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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. III.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1850.

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POPULAR READING.

THE SKY LEAPERS.

A ROMANTIC TALE OF OLD NORWAY.

Much of the strong excitement, felt on beholding a chain of lofty mountains, arises from the conviction, borne upon our hearts by annals of all tongues and people, that on lands such as these, the foot of the invader has seldom rested, and never long tarried. We view these gigantic ramparts over all the known world, as limits placed by the Creator, to the unruly ambition of man. Wherever they rear their ancient heads, they are proud in the recorded defeat of leaders, whose fame "hath filled the ends of the earth," often by a mere handful of peasantry dwelling amongst them.

And on hearing of the subjugation of a mountainous country, we feel that the wardens of God's forts had been unfaithful. So often, from the pass of Thermopylae to the heights of Morgarten, have the braves proved their own hills to be impregnable, that no tale of overwhelming numbers could counteract the feeling that a mountain-land, so won, had been betrayed by the cowardice of the inhabitants. Of this cowardice, history unfortunately gives some proofs. But these few instances of weakness and treachery only serve to give the force of strong contrast to "the bright examples" of multitudes of higher and nobler spirits. These reflections apply more especially to Norway; or in the old writing Norwagway. The scene of the tradition which now awakens them, and which often rouses the warm Norse blood, when told by some of the other peasants to the crowd round a cottage hearth on a long winter's evening.

In 1612, there was a war between Norway and Sweden, distinguished from the mass of forgotten conflicts, almost perpetually raging between these rival and neighboring countries, by the tragic fate of Sinclair's body of Scottish allies—celebrated, as many of our readers will remember, in a fine Norwegian ballad. It is well known that the Scots landed on the west coast of Norway to join their allies the Swedes, went along the only valley-pass leading to Sweden, and were annihilated in the deep defile of Gulbrandsdalen by the peasantry. At the time when they should have arrived at Jemtland, resolved to meet their allies; of whose movements they had intelligence; and escort them over the frontier, crossing by the hill passes, and uniting with the Scots on the other side. This band, to whose fortunes we attach ourselves, were but three hundred; but they were the very flower of Sweden. They resolved to penetrate the barrier at the most inaccessible point; believing that the Norse would collect in the southern country where a Swedish army opposed them, and rest secure in the deep snows, which rendered the hills impassable for the defence of their mountain frontiers.

So they came, says the legendary story, to the foot of the wild pass of Ruben; a spot fatal to be dangerous to the Swedes, and since strewn with the frozen corpses of the hosts of Labarre and Zoega, who perished there. Their company filled the few cottages of the small hamlet on the Swedish side of the barrier; where they arrived early in the day. They were eager in their inquiries for a guide, being resolved to pass the hill ere night, lest tidings should reach the Norwegians of their approaching foes. But their search proved fruitless. Many of the Swedes of the village had been over the mountains; but none were there possessing that firm confidence derived from certainty of knowledge, and from conscious intrepidity, which could alone make them secure or willing guides in an expedition of so much peril and importance. At last old Sweeney Koping, keeper of the little inn, which was the Swedes' headquarters, shouted with the joy of him who has at once hit upon the happy solution of a difficulty. "By the bear!" cried he, "could none of you think of the only man in Jemtland fit for this enterprise; and he here on the spot all the while? Where is Jerl Lidens?"

A hundred voices echoed the eager question; and the leaders were told, to their regret, that they must wait for him, till the morning, for the only man able or willing to guide them. Lidens had gone forth upon a journey, and would not return that day.

"Well," said Eric Von Dalin, the chief of the Swedish detachment, "there is no help for it. To-day we must depend upon the kind entertainment of our hosts; but beware, my brave men, beware of deep horns of ale or mead. Remember, pointing to the rugged peaks glittering in the snow—remember, that all who would sleep beyond these to-morrow, will need firm hands and true eyes. And good Sweeney, addressing the inn-keeper, who was the chief person of the hamlet, "look well that no sound of our coming reach these Norse sluggards. There may be some here, who for their country's safety, would cross the hills this night with warning."

"Thou art right, by Monham's freedom!" cried the host, "here sits Alf Staverger: he knows these hills better than his own hunting-pouch, and would think little of carrying the news to his countrymen. I am sorry," he continued, turning to Alf, "verily I grieve to make an old friend a prisoner; but you must stay here to-day in some keeping, till our men are well forwarded."

"I care not if I stay here to-night and forever," replied the Norsemann. Eric now looked for the first time upon the speaker, and confessed that he had never beheld a finer looking man. In the prime of the beauty of northern youth, Alf Staverger was remarkable for a cast of features bearing traces of a higher mind than can often be discerned in the cheerful lusty faces of his countrymen.

"Does the valley marksmen speak truth?" said the host. "Ay," answered the youth, "when you are thrust forth from the fireside, you can seek another roof. If your own

land casts you out, you are fain to cling to the stranger—the enemy.

"Has Emlen's father been rough?" inquired Sweeney.

"Name him not," replied the young peasant angrily. "They have heaped refusal and insult upon me; let them look for their return!"

"Ay, Skialm Harder may one day wish that I had married his daughter—my name shall yet be fearfully known throughout Norway."

"Swede, I will myself guide your troop this night over the Tydel. Trust me fully, and you shall to-morrow be placed beyond those white peaks."

"He will have a fearful passage first," said an old peasant. "There is no moon now; and it will be pitch dark long ere you cross the Narcoe."

"The night is to us the noon day," cried a spirited young soldier, "for your crags we fear them not, were they as high as the blue heavens. Our life has been amongst rocks, and in our own land we are called the Sky Leapers!"

"I will trust the young Norsemann," continued their chief; "wounded pride, and slighted love, may well make a man hate the land that has sprung him, were it his own hundred times."

As the day was fast wearing over, small time was lost in preparation. Each man carried with him his fir skates, to be used when, after climbing the rough ascent, they would along those narrow and difficult paths which skirt the face of the cliffs, crossing the mountains. Their guide told them that he should lead them when it grew dark, by lighted torches, procured and used as he should afterwards show them.

During their slippery and rugged journey, Alf and his followers could not help alternately admiring the spirit, coolness, and activity shown by each party in scaling the dangerous rocks; and they felt insensibly drawn one to another, by that natural, though unuttered friendship, which binds together the brave and high-souled.

Still few words passed between them, though many of the Swedes spoke Norse well, and Alf knew Swedish as thoroughly as his own tongue. On both sides were hosts of feelings which led them to commune with their own thoughts in silence.

After some hours of hard and successful climbing, they halted, at the close of day, for a few moments, on the snowy summit of a ridge which they had just ascended, to fasten on their skates. They had now to traverse the long slippery defiles so peculiar to Norway, where the paths run along narrow ledges of rock, at an awful height, winding abruptly in and out along the rugged face of the hill.

Here they formed in a single file; and their guide taking the lead of the column, kindled by rapid friction one of the pine branches, of which each had, by his orders, gathered in abundance on their way. He said, in a few brief energetic words, "that here they must tempt the fate of all who would conquer Norway—unless they chose to return: now were they really to win their proud name of the Sky Leapers!"

He bade them move along rapidly and steadily, following close the light of his torch. Every man was to bear a blazing pine, kindled from his; and thus, each pressing close to the light before him, the track would not be lost in the abrupt turns and windings. He placed the coolest and most active in the rear; that they might pass lightly and skilfully over the snow, roughed by the track of their leaders; and keep the line of lights, which was their only hope of safety, compact and unseparated.

What a chance, from toilsome climbing, which had wearied the most elastic limbs, and tried the most enduring spirit. They flew over the narrow slippery paths, now in a long straight arrow-course of fire, now lost, now emerging, in the sharp turnings of the cliffs. The dangers of the Narcoe, which make even the natives shudder at the giddy narrow paths and awful depths, were half unseen in the darkness, and all unfared by these brave men, who darted exultingly, like winged gods, through the keen bracing night breeze of the hills.

At every step the windings became more abrupt; and it seemed to his nearest follower, that even the guide looked anxious and afraid; when almost coming close to him at a turning, he saw, by the joining light of their torches, the countenance of Alf turned back towards the long line of flying snow with a troubled and sorrowful look. To encourage him, he cried in a bold and cheerful tone, "No fear! no danger! On brave Staverger! The Sky Leapers follow thee!" "Oh!" shouted back the guide, with a cry that echoed through the whole band, and quickened their lightsome speed. Their torches now flew along in one straight, unbroken stream of fire, till a wild death-scream arose, marking the spot where light after light disappeared in the dark silence. The depth was so terrible that all sound of fall was unheard. But that cry reached the last of the sinking line, and their hearts died within them: there was no stopping their arrow-flight—no turning aside, without leaping into the sheer air!

