



6-28-1849

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 49): June 28, 1849

Ephraim Maxham

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Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 49): June 28, 1849" (1849). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 100.
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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. II. NO. 49.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1849.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

An Original Tale.

THE SPANISH CAVALIER: A TALE OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

WRITTEN FOR THE MAIL BY MUSTARD.

CHAPTER I.

The stern and unyielding conqueror was alone; no attendant was admitted to his secret chamber. He was sad, and his eye that had never quailed in battle was dimmed with a tear. The blood was trickling down from a severe wound he had recently received and stood in a small pool upon the floor, yet he heeded it not. There he sat, lost in his own gloomy and distant thoughts; and his look and his terrible brow were not the same as those he wore in the presence of those fierce, turbulent spirits that were cowed into awe by the nod of this master spirit. Never had he been known to falter, and the most scrutinizing could not, when the storm was thickest, and the clouds lowered above and around him most terrific, boding destruction to the darling scheme for which he had devoted his life, his all, discover despair or fear settling upon that 'iron countenance,' which in prosperity or adversity wore the same dauntless appearance. Many knew the soldier, but few the man. In public he was emphatically the one to seize those discordant elements, uncontrollable spirits, and meteor-like energies, direct them to one focus and achieve one of the most splendid conquests the historian has ever recorded, over a nation powerful in its resources, terrible in name, and protected by warriors fierce in battle and inured to all the hardships of war. Hernando Cortes was the man to accomplish all this. His iron will knew no superior, acknowledged no equal, and like the majestic oak that towers in conscious strength, it bent not or once swayed from its own decisions—its determination to conquer—not even when compelled to turn upon Narvaez and his own countrymen—not when flying away, with his little band broken and almost crushed, from the Mexican capital, along the fatal causeway, on the terrible 'noche triste,' [sad night], as he turned with vain valor to roll back the human tide that threatened to overwhelm him and his forlorn hope—nor, lastly, when beholding the prize almost within his grasp, he sees his soldiers, instead of pouring victoriously into the renowned city of the Aztecs, driven, a terror-stricken band of fugitives, along the most truly 'puente caidado,' [the sorrowful bridge] and himself narrowly escaping the terrible fate of a prisoner to that people who were never known to spare a captive.

He was worthy of the age of chivalry. He fought not as others fought. He lived in a world peculiar to himself, and he doubted not that he was commissioned by Heaven to be the instrument in effecting a mighty revolution—uprooting the seeds of heathenism, lifting the veil of superstitious darkness that hung like a mildew over the fairest portions of earth, and planting with his own strong arm the Cross of the Redeemer upon the blood-stained 'teocalli' of the fierce war-god, Huitzilopochtli. Hence his cheek blanched not, and his arm lost not its wonted vigor, as fortune seemed hurrying him on towards the yawning gulf from whence there was no escape. Nor indeed did he despair of ultimately accomplishing his glorious undertaking, when, with his few defeated, dejected and wounded followers, he surveyed from the memorable heights of Otumba, the vast valley teeming with a countless multitude of foes, and cutting off the only retreat for himself and his surviving comrades—but with bright visions of future glory, he plunged down into that vast ocean of enemies that parted as by an avalanche, but only like the receding wave, to gather tenfold fury. And though his iron heart ceased to beat for a moment as his flashing eye viewed the mighty circle closing around him, it was but for a moment, and the next instant he had rescued his despairing and yielding followers from almost certain destruction by cutting his way through the dense columns of the enemy and plunging his own sword deep into the breast of the commander, Chichauac.

But if, indeed, despair in the most desperate situations did ever enter his breast, his countenance betrayed not the volcanic heaving within, and his devoted soldiers came to almost deem him the terrible representative of some more than mortal power. But now, away from the scrutinizing gaze of doubting allies, and the imploring look of wounded friends, where he deems no mortal eye can scan his features and read the workings of his heart, he has thrown aside the soldier, and the man is exposed to view.

His arms were folded upon his breast, and his head drooped till it almost rested there likewise. His eyes were half closed and bent vacantly upon the floor. Perhaps he was enumerating his recent losses and seeing nothing future but ruin and destruction. Perhaps he was repining at an extensive defection among his Indian allies, or because he had sacrificed his fortune and his own blood, that had often been shed, for so wild, so desperate, so fruitless an undertaking. But no. No! So he had appeared when reclining with his wretched army on the Hill of Otocapoleo, his restless yet fearless eye surveyed the wreck of that splendid array, which but a few weeks before he had led into the city, with all the pride and pomp of conscious superiority. No tear moistened his eye, nor paleness of cheek gave indication of fear, when wave after wave of the victorious foe dashed upon his perishing followers, cooped up within the gloomy walls of Axayacatl. He hears not now the bustle of the camp around him, the groans of the wounded and the murmurings of discontented troops. All, all is lost upon that troubled, harassed mind.

But ah! what terrible peal is that which is wafted on the evening breeze? It has reached the ear of the stern conqueror, and it is a sound that penetrates the inner chamber of his heart—a sound that he feels with terrible force. He recognizes it well, for once before that peal had been the shuddering knell of the 'bravest of his brave,' when his star had well nigh sunk in everlasting night. It was the pealing of the great drum in the temple of the war-god that broke the stillness of that evening hour, and it told in mournful strains of the soul-sickening scenes about to transpire within the precincts of that blood-stained place. Full well could

Cortez interpret those piercing notes, and in a moment he had sprung to his feet. His hand sought the sword at his side, and the glittering steel, still wet with blood, half leaped from the scabbard. No tear was now in his eye; the fire that flashed from there had stayed the fountain and dried it up. His look likened that dauntless front he wore when in the thickest of the fight he raged the ruling spirit of the carnage. With a quick, firm step, he hurried to the opposite side of his apartment, where he could obtain a view of the distant 'Teocalli,' from whence the sound proceeded. He stopped not to view the splendid scene stretched out before him—the glittering city in the midst of the lake reposing like a queen upon the waters—the thousands that thronged her streets, shaking defiance in the face of their avenging foe—or the gorgeous splendor of that sunset hour. His gaze was bent—yes, riveted—upon the frowning temple that towered like some giant in the heart of the city—the stronghold of heathen abominations. The priests congregated upon its summit, clothed in their robes that were covered with gore—the vast multitudes winding serpent-like up its dark side—the fierce yet fruitless struggles of hero and there a prisoner, as they were dragged along—all told of the horrid rites to be enacted there, and the soul of even Cortez sickened at the sight. These were his fellow-soldiers—they who had left the sunny land of Spain to plant the cross upon the citadel of heathen darkness in the Western World—they who had battled for him in the hour of terror, when forsaken by friend and well nigh crushed by foe—they who had gone forth in the morning, proud in their strength and eagerly expecting a signal and speedy victory. Evening came, and what a change! Rolled back by the ceaseless tide of Indian warriors, upwards of the unsparing foe. Here was the end to the ambition, the dreams of glory, in these proud sons of Spain—to die on the bloody summit of the heathen temple, sacrificed to their insatiable god of war, and yield their bodies to the foe to serve up their cannibal repast.

By St. James and the Virgin, he must not die! 'fell in a deep and determined tone from Cortez's lips. 'If it be the will of Heaven,' continued he, 'that the remainder of my brave followers be sacrificed on the accursed altar of heathen darkness we will submit; but oh! my patron saint, do not allow him to be sundered from me. I can part with all save him; and I repeat, he must not die. No; not so long as this right arm can wield the sword. But I must haste to save him, though God alone can give me direction.'

