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Daniel Ripley Wing

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OLD ROGER JOHNSON.

Ten cents, ten cents!" murmured old Roger Johnson, fumbling the bit of silver in his palm. "Ten cents!" he repeated, childishly, a feeble smile flitting over his lips, with a sickly glare on his haggard features; "I ain't much, but I will, buy my supper, breakfast, dinner, supper, all in one—and God be thanked for that—God be thanked for that!"

He mumbled a way to an inaudible whisper, as he hugged his tattered garments around him, and tottered along the street.

It was at the close of a rude winter's day. The evening dusk had fallen, and a few flakes of snow, scattered down out of the dark gray clouds, floated over the city. As old Roger picked his way carefully across the icy slabs, a young lamplighter passed on his evening round, set his ladder against a post close by, mounted smartly, and touched with a match the eager jet of the gas, which cast a yellow radiance all around the old man's feet.

"Had I said Roger, with the very ghost of a laugh flitting, dimly from his hunched, cold lips, that's a good omen. Light, light, golden light, too, all over my poor old ragged shoes! So, my life I've been groping, though Heaven knows I capered as gaily as any school boy once, and walked as proudly as any youth afterwards—till now the cold winter night setting in, and its all-powerful dark before me—so dark and chill, and threatening!" But there will come a gleam, soon—just like this which brightens all around me—and—and—"

The old man was mumbling again, with a sort of childish, dreamy gleam, when, setting his foot incautiously upon a glod of ice, he slipped, and fell helpless upon the frozen ground.

"Hillo, old man—you hurt?" cried a merry schoolboy.

"He's down there looking after pious, laughed another, sliding by, with a sled at his heels. The boy passed on, and the old man struggled to regain his feet. But he was feeble and rheumatic, and the fall, had well-nigh shaken the life out of him. When he came a little to himself, he observed that a kind gentleman was assisting him with cheering words.

"No, I am not much damaged," said Roger gratefully. "Thank you, sir; it wouldn't have been much matter if I had broken my neck. I ain't of much account in the world—nobody would miss old Roger Johnson."

"Have you far to go?" asked the stranger. "Not to-night, thank Heaven. I live, or rather stay, right around the corner here, third door up the alley."

"Well, good night to you. Mind and keep your legs under you," cried the stranger.

He passed on, and the old man, dragging his shuffling limbs into a provision shop on the corner, purchased a loaf of bread with the bit of silver, to which he had clung tightly all the while, then creeping with unsteady steps into the alley, he entered a dark, dilapidated doorway, with his supper under his arm.

As he was stumbling up a dismal old staircase, a sharp feminine voice cried out from the floor of the first landing:

"Is that you, Johnson?"

"I suppose it is, though I sometimes more than half believe I am somebody else," replied the old man.

"Why didn't you speak? I'd have opened the door, so you could see," cried the other.

"Where does that light come from?" asked Roger. "Do you indulge in lamplight, for it is hardly dark, Mrs. Stone?"

"Come in here, and you'll see! There, you didn't expect such a fire as that, did you, Johnson?"

"Bless you, woman, that I didn't. You are as warm as toast here. How jolly it is to see a stove all of a glow like that! Where did your coal come from?"

"Oh, said Mrs. Stone, 'Sidney brought me three dollars to-day, and as the children was all shivering and chattering on the little wood fire, I took it into my head that these three dollars should go to getting us all warm once, if we were never warm again in our lives. So what did I do but go and order a quarter of a ton of coal; and the young ones have been as merry as crickets ever since. They're quite content to go without their supper, so there's a good fire to huddle down by. Come in, it's a free warm, Johnson. As long as the coals last, I want everybody to enjoy it that can. You shall sit with us this evening—your room is awful dreary, Johnson!"

The frozen tears thawed in the old man's eyes, but his voice was so choked that he could not express his thanks. Seating himself in a rickety old chair, he warmed his cold shins and rubbed his shivering hands over the stove, patting the children's heads, and ending by dividing the larger portion of his loaf among them, reserving but a scanty fragment for himself.

Mrs. Stone remonstrated against his generosity. But the children seized upon the food so eagerly, that the grateful old man declared, with tears running down his cheeks, that it did him more good to see them eat than it would for him to sit down to eat a most bountiful feastful dinner of his own.

The dinner meal was soon concluded, when heavy footsteps were heard upon the stairs.

The poor woman's heart almost ceased to beat. She turned to pale that the old man observed her change of countenance, even in that dim light.

"Is father?" whispered the children.

"At that moment an angry voice demanded, 'What's that, why she did not hold a light.'"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Stone to the cowering little ones.

She opened the door, and presently a shabby, worn, middle-aged man came blustering into the room. It was the woman's husband, who, always when he had money to spend, deserted his family for the grog-shop, and returned to them for shelter.

He was a brutal, tyrannical man, though he had not always been so in youth—and his appearance was the signal for general trouble and worry. It made poor old Roger Johnson's heart

beat in his bosom to hear Jacob Stone demand money of his wife, and curse her because she had that day spent all their oldest son's earnings on drink, and when the wretched father snatched from the hands of a sickly child the crust that had been given to him, the old man spoke out the indignation. This led to a sharp quarrel, and he was driven with curses from the room. Jacob slammed the door after him, and the fatherless child crept dreading up to his cold and windy father.

He sighed as he sat there in the gloom, on the unlighted bed. The comfort he had just tasted made the present desolation more bitter by its contrast. The old man huddled himself together with a tattered bed covering wrapped around him, and ransied his shivering knees, wept and sobbed like a child. It seemed the darkest of all the dark, dark hours he had yet known. Always until now, he had some little ray of hope when the gloom was thickest; but in the present anguish, nothing was left him but to die.

Once the old man started up and cursed himself for a fool. He was half-famished in a wretched way, and the reflection that he had given away to the greedy ones of Jacob Stone nearly the whole of his loaf, fired him with indignation at his own folly.

"I deserve to starve," he muttered. "The world is all selfishness, and he who gives anything is a dull dolt—let him suffer! But, O! this hunger and cold! Have I deserved so much?"