Alf Staverger shuddered at the death-leap of these brave men over the edge of the rock. His soul had been bound to them in their brief journeying together, and had they not come as his country's invaders, he would have loved them as brothers for their frank courage. But Alf was at heart a true son of Norway; it is true he had resolved, in the desperation of his sorrow, to leave his father-land forever; still, when he saw this band coming to lay waste the valleys which he knew to be undefended, his anger was in a moment forgotten, and all his hot Norse blood was stirred within him.

He was detained, as we have seen, from crossing the hills to warn his countrymen; and he knew that when Jerl returned, he would be well able and willing to guide the Swedes over the pass. He soon planned his daring scheme.

"Ay," thought he, while the waving train followed his leading torch, "I told them that here they should earn their proud name of Sky Leapers!—that here those who warred with Norway should brave their fate! I said that Skialm Harder should wish he had given me his fair daughter—that my name should be known over my land for a deed of fear and wonder! I promised they should sleep to-night on our side of the hills! Now will I keep all that I have sworn! This pity for them too, so brave, so young, so unsuspecting; but two words have made my heart torn—Emlen and Norway!"

Alf well-remembered one spot, where a long straight path ended suddenly in a peak of rock, jutting far into the empty air. The road was continued round so sharp a re-entrant angle, that much caution and nerve was needed, even

by one well aware of all the danger, to wheel rapidly and steadily round the face of the abrupt precipice; and avoid shooting straight on over the ledge of the rock. He fixed upon this spot for the death-leap; indeed, the Swedes never could have passed it in safety, without having been fully warned of the peril, and afterwards cautioned at its approach.

When he looked back—as he led the line rapidly to their unseen and dreadful fate, he shuddered to think on what a death the brave and light-hearted men who followed him were rushing. A word from the nearest roused him: he shouted to hasten their rapid flight, and darted boldly on, throwing his leading torch far over the point where they should have taken the sudden turn. He had nearly fallen into the ruin of his followers; with the sounding speed of the flyers pressing hard upon his footsteps, all his nerve was barely sufficient, after dinging his blazing pine straight forward as a lure, to check his own course, and bear him round the point which severed life from death.

His speed was slackened by turning; and, for a moment, he fell giddy and senseless: every nerve had been strung for the decisive moment, and his brain reeled with the struggle. He awakened to consciousness, to see the last of the line of the torches dart into the empty space—then sink forever; and he listened, with a cold thrill of awe and terror, to the echoes of the death-scream of the last of the Sky Leapers!

[From Parkman's Oregon and California Travels.]

A BUFFALO HUNT.

We had scarcely gone a mile when an imposing spectacle presented itself. From the river bank on the right, away over the swelling prairie on the left, and in front as far as we could see, extended one vast host of buffaloes. The outskirts of the herd were within a quarter of a mile of us. In many parts they were crowded so densely together, that in the short distance their rounded backs presented a surface of uniform blackness; but elsewhere they were more scattered, and from amid the multitude rose little columns of dust, where the buffaloes were rolling on the ground. Here and there a great confusion was perceptible, where a battle was going forward among the bulls. We could distinctly see them rushing against each other, and hear the clattering of their horns and their hoarse bellowings. Shaw was riding at some distance in advance with Henry Chatillon: I saw him stop and draw the leather covering from his gun. Indeed with such a sight before us, but one thing could be thought of. That morning I had used pistols in the chase. I had now a mind to try the virtue of a gun. Delorier had one, and I rode up to the side of the cart: there he sat under the white covering, biting his pipe in his teeth and grinning with excitement.

"Lend me your gun, Delorier," said I.

"Oui, monsieur, oui," said Delorier, tugging with might and main to stop the mule which seemed obstinately bent on going forward. "Then every thing but his moccasins disappeared as he crawled into the cart and pulled at the gun to extricate it."

"Is it loaded?" I asked.

"Oui, bien charge, you'll kill, mon bourgeois: yes, you'll kill—c'est un bon fusil."

I handed him my rifle, and rode forward to Shaw.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Come on," said I.

"You keep down that hollow," said Henry, "and then they will not see you till you get close to them."

The hollow was a kind of ravine, very wide and shallow: it ran obliquely towards the buffaloes, and we rode at a canter along the bottom till it became too shallow, when we bent close to our horse's neck, and then finding it could no longer conceal us, came out of it and rode directly at the herd. It was within gun shot, before its outskirts of numerous grizzly old bulls were scattered, holding guard over the females. They glared in anger and astonishment, walked toward us a few yards, and then turning slowly around, retreated at a trot which afterwards broke into a clumsy gallop. In an instant the main body caught the alarm. The buffaloes began to crowd away from the point towards which we were approaching, and a gap was opened in the side of the herd. We entered it, still restraining our excited horses. Every instant the tumult was thickening. The buffaloes, pressing together in large bodies, crowded away from us on every hand. In front on either side we could see dark columns and masses, half hidden by clouds of dust, rushing along in terror and confusion, and hear the tramp and clattering of ten thousand hoofs. The countless multitude of powerful brutes, ignorant of their own strength, were flying in panic from the approach of two feeble horsemen. To remain longer quiet was impossible.

"Take that band on the left," said Shaw, "I'll take these in front."

He sprang off, and I saw no more of him. A heavy Indian whip was fastened by a band to my wrist: I swung it into the air and lashed my horse's flank with all the strength of my arm. Away she darted, stretching close to the ground. I could see nothing but a cloud of dust before me, but I knew it concealed a band of many hundreds of buffaloes. In a moment I was in the midst of the cloud, half suffocated by the dust, and stunned by the trampling of the herd; but I was drunk with the chase and cared for nothing but the buffaloes. Very soon a long dark mass became visible, looming through the dust; then I could distinguish each bulky carcass, the hoofs flying out beneath, and the short tails held rigidly erect. In a moment I was so close to them that I could have touched them with my gun. Suddenly, to my utter amazement, the hoofs were jerked upward, the tail flourished in the air, and amid a cloud of dust the buffaloes seemed to sink into the earth before me.

One vivid impression of the instant remains on my mind. I remember looking down upon the backs of several buffaloes dimly visible through the dust. We had run unawares upon a ravine. At that moment I was not the most accurate judge of depth and width, but when I passed it on my return, I found it 12 feet deep, and not quite twice as wide at the bottom. It was impossible to stop: I would have done so gladly if I could; so half sliding, half plunging, my mare fell down on her knees in the loose sand at the bottom: I was pitched forward violently on her neck and nearly thrown over her head among the buffaloes, who, amidst dust and confusion, came tumbling in all round.

The mare was on her feet in an instant, and scrambling like a cat up the opposite side. I thought for a moment she would have fallen back and crushed me, but with a violent effort she clambered out and gained the hard prairie above. Glancing back I saw the head of a bull clinging as it were by the fore feet at the edge of the dusty gulf.

At length I was fairly among the buffaloes. They were less densely crowded than before, and I could see nothing but bulls, who always run at the rear of a herd. As I passed amid them they would lower their heads, and turning as they run, attempt to gore my horse; but as they were already at full speed there was no force in their onset, and as Pauline ran faster than they, they were always thrown behind her in the effort. I soon began to distinguish cows among the throng. One just before me seemed to my liking, and I pushed close to her side. Dropping the reins I fired, holding the muzzle of the gun within a foot of her shoulder. Quick as lightning she sprang at Pauline; the little mare dodged the attack, and I lost sight of the wounded animal, amid the tumultuous crowd. Immediately after I selected another, and urging forward Pauline, shot into her both pistols in succession. For a while I kept her in view, but in attempting to load my gun, lost sight of her also in the confusion. Believing her to be mortally wounded and unable to keep up with the herd, I checked my horse. The crowd rushed onward. The dust and tumult passed away, and on the prairie, far behind the rest, I saw a solitary buffalo galloping heavily. In a moment I and my victim were running side by side. My fire arms were all empty, and I had nothing in my pouch but rifle bullets, too large for the pistols, and too small for the gun. I loaded the latter, however, but as often as I attempted to fire, the bullets would roll out of the muzzle and the gun returned only a faint report like a squib, as the powder harmlessly exploded. I galloped in front of the buffalo and attempted to turn her back; but her eyes glared, and her mane bristled, and lowering her head, she rushed at me with astonishing fierceness and activity. Again and again I rode before her, and again she repeated her furious charge. But little Pauline was in her element. She dodged her enemy at every rush, until the buffalo stood still, exhausted with her own efforts: she panted and her tongue hung lolling from her jaw.