He would have continued, but a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned to discover this unexpected intruder, and lo! his young, bold, and accomplished lieutenant, Sandoval, stood before him. Cordially they embraced, as those who are bound together by no common ties and as those who have received a friend as it were from the dead, for each knew not till now that the other had fallen in the fierce conflict of the day. And near they were, for jealousy had never marred that same friendly feeling which had ever existed between them, and in the darkest hour the conqueror found his lieutenant a sure, firm prop on which he could lean. Cortez knew, too, that whatever was commanded him it would be accomplished if mortal man could accomplish it. Where the thickest fight raged, there was the gory weapon of his lieutenant flashing above the head of the boldest and stoutest foe; for the battle field was his couch, the stormy scenes of conquest and the danger of the soldier his food, the fierce, resistless charge and the hoarse conflict of contending armies his home. Such was the dauntless Sandoval.

Cortez was the first to break the silence.—'This,' began he, 'this, son Sandoval, is for my sins. Heaven has deserted us for a while, but will at length return and crown this glorious undertaking with success; yet what a terrible loss we have sustained.' He ceased and pressed his hand to his troubled brow.

'We have indeed, replied his officer, 'met with a considerable loss in the conflicts of today; but for this we should not repine. We are yet strong—strong in our allies, strong in the justice of the cause in which we have enlisted, and strong in our own followers, for wherever the arm of a Spaniard is raised, there is strength. Cheer up, then, my chief, and let not gloom hang so heavily upon your mind. The glorious standard of the Cross shall yet wave triumphantly over the defeated ruins of heathenism. But you are more sad than heretofore, when greater misfortunes have befallen us. There is some secret cause for grief, which you have concealed from me. Why is not Don Pedro present to calm your breast and endeavor to soothe your troubled mind?'

The lieutenant ended, and as he closed he looked into the eyes of his commander and beheld a tear starting from there—the only tear that a follower of his had ever seen in the stern eye of Hernando Cortez. The latter replied not, but turning he pointed to that dark mass of human beings winding up the distant temple, now dimly seen through the approaching darkness.

'God of Heaven!' cried Sandoval, 'is he in those thrice accursed heathen hands, and is he to be immolated upon the reeking altars of yonder doubly damned temple? It shall not be,' he continued; 'no, my commander, it shall not be. Don Pedro de Leon must be saved, though our own lives be lost in the attempt. Say you not so, my commander?'

Cortez grasped the hand of his lieutenant, and with eyes bent anxiously upon his countenance thus replied.

'Go, son Sandoval; go, I beseech you, and save my dear, my ever confiding friend. It was madness, I know, to ask another to rescue him from yonder hive of enemies, I would not ask Alvarado to hazard his perilous enterprise. He would attempt it, but that same blind fury which once well nigh brought destruction upon us, would involve him in certain ruin. No! I would not trust him on such a mission. But it is to you that I look for success; it is to you I entrust this desperate undertaking. I know, if mortal man can succeed, that man, my son, is you. Go, and may the blessing of the glorious Redeemer rest upon you.'

He ceased, and the sun burnt features of the youthful lieutenant lit up with a smile of pride at the frank yet merited compliment of his chief, for Cortez bestowed it not where it was due. 'Farewell,' Sandoval replied, 'and believe me, I return not till I have saved Don Pedro de Leon, if he yet lives. Again farewell; and with a

proud, majestic step he turned and strode out of the apartment.

CHAPTER II.

Don Pedro de Leon was born in Toledo, a town in the west of Spain, and was the son of a person of noble blood. His only brother, who was much older than himself, had followed the fortunes of the Great Captain; and during some of the skirmishes with the Moors, carried away by his headlong valor, he rushed far ahead of his regiment upon the retreating enemy. The latter, suddenly turning, completely surrounded him. With desperate valor he attempted to extricate himself, but his charger falling he was immediately pierced by the swords of the enemy. Don Pedro therefore remained the sole heir to his father's immense estate. And well did he merit it. Of a kind and gentle disposition he was wholly different from his brother. Brought up in the lap of luxury, he was not spoiled by indulgence.

While but a youth, his father observed that he was accustomed to lay aside all the little presents he received, together with what money he could obtain from his friends, until a certain day, when all would disappear. Wishing to discover how his son disposed of his treasures he resolved one day to watch him. He observed him collect whatever had been given him, and proceed to a distant part of the city. Following his son, he found him collecting together all the poor children whom he met, to whom he distributed his little presents. Nor did this quality disappear with his youth. As he grew up he seemed to take especial delight in alleviating distress and misfortune wherever they were found. His soul sorrowed for those whom the hand of poverty had afflicted, and wherever his cheerful countenance and liberal hand could lessen the affliction, there he sought to be. Nor was he of service to the poor alone. His high situation in life threw him, as he became older, into the company of many of the noble youths of his native place; and often, when they were excited by wine, would his gentle voice interpose to reconcile the angry dispute, as the half drawn rapier intimated that a more expeditious method might be adopted. Kind, affable, and with a character free from imputation, Pedro attained to the age of manhood. That dark, revengeful spirit, so often characteristic of his countrymen, lurked not in his breast, but the punishment he delighted to inflict for injuries received was higher, nobler, purer, as the sequel will show.

But about this time, when he had just entered upon manhood, while all his prospects were enviable and unclouded, while life constantly presented to him new attractions and every thing was as the heart could wish, the sky suddenly became obscured above his head, and he who had basked in the sunshine of prosperity and wealth became an outcast, friendless and dependent. His father, who had been an active and firm believer in the Catholic religion, suddenly, from some unaccountable cause, renounced his belief and embraced the Protestant faith. In this, however, he was not left alone to remain unmolested. That inquisitorial institution, the Inquisition, was then in active operation, and straining every nerve to exterminate heresy from the fair dominions of Spain. Did the young, the beautiful, or the noble fall under suspicion, they all felt alike the ruthless power of this accursed stain upon the otherwise spotless character of the renowned Isabella. Scarcely had Pedro's father avowed his belief in the Protestant religion, when he was seized and hurried off before that terrible tribunal. From the subterranean prison house whither he was conducted, and where that bloody assembly enacted their deeds of darkness, he never came forth. What was his fate in that hated dungeon, none but God knew—no hand but God's can record, no eye but God's could witness, and no arm but his could rescue—none, save those who gloried in deeds that made the regions of the damned resound with the shouts of devils. Whether he wasted away within the damp walls of the dungeon until his withered flesh fell from his bones, or under torture by the most complicated engine Satan could invent, he immediately expired there where his agonizing shrieks were stifled and concealed from mortal ear, we cannot tell. The recording angel has written the scene in characters of awful truth, that shall one day be read in tones louder than the thunders of Sinai to the countless and trembling millions of earth's guilty sons.

The estate of this condemned individual was confiscated, and Pedro and his mother had to look to the tender mercies of a cold hearted and selfish world for support. His mother, however, did not long survive her husband, and in a few months she met him in another world. A few months had, therefore, seen the young man in all the enjoyment of earthly blessings, with kind parents to counsel and direct his footsteps. The hour of adversity came—the destroyer and the pliant tool of a bigoted priesthood entered his happy home, tore from thence all that he held dear upon earth, and drove him forth into the cheerless world an orphan and a beggar.

Did I say he had lost all? It was not so. His bright prospects and happy dreams of the future were gone; his dearest friends were dead, while those who had clung to him in prosperity now deserted, all save one to whom he clung with firmer hold, as the dying man gazes with stronger affection upon the last of earth ere he turns to explore the illimitable future.

CHAPTER III.