There were others well fed and warmed that night. Roger thought of them; he saw happy families with smiling faces sitting around glowing hearths. Then to wept again; not now with envy or remorse. He thanked God that there was comfort in the world, although his lot was to suffer. He thought of the man who gave him the money that purchased the loaf; of him who had lifted him up when he had fallen, and spoken kind words to him; of the good and patient Mrs. Stone, the mother of the children he had fed; and for all his hungry pangs he felt richly compensated, in the consciousness of having done a self-forgetting, charitable act, which made him, in spite of his poverty and rags, a brother to all good and noble hearts that throbbed in human clay.

The old man's limbs meanwhile grew stiff and numb; and he was wondering if it would be possible for him to get warm if he went to bed, when he heard a step on the stairs, and presently saw a light shining through the wide cracks around the door.

"Have you gone to bed, Johnson?"

It was Mrs. Stone's voice, and the old man aroused himself to answer.

"No! I thought I'd try a sitting freeze first," said he, with sad playful humor. "Anything wanting?"

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"Yes," replied the woman. "There is a man down stairs that wishes to see you."

"To see me?" echoed the astonished lodger, starting up. "You didn't mean me?"

Mrs. Stone did mean him indeed; and he hastened to shake the coverlid from his shoulders, and accompany her down stairs. All was quiet in her room; Jacob, having fallen asleep by the stove, stifled by the fire. The caller was waiting in the dark entry way below; and the woman held a lamp while Roger went down to speak with him.

The old man was tremulous, with a vague apprehension that something was going to happen to him; nor was this feeling entirely dispelled when, in the person who took his hand and addressed him with kindly tones, he recognized the man that had so lately helped him to regain his footing in the slippery street.

"I was afraid I should not find you," said the visitor. "But from the time I left you, your words, 'Old Roger Johnson—around the corner, third door up the alley'—kept ringing in my ears, and I was finally compelled to come back and look for you."

"God bless you, sir," articulated the shivering old man. "This is an honor I don't know how I have deserved; you must have made a mistake."

"Not at all. I thought you might be very poor and in need of assistance."

"True, true, I am poor enough, but—"

Roger's voice failed him, and he began to shake again as with ague.

"You are cold," said his new friend. "Come, let's step into yonder shop and talk over matters."

Roger hesitated.

"They turn me out, sir, when I go there to get warm."

"They will not turn me out," replied the other. "Come along."

They entered a common refreshment saloon, and by the countenance and protection of his new friend, Roger was permitted to enjoy a seat by the stove.

"You look like a man who has seen hard times," observed the stranger.

"I have suffered almost everything, sir," replied Johnson, in a subdued, unsteady tone. "I don't know why I am left to live."

"But you have some idea of happiness in store for you yet; no man is without that, you know!"

"I sometimes dream of such a thing. I have hopes, I have hopes, sir—rainbow colored, some of them are too. But it's all delusion. My castles are built in the air, and they're forever tumbling down about my ears. I know what would make me happy, sir; but what's the use of talking! It's something I cannot have."

"Speak it out, friend Johnson!" cried the stranger. "But be careful and not place your expectations too high. The gods love modesty, you know."

"Well, sir, it is just this—nothing more or less than three meals a day!"

"Three meals a day?"

"I know you'd call it extravagant," said Roger with a faint smile. "But I would not mind your rich dishes; only give me a plenty of bread and potatoes—with now and then a bit of cheese, or salt fish, or may be, a morsel of dried beef or smoked bacon; make me sure of that, day after day, as long as I live, so that I can keep clear of the almshouse, and you'd see me a happy man, if there is not another in creation!"

And haven't you as much already?" cried the astonished stranger.

Roger replied that with his poor health he had found it difficult to get work that winter, and it was so painful for him to ask alms, that his subsistence had not averaged half a meal a day.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed his friend; "in all this wasteful city, is it possible that one man can be found reduced to such extremes! One, too, whose happiness would be so cheaply purchased—three poor meals a day?"

"Cheap, if one had the money," suggested Roger.

"I have the money, and by all that's precious, I will devote so much of it to a pension that will afford you royal bliss."

"O, sir, don't jest with me!"

"I am not jesting, friend Johnson! To show you how earnest I am—waiter, cook this man the choicest steak you have. Or would you prefer mutton chops, or anything else on the bill?"

"As soon as the old man had sufficiently recovered from his amazement to realize his good fortune, he made a choice of some cold fowl, with hot biscuit and coffee, because these comforting items could be most readily procured.

The sympathetic stranger, who, by the way, was a fine looking man of forty, with fastidiously whiskers, and an exceedingly pleasant eye—seemed to enjoy the meal, although he had tasted nothing, quite so much as the famished Roger himself.

Still the old man was unable to realize that he was to have the luxury of such living every day. It seemed so much like a fairy story or dream!

"If you don't believe me, look here; this is my business card. You ought to know me—"

perhaps you do. I am rich enough to afford any little caprice of this kind, as you will see by calling at my store in the morning."

Roger began to be convinced. By this time the stimulus of food was having its effect, and the happiness shown in deep, quiet laughter and tears.

"Now you are sure you are going to be perfectly happy?" asked Mr. Upton. "Three meals a day—all the world has that, but I don't know two really happy men. Isn't there something else you would like?"

"I forgot my clothes," said Roger. "I should like a good warm coat and whole trousers and shoes, for this cold weather; but then if I have plenty to eat, I can manage to keep myself warm."

"The clothes you shall have," rejoined the other. "I had forgotten them myself. Waiter, call a hack for me. You shall go to my house, friend Johnson, and I'll look over my wardrobe this very evening, and see if I cannot furnish you with an outfit."

The old man's heart leaped with joy. Still he seemed to be more than half inclined to believe that it was a trick, even after Mr. Upton had taken him with him into a hack.

"I've made myself sure of my supper at any rate," said Roger to himself. "There's no trick about that."

They alighted before a handsome brick dwelling house, with a silver knob on the door, and a silver bell handle, with the name of Upton on the silver plate—as the old man saw by a bright gas-light that burned before the just painted steps.

The merchant entered by means of a night-key, showing that he felt at home on the premises, and presently the old man was introduced into a snug little library, where, among other comforts, there was a fire glowing brightly in the grate.

