



5-12-1853

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 43): May 12, 1853

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

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



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

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 06, No. 43): May 12, 1853" (1853). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 302.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/302

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

The Eastern Mail.

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

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1853.

NO. 43.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
MAXHAM & WING,
At No. 3 1-2 Boutelle Block, Main Street.
RPH. MAXHAM. DAN'L R. WING.

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

MISCELLANY.

MATTY GORE.

BY MISS C. R. EDGECOCK.

[CONCLUDED.]

We resume our story at a period rather more than three years subsequent to Matty's separation from her father. He still occupied the comfortable house in Elm street, in which she had left him; but how changed was its interior! The simplicity, neatness and precision that, under her regime, had seemed the type of her well ordered mind, had given place to slovenliness, disorder and finery. A crazy auction pier-table with tarnished gilding, occupied the place of the spotless waxed mahogany table with falling leaves, a Fairtown friend. The old family bible had disappeared, and in its stead was a vase of French flowers with a cracked shade. The new Mrs. Gore had substituted for the honest, old Windsor conveniences, which she condemned as 'too Presbyterian,' defaced and rickety mahogany chairs, that looked as if they had moldered at a pawnbroker's. Over the mantle-piece had hung, time out of mind, (for it was an heirloom from Matty's maternal ancestors,) the picture of a tree bearing symbolical fruit, each apple labelled with the name of one of the Christian graces. Its perpetual verdure was preserved by an angel who was watering it, while the evil one stood in the background menacing it with a scythe. This picture, which Matty looked upon with almost a Catholic's love, had been much derided by Gore's new friends; and with a reluctance that he was half ashamed of, he had consented to the substitution of a tarnished chimney mirror.

But John Gore stood at bay, at the next proposed alteration. His fine young lady bought a tawdry French clock, which she insisted would serve for use and ornament too, instead of a faithful old family timepiece.

'The old clock,' urged Gore, 'is as true as the sun.'

'That, my dear, is of no consequence; we have town clocks all about us that are regulated by the sun. At Fairtown this horrid old thing might have been useful; but in the city, you know, a clock is chiefly for looks.'

'Like everything else,' muttered John. 'They build their houses for looks, and they tumble down over their heads. They buy their furniture for looks; and it warps and snaps, and is good for nothing. They take their wives for looks, and they—'

'My dear, darling husband!'

John Gore suppressed the bitter words that were on his lips, but the tender deprecation of his wife had not the accustomed effect. Either his vanity had lost something of its susceptibility, or his lady, (we cannot profane the name of wife), had worn out her poor arts of cajoling. He stood for some moments before the fire, silent, with his hands behind him, as was his wont, when a tempest was gathering; and then burst forth, calling his wife, by her unchanged name, as he always did when displeased with her. 'I warn you, Angelika Foot!'

'My dear Mr. Gore, pray say Angelika!'

He merely raised his voice a tone higher, as he resumed: 'I warn you, Angelika Foot, not to tell that clock; it's the only thing nowadays that keeps me peaceable; it was my father's; it marked the prayer time, and the meal time, and the play time; when all I knew was to do my duty. It struck the hour for my marriage; it told the hour of my children's birth. In my Fairtown home, it was true to us, and we were true to it. When my wife died it sounded like a tolling bell. Well it might! Well it might! Once again it tolled! when Matty passed that threshold I and well it might then too! And now, when all is a jar and out of time, that still is true. Its old face, as it were, speaks to me; and there are times when its look of quiet, gone-by days, is all that keeps my temper from rising over bounds. So I warn you, Angelika Foot, not to say another word about it.'

Angelika Foot did not at that time; but at prudent intervals and fortunate moments she resumed the topic, and John Gore at last yielded, as many yield, to whom 'carrying the day' seems not worth the trouble of continued resistance. He yielded, however, only to a compromise. The old clock was removed up stairs and out of sight, and the 'bargain' of what he descriptively designated as a 'bit of French trumpery,' bought.

Not long after this change was made, John came home one day at his usual time. He was as punctual as the old clock, and had been so rigid in the enforcement of this observance upon Miss Angelika Foot, that she, aware of the importance of keeping on his blind side, had taken care that a domestic should supply her short comings, and have Gore's meals ready for him, when she, on the pretext of a headache, was lying in bed, or strolling in Broadway, or sitting with a sick friend. On such occasions an alibi might have been proved, by such as saw her taking a drive, far out of town, with Harry Gore!

occupied with their own pleasures. The masks, ribbons, flowers and finery of all sorts, with which the room was cluttered, operated on Gore's temper as the color of scarlet does on some enraged animals. His fury broke forth in the most unmeasured expressions. The lady friends escaped. 'What do you here, at this time of day, sir?' he asked, turning fiercely to his son.

'What do I?' he answered, with affected calmness; 'why, you know, sir, it's the hour when all regular laborers go home to their meals.'

'Regular! I wonder when you have done an hour's work, regular or irregular. I tell you, sir, what I have told you before; that I'll not have you loitering here with Angelika Foot, when I am out of the house. Children, obey your parents,' is a law that I'll uphold while I have breath.'

'Ah, father,' replied Harry, uttering a biting truth, in a manner still gay and careless. 'Ah father, quoting Scripture! You can't expect, sir, your son will wear the yoke you have broken, and trampled under foot.' Anxious to be off, before a return blow could be given, he hurried on his surcoat while speaking, and in his haste accidentally dropped from it an unsealed letter. The address to himself, caught John Gore's eye. 'From Matty!' he exclaimed; 'why did you not give me this?'

'I forgot it; it can't be of much consequence, only one of Matty's parchments, I guess.'

Harry told the truth, he had forgotten it. The poor young man had rejected the high motives to virtue, and its sanctions; and in his present downward course of life, his affections were perishing for lack of nourishment.

The sight of a letter from Matty in the midst of all this discomfort and discord, went to John Gore's heart. He put on his spectacles to read it, but they were soon blurred, and he was obliged to take them off again, and again, before he could proceed. We must premise that Matty, scrupulous in the performance of her duties, had written at regular intervals since their separation, without receiving or hoping for a return.

Fairmount, Mich., 20th June, '3—

'MY EVER DEAR FATHER.—I think so much of you that I must believe you have not quite forgotten me. O! what a good gift is memory! (to the good it may be, thought Gore), how it peoples the wilderness with dear recollected forms! how it brings to life again the long past pleasures of childhood! the time that was, before any trouble or change had come! How it carries me back to those pleasant Saturday evenings, when, every thing having been done decently and in order, for in every thing mother went after Scripture rules, (Gore looked round on the litter of gauges and tinsels, and heaved a deep sigh.) Harry and I sat down on our little benches beside her, and learned our bible lesson for Sunday. They were always got before the clock struck eight; the dear old clock that told the coming of happy mornings, and peaceful nights. I wonder if it keeps good time yet?'