Doña Catalina Nunez belonged to a poor but proud family, that dwelt in the same city where Pedro de Leon was born and lived until the untimely death of his father. She was but two years younger than Pedro. Her raven ringlets, her black piercing eyes that seemed to penetrate into the secret chambers of the soul, the lily neck, swelling bosom, and the delicately formed waist, all conspired to render Catalina Nunez one of the most bewitching of Spain's lovely maidens. And then to see her sylph-like form gliding through the mazes of the giddy dance, one could not but be enraptured; at least so thought Pedro de Leon. He had met the dark-eyed maiden, and the citadel of his heart could not long hold out against the thousand charms of Toledo's acknowledged beauty.

One autumn evening, while nature was reposing in quietude, and the faithful moon watching over her couch, Pedro and Catalina strolled along the bank of the Tago. All was quiet; the birds had ceased their warbling; the city was hushed and still; the wind had sunk to sleep far away in the chambers of the west, and no sound came to the ear save the rippling of the waters before them. It was a time, a fitting season to whisper words of love. On a lovely spot that overlooked the river they stopped and gazed upon the waters. Suddenly Pedro seized the hand of his companion and pressed it to his lips. Catalina did not resist the boldness, and his arm stole almost unconsciously around her waist. She leaned her head upon his breast and he whispered words of love into her willing ear. He told her of his fervent, deep affection; that earth would be to him a wilderness without her love; and he depicted with an eloquent tongue the happiness the world had in store for them would she but make him the happiest of men by consenting to be called his own. His quick throbbing heart, his trembling voice and his fervent manner, bore witness that he spoke words of truth. 'I am thine in prosperity or adversity,' was answered, and faint though it was it reached the listening ear of Pedro. He pressed her more closely to his breast, and there on that lovely bank, with the stately queen of night looking down, and the little sentinels on the watch towers of eternity silently viewing them, were their vows plighted—vows that Heaven records.

A few months succeeded, and Pedro's father was hurried away to death, his princely possessions torn from him, and he thrown upon the world a beggar. Through all his trouble he sought consolation from Catalina, who with her gentle voice bid him hope on and yield not to misfortune. Pedro thought she never looked so beautiful as when administering the balm to his agitated mind, and he loved her yet more intensely.

Oh! it is in the dark hour of trouble, when the world becomes a barren waste and the strongest ties that bind us to earth are sundered—when the lips of woman whisper words that move the heart to joy again, and when her smile dispels thoughts of sadness, as the radiant sunshine disperseth the mists of morning—it is then that woman, the prototype of all that is beautiful, appeareth in all her native loveliness.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

CIRCULAR.

DEAR FRIENDS,—We have just returned, after three weeks' sojourn in the city of Paris, whither we were deputed to go by the London Committee, in order to make the needful preliminary inquiries and preparations for the Peace Congress, intended to be held in that city in the month of August. We were met there by an earnest and zealous fellow-laborer, M. Vischer, President of the last Congress at Brussels, who came as the representative of the Belgian Committee, and who rendered us the most valuable aid in our mission, as did your estimable countryman Mr. George Sumner. We were welcomed on our arrival with the most earnest cordiality by M. Bouvet who procured for us an immediate introduction to M. Lamartine. We felt, from the first moment, when it was proposed to hold the Congress at Paris, that in no way could our object be so effectually subserved, as by enlisting the sympathies and gaining the countenance and co-operation of this illustrious man, always known as an ardent friend of Peace, and lately raised to an elevation so conspicuous and honorable in the presence of all Europe. M. de Lamartine received us with great kindness and courtesy, and when our object was explained to him assured us, in the most emphatic language, of his deep interest in our cause, and of his willingness to aid us to the utmost of his power in accomplishing our object, and authorized us to inform our friends in England and America that he was prepared to co-operate with other gentlemen in Paris in making suitable preparations for the Congress, and in giving a warm welcome to those delegates from various countries who would visit France on that occasion; adding that if it were deemed desirable, he would go in person to Havre, to receive the American delegation on their arrival, and to conduct them to Paris.

Having thus succeeded in securing the sympathy and sanction of this great man to our enterprise, we then sought access to many celebrated men members of the National Assembly, eminent writers and philanthropists, known to be favorable to our principles, by all of whom the proposal was received with great interest and encouragement. And we have now the satisfaction to announce that the following gentlemen have distinctly given their adhesion to the movement, and signified their willingness to unite in a committee of organization, to prepare for the Congress, in conjunction with M. de Lamartine:—M. Horace Say, Counsellor of State; F. Bastiat, M. Wolowski, M. F. Bouvet, members of the National Assembly; Emile de Girardin, Editor of 'La Presse'; M. Devoyez, Editor of 'Le Journal des Economistes'; M. Joseph Garnier, Editor of 'L'Annuaire de l'Economie Politique'; Marquis de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, President of 'La Societe de la Morale Chretienne'; Viscount de Melun, a distinguished philanthropist; M. Chevalier, and M. Renzi.

Such are the men, dear friends who are prepared to welcome us to the soil of France, and to unite in the advocacy of our great principles. The question which now anxiously returns to us, is, Will the friends of Peace on both sides of the Atlantic worthily sustain the Assembly that is so convened and constituted under such illustrious auspices? Shall we have a delegation of earnest men, powerful in character and numbers, such as the greatness of the occasion will demand, and of which, in inviting the men we have mentioned to associate for the purpose, we have inspired an expectation; for England we can answer with confidence. Many hundreds of her wisest and best, headed by such men as Richard Cobden, William Ewart, Charles Hindley, Joseph Sturge, are prepared to testify to their convictions on the questions of Peace, by gathering around the most eminent of their fellow citizens on that memorable occasion. And will America prove unequal to the demand made on her enterprise and humanity? We believe not. No fact in connection with the coming Congress excited so deep and general an interest in France, as the assurance we ventured to give, that many of the friends of Peace from the United States might be expected to visit the French Capital, and bear part in the deliberations of our Congress. Now, just in proportion to the feelings of kindly interest and pleasure, which this announcement has inspired in France, will be the severity of their disappointment, and our mortification, should our promise on your behalf fail.

Have we presumed too much, dear friends, on the energy of American character, on the spirit and fervor of American philanthropy, on the zeal and devotion of American Christianity, in giving such assurance? We earnestly hope not. Standing foremost, as you do among the nations of the world, for hardy activity, for bold and adventurous enterprise, shall it be said that the cause of universal peace and humanity is too feeble to inspire the national genius? But we will appeal to higher motives than national pride. We call up before your mind the image of bleeding humanity, of fettered civilization, of outraged and insulted Christianity, standing on the shores of Europe in supplicating attitude, and with appealing voice entreating you to come over. We beseech you, dear friends, to hear and obey this appeal, by sending forth a goodly company of your most eminent citizens, who by their wisdom and eloquence shall worthily sustain the reputation of your country in this great assembly, which promises to be, more than any other of modern times, a full representation of the progressive intelligence, philanthropy and moral power of the civilized world.

We are, dear friends, yours truly,
HENRY RICHARD,
ELIHU BURRITT,
Sec. Lond. Peace Congress Com.

THE GERMAN METHOD OF TREATING THE HAIR.—The women of Germany have remarkably fine and luxuriant hair; the following is their method of managing it. About once in two or three weeks boil for half an hour or more, a large handful of bran in a quart of soft water; strain it in a basin, and let it cool till nearly tepid; rub into it a little white soap, and then dip in the corner of a soft linen cloth or towel, and wash your head with it thoroughly, dividing the hair all over so as to reach the roots. Next take the yolk of an egg slightly beaten in a saucer, and with your fingers rub it well into the roots of the hair, let it rest a few minutes and then wash it off entirely with a cloth dipped in pure water, rinse the head well till the yolk of the egg has disappeared from it, then wipe and rub it dry with a towel, and comb the hair up from your head, parting it with your fingers. In winter it is best to do all this near the fire.

