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Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. V.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1852.

NO. 39.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE LOCOMOTIVE'S SONG.

BY DE. E. W. LOCKE.

Once! Once! I pant to fly,
And scent the air of distant vales;
I long again my speed to try
With fleetest birds and sweeping gales.
My blood is hot, my sinews strong,
I'm ready for a race or fray;
Ye who would ride haste haste along,
My time is up, and I'm away.

A-choo! a-choo! my path is clear,
My wheels begin their chorus deep,
Without a care, without a fear,
Majestic o'er the earth I sweep;
The frightened fox leaps from his lair,
And cowers his head beneath his feet;
The startled partridge cleaves the air,
The solid earth beneath me quakes.

Ching-ching-a-ling! look out! look out!
Let men and beast my path beware!
I give a friendly warning shout,
And onward speed with wings of air;
I climb the lofty mountain's steep,
I dash through rocky caverns drear,
Across the dashing torrent leaps,
Or plunge beneath its foaming bed.

The wealth of precious mines I bear,
And tidings fresh from foreign lands;
A thousand souls my favors share,
And fly or rest at my commands:
A merry, roving life I lead,
And joyous whistle on my way,
Ching-ching-a-ling! my kind of speed,
My race is sport, my labor play.

MISCELLANY.

(From the Knickerbocker for April.)

A FEW HINTS ABOUT GENIUS AND TALENT.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

SOME common ideas are so nearly alike in their bolder outlines and grosser qualities, and at the same time so intangible and evanescent in their finer shades of meaning, and, withal, each of them in itself so complex and multi-form in its character; and, more baffling than all, so closely allied to each other, that it is a severe task of discrimination to fix clearly in the mind distinct and separate notions of them. It is sometimes more difficult still to express, when so fixed, those distinct notions in intelligible language. However, there is no safety and but little profit either in discussion or dissection, unless you define before you begin: say not, unfrequently, where definition begins, difference and discussion end. Then there is the rub; how to define precisely; how to express that definition in such language as to exclude everything foreign, and yet to comprehend with perspicacity everything cognate; in short, how to include everything proper, and yet include nothing too much.

Purely intellectual ideas are never easily defined. It is no light matter to avoid a confusion of such ideas with others closely resembling them, and to fix the particular notion singly before the mind. Then too our conception of them takes much of its hue and shape from our individual organization. Beside, the stubbornness of language will not bend at choice to embrace exactly the nicer shades of meaning we would express, without the hazard of expressing too much. All who have attempted discussion of subtle distinctions of this sort have painfully felt this embarrassment. Hence, definitions of such abstract ideas as Wit, Humor, Poetry, and the like, although exhibiting great intellectual acumen and power of thought, coupled with copiousness and felicity of phraseology, have generally been deemed unsatisfactory.

It may be that we are apt to attribute too much of this misfortune to the poverty of language, and too little to our own want of grasp and precision of thought. The mind is often at fault, perhaps, than the tongue we speak: the dialectician more culpable than the dialect. Fix the idea clearly before your mind; scrutinize it closely; examine it critically; be sure you have purged the ore from every particle of dross; see that you comprehend its positive and negative qualities; its abstract nature, its exact relative position to other kindred ideas; look to it that you see without confusion where lies the difference between it and other similar and seemingly synonymous ideas, and I believe the tyranny and poverty of language will greatly vanish, and its copiousness and felicity begin to be apparent in no inconsiderable degree. Still, it must be confessed, the task is tedious and perplexing; and one is often puzzled for a word, and is compelled to adopt an awkward circumlocution, or ambiguous phrase, to save a happy idiomatic expression; or, what may be worse, re-model an entire sentence, and perhaps in the end as badly want some other word.

I encounter all these difficulties in no ordinary degree at the outset, as I presumptuously attempt to jot down 'A FEW HINTS ABOUT GENIUS AND TALENT.' I had better confess at the start that I have no definition to give. I do not set up for an oracle. I throw out the suggestions, and leave for others, who have more leisure, and can bring to bear upon them greater power of analysis, the task of testing their worth. Moreover, I am very far from pretending to insist that all my views are correct; or that I may not have been betrayed by fanciful antitheses, or seduced by an appetite for paradox; into many an error. If, however, I shall succeed in prevailing upon my reader to reflect upon the distinctions I allude to, and, whether my notions be real or fanciful, shall assist him, either as an opponent or proselyte to my propositions, in coming to a clearer view of the meaning that should now be universally attached to the two words, Genius and Talent, I shall have accomplished my uttermost hope. I do but attempt, by abstract considerations, and with little or no argument or illustration, to suggest the basis of a definition, and to help, by strong contrast, to discriminate between two mental characteristics so widely dissimilar, and yet so often popularly confounded. Popularly, I say, for I do not conceive this mistake lies very deep. Among accurate-thinking men, such a distinction is pretty well established, and generally recognized, though not yet absolutely and unmistakably defined with such precision and lucidity as to prevent the one

being sometimes confounded with the other even there. I fear, however, I shall be very dry and tedious; and unless my reader is stimulated by great curiosity, and softened by much charity, he had better pass me by 'on the other side.'

Genius, as I understand it, is the result of a peculiar and felicitous combination of mental faculties, mental qualities, and physical organization. The combination is peculiar, inasmuch as it differs from every other known combination, in possessing some positive and subtle attributes that none other has; and it is felicitous, as it excels every other combination by its productions in a marvellous way. It is not Taste, nor Wit, nor Humor. It is not Common Sense or Facility. Finally, it is not Talent. It may coexist with each and all, or it may exist essentially independent of either. Now I apprehend there is but little practical danger of confounding any of these, except Talent, with genius. The difference between them is comparatively easy of illustration, but they are hardly susceptible of separate definition.

Genius may be said to be the ability to conceive, comprehend, and re-produce truth, beauty, and harmony: talent is the ability to explore, gather up, and re-construct truth, beauty, and harmony. Genius is creative ability: talent is executive ability. Genius, in its nature, growth, and power, is 'subjective'; talent, in its nature, growth, and power, is 'objective.' Genius is speculative and visionary: talent is practical and matter-of-fact. Genius revels in the ideal and the possible: talent delves in the real and the actual. Genius conceives and invents: talent finds and remembers. Genius seeks by its own inward power to develop what it finds within itself: talent seeks foreign aid, and aims at a foreign object. To adopt a word, Genius is *intrinsic*: talent is *transitive*. In their works, genius is easy and natural: talent is fastidious and accurate. Genius, in its results, has a quality of unexpectedness, and produces wonder, as wit produces surprise: talent shows you its clue, long before it attains the end. One might almost say genius is the *instinct*, talent the *reason* of the understanding. Genius 'substitutes intellectual visions for proof,' and has the 'clear conceptions out-running the deductions of logic': talent moves by regular processes of thought. The operations of genius are *a priori*, from cause to effect: the operations of talent are *a posteriori*, from effect to cause. Talent is a sagacious appreciation: genius is intuition. Talent ascends: genius transcends. Talent is empirical and experimental: genius is transcendental and prophetic. 'Nothing can be proved to exist,' says Talent: 'I know that I exist,' says Genius. Thus talent arrives at a conclusion: Genius has a revelation.

The moral characteristics, if one may be pardoned the expression, in considering this intricate subject, are broadly different in genius and talent. Genius has more enthusiasm and self-devotion; talent has more zeal and energy. Genius is melancholy; talent is sober. Genius is affected by sensibility; talent by the passions. Genius overstrained is more apt to burst into madness; talent overtaken to lapse into idiocy. Genius is patient in conception, impatient in development; talent is impatient in conception, patient in development—each moving more freely when it feels its strength. Genius is moved by impulse, and is degenerate; talent, chained to the will as a motive-power, is methodical and direct. Genius *excels* in the growth of capacity and power in genius is like the growth of a fruit, or a tree; spontaneous, constantly adding to itself, yet indivisible and a unit, still having the same identity. The same growth in talent depends chiefly upon cultivation; it is like the growth of a crystal, (as science reveals it), adding to itself, yet each addition separate, separable, and obvious. The former grows by expansion from within; the latter by accretion from without. Genius seeks to discover the hidden providences of God, and the mystery of man's nature, and, by 'wreaking its thoughts upon expression,' to ally itself and mankind with the great Godhead Himself: talent labors to apply truth practically to the immediate wants of man. Genius penetrates far into depths unfathomable, led on amid the mazes and windings of error, bearing a torch in its hand, and seeing what is good and what is worthless, gathers only that it seeks: talent gropes its way through the dark labyrinth, guided by a clue, gathering all it finds, and drags its indiscriminate booty into the day-light of other men's minds. Genius is conscious of itself, and needs no circumstance to call it forth; talent often awaits the call of pride, ambition, or duty, and first discovers its power when passion has forced it into exercise.

It would be a curious and perhaps a profitable investigation, if practicable, to find out how different men get possession of their ideas. I know of scarcely anything that could afford a more edifying entertainment, than to hear the honest confessions of a hundred able men as to the mode in which their ideas reached them. When we hear a great intellect announcing as a definition of genius the single word 'Patience,' we may safely guess that it is such an one, ideas come slowly and laboriously. And when another defines upon that definition, and says: 'Genius seeks and Patience finds,' we may conjecture that to such an one, too, there is much 'beating about the bush' before the game is started. And when a third tells us that 'Genius is capacity for mental effort,' we may well imagine that his thoughts are not generated without much sweat of the brain. And here, let me say, I am forced to believe that one reason why so many different and contradictory theories are afloat in the world, respecting the intrinsic nature of genius, is, that self-love has hindered all who have attempted to define it, from so describing its boundaries as to exclude themselves from its territory.

But to return: Charles Lamb speaks of 'craving halves to ideas' struck out, like sparks from the anvil, in the heat of conversation. Some one, perhaps Dean Swift, describes himself as catching by stealth, in its transit, 'an idea Heaven intended for some other man.' But the most honest expression I have met with on this head, is a line or two of Sydney Smith. There is so much comfort to us slow mortals contained in it, that I shall be pardoned for repeating the whole passage. 'The mind,' says he, quite as oracularly, if not quite as dogmatically as myself: 'the mind advances in its train of thought as a restive colt proceeds on the road in which you wish to guide him; he is always running to one side or the other, and deviating from the proper path, to which it is your affair to bring him back. I have,' says the Rev. Sydney, 'asked several men what passed in their minds when they are thinking; and could never find any man who could think for two minutes together. Every body has seemed to admit that it was a perpetual deviation from a particular path, and a perpetual return to it; which imperfect as the operation is, is the only method in which we can operate with our minds to carry on any process of thought.' Now I suspect this may very well describe the mode of thinking by the men of more talent than genius, but that the 'crying halves,' and intercepting 'ideas intended for other men,' better illustrates the process by which men of genius arrive at their ideas; and I am more inclined to this opinion, because of the quality of suddenness, without loss of harmony or beauty, often visible in the thoughts and ideas of genius; while those of talent are obviously slow and anticipated.