The adventure looked more and more like a reality; and when with his own hands the merchant brought from an adjoining room, coats, vests, pantaloons and shirts, all good and whole, some scarcely worn at all, and told him to choose what suited him best, Roger clucked with a deep inward joy, scarcely clouded by a doubt.

"But I ought to have a good wash and shave before getting into anything respectable in the shape of clothing."

"I thought of that, so I ordered a warm bath which will be ready for you in a few minutes. I am determined to see if it is possible to make one man perfectly happy."

"You're chosen a promising subject," said Johnson, with a smile of quiet gloom. "I've a good natured capacity that way; and if any man is suffered to appreciate comfort, I can set up that modest claim!"

So the old man was put into a bath; then barbered by a fellow skillful with a razor and shears; and finally clad in garments that would have been reasonable on change.

Then Roger sat down in the easy chair which Upton placed for him before the grate, and wept like a child.

"What is the matter?" asked his friend.

"This reminds me of my better days—it brings such strange things to my memory!" murmured the old man.

"Is that all?" "I thought there might be something else necessary to your happiness."

"Nothing—nothing."

"Nothing at all! Are you sure?"

"Indeed!—a cloud passed over the old man's face—there's one thing I would like to have mentioned a little, but I have no thought of asking the favor of you."

"Speak out, I tell you, old man. I know there was something else."

"My lodging is cheerless and cold, I freeze there these raw nights; and I ain't sure that three meals a day, and the warmest clothing will be sufficient to carry my happiness into that gloomy hole."

"What will you have then?"

"O, I ask nothing; but the truth is, if I was able to rent a little more comfortable lodging—"

"What would you fancy! I'll do it without harm to talk!"

"I am well aware that the only genuine civilization of life is to have a house of one's own—but that of course I am not foolish enough to think of."

"But supposing you were to have a house; what sort of a house would you like?"

"If you mean just such a house as I would like—why I'd say some such a house as this of yours. Everything seems so comfortable here. A man ought to be as happy as Adam, in an Eden like this."

"Now, I'll tell you what, old man," cried the enthusiastic merchant—"I can't think of turning myself out of doors, even for the sake of philosophy, but if you'll let me live here and have my own way a little, I'll give this house to be your home as long as you live."

Old Roger Johnson opened his eyes wider with wonder.

"It shall be as if you were my father," said the eccentric Mr. Upton. "Everything I have shall be at your service. You shall sit with me at the table, and enjoy three meals a day; my baker, my tailor, my servants, all are yours. So you will have nothing to do but to be happy. I'll be worth half my fortune to have a happy man in my house. What do you say to that?"

"Now you are mocking me," said the old man, deeply troubled.

"So you thought at first; but I'll teach you that I was never more in earnest in all my life."

"But I can never pay you."

"You will pay me, I tell you, by being perfectly happy."

"It's too much, too much!"

"Not a bit too much old man. And take my word for it, it won't be long before you will think of something else necessary to full and complete bliss. I see by your eye you have already thought of something; am I right?"

"Indeed," said the old man, letting fall a tear. "I can never think of being happy until I know whether my child Edith still lives, or what has become of her."

"Ho, then you have a daughter!"

"I had a daughter. To know that I have one, and that she is fair, and good, and happy, would be worth more than all those blessings you so lavishly bestow on me; to know that, is all I ask of Heaven—then I would be content to die."

"But how could you lose sight of your child?"

to be treated. Edith was our third child, and all the dearer because she came late to fill the place of one brother and two sisters who one after the other had been taken from our hearts and laid in the grave. When she was thirteen years old, the failure of a large firm in which my fortune and reputation were staked, swept away everything I had earned, and left me penniless. In the midst of the trouble my poor wife died, and necessity compelled me to commit Edith to the care of her grand parents.

"O, the sorrow of that time!" said the old man, weeping again. "To forget it, and to retrieve my fallen fortunes, I made a voyage to the East Indies. It would take all night to tell you what chances befell me on sea and land. Let all that pass. It is enough to say that, after an absence of twenty years, I returned with broken health, poor as when I went abroad. Then commenced a search for my child; but her grandparents had been dead many years—she had been thrown upon the world. I could find no one to tell me what had become of her—no one remembered her, even."

"And is it necessary to your happiness that you should find her?" asked Mr. Upton.

"Consider how changed she is by this time, if indeed she still lives."

"I have thought of that," replied Roger, "but oh, she was the sweetest girl! If I could but find her as I left her, still a child, then my cup of happiness would be full."

The merchant arose, smiling, noble-browed, radiant with the inspiration that filled him.

"Have faith," he cried, "have faith, and miracles may yet be performed. I have power to do you good beyond anything you have yet conceived. Speak the word and it shall be done. Shall I restore your child?"

He looked, and spoke like a prophet. The old man was thrilled and awed; his lips moved with a feeble murmur, and on the instant opened a door at the merchant's touch, and into the full flood of light which streamed from the aerial lamp, stepped the graceful form of a young girl, fresh and beautiful, and glad, with bright curls rippling over her head and neck.

"My own child—my own Edith!" cried the wonder-struck old man. "But it cannot be, he faltered, sinking back upon the chair from which he had risen in the excitement of the moment; 'it cannot be.'"

"Look at her," said the merchant, "and have faith!"

The old man looked again. Those melting blue eyes, that sweet and cherry mouth, those dimpled cheeks, the fair, white brow, and demure chin, every feature was his child's—his Edith's;—yet it was not his child, that good before him; else she was something more than human; else she was an apparition that might at any time vanish into thin air.

"Who are you, darling?" he said in broken accents.

"I am Edith Johnson," said the child with a bashful smile.

The old man took her in his arms, and bowed his face over that fair head, and sobbed out his emotion.

"I understand it now," he said, speaking with an effort, "this is my child's child—my Edith's—Edith—the woman, the mother, where is she!"

Already a slender female form was kneeling at the old man's feet; affectionate lips kissed his hands—affectionate eyes bathed them in tears.

"Father, father!"

The kneeling looked up. It seemed his own lost wife that had come up out of the past to embrace him there again!

