, if any body wants to lay two or three to one."

"I'll lay you fifty to thirty on the gray."

"I shan't do it."

"I'll lay you a hundred to seventy-five."

"I wish I could get a hundred to fifty offered. I'll take a hundred to seventy, and there I'll stop. Let us pass the papers into this gentleman's hands."

So I was made stake-holder for all the party, for the first time in my life.

"Oh! night,

And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!"

—It was the darkness only that seemed so wondrous, at the first glance, in the peerless animal before us, and the strange, new, but unexceptionable figure of equine beauty gained upon the eye only by degrees. He had not the wagon-tearing look of the gray, as if indeed made to bring up the last piece of artillery to the front of the battle. It was like the look of some rising man of real talent, new to you—it's points of expression yet to be taxed and attested. When he moved, he showed no rampant spirit but the very soul of motion; as he stood, wide and deep at the chest, a full yet elegant head, full battering breast, short back, and legs that offered themselves for the prize of beauty, so straight and taper were they before, to where the fetter-lock combines the secret of strength in an expression of lightness never elsewhere displayed, and firm but delicate behind.

But Thurston is to drive him, and first he'll wake him up. The light sulkey is patterned for its office. It might stay and not be missed; it might fly and not be seen. Now it plays after Black Hawk with the same fleet stillness that marks his motion, not the same supernal vigor, that terrible grace of power, which begins to teach the eye of insight, that here is a masterpiece too.

"There will go Hill, and poke over that lameness again!"

"I guess not."

"What time are you?"

"They are off!" said a dozen voices, but not B—.

He said nothing, till the Gray broke, and his honest champion went bounding forward beyond him.

"What a mean rascal that is! He may pick up now; he goes well, but he'll do that same thing the moment he feels the Hawk pressing him. See 'em go!"

It was great. The meteor, stealing, lingering through the sky, is scarcely more seductive to the sight, though but a quarter minute in all its age, than the rush so distant and powerful of those images of power, speeding for but little minutes of competition, their energies awake or awakening.

"D—n the jade!" said the Schenectady bettor, who, by this time, saw the foible of his favorite, its senseless breaking, and the gallant honesty of Black Hawk, who, while the first was gathering his feet, was bursting on for the goal, as if sensible himself that glory lay only in the cheer of victory.

"Was he distanced?" said Beethoven, quietly.

"Hiss!" quoth a half dozen voices, sympathizing with the bold favorite, who came powerfully in.

"The gray will beat him yet!" said the hundred dollar bettor; "he only wants practice."

"A good deal of practice, let me tell you. He's the fastest horse. You may say that is proved; but they may trot from this time to October, and the result will be the same.—While he has life enough to break, the black horse will break him; and if he did not break he'd pass him. What was the time?"

"Two, fifty-one."

"That's no great time."

"The Gray can beat that time."

"I shall like to see him do it."

"He can do it!"

The intermission was passed as the preparation time had been. A few bets were still offered and taken, but now the aspect of the victor had revealed itself to the observers, and in general they saw but one horse, such as they never had seen before, a descendant of the mysterious steed of Long Island, made dark and more mysterious in color, with his long mane and crinkled tail, and couchant, tiger-looking aspect about the back.

They resume the race again with the same varieties of action, the winning of the Gray, the pressing on of the Black, the breaking, the passing, the desperate loss in gathering, desperate almost as a stock stand-still, the brave pressing on again, the breaking, the resuming, Black Hawk bearing for the goal, the Gray distanced.

"The meanest horse! the meanest horse, for one that pretends to be a fast horse, that I ever saw!"

"He'll out-trot him yet!"

"What's the time this bout?"

"Two, forty-three."

"He can't beat it. And still it is not his speed, that I rely upon in betting on Black Hawk; it is the honesty, I know, of the horse."

So their money changed hands, and the game, the best of it, for many, of the Fair, was over.

Yours truly,

[For the Eastern Mail.]

COCHITUATE SPRINKLINGS.—No. 4.

BY DOCKY WATTY.