Have ready some soft pomatum made of fresh beef marrow boiled, with a little almond oil or sweet olive oil, stirring it all the time till it is well amalgamated, and as thick as an ointment. When you take from the fire (and not before) stir in a little mild perfume; such as oil of roses, or rose water oil of carnations; essence of violets, or orange flower water. Put it into gallicups with lids, and keep it well covered for use. Take a very small quantity of this pomatum and rub it among your hair on the skin of your head, after it has been washed as above.

To make the hair curl.—At any time you may make your hair curl more easily by rubbing with the beaten yolk of an egg, washed off afterwards with clear water, and then putting on a little pomatum before you put up your curls; it is well always to go through this process when you change to curls, after having worn your hair plain.

To make your hair grow rapidly.—Take half a pound southernwood, and let it be slightly pounded, boil it in a pound and a half of olive oil, and half a pint port wine; when these ingredients are thoroughly impregnated, take them off the fire, and strain out the liquid well, through a linen cloth. Repeat the operation three times with fresh southernwood, and this being done, add to the filtered liquor two ounces of bear's grease or hog's lard.

It should be added, that excess in the use of this as well as any other oleaginous substance must be avoided, as it would produce a contrary effect, and cause the hair to fall off. The receipt we have here given is one of the best prescriptions for making the hair grow, ever given.

To prevent the hair falling off.—One of the most efficacious methods of preventing the hair falling out is to moisten it occasionally with a little fresh strong beer. It also keeps the hair in curl. When first used it is apt to render the hair dry, but a small quantity of bear's oil will remove this objection.

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS.—We think we cannot give our readers a better treat than a few of Franklin's inimitable proverbs.

Some grow mad by studying much to know, but who grows mad by studying good to know?

An egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow.

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

Against diseases here, the strongest fence is the defensive virtue abstinence.

Tart words make no friends; a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.

Drive thy business or it will not drive thee.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

An ounce of wit if bought, is worth a pound that is taught.

A ploughman on his knees is higher than a gentleman on his feet.

Mad kings and mad bulls are not to be held by treaties and pack threads.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

The masters' eyes will do more work than both his hands.

A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change of the moon.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and then you will have corn to sell and to keep.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or do something worth writing.

Nothing dries sooner than a tear.

The first mistake in public business is the going into it.

The idle man is the devil's hireling; whose livery is rage, whose diet and wages are famine and disgrace.

He is a fool who makes his doctor his heir.

Never take a wife till thou hast a house to put her in.

Love well, whip well.

Hunger never saw a bad bread.

Great talkers, little doers.

Fools make friends and wise men eat them.

The poor have little, beggars none, the rich have too much—enough not one.

Man kind are very old creatures. One half century when they practice, the other practice what they capture. The rest say and do as they thought.

If you would keep your secrets from a enemy, tell them not to a friend.

Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones, the difference is only in the price.

If man could have half his wishes he would double his trouble.

A WIFE AND DOG STOLEN.—A few weeks ago, a case of killing, almost, occurred on the edge of Alabama, across from Holmes. A little difficulty had sprung up between two men, one named Martin and the other Dean, on account of the latter feloniously carrying away the wife and dog of the former. The offence was more aggravating, as Dean had both wife and dog of his own, and Martin was left without either. To make the matter still worse, Dean meditated decamping with his prizes to East Florida, and thus the more securely to guard against a reprisal. Martin, as very naturally might be expected, determined to check this ruthless invasion of his social and canine rights, and accordingly repaired nightly to the premises of Dean, armed with a double barreled gun. The latter knowing the character of the former, thought it prudent to keep close; whereupon Martin resorted to the following expedient to draw the invader of his rights within gunshot range. Taking out the pin fastening to the gate, he would place in its stead a splinter, and rub against it after the manner of a hog, causing it to spring open. On the third night the stratagem succeeded. Dean hearing the rubbing and the gate opening, went and took down his rifle, remarking to his two wives—'There's that infernal dog again; I'll fix his picture.' As his person came in relief before the door, Martin fired, but without good aim. Seventeen buckshot lodged in the side of the door, and three in Dean. As he fell Martin hailed him with, 'I'm your infernal dog—You've fixed him, have you?' and made good his retreat. The wound did not prove mortal. In the course of a few days, Dean took up his line of march for East Florida with the wife and dog of his antagonist in his train.

Florida Whig.

CURIOUS STORY.—A letter from Loche, in Switzerland, dated April 24, gives the following: 'An old female servant retired into the hospital, some time back, and died there a week ago. As she was a Roman Catholic, her request was that her mortal remains might be laid in the cemetery of the chapel chaufait. According to custom, all the Catholics of the locality were invited to accompany the deceased to her last resting-place. The weather on the day of the funeral was most severe; six persons only were present, and two of them turned back when half way on the road. The other four after having deposited the body in the burial ground, retired to the vestry, at the request of the curate, who read the deceased's will. No trifling degree of surprise was manifested, on learning that the old servant had left 400 louis, which she had deposited in the savings bank to be divided amongst such persons as should follow her to her grave. The will which was perfect in form thus secured to each 100 louis. The disappointment of those who did not attend the funeral may easily be imagined.' [Brussels Herald.]

LOST THE BET.—One of our good looking and jovial friends, a day or two since, related the following good 'un. At one of our first hotels, a stout, red faced gentleman, in a white beaver, blue coat and buff vest, offered to wager an X that he would close his eyes, and simply by taste, name any kind of liquor in the house. The bet was taken, and the process of winning or losing commenced forthwith. 'That's genuine Old,' said the fat gentleman, tasting from a wine-glass—'and this is whiskey'—and so on through the hotel; manifest of hardware. A way then poured a few drops of pure Cocchiato water into the glass and handed it to the connoisseur. 'This is—ah—ah—this is—(tasting again)—this is by thunder! gentlemen, I love the bet! I never tasted that liquor before!—[Bost. Mail.]

STIRRING THE EARTH.—In frequently stirring the earth there are several important advantages. It loosens the soil and makes it permeable to the roots of plants. It finally pulverizes the soil, reducing the soda and clods, and mixing the different kinds or layers of soil turned up by the plow together, and mixes the manure fully with the soil. We have ploughed greenward for immediate sowing with fine seeds, and by manuring, and by frequent use of the harrow and cultivator, we have made it of fine tilth, and well adapted to tender plants, like old, mellow soil.

By stirring the soil often, so as to present new surface to the air, it becomes enriched by elements absorbed from the atmosphere. But if the earth is allowed to rest, a crust is formed at the top, and no improvement of consequence takes place in this way. Hence, in ploughing or cultivating land often, in order to kill which, such grass, sorrel, or other noxious plants, the soil becomes improved by the means used to eradicate the weeds with which it is invaded; so that the whole labor is not spent merely to destroy the humblers of the ground. The soil that is turned up moderately in subsoil ploughing, becomes greatly improved on exposure to the atmosphere, and frequent stirring.

By stirring the soil, weeds are destroyed in their tender age, before they become large, rob the plants of nutriment, or require a great deal of labor to destroy them. If the farmer can keep ahead of his work so as to stir his tillage lands often, just as the weeds have started, he will save a great deal of labor, besides gaining an advantage in having his land in the best condition in other respects for a good crop. Some writers say, in regard to manuring, 'Feed your crop, and your crop will feed you'; and it may be said with equal propriety, 'Protect your crop against the weeds, and your crop will protect you against want.'

Frequent stirring of the soil is the cheapest and most effectual protection of crops against drought. The soil that is often stirred, in a dry time, is moist almost to the surface, while that which is neglected, or lands in grass or small grains, which do not admit of this operation, are dry to a great depth; and this is one reason why wheat sowed in drills, and cultivated as other crops sowed broadcast. At another time, we may make further remarks on this subject.