O time! O miracle of life! O wondrous divine law I ever working in the broad day and in the secrecy and silence of night, when we sleep the same, pushing forward the germ into the plant, from the plant producing flower and fruit, evoking new germs, creating all things new, each hour and each moment in the day, parent and child, parent and child, forever!

Such thoughts whirled and burned in the old man's brain, as daughter and granddaughter lay in his arms, and his hot tears rained down upon their heads.

"How is it that I have never found you before, dear father?" said Mrs. Upton, for she was the merchant's wife. "How I have longed to hear of you—to know if you were still alive. I thought you must have died in some foreign land, but when my good husband here came home this evening, and told me he had seen an old man calling himself Roger Johnson, something said to me deep in my soul, that it was you. I told him of this scan on your cheek; he had observed it, and had no longer any doubt that you were my father. How I wished to go with him when he went back to try to find you! But he said the truth must be disclosed to you carefully and by degrees, for he thought you ill and feeble; so I have waited patiently for this moment, when I could safely throw myself at your feet and call you father!"

"It is not a dream? It is all real—yes you are, you are my child!" said the excited old man. "O, God be thanked!"

"Amen," responded the generous hearted merchant, who stood looking on with glistening eyes.

"Don't weep, father," pleaded Edith, weeping herself, "while, your trials are now all over."

"You have every wish of your heart, and all you have to do is to be perfectly happy," added her husband.

"Yes, yes," said the old man, "but why, putting his arm around his grandchild's neck with tender playfulness, 'why did you tell me your name was Edith Johnson?'"

"That is my name," said the young girl—Edith Johnson Upton. "And if you are my grandfather, I am, so glad, I shall love you so much!"

"I shall be afraid to go to sleep to-night, mused the old man; 'for fear that when I wake I shall find myself in Mrs. Stone's attic, and this will all be a dream that has past. But if all isn't a dream there is one thing more required to give us perfect peace of mind."

Poor Mrs. Stone and her children—something should be done for them. Protect her from her brutal husband, and procure her eldest son a good situation where his time and his talents will bring comfort to that poor family."

"That shall be done, if there's any virtue in money," said Mrs. Upton. "Is there anything else?"

"Nothing; only let me know your history, my Edith."

"You shall lie down, father, and I will talk to you about myself until you fall asleep. Don't be afraid, father," said the young woman tenderly, "I will take good care that you do not wake in Mrs. Stone's attic!"

So the old man was conducted to a comfortable

chamber; and when he was peacefully ensconced in the soft sheets of a couch, his daughter came to him and sat by his side, soothing him with gentle speech until all his happiness dissolved and mixed and interused into the fancies of a dream. Then silently calling down blessings upon his head, Mrs. Upton softly withdrew from his side and left the chamber.

"O God," she said, "may the dear old man never know earthly sorrow more."

Late the following morning she went herself to awaken him. How soundly he slept! His thin hands were crossed upon his breast; his pale cheek rested calmly on the pillow; there was a smile on his thin lips, but not a motion, not even a breath. Edith touched his brow; it was cold. She felt his lips; they were rigid and chill. She did not think or sob, or shed one tear, but with a feeling of awe, she turned her eyes upward, and with clasped hands murmured:

"O God, thy will be done!"

Her prayer of the previous night had been answered, not as she had hoped. No more trouble would the old man know. A happy day had been opened to him in his last mortal hours, and through that, his spirit had passed into the blessed country where alone perfect peace awaits us.

Edith felt this when her pious heart repeated with earnest faith and trust—

"O God, thy will be done."

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

BY FR

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, NOV. 8, 1855.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

P. FARR, at 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 office is at Boston's Building, Court St., Boston; Tribune Building, N. York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette Sts., Baltimore.

A. T. DOWNMAN—Traveling Agent.

[Extract from Central America.]
SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Oct. 16, 1855.

Now for Col. Walker. He arrived here first about five months since, with 70 Americans and 150 natives, and went to Rivas and took the town; but his natives left him, and he was compelled to leave the town (with the loss of ten men killed) and take his vessel. He landed again at Realajo, 125 miles from here, where he remained until about two months since, when he landed here again with about the same number of Americans and 250 natives. Immediately on landing, he sent his vessel away, so that no chance was left for his men to retreat, and they had no alternative but to fight or die.

Soon after he landed, he marched to Virgin Bay, and while his men were at breakfast he was attacked by 560 men. His riflemen went to work, and in two hours they killed 100, and the rest fled in every direction. He had only 2 Americans and 2 natives wounded, who have since all recovered. The next day, after burying the natives, he returned here, and has been getting additions to his American force ever since, and many natives have deserted and joined them. But we have been in constant fear the whole time, as the force at Rivas has been strengthened to 800 men, and they threatened to drive him out and burn this town.

He, however, received by last steamer from San Francisco 40 Americans, well armed, making his American force 117 men. On the eleventh of this month he left here for Virgin, and as we supposed to attack Rivas. We were waiting with anxiety for the result, for during his stop here nearly all the forces from Granada had been sent to Rivas, (which is 60 miles from Virgin Bay), and the only way to Granada by land is through Rivas. Walker, on his arrival at Virgin, found a steamer there with four cannon, with ammunition on board, going to Granada. He seized her and put his own cannon and all his troops on board and steered for Granada at 6 P. M. He landed near the town in the night without being seen. The Grenadian troops had just returned from a battle. They had fought the day before with the natives of the Democratic party, in which they gained a victory, and they were holding a jubilee over it when at day-break Walker marched into the place, and they were so surprised that they made scarcely any resistance at all, but delivered up their arms and surrendered the city. Yesterday, the American Minister and several other officers came down in the steamer to disband the army at Rivas. If they disband the war is over. We shall hear to-day.

Granada was well fortified. The Square or Plaza was defended by many cannon and 400 or 500 men. I believe only one company fled. Walker had a drummer shot in the leg, and his men killed four of the other party before they surrendered.

Walker will have 150 men from San Francisco by the steamer now due.

Yours, &c.

