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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, JUNE 24, 1852.

NO. 49.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY

MAXHAM & WING,

At No. 31-2 Bowdoin Block, Main Street.

REEL MAXHAM. DANIEL R. WING.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL.

There are times, when the clouds seem gathering close
Above the fading soul,
And the heart bows low, as the waves of grief
Resistless, o'er it roll;
There are hours, when the feeble spirit droops,
Too weary for its flight,
And the sky of life seems unrelieved
Even by a ray of light.

There are moments dark when even Hope
Seems wavering and far away,
And the voice of Love no longer weaves
For us her holy spell;
When the faint yields not her sunny dreams
To cheer the dour hour,
And the future ope no sunlit page,
Nor grants her soothing power.

When the ties of friendship link not true,
The heart grows cold and chill,
And wild thoughts crowd the weary brain,
And sighs the throbbing heart still,
For we may not live with none to love,
And loving none, we die—
Oblivion folds its heavy waves
Where friendsless mortals lie.

And yet methinks in the darkest hour
A gentle voice breathes peace,
And bids the throbbing heart be still,
The heart's grief to cease.
That voice—Oh! speaks it not of Heaven?
And breathes it not of love?
And tells it not that some one near
Before the throne above?

And when earth's tide flows smoothly on,
And hours of joy run high,
And life's breath seems too kindly far
To waft a tear or sigh;
There lingers then to guard from harm,
An ever friendly hand,
And well, full well, the spirit knows
'Tis from an angel hand.

And when night's silence shades the earth,
And stars alone awake,
And nought on land or sea is moved,
The holy calm to break;
There comes a deep, soul-binding spell,
And dreams the spirit greet;
And accents fall from heaven lips,
In music strangely sweet.

'Tis then the soul springs free from earth,
To breathe its praise on high,
'Tis then the spirit glows with life,
The heart with silent prayer;
'Tis then the clouds of earth float back,
And Heaven seems once more near,
While still our Guardian Angel breathes
"Fear not, I'll guide thee there."

MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Traveller.

THE MUSICIAN.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY MISS HAMILTON.

"Ha! ha! my little sly one! stealing a peep at the big world from your safe corner!" I exclaimed, at the same time pouncing upon and half smothering with kisses, a beautiful two-year-old cousin of mine, whom I had found snugly hid away by the side of the looking glass, through the side windows at the endless procession of people and carriages in one of the prominent streets of New York. "Ha! ha! stealing a peep at the big world so soon! You'll get enough of it by and by, I'm thinking, and it won't seem quite so fine to you as it does now; and perhaps you won't have quite so nice a corner as here in Papa's dominion. Ha! is cozy too rough?" I added, as the child disengaged herself, and pointing with her little forefinger, said, "See, see, itty bird!"

A woman leading one child and carrying another was just coming up the steps, and had her hand upon the bell as I opened the door. "Is Dr. Hamilton in?" she inquired in that spiritless, hopeless tone which those who have lived in a physician's family know so well. "He is not. Will you walk in?"

"No, thank you, I'll call again. I wish to see him on his child, was the answer. At what time is he usually in?"

I mentioned an hour and she departed; but not so the impression she had made. "She was a woman, who might have been twenty-five or thirty-five, one could not tell, for her face, health, and fatigue, and care, and despair, seemed to have done so much and such direful work upon her, that the traces of time could not be distinguished among it. She had that classic forehead, and slightly Roman outline of features, seldom met with except among the higher classes; but the most entire absence of flesh and color marked her face, and such an expression of patience and hopelessness, I will not say seldom seen—for those who have had open eyes, open hearts and ready hands, will see and do see many such in our large cities—but is never seen where there has not been great and continued suffering. Her dress was neat and clean, but cheap and scanty. She knew poverty as well as sorrow; they are apt to go together. The children—God help the little ones! What a contrast they were to the bright, laughing, chubby pet I had been frolicking with! The eldest, a little girl, had a look painful and pitiful to see in a child—that still, subdued look, telling of care and sorrow before time. It had seen them in its mother's face and life—it had drank them into its own life. The sparkle and the smile were gone from the mother, and they were never kindled up in the child. I never feel such hatred, such bitterness toward sin and wrong, as when I see it blighting and withering and spoiling utterly the little children, so full of innocence and love and beauty, which God has sent to give new life and love and purity and beauty to the world. To make the little ministers of bliss to others miserable themselves—oh, 'tis a fiend's work! Yet men do it, men who have once been children themselves do it, the fathers of children do it, nor blush, nor hide themselves therefor. We, who are unto them! God is just, and though sometimes he seems to tarry long, his vengeance will not sleep forever."

As soon as Dr. Hamilton, who was my uncle, and at whose house I was spending the winter, had returned to his office, I hastened to him, informing him of the patient whose call I had answered, warmly expressing my sympathies, and inquiring who she might be and what might be her sad lot. He coolly heard

me through, at the same time turning over the leaves of a new number of Braithwaite, and then quietly answered:

"I cannot recognise in your description any individual with whom I am acquainted. The sad countenance, the broken spirit, the hopelessness, are common features to the physician. The classic look is not so common, but few of us have the imagination of a girl of eighteen. Your sympathies seem to have been moved; perhaps mine might have been, for though I have been in the practice of medicine now thirteen years, I have not become indifferent; though my profession beyond all others brings me in contact with sorrow and distress, and I live as it were in the house of mourning, my heart does not grow hardened; I sympathise and suffer with the suffering in one scene and another as I go from house to house, on my rounds of duties; try to relieve distress, quiet anxiety, and console bereavement till sometimes it seems as though my nerves would lose their tension and my heart would sink within me. No one leads a life of such intense activity and anxiety as the physician. Think of every morning, day after day, year after year, spent in the sick room, where fear is always hovering, and where death so often sits steadfast and will not leave his place or lose his hold on life, and that life perhaps so precious and so entwined, that when it must depart, the hope and life of many hearts will depart with it. And we cannot leave the sick bed; we cannot dismiss ourselves from it; we carry it with us to our homes, to our family circles, to our own beds where we too often forget our slumbers. There is no holiday for us; no sabbath; disease has none; death will have none; and we must ever be arm to arm with the foe lest we lose our ground, for we can seldom regain lost footing. We are in a continued wrestle with the adversaries of human beings; and I tell you it is a stout frame and a stouter heart that is needed for such a conflict. But I don't know as you have any thoughts of being physician, or surgeon, or even surgeon's mate, in these days when women have taken to doctoring; so I won't trouble you to hear what I have chosen to do, feel, and endure. Were you a physician, you'd see a great many cases like the one you saw this morning, sick-woman and broken-hearted womanhood, and blighted, saddened, sorrow-stricken childhood; and generally you would find the cause Intemperance. It is a terrible plague, and it meets us in almost every shape, baffling our wisest and most strenuous efforts for good. It is the curse. I may well say it, for I know it to be so."

My uncle had by this time found an article in the pamphlet before him which arrested his attention, and I left him to his perusal. I never knew whether the woman called again with her child or not; and all thought of her had passed out of my mind when accident again brought her sad image before me.

It was a cold and stormy night, but our tickets for Madame C's concert were bought, and as it was announced that there would be no postponement, a close carriage was ordered and we were soon in the brilliantly lighted concert hall, where jewels sparkled, plumes nodded and flowers bloomed and sent forth soft fragrance, all meaning to tell of gaiety and gladness, and still to make gay and glad. I need not describe it further; it was like most other concert-rooms and seemed a place befitting for the happy, and those with hearts and minds at rest and ease.

As I glanced around, soon after entering, observing the crowd and seeking to discover some familiar face among the many, my eye was caught by one in strong contrast with the rest. It was so deathly pale, of such skeleton emaciation, and had such an expression of sickness and joylessness. Why is it here? I thought. "Is it possible that there can be any mirth far down in the heart beneath, which seeks a vent? I could not conceive it. 'Is it brought here by the desire to dissipate grief and forget anxiety? This is not the place to learn forgetfulness. The perfect harmonies would only recall the discords of life; the sight of enjoyment would only deepen suffering. Is love of pleasure the motive? That fondness for scenes of excitement which sometimes clings to the soul made up of vanity and frivolity even in the arms of death? No. The wearer seems indifferent to everything around her. She must have been led here by a passionate love of music which has been the delight of innocent youth and the solace of later sorrow."

At a second glance, I recognized something in the face. Had I not seen it before? Whose could it have been? I looked and studied. Yes; it was the same that had met me at my uncle's door. I observed the woman's dress; her street garb then was so poor, how could she be here? Her poverty was still apparent, though the greatest care had been expended to make a fair appearance. Her hair was braided with the most exact nicety and fastened behind with an old-fashioned comb set with brilliant; (ah! she has seen better days, said I to myself); but in want of correspondence with the face was a sixpenny brown ribbon confining the front braids. "A drab-colored shawl, neat but thin and cheap, was thrown over her shoulders, concealing from me the rest of her dress."

"How can she afford concert tickets?" I asked myself. "Perhaps some benevolent friend, knowing her strong love of music, has sent her one. But it is a stormy night for such an invalid as she seems to be. The music commenced. It was most exquisite. Madame C. never sang better. The orchestra was complete and sustained her fully. The audience were in raptures, applauding, encoring, and showering wreaths and bouquets on their favorite. I was myself rapt with delight, yet could not help occasionally casting a glance at her who had already attracted so much notice from me. She was inattentive during many of the best pieces, and seemed in a dreamy mood, as if lost in recollection. Sometimes her attention was fixed on the orchestra, but she never seemed delighted or excited in any way."

"Well, surely, the love of music did not bring you here," I thought.

The performance was over; Madame C. had retired; opera hoods and cloaks had all been assumed and adjusted, and the audience were departing, interchanging as they went expressions of recognition and delight, when I turned to the pale woman. I had seen her speak to no one during the evening, and she seemed to be unattended. Now one of the musicians, a violin-player of most exquisite skill, was by her side, and I overheard him say in a pleasant voice, "Wait a minute, Mary, I must get my instrument case."

He had scarcely left her, before a companion

had him by the arm, and I again overheard:

"Come, Ashton, ain't you coming?"

"Not to-night," was the answer. "I must go with my wife."

"To bed!" exclaimed the companion.

On our return from the concert, my uncle had for once left his office and was awaiting us in the parlor, with a welcome.

"Well, arrived! I see, and what cheer had you, you pleasure-seekers?" he addressed us.