By genius, says Fuseli, 'I mean that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge; which discovers the new materials of nature; or combines the known with novelty; while talent arranges, cultivates, and polishes the discoveries of genius.' That is to say, genius creates while talent constructs. Thus, in art and letters the creations of genius are copious, vast, true, and in harmony with nature; the productions of mere talent are literal, hard, imitative and prosaic, or grotesque and fantastical. With the first, everything revolves on the pivot of truth; with the other, this common centre is wanting. Genius is a law unto itself; talent must obey the law as it is written; and as it deviates, so it errs.

Perhaps no man was ever so peculiarly qualified to expound these distinctions as S. T. Coleridge. Certainly in a few words he has thrown a flood of light upon the matter. 'Genius,' says he, 'finds in its own wants and instincts an interest in truths, for their truth's sake.' Again: 'To possess the end in the means, as it is essential to morality in the moral world, and the contra-distinction from mere prudence, so it is in the intellectual world the moral constituents of genius, and that by which true genius is contra-distinct from mere talent. Even as the true moralist 'does right' not from the paltry and contemptible motive that 'honesty is the best policy,' but simply because it is right, so the man of genius develops the great power within him from a law of its being, and because he finds that power there. In another place he says: 'Genius is originality in intellectual construction; talent is the comparative facility of acquiring, arranging, and applying the stock furnished by others, and already existing in books, and other conservatories of intellect.' And in still another place: 'This is a good gauge of genius, whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself. These are golden sands, scattered here and there in the bed where the mighty current of his intellect flowed. I do but gather them up; I am not worthy to fuse or fashion them up.'

In the republic of the mind, genius is the source of power; talent is the executive or ministerial faculty. Genius invents and develops; talent collates and executes. Genius must not be confounded with Talent, or even cleverness: these are but phases of talent, or its ready satellites, as imagination and sensibility are phases of genius. Genius is a 'fiery particle,' deriving its light and color from within itself, and like a burning coal shines in the dark; talent, borrows its lustre from without, and is seen only where there is light. Genius, too, leans to the poetical, and has a quality of feminineness, of which mere talent, hard and prosaic as it is, is deficient: indeed, genius is more common among women, while talent is more common among men.

In matters of judgment, I know not whether genius or talent is the more reliable: either, taken separately, can scarcely be trusted. The ideas of men of genius do so come in flashes—the blaze suddenly lighting up some part of a subject, like torch-light in a cavern, glaring with excess of light, thickening darkness as it repels it—that the understanding may be deceived. Hence may come partial views, eccentricity and sudden inconsistency, though with all real sincerity. Now, with men of talent the light is more steady, but there may be a deficiency of light.

Genius is versatile, strikes out a new spark at every blow, is inexhaustible, and like nature, never repeats itself. Talent elaborates, perfects, and polishes its ideas; but they are finite, have 'iteration in them,' and bear a family resemblance. Genius is the child of impulse; talent is born of the will. Genius is irregular, untidy, and 'studious of new things'; talent obeys an iron master, and its action wears and frets a channel, in which it flows the more easily and powerfully as it is sustained and assisted by the momentum of habit. Genius has no habits.

It would be a bold proposition to start, that such men as Bacon, Shakespeare, and Milton, were not men of genius; and yet it is true they were not men of mere genius. They had also prodigious talent, and they achieved their great works after so grand a manner, that they stand out like pyramids on the desert of the past, colossal and sublime, because they had also talent commensurate for the magnificent schemes their genius planned. Now, this vital distinction must always be kept in view while analyzing a mind; and herein lies the main difficulty of considering this embarrassing subject, and the source of most of the confusion that prevails. There are many men of genius with little or no talent, and there are many of talent with little or no genius. Of the two classes, the former is made of the finer clay, and fashioned in a more exquisite mould; so that in an atmosphere purely intellectual and refined, they will be found rising higher than the latter; but in most instances, doubtless they 'die and leave no sign,' and are forgotten. The latter often do much work in their day and generation, and often to great and good purpose. The former are commonly too gentle and too sensitive for the rough rockings of the cradle of poverty and obscurity: except when lucky accident of birth or fortune rescues them from so sad a fate, and makes them ornaments

tal, there is danger of their becoming mere drones, to encumber the face of the earth—*nati consumere fruges*. I have encountered many such an one. The others are the workers in the world; the 'material aid' that men of more imagination and subtler intellects press into their service. They are the intellectual 'hewers of wood and drawers of water.' God bless the utility of Talent! They hew down the giant-oaks of the primeval forest, and, turning the furrow, let in the fructifying light of sunshine where murky shadows have slept for centuries; they circumnavigate the globe; they ransack the archives of antiquity; explore the recesses of antediluvian temples, and decipher their hieroglyphics; they unearth the buried majesty of Egypt and they drag up the secret treasures of the unfathomed caves of the ocean. God bless Talent! And yet, alas! as he that has the heart to conceive often lacks the power to do the work, so he that has the hands to do it, sometimes finds them idle, because he hath neither eyes to see nor ears to hear; or, in colloquial phrase, cannot set himself to work. Nay, it is only when Genius bears the torch, and Talent gives its strength to the work, great deeds are accomplished. Then, 'by Saint Paul, the work goes bravely on!'

Genius without talent, I say, finds itself much at a loss how to get on in the world. Its peculiarities are oftentimes a bar to its progress. Talent without genius generally gets on bravely, and succeeds oftentimes from the absence rather than the presence of qualities; as a man with a conscience will starve sometimes where a man without one will thrive and fatten: nay, its very peculiarities, or rather want of peculiarities, remove many a stumbling-block from its path: for we know, genius is full of tremulousness and sensibility, while talent is full of nerve and energy. Genius sees so much, and feels so much, that without talent it is timid in action, and hesitates. It 'considers too curiously.' To borrow from Hamlet the good dramatist's type of genius, we may say it doubts by

—thinking too precisely on the event;
A thought which quatters, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward:
And finally puzzles itself into inaction. But on the other hand, with talent, whatsoever its hands find to do, that does it, with all its might; nay, to give the whole picture, not unfrequently it 'rushes in where angels fear to tread.'

Besides, genius often derives more strength from the heart than the head. It is prone to be warm, tender, profuse, spontaneous, gushing, full of sympathy, and careless of itself and the morrow. It soothes and loves the weakness of humbler minds, and, by all these outlets, is constantly diverted from its purpose, and its time wasted: the tide in its affairs is not 'taken at the flood,' and opportunity is lost. Talent borrows little of the heart: is cold, prone to formality and elaborateness; is calculating, burns steadily, nurses its reputation, husband its resources, spends every inch of canvass, makes every thing 'tell'; nay, more, is cutting, sarcastic, and hates cordially the weakness of feeble men, and spurns them. Genius is fitful and erratic; talent is the essence of equanimity and imperturbableness. Moreover, genius groans at the curse of labor, and shudders at practical details; while talent likes to work, and cheerfully masters all practical details. Then genius is proud in the simple consciousness of possession; but talent glories in the

full of doubleness and a riddle; is mystic, and walks in a cloud; but talent is single in purpose, plain, practical, no greater or other than it appears. Genius is exclusive, and dreads lest its household gods should be jostled and profaned by strangers and barbarians; but talent has no household gods. In short, to sum up the whole matter, genius should have talent combined with it, and talent should have genius to enable either to act with independence and compensating energy and success in the affairs of life. To quote from Coleridge: 'Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as imagination must have fancy; in short, the higher intellectual powers act through a corresponding energy of the lower.'

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

A volume narrating the many high-spirited acts performed by the American women of the Revolution, of all ranks of life, would make one of the most interesting books of our country's annals. Time, in its ever sweeping course has buried in oblivion facts worthy of everlasting remembrance, because there was no chronicle to mark down the events of the period. But there exist traditional stories in many families which can be gathered, and they should be chronicled—and among such sketches, the women of the Revolution—noble hearted—should not be forgotten. Seventy five years ago, there stood upon the summit of 'Murray Hill' a handsome country seat, the residence of Robert Murray, a Quaker merchant of much eminence in New York. It was a beautiful mansion, surrounded with gardens and fruit trees, just far enough from the city, as it existed at that day, to be delightful, rural and undisturbed from the encroachments of unskilled city visitors.

It was toward the hour of two on a mild afternoon in September, seventy-five years gone by, that a lady in the garb of a Quakeress stood upon the portico of this dwelling, looking anxiously into the road which passed about a hundred yards in front. Her countenance was mild, but then expressed great anxiety—and not without reason, for ever and anon was heard the loud peal of the cannon, and the rattling fire of musketry, as if men were engaged in deadly strife, and now and then a faint cheer arose amid the clangor of arms.

Upon the road in rapid retreat, passed large bodies of soldiery. Artillerymen rode along at the head of their pieces, and baggage carts and ammunition wagons mingled in the melee. It was evident the Americans were leaving the city in rapid flight to save themselves from being cut off from the entrenchments on the upper part of the island.

Three or four negro servants of both sexes stood near to her, to whom she from time to time addressed herself. Presently a black fellow came rushing towards the house, from a branch of the road, his eyes protruding from fright, and his mouth extended from ear to ear.

'Oh, missus! down in the meadow near de bay, is a hundred dead sejer, and de English are driving de Mericans with guns and swords before dem! Oh, missus, sight is horrible!'

Facing the image of their creator! and for what? 'Oh, see, Missus!' exclaimed several of the servants.

Four soldiers of the buff and blue uniform of the continentals, turned from the road up the broad avenue, filled with trees, which led to the house, bearing upon a litter of reversed muskets a young man, from whose body the blood was oozing so fast that it marked the track along the whole path. Onward they came towards the mansion.

'Cato! Maggy! bring instantly a mattress and pillows, and place them here in this shady spot. Fly all of thee! Poor youth! poor youth! he is dying!'

The faithful negroes were absent but a moment before they returned with a mattress, pillows, sheets, blankets, and placed them in a cool corner of the wide portico, which extended the whole length of the mansion. The soldiers came up and the leader of the party addressed the lady:

'Madam, our ensign is badly wounded. Our captain directed us, claiming your liberality, to leave him here. The surgeon will soon follow. 'Thee has done right. The shelter God has bestowed upon me shall be open to the unfortunate. Poor youth! poor youth!' she exclaimed as they laid him upon a mattress.

The young officer opened his eyes and gazed around him. His age was not more than twenty—fair-haired and fair-skinned, but pale, very pale, for the signs of death were too strongly marked on his white and even brow to be mistaken. His eyes were of deep blue; as they fixed their glance upon the fine expressive features of the Quaker lady, he murmured almost audibly:

'Mother!'