P. S. The steamer is in. Capt. French has arrived with 100 men, and will have 500 by next steamer.

BEATEN.—We take a melancholy kind of pleasure in notifying landlord Bunker, of the Fairfield House, that the big cabbage he presented us at the fair has been completely thrown into the shade by one three pounds heavier, from the garden of Mr. Stephen Toser, of this place. Its weight is 18 lbs. well trimmed and minus the stump. [Friend T. is respectfully invited to dine with us at the Fairfield House, at such a time as will suit his convenience.]

SOMETHING NICE.—Those who have not yet done so, should see for themselves the neat station of Mrs. Holmes, late Miller's, on Main-st. Oysters, confectionery, pastry, hot coffee, and all the nice fixings for a lunch or meal, are served by Mrs. H. in a manner that particularly commends itself to the ladies; while these young gentlemen who call for oyster pie, will find it compounded upon principles of delectable gastronomic philosophy. We commend the establishment to the good will of the lovers of good things.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.—It is not the first time we have blundered, by thinking we knew better than those who knew better than we. We yield to Gov. Porter, backed by the American eagle and the great seal of Pennsylvania, that our friend Shurtleff is a colonel, after all. For once in our life we have seen a man who has a legal right to an honorable title that he does not trouble himself to carry. [No matter about the "Suffolk," this year Colonel. We may have one of our own raising next year.]

COMICUS.—A. H. Richardson, Esq. of Boston, has handed us a section of a white birch tree, some eight inches in diameter, closely incised in the bark of which is a pumpkin seed. It was found closely located between the outer and inner bark, where it had apparently lain many years; though it retained all the indications of vitality, and will probably germinate and produce the material for pumpkin pies next year.

We regret to announce that Hon. Timothy Boutelle is dangerously sick. His health has been declining during the summer, so much as to alarm his friends. Symptoms are said to indicate disease of the heart, from which a fatal result is feared.

OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for November, the last of the volume, has been received from Feltz & Co., of Boston, through the hands of J. G. Moody, at whose counter it can be had. The illustrations are—A Day at Pompeii, Nicaragua, an Exploration from Ocean to Ocean, and Hints for Country Builders; the last article a particularly interesting and valuable one. Much other good reading will also be found, with Editor's Easy Chair, Drawer, &c. Mr. Slim's painful pleurotorial experience is concluded in this number.

PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.—We enumerate a few of the best things in the November number:—The Fortunes of Glencore, Corals, Two days in Rio Janeiro, parts 10 and 11 of Zaiden, Lord Brougham's Work, Madame de Maintenon, A Wife's Story, A Soldier's Coming Home. One would suppose this to be enough to expect in one number, but many more good things will also be found. Published monthly by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

PURMAN'S MONTHLY.—For the November number of this work we are indebted to Feltz & Co., of Boston. It contains eighteen original articles, the first of which is upon the United States Coast Survey—giving a brief account of the history, objects, organization, methods and results of this great enterprise—and the last a discussion of the principles involved in the Maine Law, going square against prohibition. The others are on a diversity of subjects, and show marks of the ability which usually characterizes the articles which appear in this work. For sale at J. G. Moody's.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for November is full of poetry, sentiment, and fun—especially fun. Podd, the immortal P. Pepper, contributes one of his inimitable letters, which, to adopt a penny-linerism, is alone well worth the price of the number. Published by S. Hignett, New York, at \$3 a year.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE.—No. 598 abounds in articles on European politics and the present state of things in the old world. Much interesting miscellaneous reading, however, will also be found—Non-Existence of Women, Fortunes of Glencore, The Physician for All, Peter the Hermit in Nicaragua, Joan of Arc, &c., &c. Published weekly by Little, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year, and sent free of postage to any part of the country.

HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.—No. 12 of this charming series for youth has been sent us by Feltz & Co., of Boston, and will be found at the bookstore of J. G. Moody, Waterville. It is entitled, *The Studio; or Illustrations for the Theory and Practice of Drawing*, for young artists at home—and we have no doubt that more practical knowledge of drawing and sketching can be obtained from this little work than is usually gained in a long course of instruction at the schools. Buy it for the little folks, and set them at work with pencil and paper; with tolerable dexterity they cannot fail to make fair progress.

FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHIONS.—This is a large quarto journal, each number of which contains an elegantly colored steel plate of the latest fashions, patterns of needle-work, numerous engravings on wood, illustrative of various styles of ladies' and gentlemen's dress, &c., &c. It is the best thing of the kind ever published in this country, and is a miracle of cheapness; for notwithstanding it is elegantly printed, it is sold at \$2 a year. The November number has just made its appearance. Published by Frank Leslie, New York.

THE HORTICULTURIST.—This rural monthly thrives finely in its new locality, and seems to improve with each succeeding number. A perusal of the November issue will satisfy any of its old friends that under the care of its new editor, J. Jay Smith, it is in safe hands. Published by Robert Pearson Smith, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year; colored edition \$5.

PENMANSHIP.—In the present condition of the art of penmanship, even with the marked attention it is receiving in our schools, nobody expects to see a radically new system introduced or offered. Still there are little points of improvement, both in system and mode of teaching, developed here and there by this and that experienced teacher, that seem to demand to be occasionally collected and combined with the leading system in general use. To effect this, an occasional new work or a revised series of an old one, is not only expected but desired. The progress of the art demands it.

Those who have had any experience in teaching, or in being taught, know the popularity of "Payson & Dutton's Penmanship." It is embraced in five numbers, adapted to the different classes of schools, grades of scholars and degrees of progress. Throughout the U. States it has been in general and extensive use.

But experience has suggested improvements, even in this work; and the same publishers, Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston, are now offering the public "Payson, Dutton & Scribner's Combined System of Rapid Penmanship," complete in eight numbers. That it should take the place of the former work, embracing as it does all the points of progress developed by prominent teachers in several years experience, is a matter of course. These are readily seen by a comparison of the two. Each number is strictly adapted to a distinct class of pupils, commencing with the first experiments of the youngest pupil, and extending to the complete penman or the accomplished teacher. But at the same time, the 3d and 4th numbers are so arranged as to embrace the entire system of the series; thus adapting them to the use of country schools, where only limited time is given to penmanship, and saving the expense of the full series.