'But, dear father, I sat down not to write of the past, but to tell you our present condition; which, thanks to the giver of all good, has much improved since my last. The failure of crops the first season was a disappointment, and the loss of stock occasioned by low and insufficient feed fell heavily upon us; but we did not murmur. I have one sorrow at heart, that always makes worldly troubles seem light; (Matty's religion is no sham, thought Gore,) and Russell says he has received too much good at the hand of the Lord, to murmur at a little evil. Last year we should have done finely, but for Russell's long sickness; but that is past now, and we trust it has done a good work for us, in making us more fully realize the worth of that hope which sustained us, when the world seemed vanishing from us. Now every thing prospers around us. I can almost see the wheat and corn grow; for in this rich soil it does not take the whole summer, as it does at the east, to come to perfection. It seems as if the Almighty had made gardens in this wilderness; and, dear father, I often think that if you and Harry could stand in the door of our little log house here at Fairmount, and look over the prairie, all that part of it which is still untouched by the hand of man, that the sight of it would draw you near to Him who created it. Those who live in cities, where nothing but man's hand is seen, may forget God, especially if there is temptation about them, to lure the eye and enchain the ear; as in poor Harry's case; but here, father, with his vastness around us, this stillness—with nothing for the eye to see, but the beautiful earth God has created, and the Heavens that declare His glory, His presence is felt, and the heart goes out to Him as naturally as a little child to its parents. O! that you and Harry were here! My little Sybil is now twenty months old. I hardly ever speak her name without thinking of you, for you were the only person I ever heard call mother by that name; and I am sure, father, I seldom think of you without a prayer in my heart to God for your best good. (Religion does make children faithful! thought Gore.) Sybil already speaks quite plain; and in her morning and evening duty she is taught always to remember you, father! I have a little brother for her, just six months old. I should have given him your name, if I had thought it would be pleasing to you, to have your name joined with his father's. Please tell my brother, with my love, that I call him Harry. (An involuntary prayer escaped from John's lips: 'The Lord make him another kind of a man!') O! father, what a different feeling I have had for my parents since my children were born! Short-sighted creatures are we indeed, that we must stand just in the places of others, before we can see and feel as they do! Such are now my feelings, that I think, nay, I am sure, I would give up my life freely to have you brought to the faith and love of the gospel; and what is life to that eternal happiness which awaits the humblest followers of Jesus?'

'But, dear father, I would not weary you. Pray do not get so tired of my letters that you will not read them; and pray let me beg you, once more, if any great good or great sorrow comes upon you, to let some word of it be sent to your ever affectionate and dutiful daughter, 'MATTY.''

'Good! good! will any good ever come to me!' thought Gore, in the bitterness of his heart; and then a prayer, an inspiration should we not rather call it, rose from the depths of his soul. 'O! my child, my child! would that I were altogether such as you are!' This was the first gleam of light.

Time went on; and Gore's out-of-door life presented it's accustomed aspect. His habits of industry were now almost his sole comfort. He was a skilled artisan, and in the busy and flourishing city of New York, his art found ample employment and large reward. His earnings were consumed by his idle son and exacting lady. Gore was generous in his nature, and parted with his money without a regret; but frugal in his own habits, and rational in his views of the uses of money, it irritated him to see it wasted, and worse than wasted. He became reserved in his supplies, and finally, a terrible suspicion having taken possession of his mind, he drove his son from his house and remanded Angelika Foot that she was but a tenant at will; and that the light bond that united them could be broken at his pleasure. 'At my pleasure, too,' thought Angelika. A few evenings after, Gore was on some business in a distant part of the city; he met two persons, veiled and muffled, who struck him, as he passed them, as resembling Harry and Angelika Foot. He stood still to observe them; then followed them a few steps; and then, cursing his own folly, and resolving that if he returned and found her gone, he would bar his doors forever against her; he resumed his homeward way. She was not in his house. 'She will return to me to-morrow,' he said, 'as she has done before, and tell me she has been watching with her sick cousin; but I know now what I then suspected. This surely is from the hand of God; it is fitting I should be punished by the child I led astray.'

It was a proof that Gore's conscience was awakened that he turned from upbraiding others to a crushing consciousness of his own sins. Tears gushed from his eyes; his limbs seemed sinking under him, and he leaned against the mantel-piece for support, when a letter sealed with black, in Matty's hand, caught his eye. A longer interval than usual had passed since he had heard from her. He seized it eagerly. It was of a date two years later than the one we have already transcribed. It had been written at intervals, in affliction and anguish of heart; and, as the blistered paper witnessed, 'with many tears.' It began:—

'MY EVER DEAR FATHER.—My last letter to you was written as soon as I could hold a pen after the birth of my second son, my little Russell. Since then I have not written to you because I have many misgivings that you have more than trouble enough of your own; and I know further, by what I feel, that there is that in a parent's heart which cannot be torn out of it; and that however contrary appearances may be, my sorrows would weigh upon you; though my sorrows are, I fear, far lighter than your own.' (God knows they are, whatever they may be, murmured Gore.) 'After Russell's birth I fell into a low fever, and after I got a little better of that the doctor said I was threatened with a decline; and recommended a journey. My dear husband, who has always set my health and comfort before every earthly possession, got a trusty woman to take care of our children, and took me down to Buffalo, by the lake, to return by land. The journey was greatly blessed to me, and everything went on as we desired—till on our way home, we were overtaken by heavy rains and delayed two weeks. A fatal delay to us. When we arrived at home, we found that the woman left in charge of our children, not being able to overstay the time she had engaged for, had gone and left our little family in the care of a young girl. In consequence of her ignorance and neglect, poor little Harry had taken cold, and was dreadfully ill with an inflammatory rheumatism, and my poor baby seemed pining away. It had pleased God to restore my strength, and I entered upon the care of my children with resolution and hope.'

'The low lands were overflowed by the freshet, and the crops much injured. They required my husband's immediate care. He overworked himself, and his fatigue and the stagnant water in the coves brought on a terrible fever. Six weeks have passed since he took to his bed. The fever is broken; but oh! my dear father, he seems sinking away, and I look for the worst; humbly trusting that God will enable me to bear what he sees fit to lay on me.'

'Ten days have passed, my dear father; God has been merciful to little Harry. He is on his feet again, though still pale and feeble. My dear husband is no better. O! my heart and strength fail me when I think of what is coming. When Russell sees me drooping, he says with a smile, "say your heart to God, Matty," and I do. O father, how can those dear little hearts be so stayed?'

'My baby revived after we got home, and seemed to be thriving again; and was a great comfort to his father. When the little creature was sleeping, his father would have the cradle beside his bed. It seemed as if there was something in the sight of such sweet innocence, composing to the spirit. Last week the little fellow had a bad turn again, and two days ago, when he was evidently dying, my husband would have me sit with him by his bedside.—Together we watched his last breathings. "O! my dear father, I thought then, and think now, that if you had lost one of us in infancy, you would never have doubted there is another world. The smile of my boy as his closing eye met mine for the last time, might convert a soul to faith in Jesus; for it was a speaking confirmation of His words, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." In that sweet smile there was love that cannot die; light beaming from immortality. We buried him the next day.—The doctor was the only friend with us. He dug the grave under an oak tree, a few yards from our room-window. My husband selected the spot. He can see it, when he is raised on his bed. It is a trial, father, to a mother, to lay her child out her arms into the cold earth; but there is in it no bitterness—no fear—no doubt. Believe me, dear father, for while I say it, I am sorely pressed upon—anything may be borne, but sin and separation from God.'

(The letter dropped from Gore's hands; that cannot! he exclaimed; and in the anguish of his heart he cried aloud.)

'Ten days have passed since my baby's death. My husband is sinking fast. The doctor told us yesterday, that our separation might take place at any moment. When he went out Russell said, "That is much harder for you, Matty. Rest on God's promises. He has never been known to forsake the widow and fatherless that put their trust in Him; we cannot be separated long; we know that we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!" I asked him if he had any directions to give about the children. "None," he said, "none; you will bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I have no anxieties for them, Matty. I have for you. But I am trying to cast off this care." He has given me his advice to all earthly matters; he seems to have forgotten nothing.'