'Poor boy! thou hast a mother living, then—one who perhaps is now lifting her voice to God to save thee from the dangers of the bloody calling into which thou hast fallen. Raise his head, soldier, a little more. He will soon be at rest.' But the last sentence was murmured to herself.

The surgeon now came rapidly up the avenue, and was soon at the side of the youth. He felt of his pulse, opened his vest, and two gun shots were seen, around which the blood was fast congealing.

'Poor Dick, he has seen his last fight,' said the surgeon. 'Either of these wounds, madam, is mortal—he cannot live at longest half an hour. Follow your companions, men, the foe is close behind. My good lady, farewell, I can be of no use here. Let me ask of you the favor to get this poor boy buried by the enemy when they enter their own dead.' He bent hastily over the dying ensign, wiped away a tear, and rushed out after the soldiers.

The good Quaker lady took one hand of the youth in her own, and passed her other over his clammy brow, where the cold drops of approaching death were fast gathering. He opened his eyes for the last time, smiled upon the woman whose gaze was now fixed upon him, murmured faintly, 'Dear mother!' clasped her hand convulsively, and the next instant ceased to exist!

The lady said not a word. She rose from her recumbent posture, drew a snow-white linen sheet over the body, and with a stifled sob, looked down the avenue. In different portions of the open orchard appeared soldiers bearing the dying forms of their comrades, which they laid carefully down, and then rushed rapidly towards their regiments, passing down the main

dozen soldiers were placed in this way directly around the mansion.

Summoning her servants, one and all, the good lady went into the orchard to aid the poor dying soldiers as far as lay in her power. Her attention had not long been given, before an officer, in the buff uniform of Washington's staff, came riding at full speed up the road, and turning without slackening his speed toward the mansion. He reined in his steed as he reached the lady, observing her kind actions toward the soldiers.

'I have the honor of addressing Mrs. Murray.'

'If these means the wife of Robert Murray, I am what thou callest me,' replied the lady, looking up.

'My dear madam, pardon my address. The kindness I see displayed tells me I am not mistaken. The commander-in-chief has sent me to ask the favor, if possible, of your detaining the advance of the British troops by receiving Sir William Howe and his associates with your civilities, as they will probably stop to take a glass of wine if requested!'

'My dear madam—and he bowed his head nearer to the lady, as if in private conference—a portion of our troops are yet in the city, and they can only escape by the Bloomingdale road. You may prevent the march of the enemy across the Island.'

'Tell your General, young man, that I shall offer General Howe all the civilities in my power.'

'Thanks, Mrs. Murray—thanks!' and the aid rode away.

Not more than five minutes had elapsed from the time the officer departed, when the sound of martial music with notes of victory filled the air, and proclaimed movements of advancing troops. Mrs. Murray went down to the road, and with two or three attendants, awaited their coming.

whom I now humbly represent as commander-in-chief of his forces in North America.'

'I am alike the friend of King George and of Congress—of William Howe and George Washington. It becomes me not, a poor weak thing of God's making, to dislike any of his creatures.'

Sir William Howe bowed. He was too polite to argue political matters with the good Quakeress. He rode into the park, after commanding a general halt of ten minutes for the refreshment of the troops, followed by Sir Henry Clinton, Gen. Knyphausen, commander of the Hessians, Lord Percy, Generals Leslie and Grant, and his staff were dismounted and followed Mrs. Murray to the mansion.

Refreshments of cake, wine and cold meats were ordered out upon the lawn in profusion, of which the officers partook freely—and tradition says that Sir Henry Clinton, who was a great bon vivant, remarked to his superior officer in an undertone, 'that if the cellars of the mansion contained any large quantity of such Madeira, he should like to be billeted there for the campaign.' In the meantime Mrs. Murray had directed Cato, the black servant, privately to go to the top of the mansion, and the instant he saw a large body of men pass a certain point on the Bloomingdale road, to give her the information by signal. I may as well remark that from the hill the road could not be perceived, but from the cupola of the dwelling it was very easily seen.

Nearer an hour, than the ten minutes Sir Wm. Howe gave orders for the halt of his troops, had passed away, yet still before the mansion he lingered with his officers. Mrs. Murray had entertained them not only with refreshments but conversation. The younger portion of the officers had entered the orchards and amused themselves with gathering the fruit with which the trees were bending, ripened under the sun of an early autumn, and thus the time had slipped away unawares.

At length Cato made the requisite signal, and Mrs. Murray turning to the British commander, said—

'Will thee and thy officers step with me to the portico of the mansion? I have a sight for thee all.'

This was uttered in so quiet and grave a tone, that the merriment at their triumph over the 'rebels,' instantly ceased, the glasses were put down, and Sir William Howe and his Generals followed the Quakeress as requested. Leading them to the end of the portico, she stooped down and lifting the sheet, uncovered the body of the poor continental ensign.

Handsome even in death, were the features of the youth. His fair curling hair blew lightly over his marble cheek, in the soft breeze. The buff lining of his uniform was deeply streaked with his life blood, which had gathered in a clotted pool upon the mattress? The sight was indeed one to awaken emotions in the sternest breast.

'Who among ye will answer to God and to this boy's mother for the bloody deed?' said Mrs. Murray, raising her eye calmly to the group of officers.

'To horse, gentlemen! Madame, such are the fortunes of war. Thanks for your courtesy!—Farewell!'

This was the only response of Sir William Howe. What more could he say? In a few moments the blast of the trumpets, and the sound of the drums and the files told that the troops were on the march to triumph and victory.

The main facts of this sketch are true. Mrs. Murray, the patriotic Quakeress, by detaining Sir William Howe, saved a large body of American troops—near upon three thousand—under the command of Putnam, who would have been penned up in the city with his men if the British army had crossed the Island sooner. Might not the loss of three thousand troops to Washington at that time have been sufficient to change our whole destinies, as regards a Republic? It is a grave thought. At any rate, all honor to Mrs. Murray, the Quaker lady of olden times.

VEGETABLE POISONS.—Quack doctors do impose on the credulity of the ignorant by vaunting the innocence of vegetable medicines. It so happens that all the most virulent poisons are of vegetable origin. There is the burning nicotine, and the deadly aconite, which destroy in small fractions of a grain; and strychnia, a fourth part of a grain of which has killed a wild boar in a few seconds; and prussic acid, so prevalent in many botanical riches. Then there are the deadly alkalies of hemlock and tobacco, and oxalic acid of treacherous fame, all derived from the vegetable kingdom. Before the rapidly mortal action of some of the vegetable products we have mentioned, arsenic, that terror of the mineral kingdom, is innocuous itself, and sublimely is impotent.

YEAST.—The bitterness of yeast, which is often a cause of complaint, may be removed by straining it through bran, or by dipping red hot charcoal in it. But the most effectual and easily available remedy is to put the yeast into a pan, and cover it with spring or well water, changing it every three or four hours. The bran seems to impair the strength, and the coal sometimes stains it, but the water purifies it in color and taste.

This mode of using water for keeping and purifying yeast has been adopted by some of the American housekeepers with entire success. So says the Gardiner's Chronicle.

THE EFFECTS OF GRIEF.—George Clark, an Englishman, put up at a hotel in Cleveland, Ohio, recently, and during the night a thief entered his room and robbed him of all his money excepting about one dollar. He arose the next morning bitterly despondent and broken-hearted. Having remained at the hotel for two or three days, in hopes to get some clue to the robber, but in vain, he retired one night in the gloomiest spirits, and was found dead on the following morning. A post-mortem examination was held, and the doctors decided that his immediate death was caused by apoplexy of the heart, induced or expedited by his recent loss. He had left his family (a wife and four children) in Indiana, with only enough to follow him, when he should succeed in business, and the heartless robbery left him completely destitute. He was made penniless, dies of a broken heart, and is buried at the city's expense, a pauper.

Dr. Prety appears to have found a very simple means of arresting the hiccup. It is simply to squeeze the wrist, preferably that of the right hand, with a piece of string, or with the forefinger and thumb of the other hand.

MISCELLANY.

A COTTAGER'S LAMENT.

An English laborer, whose child was suddenly killed by the falling of a beam, wrote the following lines, suggested by the melancholy event. They are touchingly beautiful:

Sweet, laughing child!—the cottage door
Stands free and open now,
Beneath its sunshine glides no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy merry step hath passed away;
Thy laughing sport is passed away.

Thy mother by the fire-side sits,
And listens for thy call;
And slowly—slowly, as she knits,
Her quiet tears down fall;
Her little handering time is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on!

A Warning Voice from California.

A friend has handed us a letter which he received from a brother in California by the last steamer, and which was written in reply to one asking advice in regard to another brother's going out to the gold regions. The letter before us was written, not for publication, but as a brother's advice to a brother. Its statements may therefore be relied upon, and the extracts which we have made, ought to be well considered by the hundreds of young men who are now rushing to California, with hopes which in all probability must be sadly disappointed. The letter is dated *Bear River, Jan. 1, 1852*.

The principal object of your letter was to ask my advice about brother A's coming to California. Now I beseech of you do not think of such a thing for a moment. I will tell you why. In the first place A is a married man and has a family of children to watch over and take care of, and what can he do for them here? Another reason is, if A comes out here it will cost him nearly \$400, and he will be landed without a dime in a land where everything is ten times as costly as at home, with the only exception of labor, which at the present time is below par. I will give you a few facts which you can rely on as truth. The last trip up of the Golden Gate she had on board thirteen hundred and fifty passengers—mostly mechanics from New York and the State of Maine. A good portion of them immediately started for the mines. When they had got some hundred miles from Sacramento they found themselves without a dime in the world. The land was full of them. They could not go to mining, and if they should they could not make enough to pay for what they eat, putting aside tools to work with. I have had at least a hundred men offer to work for me for their board, and you can hire as many as you want for from \$30 to \$50 per month, and on that sum no man can live out here when provisions are as high as they now are. Every one I have spoken to about A's coming out here, says, 'say to him, stay at home by all means. Do not let him make a fool of himself by coming out here, as thousands of others have done.' He is ten thousand times better off at home with 75 cents a day than with \$3 or \$4 out here.

You must not believe all the stories that are written about California. Most of them are lies and base forgeries. They are manufactured by a few men engaged in steamboats and other conveyances, to keep up this excitement, so that their boats and coaches may go full. I will give you an instance which actually occurred. Just after the arrival of a large number of new comers at Sacramento, the proprietor of a line of stages running into the mountains, gave a large specimen of gold, which he had purchased from a gambler, to a person, and told him to raise an excitement with it. The lump was worth \$1575. The man took it and went down to the lower part of the city, where he exhibited it on the sidewalk, telling at the same time, a good story, how, when and where it was obtained. According to his story, it was found at a large creek near Auburn, where there are plenty of chances for thousands of miners. These new comers eagerly bite at the bait. Some of them, perhaps have but a few dimes, or at the most, but a few dollars, and these they readily give to ride in the stage to this golden place, where all they have to do is to stoop down and pick up the rich lumps. The poor fellows soon find that they have been gulled—that they are penniless, and have got to beg for something to eat. This is solemn truth. There is not a day that passes but I feed and let pass over my bridge free from ten to twenty persons, because they have not a dime to pay for it.