The re-appearance of your friend 'Ziggy' (whose complimentary allusions, by the way, almost overpowered me) is highly gratifying. I was somewhat fearful that the California epidemic had carried him off, and had already sketched him in imagination, with long boots and mining toggery, turning up the shining scales of the placer with spade and pickaxe: I am glad to know (shade of Joe Miller excuse me) that he has not served your readers so scaly a trick. The 'fraternal hand' is hereby cordially accepted, and I shall be happy to meet 'Ziggy', either at home in the midst of my 'idols', or in the street where noses are said to be put upon the grindstone.

Speaking of noses, I presume your readers have noticed the disgusting details of a brutal fight, which occurred a few nights since in one of the numerous tippling shops in Devonshire street, sometimes called 'Toddy Row.' The two rowdies who were the principals have long been public nuisances in our city, and their names have many times appeared in the police reports. One of them, you notice, lost a slice of his nose, the other having fixed his grinders therein. I am glad to say, for the credit of Bostonians, that both of these rowdies are foreigners.

Our citizens feel tolerably secure against the cholera, having taken, as Ziggy has told you, active measures by way of precaution. No case has yet occurred, though a rumor of one was started, in consequence of a reported sudden death in the vicinity of Cambridge street. To my certain knowledge, the case alluded to was not of that character, and the woman had been sick a week. I feel quite confident that we shall escape the visitation of this horrible scourge; for reasons which have heretofore made Boston one of the healthiest cities in the world. The cholera frequents those places where filth abounds, and where the atmosphere is polluted by foul exhalations from stagnant water; but Boston, situated as it is, or three hills, is remarkably free from these objections, in consequence of the facilities for drainage. Every ebbing tide carries off elements of disease, which in other cities stagnate in the sewers, or lay festering in the streets.

Matters are very quiet herenabouts just now. Our theatres and other places of amusement are making preparations to close for the season, and from all appearances the citizens will have ample leisure to recruit themselves during the hot weather, by visits to the adjacent watering places. I dropped into the Howard Athenaeum, one or two evenings since, to hear our old friends, the Seguinis; the performance of one act of *Somnambule* brought back pleasant reminiscences of the palmy days of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, when "Bill so gently" was the song on the lips of old and young. The Seguinis have lost none of their attractions, and have a valuable assistant in Mr. Reeves, a fine tenor, who with less power and compass than Benedetti, has more sweetness and grace. Mrs. Seguin is, as you know, a lovely woman and an accomplished vocalist.

In No. 1 of the *Sprinklings*, I told you I would give you an anecdote or two in the theatrical line, which I have picked up in the course of my meanderings. The following was related to me by a friend, and whether it has ever appeared before in print or not I cannot say, but it was entirely new to me.

On the benefit night of an individual, whose name is of no consequence, but whose aspirations were for the title of a 'star,' the play bills announced in glaring capitals the tragedy of Richard the Third. In this play our tragedian fancied himself extremely killing, and counted strongly on the various hits he should make in the character. His master effort was reserved for the scene in which a messenger announces to the 'crook backed tyrant' that Buckingham has been captured, and the energy and fierce exultation with which he had been accustomed to order the decapitation of the unfortunate Duke, was, to use his own words, 'always sure to bring down the house in a storm.'

Unfortunately for our tragedian he had incurred the animosity of one of the 'sups,' who, as luck would have it, was on this occasion cast for the part of the messenger. So good an opportunity for revenge was too tempting to be lost, and the malicious 'sup' resolved to take advantage of it.

The play proceeded as usual; the tyrant went through his bloody part with fair success, drowning Clarence—'maundin Clarence,' as Byron calls him—in a malmsey butt, running king Henry through in cold blood, and telling that melancholy king, as a parting injunction, to convey his compliments to the gentleman with hoofs and tail, who dwells in hot regions, and smothering the two princes in the Tower; all with no compunctious visitings. At last, crowned and in arms, he reached the scene wherein his great effort was to be displayed; and now rushes on, in hot haste, our wicked 'sup,' with the glad tidings on his tongue.