'It is all over. He died at sunrise this morning; he sat up, supported by the doctor; his last look was on that little green mound under the oak tree, and then at me. I had been alone with him all night. Never, father, did I witness such faith; such peace; such joy; and I may add, such thought for others. Surely he drank deep of his Saviour's spirit. Before the children were put to bed last night, he would have them come and kneel down at the bedside, while he prayed with us for the last time. Father, he remembered you and Harry. O! how he prayed that you might be brought to believe in Jesus; "the resurrection and the life." Father, you will you will! I am too weak to write more, his words are all written on my heart.'

'We buried him yesterday. Kind friends came to help us. There was no clergyman; but we had prayers and hymns, and a fitting service; and we laid him there beside the baby, where they will rest together, till this mortal puts on immortality. O! father, what a frightful, fathomless abyss, must be the grave to an unbeliever.'

'Ten days have passed; my strength is a little recruited. Everything has been done as my husband wished. You know many things have gone against us in a worldly way, since we have been here. I have sold all the personal property except the bed, and a little silver, and other valuables bought with the hundred dollars you gave me, and paid our debt to the doctor, and all other debts. I have fifty dollars over, for my journey to Fairtown. My husband wished me to return there, as I can do nothing here. The land may be something for the children hereafter. I begin my journey to-morrow. The lateness of the season makes it imprudent to delay. I intend taking the steamboat at Detroit. Farewell, dear father, may God have mercy on us all! MATTY.'

'Amen!' cried Gore, clasping his hands, while tears poured like rain down his cheeks. It was a sleepless but a blessed night to him. Silence and solitude are powerful enforcements of conscience. Gore had never felt the influence of religion. In his youth he lived more even than most young persons in the outward world. He judged of causes by their effects. He compared Matty's course to his own, and to Harry's. In the midst of disappointments and grievous afflictions, she dwelt in the light of another world; she was borne up by an immortal principle; the fire did not consume her; nor the floods overwhelm her. What was Harry's condition? what his own, at this moment! Like MacKenzie's philosopher, Gore wished he never doubted; but, unlike him, he doubted no longer. For the first time since he had come to man's estate, he, that night, bent his knees to his Creator.

The next morning, before going out to his affairs, he dismissed Angelika's servant, and determined to lock his door, to prevent that bad woman access to his house. He had received the night before two thousand dollars, in payment of a debt, too late to deposit it in the bank; his first errand was to go there with it. On opening the desk where he had put the money he found that it was gone. The desk had been opened by a false key. The loss of the money was no insignificant matter to Gore, but every other feeling was swallowed up in the horror of the belief that Harry was a participant in the robbery. He resolved to keep it secret; he told it but to one friend. A secret should have but one keeper.

We return to Matty, who was driven, with her two children, in a wagon to Detroit. She passed the night there, before embarking in a steamboat, and was compelled to sleep in a room full of emigrants; the women of half a dozen families, Scotch, Irish, and German.—When she went to bed, she put her pocket, containing her pocket-book, with her little store of bank notes, under her pillow. Worn out with fatigue, and the watchful nights of many weeks, she slept soundly. In the morning the pocket book was gone! Matty, unconscious of her loss, paid her bill from a purse in the pocket of her dress where she had a small sum for present use. Her box, containing her bed, &c., had been left on the wharf with the steamboat baggage; and Matty, knowing little of the ill chances of a traveller, had no further anxiety but to get herself and her children on board.—As soon as they had put off, and her weak head, which had reeled with the confusion of the embarkation, had recovered a degree of steadiness, she went to look after her baggage. A trunk containing her own and her children's apparel was forthcoming; but the box was left behind.

'This is a heavy loss to you, ma'am,' said a good-natured man, who had assisted her search. 'Yes,' said Matty, with a melancholy smile, which the man seemed truly to interpret; for he added, 'But, Lord bless me, ma'am, I think you have met with greater.'

'I guess she has,' said Sybil, 'for she has lost father and the baby, and we are all alone.' 'Well! well!' said the man, brushing away a tear, 'the greater burden makes the lesser one feel light—that's a comfort anyhow.'

'Poor Matty was destined to further experience of the truth of her comforter's philosophy. It was not long before the cryer called out to the passengers from Detroit, to 'come to the Captain's office, and pay their passage!' Matty waited till the press was over, and then went forward. The Captain told her the amount, and taking her little boy in his arms, was addressing a kind word to him, when he perceived the mother turn suddenly very pale.

'My pocket book is gone, she said, 'I have not a dollar left! What is to become of us?' Her sense of their utter destitution overcame her, and she covered her face with her hands and sank down on a bench. The children crept into her lap, and put their arms around her. Sybil whispered, 'why mother! mother! you always say God will take care of us! won't he now, mother?'

terposed. 'She means father and baby are dead, sir.' 'I see plainly,' resumed Matty, 'there is one thing to be done; I must be set, on shore at the first landing place.'

'Where were you bound, ma'am?' asked the captain in a voice that indicated sympathy and respect. Matty told him. He inquired 'if she expected to find friends there.'

'It is my native place, sir,' she replied, loath to enter into further particulars.

'Then, said the captain, 'we must get you there, as fast as steamers and canal boats can take you. You are in no state to be set on shore, my friend, and left to shift for yourself.' He called to the chamber maid. 'Give this lady No. 15,' he said, 'and a settee, and see that she has every attention and comfort.'—Then taking Sybil in his arms, and kissing her he said: 'God does take care of good little children, my dear.'

'And so do good men, too,' replied the child returning his caress. The mother smiled thro' her tears. It was a smile full of sweetness, peace, and gratitude. She could not speak.—The captain understood her. He replaced Sybil in her arms, and turned away. Matty retired to her birth; and there her full heart found utterance without the aid of voice.

Subsequently it occurred to her, that the contents of her box, if recovered, might afford a compensation to the captain, and she told him so. 'There is not much of value in the box,' she said, 'excepting a bed, but it is a very good one.'

'I do not doubt it,' he replied; 'or that I shall recover it; but I shall sleep all the better on my own bed, for thinking you had got yours in safety. Say no more about it, Mrs. Milnor; it is not every trip, up or down the Lake, I have a chance of doing a good turn to a person I respect so much as I do you.'

When they arrived at Buffalo, the captain himself attended her to the canal boat, and got an assurance from its commander that Mrs. M. should be forwarded free of expense to Albany; and then giving her a basket well filled with an ample store of good provisions, took a kind leave. Subsequently the box directed and forwarded by the captain, came safely into Matty's possession.

These particulars of the captain's humanity, we should fear, might prove tiresome if they were fictitious; but being true to the letter, we would do our part towards cherishing their memory, as one of the moral treasures of our race.

It was not from this benevolent captain alone that Matty experienced kindness. Wherever she needed it, it was extended to her. She arrived safely at Schenectady. Being much exhausted, she asked leave to remain for an hour in the canal packet, after the passengers had left it. New arrangements were now to be made. She was to change her mode of travelling, and she dreaded going among the throng, and begging a passage in a railroad car.

Her delicacy shrank from this prolonged dependence, and she was half inclined to stop where she was and seek employment. But her strength was inadequate to labor, 'and surely,' she thought, 'experience should teach me faith in my fellow-beings, and trust in Him who hath helped me thus far!' She resolved to proceed; when a person, who, like her, was lingering in the packet, asked her if she would not like to look at a 'New York paper?'

'Thank you—no!' said Matty; who had a no very keen appetite for newspapers.

'But there is something quite awful and interesting there,' pursued the person, pointing to a heading.

'Farther Disclosures.'

Matty took it languidly; but so she did not read what follows. "A second examination took place yesterday, of Angelika Foot, alias Nancy Foot. She declared that she had not any special altercation with Gore on the fatal night; nor since the previous morning, when the robbery first got wind. He had shared the money with her, believing it was, as she assured him, her savings from various largesses. It seems that the unfortunate youth, though deeply depraved, was struck with horror at the imputation of having robbed his own father.—He said to Nancy, when he heard the police were in search of him, "It was well there was no hell hereafter; there was enough of it here." It seems more than probable, that his disability in a final retribution, concurring with his present degradation and alarm, impelled him to the horrible act of suicide."