Think over the list of those you know who came to California, and see how many of them have made any thing. A great many of them get just money enough to get home, and thousands die and rot here, because they cannot get money to take them home. I am told by persons that have just arrived out here, that the excitement is greater now than ever before in all the Eastern States, and that one half the population will come out here this Spring, how much suffering there will be, God only knows. Now let me tell you how I live out here. Since last July I have slept on the ground, with merely a blanket over me, and when it rained in torrents, a piece of board to keep me from the wet, and an old tent to keep the thickest off my head; I have lived like a nigger, and worked like a slave, and you know how much of the stuff called gold I have been able to send home. If it had not been for my pride I should certainly have been home long ago. No one knows what I have suffered—sometimes even for food, and with nothing but the blue canopy of Heaven to cover me at night. Is it at all strange, then, that I feel so about A's coming out here? for if he does he has got to go through with the same. Tell him he is better off with 75 cents at home, than he could be out here.

You speak in your letter about those who come home staying a few days, and then starting again for California and you wonder why it is so. I will tell you. After a person has been out here for a year or two, he becomes unfitness to live in civilized society. They say home seems like Sunday all the time. They are not excited enough. This is true—but we live a life of toil and hardship, danger and suffering—and when a person has lived in that way for a year or two, it unfits him for all good society.

You will see in the papers accounts of rich discoveries made out here. Some of them are true, but by testing, nine out of ten would not pay a man a dollar a day. At the present time there are some seventy miners round my bridge, and they do not average \$1 per day and it is so all over the mines. There are some exceptions, but they are taken up as soon as found, and it would be as impossible for an 'outsider' to get a chance at them as for the sun to shine at night.

Another thing I will mention. Six days a week is not enough to work out here. We have to work on the Sabbath to keep along. To-day is Sunday, and the banks of the river are full of men washing out gold to pay their expenses for the day. One half of the Sundays since I have been in the mountains have been passed in this way. You think A could work at his trade. So he could, if there was work

for him to do. In San Francisco and Sacramento, our only cities of any moment, you can hire the best of workmen for \$4 per day, and both places are crowded to overflowing with the best of mechanics. The calculation is that 100,000 men will come to this land this Spring. What they are going to do is more than I can imagine. You know we lean entirely upon the mines and miners to live out here. As soon as they begin to fail everything else must fail too; and yet the high price of provisions must be kept up. I think I can say with truth that there are more poor men in California now than in any other land.

I believe that in less than a year there will be a general blow up in California, and that there will be a general cry of almost starvation and distress. I will tell you why I think so. Throughout the Southern mines this winter they have not had water enough to work ten days at washing the dirt that was thrown up last summer. Most of the men at work there got trusted for their supplies, promising to pay when they washed out their dirt. They have been disappointed, and the consequence is that the merchants lose heavily, and will be obliged to stop. In the Northern mines, the men cannot go to work till July on account of the snow and the high water in the rivers. Then some Southern miners have got to travel up North, and lay perhaps weeks and weeks for the snow and water to go down. In the meantime, they have got to live the best way they can—many of them by begging. You can imagine a most dismal picture, when I tell you there are thousands and thousands in this situation here. A man has just come across the bridge without a dime in the world, and has gone to work for some men who are building a saw-mill near by, for his board. He had been prospecting the last three months, and had not made five dollars. Once more I beseech of A to stay at home.—[N. Y. Jour. Com.]

A GEM OF ELOQUENCE.—In the whole range of pathetic and startling imagery, what can excel the following speech delivered by Kossuth at St. Louis on the 15th ult.?

Ladies and Gentlemen.—To-day is the fourth anniversary of the Revolution in Hungary. Anniversaries of Revolutions are almost always connected with the recollection of some patriots, death-fallen on that day, like the Spartans at Thermopylae, martyrs of devotion to their fatherland.

Almost in every country there is some proud cataphile, or some modest tombstone, adorned on such a day by a garland of evergreen, the proud offering of patriotic tenderness.

I passed the last night in a sleepless dream. And my soul wandered on the magnetic wires of the past, home to my beloved bleeding land, and I saw in the dead of night, dark veiled shapes with the paleness of eternal grief upon their sad brows, but terrible in the fearless silence of that grief, gliding over the churchyards of Hungary, and kneeling down to the head of the graves, and depositing the pious tribute of green and cypress upon them, and after a short prayer rising with clenched fists, and gnashing teeth, and then stealing away tearless and silent as they came; stealing away—because the blood-bounds of my country's murderers lurked from every corner on that night, and on this day, and lead to prison those who dare to show a pious remembrance of the beloved. To-day a smile on the lips of a Magyar is taken for a crime of defiance to tyranny, and a tear in his eye is equivalent to a revolt. And yet I have seen with the eye of my home-wandering soul, thousands performing the work of patriotic virtue.

And I saw more. When the pious offerings had stolen away, I saw the honored dead, half risen from their tombs, looking to the offerings, and whispering gloomily, 'still a cypress, and still no flower of joy! Is there still the chill of winter and the gloom of night over thee, Fatherland? Are we not yet revenged? and the sky of the east reddened suddenly, and boiled with bloody flames, and from the far, far west, a lightning flashed like a star-spangled stripe, and within its light a young eagle mounted and soared towards the bloody flames of the east, and as he drew near, upon his approaching, the boiling flames changed into a radiant morning sun, a voice from above was heard in answer to the question of the dead:—

"Sleep yet a short while—mine is the revenge! I will make the stars of the west, the sun of the east—and when ye next awake, ye will find the flower of joy upon your cold bed."

And the dead took the twig of cypress, the sign of resurrection, into their bony hands, and lay down.

ECONOMY OF EVERGREENS.—We have long held the opinion that the character and morals of a rural community are necessarily improved by that most interesting of all kinds of rural embellishment, ornamental planting. But for all those who cannot appreciate these advantages, we shall present another view of the subject,—the saving in dollars and cents. This the writer has had an opportunity of witnessing the present winter in his own case. Nine years ago, finding a serious inconvenience from the sweep of winter tempests, to which his residence was much exposed, a large portion of evergreens were mingled with the trees and shrubbery, then newly set out. About a dozen white pines, as many American Arborvitae, and a few balsams, white spruce, Norway fir, and hemlocks, were placed, so far as practicable, on those sides of the house the most exposed, regard being had in the same time to the exclusion of uninteresting points of view.

One rule was adopted too in removing the young evergreens, which were chiefly procured from the borders of the woods, and which in some instances were brought twenty miles.—This was, to take up enough earth on the roots, to preserve the tree upright against strong winds, after setting out. By this means, not one, out of some thirty or forty, was lost by removal. A white pine, then about three feet high and an inch in diameter, is now eighteen feet high, and six inches in diameter, and several others have made nearly an equal growth.

Now, for the economy of this plantation, which some of the neighbors thought was entirely useless labor. It has saved, the present winter, by the protection it affords against storms and wind, at least ten dollars in firewood, and this amount saved is increasing every year as the trees advance in growth. The cost of procuring and setting out the evergreens, is about three dollars. What farmer, who goes only for 'utility,' can show as large a percentage of profit in wheat raising or making pork? Whose children would be most likely to seek the tavern, grog-shop, and theatre,—those who enjoy a home made attractive and beautiful,—or those whose home is bald, bleak and repulsive, from a total want of this cheapest and most natural of all means for its embellishment?

NAPOLEON AND HIS MOTHER.—My mother, said Napoleon at St. Helena, 'loves me. She is capable of selling any thing for me even to the last article of clothing.' The dignified character of this exalted lady is illustrated by the following anecdote. Soon after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple, he happened

to meet his mother in the gardens of the St. Cloud. The Emperor was surrounded with his courtiers, and half playfully extended his hand for a kiss. 'Not so, my son,' she gravely replied, at the same time presenting her hand in return, 'It is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life.'

CARROTS FOR HORSES.—Horses that have a hard, dry cough, or that have the heaves, are remarkably relieved by moderate and regular feeding of carrots. A Horse of our own, had once caught such a cold, that his cough might be heard half a mile; he was fed on carrots and green clover, kept sufficiently blanketed, never heated, and in six weeks entirely well. [Albany Cultivator.]

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE... APRIL 15, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Scollay's Building, Court-st., Boston; Tribune Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts., Baltimore.

S. M. PATTENSON & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

Christian Admonition.

Our neighbors below the Augusta dam, (and above the Gardiner Bridge,) after indulging a three-months "gratulation" over their misfortunes, and threatening "war to the knife" with such as are not ready to admit that the City of Augusta is the great centre of creation, have at last assumed the duty of monitors in christian humility! The Age says—"We are sorry to perceive that our Waterville friends are under the dominion of sordid and vindictive passions," and really thinks the dam "improved the river above for the benefit of Waterville!" Then why should not we, in return for the great blessing thus kindly forced upon us, be "glad" to see the river improved below for the benefit of Augusta? No very shocking "passion" this, brother Age. If you call these obstructions "improvements" we are bound to rejoice in your flattering prospects,—for you certainly have a good chance of getting enough of them.

The Insane Hospital.

Among the absurdities of Legislation, as it must strike everybody's common sense, is the objection made to the appropriation for the repair of the Insane Hospital. In its present condition the institution is entirely incompetent to the wants of the State; and after a long and satisfactory test of its usefulness, the people will never consent to be deprived of it. How evident, then, the propriety of making the proposed repairs, and securing to their full extent the conveniences so much in demand. But a petty spirit of opposition, based upon an absurd and ranting pamphlet that everybody knows to be the work of a crazy head, has thus far prevented the appropriation. When wrangling and log-rolling interfere with the plans of demagogues and speculators, the people have little to do but to look on and foot the bills; but when a good and philanthropic object, in which the mass of the people have an interest, asks the sanction of legislation, the whims of political grannies and ranting pettifoggers should be put under foot, while men with brains and hearts do the work. The hospital question is one of this class. It is not adapted to Buncombe or blarney; and those who would waste time and breath upon it, should share the frowns of the constituents they misrepresent. We are glad to see that in the House the bill has passed to be engrossed; and it can hardly look for serious opposition in the Senate.

American Zinc Paint.

By our exchanges from various parts of the Union, we perceive that public interest is being greatly excited toward and in favor of zinc paint, as a substitute for lead—zinc, especially the American article, is said by painters and all who have tested it, to possess entire superiority over Lead, being cheaper and more brilliant and durable, and free from poisonous properties. In France it has already supplanted Lead, and is fast doing the same in this country. White and in colors, it is as simply worked as Lead, and is equally good for out and inside work. For railroads, brick wall, iron work &c., the zinc colors are said to be beyond rivalry. The white of zinc resists the action of all gasses that tarnish and yellow lead. As there is but one zinc mine and zinc paint works in the country we copy from the New York Mirror an account of a late visit to the New Jersey Zinc Co.'s paint works by the members of the New Jersey Legislature and several scientific gentlemen of New Jersey and New York.