"My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken, and added he, 'we've whipped off his head!'"

Words cannot describe the consternation of Gloucester. There he stood with arm upraised, the scowl of deeply settled hate upon his brow, ready to deliver the dread mandate, 'Off with his head!' with which he was to astonish the gaping audience, but which now was rendered unnecessary by the officious forestallment of the capturers. Thus by one blow to be stripped of all his anticipated laurels, to be deprived of the opportunity of thundering forth his favorite sentence, by the fact of the head having been so unceremoniously 'whipped off,' was too much for our hero, and his presence of mind vanished in an instant. The play was

over, a roar of laughter shook the house, and the curtain fell as Richard rushed madly behind the scenes.

"With this I also drop the curtain and bid you pax vobiscum."

TROTTING MATCH.—A nice touch—a very nice one—is the description of the great trotting match between the famous Black Hawk and Washington Gray, given in our paper to-day, by our correspondent who writes 'A year after the Fair.' Read it, by all means.

BROWN BREAD.—Somebody recently left at our door a liberal and exceedingly good loaf of brown bread. It was taken in and 'cared for' without any 'questions for conscience's sake.' Next morning we went early to the door for another loaf. Twasn't there—and we have heard nothing of it since. Now, if such an article is manufactured at the 'bake-shop' in Waterville, we want to fat upon it, and beg the maker not to make a *Bridge* of our nose, in his distribution. We must eat something, and will try to pay. We shall be at the door at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning.

Ship Martha, Folger, arrived at Holmes's Hole, June 6, from the Pacific, reports having spoken, in lat. 5.30 S., lon. 31.20 W., ship Obed Mitchell, Cax, 28 days from New Bedford, for California, all well—who spoke, April 17, lat. 24 N., 30 W., ship *Mayflower*, Randall, 18 days from New Bedford, for California, all well. The *Mayflower* and Obed Mitchell sailed from New Bedford at the same time, and as appears, were together 18 days out.

The *Mayflower* is the ship in which Messrs. Rhodes, Williams, and Crosby, of Waterville, and several others from Kennebec county, sailed for California in March last.

Experiments have been made of the comparative excellence of zinc and tin for milk. The result was that milk in tin pails curdled three hours sooner than that in zinc, and that the milk in the latter produced one-fifth more cream, and the cream one-fifth more butter, and of a sweeter flavor.

Onondaga Indians have been for several days about the Syracuse groceries squandering the stipend received from the State on the 1st of June. "Within our recollection," the Albany Journal says, "before those Indians were civilized, they abstained from strong drinks and prohibited the sale of liquors on their Reservation."

HENRY CLAY—REQUEST TO RESIGN.—At a meeting of the citizens of Trimble Co., Ky., held on the 29th ult., at the Court House in the town of Bedford, without any distinction of party, the following Resolutions, offered by John Robert, Esq., a Whig, were adopted:

"Be it further Resolved, That the doctrines published to the world by the Hon. Henry Clay, in relation to emancipation, are calculated, if carried out, not only to violate the constitutional rights of this Commonwealth, but greatly to injure the condition of the slaves, by corrupting them."

Be it further Resolved, as the sense of this meeting, that the opinions of the said Henry Clay, now made manifest upon the subject of abolition or emancipation, that he is no longer deemed a fit instrument to carry out the wishes and defend the rights of the good people of this Commonwealth in the Senate of the U. States, and therefore, as the first act of the next Legislature of Kentucky, he, the said Henry Clay, should be formally requested to resign his seat in the Senate of the United States."

SOUTHERN JUSTICE.—The Memphis (Ten.) Enquirer has the following item of news—

"On Saturday, as a negro boy belonging to James Mason, was passing some wagons, about nine miles out on the State Line Road, he was shot through the head by a man named Briggs, a wagoner from Mississippi. It seems that Briggs hailed the boy, who was riding peaceably, attending to his own business, and refused to stop, when Briggs drew a pistol and killed him instantly."