Its success is wonderful. In the principal cities of the West it is rapidly taking the place of its predecessor, as it has already extensively done at the East. The public schools of Cincinnati, under the tuition in penmanship of Miss L. S. Barrett, formerly of this place, have adopted it, to the exclusion of all others. With those who know Miss Barrett, this commendation is conclusive; as she is unquestionably the best female penman and the most successful female teacher of the art, in the country. Mr. Scribner, who is introducing the work, is well known as a successful teacher in Boston, and through the country; and in his ability to aid the teacher as well as the pupil of this system, can hardly be excelled. It seems to us to be a matter of some importance that at least one copy of this series of writing books should be put into each district school. It would not only relieve and aid the teacher, but render great benefit to the scholar.

An 'annual' contribution of onions? 'Yes, indeed, and double!' as they say in the old Keystone State, when wishing to state a thing particularly strong. A second bagful from friend Davies of Sidney, this fall, is good evidence both of his generosity and the abundant yield of his onion patch. Verily, he has our thanks.

ELECTIONS.—Massachusetts.—The returns from all but 9 towns re-elect Gov. Gardner.

by a plurality of some 14,000. Both members of the legislature are of the same stamp.

Partial returns from New York leave the Know-Nothing some 10,000 ahead.

The Teachers' Convention.

The Teachers' Convention for Kennebec County, under the direction of Hon. Mark H. Dunning, State Superintendent, commenced its session on the 5th inst., at 10 A. M., under most flattering auspices. The instructors are Prof. C. G. Burnham, of Haverhill, Mass., and Walter Wells, A. M., of Portland. The order of exercises is as follows:—Devotional exercises each morning at 9 o'clock, by Prof. Burnham. Reporters, appointed from the class the preceding evening, then give full reports of the exercises of the previous day. No one knows who may be called on to report the exercises of the day until the close of the evening lecture; and as no ordinary excuse is received, each member is obliged to give undivided attention.

Critics are appointed each morning for the day, whose criticisms are often quite amusing as well as profitable. Next, a familiar lecture by Prof. Burnham, highly practical, and admirably adapted to the wants of Teachers. After a recess, a lecture upon English Grammar, by Mr. Wells, who never fails to interest and instruct. His lectures are exceedingly philosophical, yet perfectly lucid. Exercises in Arithmetic, by Prof. Burnham, occupy the remainder of the forenoon.

The first exercises of the afternoon are in reading, by Prof. Burnham, which we hope will be often repeated by the Teachers composing the class. At 2 o'clock, Mr. Wells gives a lecture on Physical Geography, illustrated by Pelton's new Physical Outline Maps. These lectures are so very rich in interest and instruction, that we shall give a somewhat extended report in this and our next paper. The remaining exercises of the afternoon are by Prof. Burnham, in Arithmetic.

A lecture each evening at the Universalist Church.

We think Mr. Dunning has been remarkably fortunate in his selection of instructors. They awaken an interest and enthusiasm in the class we have seldom witnessed. The attendance, we are gratified to notice, is very large—said to exceed that of any other Convention yet held.

We give a brief synopsis of Mr. Wells's lecture of Monday. The succeeding lectures will be reported in our next.

Physical Geography.

The general subject was the Earth and the Continental Forms. The office of Geography was asserted to be threefold: 1st, to state facts; 2d, to investigate causes; 3d, to ascertain the influence of the facts. The speaker proceeded to apply the method to the general form of the earth, stating the profound wisdom displayed in its present conformation—that vegetable, animal, and human life could exist in present conditions only upon a body of the diameter, shape, and general structure of our globe. He traced back the fact of the form to its proximate cause, viz: the fire-engendered fluidity of the earth during the geologic period; its oblateness of form to the operation of rotation imposed upon it. The influences of the same fact he showed to be vast as creation, and wide extended as the domain of organic life.

Passing to the Divisions of Land, the inquiry was propounded, whether wisdom could be seen in the present amount of land above the sea. It was shown that the amount of land could not be changed without disastrous results upon the organic creation. The triangularity of the Continental forms was shown to secure oceanic influences to larger portions of land, and also advantages in respect to commerce, navigation, and the numerous civilizing tendencies arising therefrom. The modifications of the Continental forms, produced by indentations of the sea, by the upheaval of pits and table-lands, were then discussed.

The limitation of knowledge alone prevented the discussion of the 2d point—the causes of these forms. The speaker was of the opinion that the reasons for the variation of form were of the same sort as existed for the difficulties and obstructions in the way of the intellectual and spiritual development of man, viz: for his trial and discipline—in a word, probation.

Lately, the influences of these forms upon climates, vegetable, animal, and human life, was traced. Western Europe, as compared with Thibet, is warm and genial, because open to the ocean and sea winds; but Thibet is perched on the shoulder of a table-land, girt about by mountains and located in the centre of a continent. South America abounds in vegetation, because the vapors of the ocean are precipitated by the Andes, while in the same latitude, Africa spreads a desert, because her rains are precipitated only by the highlands on the east. The high stand of Europe in civilization is owing in part to her form, opening her to the sea, and inviting to intercourse; while Africa pays the penalty of her geographical exclusiveness in her barbarism. The prodigious changes in our country, incident upon a closing up of the Gulf of Mexico, were presented; and the important influences exerted upon the physical and moral conditions of our country, by its continental forms, were shown.

From the following complimentary notice, which we find in the Portland Advertiser, it will be seen that our little friend bore himself as gallantly at the U. S. Agricultural Show as at our own State Fair; and it also shows that our town, so famous for fast horses, can also produce the boys to ride them.

To-day the celebrated Ethan Allen came off victor in a trotting match, and Master Albert, Golden of Waterville, secured universal commendation and three cheers from the multitude, by his mastery horseman-ship. He won with the same success as at the Maine State Fair.

The Virginia Medical and Surgical Journal gives a list of the physicians who have died during the recent epidemic in Norfolk and Portsmouth, and adds:

With no hope of victory, with no pomp and circumstance of war to animate the heart, our brethren in Norfolk and Portsmouth have calmly

firmly discharged their duty, and have met their fair fate. The slaughter is now over, and we record mortality unprecedented in history. Forty physicians have fallen in the hopeless contest. Exhausted with fatigue and watchings, pressed down with the weight of responsibility resting on them, they have sunk easy victims to an enemy whose ravages they faithfully labored to resist. Many of these men were residents of the infected cities, and though all was consternation around them, they flinched not at that trying hour; whilst others, from all parts of our country, ardently rushed to the scene of danger, and sacrificed their lives in the vain attempt to check the fearful pestilence. Faithfully have they fulfilled the sacred duties of their calling, and their memories remain an imperishable legacy to the profession they have ennobled and adorned.