"Oh fine! excellent!" were the responses; "better than pills or plasters, though they be administered by the pleasant and wise Dr. Hamilton. If you'd prescribe concerts for some of your patients, I think they'd do as well as cataplasms, and you'd lose none of your popularity by it. I am sure I'd employ a concert-doctor!"

"Ah! too fast, you chatterer! how do you know I don't prescribe them? and you for one would be woefully disappointed in your concert-doctor, for he'd never prescribe them for you. They'd be the last things you'd need: a straight jacket would suit you better; you'd find it more bracing to your system."

"Well, uncle, I'm sure I don't mean to ask for your prescriptions very soon. You certainly don't encourage me to it now. But I saw one of your patients at the concert? Did you prescribe it for her? If you did, I think you'll have to try some other remedy, for she didn't look as though she found much healing in it. But I can't just about it. That sad face would at any time wipe out a smile. Perhaps you may remember how I was excited about a poor woman and her children whom I saw on the steps some three months ago. Well, she was at the concert to-night, almost as sorrowful-looking as before, and I saw one of the best violin-players join her at the close of the evening. I can't think what could have taken her to such a place; it seemed so unfit for her."

"Oh, yes, yes, now I know who you mean, my uncle broke in; I can tell you all about it. Why, she went, no doubt, to take her husband home with her, so that he might not be persecuted away by his dissipated companions. Their name is Ashton; they're English people. The poor woman seems to deserve all the pity and sympathy you give her. I've attended the family now for a year, and little by little, have heard something of her story. She is the only daughter of a rich man in Birmingham. I don't remember his business. Her mother is dead, but she has two or three brothers; and father and brothers are all selfish men, and indifferent to her. Ashton, her husband, as you may have noticed, is a fine-looking fellow, with grace and polish of manner, and as you did notice, has great skill in music. As you would tell the story, his romantic yet manly beauty, his elegance of demeanor, added to the charms of a highly cultivated taste, and an exquisite appreciation of the beautiful, recommended him, penitence as he was, and dependent on his musical powers, to the favor of his Mary, and he wooed and won her, his willing bride. But there is more than love in the world—there is life!"

"Yes, uncle, I interrupted, but love is life—and you sometimes are preaching that life ought to be love. The first proposition, or rather fact, we all know needs no preaching."

"So, Miss, you think you have caught me. Be careful or I won't go on with my story, and your curiosity will be left in the lurch. Well, if it suits you any better, though I don't know what will besides love there must be living; if people are going to stay here; and I acknowledge that neither living nor love would be worth much, the one without the other. Ashton and his Mary soon found that what would do for one, was not enough for two, and as no help was to be asked or expected from the rich father, they came to America, where there is ample room and employment for all, and a better reward for employment than the old world gives."

Ashton was soon engaged in the orchestra at the Park Theatre, and the compensation he received supported him in a style of life equal to his expectations or wishes. His habits were then good; he was devoted to his young wife, and they were happy; happy enough for mortals to come to this part of a physician's narrative, for 'tis almost always a part—'tis sure to come in. Liquor, liquor, meeting him everywhere, continually offered to him, thrust upon him, was his ruin—body and soul I fear; and terrible ruin, too, for I've no doubt, he was a fine fellow; he shows it now. There is an almost regal loftiness of feeling about him at times; a contempt of his besotted self, his weakness and want of power to control his propensities. And his wife's attachment, so strong, so unswerving and enduring, must have been based on some good foundation. But it all over with him now; he has already had delirium tremens. He came to me a few evenings ago."

"Doctor," said he, "I want help, I want strength and I haven't got it. Oh, if somebody could help me! I didn't know who to go to but you, I'm killing myself—I'm killing my wife—I see it. Poor thing! how much she has borne, borne for me and even from me, (and the tears filled his eyes as he said it), and yet I can't help myself. Can't you get the old rum out of me in any way? It's burning me up—it gives me a fiery thirst which I cannot resist. Oh! you know nothing of it. No one knows who has not felt it. Can't you quench it?"

"I pity you, I answered, but it's little I can do for you. The help you need is not merely outward. It is an inward force of will which you have been destroying, deadening for years. You should now go to the Omnipotent for help—you need, if ever man did, Divine strength to shield you from temptation or enable you to resist it."

"Ah! he said, it seems as though nothing but a miracle could do that. You have no idea how we are beset, as it were, by the demons of drink. Every actor, every singer for whom we play, to stimulate us to success or express appreciation for success, sends us the sparkling champagne or some stronger beverage, and our exhausting efforts and irregular and late hours give a double sparkle to the stimulus, and at the moment it seems needful. We go out for a serene and in honor of those whom we would honor, and in acknowledgement we are invited to a collation where hospitality urges the brandy and the wine; and we are made to drink by the very man who would despise and condemn us when drunk. He would have us take a little; another would have us take a little, and yet another; and when the little have become to much, they all would turn from us with loathing. And when the too frequent glass has made the unconquerable appetite,

then they cannot sufficiently express their horror and disgust at the beastly degradation."

"This very often the gentlemen-drinkers who make the drunkards. Well, doctor, can't you give me anything? Can't you do anything for me? I called here to-night mainly for my wife's sake. I went home sober, carrying some little things for her comfort, as I used to, and the way she met me—the old smile that won me to her long ago—the freshness that for a moment seemed to over-spread her pale face, so terribly changed as it is—I could not stand it, doctor, and I thought I'd give worlds if I had them, to make her what she used to be—what I found her. But I can't do that unless I make myself what I used to be. And my children—it won't do for me to speak of them. I'm afraid there's a darker day than this, dark as it is, coming."

"What did you say, uncle? What did you do?" I asked.

"What could I say? What could I do? I urged him to leave a business which was so beset with temptations. He answered that he knew no other business; was unfit for any other; and his family were dependent on it for their daily bread. They would starve while he was looking for other employment, even if he were suited to it and could find it, which he could not expect to do with his present habits and loss of character. I commended him to total abstinence and the help of God, prescribed a tonic to make the accustomed stimulus seem less necessary, and gave him a strict charge to avoid all excesses. I could do no more for him. There is nothing which will prevent the intoxicating and destructive effects of spirituous liquors. The ancients patiently sought an antidote in the olive, the crocus, and the wormwood; the Romans bound their brows with fragrant and refreshing wreaths, to dissipate the evil influence of their cups, but in vain. Wine and strong drink are poisons and they will destroy. No medicine has yet been discovered that can restore the system that has been vilely abused for years; that can neutralize the poison that has been drunk in and drunk in, till the veins are bursting with it, till the pores fairly boil over with it, and the whole man is diseased and disordered. And if such a medicine did exist, I can't see that it would be a blessing to men. If we cured them of drunkenness as we do of bilious fever, they would have the disease again as soon as they could bring it on, so long as liquor is so cheap, so all around them, tempting them everywhere, thrust to their lips, in some instances, whether they will or not. Oh, if there were some way to stop the manufacture of the poison! to stop the sale of it! to save men and their families from destruction! I wonder legislators don't do it. They do other things for human protection far less important."

"But, uncle, they don't want to encephal on individual liberty."

"But they do encephal on it in unquestioned instances; and they must, where the good of the community requires it, as in the laws of marriage and divorce, family support and property, and many others. Why not in this instance? It surely does not lack importance. Men must be preserved from themselves; from the misleading of their own mad impulses, their evil passions."

"Have you heard anything from Ashton since then?" I asked. "Do you know whether he is trying to reform?" He appeared well to-night, and spoke very pleasantly to his wife."

"No," I have not seen him since. I have not much hope for him. His constitution is so worn and shattered, he has so nearly destroyed himself, that it is very likely a temporary departure from his old habits, unless he could be guarded from all exertion and exposure, would bring on another attack of delirium tremens. I doubt whether there's enough left of him for restoration and renovation."

"But I never thought of his being intemperate."

"No, you wouldn't at a hasty, evening glance. His nervous temperament shows it less than a phlegmatic one would, yet he suffers all the more for it. 'Tis terrible! terrible! I am distressed even to think of it. How men can deal out poison, glass after glass, to their fellow-men, knowing that it is poison, told again and again, that it is poison, seeing and believing that it is poison which will destroy all goodness, all happiness, all purity and peace, which will sicken and madden and ruin the body, and pollute and blacken and damn the soul, how men can do it, I cannot conceive. Why they are allowed to do it I cannot conceive. But we must be careful," he added, taking out his watch, "or we shall be intemperate in our talk. I see we are getting near the young hours."

It was but a few mornings after this, that the door-bell rang, and a woman rushed in, trembling and breathless, repeating, "Is Dr. Hamilton in? Dr. Hamilton! Tell him Mr. Ashton wants him; he's in a fit!"

Her manner and speech were so excited and hurried, that the servant was confused, and could not understand her message; and the noise brought my uncle from his dressing-room to the head of the stairs. On his inquiry, "What is it?" she ran to meet him, exclaiming and her rapid breathings, "Oh, Doctor, Mr. Ashton's in a fit!"

"What kind of a fit, Mrs. Ashton?" he asked.

"Oh, you know, Doctor, what kind it is, she answered with a groan, as he left her an instant to throw off his dressing-gown and prepare to accompany her. I was on my way to the breakfast room, and having heard what passed, went forward, gave the woman a chair and a glass of water, and spoke kindly to her, trying to soothe her. She talked on as if I was acquainted with the circumstances of the case."

"Oh, he knew better! he knew better! he was told it would be so; he was told of this," she said. "Now he's convulsed, and foaming at the mouth. He never drank till he came to this country, never."

"What brought this on, Mrs. Ashton?" my uncle asked, as he joined her.

"He was trying to leave off drink, Doctor, and then he exerted himself entirely too much yesterday. He was playing, playing all day; he wasn't even at home to his meals."

When my uncle returned, the first question was, "How did you find Ashton?"

"He was just coming out of the fit lying on the floor and looking wildly at the neighbors who had flocked in and were gathered about him. He didn't seem to know where he was, and he didn't do for him."

"Well, you may have this Doctor's secret, if you'll promise to look out and not try to pry too far into our mystical practice. Now see that you remember it. There was a tremen-

dous fire in the stove, and the room was full of people; I told them to open the door and windows, and let the sick man have air, and I was quickly followed by a very fat woman standing before the closed door, who called out, 'Yes, yes, always let them have air!'