Every good cultivator is aware of the important advantages in stirring the soil often, and he practices on this principle with excellent success. Let those who have doubts on the subject, select a part of a lot, give it extra culture, and mark the result.

The postage on a single letter from California is 40 cents.

(For the Eastern Mail.)
MONODY:
 ON THE DEATH OF MISS SARAH MCGUNDY.
 (Dedicated to the Surviving Parents and Friends.)

Dear Sarah, since thy *Nourishes*
 Have labelled thee "the *facit*,"
 In spite of pills and purges,
 Thy weeping friends must face it.

For sands thus rudely shaken,
 We *Knew-ell* must run out;
 And we can save our *Bacon*
 By other *Cooks* no doubt.

True, though the world may wag on,
 And have its ups and *Downs*,
 There's little else to *Bragg* on.
 Since thou hast met thy frowns.

Green be the willow, Sarah,
 That droops above thy head;
 While bitter than *Marah*
 Shall be the tears we shed.

The *Oaks* that wave above thee,
 And *Robins* on each bough,
 Shall *Pierce* the hearts that love thee
 With *Wounds* of wailing now.

And o'er the *Hill* and valley
 At *Knight* shall music *Lour*,
 In still *Small* voice, dear *Sally*
 Soothe those who love thee so.

The earth thy relics rest on
 Shall *Not* be rudely trod,
 And flowers shall not be *Prest* on
 By feet that *Hunt* thy sod.

While lambskins o'er thee *Gumble*,
Al-din shall cease around,
 And childish feet that *ramble*,
 Mark not thy sacred mound.

And as the *Coffin* covers
 The loss we all deplore,
 Why should thy *Cox-comb* lovers
 Hereafter hope for *More*?

While Rome was burning, *Nero*
 Fiddled a "Te Deum";
 At Sarah's final "epo",
 Who *Sang*, or *requiem*?

The "Kappas," Miss McGundy,
 May sneer thy epitaph;
 But sure their own will one day
 Cause M. I. S. "to laugh."

Start mad with grief we leave thee,
 To *Pray* for thy repose—
 While hearts of *Flint* shall grieve thee,
 And M. sigh his "Oh's"

But, *Fostered* Miss McGundy,
 While we deplore thee thus,
 The speech of "Mrs Grundy,"
 Alone remains to us.

"*Sat Magundi*" was the name of a manuscript
 newspaper, conducted by the members of the Water-
 ville "Mutual Improvement Society," last winter.

Miscellaneous.

THE MORMON MANIFESTO.—This singular sect, who moved to the great Salt Lake valley after expulsion from Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois, have published their first manifesto to all their brethren throughout the world. It is a curious document, containing a strange admixture of sense, cant, shrewdness and impiety, together with many quite interesting details respecting the region in which they have taken up their abode. They have commenced the erection of a city on a grand scale, which is divided into nineteen wards, consisting each of nine blocks, each three square. They are to have a council house, bridges, bath houses, schools, colleges, and all the institutions of civilization. A gold mine was discovered, it is said, by a party of them who had gone on an exploring tour through the northern part of Western California. John Smith, the uncle of Joseph, has been ordained "Patriarch of the Church." The cultivation of large tracts of land had been commenced. No doubt a prosperous settlement will grow up in this distant region, opening up a fruitful subject for the speculations of those who are interested in such inquiries.

SINGULAR RENCONTRE.—A short time since, a poor woman living in Manchester, had the good fortune to learn that a legacy of £200 had been left her by a deceased relative, and finding that it would be necessary that her husband, who was in America, should be present before the money could be paid, wrote to him to come back, which he did, and he met her by appointment at Liverpool not many days ago, and drew the money. The wife, conceiving now that they were in possession of so much money, that there could be no objection to her returning to America with him, proposed to do so, to which he made no objection, but having the greater part of the £200 in his pocket, he managed to give her the slip. Wandering through the streets in search of him, she attracted the attention of a female standing at the door of a lodging-house, and appearing to await the arrival of a second party. The female, observing her to be weary, invited her in, and asked her to partake of refreshments, saying that she had been making merry, that her husband had come from America, and had drawn a legacy of £200 in Manchester, and was that day expected in Liverpool. These, with other particulars, roused the real wife's suspicions, which were soon confirmed by the husband entering the house in a state of intoxication. A scene ensued, the two wives asserted their claims, but the new wife and the husband, being both overcome by the superabundance of good things they had taken, were helpless, and soon fell asleep. The first wife, who had merely partaken of a moderate refreshment, coolly brought herself of searching her husband's pockets, and found there £190, with which she forthwith started for Manchester, leaving the drunken couple to enjoy their meditations when they awoke. — *English paper.*

RAILWAY JOBBING IN ENGLAND.—On the latest Lord Brougham delivered in the House of Peers a philippic against the Railway system, the projector, and all concerned. He denounced the gambling mania which gave vast powers to railway companies to promote the interest of a few, who do not care a straw if an inch of railroad was ever made, but whose object was to make plans and attorneys' bills, and the class of traffickers who erected princely fortunes on the ruins of private persons. In one session 519 railway bills were passed, and before five years Britain had invested nearly \$800,000,000 in the railway stock, paid up, while \$742,000,000 remained due and payable. He instanced cases of knavery, and also of false balances made to deceive. Mr. Sanders, Secretary of the Great Western Railway Company, who had a salary of \$14,850 a year, was in arrears for calls on his shares \$80,000, while a poor widow was pounced upon the moment an instalment was due. A solicitor to the same company had also received \$900,000 for land purchased by the company, though he had not produced a single deed. He had not a cent, but had not been less the shares would come down. He named preference shares as another feature in the system of fraud, and explained the mode of manufacturing them. The Secretary and the Solicitor to whom he had alluded held preference shares. So long as they

thought the shares good, and no calls were made upon them, they never dreamed that there was anything illegal or fraudulent in them; but the moment a call was made, they repudiated the shares. His Lordship next charged Members of the House of Commons with having been bribed, either in money or shares, to expedite the passing of railway bills—stating that as much as \$24,000 had been offered in one instance, and that by the judicious application of such monies, nothing was more easy than to bring down a half a dozen members or more to vote upon a question which they had never heard debated. Not long since, the House of Commons had rejected a very stringent measure for the suppression of bribery. The only effectual means to prevent fraud and impostures, was to insist upon an absolute, unqualified, unsparing publicity to all railway transactions.

AN ADROIT FELLOW.—Studwick, a convict who was under sentence of transportation, has succeeded in escaping from Newgate. He had been placed in a room on the women's side of the prison to whitewash it; while alone, he managed by some means to mount to a skylight, got through it, and ascended to the roof of the gaol. By desperate effort he surmounted the chevaux de frise and other obstacles between the prison and the neighboring houses, and scrambled over some dozen roofs in Newgate street, eventually entering the Number Seven public-house by the means of a trap-door. A waiter encountered him descending the stairs; he was covered with blood, and had marks of whitewash on him. He told the waiter that he had been employed in repairing a roof hard by, had had a dreadful fall, and in the agony caused by his wounds had entered the wrong house. The waiter sympathized with him, and advised him to make all haste to St Bartholomew's Hospital: the convict lost no time in getting into the street, and has not since been heard of. — [London Spectator.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 28.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—When we commenced the publication of the MAIL, our agents returned the names of many persons who, on account of the scarcity of money have been unable to pay us as they probably intended when they subscribed. Some of these are now unable to pay at all. We are gradually finding such cases, by inquiring, and striking them from our list—taking it for granted that those who cannot pay, do not wish to continue subscribers at our cost. In order to avoid misunderstanding, or undue fault-finding with the mails, we shall hereafter publish the names of all such as we strike off for the above reason. Should any of them afterwards pay, we will give notice of the fact. We shall be very careful to insert no names in this way, till fully assured by inquiry, or by neglect, that they are decidedly too poor to pay. The following names we regard as of this class, and are hereby notified that their papers are discontinued—

H. S. Herrin, West Waterville.
 D. C. Davis, Winslow.

STATE CONVENTION OF EDITORS.—The editors in New York are making a movement for a State convention of the Editors, to be held at Syracuse on the 19th of September. The principal object seems to be to restore the law of 1845, granting free circulation to newspapers for 30 miles from the place of publication. This is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." Why cannot we have a convention of Editors in Maine, for the purpose of taking this subject into consideration? We propose that the convention be held at Augusta, on the 19th of September. What say you to this, brethren of the press? — [Mountain.]