Important from Nicaragua.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—The steamer Star of the West arrived at this port yesterday afternoon from Puna Arenas 25th ult., with a full complement of passengers, and \$273,651 in treasure from California, brought down on the Pacific side by the steamer ship Uncle Sam, which left San Francisco on the 5th ult.

By this arrival we have important news from Nicaragua; Col. Walker having been reinforced by a small party of Californians on the 12th ult., embarked at Virgin Bay on board the steamer Virgin, and before daylight landed within four miles of Granada. After a rapid advance, the army reached the city, and gained the Plaza without encountering any serious resistance. Here a sharp contest ensued, which resulted in a loss to the enemy of 15 killed and several wounded, and Col. Walker took possession of the capital of Nicaragua. Subsequently the fort was captured by a detachment of Americans. Order having been restored, the citizens of Granada held a public meeting and tendered Col. Walker the Presidency of the Republic, which honor he declined in favor of Gen. Corral. Col. Wheeler, our Minister to Central America, after much solicitation, proceeded to Rivas with propositions of peace. Arriving at Rivas, and learning that Gen. Corral was absent, Col. Wheeler attempted to return, but was prevented by the Governor, and detained two days, nor was he released until the town was threatened with an attack. This breach of faith on the part of Corral's forces led to a spicy correspondence between our minister and the General. On the 22d Corral surrendered, and a treaty of peace was formed, and thus Walker's victory became complete. During the progress of these events, others of importance were transpiring. On the 19th, Col. Fry and P. H. French, with 60 men, embarked on board the Virgin which also carried the passengers and specie from California, with the intention of capturing San Carlos. The occupants of the fort, however, fired upon the steamer with cannon; the expedition was abandoned, Col. Fry being unwilling to risk the lives of his passengers.

On the 23d, the steamer connecting the outward bound passengers by the Star of the West was fired upon by the fort. A 32 pound shot struck the boat, killing a lady and child, and seriously injuring the machinery. Previous to this an attack was made upon the returning Californians at Virgin Bay, by the government forces, when four persons were killed and eight others severely wounded. These attacks were evidently made, in a spirit of revenge for the success of Walker, and perhaps with a view to robbery. Col. Kinney was pursuing the even tenor of his way, perfecting plans to secure a large emigration from the United States, with every prospect of carrying them out successfully. Don Fruto Mayores, late Secretary of the former government, and a prisoner on parole in the city of Granada, was detected in correspondence with the enemy outside, and having been tried by a court martial and found guilty, was shot on the public Plaza on the morning of the 22d ult.

MISCELLANEOUS WAR ITEMS.—By accounts of the 13th from the Crimea, the advanced posts of the allies were on the 12th within five leagues of Baktchisarai. The Russians were retreating slowly. Everything leads to the belief that General Liprandi intends to defend the line of the Belbe, and to rest upon the corps commanded by Prince Gortschakoff.

The battle which would definitely decide the possession of this ground was expected shortly to take place. Other accounts state that the Russians have surrounded the north side of Sebastopol with a chain of new fortifications, and placed it in a state to support the sick. All the plateaus on the north side, it is said, are covered with redoubts and earthworks, and on the line of the Belbek new works, constructed in the form of the Mamelon, have been raised.

The allies are extensively engaged in road making and hut building, not only along the plateau of the Chersonese, but all along the Tchernaya lines up to Alsou. The line of the railway has been adopted for the main road from Balaklava to the camps in the neighborhood of Sebastopol.

The Sebastopol correspondent of the London Times, writing under date of Oct. 5th, says:—At present the troops are in excellent health. Our strength is very considerable. It is almost as numerous as that with which the duke fought the battle of Waterloo. The infantry counts 27,000, the cavalry 8500; the artillery 9000—in fine, Gen. Simpson has under his command not less than 38,000 effectives of all arms.

Repulse of the Russians at Kars. We have accounts of the repulse of the Russians with great loss in an attack which they made on the fortress of Kars on Sept. 20th. General Mouzaffareff says:—At the beginning the attack was successful, but the position and numbers of the enemy forced us to withdraw. Notwithstanding this and a heavy loss, our troops took fourteen banners and a stand of colors. The blockade of Kars is re-established. The account via Trebizond gives as more particulars, and states that the Russians were determined to raise the siege. It states that at one time the Russians succeeded in taking two batteries, but before they had time to turn round the guns or even to spike them the Turks rushed upon them with such vigor as to regain possession of the batteries and decide the fortune of the day. The Russians furiously repulsed, fell back upon their comrades, who were thrown into confusion. The Turks rushed out of the fortress and massacred an enormous number. The account states that though a large number of killed and wounded Russians were removed, four thousand were left dead under the walls. Two hundred were taken prisoners and some pieces of ordnance captured. Several Russian officers of high rank were killed or wounded, early in the action, which lasted eight hours.

Some account of a fellow stole a pair of boots from the editorial sanctum of the Boston Post. Hear what the Editor says of the transaction:—The man who stole a pair of boots from the editorial room of the Post on Saturday night last, or Sunday morning, is probably dead before this time, if he has worn them, as there was poison in his toes, placed there to detect the thief.

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The thief was in his toes, placed there to detect the thief.

ASSMORE WILLIAMSON SET AT LIBERTY!—We give pleasure to learn that Passmore Williamson, whose unjust imprisonment has called forth indignant remonstrance of every lover of human rights, has at length obtained his freedom. A dispatch from Philadelphia to the New York Herald, dated Nov. 3, says that Williamson was brought into Court that day by a marshal, and made affidavit that, in his answer to the writ of habeas corpus, he did not intend any contempt of Court, or to evade process of Court. An interrogatory was propounded to him by the District Attorney, through the Court, touching his power to produce the bodies in Court according to the mandates of the writ, which being answered negatively, after some remarks by the District Attorney touching Colonel Wheeler's suit for damages in the U. S. Circuit Court against the defendant, and announcing his abandonment of the present habeas corpus proceedings, the Court discharged the prisoner, and he left in company with his friends.