On Saturday, at the invitation of the President and Directors, the members of the New Jersey Legislature, with several distinguished citizens of New Jersey and New York, and a number of editors from this city, Newark, Trenton, &c., paid a visit to the Paint Works of the New Jersey Zinc Co., at Newark. The company in all numbered about 250, among whom we noticed Col. Jas. L. Curtis, President of the Company, Messrs. Richard Jones, and S. T. Jones, Mr. Squier and Major Farrington, Directors of the Company; Chief Justice Hornbush, Chancellor Halsted, Ex Governor Pennington, Gen. Wright, Col. Sitgreaves, &c., of New Jersey, and Horace Greeley, Judge Campbell, and several other well known New Yorkers.

The Paint Works are situated on the Passaic, about a mile from the city of Newark.—Some two hours were spent in the examination of the works, which are very extensive, though they are yet to be indefinitely enlarged. The process of manufacturing zinc ore into paint is a simple one, but as zinc is a comparatively new material from which to extract paint, a brief description of the *modus operandi* may not be unacceptable to the reader. The ore, after arriving at the works, is placed in a heap and burnt for the purpose of softening it, but it does not undergo the process of calcination. It is then taken to a mill and ground into small pieces, from which it is removed to the receiving shed, where it is mixed with an equal quantity of coal, which is used for the purpose of oxydizing the different substances

of which the ore is composed. It is then carried to a smelting furnace, where the action of the carbonic acid gas supplied through the coal disengages the component parts of the ore and causes the zinc to rise in vapor. It is then conveyed into a large tube, through which a quantity of atmosphere is constantly driven, and the zinc, uniting with the oxygen, produces the substance known as white oxide of zinc, and this is driven by the blast into the collecting chamber, where it is taken out for use. This white oxide is then mixed with oil by means of machinery, and thus is produced the beautiful white zinc paint.

It is only about two years since these works were put in operation, and the paint first procured from American zinc; and the progress of the enterprise is best demonstrated by the fact that, from the sales of \$100 for the first month of operation, the manufacture has increased to five tons of white paint, and two of colored paint, per day, and this supply hardly meets the public demand for zinc paint, which is fast supplanting lead. The capacity of the works is being constantly enlarged, and it is confidently estimated that, by another year from the present time, not less than twenty tons of zinc paint will be manufactured and sold by the New Jersey Zinc Co., per day. The advantages claimed for zinc, over lead, are its greater cheapness, commercial speaking; its superior whiteness, brilliancy, and durability, and its freedom from those poisons in lead, which generate several dangerous diseases, well known to workers in lead, painters, tenants of freshly painted rooms, and medical men. The white oxide of zinc taking oil much more freely than lead, spreads more freely, and, equal weight, covers, according to surface, from 40 to 100 per cent more space than lead.

Repeated tests make 60 lbs. of zinc white equal to 100 lbs. lead, and the relative cheapness stands thus:—

100 lbs. best lead, 7 1/2 cents per lb.	\$7.50
60 lbs. best zinc, 9 cents per lb.	5.40

In favor of zinc

The white zinc resists the action of all gasses that yellow and tarnish lead, and holds brilliant for years. In color it compares with lead as porcelain white does with common earthen white. It can be used with impunity where rooms are occupied, while medical men agree that lead painted rooms should not be tenanted under two or three months. The zinc colors, requiring but little oil, dry suddenly, and form a metallic coating on wood, brick, iron, &c., impervious to weather, and salt water even, and more nearly fire proof than any other paint known. They act galvanically on metal surfaces. For marine, foundry, and outside of building purposes, they are unequalled, if we may trust tests by Stillman & Allen, several of our ocean steamers, &c. The white zinc has been thoroughly tested in France and this country—the French Government adopting zinc altogether. Specimens of it, side by side with lead—equal coatings—may be seen at the Company's depot, 45 Dey street; also of the zinc in the Astor House, the Metropolitan (Niblo's) Hotel, the Brooklyn Ferry Boats, and many other public places. Many of our leading painters have discarded lead for zinc altogether, for reasons of profit and beauty, but more especially on the score of health.

The Ore of the New Jersey Zinc Company is obtained in Sussex County, New Jersey, about 35 miles from Newark, requiring a carting of only about 8 miles. The Paint works are located at Newark, on account of coal, &c. The ore analyzed, shows about 60 per cent zinc, 20 per cent iron and 20 per cent manganese. In separating the zinc, some ten per cent—with the present machinery—remains with the iron, making, as has been tested, in Baltimore, this city, and Paris, the strongest and most ductile iron known—at least 5000 lbs. stronger to the square inch than the best Swedes, and invaluable for heavy machinery, shafts, steam engines, wire for Suspension Bridges, &c. But little attention has been paid to this branch of the interest as yet, and none to the manufacture of sheet zinc, zinc ware, &c.—This is to come, and zinc is to take the place of lead for water pipes, roofing, &c., as well as for paint. Alloyed with copper it makes a sheathing for ships superior to copper, and far cheaper. The supply of the mines is estimated equal to \$20,000,000 profit—indeed, there is every reason for presuming it inexhaustible.

AYRSHIRE STOCK.—We have before expressed the opinion that the Ayrshire cow excels most others for the dairy. We get this opinion from several very intelligent farmers, in a neighboring State, who have made long and very careful trial of them. For the butcher or for the yoke they may, in the opinion of some, lack size; though in some other respects preferable to the Durham. At the farm of Mr. Boutelle, near this village, may be seen some good stock of this breed, though only three or four are of pure blood. If farmers would learn the merits of this breed for the dairy, we think they would give them precedence of most other kinds.

THE AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW for April is filled with interesting and able articles on various subjects—political and literary—and contains a portrait of Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart, Sec'y of the Interior. On the 1st of July next the price of the Review will be reduced from \$5 to \$3; and as there will be no reduction of size, the publisher may reasonably expect a large accession to his subscription list. 'It is determined,' says the proprietor, 'that the American Whig Review shall be called by no Periodical, whether native or foreign, and that, in addition to those attractive features of current reading which it will always possess, it shall be made worthy of being carefully preserved year by year, as an indispensable reference of National Events, and the safest chronicle of our Political History.' To clubs of ten persons the Review will be sent at \$2.50 per annum. Address Champion Bissell, 120 Nassau street, New York.

The Boston Bee of the 5th inst. says—"Rev. Calvin Gardner, of Waterville, Me., preached for the Rev. O. A. Skinner, in Warren street, yesterday morning. He is one of the ablest pulpit orators in the Universalist denomination."

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, for May is a "climax" number; with beautiful decorations, excellent reading matter, and all the good points necessary to make one of the choicest magazines for a pretty woman.

The poetry on our last page is wrongly ascribed to Bryant. It was written by E. P. Weston of Gorham, Maine.

Butter is selling here for 25c. per pound.

CATTLE SHOW & FAIR.

Of the North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society.—To be held at Waterville, Tuesday and Wednesday, October 5th and 6th, 1852.

The Trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society offer the following premiums, to be awarded at their next annual Show and Fair, to be held at Waterville, on the first Tuesday and Wednesday (5th and 6th) of October, 1852.

HORSES.
For the best stallion, \$4, 2d best 3, 3d best 2.
Best breeding mare 3, 2d best 2, 3d best 1.
Best 3 yr. old colt 2, 2d 1.
Best 2 yr. old colt 2, 2d 1.
Best yearling 2, 2d 1.

SHEEP.
Best bull not under 2 years old, 2d 3, 3d 2.
Best bull under 2 and over 1 yr. old 3, 2d 2.
Best bull calf 2, 2d 1, 3d 1.
Best stock cow 4, 2d 3, 3d 2, 4th 1.
Best dairy cow 4, 2d 3, 3d 2, 4th 1.
Best 3 yr. old heifer 3, 2d 2, 3d 1.
Best 2 yr. " " 2, 2d 2, 3d 1.
Best heifer calf 2, 2d 1.
Best yoke of oxen 4, 2d 3, 3d 2, 4th 1.
Best 3 yr. old steers 3, 2d 2.
Best 2 yr. " " 2, 2d 2.
Best 1 yr. " " 2, 2d 1.
Best yoke steer calves 3, 2d 1.
Best team of oxen from any one town, not less than 10 yoke, 10, 2d 8.
Best team of steers from any one town, not less than 10 yoke, 3 yrs old and under, 6.
Best driving yoke of oxen 3, 2d 2.

PLOWING MATCH.
Best work with 4 oxen 3, 2d 2. Best work with 1 yoke 3, 2d 2.

SHEEP.
Best ewe, 10 or more, 3, 2d 2, 3d 1.
Best buck 2, 2d 1.
Best lambs, 10 or more, 2, 2d 1.

SWINE.
Best boar 2, 2d 1.
Best breeding sow 2, 2d 1.
Best litter pigs, 6 or more, 2, 2d 1.

POULTRY.
Best turkeys, 10 or more, 2, 2d 1.
Best best barnyard fowl, raised by one person, 12 or more, 2, 2d 1.
Best Dorkings, 6 or more, 1; Black Spanish 1; Cochins China 1; Shanghai 1; Creole 1.

Best acre Winter Wheat, not less than 20 bushels, 4, 2d 3, 3d 2, 4th 1.
Best crop on not less than 3 acres, 5.
Best acre Spring wheat 2, 2d 1.
Best acre Winter Rye, 2, 2d 1.
Best acre Spring Rye, 2, 2d 1.
Best acre Indian corn 4, 2d 3, 3d 2, 4th 1.
Best acre oats and peas, 1-3d peas, 2, 2d 1, 3d 1.
Best acre clover, 2, 2d 1.
Best half acre beans 2, 2d 1.
Best half acre potatoes, 100 bush. or over, 3, 2d 2.
Best quarter acre carrots 2, 2d 1.
Best 1/2 acre sugar beets 2, 2d 1.
Best 1/2 acre Rutabagas 2, 2d 1.
For best herds grass, yielding not less than 2 1/2 tons hay 3, 2d 2, 3d 1.
Best greatest profit from half an acre of land, in any crop or crops, 3, 2d 2, 3d 1.