We say *amen* to it—and intend to be there. We approve the project, most decidedly, and doubt not it will meet the unanimous approval of the publishers of newspapers throughout the State.

DROWNED.—Mr. Samuel Shorey, of Winslow, was drowned by falling from the steamer Oregon, on Friday last, about two miles above Augusta Dam. He was lying on the bow of the boat, and was seen but for an instant after the boat passed over him. A little son of Mr. Abram Ranko, of Waterville, seven years old, was drowned near the Iron-foundry, on Saturday last. Several little boys were bathing together, when this one got into deep water and sunk. Another boy, that tried to save him, came near losing his life, by being seized by the feet and drawn under water. His cries brought help from the foundry and he was saved.

HEAR THE WOMEN.—Mrs. Swishelm edits the Pittsburgh Visitor. Strange it may be, but she evidently dislikes rum-sellers and drunkards. Of the former she says—

"If we were a man—if we were a voter—we would vote down the doggeries. As we are a woman, if we had a husband, father or brother, who was likely to become a victim to the serpent of the still, we would take their disease in time—in the first stages—and warn the dramsellers within reach, not to encroach on our health; and if they persisted we would burn down their establishments; with as clear a conscience as we would build a fire to burn the June bugs and save our plums."

She qualifies this by asserting that she would not advise others to do this, "because the penalty is imprisonment for life." Mrs. S. evidently has a live husband, to whom she gives a wife-like hint in the following frank terms—
 To us, no object on earth is so loathsome, so hateful, so abominable as a drunkard. We could not live near one, for we should die of a sick stomach. It may be very angelic for a pure minded, virtuous woman to love and care a great drunkard beast, but for our share we have not the slightest pretensions to being an angel, and the coil of an Anacosta would be quite as pleasant a corsage, as the entraining of a drunkard's arm. From the smell they have in the street, one would imagine the angel that staid near them long would require to be pretty strongly scented with brimstone. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and people are forbidden to be unequally yoked! We can think of no yoke so unequal as that which binds a decent woman to a drunkard; and we most firmly believe that so far from its being a duty for a wife to live with a drunken husband, it is a violation of the laws of God and the dictates of common sense and common decency. Grant it, that she has the right to dispose of herself as she pleases! Has she any right to furnish the State with paupers and criminals? Has the drunkard any right to hand

down his vices and their consequences to posterity?"

What if Mrs. Swishelm were a 'preacher of righteousness' in Waterville!—or Fairfield, or Winslow, or Canaan, or Clinton, or Sebasticook, or Skowhegan, or Norgisewick, or Anson, or Palmyra, or—any other place except Gardiner? What a batch of divorces!—what a conflagration! Is it possible that these sentiments are prevailing among the women in this section? If so, they should be reminded that they are bound to 'love and obey' their liege lords,—rum and rottenness to the contrary notwithstanding. We advise the drunkard to inquire into the prevailing sentiment on this subject. If it agrees with the views of Mrs. S. he can take counsel of the rum-seller, and fix upon a plan of action.

LADD'S HORSE RAKE.—The great advantage of the horse rake was long since appreciated by the farmers, and various kinds have been in extensive use by those whose land would admit of it. The difficulty has been to adapt them to stony and uneven land. This obstacle has been, as it seems to us, completely overcome by Mr. Ladd. The teeth are so constructed as to turn back and rise, when opposed by any strong obstacle, resuming their places the moment it is passed. Its machinery is simple and secure, and its management so easy that a boy may handle it without difficulty. Stones of a foot and a half in diameter, even if thick enough to preclude the use of the scythe, are completely overcome by this rake. But on ordinary land, even the very worst that is mowed in this section, it will be seen at once by the farmer that it will work without difficulty. Every person should examine it for himself—knowing as he will that the cost is nothing compared with the advantage, if the rake will do good service. Of this we have no doubt, after seeing its operation—and especially with certificates of many first rate farmers who have used it. It may be seen at Webber & Haviland's Foundry, in this place (See advertisement in another column.)

SOMETHING NICE.—We are told that the ladies are delighted with the neat and quiet rooms and delicious ice creams of Miss Welch, on Main street. They have resolved to take it under their especial patronage—and the "gallant ones" among the gentlemen have agreed that if Miss W. will keep a supply of Strawberries and cream, they will see that "nice young ladies" are invited to eat them. No doubt they will do so.

DEATH OF LADY BLESSINGTON.—The Paris correspondent of the London Morning Post, under date of June 4th, says:

We have all been much shocked this afternoon by the sudden death of Lady Blessington. Her ladyship dined yesterday with the Duchesse Grammont, and returned home late in her usual health and spirits. In the course of this morning she felt unwell, and her homoeopathic medical adviser Dr. Simon, was sent for. After a short consultation, the Doctor announced that his patient was dying of apoplexy, and his sad prediction was unhappily verified but too rapidly, as her ladyship expired in his arms about an hour and a half ago.

CANADIAN AFFAIRS.—The failure to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, as usual, in Montreal, has added fuel to the flame in that excited region. The Tory papers openly charge, that the preparations to celebrate the day were countermanded from a subservency on the part of Lord Elgin and his Ministry to the feelings of the French Canadians. The Montreal Courier of the 18th inst. says:

"Monday last was the anniversary of the glorious victory of Waterloo. It was the intention of the military authorities to celebrate it in the same manner as has been usual and customary here since the battle was gained, until the present time. Orders were given for a splendid review of the troops in garrison at Montreal. Crowds betook themselves to the parade ground; the sun shone out with brilliancy, and all was holiday. But they were doomed to be disappointed. There were no troops, no review, no spectacle. The orders had been countermanded by Lord Elgin, who sent a special application to Gen. Rowan to forego all demonstration on the occasion. And in deference to the wishes of our 'most noble Governor General,' no notice was taken of a victory which, next to Cressy and Poitiers, is the greatest of our national achievements, and which secured the peace of the world for thirty years."

CALIFORNIA.—A gentleman in this city has received a private letter by the last steamer, dated at San Francisco, California, from the gallant and meritorious Major General Persif F. Smith, commanding the 3d, or Pacific division of the United States Army; which, although it was not intended to meet the public eye, we deem so highly interesting that we have extracted several paragraphs for publication—the gentleman yielding to our wishes in that respect.