Matty read no farther; the paper dropped from her hand; she fainted and fell on the floor! The person who gave her the paper had left the cabin. 'O! mother has died too!' screamed Sybil, and the little boy cried piteously. At this moment an old man entered the cabin door, and when Matty opened her eyes she found herself in her father's arms.

John Gore has returned to his old home in Fairtown. The waxed table, the old clock, and the Bible, are in their accustomed places. But the Bible no longer seems to Gore a mere piece of furniture. He reads it daily, and with the earnest and humble mind befitting him who knows he reads the oracles of the living God. He has but one sorrow, yet that admits no cure, and he never speaks of it. He lives in close friendship with the Milnors, 'never having forgiven them,' he says, with a smile, 'but having been forgiven by them!'

Matty now only shows she has suffered by her ready and deep sympathy with all who suffer. Her losses on earth are her treasures in heaven. She is the solace of her old father; the guide and delight of her loving and good children; the example of all worth in her humble neighborhood; and though 'poor she maketh many rich.'

was exhibited at the August exhibition of the Detroit Horticultural Society. I have no doubt this course would prove successful if thoroughly tried, and where the trees, as in this case, are sheltered from violent winds.—[Country Gentleman.]

The Native Gooseberry.

In the early spring of 1849, when the buds of the wild gooseberry began to burst, I took an April sylvan excursion through damp places, and with a sharp pruning knife cut out many vigorous and clean shoots as I could find, from the different kinds of the much neglected native gooseberry.

Having made a large collection of cuttings for the purpose of propagation in a nursery bed, I cut them short—one foot long—rejecting the tender parts, and trimming all the buds off except three or four upper ones. Then I planted them in a rich, well trenched, and rather moist soil, 6 inches apart in straight rows. The soil around them was kept loose and clear of weeds by frequent hoeing, and in a good condition by occasional waterings. In the fall, they were found very fine plants—strong rooted, and fit for transplanting the next season; they shoot from 12 to 18 inches high the same season. To render the plants more vigorous, I clipped the tender ends of the limbs, trimming them to the form of miniature trees.

The second year they yielded a plenty of nice fruit, of a double size. The third year all the plants were heavily loaded with still larger berries of different colors and flavor. Last season I picked fifty quarts of much larger gooseberries, beside what were eaten by my friends and visitors to my fruit garden. Some of my native gooseberries seemed much larger than Houghton's seedling gooseberry.

I know no sort of gooseberry which promises so much, and seems so easy of cultivation, with so little labor, and so well adapted to our climate, as our native gooseberry. This gooseberry is, though very sweet, delicious and rich in its wild nature, much despised on account of its small size in comparison to the pride of Lancashire Horticulturists, who have, by their unspared pains and perseverance, improved the insignificant size and inferior qualities of their wild European gooseberry to a wonderful size and richness of flavor.

Are we, American horticulturists, who enjoy the blessings of undisturbed freedom on our virgin soil, beneath a bright sun, slaves dependent upon a foreign nation for her horticultural skill in producing a species of gooseberry, which is so imperfectly suited to our soil and climate? Why do we not try to do the same towards improving our native gooseberry, which is not only perfectly adapted to our soil, but also promises to pay well for whatever attention we shall be willing to bestow upon it? If our American apples are far superior to those of England, I can see no reason why we may not produce American varieties of gooseberry, superior—even far superior to those of far-famed Lancashire, by hybridizing our native gooseberry with the choice sorts, and by repeated sowing of seed of fine kinds.—[Farmer and Mechanic.]

Cultivation of Fruit.

But, says some good old Farmer 'I shall never live to raise fruit, if I set out trees; my son James or William may if they want to.' But, my friend, suppose you do not live to enjoy the fruit from those trees, somebody else will regale themselves by eating it. And beside, have you not eaten fruit a hundred times from trees that you did not set out? And does not justice to the world require that you do as much for others that come after you? Away, then, with that false and selfish policy, so detrimental to all improvement in the moral and physical world. How noble to see a man in the decline of life planting the little acorns that shall grow to a tree, under which generations yet to be born shall be screened from the midsummer's sun. Who does not wish to do some beneficent act, to leave the world a little better for having lived in it, and perpetuate a pleasant remembrance to those that come after us? A gentleman some years since, was riding through old Framingham, in Middlesex county, and passing a fine orchard saw a man standing under an apple tree greedily devouring a fine apple. The stranger halted, and asked the man to give him an apple. He did so, and finding the fruit excellent, he inquired of the old man under the tree, 'Who set out this fine old orchard, sir?' 'An old Mr. John Ames, God bless his soul,' said the man, with a mouthful of the rich apple. 'Who does not wish to have a hearty "God bless his soul" rest on his memory for having done something unselfish for the good of others. But look here friend, don't you see that every good fruit tree set out on your farm makes it the more valuable, if you ever want to sell it, or for your sons or daughters to live on it? But any man under seventy years, in good health, and in favor of the Maine Law, may hope to live to eat of the fruit from the trees set by his own hands. Rev. Mr. Davis, of Pittsburgh, tells of an old acquaintance of his, in Michigan, who set out an orchard after he was eighty years old, and lived to eat the fruit thereof, a number of years.'

THE HOME GRANDMOTHER.—She is by the fire; a dear old lady, with nicely trimmed and plaited cap-border, and the old-fashioned spectacles, as pleasant a picture of the home grandmother as any living heart could wish to see. The oracle of the family, the record of births, deaths and marriages, the narrator of good old revolutionary stories, that keep bright young eyes big and wide awake till the evening log falls to ashes; what should we do without the home grandmother? How many little faults she hides! What a delightful special pleader she is, when the rod held by maternal fingers trembles over the urchin's unfortunate head!

'Do you get many lickings?' inquired a flexen-haired youngster of his little curly-headed playmate.

'No!' was the prompt, half-indignant answer. 'I've got a grandmother.'

Love that aged woman. Sit at her feet, and learn of her patient lessons from the past. Though she knows no rule of grammar, cannot tell the boundaries of the distant States, or the history of nations, she has that, perhaps, which exceeds all lore, wisdom. She has laid her life's battles, and conquered. She has laid her treasures away, and grown purer, stronger, through tears of sorrow. Never let her feel the sting of ingratitude. Sit at her feet. She will tell you all the dangers of life's journey, and teach you how to go cheerfully and smilingly to the gate of death, trusting, like her, in a blissful hereafter.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAY 12, 1853.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

S. M. PETERGILL & Co., Newspaper Agents No. 16 State St., Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

Local Agents.

Persons wishing to subscribe for the MAIL, can do so by calling on the following persons:

C. C. WHEELER, CHANDLER, 1 B. TOZER, W. Waterville; J. D. BENTON, E. S. PAGE, Kendall's Mills; D. H. BILLINGS, Clinton; E. FOSTER, N. Vassalboro'; R. AYER, Winslow.

TRAVELING AGENTS.

REV. HOBART RICHARDSON, A. T. ROWMAN.

Tobacco Using.

All tobacco users are recommended to persevere the following from the pen of another. A formidable array of medical as well as clerical talent has been gradually collecting in New England, within the last few years, against the use of tobacco. While one party sets forth its demoralizing tendencies, the other pours in broadsides of double shotted arguments to prove its destructive effects upon health. We hope however, that the heaven which has been applied is operating favorably, and the next generation will grow up without the odor of tobacco in their garments. There is no prospect of a reformation of the present hardened race, if the actual consumption of Havana cigars and the best cavendish is any criterion of the inveteracy of the habit. We are certainly, a smoking, chewing people. Our intense nervous activity finds some imaginary relief in this exercise of the jaws, and for as health, it is not of the least consequence, the country being full of patent remedies for all kinds of diseases and cure.