"But you did something more than that, didn't you?" I further asked, for I was in a mood to have used half an apothecary's shop, and have brought the practice of years to bear on this one case."

"Yes," was the answer, "I did; but one medical truth is enough for your light head, and didn't you promise not to be prying?"

The sick man was better, and we were all relieved.

The second night after, one of our severest winter nights, my uncle was roused from his bed by the midnight call. His quick and accustomed ear caught the first tinkle of the summons. A front window was raised, and in answer to the firm and distinct question, "What's wanting?" I could hear a woman's voice. I rose to listen, and could just distinguish—

"Oh, Doctor, you'll come quick, won't you?" "In a moment—don't be alarmed"—was said in that best of all a physician's tones, the tone of confidence and encouragement, meant to give courage and strength, and often giving it. There were no complaints about the breaking up of sweet and health-giving sleep, the sudden tearing from the warm and inviting couch; no mutterings about the severe cold, the freezing midnight weather, the long, hurrying walk; they were unheeded, scarcely thought of. There was distress, agony, to be assuaged; the physician was wanted; hope and trust were placed in him; and it seemed but an instant before I heard the turn of the strong key, and the ponderous door closed heavily behind him.

At the breakfast-table came the not unusual inquiries there:

"How long were you detained out last night, Doctor? Who was in distress this time?" "Ah! you did not recognise the voice, then. I heard you moving in your room, and thought your delicate ear had perceived the musician's poor wife. It was she. Her husband seemed rapidly recovering after his fit, and I told him yesterday, I did not think it necessary for me to make him another visit; but in the middle of the night he woke from a broken slumber, with the dreadful tremor upon him. Such are the changes and relapses so unexpected which often come to discourage us. You have never seen the tremor. May you never see it, and I don't think I can describe it to you. I have never met with a description which could give anything like an idea of the reality when the disease is in its strength, and the delirium is joined to the tremor. Ashton is not yet delirious, but the fear has come, and such fear! It makes you feel a wonderful force in that expression concerning the punishment of lost souls, 'a fearful looking face, of judgment and fiery indignation.' Oh, 'tis pitiful to see the bold courageous man, who has quailed at no human foe, trembling, gasping, shrinking from a fancy—he knows not what—sometimes, though, the fear is fastened on death. It was so with Ashton. When I first approached him, he grasped my hand with a hold like that of a vice, though his pulse is feeble and he has little strength, exclaiming:

"Oh, Doctor, I shall die! I shall die! Do save me! save me this once! I'll never drink again—never! Don't let me die, Doctor! save me!"

Before I left he began to see spectral illusions, though he knew them to be illusions. Serpents were dancing about him; worms were crawling upon his flesh and over his bed. With a strange foresight he called his wife to his side, and taking her hand tenderly, said:

"Mary, I see horrid sights, horrid things around me, and I know they are not real. But they may become so to me; and if they do, don't leave me, Mary. You never have. Stay by me, and see me through it. I'll love you for it—I hope I'll reward you for it, too, Mary."

"Do you think he was right, that the delirium will come on? Can't you keep it off?"

"It probably will. I shall, of course, do all I can to prevent it. I shall call in several times through the day. They need a friend, as well as a physician; though I don't know but the last always includes the first; it certainly ought to include it."

The next morning, day had scarcely broken his way to us and night still clung to the earth, hanging over it, her grey mists, when the servant was hastened to the door by the bell. The bell! the bell! in the physician's dwelling, so ever-ringing, so all-important! to be answered without delay and in so courteous and kindly a mood! for 'tis no common visitor, no heartless caller that has asked admission. No ordinary feelings are to be met. The sick, the poor, the afflicted are waiting; the hurried and the fearful who have been sent by the anguish-stricken bell-rung. I had slept with my door open and listened. It was that same question heard so often—over and over again—but never heard without interest, for behind it I knew there always lay a touching tale of human life!

"Is Dr. Hamilton in?" Then I knew the voice. It was Mary Ashton's. Her husband was with her, clinging to her. He would not be left without her an instant—no even while she went to call the physician. My uncle soon joined them, and went with them to their home. On his return, he said:

"How strange it seems to rise from your bed, still hanging about you and life for a moment forgotten, to meet a man who looks as if he had never slept—so very wide awake, so full of life in every nerve and fibre! It was so this morning when Ashton and his wife called me. And when I reached their house, all was in perfect order; the children all dressed and quiet, as though there had been no night there."

"What was the matter now?"

"Oh, the delirium has come to the poor fellow. He cannot close his eyes, nor rest in the least. There is nothing like quiet in any way for him. His hands are shake, shake. Every part of him is in strong tremor—his tongue shakes, and he is tormented by fancied demons, reptiles, and all monstrous things which he now believes real, and of which he is in the most painful fear. He sees them everywhere; he knows they are attacking and injuring him, and he is making every effort possible, to avoid and destroy them. And no sooner does one crowd of tormentors leave him than another comes. At one time this morning he was constantly biting fiercely with his teeth, and making the motion of throwing something from his mouth spitefully to the floor. He said he was biting off the heads of snakes and throwing them away; and as fast as they were destroyed, others came to take their places. He opened his jaws wide, telling

me to look and see the snakes' heads—his mouth and throat all full of them."

It was not long before he sprang from his chair, and seized a loaded pistol, rushed to the window and fired it through the glass. "There, there, did you see that burglar?" he said to me. "He was just putting up his hand to cut the glass. Where's the police? I'll have them here. Pity old Hays is dead. He'd come and help me. There now, they're trying the door. Come, and help me hold it, Mary!" He had, as he thought, a desperate time with the burglar; and I could not quiet him till I undertook to disperse them myself, and made him believe that I had succeeded. Then I left him, but something else has beset him before this."

"How long will he be likely to continue in this way?"

"It is uncertain. It may be two or three days, perhaps a week or more. His pulse is so low, and he has so little vitality left, that if he keeps up his violent efforts he won't hold out long."

"If he recovers, this will be, as he said, a lesson that he'll remember. He'll be likely to reform."

"No not likely; this is his second attack; the first effected no permanent change in his habits. It has been said that this terrific disease comes as a last warning to the intemperate, but if it does, they don't heed it. I have known many cases of it—it is very common in this country—and I have done all in my power again and again to enforce its lesson, and give help and encouragement, and moral strength to bring about a reformation; but it is rarely that a victim ever reforms. People go too far, expecting to turn and still escape the dreadful gulf. The safety lies in never crossing the first circling eddy. I would make the French adage—'C'est le premier pas que perd'."

"What would you have it, uncle?"

"It is the first step that loses." With that everything is lost; it is seldom retraced; it can be retraced; I have known it done, but less often than one would at first think; and if my voice could be heard, I would say to every young man, yes, and young woman, too, I would say with a father's force and unceasing, "Don't put your foot on forbidden ground, or if it be not forbidden to you, doubtful ground. It may sink beneath you. Don't take one step in the fragrant, flowery path to death, though fondly lured by the laughter and merriment of its many travellers. I fear you will not have the power to retrace it. Once there, an unseen and wily foe will ensnare and bind you, and take away your strength and you will feel that you cannot do what you would; you will seem to be led captive at another's will. I have seen many a strong man yield, and pass on from whence there is no returning. Many a Sampson, blinded and struggling, go on to destruction, and there was no victory for him, and no revenge upon the foe even in death. He was conquered completely, in every sense—vanquished and spoiled, if ever being was. But this is too long a temperance lecture for breakfast."

"Two or three days passed. I was too much interested in the case to forget Ashton, and when I felt that I was not intruding upon time and thoughts already engaged, made inquiries about him. One night my uncle returned from some evening visits at an unusually late hour, and came direct to the parlor."

"I have just come from the Ashton's," he said, "and such a scene! I wish the liquor dealers could have been in my place. I don't know as it would be wrong to wish them in poor Ashton's place. Some of them would come to it yet. I stand as here trying to do something in the way of help, but what can man do for his fellow-man, when it seems as though hell itself was both in him and led loose upon him? Such frenzy! such fury! He'd start and turn, then fly across the room to wrestle with some fancied foe; he was in constant action, in continued contest with something. He was turned against me—accused me of treachery and hostility; he was even turned against his wife, and upbraided her cruelly. It was touching to see how she bore it, while the tears rolled down her cheeks and she went about ministering to him, trying to do something for his relief. He did not even leave his children to rest, but would rouse them from their sleep in the little crib to see or do this or that, addressing them in a wild, harsh way, filling them with fright. His patient wife went to them and soothed them, 'there go to sleep again; father don't want you.' She looked me to the door, as I was leaving and said,

"What can I do, Doctor? What can be done? He's all in a fever, Doctor; and an excellent husband he has been to me when he did not drink; one of the best and kindest of men. What can be done? It seems as though I could not hold out much longer. He never closes his eyes, and it is long since I have slept. He's so wild I cannot influence him in the least, yet he will not let me leave him and he will have no one else about him. One of his best friends came to stay with him last night, but he met him with severe accusations, and turned him roughly from his door. The faithful man would not desert him, and staid and watched outside in the cold, afraid that he might attempt some violence. I'm expecting another of his friends now, and he may be treated in the same manner."

I spoke of the hospital, and promised to visit Ashton very early in the morning. But I think his strength is nearly spent."

It was as the doctor expected. When I met him in the morning, he said—"It is all over. I found all quiet at the Ashton's. The trembling, terror-stricken man, rushing and tearing about in his madness, lies still and cold and motionless. How different from last night! The perfect repose of death is in striking contrast with such intense activity of life. The sleepless eyes are now in a slumber from which there is no awaking. There is rest and quiet for the poor abused frame, the body—but the spirit—I am afraid

MISCELLANY.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH'S WIFE.

MACKINTOSH married when only a young man, in great pecuniary straits. He was living in the family of Dr. Fraser, London, where Miss Catharine Stuart, a young Scotch lady, was a frequent visitor. She was distinguished by a rich fund of good sense, and an affectionate heart, rather than her personal attractions. An affection sprang up between them, and they got privately married at Marylebone church, on Feb. 18, 1789, greatly to the offence of the relatives of both parties.