Probably the murder in this case will have to pay the full cash value of the boy—enough, perhaps, to buy a good horse or half a dozen hogs.

The Alexandria Gazette gives another item: "Two negro men were arraigned before the County Court of Fauquier county on Friday last, charged with breaking open the meat house of Lloyd Noland, and stealing a quantity of bacon. One of them was used as a witness against his accomplice, who was convicted by the court, and sentenced to be hung on the 10th of August."

Probably the poor fellows stole enough for a Sunday breakfast—but more or less, they ought to be hung, for what right has a negro to eat anything but the peck of corn allowed by law? O, Justice! how art thou mocked!

MISSOURI.—The People's Organ, a journal published in Missouri, says that slaveholders in that State are estimated not to exceed twenty thousand. They own seventy thousand slaves, and there are nearly half a million of inhabitants who neither own slaves nor have any interest in keeping up or extending the institution of slavery. The same print complains bitterly of the stigma which the existence of slavery fixes upon manual industry, and affirms that it has the effect of excluding from the State a most valuable and numerous class of emigrants from the Atlantic region, whose enterprise, industry and skill are needed to develop fully the resources of Missouri. It closes with desiring the people of the State to reflect whether it is not time to plan the means of relieving Missouri from this obstruction to her prosperity.

UNION.—The papers are noticing a union of the Democratic and Free Soil parties in Vermont, as manifested in their late nominations for State officers. The officers of governor, lieutenant governor and treasurer, are all the list embraces. All three of these—Needham, Roberts and Poland—have heretofore been regular nominees of the Liberty party, though the two first were formerly Democrats. Mr. Poland is editor of a Liberty paper at Montpelier, and was, we think, formerly a Whig. Opposition to slavery is deeply rooted among the Green Mountain Boys.

OLDTOWN IMPROVEMENTS.—The enterprising proprietors of the Railroad between this city and Oldtown are regarding their track and pathing down a new rail, which will be a great improvement. They are about to extend the

Oldtown terminus to Veazie's Wharf so as to connect immediately with the up-river Steamers. We hope they will in the course of another year lay a branch track from upper to Lower Stillwater which will add at least one third to the business and utility of the road. We are somewhat surprised that, as they are at the expense of relaying the track this year, that they had not at the same time changed the road to the river route, which would have doubled the value of the stock.

Quite an excitement is created up river by the rivalry between the Boats. The Moors were proceeding very quietly and enterprisingly under their Charter, when Gen. Veazie took it into his head to try titles with them; and so he has built a very fine propeller to ply between the same parts. We suppose this will lead to a lawsuit to try the power of the Legislature to grant the exclusive right of navigating the river by steam for a limited number of years on the express condition of improving the navigation of such river. We are glad to see these improvements, but could wish they might be effected without such conflict of personal interest and feeling.—[Bangor Adv.]

We understand that the above case of Moor vs. Veazie did not come to trial at Norridgewock, as was expected.

LOWELL MASON Esq. of Boston was expected in Bangor, on the 12th of June, and was to conduct the exercises of a musical convention, which it was proposed to hold in B. on that and the following day.

DISGRACEFUL SCENE IN CHURCH ON SUNDAY.—Pittsburgh, May 21.—A difficulty took place in the German Presbyterian Church at the commencement of the services yesterday morning. Much confusion prevailed, when Mr. Demler rose and told the minister, Rev. Mr. Roehler, that he was usurping his place, and that he must immediately leave the premises. Mr. Himmer and others interferred for the purpose of restoring quiet; but the altercation grew fiercer and a general fight ensued, in which both men and women belonging to the congregation participated, which resulted in the arrest and binding over of Messrs. Himmer and Demler for their appearance at court, and to keep the peace in the meantime. It has been deemed prudent by the authorities to lock up the church until the difficulty is finally settled. It appears that there is a division among the members of the church, and that this disgraceful scene originated in the attempt of the minority to keep possession of the keys of the church, against the expressed will of the majority.