The age of bronze, of iron, and of gold may be considered to have passed by, and we are now living in the age of tobacco. What an epoch to reckon from! Smoke and fume seem to gather round over our head as we write. Imagination, like the witch of Endor, calls up the ghastly, saffron-colored wretches who have died by inches holding on to the pipe stem. And yet the tobacco smoker is the terror of railroad corporations and public house keepers all over the country. "No Smoking," is universally posted on the walls of depots, and incorporated into all travelling regulations. The tobacco man is haunted at every nook and corner of society; but he remains obdurate, still smoking and chewing, and we fear he will continue in his evil ways till he reads Dr. Cole's expose of his last earthly condition. It is a sad picture, but a true one, and we recommend his "Beauties and Deformities of Tobacco Using" to the special cognizance of those unfortunate for whom it was designed. It may be found at C. K. Mathews' book-store in Waterville.

Medicines.

The work alluded to is on our table, for further attention. Probably we shall give our readers liberal extracts. Those who abstain from tobacco will read them with satisfaction—for they are almost necessarily opposed to its use; while such as use it are generally willing to be convinced that it is injurious. But for our own relief for a "Sweet Havana," we could go into the discussion without fear.

The Season in Kennebec.

Thus far, Spring opens delightfully, and with the highest promise to the farmer. Nobody remembers that the month of May ever before offered so many good working days for the plow and harrow. The late warm rains have started grass and grain in a manner that makes the owners look extremely good-natured. Now and then one inquires what would have been the consequence to cattle if the past winter had been as severe as its predecessors? Probably not more than three quarters as much hay has been consumed, in proportion to the stock kept, as the previous winter—some say two thirds. With a little provender, apples, roots, and good care, stock generally looks well. There is very little hay left, and that is held at fifteen to seventeen dollars. Everybody seems confident that hay will be short again this season; for which opinion some have a reason to give and some have not. The ravages of grasshoppers—the failure of hayseed—the extreme drought last season—and the injury to grass land the past winter, are among the reasons given. Whether these predictions prove correct or not, careful economy is always safe. A good crop of oats, even to cut green, will hardly prove a loss, let hay be ever so plenty.

The past has been a year of instruction to the farmer. Necessity has given lessons that without her aid would have been lost. The value of apples, straw, coarse meadow grass, corn-stalks, pea and bean stalks—and especially of the straw-cutter—has been learned in a way that will be turned to great account. An economical use of all these articles is adapted as well to seasons of plenty as of scarcity. Let what has been learned be remembered and practiced; and especially let it be borne in mind with reference to next winter—so that if predictions of a short crop of hay prove true, this knowledge may be turned to the best advantage.

Relative Merit.

Of course some of our village regulations are more important than others. The boys are forbidden to play ball in Main Street—and the same street is totally destitute of suitable crossings, because such conveniences would disturb the trotting matches that so frequently take place there. Nobody may leave a box or barrel on the side-walk but for a given time—but any number of horses may be left unattended, to run away and break all the heads and other impediments that come in their way.

No doubt there is relative merit in these things, that ought to be explained; especially to the boys that occasionally toss a ball contrary to law. If they could be shown how much more danger is offered to life and limb by knocking a ball in Main Street than by running a coach and horses from the Depot to Silver street, they would have more respect for village laws.

The New School-houses.

The lots finally fixed upon are, one on the south corner of North and Pleasant streets and the other on the north corner of Pleasant and the private street thence to the Institute. Both are large, embracing about an acre each. The contract for building has been taken by Mr. Emery Mellen. The cost of both is about \$4,000, and of the lots \$1,000 each.

Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad.

It will be seen from advertisements that the first and second assessments have been made, and proposals for Sub-contractors called for. We understand that the Unity route is the one fixed upon. This is a much shorter route than either of the others; but what other considerations, visible or invisible to outsiders, have led to a decision so unexpected to the public, we know not. Doubtless they exist, and we are willing to suppose, for the present, that they will be perfectly satisfactory to all interested, when they are fully understood.

[From the Boston Traveller of May 7th.]

Dreadful Railroad Accident.
The occurrence of the most awful railroad accident which has been our duty to record was announced yesterday. We subjoin such details as have come to our knowledge. These details are more shocking and afflictive even than the first account had led us to suppose.

It appears that the train left New York with about 200 passengers, a number of whom were bound to Bridgeport and other places in Conn. The United States Medical Convention having terminated its sessions in New York City, many of its members, among whom were some of the most distinguished physicians of the land, were on board. The train proceeded as usual, until it reached South Norwalk, a distance of about 14 miles from New York. At this place, is a bridge across the river, with a draw which swings to one side, leaving an open space for vessels to pass through. It appears that before the train reached Norwalk, the draw had been opened to allow the steamer Pacific to pass through. The steamer had cleared the bridge but before the draw could be replaced the train suddenly approached the bridge, going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and perhaps faster. The water at this place, at high tide is about nine feet deep, and the soft mud beneath is also quite deep.

There is, we believe, a regulation that the train shall not pass the bridge at a higher rate of speed than six miles an hour. It was in fact passing at a rapid rate—as fast according to all accounts as thirty miles an hour. On a high pole at the draw, a signal is placed, the position of which is according to the rules of the road, to be arranged by the draw-tender, to indicate that the way is clear, or otherwise, as the case may be. It is likewise customary for a man to wave a flag at or near the entrance of the bridge, in the village, to indicate to the engineer that there are no impediments in that immediate locality, as well as to keep people from the track. The engineer alleges that he looked out seasonally, and he not only saw the flag waving at the point last mentioned, but the signal on the pole at the draw so arranged as to indicate that all was right for the train to pass, and that he accordingly went on.

The draw-tender, on the other hand, asserts that the reverse was the case—that he made the signal that the draw was open, and the bridge impassable. The fault, therefore, lies between these two men. An investigation will determine upon which the dreadful responsibility must rest.

The draw being thus open, the advancing train leaped into the chasm. The engine went first, and was buried in the mud so deep that at low water it was out of sight. The engineer, who says he had reversed his engine, saved himself by leaping off at the abutment of the bridge. The fireman saved himself in a similar manner. The baggage and smoking car, in which there were a number of persons, fell upon the engine, followed by two passenger cars; a third passenger car fell half way down and broke in two, a portion of the passengers falling into the water, while others managed to save themselves, some of them being injured. The first passenger car contained some forty persons, many of whom were rescued through the roof. The baggage car, when it struck the engine, was much broken up, and the persons in it killed. One of the passenger cars was wholly submerged, and every person in it supposed to be drowned.

Mr. John H. Maeder, of Gardiner, Maine, who was in the first passenger car, states that he saved himself by breaking through the top of the car, and though drenched through and much chilled, he succeeded in drawing out of the car Peter Hadley, of Gardiner, Me., Jas. Colbeth, and James Ring and wife, of Richmond, Me. The distance from the level of the track to the level of the water is stated to be some fifteen feet.

Dr. Alexander Welch, who was drowned, was President of the Connecticut Medical Association. Francis W. Sayles, who was also drowned, was formerly of the firm of Sayles, Merriam & Brewer. He had been travelling at the South for his health, which was partially restored, and was at the time returning with his wife (a daughter of Hon. B. F. Hallett.) Mr. Sayles was killed but his wife escaped with a few bruises. The body was brought on to this city by the midnight train last night. Mr. and Mrs. Hallett, who had gone on to meet their daughter, passed by her on the way.