When composing his *Vindicta Gallica* at Little Ealing, his wife sat by him in the room; he could tolerate no one else; and he required her to be perfectly quiet, not even to write or work, as the slightest movement disturbed him. In the evening, by way of recreation, he walked out with his wife, reading to her as he went along. This amiable wife died in 1797, when slowly recovering from the birth of a child, and she left three daughters behind her. Mackintosh thus spoke of his departed wife, in a letter to Dr. Parr, written shortly after his sad bereavement, and we do not remember ever to have met with a more beautiful testimony to a deceased wife than this is:

"In the state of deep but quiet melancholy which has succeeded to the first violent agitation of my sorrow, my greatest pleasure is to look back with gratitude and pious affection on the memory of my beloved wife; and my chief consolation is the soothing recollection of her virtues. Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and, though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; and to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment for which I but too often gave her cause, she would to God! I could recall those moments! she had no selfishness nor acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! the choice of my youth, the partner of my misfortunes, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days. If I had lost the giddy and thoughtless companion of prosperity, the world could easily repair the loss; but I have lost the faithful and tender partner of my misfortunes, and my only consolation is in that Being under whose severe but paternal chastisement I am bent down to the ground."

NAUTICAL THEOLOGY.—A story is current of a sailor, more disposed to divinity than nautical men in general, who when in this port, formed regularly one of the congregation at the church of a popular preacher. It chanced that during one of the discourses, to which Jack was an attentive listener, the reverend doctor, alluded several times, in scriptural phrase, to "Satan being bound in chains for a thousand years." The passage struck the attention of the seaman with peculiar force, and during the week he pondered frequently upon the words, feeling every time an increasing satisfaction that an individual towards whom he had never been over partial was so securely and for such a length of time disposed of.

On the following Sunday he went to hear the doctor again, but to his great surprise, and to the unsettling of his recent comforting notions, during one portion of the sermon the preacher asserted that the devil goeth about seeking whom he may devour. Jack quitted the church oppressed with a host of conflicting thoughts and emotions, and unable, after many a tough, colloquial argument, to reconcile the two statements, he resolved to summon up courage and wait upon the clergyman, in order to have the mystery solved. He did so, and after considerable hemming and hawing, and hiching of his trousers, at length spoke at once, told the doctor that he could not make the two sermons fit, and asked if his Satanic majesty was really bound in the way stated, to know the length of his cable. "O, was the dignified reply," it extends over the whole world. "My eyes," rejoined Jack, "does it? why the lubber might as well be loose."—[Liverpool Times.]

DRIVING OFF THE FOG.—On the last trip of the steamer Express, around from Nashville, she was detained several hours by fog, so that she did not arrive here as soon as she was expected. Capt. McComas, anxious to get along, did not stop his boat, but kept her cautiously moving forward, having both eyes wide open for any opposing obstacle. Passing to the stern of the boat to take an observation, he was met by a passenger who said to him, "Captain, why don't you drive off the fog?" "Just the thing I should like to have you tell me how to do!" "Come down to the cabin, and I'll tell you how an old German friend of mine once did it."

In a few moments after, they were seated in the cabin, when the passenger commenced by saying, "I shall expect that you will believe it, and of course try the experiment." In the rich valley of the Mohawk, there is a quiet little village called "Spraker's Basin." Not many years ago, and before there was such a thing as a railroad in the State of New York, the venerable Mr. Spraker, the patriarch and founder of Spraker Basin, was keeping a tavern within a mile or so of the village, upon the thoroughfare known as the Johnstown road. Spraker's, as it was generally called, was in the early times the great rendezvous for the Mohawk farmers, while journeying to Albany with their wheat, and of the Jefferson and Lewis county drovers. Now and then a New York merchant on his way to the Northern settlements, was to be seen before the great wood fire in the bar-room of Spraker's tavern. This class of travellers were held in much respect by old Spraker, and the honest Dutch farmers on the river. They were in fact the "Some Funks" of the present day, among all the guests that put up at Spraker's for the night. One of this class accosted the old man on the porch, one foggy morning, with

"Mr. Spraker, do you have much of this weather down in this valley?" "O yes, but we tout mind it Mr. Steward, I has a way of

triving it off. Tish no matter at all, tish fog," "How's that, Mr. Spraker, I should like to know the process of driving off the fog?" Well, I takes a tram and goes out and feeds to pigs, and if to fog toot go off purty soon, I takes anoder tram, and den I goes out and fodders de cattle, and den, if to fog aint gone by dis time, I takes anoder tram, and den I goes out and chops wood like dunder, and den if to fog toot go by dis time, I takes anoder tram, and so, Mr. Steward, I keeps doin, till de fog all goes away." "Well, upon my word, Mr. Spraker, this is a very novel mode indeed to get clear of the fog. How many drams did you ever take of a morning before you succeeded in driving off the fog?" "Let me see, about two years ago, I tink I had to take about twenty drams, but tat was a tam foggy morning!"

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE..... JUNE 24, 1852.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, 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.

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A Plain Talk, and a New Plan.

We are about closing the Fifth Volume of the Mail. In looking at our books we find it necessary to have a new understanding with our subscribers.

Some have kindly paid us in advance, and others promptly within the year, while many are in arrears two, three and even five years. This is a bad state of things for them, and still worse for us. Here then is our plan—

To urge a full and complete settlement of all accounts to the close of the present volume; and hereafter to insist STRICTLY upon our published terms, of \$1.50 within the year, and \$2.00 after that close.

We feel confident that our patrons generally will thank us for this. We commence, therefore, by forwarding bills to those in arrears. The bills are made out at \$2.00 per year; but all who pay them IMMEDIATELY, either at the office or through the mail, can do so at \$1.50 per year. Odd change can be made in Postoffice stamps. Hereafter all bills will be sent to subscribers promptly once a year.

Now, reader, look at this plan; and if it appears advantageous to you, and positively necessary for us, take hold kindly and liberally, and above all PROMPTLY, and help us to carry it out.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

April 30, 1852.

MR. EDITOR:—Thinking that a few lines in regard to this Western country might not prove uninteresting to your readers, I send you the following, which you are at liberty to publish in the Mail.

I will begin with Lockport, which is a beautiful, thriving, business place, containing some twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the Erie canal, in the midst of one of the best agricultural counties of the State. It is the shire town and principal business place in Niagara county. The streets are wide and tastefully laid out, and shaded on each side with ornamental trees, which in summer makes it most delightful. It is thirty miles from Buffalo, sixty from Rochester, and eighteen from Lewiston, the principal commercial port at the head of Lake Ontario. It is divided into Upper-town and Lower-town. Upper-town occupies the highest ridge of land in the county, and is sixty feet above Lower-town. Between the towns, in the canal, are five double locks, which as works of art, are rarely surpassed. This fall of water, which is the power of the State, (if we except the Niagara Falls,) which is well improved. There are forty-two run of flouring stones here. Some of the mills grind twenty-five hundred bushels of wheat in twenty-four hours. Some of the best Genesee flour that goes to the East is manufactured here. The extra superfine is now retailing here for five dollars. S. A. Spalding Esq. is the greatest operator here. The canal is to this country, what the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers are to Maine. There is no end to its commerce. There are several steam mills here, in addition to the water mills, for the manufacture of lumber. There is over half a million of capital invested in the lumber business in this City. The pine is cut in Canada, rafted across the Lake and taken down the canal. There is a great quantity of Oak and Black Walnut grown in this vicinity, which is manufactured for the New York market. There are shingle machines here which shave from blocks, from thirty to forty thousand per day, each. They are said to be equal to those shaved by hand. They must be far better than machines that saw them.

There are large quarries of sand-stone here, which are used extensively for flagging in the large towns, on the canals and lakes. More than three hundred men are engaged in working them. The stones are from one to ten inches thick, and very smooth and handsome. It is truly a manufacturing city. All the sidewalks of the City are made of these stones. There are four banks in the place, and three weekly papers and one daily published here, which, to the credit of the people, it is said are well patronized. The City is lighted with gas. The people are well informed and hence liberal both in purse and principles. Riches are got here by making money, not saving it, as in the East. This is a great wheat country. Niagara county has averaged over a million of bushels of wheat per year for the last three years. Wheat farms are worth from forty to one hundred dollars per acre, be they large or small. The land is very strong, as may be known by the timber it grows, which consists of Oak, Black Walnut, Maple, Beech, Ash, &c. There are no evergreens in this vicinity. The railroad from Rochester to Niagara, and thence through Canada to Detroit and Michigan, which is to be the great thoroughfare between the East and West, passes through this place. It will soon be completed. It has a branch from here to Buffalo, which, with that part of it between here and Rochester, will be opened in June. The Niagara road will cross the Niagara river on a suspension bridge with a span of 750 feet. At Lewiston there is a bridge 1013 feet long and 160 feet above the river. The roads here

are very bad at this time of the year, except the plank ones which are very fine. There are ten plank roads leading from this City into different parts of the country. The bad roads are owing to the clay soil, and flatness of the country.

The season is very backward. It is said to be a month later than usual. This has made hay and wood very high. Hay has been selling for eighteen dollars; butter for twenty-eight cents; and potatoes for one dollar fifty. There was never such a winter and spring known here before.

They have some very fine horses and cattle here, that would not suffer by a comparison with Simpson's and Wells'.

The best wheat is worth eighty-seven cents, and corn from forty to fifty.

Notwithstanding all the attractions of this country, I should do injustice to my feelings if I did not say that I am partial to my New England home; and proud of Maine, my native State. Much is said here about the Maine Liquor Law. It has many warm friends, and must soon become a law of the Empire State. That law has done more to give Maine character abroad than all the other laws she ever passed. It will be a monument to her that will stand when brass and marble shall have crumbled into dust. There is no computing the good to the world that is yet to arise from it. Millions will yet rise up and call her blessed for this act of humanity which will exert its influence from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth. More anon.

H. KNAPP.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

Memories and Feelings awakened by Music.

Music awakens the tenderest sympathies of our nature. It plays upon chords so exquisitely tuned, that the harp strings of melody are made to vibrate to its gentlest undulations; and the spirit forgetting its robe of clay passes into the ethereal world; there to become acquainted with sweeter sounds, and more soul enrapturing strains. Its sweetest influence is felt when coming from a distance. Let its rich melodious sounds be wafted across the waters, where every harsh and rugged note is made smooth by the friction of the waves it passes over—on some bright and beautiful moonlit night, when not even the shadow of a cloud darkens the beauty of night, or the resplendent heavens, and the wandering winds and zephyrs are hushed into quiet, dream-like repose—then, listen to the sweet, harmonious tones of vocal music, borne on the wings of sound, and the spirit will feel its heavenly birth, and would soar on pinions of love to find its own affinity.