FLOOD AT N. ORLEANS.—The operations at the crevasse have been partially suspended during the last 36 hours for want of materials, and some farther delay will be experienced in complying with the requisitions of Capt. Grant, received yesterday morning. Among the items was an order for one hundred and fifty saplings, which we believe cannot be had near the river in this vicinity.

The water was rising last evening with more rapidity than had characterized its encroachments during the previous thirty-six hours.—The danger below the Canal Carondelet and the Old Basin is daily becoming more imminent, and the alarm is consequently increasing, although every effort is made to strengthen the levee of the canal sufficiently to resist the great pressure of water.

The residents on Camp and other streets below the Melpomene Canal are becoming alarmed, and have petitioned the Council to take some measures to save them from inundation.

N. O. Picayune, May 30.

FLOUR IN BAGS.—The sale of flour in bags is becoming quite a trade between the Western millers and the East. We understand that at Lowell bags large enough to contain a quarter barrel of flour, forty-nine pounds, are manufactured and sent by railway to the western part of the State, where they are filled with flour and then returned to Lowell, where sales to the extent of several thousand bags are made in the course of the year.—[Albany Argus.]

SINGULAR FATALITY.—On the Short Creek road, two miles from Yazoo City, a number of persons, all inmates of one house, died of the cholera within a few days of each other. A child was buried on Sunday the 29th ult.; the father, whose name was Wm. B. Spell, died on Monday; a son about 21 years of age died on Tuesday morning; Mrs. Spell died on Tuesday evening; a daughter about 13 years old died on the same day, as did also three younger children—making eight persons who died between Saturday morning and Tuesday night. The illness in most cases lasted only a few hours.—Every inmate of the house was swept away by the scourge.

Mr. Editor:—What is the meaning of that communication in the Portland Argus about our Railroad? If you will give it to us, you will oblige one of many anxious

INQUIRERS.
We can't find that it has any 'meaning,' unless it be that somebody means to get a little notoriety by making groundless insinuations over an anonymous signature.

GREEN FRAS.—We found on our table yesterday a very verdant looking pea-plant from the garden of Col. Williams, which looked as tho' a week of fair weather would qualify it to 'shell out' something good. We are told that it left numerous companions on the vines. This is doing pretty well for hard times, a cold season, and a latitude of 44.30!

A letter has been received by Col. Williams, from his son, who sailed in the Mayflower, and who reports the entire company in good health and spirits, having had a pleasant voyage, without any disaster, up to the time of writing.

Dr. Coolidge.—The Portland "Advocate" has the following very just comments upon the character and habits of this man:—

When Coolidge commenced practice at Waterville, he had every endowment to pursue a moral and a useful life. He at once received the confidence and enjoyed the patronage of a large and highly respectable portion of the community, a confidence which he might easily have retained. But without religious or moral principle to control him, he was rapidly yielding to those influences which would soon have rendered him friendless even if he had not become a criminal. In the presence of persons of character and standing he appeared to be modest and sober-minded, and when not closely observed, there was in his face an expression of almost spotless innocence, and yet, when with boon companions, his language was vulgar, impure, and profane in the last extreme. He seems to have been nearly destitute of religious impulses. He attended religious worship but very few times during his residence in Waterville. That he gambled there can be no doubt, and it is perhaps equally certain that he was not a stranger to more loathsome vices. After his removal to Thomaston it is well known that he professed to have turned his attention to religion, and to have become a penitent and a converted man. In accordance with the same system of deception he planned the death of another victim. Wholly regardless of the rights and even life of others, he sought only to make capital for himself, and when all hope of success was gone in his favorite game of playing with the opinions of men at blindfold, he sunk in despair, and died not improbably by his own hand.

Notice.

For One Night Only!
THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY,
(JUDSON, ABNEY, JOHN AND ASA)
Respectfully announce to the citizens of Waterville and vicinity, that they will give one Vocal Entertainment at the Congregational Church, on Saturday Evening, June 16, 1849, introducing a choice programme of their best pieces, such as have met the favor of the musical public, both in England and America, among which may be mentioned—

We've roamed over Mountains,
Old Church Bell,
Bachelor's Lament,
My Mother's Bible,
The New England Farmer,
Ecclesiastical,
May Queen,
Good Time Coming,
Ship on Fire,
Eight Dollars a Day,
Old Granite State, &c., &c.