A telegraphic dispatch dated Norwalk, May 6, evening, says:
Thus far 49 dead bodies have been recovered, and two of the injured have died; eighteen others are seriously injured, and three dangerously.

Among the lost is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Griswold.

The conductor, Mr. Comstock, was in the second car. He escaped with many bruises, but not dangerous wounds. The Express Agent escaped, badly wounded.

An infant, in care of its aunt, on the way to its parents in Springfield, was saved; the aunt however was killed.

Dr. Bartlett states that the inhabitants of Norwalk were prompt and unremitting and unstinted in their attentions to the sufferers. Carpets were even torn from the floors, to wrap around the bodies of the victims.

Few of those who lost their lives appeared to have received any bodily injury. All were drowned.

The Hartford Times says: "And this is the third accident of the kind that has recently occurred."

curved—we mean accidents at open railway draw-bridges. A short time since, an engine on this same road plunged into the water thro' a draw near Bridgeport. And at this time the wreck of cars may be seen at Bordentown, N. J.—the remains of just such an affair as this, though not destructive of human life."

The number of killed and missing is finally ascertained to be about 60—a large proportion of whom, on account of the anniversaries just closing in New York, were physicians and clergymen. Dr. Benson, of Waterville, was in the cars, but escaped. Among the killed we notice but two from Maine—Isaac Colbeth, Richmond, and John Moss, Gardiner. Among the killed are Dr. Pierson, an eminent physician of Salem; a daughter of Rev. Dr. Griswold, the author; Mr. Sayles, of Boston, now law of B. F. Hallett; Dr. Dwight, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dr. Welch of Hartford, and Dr. Beach of Bridgeport, Ct. Rev. Mr. Scott, Williamsburg; Dr. Smith, Springfield; Rev. Dr. Lapore, Williamsburgh, N. Y.; Dr. Josiah Bartlett, Stratham, N. H.; and doubtless many others of equal distinction, though the imperfect list of names does not make them known.

The jury of inquest is, yet in session; and a special committee of the Conn. Legislature is waiting their decision in order to commence investigations in behalf of that body.

Prof. Crouch's Concert.

Mr. Crouch, of Portland, with Mrs. Crouch, and Mr. Kotzschmar, a distinguished pianist, gave a Concert Tuesday evening, at the Baptist Church. Mr. Crouch's reputation, and his somewhat peculiar style of singing, are too widely known among the lovers of music—pretenders as well as genuine—to require allusion. By many of the best judges of music the concert was received with marked approbation. To the untainted ear, which prefers the soul and harmony of music to the fantasies of modern musical science, the performance was more incomprehensible, and of course less acceptable. Still, by general consent, it was in the best degree creditable to the distinguished trio to whom the audience were indebted for so choice a musical entertainment.

School Notice.

The Public Schools, in District No. 1, will commence on Monday the 16th of May, inst., in the following places: One in the room under the Town Hall, under the charge of Miss —; one in the brick school-house, under the charge of Miss Hill; in the red school-house, under the charge of Miss McIntire; in the brown school-house, under the charge of Miss Bailey; and one near Mr. Pearson's, under the charge of Miss —.

By order of the Committee appointed by the District, "to determine what description of scholars shall attend each school," &c., the scholars in the District over six and under thirteen years of age, and no others, will be permitted to attend the schools above mentioned, at the places most convenient to their residences—under the direction of the Committee.

S. HEATH, Agent.

Waterville, May 9th, '53.

News from California.

The steamer Eldorado arrived at New York on Sunday afternoon, from Aspinwall 28th ult., bringing advices from California of the 9th of April. She has 50,000 dollars on freight, and 300 passengers.

The outward bound passengers per steamer Illinois, arrived at Panama in 8 1/2 days from New York, the shortest time yet made.

The Eldorado passed on the 2d, the steamer Cherokee, from New York for Havana and New Orleans. Frederic Emery, of Maine, died on board the El Dorado on the 27th of April.

The steamer John L. Stephens, from Panama, with 541 passengers, all well, arrived at San Francisco, April 3d, in 14 days. The Winfield Scott, also from Panama, in 15 days, arrived at San Francisco on the 5th of April. She had about 500 passengers.

The San Joaquin Republican gives an account of the shooting of Mr. W. A. Brown by W. L. Bowlin, on the first of April. Mr. Brown died, and Bowlin fled, but was afterwards taken and committed suicide.

Capt. Sanson, of the steamer Independence, has been indicted for manslaughter, and was about to be tried before the U. S. District Court.

DAUPHINISM.—The Paris correspondent of the Commercial sends the following paragraph, which has an important bearing on the romantic claims of Rev. Eleazar Williams to be regarded as the veritable son of Louis XVI:

"Mr. Putnam will receive by this steamer a very pithy and conclusive document from M. de Chaumont, relative to the use made of his father's name in the famous Bourbon discovery. About twenty distinct propositions are laid down in the article on the alleged Dauphin, concerning M. de Chaumont, not one of which is true, or anywhere near true. The errors in dates are enormous. M. de Chaumont is stated to have arrived in America in a certain year, he did not arrive there, however, till eleven years afterward. On his return to France he is stated to have had an interview with Louis Philippe, in reference to the Louis XVII he had seen in the United States. Now M. de Chaumont never spoke to Louis Philippe in the whole course of his life. M. de Chaumont considers his father's memory calumniated by the assertion that he plotted with the Indians against the United States, and that no contradiction of this calumny would be deemed by him too formal or too public."

REMEDY FOR CANCER.—Col. Ussery of the parish of De Soto, informs the editor of the Caddo Gazette that he fully tested a remedy for this troublesome disease, recommended to him by a Spanish woman, a native of the country. The remedy is this: Take an egg and break it, pour out the white, retaining the yolk in the shell, put in salt and mix with the yolk as long as it will receive it, stir them together until the saline is formed; put a portion of this on a piece of sticking-plaster, and apply it to the cancer about twice a day. He has tried the remedy twice in his own family with complete success.

A man named Jacobs, who was arrested two or three weeks since for placing obstructions on the rails of the Willamette Railroad, was sentenced on Saturday last, at New London, to eight years' imprisonment in the State Prison.

Incendiarism! Robbery!

A barn of Mr. Samuel Longfellow's was set on fire on Tuesday night last, and during the confusion some one entered the house and stole money in gold and bills to the amount of \$100 dollars. The barn contained a large amount of hay, many farming tools, &c., all of which were destroyed. A reward of 300 dollars is offered for the apprehension of the robbers and restoration of the money. The night was dark and stormy, rendering it favorable to those engaged in so bold and nefarious a transaction. We hope the rogues may be apprehended and brought to justice.—[Hallowell Gazette.]

HON. EDWARD EVERETT.—The Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, in a complimentary notice of the speech of the Hon. Edward Everett on the Central American question, says:

"It is no more than right to add, that the Secretaryship of Mr. Everett is the most remarkable in our history, for its brilliant brevity. There is no instance, perhaps, when such a variety of business of the very greatest importance, was so ably and successfully transacted. His short term was absolutely crowded with distinguished acts, that would have been wholly impossible to a mind less amply furnished with regard to our foreign relations, than that of the late Secretary."

WEBSTER AGAINST THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—The New Era has an address to the people of the United States, from the spirit of Daniel Webster, in which he says:

"I must speak particularly of one of my public acts, for which, far more than all others, I have been made to drink of the cup of penitence. An act, which, in itself, bears the marks of inhumanity and oppression. An act, in the enforcement of which, none but a demonized spirit could rejoice, were its true features seen and understood. An act, which will forever stand as a foul stigma upon my otherwise comparatively fair fame. An act, which covers a page in the annals of my country with its shameful disregard of the rights of humanity. O, that I could rend the fatal leaf from its place and consign it to oblivion! To my present consciousness, the blank of non-existence were more to be desired!"