It was on such a night I sat in the open window of a large and spacious apartment, and listened to the sweet strains of familiar voices. Its soothing influences purified and elevated every disturbing thought, and lulled the senses into the forgetfulness of quiet repose. As its sweet cadences stole over me, a dream-like passiveness took possession of the physical frame; and the spirit revelled in the enjoyment of intense delight. It seemed as though I was irresistibly drawn towards the place from whence the music proceeded; for I wandered on through spacious halls and down winding stairs not knowing whether I was going, or what power led me on. I was only sensible that every step brought me nearer the place I sought. Suddenly I found myself in the center of a richly furnished and highly decorated apartment, where were clustered a group of friends entertaining themselves with one of heaven's own employments. I paused; a variety of contending emotions and feelings filled my soul. Memories came rushing into my mind thick and fast. My soul, or spirit, wandered on the magnetic wings of the past, to my own loved home. Again, in my visions I was there. Again, I was seated by the fire-side in the midst of Parents and the loved ones who gather there. Again, I heard the voices of brother, sisters, and associates dear, in the gay song or in strains of holier, diviner import. Again, I wandered over hill and dale, by the side of the murmuring stream, or in the forest glade, over the smooth greensward, and amidst the wilder features of nature. In my joy at the pleasing remembrances which fancy pictured to the mental vision, I forgot that I was in the midst of song, and should give attention to its sweet inspiration. A sentence sung with peculiar pathos and sweetness, aroused me from my vain, though happy dreams; only to pass into another, no less vague and entrancing. "I remembered that it was many a night since first we met beneath the greenwood tree; and that then, many a youthful pastime was engaged in; many an hour of glee had passed away. Then many a loved associate was hallowed in the sanctuary of blissful memories. And that it was, many a night since last we parted. That several moons had waxed and waned, and still long distance separated us. The seasons had come and flown; time passed as relentlessly on as ever; and that it might yet be many a night ere we should meet again. Sadness was creeping o'er me! The harp strings of the vital frame echoed to every vibration made by that music's soft and delicate touch. Strike that harp gently, for its sympathies awaken emotions so deep, too control. Strike it gently, for angels may be hovering near, and bearing messages of love from and to the living—Strike it gently, for some earth-born spirit to whom our heart clings with deep, undying affection, may be taking its eternal flight. It may be a father dear, who has long lingered in affliction, anxiously, but calmly, waiting the time of his departure. It may be a mother, on whose tender care and watchfulness, my life has hung so long. She, on whose vitality I have so long existed; and but for whose affection I should long ago have ceased to have dwelt a sojourner of earth—Strike it gently, for the dear departed ones, who have left us for their new and glorious homes; and who may now be in our midst. Gently strike it, for a brother and sister are there. I hear

their soft gentle whisperings, breathing of hope and love, and joys divine. I see their Seraphic forms clothed in robes of beauty, beckoning me onward to join their number. Strike it gently, for they have gone—they have left us alone—Alone did I say? No! for Earth has myriads of human beings of like affections, sympathies, hopes and desires.

But time and music both sped on; and with them the ebullition of feeling. Now, wrapped in intense delight—and then in deeper reverie. Now, wandering on through the mazes of the future; and the reminiscences of the past—My imagination carried me onward to the time when those "evening bells" which I heard so often greeting the shades of night would ring my own departing knell. And then, that they would send forth their merry peal the same as if no dirge had been chanted by them. The music ceased, but not its influence. Its melodies are still echoing along the shores of memory. Its sweet enchanting strains are still dying in the distance; and, as each reverberation is caught up by the tendrils of sympathy, its purifying, elevating influence takes a deeper, and still deeper hold upon the mind, and causes me now to feel, and realize, the spiritual influence and power there is in music.

MINER.

Fourth of July Celebration in Waterville.

"The Glorious Fourth," after long neglect, is to be duly observed in Waterville this year. At a meeting of citizens on Monday evening, at the Town Hall, the following gentlemen were appointed a Committee of Arrangements:

Dr. John Benson, Samuel S. Parker, Samuel P. Shaw, Joseph Marston, John L. Seavey, Robert W. Pray, Joshua Nye, Jr., Joseph W. Freeman, Joseph Percival, Geo. A. Phillips, A. P. Baxter, Eugene F. Sanger, Cyrus Williams, John S. Chase, B. C. Benson, J. H. Drummond, A. B. Bates, C. K. Mathews, I. B. Tozier, Stephen C. Marston, W. H. Hatch, S. Kimball.

Committee from the College—

B. F. Kelley, of Senior Class, G. Bradley and A. Owen, Junior Class, N. Butler, Jr., Sophomore Class, R. White, Freshman Class.

At a meeting of this Committee on Tuesday evening, at the Williams House, the following local committees were appointed—

Winslow—J. Eaton, R. Ayer, A. Dingley, G. Green, J. Richards.

Kendall's Mills—E. Page, H. C. Newhall, G. E. Freeman, E. W. McFadden, J. Kendall.

Unity—Dr. Burnham, S. Winslow, N. Dingley, A. W. Chapin, B. Shaw.

Diamond—T. A. Butman, F. Dodge.

Burnham—D. S. Milliken, E. W. Bush.

China—L. Lamb, A. Marshall, E. Shaw, J. B. Hatch, J. S. Marshall, H. Brackett.

Benton—D. H. Brown, A. Hinds, Royal Brown, S. Joy.

Fairfield—Gen. Fowler, Dr. Campbell.

Sidney—B. Sawtelle, Silas Waif.

Canaan—Hiram Burrill, Joseph Barrett, J. Q. A. Butts, G. H. Lewis.

Perry—Sherman Pishon, Daniel Wells.

Skowhegan—Moses Littlefield, H. P. Pratt, E. McLellan.

Norridgewock—Wm. D. Gould, C. Bates, E. J. Peet.

Anson—C. Stewart, I. R. Doolittle, A. A. Mann.

Belgrade—T. Eldridge, G. Brown.

Vassboro—T. S. Lang, J. Mower, Hiram Pishon.

So far as the plan of the Committee is developed, it contemplates a "Good Old-fashioned Celebration," such as will fulfil the predictions of the patriot Adams. A national salute and ringing of the bells at sunrise, noon and sunset—an oration and accompanying services—a procession, with a band—a dinner, with toasts and speeches—fireworks in the evening—together with such incidental merry-makings as become the day. No political or other party lines or distinctions are to be known within thirty miles for twenty-four hours! Briefly, a generous, whole-souled jubilee, in the good old name of true patriotism. In this, the participation of the people of the neighboring towns, one and all, is most cordially invoked by the citizens of Waterville.

[Programme of proceedings in our next.]

The Whig Candidate for President.

The Whig Convention, at Baltimore nominated Gen. Scott for president, and Wm. A. Graham, of N. Carolina, for vice-president. Scott was nominated on the fifty-third ballot. The ballots averaged about 130 each for Scott and Fillmore, and 30 for Webster, till towards the close; and in the final ballot Scott had 159, Fillmore 112, and Webster 21.

"Pierce and King" against "Scott and Graham," will now decorate the ten thousand banners that float on ten thousand hills and spires and masts, till the ballot box ends the contest. The Free Soil nomination is not yet officially made. Probably Mr. Hale will be the man.

Then let every man 'look to his primings,' and give good battle. We shall, as usual, stand firm for 'our side,' and exhort every man to do likewise.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—This magazine is last in order of reception for June, but first in order of merit. It has some very fine embellishments, and is filled to the brim with the rich contributions of the best talent in the country. What a revolution Graham has brought about in the Philadelphia Monthlies. "Milliner Magazines"—a sobriquet to which they were justly entitled, for they did little else than record the changes of fashion, and furnish sickly, mawkish tales for milliner's apprentices—is now, applied to them, a misnomer. From Graham's the fashion plates are entirely discarded, in the others they form an unimportant feature; and these magazines are now filled with reading matter of an entirely different character—so that where was once 'milk for babes' is now 'meat for strong men.' As this is all Graham's work, we hope he will have his reward.

For sale at the Bookstores.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—We learn from the "New Brunswick" (St. John) that on Tuesday of last week, near Horton, Nova Scotia, Rev. Edward Very, Professor Chipman, and four students belonging to Acadia College, lost their lives by the upsetting of a boat. The party left with two boatmen, on an excursion to Cape Blomidon, intending to collect specimens of the mineral treasures to be found in that locality. They spent the day in that pursuit, and were returning with the afternoon's tide. As they approached the opposite shore, the wind freshened until it blew a gale, and the boat shipped a sea which filled her. They bailed out the water, and were endeavoring to bail for the purpose of taking shelter in Hackett River, when the boat was struck by a sea and swamped. Those on board clung to the boat as long as they had strength, but one by one they were washed away. Mr. Very was the last. He lost his hold once, but the surviving boatman, (his other had already sunk) caught his hand and helped him to lay hold again; he was, however, shortly washed off again, and sunk to rise no more. Of the eight persons in the boat, only one boatman escaped. The names of the students were, Messrs Rand, Phalen, Grant and King. Truly, 'in the midst of life, we are in death.'

The Zion's Herald adds:—The loss of Brethren Very and Chipman will be severely felt by the Baptists of the Province. Bro. Very was pastor of a church in St. John, and also editor of the Christian Visitor. He was a man of superior ability, and both as a pastor and an editor stood high in the public estimation. He was a student in Waterville, though the last year of his collegiate course was spent at Dartmouth. He studied Theology at Bangor, and was for a time pastor of the Baptist Church at Belfast.

Prof. Chipman was a graduate of Waterville College, of the year 1839, and he has been connected with Acadia College in the department of Mathematics and the Natural Sciences for twelve years or more. He was a thorough scholar, and has devoted himself with great industry and self-sacrifice to the work of building up the institution which, in his death, suffers a loss that cannot be easily repaired. It seems peculiarly unfortunate, just at this time, as the friends of the College are about making a special effort to place it upon a secure foundation.

Our brethren of the Province have had a hard struggle, and we fear that by this calamity they will be well nigh disheartened.

HON. WILLIAM KING.—The late Hon. William King, whose death is announced in its appropriate column, was born in Scarborough, in the then District of Maine. His father, Richard King, Esq., was a merchant of some note at that time.