Riding to a little distance, I alighted, thinking to gather a handful of dry grass to serve as wadding, and load my gun at leisure. No sooner were my feet on the ground than the buffalo came bounding towards me in such rage, that I jumped back into the saddle with all possible despatch. After waiting a few minutes more, I made an attempt to ride up and stab her with my knife, but the experiment proved such a no wise man would repeat. At length bethinking me of the fringes at the seams of my buckskin pantaloons, I jerked off a few of them, and reloading the gun, forced them down the barrel to keep the bullet in its place, then approaching, I shot the wounded buffalo through the heart. Sinking on her knees, she rolled over lifeless on the prairie. To my astonishment, I found that instead of a cow, I had been slaughtering a stout yearling bull. No longer wondering at the fierceness he had shown, I opened his throat, and cutting out his tongue tied it at the back of my saddle. My mistake was one which a more experienced eye than mine might easily make in the dust and confusion of such a chase.

Then for the first time I had the leisure to look at the scene around me. The prairie in front was darkened with the retreating multitude, and on the other hand the buffaloes came filing up in endless unbroken columns from the low plains upon the river. The Arkansas was three or four miles distant. I turned and moved slowly towards it. A long time passed before, far down in the distance, I distinguished the white covering of the cart and the little black specks of horsemen before and behind it. Drawing near I recognized Shaw's elegant tunic and red flannel shirt conspicuous far off. I overtook the party and asked him what success he had met with. He had assailed a fat cow, shot her with two bullets, and mortally wounded her. But neither of us were prepared for the chase that afternoon, and Shaw, like myself, had no spare bullets in his pouch; so he abandoned that disabled animal to Henry Chatillon, who followed, despatched her with his rifle, and loaded his horse with her meat.

We encamped close to the river. The night was dark, and as we lay down we could hear mingled with the howling of the wolves the hoarse bellowing of the buffaloes like the ocean beating upon the distant coast.

The Live Yankee.

One of the best bits of Yankee dialect, as well as a sort of the Yankee character, we find in the last number of the Knickerbocker Magazine. It is a description of a scene in Powers' studio, at Florence, and a live Yankee, who calls in to see his countrymen at work on the "Greek Slave." He enters spitting and wiping his legs with his hand, and the following colloquy ensues:—

"Be you Mr. Power, the skulptur?" "I am a skulptur, and my name is Powers." "Ye-a-s; well, I spected so, they tell'd me you was—a-e-a-s. Look here—driven a pretty stiff business, eh? I say plenty to do, eh? What'd's one of them fetch?" "Six?" "I ask ye what's the price of them such as you 're peckin' now?" "I am to have three thousand dollars for this when it is completed." "Wh-a-t! How much?" "Three thousand dollars." "Three thousand dollars? Hain't that a stateway rize lately? I was calculatin' to purchase some, but it is too high. How's paintin'?" "Guess I must get some paintin'." "Three thousand dollars? Well, it is a trade, skulptin' is, that's certain. What do they make you pay for your tools and stuff?" "Spec, my eldest boy, Cephas, could skulpt, I know he could. He is always whittlin' round, and cuttin' away at things. I wish you'd 'gree to take him as a apprentice, and let him go to, full chisel. D'you know where I'd be liable to put him out? He'd out-stun after a while with the best of ye, and he'd make money, tew, at them prices." "Three thousand dollars?" "And the anxious inquirer" left the presence.

"TO BACHELORS IN PARTICULAR."—See, my friend, that you make your house a home. A house is a mere skeleton of bricks, laths, plaster, and wood: a home is the residence not merely of the body, but of the heart. It is a place for the affections to unfold and develop themselves—for children to love and learn, and play in—for husband and wife to toil snail-

ingly together, to make life a blessing. A house where the wife is a slattern and a sloven cannot be a home: a house where the husband is a drunkard cannot be a home: a house where there is no happy fireside, no book, no newspapers, above all, where there is no religion and no Bible, how can it be a home?—My bachelor brother, there cannot, by any possibility, be a home where there is no wife. To talk of a home without love, we might as well expect to find an English fireside in one of the pyramids of Egypt.—[E. P. H. in Moral Reformer's Almanac for 1850.]

Won't, Can't, and Try.

It is strange to notice the difference there is in disposition, character, and success, between persons descended from the same family stock. Nobody could suppose that the three fellows whose names stand up there at the head of this piece could be descended from the same great grandfather. Different as their surnames were, they all had the same family christian name "I." Of the three, Won't was the eldest; a misanthropic grumpy old man too he was, as rich as Pluto, as suspicious as sin could make him; he had large parks and many a family mansion in which he and his ancestors had entrenched themselves for centuries; the whole world was in movement around him.—Old Won't would never budge an inch; scornful he always passed the door of the poor sick widow; savagely he grinned and thundered no! when a piece of ground was requested of him for a school, or a mechanic's institute; in fact, the life of this surly old curmudgeon might be numbered rather by negatives than by years—it was one protracted act of opposition, one answer silenced all enquiries, "Sir, I am a blunt man, say a thing and do a thing is my motto; my name is Won't and I won't;" and the consequence was there was nothing stirring, but stagnation in the neighborhood of the testy old gentleman. The cottages of his tenantry would have made respectable pigsties in the time of Thomas a Becket; and the intelligence and the temperance of the cottagers belonged to the same bright and very glorious age. To all schemes of improvement in which he was requested to lead the way, the answer was I won't. There was only one grim character to whom he said I won't, who snapped his withered fingers in the leather face of the old human milestone, and said, but I will. It was Death, who insisted that the old gentleman should step into his boat and visit the other country. How he fared there, after all his idleness here, who shall say?

A collateral branch of the family of Old Won't, was Young Can't, and a weak, waxen faced mortal he was, sure enough; when at school, while other boys were with intrepidity enough hard at work at states, Euclids, globes, and grammars, this soulless little abortion looked pitifully in the face of his master, tutor, and fellow-pupil, and murmured I Can't. It was plain enough that for such a character as this, or rather for one so characterless, a mere automaton existence must be selected, but that was difficult; for every profession, even that of a poor slunk footman, required energy, action, soul of some kind or other; and in fact, many exertions were made to procure for poor Can't some decent situation where he could do without any labor. It was of no use, he shifted to all parts of the social compass, but there he stood on the old spot at last. The times the poor fellow failed in business it is just to use trying to mention; he was like Won't in one particular—all the world seemed to leave him behind. He was a very sickly young man too, everything was too much for him; I can't bear any exertion; I can't attend to it now, I have such a sick head-ache; I can't do it now, but as soon as I have had my afternoon's nap, then—There is no doubt about it, I have had it from the best authority, he might have married one of the sweetest creatures in all the country town, it was said she did cast some kindly looks at the stupid fellow, but luckily for her, when he attempted to put the delicate question, said he, I can't, and gave it up in despair. At last, all persons despised the poor wretch, who never had courage for himself, or for others, and he was lost sight of until the other day in walking through the wards of a workhouse, who should I see stretched on a bed but this very poor fellow. It was evident his last hour was approaching; idleness and poverty had done their work, the nurse stood by his side with a mixture from the doctor, invoking him to take it, he made a wry contortion of the face, "I can't, I can't," he said, his head fell back, and he died.

Altogether of a different stamp was another branch of the same family, the most modest, yet the most bold of all my acquaintance, "Try." It was remarkable that without any of the prophecies of the bonster of what he meant to do, he always performed more than any one else. You calculated upon his success as a matter of course; there was a rough dignity about his manner that bespoke self-respect, self confidence, and courage. "Never despair, was his constant motto. Difficulties beset him; he laughed at them, set his foot upon them.—A school was wanted in the town, where he conducted his business, but all people said one could not be erected; said he, I'll try, and the school was built. Can't was his neighbor for some time; but while Can't was stumbling over mole-hills, Try was climbing mountains; it was observable that he got through ten times the business of other men and made far less noise about it. There was no setting bounds to the labors of Try; I declare we have not a good or excellent thing in our village, which he did not get for us, he built our school and our chapel—they had never been erected but for his exertions; our news-room, and our total-abstinence society—we owe them to him. Some stood by and sneered, some dared him to success, he only said, I'll try. He has lived a good while here now, and we all know him. The magistrate sits on the bench and administers the law, our parson dressed up in black, makes fine sermons from the pulpit; but although good friend Try is neither parson or lawyer, neither one or the other of them win so much love and respect as they pass down the street; people never look at him, but they see a walking, moving sermon; and I am sure our village will never be any better than it is, until all our young men follow more closely the footsteps of "Try Try."—[Edwin P. Hood.]