He says the present union of the States is merely nominal and that it is not founded on the basis of immutable righteousness. All this will be news to Mr. Webster's admirers.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS AT HAVANA.—Mr. Brooks, one of the editors of the New York Express, closes a letter on Sunday amusements as follows:

Look now at another picture of a Havana Sunday. Here, open to the view of all, is a cock fight, where the cocks are trained and fed, weighed and measured for their antagonists. Large sums in ounces of gold, and pounds of silver, depend upon such sports, and from the negro, up, nearly everybody bets, (and pays his bet, too,) upon the result. The cocks crowd loud enough over their victims, but there is a louder cackle and crowing issuing from the lips of the bipeds who surround the pit. Here, too, is a sort of ten-pin game going on, in the open square, where balls are thrown at pins, and where the skill is to kick out the center pin by a lucky hit. Genuine ninepins are also played, with billiards, cards, dice, and all the games of the gambling house. In the evening, we have fireworks, balls, theaters, &c.

The greatest attraction of all is the riding on the Paseo, up one side and down the other, with a cavalry police to keep all in order.

There are a thousand volantes, some with two horses and some with one, in the space of a mile or so. Ladies elegantly dressed, but not one of them having a bonnet, unless she is a foreigner, fill the vehicles, two or three in each. Hours have been spent at the toilet in preparing for this scene and display. Pink and white muslins, fabrics of blue and yellow, plain and spotted, colors in fall, and colors in part, jewels upon the dress and flowers, lace and ribbons in the hair, paint upon the face, and every conceivable adornment of nature and art decorate the fair. A thousand or two of men line the road, and gaze into every vehicle. It is the love of admiration on the one hand, and curiosity and the love of women on the other, and Cuban nature is human nature all over the world in this respect. The *Caleros* are covered all over with lace and ribbons, above their tight breeches, and seven leaved boots; mistress and servant, here, as in the church many hours ago, seem to strive almost equally, according to their vocation, in making the grandest possible display. The crowd disperses to the Plaza, to hear more Opera music as the sun disappears, and the moon and stars shine out, and so ends a second Sabbath in Havana.

ANOTHER RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A serious accident occurred on the New Bedford and Taunton railroad last Saturday afternoon. As the accommodation train reached half a mile below Taunton, a wheel of the tender broke. The tender, baggage car, and passenger car, with twenty-five passengers, were thrown off the track, and precipitated down an embankment thirty feet high. An eye witness says that it is little short of a miracle all in the train were not killed. The cars were broken to pieces. Seventeen persons were injured, only two severely.

At a military election held at Athens, April 23d, Joseph C. Kinsman, of Cornwall, was elected Brigadier General of the 1st Brigade, 8th Division.

Also on the same day at Farmington—1st Regiment, 2d Brigade—Alonso Haines, of Avon, was elected Colonel; Samuel Tinkham, of Anson, Lieut. Colonel; and William Dolbert, of Kingfield, Major.—[Farmington Chronicle.]

RECAPTURED.—Haskell, alias Meservey, who broke into the Post Office and stores in Brewer, and was subsequently taken in Boston and escaped at Portland, has been arrested by the Sheriff of York County, Me. Upon his escape from the Daniel Webster, at Portland, he went to Oak Hill, and broke into the Post Office, where he robbed of about twenty dollars. Thence he went to Alfred and broke into two stores. When taken, the stolen goods were found on him, and he acknowledged he was the culprit who had depredated in these parts.

[Boston Journal.]

INTERESTING TO SPORTSMEN.—By a law of the late Legislature, no person not a resident of Maine is permitted to hunt or kill any moose or deer within the limits of the State, except upon his own land, under a penalty of forty dollars for each moose, and twenty dollars for each deer so killed; and any person is allowed to shoot any dogs found hunting moose or deer under the direction of persons prohibited by this law. A moose warden is to be appointed by the Governor, for each of the northern and eastern counties, who have power to appoint deputies, and whose duty it will be to enforce the act. Any person having in his possession the carcass or hide of a deer between the 15th day of January and the 1st of September, or the carcass or hide of a moose between the 15th day of April and the 1st of October,

will be liable to the same penalties, if unable to show proof that it was obtained in a lawful manner.

SINGULAR LAWSUIT.—A suit has just been tried in the New York Supreme Court, to test the right of James P. Barnett, a young colored man, to receive his diploma as a physician from the College of Physicians. The testimony went to show that Barnett had received an academical education, and in 1844 was entered as a student in the New York University, where he regularly passed through the different courses of study, and was admitted as a member of one of the literary societies of the University, and gained various prizes in different branches. In 1848 he received from the faculty the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He subsequently entered the office of an eminent practicing physician as a student of medicine, and was introduced by his preceptor at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and was duly matriculated and admitted to the surgical and medical clinics of the college. In November of that year he obtained from the several Professors tickets for their respective courses of lectures, and attended them during the term. In October, 1850, while in the anatomical theatre attached to the college, and waiting to attend medical clinics, he was discharged and expelled. He therefore sues for a peremptory mandamus for his restoration. The trustees of the college contend that by the course and usage of that institution, persons of color are not candidates for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, nor has that degree, nor the attendance on the lectures of the Professors, ever been of right granted to any person of color; that at the time of the matriculation of plaintiff, the Faculty were not aware or informed that James H. Barnett was a person of color; and that having afterwards been informed that he was a person of color, and also having judged, from observation and examination, of his continuing to attend the lectures of the college would prevent the attendance of other students for whose instruction the college was instituted, and would be injurious to the usefulness of the college, and to the accomplishment and fulfillment of its purposes, by preventing numerous students from attending its instructions and lectures, they, for this cause, declined to permit James P. Barnett to resume his attendance on the lectures of the college. The Court decided in favor of the college, and young Barnett will therefore be obliged to finish his medical education in a private manner.

MORMONISM.—The Dixon Telegraph states that William Smith, brother of the celebrated "Joe Smith," who has a gathering of the believers, in Lee County, Illinois, was lately arrested in consequence of an affidavit made by one of the female members of the church, in which she set forth that she had been induced to believe that it was necessary for her salvation that she should become his spiritual wife, the result of which was the same that usually accompanies cases where no spiritualism is claimed. On account of the inability of the witness to attend at this term, the case was continued. The defendant says that it all arises in persecution from the Gentiles. As another item on the same subject, we may state that Smith has himself now pending in the same court an application for a divorce, on the ground that his wife, while at Nauvoo, was initiated into the mysteries of, and, as he says, "took seven degrees" in spiritual wife. So that it seems, according to his ideas of the doctrines of that particular branch of the church militant, what is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander.

EXPEDITION TO SONORA.—We are authoritatively advised that a large expedition is fitting out in this city to go to Sonora. It will number near 1200 men and be commanded by the Count de Raousset-Boulbon. We have been assured that nothing hostile is intended in this expedition, on the contrary, the presence of such a number of well-armed and disciplined men on the frontiers of that State, will have the happiest effect in keeping the Apaches in check, and restoring confidence and a feeling of security to the inhabitants. The intention is to enter Sonora, and obtain from Gov. Gandara, permission to explore and work the numerous mines now lying entirely abandoned on the frontier. This mammoth company will be divided into three distinct parties, all subject to one general head and a code of laws for the miners, farmers and artisans. These parties will extend along the frontier and probably occupy the large and once rich and flourishing ranches of Barbacorn and San Bernardino.—[Alta Californian, April 9.]