FRUIT.
Best lot winter apples, not less than 4 kinds, 1-2 bush of each kind, raised by the individual presenting them, 2, 2d 1.
Best specimen pears 1.
Best plums, 3 kinds, 1.
Largest number seedling apple trees, raised the present season, 3, 2d 1.
Best lot pear trees, 20 or more, set the present season, 2, 2d 1.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES.
Best improved sowing plow 2, 2d 1.
Best improved seed sower 2, 2d 1.
Best doz. scythes 1.
Best hay forks 1.
Best 1-2 doz. shovels forks 1.
Best " " shovels 1.
Best " " hoes 1.
Best " " narrow axes 1.
Best improved horse rake 1.
Best improved harrow 1.
Best single sleigh 2.
Best single wagon 2.
Best sleigh or wagon harness 1.
Best 1-2 doz. calf skins, 1.
Best lot sole leather 1.
Best 1-2 doz. pairs tight boots 1.
Best 2 pairs sewed calf boots 1.
Best 2 pairs laced calf shoes 1.
Best specimen cabinet work 2.

DAIRY PRODUCTS AND READ.
Best butter, 25 pounds or more, 3, 2d 2, 3d 1. Butter made in June to have the preference.
Best cheese, 50 pounds or more, 3, 2d 3, 3d 1.
Best specimen domestic flour bread—silver butter-knife.
Best specimen Rye and Indian bread—silver butter-knife.

HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.
Best fulled cloth, 10 yards, 2, 2d 1.
Best wool flannel, 10 yards, 1, 2d 1.
Best cotton and wool flannel, 10 yards, 1.
Best woolen yarn carpeting, 5 yards or more, 3, 2d 2.
Best rug carpeting, 6 yards, 1, 2d 1.
Best hearth rug, 1, 2d 1.
Best 1-2 doz. pairs men's wooden half shoes 50.
Best 2 pairs carpet slippers 50.
Best woolen shawl, 1, 2d 1.
Best cotton shawl, 1, 2d 1.
Best bed spread, 1, 2d 1.
Best lot wooden yarn 50.
Best specimen needle work 1, 2d 1.

All articles named above must be manufactured within the limits of the society, to entitle them to premium.

MANCHE.
To the person who shall prepare 10 cords compost manure of the best quality at the least expense, a statement to be given in writing of materials and process of manufacture, 4, 2d 3.

Persons who enter dairy cows for premium, will be required, in giving the amount of milk and butter, to state the feed such cows received.

Statements will be required of those who enter yearlings and calves, as to how they have been reared, and of their age in months.

Animals deemed worthy will receive no premiums unless the above regulations are strictly complied with.

Entries for premiums on crops must be made with the Secretary on or before the first Monday in January, accompanied by written statements, embracing the following particulars:—1st, nature of the soil, mentioning the two previous crops; 2d, time, depth and cost of plowing; 3d, time and method of applying manure, with quantity, quality and cost of same; 4th, time of sowing or planting seed, with cost of seed; 5th, cost of planting, cultivating and harvesting the crop, with the amount of crop. No premium will be awarded to any person entering a crop without complying with the above particulars.

Written statements of the manner of making butter, cheese and bread, will be required.

Entries for premiums of stock and all articles (trees, compost manure and crops of grain excepted) may be made with the Secretary at any time previous to the first day of the Show, and must be made, at any rate, before ten o'clock of said day, as at that hour the papers will be passed over to the committees, after which entries cannot be received. Written statements (required by law and by the rules of the Society) must also be left with the Secretary, and will be handed by him to the committees.

A Tragedy of the Kennebec.

The following story of the olden time, familiar to all who have long resided on the Kennebec, and which we copy from the Gardiner Transcript, is taken from the forthcoming "History of Gardiner," by Rev. J. W. Hanson.

On the 22d of the following August, (1793) the Church was burned by McCausland, the maniac.

Henry McCausland, who has already been spoken of among the early settlers, and Revolutionary soldiers, at length became insane, and went wandering about the town, though he was always considered harmless; but at length he fancied that the Lord had directed him in a vision to make a burnt-offering and a sacrifice. The offering was to be the church and the sacrifice the Rev. Mr. Warren, who had for some time preached in the vicinity. He then lived a little north of the Cabassan-conce. Watching for a good opportunity, he filled a child's shoe with live coals, and fearful that he should be discovered if he crossed the

Cabassan bridge, he forded the river near New Mills, and went cautiously over to the little church. The building being unfinished, shavings were scattered in the gallery, and he gathered them into a pile, and placed the coals among them, and to prevent a too early discovery, he covered them with a door, and taking the church Bible, he very tenderly carried it into the woods, and laid it on a stump. At that time the boards were rough and loose on the floor, and the humble edifice, in a small clearing in the pine woods, was in strong contrast with the present elegant structure. The building was entirely destroyed. Having made his burnt-offering, he looked about in vain for an opportunity to secure the sacrifice. Finding no favorable occasion, he concluded that some one bearing the same name would answer equally well. An opportunity soon presented itself. In October, Mrs. Solomon Tibbets who lived near Potter Bridge, was very sick, and needed a careful nurse. Accordingly she sent her son Abiathar down to the village after her daughter Abigail, Pelatiah Warren's wife, housekeeper for William Gardiner. There was no road from the Cabassan pond to the village, and he took a canoe and went after Mrs. Warren. They started on their return and were seen and followed by McCausland, in another boat, but his canoe was heavier, or young Abiathar understood the use of a paddle better,—he could not overtake them. He procured another boat, and arrived after Abiathar had gone to sleep in a field-bed on the floor. Mrs. Warren sat on the edge of the bed, resting her mother's head on her shoulder, when McCausland entered. He spoke pleasantly for a few minutes and the women paid no further attention to him. They had killed a cow that day, and a knife was sticking in a beam over head. The maniac suddenly seized it, and plunged it into the throat of Mrs. Warren. He immediately made his escape. Abiathar heard the outcry and sprang up, and saw the event in a moment. He seized a loaded gun which was suspended over the mantelpiece, and would have shot him dead, but his brother restrained him, until the maniac escaped. He wandered about until the people had begun to assemble in the Great House, where they had worshiped since the church was burned, when he appeared, wild and haggard, and confessed that he perpetrated both deeds. He was immediately secured, and was sentenced to be hanged, but was pardoned because of insanity. He was imprisoned in Augusta jail until he died, Aug. 28, 1829, thirty six years after. During his confinement he read the Bible through several times, and was visited by hundreds of curious persons, from whom he obtained small contributions, which he sent to his family in very considerable sums. He was born in 1759, and thus was 70 years old when he died.

"Stay at Home!"

What a stereotyped phrase! It is the alpha and omega of all the California letters, and their name is legion. "Stay at home!" says one from the mines; who, though he has accumulated a considerable pile, yet feels that the comforts of his old New England home were more valuable than all the gold of Ophir. "Stay at home!" writes a young man from the streets of San Francisco—"if I only had the means of getting there, all the gold in California would not keep me here." "Tell all my friends to stay at home!" says a poor victim of disease and destitution, as he dictates a few last words through the pen of an acquaintance, to those

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Women that are least bashful are not unfrequently the most modest, and we are never more deceived than when we would infer any laxity of principle from that freedom of demeanor which often arises from a total ignorance of vice. Prudery, on the contrary, is often assumed to keep off the suspicion of immorality.

It is said to see so many fine looking females dying of smallpox—there is such an immense portion of our glorious country to be seeded down with boys and girls and civilization. Patriotism, if not love, should make all men shun bachelors as they would treason.

A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, and a thatched roof, and love: there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a potato patch or a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

Some adult thieves recently carried off a house body from Sport Hill, Calaveras county, California. The dimensions of the house were twenty by forty feet.

CITY OF BELFAST.—On Saturday, the 3d inst. the people of Belfast voted to accept its city charter, granted in 1850, by 314 yeas to 276 nays. We have now eight cities in Maine.

It having been recently announced of Mrs. Swisham, that she had borne a child, her first after being married fifteen years, Mr. Saxe thus poetizes on the subject:

An honest woman, one may safely bet,
Who thus, without the least equivocation,
Pays to the world a most important debt,
Though clearly free by 'statute limitation.'

Rev. Dr. King, the American Missionary at Athens, has been imprisoned fifteen days, and ordered to leave the Kingdom of Greece at the expiration of that time, for preaching doctrines contrary to the Greek Church.

A powerful revival of religion is now in progress in Addison, (Me.), under the preaching of Rev. Harvey Hayes, Baptist. Some thirty or more have been hope-fully converted, and 15 or twenty baptised and admitted into the church.

THE MAINE LAW KILLED IN PENNSYLVANIA. A dispatch to the New York Express, dated at Harrisburg, the 8th, says: "The liquor bill on coming up for its final passage in the House to-day, was defeated, yeas 46, nays 50."

Dr. Stevens, in his address to the graduates, said that "a student of the tolls connected with a medical life, is a happy calling." This is just our opinion, and has been ever since we saw Dr. Rhubarb charge a dollar for shaking his head at an inflamed aneurism.—[Dutchman.]

When a man now-a-days wishes to communicate the intelligence that a daughter has been added to the family, he says that his domestic affairs have reached a cry sis.

"The fire is going out, miss Filkins."
"I know it, Mr. Green; and if you could act wisely, you would follow its example."

"It is unnecessary to add that Green never 'axed' to set up with that gal again."—[Dutchman.]

PLEASANT.—To open your wife's jewel-box and discover a strange gentleman's hair done up as a keeskape. We need not mention that makes an ardent temperment feel more "knifey."

The pugilist that *nikil fit* has gone to Boston and hopes to see *his transit in gloria mundi* morning. So says the Springfield Post—good authority in such matters.

COMPLIMENTARY.—Father Mathew, in reply to an address to him a few days ago, said:—After a residence of thirty years in Cork, I did not believe that I could anywhere find more harrowing illustrations of the ruin and calamity which drunkenness produces upon the human race than I find in this country.

An elderly bookseller in Paris, one of the old-fashioned routine school, on being asked for the 'New French Constitution,' replied that he 'did not sell periodicals.'

THE STORM.—Marine Disaster and Loss of Life.—The first intelligence of the more disastrous effects of the late gale reached this city yesterday, and gives sufficient evidence of the dreadful severity of the storm. The brig Mariel of Belfast, Capt. Staples, from St. Mary's, Ga., for Boston, went on to Colasnet rocks sometime during the gale, and went to pieces. All hands were lost!

The steamer St. Lawrence, which left Portland on Monday evening, at 7 o'clock, had a very stormy and dangerous passage, and did not reach this port till 7 o'clock, yesterday morning. About 12 o'clock Monday night, when about half-way between Thatcher's Island and the Isle of Shoals, she encountered a tremendous snow storm, the wind blowing a hurricane, and the sea running very high.

The weather was so thick that she could not make a harbor, and she lay with just stem enough on to keep her under control, till 10 o'clock Tuesday night. During the gale one of the deck hands, named James Sprague, was washed overboard while trying to lash one of the boats. He was seen to swim towards a bale of goods which had been thrown over, but the sea was

were about 250 passengers on board, most of whom suffered very much from sea sickness.

At 5 o'clock Tuesday night few on board thought they would ever see land again.