"We understand that a man who can't pay is not culpable in neglecting to pay, but our can't has a very slippery significance. Many a man can't pay the mechanics and merchants whom he owes, simply because he lives extravagantly, hiring servants to do the work which belongs to his sons and daughters—because he

lives in a more expensive house and spends more money for food, clothing, &c., than he has any moral right thus to dispose of. Many a man can't pay because he does not half work, nor exert himself near so much to get out of debt as he did to get in. The man who can't pay an honest debt has no right to indulge in luxuries—keep his sons at college nor his daughters at the piano. If he thus lives at the rate of three or four thousand dollars a year, while the frugal and industrious importune him for what is their honest debt, he is an outright swindler, no matter how high the circle he moves in nor how many churches he belongs to.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

How to do Good.

A quaint writer, who takes to himself the cognomen of Charles Quill, gives a short and easy method of doing good, which is as effectual as one as could be adopted. He says:—"Why do you begin to do good so far off? This is a ruling error. Begin in the centre, and work outwards. If you do not love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some peccadillo, some undesirable gesture, sour your visage toward a sister or a daughter, pray cease to preach beneficence on a large scale.—Begin not next door, but within your own door—with your next neighbor whether relative, servant, or superior. Account the man you meet, the man you are to bless. Give him such things as you have. "How can I make him or her happier?" This is the question.—If advice will do it, give advice. If chastisement will do it, give chastisement. If a look, a smile, or warm pressure of the hand, or tear will do it, give the look, smile, hand or tear.—But never forget 'that the happiness of our world is a mountain of golden sands, and that it is your part to cast some contributory atom every moment.' There is as much philosophy and sound morality, beautifully expressed in these few words, as in a volume of sermons.—Let every one practice the rule laid down, and see how soon the opportunities for doing good will present themselves—how much more satisfaction he will feel himself—how much better he will be satisfied with the world, and the world with him. The commonest duties of life are those which are oftenest passed over with inattention; and yet the whole happiness of our lives, and of those connected with us, depends essentially upon their performance.—They show the true temper of our virtue, and as they are well or badly performed, promote or destroy that peace or perfect satisfaction of mind in which true happiness consists.—[Lodge.]

The Hen Mania.

"All the world and 'the rest of mankind,' have, or are about embarking in the Poultry business and manufacture of Eggs. Nothing else is thought of, and the auctioneers do nothing but knock off Cockerels and hens to the highest bidder. They are brought to the auction mart of Messrs. Clark & Hatch in any quantity, of any size from a Robin Red Breast to an Ostrich of the desert. Our people have all been seized with a kind of India-Rubber-Merino-Copper-Stock-South-South-Miranda-Expeditio-California-Gold-Dust-mania, which will end, no one can tell when or where. It is not confined to puritan New England, but has reached New Jersey, and Cockerels have entered the heads of wise Legislators of that renowned State, if the following, which we copy from the Trentonian, be true:—[Boston Transcript.]

"THE HEN TROT.—We have the intense satisfaction of stopping the press to announce the fact that the much talked of 'hen trot' will positively come off this afternoon—no postponement on account of weather—in the State House yard, immediately after the adjournment of the Legislature. Governor Haines was engaged in peeling off the ground yesterday forenoon, and everything is in readiness for the occasion."

P. S. We regret to learn that the full-blooded hen called the "Hibernia Popknot," belonging to Professor Grey, of the Senate, got out of the coop yesterday afternoon, and all effort to recover her had, up to a late hour last evening, proved unavailing.

P. S. We learn by Telegraph from Pond Run that the Professor has recovered his hen, having found her asleep in an apple-tree in Gov. Estell's orchard.

WHY WOMEN ARE UNHEALTHY.—Many of the physical evils—the want of vigor, the inaction of system, the languor and hysterical affections—which are so prevalent among the delicate young women of the present day, may be traced to a want of well trained mental power and well-exercised self-control, and to an absence of fixed habits of employment. Real cultivation of the intellect—earnest exercise of the moral powers—the enlargement of the mind by the acquirement of knowledge, and strengthening of its capabilities for effort, for firmness, for endurance of inevitable evils, and for energy in combating such as they may overcome, are the ends to which education has to attain; weakness, but becomes infirmity. The power of the mind over the body is immense. Let that power be called forth; let it be trained and exercised, and vigor both of mind and body will be the result. There is a homely, unpolished saying, that 'it is better to wear out than to rust out'; but it tells a plain-truth: rust consumes faster than use. Better—a million times better—to work hard, even to the shortening of existence, than to sleep and eat away this precious gift of life giving no other cognisance of its possession. By work or industry, of whatever kind it may be, we give a practical acknowledgment of the value of life, of its high intentions, of its manifold duties. Earnest, active industry is a living hymn of praise, a never failing source of happiness: it is obedience, for it is God's great law for moral existence.—[The Physical Training of Girls at School, by Madame de Wahl.]

"The members of a society in this state, by dint of long exertion, had erected a small church. One of the number was dispatched to a large town, to request a noted reverend to take part in its dedication. Not getting his errand exactly, he simply applied to the divine to come and 'dedicate our new church.' 'What part do you wish me to take?' said the reverend in question. 'Why, we want you to dedicate the church,' was the reply. 'But do you wish me to deliver the sermon, or make the opening prayer, or only to make some remarks?' 'Why,' exclaimed the brother, piqued at the obtuseness of the elder, 'we simply want you to dedicate a church 70 by 80 feet!'

MISCELLANY.

[From the Boston Traveller.]

The Jury in the Webster Trial.

Gentlemen: Having read in several papers what purported to be a relation of the scenes and events which transpired in the Jury Room on the trial of Dr. John W. Webster, I have felt desirous (now that the subject has been brought before the public mind) that a plain statement of the more important matters connected with the Jury-Room should be made, as it might prove interesting, if not instructive, to the community. The Jury was composed of twelve men, from as many different branches of the mechanical and mercantile "professions;" they were from four different religious denominations, and their ages varied from 28 to 66 years. They were men whom I should designate as possessing good common sense—men capable of judging—of discerning—of appreciating evidence and estimating its importance. The Jurors, after they had become better acquainted with each other, and the evidence began to bear with crushing weight upon the prisoner, and the "net work of complicated circumstances" seemed to encircle him, felt strongly the need of "that wisdom which cometh from above," to guide and direct their minds aright in their most momentous and responsible situation.

It was then that our worthy Foreman (whom we all most highly respect, and whom we shall ever remember with pleasure) proposed to the Jury that they should have religious services every evening. The proposition was most cheerfully responded to, and ever after that time, the voice of praise and prayer daily ascended, as we trust from sincere hearts, to the Throne of Infinite Wisdom and Mercy. I need not say that the burden of every prayer was for wisdom to guide and direct unto a right decision, and for blessings most rich and precious to descend upon the prisoner and his afflicted family.

I now come to the closing part of this momentous trial. When the witnesses for the defence had given in their testimony, and the counsel for the prisoner announced the evidence on their part closed, a feeling of pain and anguish must have come over the mind of every juror—"can no more be said,—no more be done in behalf of the unhappy prisoner! Is that the evidence—the only evidence on which we are to base our verdict of 'Not Guilty!'"

At that very time, with the light which the able charge of the Chief Justice afterwards gave us on several points of "the law and the evidence," I think I speak the sentiments of nearly if not quite all the Jury, when I say, that they were as fully prepared for their verdict as they were when they retired to the Jury Room, after listening to the most able and eloquent pleas of the prisoner's senior counsel and the Attorney General—so strongly, so fully had the evidence pointed to the prisoner as the guilty man—AND TO NO ONE ELSE. After the Jury had gone to their room—with the various evidences of guilt spread out on the table before them, and the door locked upon them; shut out as it were from the world, with nothing but the eye of the Omniscient God upon them—so painful was the sense of responsibility, so unwilling were they to come to the result which all felt they must come to, that 30 to 40 minutes were spent ere anything was done—when at last the voice of the Foreman was heard calling them to order and reminding them of duty, however painful; and when they had all taken their seats around the table—then it was that one of the Jurors rose and said, "Mr. Foreman, before entering upon the further consideration and decision of this most important matter, I would propose that we seek for Divine wisdom and guidance." The proposition met with a cordial response, and the foreman called upon a juror to offer prayer. This was done, most feelingly and sincerely. We then proceeded to the most painful and trying part of our arduous duty. The various articles which were put into the case were examined by the jury, and particularly those things which seemed to bear most strongly against the prisoner. The final decision of the question was resolved into three parts:

First. Are the remains of a human body found in the Medical College on the 30th Nov., 1849, those of the late Dr. George Parkman?