William King had the misfortune to lose that father when quite young; but was blessed with a mother of great energy of character, of single-minded purpose, and of great moral worth. The Revolutionary war was a serious obstacle to his acquiring a thorough academic education, and his physical energies were taxed in the cultivation of a large farm.

About the year 1794 he removed to Topsfield, and entered into the business of milling, trading, building and sailing vessels, in company with his brother-in-law, the late Doctor Porter.

Mr. King was early elected Representative from Topsfield to the Massachusetts Legislature.

At or about the commencement of the present century he removed to Bath; entered at once upon a large commercial business, and was successful in acquiring a large estate in a few years; but met with reverses during the restrictive system, embargo and war; represented Bath and this County, in the Legislature of Massachusetts for several years. Topsfield in a great measure, it is believed, (Maine being then a part of Massachusetts,) was indebted for enlarged legislation in religious toleration, to the Bettembert Act, so called. The former secured the right to each man to worship and pay his tax, in the religious society where conscience dictated—the latter saved many a family from utter destitution.

Mr. King was Major General of this division for 11 years, first Governor of Maine, Commissioner of the Spanish Claims, a warm friend to the educational interests of the State, the Commissioner for the planning and erection of the State House at Augusta, and Collector of the Port of Bath. To the discharge of the duties in these several offices and appointments, he brought untiring energy, and much foresight and sagacity, and has left behind him the reputation of a high order of intellect. His house was also the abode of generous hospitality.

And now, after a painful visitation of Providence, by which that great mind was obscured for a time, nothing remains of him here but the frail tenement of clay, once indeed a noble form; the immortal, the precious soul, in its full and lofty proportions, has gone to the God who gave it.

An affectionate wife is left a widow to mourn his loss, while at the same time she cannot but remember with gratitude to her God, that this ever kind and affectionate friend was spared her for nearly fifty-two years.

He has also left behind an only son, Major Cyrus William King, now in the United States service.

He was interred with Military and Masonic honors.—[Bath Mirror.]

NEW COUNTERFEIT.—A new counterfeit one dollar bill on the Tremont Bank, Boston, has just made its appearance in our City. It professes to be engraved by Draper, Toppan & Co., Phil. and is miserably executed. The vignette is in the centre of the bill, and represents three blacksmiths at work at the forge. Directly over this vignette is the name of the bank, with the number to the left, and the letter B at the right. At the left end of the bill is a female represented as standing and writing at a desk, while at the right is the figure of a Turk. The signatures are very poor, and the bill bears date July 1st, 1850.—[Trav.]

The Maine law passed the House of Representatives of New Hampshire, on Friday forenoon, by a vote of 172 to 105. It is to be submitted to the people on the second of November next, the day of the Presidential election, and if ratified by their votes, will go into effect on the 20th of November. In the Senate, the bill was laid upon the table, from which, a correspondent of the Boston Journal says, it will not be taken.

[LATER.—In the Senate the bill was postponed to the fall session, and the opinion of the Judges of the Superior Court was asked as to the constitutionality of its provisions. The Legislature adjourned on Saturday, to meet again on the 17th of November.]

BEAUTIFUL FEDESTALS IN EBONY.—Flat, broad and ugly feet are reckoned to belong as inevitably to our Yankee negroes as wool-covered heads. But Bayard Taylor, writing from Interior Africa, says that 'the bare feet and ankles of the African girls are as slender and delicate as those of the Venus Cloemene.' He adds, 'that he cannot compare them to the

feet of American ladies, because, owing to the length of the skirt which prevails here, he does not remember ever to have seen in America an entire female foot!' Yet he doubts if one in a thousand of his countrywomen 'stands on so light and beautiful a pedestal as these wild African girls.' We know not which is the more wonderful, that an individual should have reached the years of discretion without having seen a lady's foot, or that an individual while confessing the fact, should in the same breath presume to make the comparison we have just quoted.

AMERICAN PRISONERS IN JAPAN.—By barque Eureka, arrived from Canton this morning, we learn the following statement of cruel treatment by the Japanese towards shipwrecked American seamen, and murder of one of the unfortunate men taken at St. Helena some months ago.—Murphy Wells, an American citizen, born in the State of New York, late carpenter on board the American whaling ship Lawrence, of Poughkeepsie, Capt. Baker, states that the said vessel (the Lawrence) was wrecked on the 28th of May, 1846, by running on a reef of rocks in the dead of night, about 300 miles off the coast of Japan, during very thick weather. All hands remained by the vessel till daylight, when their boats were manned by the whole of the ship's company, who took with them all of their clothing, &c. that could possibly be got at, as the vessel was going to pieces fast, the sea making a breach over her; they then made the best of their way for the Island of Japan. During the night the boats separated, two of which have never since been seen. Our boat (Wells') arrived in safety after seven days passage. On the moment of arrival the natives took possession of our boats and effects, when we were soon thrust into a prison cage made similar to those in which wild beasts are kept, where we were confined and half starved for nearly twelve months, after which we were transported to a Dutch settlement down the coast. Here we were again put in prison by the Japanese for two months longer, at the expiration of which we were brought before the Chief and tribe for daring to approach their land.

We told them we were shipwrecked sailors, but they disbelieved us, and threatened to cut off our heads, supposing us to be Englishmen, against whom they cherish a bitter animosity. But when we told them we were Americans, they said nothing further, except to ask us what religion we professed. We told them we worshipped God, and believed in Jesus Christ; whereupon they brought us a cross bearing the image of our Saviour, and forced us to trample it under our feet, under a threat of being massacred on the spot if we refused. We were then detained in prison for two days longer, when we were released and sent on board a Dutch ship, bound to Batavia, where we arrived in December, 1847.

While we were in prison in Japan, one of our comrades, Thomas Williams, endeavored to escape, but was caught and brought in, in a dying state, owing to wounds inflicted on him with some deadly weapon. He lived about six hours; and when he was dead the natives brought in a coffin, in which they compelled us to place the corpse, when they took it away, but what was done with it we could never ascertain. The names of those saved from the wreck, are—Geo. Howe, 2d mate; Thomas Williams, seaman, (since murdered); Peter Williams, do.; Henry Spencer, do.; Murphy Wells, carpenter. We heard of several English seamen being there in confinement similar to ourselves.

FIRE AT BANGOR.—The "Drew Block," at the east end of Kenduskeag Bridge, Bangor, Me., was consumed by fire on the morning of the 16th inst. between twelve and one o'clock. It was owned by Messrs. W. T. & H. Pierce, Mr. Savory, and Gen. Veazie, and insured at the Portsmouth, N. H. Mutual office. Loss on building about \$800. T. McWeney lost his whole stock. He was insured for \$1500, at the People's office, Boston. The fire broke out in his store. The larger portion of the building was occupied by J. M. Cronin & Co., as a grocery store. Their goods were partially removed. Insured for \$1500, at Portsmouth (N. H.) which will cover the loss. The basement was occupied by Mr. J. W. Perry as a victualling celler. His loss was about \$100. The adjoining store on Exchange street, occupied by J. W. Snow & Son, grocers, was slightly injured. Their goods were all removed. Insured for \$800, at Merchants' office, Salem. Whole loss about \$4000.

DESTROYING MILDEW.—A correspondent of the Journal of Agriculture, speaking of mildew on grapes, green-house plants, &c., says: "We have for more than fifteen years used sulphur for this purpose, and in no instance has it failed to effect a cure. We have known instances where mildew, in the space of a few days, would spread its spores over a large rose-house, destroying nearly all the foliage of the plants, and this, by the use of sulphur spread on the walks and over the plants, was extinguished in a short period."

SAD MISTAKE.—On Monday morning, Mrs. J. W. Ford, the wife of the Universalist clergyman in this city, drank from a bottle, what she supposed to be some harmless drink or medicine, and had swallowed a mouthful before discovering that she had made a fatal mistake, and had swallowed washing-fluid—a strong, corrosive alkali. She was immediately thrown into terrible pain. Dr. Bridgman having been called, procured emesis very quickly, and then administered acids. It is feared that inflammation will follow, and that the lady will lose her life.—[Springfield Republican.]

'HATEFUL' SERENADES.—Our readers have been duly edified by the solemn earnestness of the Commercial's remarks upon the typographical error which made us say that the serenade to Madame Goldschmidt was hateful to her feelings. The Tribune 'improves the occasion' by the following truthful bit of smartness:—

"Of course the critic meant grateful—but, from our small experience of after-midnight melody, we are inclined to deem the compositor's unconscious improvement more consistent with the prosaic and positive truth."

We commend this to the serious consideration of those young gentlemen who are in the habit of attaching themselves to a guitar by a piece of broad blue ribbon, and in that guise calling upon their female acquaintances to commit the absurdity, to say nothing of the impropriety, of leaving warm beds to meet them by moonlight alone.—[New York Cour. & Enq.]

FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Horace Greeley says, "It needs no logic to tell us that the grog-shops have more influence over the police and aldermen than the police and aldermen have over the grog-shops."

French has the following witty parody of a nursery song:

"Hush-a-bye! Pontiff, upon the sword's prop;
When the world moves, the popedom will rock;
When the popedom falls, the structure will fall;
And down comes Pontiff, Pontiff and all."

I once ascended at table the well-meant persecutions of the kind-hearted wife of a medical friend, from whom, ever and anon, came the inquiry of what I would take next? This had been so often repeated that I had begun to look round, fearing that my character as a teacher by example, might suffer, and replied that, "if she pleased I would take breath." It was sunny and ungrateful, but it was good naturedly received and understood.—[Sir James Eyrie.

"Do you find the bump of generosity there?" said a silly fellow, whose head was undergoing phrenological inspection. "There is something here rather giving," said the man of heads, pressing his fingers on the skull.

The Quaker.—An appeal is being made to the friends of the Quakers, both of the South and North, to send a matter now stand, shall the general Scot be paid without robbing the general Puffer?

AN ORKNEY.—The New York Mirror, in commenting upon the offensive smell emitted by that city during the present hot weather, thanks the stars that "New York is not the city of the dog."

"I'll take your part," said the dog said when he robbed the cat of her portion of the dinner.

An Irishman being asked to write "Arrah! he says, Biddy Casey," put it into paper as follows: "R R! B A Z B D K Z."

MORE AND LESS.—"It is a very singular thing," said a tailor's apprentice, to his master, as the latter was pressing a job-tailored coat, "that the more there is of something, the less there is."

"How can that be?" said the tailor.