The boat behaved most admirably, and the passengers speak in the highest terms of praise of the conduct of Captain Sturtevant, and his officers and crew. For eight hours the engineer worked the engine by hand, not daring to put on steam as the sea was so rough.—[Bost. Jour.]

Capt. Sturtevant informs us that the passengers in the fearful emergency, were cool and collected, and excited his admiration throughout by their calm and resigned deportment. In all his experience he had seen nothing superior to it in the hour of peril. His oldest sailors said they never saw so tremendous a sea before. There were about fifty ladies on board. The passengers contributed \$50 for the widow of the unfortunate Sprague, a deck hand, who was lost overboard in the gale—and also a purse of \$1300 to the crew for their noble conduct. The crew in turn, with true nobility added their \$1300 to the \$50, and presented the sum to the widow. Such conduct speaks its own praise.—[Argus.]

REFORM SCHOOL.—There have been some fears expressed that the Legislature would refuse further appropriations for this institution; but a vote on Friday, in the House, upon the indefinite postponement indicates that these fears are groundless. The vote on postponing was yeas 46, nays 66. The probable cost of building and the annual expense of the School moves many to oppose it; but we think the State should not abandon it, after having gone so far. Its effect to nip crime in the bud, will amply repay the community for the outlay.—[Ken. Jour.]

LOSS OF THE STEAMER INDEPENDENCE.—The particulars of the destruction of the Independence, Capt. Stoddard, in attempting to cross Matagorda bar, have been received, by the New York papers, from a gentleman who was on board the steamer. The Independence left Galveston for New Orleans, at 2 o'clock 20 minutes, A. M., on the 25th of March. At 9 P. M. arrived off Pass Cavallo bar, and lay till morning, the sea being rough.

The next morning in attempting to cross the bar, the sea running high, the ship grounded, and could not be got off, though all sail was set and the engines worked, and a portion of the cargo was thrown over. Three of their boats were destroyed by a heavy sea boarding the ship, with the remaining one, the mate attempted to land with some lady passengers; but the boat was capsized, and the mate, two ladies and three children perished. This occurred at 4 P. M. Colors were then set at half mast and signal guns fired, but, though boats could be seen inside the bar, picking up the cargo, no one ventured to the relief of the steamer, and the lay in great peril all night. The next morning the propeller J. W. Rayburn, Capt. Kerr, came out to her, but could render but little assistance; and immediately proceeded to Deco's Point, to notify Capt. Lawrence of the steamer Louisiana, just about to leave Indianola for New Orleans, of the condition of the steamer Independence. Word reached Capt.

Lawless at 3 P. M. on the 27th, and at 5 P. M. his ship was anchored off Salencia, and two life boats and a quarter-boat launched, one in command of the captain, and one of the first and the other of the second mate, and were seen pulling for the Independence. The life boat, commanded by the mate, was capsized in sight of the steamer, and it was feared all were lost; but by clinging to the boat the whole company was washed ashore and saved. The boats of the Louisiana could not reach the wreck that night.

At 2 A. M. on the 28th, the Independence broke in two, and it was feared all on board would perish; but she did not break to pieces, and by 7 o'clock Mr. Dimond, the mate of the Louisiana, succeeded in getting on board, with orders to take command of the wreck, and superintend the embarkation of the passengers to the Rayburn, which was anchored near by to receive them. Capt. Lawless commanded on board the Rayburn, and Mr. Dimond on the Independence, and by the admirable discipline and firmness of these two gentlemen, the work of embarkation was carried forward amidst a rough sea and great danger, until every soul, 159 in number, was safely removed from the wreck to the Rayburn.

RAILWAY LAW CASE.—In the First District Court of New York, Judge Green presiding, was tried the suit Patrick Cass vs. the New York and New Haven Railroad Company. Action to recover \$100, the value of a trunk and contents placed in possession of the baggage-keeper, in June last, but not delivered. It appears that Bedura Ann Kelley took the cars at Stamford, Connecticut, for New York, gave her trunk to the agent of the cars and received a check for it, but lost the check on the road; and the agent on the arrival of the cars at Canal street, refused to deliver the trunk to her, although she pointed it out to him and told him she had lost the ticket; also, that she could not read, and did not know the number of the ticket. She again demanded the trunk, but he refused, and she asked him to keep it for her till she called for it. She being sick, was subsequently taken to Bellevue Hospital, and did not leave there for five months. When she came out she sold and assigned the trunk and contents to plaintiff, who went with her to the depot and demanded the trunk of the managing agent, but on search being made it could not be found.

The Judge held that in common law the Railroad Company is liable for the loss of baggage entrusted to their care, and the giving a check to a passenger designating the number of the baggage, was intended to furnish the passenger with additional security, and the loss of the check does not relieve the Company from liability, unless some other person presents the check, and in good faith and without notice the baggage is delivered to the party so offering the check. Nothing of the kind was shown here, and the plaintiff is entitled to judgment for \$100 (being amount of claim) and costs.

Railway Times.

THE MILITIA. The bill to abolish the Volunteer Militia system was passed in the House on Friday, section by section, by an average majority of about thirty.

The bill provides that no volunteer company shall hereafter be organized, except upon petition of the authorized officers of cities, towns and plantations, setting forth that in consequence of density of population or proximity to the frontier, the safety of said town or plantation demands a military organization. There is no provision for any expense by the state. The Adjutant General's salary is reduced to \$100. By an amendment to the bill, the arms now in the hands of volunteers are relinquished absolutely to them. We have doubts whether the State has the power to do this—the arms having been distributed to the State by the General Government for the public defence, and not in any way for private benefit. At all events we think it inexpedient to give them away for reasons which are obvious. The State, only, owns them—cities and towns becoming responsible. In that case, the arms could be had for the public defence, in case of sudden invasion, or insurrection.—[Ken. Jour.]

BUSINESS AND THE MAINE LAW.—It having been suggested to one of the gravestone manufacturers of this city, that the Maine Liquor Law would operate against his interest, he remarked, 'Far from it—it would have been money in my pocket had that law been enacted long ago; for those who die now generally leave enough behind them to purchase grave-stones. But for many years past vast numbers have been murdered by Rum, and very few of them ever left enough behind to keep their families out of the Almshouse, much less to buy grave-stones. Under the operation of the present law every man will find it an easy task to accumulate a sufficiency to leave his family in comfortable circumstances, and something to spare for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of a departed sober husband and father.'—[Fountain.]

INTERESTING TO CARRIERS OF PASSENGERS.—The Poughkeepsie Eagle reports an interesting law case which has recently been decided in the Circuit Court of Oyer and Terminer, in that place. It seems that a gentleman by the name of Winfield, belonging to Poughkeepsie, took passage at New York, on the steamboat Oregon, buying a through ticket for Albany, as, owing to the competition, a through ticket could be bought for a less price than a way ticket. When the boat reached Poughkeepsie, Winfield offered his through ticket and attempted to go ashore; but the officers of the boat forcibly resisted him, and carried him against his will to Albany. Winfield brought a suit against the owners and officers of the boat for assault, and false imprisonment; contending that a through ticket entitled the holder to land wherever he pleased on the way. The Court sustained this position; ruling, that a through ticket entitled a passenger to land at any place where the boat stopped; and that in fact all the passengers had a right to walk ashore at any place. That a passenger not paying his passage, when demanded, was liable to be put on shore immediately, but if the steamboat came to Poughkeepsie or any other dock, a passenger who had not paid his passage had a right to go ashore without any detention from the owners or employees of the boat; and that in fact the owners must collect the passage money before starting; and that if not collected at that time, it was a debt, and to be collected as other debts; and that it was false imprisonment to detain any passenger from landing.

Under this ruling, the jury found a verdict of \$150 and costs against the captain, clerk, and ticket agent of the Oregon.

Railway Times.

AWFUL STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.—We have from the Cincinnati papers the particulars of the recent explosion of the steamer Redstone, on the Ohio River. The Redstone was a regular packet between Madison and Cincinnati, and had on board about 65 passengers. She left Cincinnati about 12 M. on Saturday, the 3d inst., and at 2 P. M. landed on the Kentucky side, about three miles above Carrollton, to take up a passenger. Rev. Mr. Scott, a Baptist

clergyman, formerly of Covington.—In backing out, at the second revolution of the engine, her three boilers exploded simultaneously, blowing away all the upper works of the boat forward of the ladies' cabin, and making a complete wreck of the boat, which sunk in 20 feet of water, in about three minutes, probably causing the death or injury of some 30 or more persons. There were but two lady passengers on board, both of whom, and the cabin maid, were saved, and but slightly injured. Among the killed are the Rev. Mr. Scott, a Baptist minister—(who had been on a visit to his parents—who, with his sisters, having just parted with him, were standing on the shore and saw him blown to fragments) Mr. Goble, editor of the Lawrenceburg Press, and Mr. Myers, foreman in the same office. The first engineer and second engineer, and all the firemen were killed instantly.

Such was the force of the explosion that a large piece of one of the boilers was blown nearly a half mile from the wreck, and eleven bodies were blown into a cornfield some distance from the shore. The river was covered with small pieces of timber, bedding, wearing apparel, &c., while the trees in the immediate vicinity, on the Kentucky shore, were covered with clothing, bedding, &c.

The cause of this terrible disaster seems to have been, as usual, racing,—not in this instance with another, but against time, the boat being hurried along at the fastest possible rate, in order to report quick time between Cincinnati and Madison.

A NOBLE ACT.—The late Mrs. Ware, of Frankfort, Ky., by her will emancipated all her slaves, thirty in number—and not content with giving up that which in southern markets would command from \$15,000 to \$20,000, purchased for them thirteen hundred acres of good land in this state and lying on the Miami Canal. Twenty-seven of these disenthralled human beings arrived in this city yesterday, from Frankfort, in charge of the executor of the estate of their late mistress. They are purchasing wagons, agricultural implements and stores for their new home, for which they will leave to-day. These liberated blacks will now have all the advantages of education, of religious culture and self-development, and their children's children, educated and ennobled, will dearly cherish the memory of the magnanimous Kentucky slaveholder.—[Cincinnati Gazette.]

THE FALL OF ROSAS.—Accounts received from Buenos Ayres via England, by the steamer Canada, last week, confirm the previously published reports of the defeat of the Dictator Rosas, and the triumph of the Montevideans and Brazilians under Gen. Urquiza. Rosas has actually fled from his country accompanied by the sole daughter of his house and heart, the renowned Manuela, whose name at least, is familiar to every American who has visited Buenos Ayres. Luckily for them they got on board an English man-of-war, and are safe from the vengeance of an enemy that would not have been likely to show them any mercy if they had fallen into his hands. The fallen Dictator is well stricken in years, and the fair Manuela, is not very young. They will probably go to England, but we imagine that they will sigh, in that dismal climate, for the bright skies, the pure and soft air, which the Guachos grow wild and indolent in. It will now be seen whether the province of La Plata will thrive better for the removal of the hated Rosas, and whether the priest-ridden inhabitants of that magnificent country will be any more disposed to cultivate the arts that embellish life, and make nations prosperous, than they were under the Iron rule of Rosas. Monte Video may improve, commercially; but we doubt if Buenos Ayres will reap any advantage from its new rulers.