Second. Did Dr. George Parkman come to his death by the hands of Dr. John W. Webster, in the Medical College, on the 30th Nov., 1849?

Third. Is Dr. John W. Webster guilty, as set forth in the indictment, of the wilful murder of Dr. George Parkman?

When the vote on the first question was put, twelve hands rose immediately. Some little discussion then took place, when the second question was tested—and twelve hands at once arose. The third—the most important question of all—was next to be tried. Quite a pause ensued. One juror—in his sympathies of kindness for the prisoner (who was his personal acquaintance or friend) and his afflicted family—shrunk from the "fiery ordeal." "Can't we stop here?—can't the law be vindicated and justice satisfied, if we pause here? Must we take the life of the unhappy prisoner?" Some discussion ensued—the mind of the juror seemed more calm—and he expressed his readiness to vote on the final question, which was then put, and twelve hands arose. The die was cast!—and John W. Webster was pronounced Guilty of Murder.

This ended the closing scene in the Jury Room. What afterwards transpired in the Court Room is already known to the public. When our foreman then pronounced that awful word—Guilty! the Jury, as well as the prisoner, trembled and grew faint. And what relief it was to us when we were again allowed to "go free," and rejoice our families and friends after so long and painful a separation; and there was not a juror's heart but would have leaped for joy could the prisoner have been justly allowed the same unspeakable blessing.

ONE OF THE JURY.

Boston, April 3d, 1850.

RULES FOR READING.—In the selection of books which you read, although mental relaxation is as necessary as bodily, do not devote too much time to those lighter works, which will only encourage and strengthen imagination in its flights and dreams. Fancy is a strolling player, whose vagrant courses should be checked, and brought within the rule and line of discipline and system. But read the best of the old, and the best of the new, the dream of both, with as little of the blue mist as possible; and even so you will be able to make yourself acquainted with only a slight sprinkling of the volumes which the teeming press is pouring forth day by day; and even so you will only be like the ploughboy at the harvest home feast, who, when he had swallowed so many good things that he had brought himself to a state of surfeit, burst into tears, as the tables were cleared, and cried out, "There's all that pudding left, and I can't eat any more." And, in doing all this, make yourselves the masters, not the slaves of the books which you read; bringing all their contents before the bar of your judgment, and the test of your reason and

common sense. I have always thought that a glorious exclamation of an eminent writer, in which he says, "I had better never see a book, than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. All cannot be so ambitious as to being the authors and founders of a system, but all should strive in the course of their reading, to extract the honey and leave the poison behind them."—[Speech of Rev. J. Aspinall at Lancaster.]

It is related of a member of the Methodist Episcopal church "away down east," that being on a visit to a neighboring town, one of the brethren asked how the society to which he was attached was getting on. "O pretty well," said he; but just at present our precise elder and circus preacher are both absent, and we have to get along with our locus-preacher and exhausters!"

Spagnoleto, the other day, in speaking of his first violin player, declared that, both as a man and a musician, he was most praiseworthy; as a man, for the tenor of his conduct, as a musician, for the conduct of his tenor.

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy.

"But not until you are hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

A MELANCHOLY SIGHT.—A man professing christianity, bristling up with anger, twenty times a day like a hedge hog.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, APR. 11, 1850.

Mr. A. B. LONGFELLOW, of Palermo, is Agent for the Mail, and is authorised to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

From California. Another Arrival.

News by the last mail indicates fair prospects ahead, for the gold diggers. Provisions are comparatively low, and good health generally prevails, so far as papers and letters may be relied upon. A million of dollars in gold has been brought this time; and though the great stories which arrive with it indicate something better, a monthly remittance of this amount will constitute a very comfortable annual income; certainly not to be found fault with.

We notice among the arrivals, that of the ship Hampton, Capt. Davis, from Gardiner, at San Francisco, Feb. 28. Dates thence are to March 1, and no doubt letters will be received from some of her passengers.

We copy from the 'Alta California' of Mar. 1st, the following items:

All the towns of the Sacramento and tributaries are thriving, particularly the new towns of Yuba, Yuba City, Vernon, Fremont, and a survey recently made on Feather river, near its mouth, called Nicolaus. Communication has been opened during the late few weeks of pleasant weather, with all parts of the Placer from the above points, and the three regular steamboats which leave this city for the great point of disembarkation, Sacramento City, are, on each of their trips, crowded with passengers for the gold diggers.

The Southern country is uniformly quiet.—The past winter has been more severe through all California than any during the 15 years previous. The rains have been constant in the neighborhood of Los Angeles and San Diego, accompanied by much cold weather. As Spring approaches, the southern towns begin to be deserted—the population flocking to the mines. The mines are every day more and more talked about; an unmistakable indication of the mighty muster going on in every part of the country South of the Placer. The "floating population" is gradually drawing off, and digging implements are taken up again with high raised hopes. All are preparing for the mines, whence are wafted to us stories of marvellous luck, with every breath from the gold region.

Those who have remained in the various diggings have labored at intervals during the winter with astonishing fortune. From three ounces to \$500 per day has ranged for individual labor. We have heard of still more extraordinary results.

The immigration of foreigners has continued through the winter, and the opening spring finds it none the less. They come from South America and from the English colonies of the South Pacific, from China and from the Hawaiian Islands; and are the same heterogeneous mass of gold diggers; composed of persons of every rank and station in life—of all characters and complexions.

'The Pacific News' of March 1, in alluding to the Georgetown diggings, near Sutter's Mills, says, "Four men in one day took out eight pounds, working but four hours. Another party of four took a pound each. This was of daily occurrence, and the miners were averaging more than a pound a day, each man."

The same paper says: "The information from the Southern mines generally is quite encouraging. Those who worked faithfully during the winter, in the gulches around the Mokelumne and between the Stanislaus and the Tuolumne, have done well. For several days past we have had a twenty-three pound lump of gold exhibited in Stockton. A number of pieces weighing 15 and 20 ounces have been found this winter. It is now said that a ninety pound lump has been found near the Stanislaus, and is daily expected at the store of Mr. Lane, in this place."

Politeness.

The following paragraph, credited to a Boston paper, is passing about under the head of "politeness." Such politeness as this comes rather from the Bible than from Chesterfield. The writer adds, "The man was a Christian,"—as though Christianity, in order to be recognised in the world, must be labelled, like a package in a drug shop.

"A young lady called in at the store of one of our dry goods merchants, the other day, and stole a pair of kid gloves, while purchasing a sixpence worth of lustrine. A gentleman in the store called the attention of the merchant to the fact, and he, instead of threatening the lady or compelling her to pay double the price of the article, gently told her that she had robbed him, and at the same time refused to take the gloves back or receive compensation for them; but in terms of mild reproof, cautioned her against committing so heinous a sin again, and told her to keep them as a perpetual warning. The lady shed tears of thankfulness and shame, and left, no doubt, greatly improved in character by the adventure."

It must be a small idea that goes into one line.

Saxe's Poems.

Strange how the literary world fasts, even to starvation, for something to laugh at! If we only judged by their works, we should conclude that our writers were all bishops or justices, and afraid of sacrificing their position to their genius. Such a wicked thing it is to make people laugh!—and such a good for nothing fame is that which rests upon the pleasant and good nature of mankind! The literary world has suffered dreadfully from constipation; and but for such men as Hood, and Holmes, and Saxe, would ere this have been food for tape-worms. They come in, like root-doctors, with natural remedies; and thus the world is saved. Physical leanness has no charms for them; and when men desire to laugh and grow fat, they contribute the means. May the blessing of fatness rest upon them!

The second edition of Saxe's poems is nearly exhausted. No author ever had a more cordial welcome. Men laughed before they read; and the whole "body politic" of the literary world has since been shaking like a cake of jelly. However light the literature, the world is vastly heavier for actual fatness.