"Why, there's that job-tailored coat—the less you make the tail, the more body it is."

Fables on foot, over Kennebec Bridge at Augusta, are to go free of toll hereafter.

ARMED WATCHMEN.—The city watchmen, of Providence, have been armed with pistols, in accordance with a resolution to that effect passed by the Board of Aldermen.

Brewer, who defrauded the Suffolk Bank, has been guilty, and was sentenced on Saturday to three years in State Prison and one day solitary. He wept bitterly during the proceedings, and others in the room shed tears.

MULLANY, in speaking of the different machines that are brought to the notice of Congress for taking the eyes and ears, says there is nothing like the tool used in Ireland—a shillalah. For giving gentlemen "the floor" when they are entitled to it, it is also an invaluable instrument, he observes.

GER. CASE says there are two things which you cannot touch an Indian to fear death, or fear a white man. While Cato could not improve their stoicism, all the tax-gatherers in the world, he says, could not add a particle to their industry.

An attempt was made to arrest Mrs. Sinclair on board of the Asia as she was about starting for Europe, on a writ of ne exeat. The Sheriff being unable to find her, talked of breaking open the doors of the ladies' state rooms and Capt. Jenkins talked of throwing him overboard. Neither was done and Mrs. Sinclair sailed.

A matter of fact friend of ours, some five years a father, speaking of the return of a child should make a parent, said that he did not think, as children behaved now-a-days, that they paid three cents on a dollar of what they owed of affection and gratitude.—Carpet Bag.

ANECDOTE OF A HAT.—An old man remarkable for his integrity, who had been a hat-maker for many years, and who had a good deal of business, was one Sunday afternoon going home with a new hat on. The next morning all the fences in the vicinity bore the inscription, "John Green's hat is for sale at a low price." The old man, who was a friend of the hat-maker, informed him of this, and he made his appearance again in the streets. "No," said the hat-maker, "I don't know of it."

ORATES A. BROWN, the *ignis fatuus* of theology, has recently lectured in New York on the incompatibility of Protestantism with liberty. The Herald says the positions taken will startle many by their novelty and make others laugh at their outrageous absurdity.

EVIL THOUGHTS.—Have a care of evil thoughts. Oh, the mischief they have done in the world! But I don't come first, bad words follow after, and bad deeds bring up close. Strive against them! Watch against them! Pray against them! They prepare the way for the devil.

Bad thought's a thief! he acts his part;
Creeps through the window of the heart;
And, if he once his eye can win,
He'll plunder a hundred times again.

The Shasta (California) Courier publishes the "List of letters for that place, expressing the names of about one thousand persons, as having unclaimed letters. Of this number three only are females. The editor says, that is a fair index of the relative number of the sexes in the place, and observes that "the chance for a Shasta bachelor's entering the kingdom of heaven, on earth," and his being struck by lightning on a cold, frosty morning, in the country, is a much greater chance than a little more remote in the distance than the outside shadow of a very distant doubt."

TO CURE PIMPLES ON THE FACE.—M. Vanoye, in *the illustrious* of the face, so often seen in the young otherwise in good health, states he has found water from several times a day with Hufeland's formula, a most excellent remedy. It consists of borax two parts, orange-flower and rose-water, of each fifteen parts.

THE INDIANS AND THE MAINE LAW.

The following memorial from two chiefs and sixty-eight others of the Onondagas is presented to the New York Legislature. It has a uniqueness and simplicity of fact seldom found among documents from the "pale face."

DEAR FATHERS AND BROTHERS:—We understand you are all at the great Council House at Albany, and that the great council fire is now burning, and that our White Brothers, all over the State are sending word to put on the council fire, but we "frigid the Council Fire will not burn bright and clear without more help; so we send this to make it burn. Now Brothers what we want to say is this: We hear about our Brothers in the State of Maine—we hear that they find Great Rogues; this rogues, he gets folks money; sometime he burn houses—sometime he kill people—sometime he make a family very poor—sometime he make 'em very cross and ragged and dirty, and sometime he freeze 'em to death.

Now, we hear Brothers there, they try to stop it, they try talk about it, see if they can stop it little, but he wont stop. We hear at last our Brothers wont bear it no longer, so they make law to knock it on head, any where they find him, in barrel, or jug or bottle, in tavern, grocery, or barn, any where knock him on head. Now we want to tell you, Brothers, that this big *Rogues* has been here to Onondaga, he has made us great trouble. Some of our people would be very good if this bad fellow would keep away. We try, our people try some too, but he will not. Now what we ask you is to make laws, such as we have tried to make, but he wont be coax; we try scare, he wont scare much; he still make great deal trouble. We Christian party ask it, and some Pagan, too, most all ask it, you make this law.

Now, Brothers, our people sold our land to white people, and white people make treaty, he say he be good to Indian. But he let this *Rogues* trouble us most to long. Now Brothers we was once great people, and we have gone to war for our white Brothers; but now we are few, and our white Brothers are strong. We want you to help us, we want you to make this law so when we find this *Rogues* we kill him.

We see him great many times, but we mean to be good and peaceable, and so he get away; but if you make this law, then we kill him, and then we live happy and friendly, no more cross, no more ragged, no more fight, but raise corn, wheat, oats, beans, cattle, horses, and some children; no more get drunk, no more freeze to death, work and get good things like white men.

PENOBSCOT AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.—The indefatigable committee for procuring subscriptions of stock for this road, Messrs. Dunning and Wood, have for the present closed their labors, having, as we learn, carried their

work to such a point as to render the \$200,000 subscription, assigned to this city certain to be filled up. Several thousand dollars have been subscribed by people of Brewer. Efforts will soon be made along the line of the road to fill the amount set down in the apportionment. Messrs. Dunning and Wood deserve the hearty thanks of all the friends of this enterprise. Their labors have been constant and unflinching, and with the determination of success.—[Bangor Mercury.

THREE BOYS DROWNED AT ELLSWORTH.—We learn from The Ellsworth Herald that on Wednesday evening last, Webster Jellison, aged about seventeen years—Enoch Grant, aged fifteen, and Nehemiah Wentworth, aged nineteen years, whilst bathing at Simmonds' Tan Works, Branch Pond, got beyond their depth, and being unable to swim, were drowned. Their bodies were discovered in about half an hour after the accident. Enoch Grant is the third son that Mr. Grant has lost by drowning; and Webster Jellison the third that has lately died suddenly from the same family.—[Bangor Mercury.

CAUGHT A TARTAR.—It is not uncommon in the trials of liquor cases for the defendants to impeach the testimony of the Government's witnesses. This was attempted in the case of Hero Joss, before the Supreme Court, last Friday.

One McDaniels, an ignorant, but a very honest man, was called to impeach the testimony of his son, who testified to a sale by the defendant to his father. It seems that before the justice, when the examination was originally had, the father contradicted the son, and upon his testimony the defendant relied for an acquittal by the jury. On going upon the stand the old gentleman insisted upon going on with his story his own way. He didn't want'em to keep putting questions to him, he would tell the truth. He then ran on for some time upon matter wholly irrelevant, but at length hauled up with:

"But don't say nothin'; keep still; hold on; I'll tell the truth, all I know about it; I shan't lie for nobody," and then came a second episode worse than the first.

Def's Attorney—Mr. Witness: Did you see Joss?

Witness—Don't keep askin' questions; say nothin'; keep still; hold on; I'm coming right at it; the fact is, I shan't lie for nobody; can't help it; the fact is, Mr. Joss did sell me the liquor, and I paid for it.

Def's Attorney—Did you or not pay for some nails?

Witness—Hold on; hold on; keep still; don't ask so many questions; I'll tell the truth. No, sir, I didn't pay for no nails; I paid for liquor.

Def's Attorney—But you testified before the justice that you paid for nails.

Witness—H-o-l-d-o-n—yes, but that was a mistake. I had liquor, and the nails ten days afterwards. I thought I paid for the nails, but I was the liquor I paid for. I'm sorry, Mr. Joss, you're a neighbor, Mr. Joss, and a very clever man to me, and I hate to wear again you, but you shouldn't ha' brought me here; I won't lie for nobody; I didn't want to come, but I did pay for the liquor; I hope you'll excuse me, but the fact is, I did buy the liquor and pay for it; and I'll swear to the truth; I'm sorry—and you oughtn't to brought me here."

Here was a Tartar clear enough, and the defendant got rid of him as soon as he could.

The result was that the jury did not agree, and poor Joss hangs between heaven and earth until next November.—[Bangor Whig.

SUNKY!—The "Home Miscellany," of Schuykill Haven, Pa., gives the following resolutions as having passed at a meeting in Berks County, held by farmers and others opposed to the Maine Law. We give them as a curiosity—they are rare specimens of the liberty-loving democracy:

Resolved, That we will not purchase any goods whatever from any Grocery, Hardware, Dry Goods, Saddler, or any other tradesman, whom we know to be in favor of the Maine Liquor Law, which takes away our liberty.

Resolved, That we will not receive a minister of the Gospel in our congregations, or encourage him, who is in favor of the Maine Liquor Law; and thereby neglects and forgets his duties as minister of the Gospel, and by which he interferes in worldly matters, and helps in such a cause as to burden down his fellow-beings and curses them.

Rev. Ezra Stiles Ely, D. D., for many years Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, is lying, disabled by paralysis, in Philadelphia. He was once wealthy and influential. His fortune was lost in an attempt to establish a University in Missouri, and he is now helpless and in need of assistance.

THE LIQUOR LAW recently adopted in Minnesota, was put in force for the first time at St. Paul's, on the 31st ult. Four thousand dollars worth of liquor was seized, and the owner tried and found guilty. He appealed and gave the required bond to prosecute his appeal. In the meantime the liquors are in charge of the sheriff. There was no opposition to the enforcement of the law.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.—Some of our citizens have imagined that the foreign element in our population would soon become dominant, and civil and religious liberty be placed in serious jeopardy. The census reports put this question to rest; these reports prove most clearly that the foreign element is very insignificant, and of the twenty-five millions of our population, scarcely two millions are of foreign birth; and with their descendants included, they cannot number over four millions souls. The emigration prior to 1840 was by no means large. For thirty years, from 1790 to 1820, it amounted only to 120,000; for the next ten years, to 114,000; for the next, to 134,000; from 1830 to 1840, to 284,000; and in the ten following years to 1,384,000. During 1851 it swelled to the incredible number of 409,000.