Tickets 25 cents, to be obtained at the bookstores of J. M. Crooker and C. K. Mathews, and at the door on the evening of the Entertainment.

Doors open at 7: Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

No postponement on account of weather.

Dr. Pollard will remain in Waterville until Tuesday next. Those in want of his advice or aid should call previous to that time.

BENEFITS IN SICKNESS.

The United States Health Insurance Co. will contract to insure Males & Females between the ages of 15 and 65. Allowances of \$3, \$5 and \$7 per week during sickness, for any term from one to five years. Premiums payable annually. N. K. BOUTELLE, M. D., Agt.

WILLIAMS'S CRAYON DAGUERRETYPE MINIATURE ROOMS.—Over J. R. Foster's Store.—Mr. W. would respectfully inform the citizens of Waterville and vicinity, that he has taken rooms over J. R. Foster's store, where he is prepared to execute Daguerre-type Likenesses in the latest style of the art, for a few weeks. Miniatures nearly set in Lockets, Pins, Rings and Cases.—Paintings and engravings copied with accuracy.

Ladies and gentlemen are invited to call and judge for themselves.

Waterville, May 21, 1849. 44-3w.

PURCHASERS OF Goods! be not deceived but call at Head Quarters, if you wish to get the best articles at the LOWEST prices. A stranger might be led to believe that there are but one or two places in town where goods are sold, or where anything like an assortment can be found. Yet IT IS A FACT that People do find the way to

No. 1 Ticonic Row, and obtain Goods as low as they can be bought at any other store in town.

Examine for yourselves the extensive stock of W. I. GOODS and GROCERIES now opening, (having been selected from the latest importations, and bought for cash at the very lowest terms), and you will be satisfied they are MARKED DOWN at "Hard Times" prices.

E. L. S. would take this opportunity to inform his customers, and purchasers of Groceries and Provisions generally, that he is selling Goods at a profit, and that his only object in remaining in trade is to make money; yet he pledges himself to satisfy all who may favor him with a call that he will sell them goods as low, to say the least, as those who profess to trade merely for the benefit of the "Dear People."

E. L. SMITH,
No. 1 Ticonic Row.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
20 men of good moral character and affable address, to whom the subscriber will give profitable employment, as traveling agents, for the sale of an exceedingly valuable and useful article of Medicine. None need apply unless good references can be given. A preference will be given to superannuated Clergymen. Address personally or by letter, Dr. E. L. Smith, 7 Suffolk place, Boston, or Mr. Dr. L. Smith, Wat. Me. (3w-44)

Dr. E. L. SMALL.

FREEDOM NOTICE.—This certifies that, for a valuable consideration, I have relinquished to my sons, Henry Eastman, Jr. and Warren Eastman, the remainder of their time during their minority. I shall therefore claim no part of their earnings, nor shall I pay any of their debts.

HENRY H. EASTMAN, mark.

Witness: JOSEPH HUDSON.
Winslow, May 26, 1849.

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES.				
Flour	\$5 25	a 600	Molasses	25, 40
Corn	75		80	40
Oats			30	40
Beans	75	100	Mackerel, best	8
Eggs	10		Hams	9
Butter	12	12	Apples	50
Cheese	6	14	Beef, fresh	5
Salt, fine		8	Pork	8
" rock		40	Lard	10
		50		

BRIGHTON MARKET.

THURSDAY June 7.			
AT MARKET, 350	Beef Working Oxen	7000	11000
Cattle, 950	Sheep, 260	Cows & Calves	2000
Swine, 19	Yoke working Sheep	275	350
Oxen, 23	Cows & calves, Swine—wholesale		
Beef Cattle—Extra	\$7.00	Sows	4
1st quality	6.50 a 6.75	Barrows	5
2d do.	6.00	625 Retail	41-2

BOSTON MARKET.