The press has praised without a lip in the negative. Not because the volume was faultless—but because—you might as well stop to scan dew drops in a thunder shower. When every body's sides are splitting, and buttons rattle like hail-stones, who thinks of stopping to moralize? The world, after all, has certain "notions" of its own; and among these is a firm conviction that there is no sin in an honest laugh. You can't beat the world out of this notion; and the more you try, the louder the world laughs at you. Saxe is on the world's side in this matter; and instead of dealing out sentimental emetics to get up a scowl, he lets on a tide of "laughing gas" that sets multitudes in a roar. He knows that his fame will be dead and buried when that of other men will be in the meridian,—as the wrinkles made by laughter last but a minute, while those fixed by care never wear out;—but he counts a day of sunshine worth a year of cloud and gloom. He will indeed be dead in men's memories, when he lives hale and fat in their flesh and blood; thus having real life when others have but the shadow.

Mr. Saxe has but just entered the world—so far as the world is concerned—and it does one good to see his reception such as promises a long visit. If he fares well, the world will fat lustily while he is in it. If he starves out—of which we pray there be no danger—it will be because he falls into the same difficulty that has starved both poets and prophets in times past—the difficulty of making the world believe he pays for his keeping. While others grow fat for his sake, may they see to it that his shadow never grows less.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Steam Boiler Explosions.

Mr. Editor.—Your correspondent, under the signature of "Fusion," in your paper a few weeks since, feels disposed to ask a few questions as to the merits of the fusible plug. 1st inquiry, Is the fusible plug a safeguard against explosions from an excess of steam?—2d, Is not this the cause of a great portion of the explosions? 3d, If the fusible plug is so simple in its operation, why is it rejected by engineers? 4th, Is not the life of the fireman endangered by its fusion, from the consequent rush of steam? 5th, Would the use of the plug be a safeguard against firing the boat?—6th, Would not its use create an unfounded feeling of security in the engineer or fireman? 7th, Has the use of the plug ever been submitted to the examination of scientific men? and if this could commend itself to common sense as readily as to your correspondent, would it not long ago have been in general use? He says he should be gratified if the above questions were answered.

In answer to the first inquiry, I would answer, the fusible plug is no indicator of the pressure or expansion of steam upon the boiler: the safety valve infallibly indicates the pressure of steam. I cannot learn that a boiler ever blew up with the safety valve raised by the force of steam and blowing off at the instant of explosion. On the contrary, boilers have exploded with an ordinary low pressure of steam. The adoption of this safeguard has met the universal protest of engineers on the Western rivers, for obvious reasons. When the water falls to a dangerously low point in the boiler, this fusible plug like a true sentinel, always at his post, invariably gives the alarm by opening an aperture in the boiler, and putting out the fire by blowing steam upon the fire in the furnace. There is no gagging or bribing him off duty. This trusty sentinel has been employed many years in France, and was never known recreant to his duty. In answer to the fourth inquiry, is the fireman's life in danger from fusion? I would have him understand the affirmative in this question; altho' a just chastisement is the consequence of his negligence in permitting a fusion of the plug. His punishment would be an envelopment in steam, ashes and cinders; scorched moustaches, eyebrows, &c.; and although the result is not fatal to the fireman, for neglecting to dampen down his fire, he probably would not permit this faithful old sentinel to wet it down more than once.

I answer to the inquiry, Is the plug a safeguard against setting the boat on fire from overheating the boiler? The plug would fuse out and extinguish the fire in the furnace at a less degree of heat, than would ignite the wood work of a boat. Boilers are placed nearly or quite in contact with the wood work, yet no danger may be apprehended from firing it, except the water becomes low in the boiler; when that occurs in the absence of the plug, the boiler is readily heated to redness, materially endangering the boat from fire. The fires on board of steamers, almost without exception, originate in the region of the boiler. No doubt overheating the boiler, by the absence of water and the plug, is the almost inevitable cause

of the common disaster of burning steamers, and the consequent great loss of life. The boat is often, from overheating the boiler, spared an explosion to share if possible a worse fate.

To the inquiry, Has the fusible plug ever been submitted to the scrutinizing test of science? I will answer, that the French nation contains men of the most eminent chemical skill, and men possessing the greatest inventive genius in chemical science, and the fusible plug has been adopted and used in that country for many years. Father John Bull, feeling a parental care for his offspring, inserted this safeguard into the first locomotive used in Yankee land. Deeming the iron horse a dangerous animal in the hands of the inexperienced Jonathan, he sent this trusty sentinel, placed in the fire arch of the boiler, to put out the fire on the approach of danger. Jonathan and his confidential engineer, having been one day detained on the Road by this troublesome tell-tale and mischievous interloper, and being ignorant of its design as a safeguard, came to the wise and unanimous conclusion to dispense with his service, discharged their trusty old French sentinel, and sent him home in their narrow and blinded estimation, disgraced. Jonathan has paid dearly for his ignorance and temerity.—The tens of thousands of widows and orphans; the thousands of departed spirits hurled headlong into eternity; the spirit of the immortal Watt, the Father of the steam engine, who never intended it as a death dealing instrument; are now calling in tones of thunder for a cessation of this almost daily havoc of human life.

Mr. Fusion, there has been much misapprehension and science in search of an explosive compound contained in the boiler, consisting of oxygen and hydrogen gases, supposed to be the result of a decomposition of the water, in consequence of the low state of the water and a red hot boiler. The use of the fusible plug commends itself. When we consider that iron heated to redness contains about 1000 degrees of heat, that pure lead fuses at 600, 400 less than the red heat of iron, that an alloy may be composed of lead and zinc, or lead, tin and bismuth, capable of fusing at any desired point of temperature above the boiling point, which is 212 degrees, it is plain to my notions of chemistry, that with this provision, an explosion cannot occur. How can it occur? Please inform me, as I am a timid passenger, afraid of steam. A PASSENGER.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

Chocinate Sprinklings.—Number 16.

By Docky Watty.

The trial is over: the dread sentence of the law has been pronounced, and Professor John W. Webster is a doomed man. I can hardly describe the intense interest, with which our citizens have watched the progress of this trial;—its details have formed almost the only topic of conversation for several weeks, and as the end approached, the excitement increased to such a feverish height, that a pause seemed to ensue, as if men halted in their ordinary pursuits, to learn the result. Opinions as to the correctness of the verdict rendered, are of course various and conflicting; but the majority support the decision, and very few, if any, doubt the guilt of the Prisoner. For myself I am obliged to confess, I expected a different result, because there seemed to me, materials enough in the evidence to throw a doubt upon the minds of the jury, and these materials I fully expected would be worked into such a form by the counsel for the Prisoner, that the jury would hesitate about conviction. I heard the whole evidence as to seeing Dr. Parkman on Friday afternoon, and every witness swore positively and clearly; there was no doubt, no hesitation, each one knew him well, saw him distinctly, and fixed the time of seeing him from good and sufficient data. It was from hearing this, that I became impressed with the idea, that the jury would be unable to agree upon a verdict. The argument of the Prisoner's senior counsel was different from what I had expected, though very able in some respects, and Dr. Webster himself made an unfortunate speech, before the charge was given. I have not the slightest doubt but that the jury decided in an upright, conscientious body of men could, under the circumstances; but the defence did not seem to show that fertility of resources, that ingenuity in raising doubts, usually exhibited in similar trials.

It is rather unjust however, to draw such conclusions, without a better understanding of the legal points in the case, and as I before stated, my mind received its bias from hearing a part of the evidence only.

I have been speaking of this trial in comparison with others, where the evidence appeared full as strong, and where the accused, though generally believed guilty, were allowed to escape on account of the doubtful nature of circumstantial proof.

A story is quite current in the city, that a student saw Dr. Webster, with the dead body of the murdered man, and that under the influence of personal fear, he bound himself by a solemn oath not to divulge the dreadful secret;—that afterwards he was taken with a brain fever, and in his ravings gave utterance to the fact, and confirmed it on becoming convalescent; but this is one of those stories which assumes no authentic form, while at the same time it has many firm believers.

I sent you a copy of the trial in pamphlet form, a few days since. The likeness of Dr. Webster drawn therein, is remarkably correct; but that of Dr. Parkman is a caricature. The Medical College, where the tragedy took place, has been thrown open for the inspection of visitors for a few days past, and thousands have taken advantage of it, to examine the apartments, and vault where the remains were found. In New York, it is said that a petition is in circulation, asking clemency for Dr. W., but no sympathy is expressed here, in favor of the movement. I notice that the papers in that and in other cities south, comment very freely upon the result of the trial, and many expressed surprise at the verdict.

Trade is extremely dull in this city, and our merchants are much disappointed, for the activity which prevailed in January, induced the anticipation of a very prosperous season. Money is a little tighter than it was in March, but will ease off again I think, in a week or two. You will see by the papers that we have another heap of gold by the Cherokee, amounting to more than a million of dollars.