IMPORTATION OF SUGAR AND MOLASSES.—The importation of these necessary articles, which enter so largely into the consumption of every family in the country, has reached an extent calculated to astonish those who have not looked particularly into the subject. During the year 1851, the importation of brown sugar into the United States amounted to 866,587,861 pounds—value \$12,882,274; of white or refined sugar, 17,000,000 pounds—value \$1,000,000. Of molasses there were imported 36,376,772 gallons, valued at \$3,707,581—making the total valuation of the importation of these two articles \$17,589,855—or nearly one-twelfth of the value of the entire imports for the year, which amounted to 216,224,932 dollars. The principle import of sugar is from Cuba; 276,000,000 pounds, valued at 10,000,000 dollars coming from that island.

TRADES FOR BOYS.—One-half of the miseries among men, in civilized society, arise from the want of a pleasant and profitable employment. Persons without some reputable and profitable trade or occupation, are left at the mercy of circumstances, and while they ve-

main uncontaminated by temptations to vice, gain at best a precarious subsistence. The slightest change in affairs around them throws them out of employment, and leaves them exposed to evil and selfish passions, and makes them an easy prey to the seductions of vicious and unprincipled men.

RECIPES.—Corns can be cured by paring and wetting them with muriatic acid; it will cause no pain, unless you pare to the quick, and never fails to cure. Try it.

We have clear convictions on one point, viz: that nothing is made in vain. But we had forgotten, when we spoke of tobacco recently, that it was a sovereign remedy for corns; at least a lady told us so many years ago, and she the wife of a governor, too, and she ought to know, of course! Take a fat corn, madam, (for ladies unfortunately have corns,) if your husband happens to be a tobacco chewer, and bid it upon the afflicted part, renew it every other day, and the cure will be certain. But prevention is better than cure. The recipe is simple.—wear suitable boots or shoes.

SWELLED UNDER.—Boil the bark of bitter-sweet, the bark of the root is best,—in water to get the strength; strain and simmer it away in fresh butter to an ointment; bottle it and it will keep for years. This ointment is excellent for cows' legs that are swelled, and will heal a wound on a horse. Every farmer should keep it.

It has been mentioned in private circles that the Trustees of Bowdoin have intimated their willingness, publicly to declare, that they intended no offence to the inhabitants of Waterville, by their late unqualified endorsement of Mr. Hitchcock's Theology.

Notices.

The new styles of Goods just opened by C. H. REDINGTON & CO., No. 4 Ticonic Row, at such low prices, are decidedly the best bargains to be found in Waterville.

Ladies, if you want a Kid, Congress, or common Gaiter Boot made to fit with ease and elegance, go to Wheeler's and you can get just what you want. He makes the French Kid, German Patent Leather, and any description of stock to suit your fancy. Also on hand a large lot of Children's shoes of a new and fancy pattern.

GENTLEMEN, also, can be better fitted with a fine French Calf pegged or sewed Boot, on the French or any of the latest styles of last, than they can anywhere else in town. Just call and see for yourselves.

DEEP SEATED CONSUMPTION CURED! HOW FOOLISH ARE THEY WHO NEGLECT TO MAKE USE OF THIS MEDICINE.

If ever a human being was rescued from the verge of the grave, it was thus rescued by the powerful virtues of the justly celebrated Dr. Rogers' Syrup of Licorice, Turpentine and Castor-oil. Those who have seen me six months ago pale, attenuated almost to a skeleton, worn down in spirit as well as in body, by an unceasing cough, and lashed every night in a cold perspiration, pronounced my case an utterly hopeless one of CONSUMPTION. I considered it myself. I wish you could see me now, and I wish I could see you, that I might express personally my gratitude for what your inestimable preparation has done for me. I am now, thanks to a four months' course of the syrup, quite restored—the substance of the shadow that seemed only a short time ago traveling swiftly to the grave.

Gratefully yours,
SUSANNAH LITTLEBURY.

For sale by A. L. SCOVILL & CO., at their Depot, 600 Broadway, New York, and by all respectable druggists in the United States and Canada. Also for sale in Waterville by WM. DYER.

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

Marriages.

In China, June 16th, by Edwin Small Esq. Mr. A. M. Greely to Miss Sarah A. Foster.

In Skowhegan, Alva Jones, to Elizabeth D. Pratt.

In Winthrop, by John May Esq., Mr. Charles H. Foster to Miss Elizabeth Ames.

In Mercur, Almon Caswell to Joanna K. Williams.

In New York city, Charles H. Davidson, of Scotland, to Louisa Matilda, daughter of Hon. Nathan Weston, of Augusta.

In East Cambridge Mass, Rev. S. W. Taylor, pastor of the Baptist Church in Hallowell to Henrietta Reed.

In Hallowell, Joseph A. Griffin of Boston, to Mary J. Dearborn.

Deaths.

In Canaan, Mrs. Abigail, widow of John Badger, formerly of Palmyra, aged 86.

In San Francisco, Seth G. Cummings of Belgrade, aged 48.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.

New Establishment.

JOHN BUSH, Jr., would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has recently established himself at Waterville, in the new building adjoining Coffin's Hardware Store, on Main Street, where he holds himself in readiness to wait upon all who may favor him with their patronage.

With several years experience in the business, and long practice in cutting, he feels confident of his ability to do work in a good style, and can be done at any shop on the River; and work entrusted to his care to make up will in all cases be warranted to give perfect satisfaction, or the materials will be replaced.

He will keep constantly on hand a choice and well selected assortment of goods.

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, and Vestings, which those in want of genteel Garments would do well to examine.

A particular attention will be paid to Cutting Garments to be made up out of the Shop.

Waterville, June 1852.

NEW GOODS.

POPLINS, BERGE D'AINES, MUSLINS, LAWNS, SHAWLS, PARASOLS, &c., just received by

Waterville, June 24, 1852.

FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber being in ill health, desiring to leave for a more favorable climate, and will sell his real estate and other property, at a low price, consisting of:

His present residence on College St.

ALSO.

A dwelling house and lot on Main St., near the Depot.

ALSO.

A dwelling house and lot on Main street, near Hancock's Block.

ALSO.

A farm containing about 50 acres, under good cultivation, and two miles from the depot.

ALSO.

Four house lots on the street leading from Elm to Pleasant st.

ALSO.

About seven acres of land on Main street, opposite the College.

ALSO.

Fifteen acres of land on the new Norridgewock road about one mile from the Depot.

ALSO.

One share in the estate of the late Levi Dow.

ALSO.

House Furniture, chaises and harnesses, two pair stags, two cows, three colts, farming tools, &c., &c.

The above property is not sold previous to the first of October next. It will then be sold at Public Auction.

JOHN BUSH, JR.

Waterville, June 23, 1852.

P. E. VARNUM,

COMMISSION MERCHANT,

NO. 20 FINE STREET,

PORTLAND, ME.

JONES & HAMMOND,

SHIP CHANDLERY, CORDAGE, DUCK,

Paints, Oils, Cut and Wrought Nails, Chain

Cables, Anchors, &c.

MARINERS' CHURCH BUILDING,

Long and Commercial Wharves,

Tues. E. Jones,

WM. HAMMOND.

1749 PORTLAND.

Embroideries.

A SPLENDID lot of Wro's Collars, in great variety of style and quality, from 12 1/2 cts. to \$2.50, at

MRS. BRADBURY'S.

Notice.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Saturday, July 24, at 2 o'clock P. M. 18 Pews, on the first floor in the Baptist Church, in Waterville, Me. For order of the Committee.

J. H. BEACH'S

BEST FLOUR, for sale at the Long Store above the Depot, by

DOW & CO.

100 BARRELS GREENISH MILLS, this day received and

for sale by

DOW & CO.

Long Store, above the Depot.

FIRE WORKS!

At Wholesale and Retail.

BY ROBINSON & FULLER,

114 MIDDLE ST. PORTLAND.

Agents for Swedenborg & Lander's celebrated

FIRE WORKS.

WHEN you are in need of the best quality, large and small

ROCKETS, ROMAN CANDLES, FLOWER-POTS, TRI-

ANGLES, BENGOLA LIGHTS, SERPENT MINES, PIGMONS,

SAXONS, CHINA FLINTS, BERRIERS, TORILLIONS, SUNS,

SCROLLS, WHEELS OF COLORED FIRES, STARS,

PORT FIRES, BLUE LIGHTS, PIN WHEELS, SERPENTS,

GRASS HOPPERS, &c., &c.

ALSO, OF THE BEST QUALITY:

1000 Boxes INDIA CRACKERS, (Gilt Labels),

100 " DOUBLE HEADERS, do

100 " CANNONS, do

100 " SMALLS, do

25 " PRIME ROCKETS, do

80000 TORPEDOES, do

\$20.00 PER CASE, &c., &c.

Together with every variety of FANCY PIECES known in the Art, and warranted of superior quality, comprising the largest stock of Fire Works to be found in the State.

June 22.

CALIFORNIA.

Through to San Francisco at reduced Rates,

BY THE EMPIRE CITY LINE,

AND THE S. YORK & SAN FRANCISCO STEAMSHIP LINE,

ONE of which sails from New York nearly every week, for

Chagres, (Panama), Navy Bay, at the reduced rates,

THROUGH TICKETS for either the above Lines for sale by

W. D. LITTLE,

Office No. 28 Exchange Street, PORTLAND.

CALIFORNIA LIFE INSURANCE.

At materially reduced rates of Premium with best offices.

By W. D. LITTLE,

June 16, 1852.

SELLING CHEAP.

E. T. ELDER & CO.

OFFER, this week, their ENTIRE STOCK of Summer Goods,

at a great discount from former prices.

WE SHALL SELL

Beautiful styles VESTS and MANTILLAS,

which are worth

Heavy Silk with lace do \$3.75 for \$3.00

Heavy Silk with lace do 4.25 for 3.50

Heavy Silk with lace do 5.00 for 4.25

Heavy Silk with lace do 5.00 for 4.25

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SHAWLS,

among which are to be found CANTON CRAPE, FINE and

Embossed, all qualities, from \$4.00 to \$20.00 a pair. Plain,

Wrought and Colored THIRTY do. from \$2.75 to \$10.00.

PRINTED CASHMERE SHAWLS in great variety, and the

prettiest styles of the season from \$1.25 to \$4.00.

Berages, Grenadines, Tissues, Lawns and Muslins,

at astonishingly low prices.