DEATH OF ROBERT G. SHAW.—The painful duty is devolved upon us to-day of announcing the death of Robert G. Shaw. He has been dangerously ill for the last fortnight, and his fellow citizens, by whom he was held in the highest estimation, have been for some days prepared to hear of the fatal termination of his disease. He died at his residence, in Beacon street, last night about nine o'clock. He was born on the 4th of June, 1776, and was therefore 76 years of age. He has for more than a quarter of a century ranked among the first of the successful merchants of Boston.

He was a man of great industry, enterprise and public spirit, and was held in universal esteem for the probity of his character, his uniform kindness and courtesy, and his extensive benevolence.

On the 14th of April, less than three weeks ago, his wife died at the age of 68, and on the 14th of November his brother-in-law, Dr. Francis Parkman.—[Traveller.]

A FEATHER IN THE INVISIBLE CAPS OF THE RAPPERS.—About everybody has heard of the celebrated Robert Owen, of Lanark, England, the great leader, apostle and prophet of Infidelity—a man who has written more and spoken more against Christianity than any other living mortal. Well, the spirits have got hold of this obdurate spirit, and converted it. He has issued a solemn manifesto "to all governments and people," in which he announces "a great moral revolution which is about to be effected for the human race by an apparent miracle." This miracle consists, says Mr. Owen, in communications "most important and gratifying, which have been made to him, (in common with many more), by invisible but audible powers, purporting to be from departed spirits;" those with which Mr. Owen has been favored coming from President Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, the late Duke of Kent, Grace Fletcher, Mr. O.'s "first and most enlightened disciple," and several others. Until within the last few weeks, Mr. Owen states that, while he believed all things to be eternal, he was of opinion that there was no personal or conscious existence after death; but having examined the history of the late "manifestations" (spiritual rappings) in America, through the proceedings of an American medium, he had been "compelled, contrary to his previous strong convictions, to believe in a future conscious state of life, existing in a refined manner, or what is called a spiritual state. The object of these manifestations, continues Mr. Owen, is to change the present false, dissuited, and miserable state of

human existence, for a true, united and happy state, to arise from a new universal education, or formation of character from birth, to be based on truth and conducted in accordance with the established laws of human nature." Mr. O. thinks that this change may be easily effected, and adds that the means to do so in all countries are known. They appear, from his showing, to be the universal application of his social system, through the agency of the departed spirits of Jefferson, Franklin, &c., who have kindly sent in their adhesion.

Drunkness and Crime in New York.

The following is from the New York Times. Coming, as it does, from a paper that is moderate and conservative in all its reformatory notions, it contains a fearful warning to other cities to use all diligence before it is too late, to avoid the condition in which New York city is now found:

THE DRUNKARD'S CORNER.

Our papers of late present a terrible calendar of crime. Murder follows fast upon murder, and the city seethes with a brew of vice that is continually boiling over. It is scarcely safe to walk an unfrequented street after night-fall, and if the passenger through many districts is so fortunate as to reach his home without molestation, he will not have performed his journey without being startled by the shrieks of women, or the brutal oaths of men, or mayhap some worse evidence that intemperance and guilt are abroad; as well as he. He will pass, perhaps, down some narrow, noisome street, strewn with decayed vegetables, and sending up continually from its thousand cesspools a poisonous malaria, with which the purer air reluctantly commingles. Here, late at night, he will see a red, unwholesome light flaring at one corner of the thoroughfare, and by the glare he will catch a glimpse of a rotten, crazy-looking wooden tenement with leaking casks and damaged fruit strewn about it, and filled with five or six half-drunken, wholly-brutal men and youths, on whose lowering brows vice has set its mark, that it may know them again.

This is "the grocery at the corner," where maddening poison is served out at three cents the glass. As you pass, a flushed and savage-looking man reels out, while an inebriate shout of scorn from those within follows him. He is going home. He lives next door in a back room on the third floor, where in darkness and silence his wife is waiting for him, longing for him to come, yet trembling when his drunken footstep shakes the crazy stair. Five minutes later, and if you have not walked fast, you hear a shriek of awful agony burst out into the night. Another and another. The sots in the store below cease their blasphemies. The street suddenly becomes animated. People issue unexpectedly from the houses round about. Some face the door of the drunkard's home. They rush up stairs, and presently an awful whisper runs like an electric spark through the crowd, proclaiming that murder has been done. He has fallen upon his wife, the patient, watching wife, and in the phrenzy of his drunken passion smote her with a mortal blow. And now he sits half-sobered on the bed, with a few policemen lounging round him, and a crowd of curious heads chocking up the doorway to look at him, while his child unknowingly and all innocent, plays round his knee and fondles his bloody hand.

This is no fancy sketch. It is plain fact, that happens over and over again, and will happen more frequently, unless some means be found to check it. There is no evading the fact that rum is the primal cause of all our city crime. It is a poison that, if it does not intoxicate, maddens to frenzy, and is far more dangerous than those liquors that induce mere drunkenness. They who drink this pernicious stuff, instead of sinking into the usual state of bestial insensibility, rush raving from the store into the streets, there to attack some innocent passenger; or to their homes to maltreat their wives, and teach their children the language of blasphemy. All over the city, this vice festers. Little of the evil that springs from it finds its way before the public eye. The murders that have been done—and they are not a few—are notorious enough; but God only can see all the protracted suffering, the silent misery, the living death that haunts the house of the drunkard. The progress of this evil has become alarming. It threatens society. The safety of the community demands its suppression. It is not enough to hold mass meetings, where eloquent speeches and the cant of virtue are loud enough, but where practical reform is lost sight of, in the fervor of zeal. It is not enough to publish temperance letters from deceased celebrities in the newspapers, or to proclaim that Mrs. Helicon took the pledge publicly at Portland, in the presence of five thousand gratified spectators. This is a practical evil, and must be practically treated. A total abstinence pledge, even when obtained, can have very little power over a wretch who disregards all the duties that he owes to his own family. Close to those spots in which rattlesnakes abound is found also a weed whose juice is known to be an antidote to the poison of these reptiles; and we believe that whenever a great evil springs up, the remedy soon suggests itself. It is time that we found the remedy now. The poison has already circulated largely through our social system. Murder, riot, and abominations of all kinds, usurp the places of common events. Our city intelligence has, therefore, become a sort of criminal calendar. The "grocery at the corner" is at the bottom of it all. The public voice, and, above all, the voice of the wife and child, plead for its extinction. How long shall it be before we see it accomplished?

One peculiarity of Wheeling, and indeed of all the large river towns, is a cloud of dense bituminous coal smoke which envelops them. This town is only about a half a mile wide, and yet standing upon the bridge I could hardly see across it, for the reason above mentioned. The houses all have a black, smutty appearance. A gentleman, a resident of Wheeling, with whom I was talking upon the subject, said that the buildings would get this sooty look after being painted only a few weeks; and such a thing as a clean dickey, after a few hours wear in the open air, was not to be found. I had no reason to dispute the remark, for I found after returning to the hotel, after a short walk to see the "elephant," that a very fashionable and extensive show of linen goods which I had mounted clean before setting out, had obtained a color nearly approximating to that of a blacksmith's apron.

A careful and informed writer in the N. Y. Express, (dating his letter from California,) says it is astonishing that those on the Atlantic side will measure the resources of California by the weekly receipts of gold. We do not consider that near one hundred thousand men are laboring there, and that the only product of their labor is gold. The writer says there are many thousands of intelligent and able-bodied men who are ready to labor for their board, waiting for something to turn up to enable them to get home.