Our State Legislature is still in session, but as plowing time approaches, the country members will become uneasy, and an adjournment may be expected soon.

The Ravens are now here, having fitted up the Federal St. Theatre. We have now five Theatres in full operation.

The owners of the Tremont House it is said, intend taking advantage of the late fire, to raise the building another story. Workmen are now engaged in tearing down the old buildings at the corner of Water and Congress Sts., in the place of which, a fine granite store is to be erected.

Giles's Lectures.

We must thank the publishers, Messrs. Ticknor, Reed and Field, for these beautiful volumes,—and also for a volume of Saxe's Poems—which came to us, very appropriately, thro' the hands of the Editor of the Yankee Blade. Appropriately—because he is a kind of general almoner of good things. The former we are reading with much delight; the latter we have gone through, again and again.

We were hardly disposed to be pleased, when we learned that these lectures were in press. The fact indicated that the author was about to retire from a field, where he had become so eminent; and though there are men enough in that field, it is not too much to say, that few can fill the place of Mr. Giles. These volumes, however, only embrace such of his lectures as have already been extensively listened to, and for which there seemed to be a real demand by the thinking portion of the reading public.

No lecturer is more readable than Giles.—He teaches us, in an easy and agreeable way, to think. Indeed, if his spoken lectures have any fault, it is, that they embrace too much thought for a popular audience. They have not time to comprehend as the speaker proceeds. Those who understand best, must retire with a strong wish to sit quietly at the fire-side and peruse the same lecture. It is no doubt in compliance with this desire on the part of the thousands who have listened to these lectures, that they are now published.—They must be widely read, and with great profit.

News from the Prosecuting Committee.

The Chairman of the Committee has handed us the following:

The Committee chosen by the Town of Waterville to prosecute for violations of the license law, have made some progress. They commenced by saying to the rum-sellers, that they would make no cost or trouble, if they could have satisfactory assurance that the unlawful traffic in intoxicating liquors would be immediately and entirely stopped for the coming year. This assurance could not be obtained. Promises were made to quit selling; but the Committee did not think fit to rely upon mere assertion, so long as they continued to keep the liquors in their shops. A dozen or more writs have been made, and most of them have been served. The Committee have no difficulty in obtaining proof for further operations. There have already been presented enough names of witnesses for more than one hundred prosecutions.

A circumstance of encouragement to the Committee, that many of the most intelligent among the customers of the rum-sellers, seeing the wide spreading evil of this business, have become ashamed and sick of it, and are now wishing to have the filthy holes closed up forever. It is said that none is now sold, except in a very private way.

The Committee would say a word to their temperance friends, who are urging them to listen on prosecution. Don't be impatient! Though the Committee may move slowly, they are determined to persevere. When any proof is presented, of recent violations, it will be attended to immediately.

We believe the people of Waterville have the utmost confidence in the prudence, candor and fidelity of their Committee, and would rather find them over cautious than chargeable with malice or rashness. They are doing their duty, and what has not been done is safe enough in their hands—only give them time, and stand by them!

Questions for the Debating Societies.—In sickness, which man suffers the most—a short arm or a long one? In other words, isn't the man who has six feet of pain, than in five feet four?—[Eastern Mail.]

We take the affirmative, without hesitation, and are willing to argue the case of full length. If brother Maxham, the "brave and forcible" Editor of the Mail, will assume the "five-feet-four" side of the question—why—the public will be sure to get the long and the short of it!—[Burlington Sentinel.]

Agreed!—but only on condition that if you whip us out we take only 'five feet four,' and if we whip you, we give you six feet and good measure.

A good Moral.

The Boston Traveller has the following excellent paragraph, in relation to the Parkman tragedy. Such a hint, seasonably applied, might have saved Coolidge and Webster from crimes so dreadful, that caution against them seems almost superfluous:

"We cannot forbear adding, what we have refrained from uttering before, but what we have felt from the beginning of this awful tragedy—that it presents an impressive warning against the demoralizing influence of a style of living and a course of indulgence, requiring expenditures beyond one's income. It shows, also, the utter insufficiency of mental and social cultivation, as a basis of character, without religious principle. Whatever amount of mental cultivation or social refinement any one may possess he needs the further safeguard of high moral and religious principles, as a defence against temptation. We have here another solemn admonition, that 'he that trusteth his own heart is a fool.'"

"Delays are Dangerous."

The editor of the Hallowell Gazette seems to "have his eye-teeth cut," though he pleads guilty of being now and then caught napping. He preferred that Hallowell should remain simply a town, till all her neighbors donned the city—when he suddenly caught the fever; and in his strange frenzy we hear him shouting for incorporation. Whether asleep or awake, we know not, though there really seems to be a touch of "method in his madness." Hear what he says:

"Waiting has been a curse in our path hitherto, if it should happen to prove a blessing in this case; for while we have been waiting and hesitating in this thing and that, we have suddenly found on getting the dust out of our eyes,

that some of our neighbors have just stepped in ahead, and in terror and amazement we behold the broad gauge cutting through mountains and valleys to hem us in the rear. If we conclude to wait much longer, perhaps we better take it easy and make fast somewhere in order to hold our own, so that on waking up in futurity we shall not be so far behind hand that nothing will wait for us."

HONORABLE.—The Boston Traveller of the 6th, says the \$3000 reward offered by the Parkman family, was that morning paid to Mr. Littlefield.

"This, large reward," says the Traveller, "has been voluntarily and promptly paid by Mr. Shaw, without any claim being set up by Mr. Littlefield for what he had done towards the detection and conviction of Dr. Webster."

"Birds of a feather flock together"—so the editor of the Clarion tells us, for some reason or other. Perhaps he intends to use the apothegm as a card of admission to good society.

Our hearty thanks to Mr. John H. Redington, of California, for the 'Alta California' of March 1st. 'Price 50 cts.' and 'Post-paid'—Mr. R. ought to be up to his knees in gold, if he serves a tenth part of his old Kennebec friends in this way.

The Boston Advertiser, of Wednesday, contains a letter addressed to the Hon. Daniel Webster, signed by 800 citizens of Boston, approving the views of his late speech.

If Mr. Webster's notes required as many endorsers as his Boston friends insinuate are necessary to render his "views" current, there would be little danger of his 'doing business on borrowed capital.'

GOOD.—Mr. Saxe, the poet, is engaged at present in the editorial department of the Burlington Daily Sentinel. If the Sentinel don't come loaded with sacks of good things, we shall be mistaken.

"*We have put a certain piece of poetry on file for lighting the pipes of our friends who smoke 'pigtail' tobacco. O, hedge-hogs!"

Laughable Anecdotes of Dr. Cooper.

Doctor Cooper, of the South Carolina College, was one of the best natured old gentlemen that ever lectured to mischievous boys. On one occasion, when he entered the lecture room, he found the class all seated with most unwonted punctuality, and looking wondrous grave. Mischievous, it was evident, was the cause, and it was apparent that they were prepared for a burst of laughter as the old doctor waddled along up to the professor's chair, for there sat an old he-goat, bolt upright, lashed to the chair. But they were disappointed of their fun, for instead of getting angry and storming at them, he mildly remarked, 'Aha! young gentlemen! quite republican, I see, in your tendencies; fond of a representative government—elevated one of your own number to the chair, ha! Well, well, it is all right. I dare say the present incumbent can fill it as well as any of you. You may listen to his lecture to-day.—Good bye! Don't feel sheepish about it!'—And away he went, without leaving a single smile behind him.

EFFECT OF IODINE. When Iodine was first introduced as a medicine, Doctor Cooper gave some to Doctor G., of Columbia, to administer to a case of scrofula, and at first it had a very good effect. This Dr. C. remembered. Some years after, wishing to illustrate to a class the beneficial effects of Iodine, he cited this case as a wonderful cure.

"It did the child a great deal of good," said he, "it relieved it of its sufferings directly; but I forgot, it subsequently. However, here comes Gibbs, he can tell you all about it. How was it, Gibbs? It had a wonderful effect, didn't it?"

"Yes, sir—the child died!" "Ah! did it? Well, I was not aware of that. Young gentlemen, it won't do to rely entirely upon Iodine. However, you see the effects of it."