SATURDAY June 10.			
Flour—Genesee	\$525	Provisions—Beef, mess	12 00
Michigan	500	Pork, clear	12 00
Ohio	500	" mess	10 00
Grain—Sour Corn	65	" prime	10 00
Northern	60	Hams, round	8 00
Oats	38	Butter	12 a 18
Eye	12	Cheese, new	3
Beans	115	Rice	3
Hay, ton	11 00	Apples	1 00
Plaster, ton	2 00	Lard	6

DEATHS.

In Troy, May 15, of Consumption, Mary, wife of John Fairfield, aged 61, formerly of China, and a highly esteemed member of the Baptist Church of that place. The loss is deeply felt by her family and friends.

MARRIAGES.

In Cairo N. Y., Mr. Geo. Nobles and Miss Ann Maria Cornwall.

Advertisements.

HAIR FOR PLASTERING.

PURE SLAUGHTER HAIR, a prime article, constantly on hand and for sale low by

Fairfield, June 1849. 3w-47 ANDREW ARCHER.

MAPLE SUGAR and Molasses, and Sugar House

MAPLE SUGAR for sale by A. LYFORD.

A GREAT CHANCE FOR PURCHASERS.

For a limited time the stock of Goods belonging to the

Estate of Oliver Paine will be offered to all who wish to buy by the Lot, or at Retail, at a great deduction

from cost.

Call at the Old Stand, corner of Main & Front Streets, where a good assortment of

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, & DOMESTIC

GOODS,

may be bought cheap for cash or ready pay.

All persons having account with the Estate of Oliver

Paine, are requested to call and present the same for

adjustment. JOHNA PAINE.

Waterville, June 14 1849. 47-1f.

New Goods.

This day received and now opening, at the

NEW STORE, NO. 3 BOUTELLE BLOCK.

RAZORS.

OF THE FINEST QUALITY,

Pocket Cutlery, Scissors,

AND SHEARS,

Also, Razor Strops & Brushes,

For sale cheap by

WINGATE & TALBOT.

WOODEN WARE.

JUST received, a new supply, such as chopping trays,

J. Bows, Tubs, rolling Pins, clothes pins, washboards,

Measures, Boxes and Buckets; also, Willow Caskets,

Baskets, Market and Fruit do., &c., &c.

E. L. SMITH.

SAVE YOUR EYES.

If they trouble you from weakness or age, or if you are

short-sighted, just call and examine the extensive as-

sortment of spectacles at WINGATE & TALBOT's.

CALL AND SETTLE.

J. C. BARNETT may be found at the store

of J. R. Elden & Co. An all persons indebted to

him, on note or account, are requested to call and settle

immediately, as they will save cost by so doing.

Waterville, June 7th, 1849. 46-1f.

GRAPE SHAWLS, received and selling cheap

at ELLEN & CO.'s.

PARASOLS & Parasollettes. The best as-

sortment to select from, to be found in town.

ELLEN & CO.

LINEN Handkerchiefs, of all qualities and

prices, may be found at ELLEN'S

NO. 3 BOUTELLE BLOCK.

FREEDOM NOTICE.—This certifies that, for a valuable

consideration, I have relinquished to my son

George Hunter, the remainder of his time during his

minority. I shall therefore claim nothing of his earnings

and pay no debts of his contracting.

Witness: Oliver Hancock. ACTOR HUNTER.

Clinton, June 4, 1849. 46-3-4

MILK PANS.—A large lot of Pans, and

other kinds of Earthen Ware, just re-

ceived at No. 1 Ticonic Row, by

June 6. E. L. SMITH.

NEW LIME.—Just received and for sale

by E. L. SMITH.

June 6, 1849.

RICH DRAPERY CURTAINS,

Transparent Curtains,

Just received at CHASE'S.

NEW Styles DeLaines just received by

BUTTS, Canaan.

CLOCKS.—An extensive assortment of 30

hours, 8 days, Gothic and common, at

Wingate & Talbot's.