"You only think of California in connection with gold; and, indeed, a most wonderful connexion it is. As to the extent of country holding the precious metal, and the comparative facility with which it is procured, there has been no exaggeration. The whole slope of the Sierra Nevada, on the western side, for a length of more than 400 miles, and in a belt of at least 40, contains it in greater or smaller quantities; and it may extend still further, as further research is made. It is found simply by digging and was the earth; no expensive machinery and no intricate chemical process are necessary to develop the magic hoard. A pickaxe, shovel, or even a butcher's knife, to loosen the earth and stones, and the most simple basin for washing, have been as richly rewarded as the most approved machines from other countries. Good luck in the laborer choosing his location, has more than compensated for want of skill. The real difficulties lie in the hardships to be encountered, in the remote uninhabited spots where the gold is found. Want of food, overworking excited by success, bad water, exposure and dissipation, all combine to extract a heavy tribute for the wealth when found. All are not successful, but every one works on, hoping that the next blow of his pick will disclose a treasure that will surpass all he has hitherto heard of. Many die unheeded, many come off sick; but there are ten arriving from each quarter of the globe to replace every one who goes. Chinese, Pacific Islanders, Chilians, Peruvians, Prussians, Mexicans, French, English, Irish, outnumber as yet the Americans, but the latter will soon have their share. Provisions, woollen clothing, li-

quors, kitchen and mining utensils, sell at enormous profits in the mines; other articles scarcely sell at all. Woman's gear is altogether a drug.

"The amount of gold hitherto found is hard to determine. It is said about \$4,000,000 have been exported. I shall be able in a few weeks, from facts I am collecting, to make some approximation to it.

"In the mean time, all this is disastrous for us. No servants are to be had; \$250 a month has been refused in my presence by a cook. All my servants have quit, and yesterday I engaged one at \$100 a month, because he was too sick to go the mines, but I shall certainly lose him if he gets his health.

"The quartermaster pays 5000 dollars a year for the house I live in, and it would make a poor toll-house for a country bridge. The climate is cold all the year round, and foggy in the summer. The hills are bare, and the country is all hills, (forgive the bull.) The beef is execrable, and vegetables, none; and nobody has time to catch fish, if there are any—*voilà la carte.*

"Any one who will come here to dig gold, or bring goods with him to sell to the diggers, will make money. No other business will succeed. Whoever comes must bring a house with him; there are but few here, and lumber is 600 dollars per thousand." — [Washington Union.]

MURDER.—An inquest was held yesterday, in Cranston, by George Cady, Esq., coroner, upon the body of a woman found floated ashore near Smith's Palace, sewed up in a bag. Upon an examination of the body, it was found to be that of a woman of middle age or older, doubled up as closely as possible, with the throat cut lengthways, a little on the left side, near the centre. The cut was about an inch or an inch and a half in length, and in the gash was found a metallic gas burner, which was inserted so far into the wound as to cause some difficulty in removing it. The head was scalped, the skull being entirely bare, while the flesh was on all other parts of the body. There was no clothing of any kind in the bag. There appeared to be no teeth on the front of the upper jaw, and those in the lower jaw were small, short, set apart, and one or more of them seemed decayed. The body would measure not far from five and a half feet in length. It had probably been in the water a week or ten days. The jury returned as their verdict "that she came to her death from the effects of a wound made in her throat with some sharp instrument in the hands of some person or persons unknown to the jury." — Providence Journal.

THE NUMBER OF EMIGRANTS ACROSS THE PLAINS.—The St. Joseph Gazette makes the following estimate, in substance:

The number of wagons which have crossed at St. Joseph is	1,00
At Duncan's Ferry	900
At Bontown	500
Savannah Landing	550
At ferries from Savannah to the Bluffs	1,500
Total	4,850

These wagons will average about four yoke of oxen to the wagon, making in all 38,000 oxen. The number of men to the wagon, is about an average of four, making in all 17,400.

Grand Total.—4,350 wagons, 17,400 men and 38,000 oxen.
 About two hundred more men are gone with pack mules. Every eighty wagons will occupy one mile of the road and the whole train will make up a grand column of fifty-five miles in length. It must be recollected that those who have started from points south of St. Joseph, Independence, Weston, Wespert, &c. are not included in this estimate. The whole number upon the plains cannot fall much short of 36,000 men.

IN A BAD FIX.—A sailor named John Derrick was brought to the Centra street police office for appearing in the street sans culottes, or minus his underclothes! Poor Jack said they had been stolen from him on the Five Points and what was worse, he had eight five dollar gold pieces sewed up in the waistband. Search was made by the policemen, and the garment was found in the course of the day secreted in an Orange st. pawn house. Two brandy-faced hymphs named Hannah Davis and Emily Downs were taken up with Jack's breeches, but he could not recognise them as the thieves. The gold was all safe in the waistband, and it was evident that his presence there was unknown to these female Five Pointers.

ACCIDENT AND DEATH.—Geo. W. Hoffman, book-keeper of Jeffray & Sons, in a moment of temporary delirium induced by disease, threw himself out of a third story window of his boarding house, 438 Greenwich street, about 6 1/2 o'clock last evening, and was killed. He had been confined to his bed since the 14th with fever. He requested to be taken to the window for air, and wanted to sit on the sill; but his attendant placed him in a chair by the window. Hoffman then, by some pretence, got his attendant and a friend present to leave him a moment, when he sprang out of the window, falling on the stone cellar steps. — *N. Y. Tribune.*

SUNDAY LIQUOR TRAFFIC.—We learn with sincere pleasure, that Mayor Woodhull has resolved to grapple with this monster evil, and perhaps by the time this paper is in the hands of the reader, will have issued a proclamation upon the subject. We have doubts whether the praiseworthy purpose of the Mayor—the closing of these desolating pests—can be fully accomplished. At least the Mayor will need the support of every alderman and assistant alderman, every policeman and every well disposed citizen. It is not sufficient, either, to declare that public opinion is on the side of the Mayor and authorities. It must be shown and felt that the community are with him; and we bespeak for this effort the full force of public opinion. — [N. Y. Com. Adv.]

A LITTLE FORTUNE.—We have read a letter, this morning, from a gentleman of this city, a passenger who has been one of the fortunate ones, without the trouble of digging gold. In the course of six months he has realized a fortune of four hundred and fifty thousand dollars by regular mercantile speculation, chiefly in flour. He was at Valparaiso when food commanded almost any price at San Francisco. He shipped largely, and in some instances received sixty three dollars per barrel. — [N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, 20th.]

A SUBLINE TRUTH.—Let a man have all the world can give him, he is still miserable, if he has a grovelling, unfettered, undevout mind.

Let him have his gardens, his fields, his woods, his lawns, for grandeur, plenty, ornament, and gratification; while at the same time God is not in all his thoughts. And let another have neither field nor gardens nor woods; let him look at nature with an enlightened mind—a mind which can see and adore the Creator in his works, we consider them happier than the other in his riches. The one is but little higher than a beast, the other but little lower than an angel.

The following orders of the President of the United States and Secretary of War, communicated to the army the death of the late *Ex-President* James K. Polk.

The President, with deep regret, announces to the American people the death of JAMES K. POLK, late President of the United States, which occurred at Nashville on the 15th inst.

A nation is suddenly called upon to mourn the loss of one, the recollection of whose long services in its councils will be forever preserved on the tablets of history.

As a mark of respect to the memory of a citizen who has been distinguished by the highest honors which his country could bestow, it is ordered that the Executive Mansion and the several departments at Washington be immediately placed in mourning, and all business be suspended during to-morrow.

It is further ordered that the War and Navy Departments cause suitable military and navy honors be paid, on this occasion to the memory of the illustrious dead.

Z. TAILOR.
 WASHINGTON, June 19th, 1849.

Among the honors directed by the Heads of Departments at Washington to be paid to the memory of *Ex-President* Polk, are the following, viz:—

ARMY. On the day after the arrival of the general order, at each military post, 18 guns are to be fired at dawn; and afterwards a single gun at intervals of 30 minutes until sunset; then a national salute of 30 guns. National flag to be displayed at half mast. Officers to wear crape on their left arm and on their swords for six months. Regimental colors to be put in mourning for six months.