The North Carolina Standard, looking at disunion in a business point of view, says:—

"We of the south now hold, and measurably control the civilized world with a cotton string. With our great staples, cotton, tobacco, rice and sugar, produced mainly by slave labor, we can command the peace of the Union, and to a great extent, the peace of the world. The North now makes per annum, by its carrying trade for the South and its profits on these staples, not less than one hundred millions of dollars; and brother Jonathan is too prudent and calculating an individual to throw away these vast benefits to gratify fanaticism, or to pander to the wicked projects of unprincipled and ambitious men. Brother Jonathan may cant and groan, and talk about his conscience; but he will never draw his sword against the south, happen what may."

AN ANACONDA ON THE ISTHMUS.—Several gentlemen in crossing the Isthmus when about a mile this side of Gorgona, came in contact with a large anaconda, that lay basking in the sunshine near the road. The natives, when they saw the reptile, took to their heels and ran, and could not be induced, upon any consideration to return and attack it. The Americans, having nothing but a pocket pistol with them, felt a little skittish about undertaking the task of killing so huge a monster.—So the 'terrible visitor' was suffered to pursue his way unmolested. It was about 18 feet long and 12 inches in diameter.

MILLIONS OF PIGEONS ROOSTING.—Letters from Indiana complain that some of the pigeon roosts cover the forests, for miles destroying the timber. A letter from Laurel says:—

"I am completely worn down. The pigeons are roosting all through our woods, and the roost extends for several miles. Our neighbors and ourselves have, for several nights, had to build large fires, and keep reports of fire-arms to scare them off. While I write, within a quarter of a mile, there are thirty guns firing as they destroy a great deal of timber, break limbs off large trees, and even tear up some by the roots. The woods are covered with dead pigeons, and the hogs are getting fat on them. Our friend Hendrick killed fifty at four shots."—N. Y. Jour. Com.

FIRE IN LINCOLNVILLE.—On Saturday night last, at "Frenches beach" the store of Mr. C. H. Hale, and its entire contents, books, papers, and all, was destroyed by fire. It is thought it might have taken fire by means of matches, which were on a shelf where the mice could get at them. The loss is put down at from \$2000 to \$3000, and no insurance.

One of Prof. Webster's daughters is reported to have become insane on account of the terrible calamity which has befallen the family.

FAT CATTLE.—The Albany Evening Journal speaks of a valuable drove of cattle recently brought to that market. Among them was one ox, nearly the size of a common elephant, weighing three thousand six hundred pounds; a five year old heifer, two thousand three hundred pounds, which took a premium at Syracuse last fall; also three pair of cattle, averaging four thousand five hundred pounds per pair, including a pair of fine black, weighing four thousand five hundred pounds.

A GOOD HIT AT THE USUAL CUSTOM AT A FIRE.—No little merriment was created at the fire yesterday morning, by the exclamation of a tall, spare German, with a night cap and green goggles on. He had removed all the goods from his store, many of which were broken, though his house escaped the flames. Surveying the wreck of some of his crockery ware, he exclaimed, "Dish is too bad; every thing broke, and noting burnt!"—[Detroit Free Press.

LIQUOR LAW.—The Massachusetts Legislature has passed, by a large majority, a stringent liquor license law, prohibiting the sale of all spirituous liquors or fermented liquor in a less quantity than twenty-eight gallons, except for medicinal and medicinal purposes. The penalty for infringement of this law is imprisonment in the county jail, or hard labor in the House of Correction from ten to thirty days—twenty dollars fine, and sureties to keep the peace and the liquor-law for a year. For a second conviction, thirty to sixty days imprisonment.

Rev. Rufus Babcock, D. D., pastor of a Baptist Church, at New Bedford, preached his farewell discourse to his people, last Sunday. Dr. Babcock is to become an agent for one of our benevolent societies.

MARINE RAILWAY.—The marine railway, recently constructed by a company in this town, and to which we have before alluded, was put in successful operation last week. It worked most admirably in every particular. It is capable of taking up vessels of the largest class, in a very short time, and with great ease.—This will be found a most valuable acquisition to the commercial community of this vicinity. [Belfast paper.

TAKEN FOR DR. PARKMAN.—The man referred to by the Attorney General, during the trial, as resembling Dr. Parkman, is said to be Mr. Bliss of Springfield, who was in the city on the 23d November, 1849, and was approached by several on that day, who addressed him as Dr. Parkman, but who, on discovering their mistake, apologised and passed on. The Bee mentions it having been stated that a lady, whom he did not know, bowed to him in Green street that afternoon.

MARKETS.

Waterville Retail Prices.				
Flour	\$5.50 a	6.25	Codfish	3 4
Corn	70	75	Mackerel, best	8 6
Oats	33	33	Hams	8 6
Beans	1.00	1.25	Beef, fresh	4 6
Eggs	10	10	Pork	6 7
Butter	12	14	Lard	10 10
Cheese	7	8	Apples, best	75 10
Salt, fine	37	40	cooking, best	25 50
"rock"	35	38	"dried"	25 50
Molasses	25	28	Potatoes	33 40
Brighton Market.				
THURSDAY, APRIL 4.				
AT MARKET, 360	Beef	Working Oxen	65 40	
Cattle 1200	Swine	4000	Swine	25 40
Swine 10	yoke working	Swine	2 50	3 4
Oxen 15	cows & calves.	Swine, wholesale		
Beef Cattle, Extra	80 75	Sows	4 5	
1st quality	8 75	Barrows	4 5	
2d quality	5 25	Retail	4 6	

NOTICES.

By Express.
NEW GOODS, just rec'd and now opening by J. R. ELDEN & Co. No. 3 Bottelle Block.

The Campaign Opened.
ESTY, KIMBALL & Co. are now opening their **SPRING GOODS**, at No. 4 Tropic Row, where all in want of New Styles and Fresh Goods, at very low prices, go to make their purchases.

Silk and Shawl Store.
MERCHANTS, and all others, are invited to remember the Silk and Shawl Store, **ESTY, KIMBALL & Co.**, 2 Milk Street, Boston. It is the great New England Depot of Shawls and Silk Goods, where purchasers will meet with a pleasing reception, whether their wants are small or large.



Guard against Disease of the Blood.
If you would wish to avoid all its attendant evil consequences, such as Consumption, Cancerous Habit, Ulcers, Obstructions, Urinary Trouble, &c.!! It is well known that the members of our system are vitally affected, and it is the duty of Physicians, that disease or impure Blood is the source of the most wasting and life-devouring Complaints that humanity is subject to. This impurity may be hereditary, or it may be received through various abuses of the system, inattention to general health, &c.

The late distinguished Dr. Thatcher, of Plymouth, thus writes on the subject:
"How can disease be hoped to yield to any skill, while the blood current courses through the veins loaded with impurity? Sent to the cellular membranes of the lungs, it gains no healthy vitality, and leaves this waste members of our system in a state of decay, and it is the duty of Physicians, that disease or impure Blood is the source of the most wasting and life-devouring Complaints that humanity is subject to. This impurity may be hereditary, or it may be received through various abuses of the system, inattention to general health, &c.

To check this font destroyer of mankind, and to cleanse the blood thoroughly, this powerful alternative of Dr. Corbett is with confidence given to the public.
"It will cure Consumption!—purify the Blood!—cleanse away all Cancerous Habit!—remove all Urinary Aggravation!—relieve Constipation of the Bowels!—head all Scrofulous Affections, and eradicate the imbedded taint!—this giving freshness and healthfulness to the blood, and securing to the system the fullest health."

WATER FOUND.
The owner can have the same by calling on the subscriber, proving property and paying charges.
BENJAMIN C. JOY.
Sebasticoak, March 20, 1850. 36-30

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AT THE NEW STORE, NORTH OF THE DEPOT, 25 HILLS. New Crop MOLASSES, 16 quints CODFISH; 10 barrels Clear Pork; 10 do. Miso do; also a lot of BUTTER, CHEESE and HAMS. The above articles will be sold at reduced prices.
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PHILLIPS'S.
February 25.

Flour.
A LARGE lot of FLOUR, of different brands, just received and for sale at
E. SMITH, No. 1 Tropic Row.
March 16.

MOLASSES.
A PRIME lot of NEW CROP MOLASSES, just received and for sale, wholesale and retail, at reduced prices, by
March 16. E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Tropic Row.

Just Received.
AT THE NEW STORE, NORTH OF THE DEPOT, 25 HILLS. New Crop MOLASSES, 16 quints CODFISH; 10 barrels Clear Pork; 10 do. Miso do; also a lot of BUTTER, CHEESE and HAMS. The above articles will be sold at reduced prices.
WATERVILLE, Feb. 28, 1850. A. FULLER.

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