SLANDER SUIT. An action of slander was tried at the Court of Common Pleas of Concord, N. H., during the present week. Miss Almira J. Dane, of London, complained of Bradley H. Kenny and his wife, of the same place, for circulating a very bad story, viz: that she had some twelve years since, committed the crime of fornication. The defendants did not deny having reported the injurious stories, but attempted to prove in excuse that the reports were current in their town, and had been town talk for a great while, even before Mrs. Kenny repeated them, and that the latter uttered them without malice. Many witnesses were produced on both sides, and for six days the jury listened to any amount of village scandal and idle tattle. The case was given to the jury at one o'clock on Tuesday, and in the afternoon they came in with a verdict of 808 dollars to the plaintiff. This should teach tongueless women not to make too free with the character of their neighbors, married or single.

[Lowell Courier.]

SPEAKING TELEGRAPH.—The French and English journals are at present speculating upon the practicability of turning the electric telegraph that connects England and France, via the channel, into a medium of conversational intercourse. The *modus operandi* is this:—A plate of silver and one of zinc is taken in to the mouth, one above and the other below the tongue. They are then placed in contact with the wire, and words issuing from the mouth so prepared, are conveyed across the Channel by the wire—probably in a whisper, though the account does not say. It has been tried, it is said, with successful results.

Judge Douglass hearing that the February number of the Democratic Review would contain an article criticising General Butler, sent by telegraph a remonstrance against it. The conductors of the Review are understood to be for Douglass; although they have not committed the Review to him, or any one else. The reply to this despatch was short and very much to the point, thus:

ASTOR HOUSE, N. Y. Feb. 20, 1852.
Hon. S. A. Douglass—Sir: I am happy to inform you that your telegraph came too late to save your friend, General Butler; and candor compels me to say, that had it come in time, it would not have changed a word of the article. We know the man; and the Review would be treacherous in its duties to the party if it failed to expose his delinquencies.

The foggy atmosphere at Washington makes cowards of you all, and the sooner you understand that you cannot direct the columns of the Review, the better.

Signed, G. N. SANDERS.

OFFICERS OF WATERVILLE DIVISION FOR THE PRESENT TERM.
James P. Hill, W. P.
Emory Mellen, W. A.
Jefferson Soule, R. S.
A. A. Pollard, A. S.
James S. Gray, P. S.
Timothy Melville, T.
Amos Southard, C.
Alexander Ford, A. C.
Erasmus Warren, I. S.
Stephen Tozier, O. S.

NOTICES.

The Express of C. H. Redington & Co.,—provides for the importance of this place, delivering the excellent articles purchased of them at all times, from expense. Their Goods, especially, are of an extraordinary and wholesome kind. In fact, no sickness has been known to exist in any family whose supplies have been purchased exclusively of them.

The most beautiful samples of Boots and Shoes—ever manufactured in the State, are now at R. F. WHEELER'S One-Price Shoe Store. He does not pretend to EXTERMINATE every other shoe, but in all cases to give an article richly worth the money.

ALL those who are desirous of securing better bargains than before offered in Waterville, should not fail in calling on E. T. ELDEN & Co., before making their purchases, and examining the largest and most beautiful stock of shoes they are selling of every article in their stock at a great discount in order to make Spring arrangements.

NEW SPRING GOODS.—E. T. ELDEN & Co. have within the past week made large additions to their stock of Dress and Fancy Goods, which are rare and beautiful styles are unequaled in this market. No one should fail to call on them before making their purchases, and examine their Spring styles of Silks, Satins, French, Persian and Bengal Delaines, Ginghams, Poplins, Chambrays, Tissues, Paramattas, Muslins, Lawns, Shawls, &c., as their large assortment and extremely low prices, can not but prove satisfactory to all who are fond of good bargains.

REMOVAL.—Mr. Nason has removed his Machine Shop from the old stand, to Webster & Haviland's new building, at the Foundry, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line in the best manner.

INTERESTING CURE OF BRONCHITIS.
TO DR. A. L. ROGERS.—Your statement that the "Syrup of Liverroot, Tar and Cachaquala," would relieve me, has proved more true. I am not at this moment troubled with one sign or symptom of BRONCHITIS, to which I have been so long a martyr. As you are aware, I had completely lost my voice; I expected freely, and had an incessant, hacking Cough. That was my condition two months ago. But in consequence of a persevering use of your medicine, in connection with the Gargles prescribed in your pamphlet, my articulation is now perfectly distinct, clear and unobscured; and the Cough is silent. In short, I AM CURED! And I consider the case such an extraordinary one, that I cannot forbear furnishing you with this additional proof of the efficacy of your preparation.

Yours respectfully,
HIRAM BARKER, Fulton Market.

New York, Aug. 25th, 1851.

For sale by A. L. SCOVILL, & Co., at their Depot, Gothic Hall, 316 Broadway, New York, and by all respectable druggists in the United States and Canada.

Also for sale in Waterville by W. M. J. LEE.

PRICE.—In large bottles \$1.00, or 6 bottles for \$5.00.

Marriages.

In New Portland, J. P. Bartlett to Abba W. McLaughlin.

In Benton, Apr. 10, by Asher H. Barton, Esq., Mr. Charles J. Richards to Jane A. Wilson.

Deaths.

In this village, on Tuesday last, William R. Boothby, youngest child of Lieut. Charles Heywood, aged 5 yrs. Also, on Wednesday morning Henry, aged 13 years, only son of Augustine Perkins, Esq.

In this town, 20th inst., of consumption, Miss Emily E. Slocy, aged 24.

In Fairfield, 5th inst., Sarah Bowman, wife of Elhu Bowman, aged 52 years—a highly esteemed member of the Society, and all the relations of life, as wife, mother, and neighbor, she was lovely. It may well be said of her, that she was never weary in well doing, and that her credit, but such exception shall not apply when the amount of premium annually paid shall exceed hundred dollars.

In Bloomfield, 7th inst., Mrs. Miriam M. Emery, wife of Dr. A. S. Emery, aged 60 years.

In Fairfield, on Thursday last, Widow Howe Jones, aged 83.

In Vassalboro', Thomas Robbins, aged 86.

ACCORDEONS REPAIRED.

THE subscriber will repair and tune all instruments pertaining to the Keys or Notes, on very liberal terms, and in the best manner. Work warranted to give satisfaction, or no pay. Old pipes, and new, will be taken in exchange for new. Orders and Accordeons may be left at the Store of J. M. MOORE & Co., or at the residence of the subscriber, in Waterville, April 12, 1852.

BOSTON AND EASTERN EXPRESS.

THE subscriber having purchased the interest of Mr. John R. Hall, of Boston, (who has no connection, except as Agent, after this date, with the Boston and Eastern Express.)

LONGLEY & CO'S EXPRESS.

will continue the same as heretofore between Boston and all towns in the State of Maine, on the Eastern, Boston and Maine P. R. and P. York and Cumberland, Atlantic and St. Lawrence, and Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroads.

Particular attention given to the forwarding of Money and Collecting for the same. Office in Boston, R. R. Exchange, Court Square.

Office in Portland, Custom House Building, B. HALL, Agent.

Boston, April 1st, 1852. J. FELLOWS, Agent, Waterville.

Full Blood Yorkshire Bull.

A full blooded Yorkshire Bull, four years old, will be kept by the subscriber the coming season, at the farm-yard of Hon. T. Boutelle, a short distance from Waterville, in the vicinity of the Waterville and Bangor Railroad, at the residence of the subscriber, where they are believed to possess excellent qualities for the dairy.

Waterville, April 12, 1852. G. S. WENTWORTH.

LARGE STOCK

NEW SPRING GOODS.

Now opening at No. 3 Bottelle Block.

E. T. ELDEN & Co.

HAVE received, and now offer for sale another large and beautiful assortment of Dress and Fancy Goods.

Among which may be found

120 pair New style Silks, from 62 to 82d. yd.

200 pair New style Dress Goods, from 18 to 25d. yd.

200 pair Fig Muslins, all grades and prices, 8 1/2 to 12 1/2

200 pair Beautifully finished, all grades, 10 to 12 1/2

500 pair Multi Swiss and Book Muslins 15 to 35c

200 pair Do. spotted and checked, 20 to 35c

500 pair Early and Late, all grades, 10 to 12 1/2

900 pair French, Barage and Manchester do. 10 to 25c

500 pair New style and prices, 4 to 10c

300 pair more than fine 40 in. Sheetings, for 61 1/2

100 pair more than fine 36 in. do. 41 1/2

1000 pair good 36 in. Sheetings, 41 1/2

1000 pair more than fine 40 in. do. 61 1/2 to 62 1/2

1000 pair more than fine 36 in. do. 41 1/2 to 42 1/2

Also 600 pair 36 in. do. 41 1/2 to 42 1/2

Also 600 pair 36 in. do. 41 1/2 to 42 1/2

Also 600 pair 36 in. do. 41 1/2 to 42 1/2

Also 600 pair 36 in. do. 41 1/2 to 42 1/2

Also 600 pair 36 in. do. 41 1/2 to 42 1/2

Also 600 pair 36 in. do. 41 1/2 to 42 1/2

NEW BONNETS! SPRING STYLES!

AT NO. 1 BOTTLE BLOCK!

MAY be found at the Millinery Store of Miss C. F. AMES, No. 1 Bottle Block, and elegant assortment of

Straw Bonnets, Ribbons, Veils, Embroideries, GLOVES.

With a choice selection of other Millinery Goods, in infinite variety.

Waterville, March 31, 1852.

WE WILL SELL

THE following goods at the

LOWEST PRICES.

At No. 2 Bottelle Block.

EXTRA and Common Brands Choice FLOUR, and

Grain Flour, Corn and Rye Meal, and

Cracked, Granulated, Havana Brown and white, Porto Rico and

Old Java, Porto Cabello and St. Domingo Coffee, and

Sperm, Lard and White Oil of the purest quality, best quality of Butter and Cheese,

with many other articles usually kept in a good grocery Store. We would also remind the public that we are closing off a fine stock of

Dry Goods and Crockery Ware,

at and below cost, and at a full rate of discount. For a further

among which will be found one of the best assortments of

DRESS GOODS, BAY STATE, CASHMERE and other styles

SHAWLS,

at lower prices than can be purchased in this market, as they

must be sold at once. Please call and examine our

stock, and no one shall go away dissatisfied either in price or

quality of goods we offer.

PEARSON & NY