FLOUR and CORN, of superior quality, re-

ceived every week per steamers, at No. 1

Ticonic Row, by E. L. SMITH.

PORK.—Clear and Mess Pork for sale by

the bbl. or retail, at No. 1 Ticonic Row

by E. L. SMITH.

CHEESE.—A prime lot of western Cheese,

just received at No. 1 Ticonic Row by

E. L. SMITH.

ONLY \$3.00! for those Fine Silk Hats!

Gents! call soon, for these are most gone!

Don't forget the place, at CHASE'S!

CARPETING!—CARPETING!

A LARGE Assortment of common, fine, super and extra

super Carpeting, also stair Carpeting, Bookings,

Painted Carpets and Oil Cloths, for sale cheap by

ESTY, KIMBALL & Co.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

KENNEBEC ss.—June 6, 1849.

TAKEN on Execution, and will be sold to

the highest bidder therefor, at public auc-

tion, at the store occupied by Charles R. Phil-

lips, in Waterville, in said County of Kenne-

bec, on Saturday, the twenty-first day of July,

A. D. 1849, at two of the clock in the after-

noon, all the right in equity which Robert W.

Pray, said Waterville, now has, or had on

the twenty-seventh day of May, 1848, (being

the time of the attachment thereof on the original

writ) of redeeming the following described

mortgaged real estate, to wit:—The store, and

the lot on which the same now stands, now oc-

cupied by Charles R. Phillips and David Shor-

rey, in said Waterville, said lot being bounded

on the west by Main street, on the south by

the store and lot of John R. Philbrick, on the

east by land of said John R. Philbrick, and on

the north by the store and lot owned by Wil-

liam and Silas Redington.

JOSEPH NUDD, Deputy Sheriff.

O. WRIGHT, M. D.,

Resident Physician & Surgeon.
DESPICUALLY informs the public that he has re-

turned to Waterville. House on Silver st., one door

above the Parker House. Having been engaged in the

practice of medicine two years, he is now ready to

perform his services to the inhabitants of Waterville and

vicinity. Persons living at a distance can apply for

medicine by letter, giving a description of the complaint.

The unlimited success that has attended the

use of my medicines, for twelve years, induces me

to offer them to the public. I ask for only a

fair trial, to satisfy the most skeptical of their

invigorating and restoring power, confident

that they will stand upon their own merits. I

am not compelled to resort to the usual method

by which most of the syrups and pills now in

vogue are forced upon the public—by beautiful

challenges and glaring puffings of 50,000 cures,

20,000 written certificates of cases considered

afflicted. Under such pleasing garbs earth's

afflicted ones have tenaciously seized upon them

as the boon of life, but found they were deceitful

destroyers which flattered but to kill. True

they have produced a change—as any poison-

ous compound will—a change from better to

worse, as many will testify who have used

them—a fact which ought to induce all to be

cautious in their selection of remedies, and

swallow no medicine without knowing its com-

position. The vegetable medicines, accommo-

dated to circumstances, cure every curable dis-

ease. No medicine prescribed but that which

acts in harmony with the laws of Nature.

A FEE GRATIS.

June 6, 1849. 46-1f

PRINTS! Prints! Another case those cheap

Prints just received, and now opening at

Elden & Co.'s New Store.

JOHN S. CHASE

HAS now in store, and is constantly receiving, a fresh

stock of

SILK AND FANCY DRESS GOODS,

consisting in part of

Black, Gros de Rhine, Plain, Chameleon, Bro-

che, and figured Poul de Soie Silks;

Printed Lawns, a great variety;

Printed Jaconet and Ordandie Muslins;

Printed satin striped Bareges;

Printed Paris Alpernes, new styles;

Plain and figured De Laines, new styles, all

wool; do. do. cotton and wool;

Shawls, in great varieties;

French and American Gingham;

White Goods of all descriptions;

Laces, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

Also, a great variety of Bonnets and Millinery

articles;

Particular attention paid to the selection of

Mourning Goods.