NAVY. At each Navy Yard and Naval Station, and on board all the public vessels in commission, thirty minute guns, beginning at twelve o'clock noon; flags half mast one week; officers to wear crape on the left arm for six months.

REVENUE SERVICE. Thirteen minute guns at dawn, and afterwards a single gun at intervals of thirty minutes till sunset, then thirty minute guns. Officers to wear crape for six months.

FOR CALIFORNIA.—There is hardly a man on the island, at the present time, of a suitable age, who does not wish to go to California. About three hundred persons, as we are told, have applied to Captain Morse, of the barque Sarah, for an opportunity to go in that vessel. She will take 60 or 65 out of that number. The ship Splendid will probably carry 60 or 70 men; and the difficulty will be to make a selection from double that number who are anxious to go in her.

Our Treasury friends now are building a vessel for California, and the Chilmakers will have a brig of their own, if they cannot embark in the Splendid.
 Another large ship could undoubtedly procure a good company from here in a day or two. Our people are determined to "go it"—"neck or nothing." — [Edgartown (Vineyard) Gazette.]

MORTALITY AMONG FISH.—Thousands of fish have died within a day or two from some unknown cause in McCurdy's Pond, opposite Paterson, N. J., the shore being lined with their bodies. Hundreds of the fish are seen near the shore, in an almost perpendicular position apparently panting for breath, and after remaining thus a little while, they perish and float to the shore. A few days since the pond was completely covered with a greenish kind of scum, which entirely disappeared after the rain on Sunday afternoon, since which time this singular mortality among the fish has been going on. — [Paterson, N. J., Intelligence.]

THE LAST HOURS OF MR. POLK.—A despatch dated Cincinnati, June 19, says:—"The latest intelligence by mail is, that *Ex-President* Polk died at Nashville on the 15th inst, at 40 minutes past four o'clock in the afternoon. His disease was what is termed chronic diarrhoea, and not cholera, as reported in some instances. He was sensible to the last, and the calmness and serenity of mind that were evinced during his dying moments, gave evidence of a heart at peace with God and man."

The Union says the collector of the port of San Francisco and his family have thirty-two horses and fourteen wagons, each drawn by six mules—making in all, one hundred and sixteen horses and mules furnished by the government to transport him and his family to their destination. It computes the cost of sending out him and the two Indian agents, one for Salt Lake and one for Santa Fe, at \$75,000.

LOAN TAKEN.—We learn by Telegraph that the loan of \$739,024 76 advertised for by the Commissioners of the Canal Fund, to provide for deficiencies in the sinking fund under the provisions of Art. 7, of the Constitution, has all been taken, (at Albany, to-day) at premiums ranging from \$1470 to \$1307 per \$100. It is a six per cent loan. — [N. Y. Jour. Com. 20th.]

The Mail from California, which reached N. York yesterday morning, amounted to about four thousand letters, one third of which were for that city; and very many of them contained gold dust or scales, sent, probably, as specimens of the genuine articles—the hope of getting which has nearly set the world crazy, at least the transatlantic world. Many of the letters weighed from six to fourteen ounces.

The flags of shipping at Philadelphia were displayed at half mast on Tuesday in respect to the memory of *Ex-President* Polk, and a meeting of the city councils was called to take some action on the subject.

The New York Sun says:—We learn verbally from a young man who returned in the Lexington, that Mr. Benjamin F. Forster, formerly a compositor in the New York Sun office, has accumulated about thirty thousand dollars in two years.

The Philadelphia Ledger states, from the records that during the cruise of the U. S. ship Independence, which sailed from Boston, August 29, 1849, forty-four thousand eight hundred and thirty-five lashes were given to the crew.

Three men were drowned on Saturday last by the accidental swamping of a boat at the head of grand Falls, Bangor. Their names were Cyrus Hutchinson of Dover, Joseph King of Stillwater, and Josiah Choate of Calais.

The Springfield Republican says, four Brattleboro' gentlemen went to Sunderland last week, Thursday, and returned on Saturday with 900 trout, 150 pigeons, and a hedge-hog! In addition to this they got badly used up themselves.

Accounts from Texas confirm the rumor of the destruction of Captain Beach's party of California Immigrants, by Indians. Only one of thirty-four escaped.

Miss Le. Forrest, daughter of one of the most respectable citizens of Buffalo, fell into the stream at Hog's Back on Thursday evening, and was drowned, together with Charles Addington, a young merchant, who attempted to save her. Both were carried over the falls.

The Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligence, of the 26th ult., states that Bishop Freeman has preferred charges against General Belknap, the commanding officer at Fort Gibson. Specifications—irreligious conduct, in not permitting the chaplain at that post to preach longer than one hour.

It is rumored, the Baltimore Clipper says, that the Hon. Francis Granger, of New York, will receive the appointment of Minister to Russia.

OUR RAILROADS.—The Banner says twenty-three miles of the Portland and Kennebec Railroad (from North Yarmouth to Bath) are about completed and in running order. We suppose the first cars pass over the whole line the last of the present month. Some five hundred men are at work this side of Brunswick, and the Road from that place to Richmond, within 4 miles of Gardiner, will be completed next fall; making the entire distance completed this season, 45 miles. It will be an easy matter to finish the road to this place by next spring.

The Back Route Railroad is in a great state of forwardness, and it is expected the cars will come to Winthrop, twenty miles this side of Lewiston, by the 4th of July. The whole road to Waterville, some 45 miles, will be completed next fall. — [Hallowell Gaz.]

A FAVORITE OF FORTUNE. Among the passengers that arrived at New York, by the Hibernia, is Sir Stephen Holt, of Bedgrove Hall, England. It is well recollected that this gentleman was the original proprietor of Holt's Hotel, New York, who, by a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, became the heir to a title and large landed estates in England.

If you wish to know how to wash gloves, first wash your hands, then put on your kids, and wash them as though you were washing your hands, in a basin of spirits of turpentine, until quite clear. Hang them up in a warm place, or where there is a current of air, which will carry off the smell.

Happy the man that eats only for hunger, and drinks only for thirst; that stands upon his own legs, and lives by reason, not by example; and provides for use and necessity, not for ostentation and pomp.

A letter from California, received at Nantucket, says: "A man's life here is worth about fifty cents on the dollar."

No Murder.—The body of a female, which was found floating near Providence, in a sack, with the throat cut, and which was supposed to be a case of horrid murder, turns out to be nothing of the kind. The body was a subject for dissection, though how it came to be in the river was not stated. The hole in the throat was made for the purpose of injecting a liquid into the arteries. — [Trav.]

Gen. Anderson, formerly U. S. Senator from Tennessee, arrived at St. Louis on the 9th, with seventeen wagons and one hundred horses and mules for the gold region.

CONFLAGRATION AT CONCORD.—The Court House at Concord, N. H., was burnt on Tuesday night the 19th inst, between 12 and 1 o'clock, together with a dwelling house which stood adjoining, owned by John S. Keys, Esq., and several out-buildings. The records were nearly all saved, and also the papers in the County Treasurer's office.

CORRESPONDENTS.—Where are the Bostonians this week—melted down?

'Songs' will appear—deferred till 'quads' are plenty.

Our friend who wanted to find fault with the Hutchinsons, has not sent in his article—why?

Notices.

LITERARY FRATERNITY.
 The XXVth Anniversary of the LITERARY FRATERNITY SOCIETY of Waterville College will be celebrated in the Baptist Meeting-house, on Tuesday, the seventh day of August next, at seven o'clock P. M.