If the above version of the matter is correct, Judge Kane must have materially modified his tyrannical decisions, and Mr. Williamson therefore comes off with flying colors. [Boston Journal, 5th.

It is rather a singular fact that the Poles serving in the Russian army in the Crimea, have shown themselves, on every occasion where the opposing forces have met, the most daring and steadfast of the Czar's troops. An officer writing from the camp before Sebastopol, says:—Of the deserters which come in to us, and are not many, but very few are Poles. A Polish officer, taken prisoner at Inkerman, in reply to the query 'what would the Polish soldiers in the Russian service do in case of an insurrection in Poland?' replied with marked feeling, 'why stick to their colors,'—and added, 'The Emperor has done more for Poland in a few years, than all our turbulent nobles, always intriguing against each other, and plotting, did in as many centuries. Bonaparte might have made Poland free and strong, but he refused help when it was needed. The Poles don't trust France; they have shed too much blood for her already. Where was France, and where was England when we struck for liberty not long ago? The Poles don't sympathize with France and England in this war. They don't trust them.'

AMERICAN SERVICE TO RUSSIAN BELLIGERENTS.—It will be recalled that the schooner Caroline E. Foote, from Honolulu, bound for Hakodadi by way of Simoda, changed her route on arriving at the latter place, for the purpose of conveying to Petropaulowski a Russian Admiral and sailors who had been wrecked on the coast of Japan near Simoda.

The Captain, who was also the owner, got a bonus of \$2,000 for the voyage, and offered his seamen \$6 a month increase in their wages, but they refused to work for that; and required also, as the vessel took arms and ammunition as well as men, that the captain should give them a written instrument holding them harmless in case of capture. This being denied, they refused to work the ship, when they were put on bread and water, and the vessel manned by the sailors of the Russian admiral. On their arrival at Petropaulowski they were taken into custody by Russian soldiers, at the instigation of their own captain, and confined in a damp and unhealthy prison, without bedding, for the space of four or five days. The alternative was finally presented them of being sent into the interior or going to duty on the vessel. They accepted the latter alternative, returned with the vessel to Japan, and thence to San Francisco.

Upon their arrival at the latter port, they brought an action without delay in the United States Court against the schooner for an increase of wages; and the court decided in their favor, giving them \$100 per month from the time of deviation in the voyage.

FIRE.—For the first time, for many months, our citizens were called out last evening at the cry of fire. It was found to proceed from the Sagadahock stable, which was entirely consumed, together with the stock of feed, &c., on hand. So rapid was the spread of the flames, that no effort of the citizens and our valiant firemen could do anything to save the building. The horses, carriages, harnesses, &c., were saved, but the sleighs and many articles of furniture, were totally destroyed.

Mr. Bowles, the proprietor, loses heavily, but we are unable to ascertain the amount. The building was owned by Capt. John Patten, but whether insured or not we are unable to learn.

The Sagadahock House was in imminent danger, as also the buildings to the north of it, including Messrs. Lambard & Co.'s foundry, and the Hatch house, Stearns's Periodical Depot, on the south, and in fine, all of the buildings and property on the point. Fortunately there was no wind, else the destruction of property must have been very great.

As we go to press the rear guard of the firemen are busy subduing the embers. We look through the cracked glass of the windows of our office, which, with many other tenements, shared the general danger. [Bath Tribune.

DISTRESSING DEATH.—We are pained to learn that Mrs. Moore, wife of Mr. Moore, paper-manufacturer in Norway village, met with a most distressing death on Saturday last. On Friday evening she attempted to fill a lighted lamp with burning fluid, when the can exploded, instantly enveloping her person in flames. In a frenzy of agony she ran into the street, but before the flames could be extinguished she was so badly burned as to preclude all hope of recovery. She lingered in excruciating torment until Saturday noon, when death terminated her sufferings. She was 22 years of age, and leaves one child.

[Portland Advertiser.

A KISS IN FRE.—A young German girl was acquitted on a charge of larceny, yesterday, in the Court of Quarter Sessions. Upon the verdict of acquittal being rendered by the jury, she manifested her joy and her gratitude in a manner which very much astonished her counsel, the Court and the bar. With tears of joyful happiness, bursting from her sparkling eyes, she embraced her counsel, and, printed upon his glowing cheek a kiss which resounded throughout the Court room, like the melody of sweet music. Her counsel, a young gentleman of fine personal appearance, though taken by surprise, received this tender acknowledgment of his valuable services from his fair client as a legal tender. The girl left the scene of her trial and her triumph, unconscious of the gaze and the smiles of a crowded Court room, and only grateful to her counsel for her deliverance from a charge which had threatened, but a moment before, like a dark cloud, to burst upon her head, and darken her future life with the perpetual blackness of despair and degradation. [Phil. Ledger.

PAPER FROM CEDAR BARK.—The Portland Advertiser has the following relative to the inception of the Cedar Bark Paper manufacture, now largely carried on at Waterville:—About one year since Mr. Charles H. Hall of this city, was passing by one of our wood-

yards upon Union Wharf when he casually took up a piece of hemlock bark and put in his mouth. [The pungent taste of the tannin contained in the bark, being agreeable to him he continued to chew the same, when he found that it tasted a most delicious paste similar to the pulp the first process of manufacturing paper. The thought then struck him that this bark might answer as a substitute for rags, and he at once commenced experiments with various barks. After much application he has perfected a process, and a company, embracing some of our heaviest capitalists in Portland, has been formed for the manufacture of paper from all descriptions of bark, under a patent which Mr. Hall has obtained. The Company have purchased a paper mill at Waterville and fitted it up with machinery adapted to the new process.

The paper is extensively used in our market and we learn that they have just made a contract with a carpet dealer in Massachusetts for one hundred tons of their paper.

As yet they have only made wrapping paper but from experiments making, we think they will be able soon to furnish every printing paper from bark.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ESQUIMAUX.—A gentleman, who accompanied the Kane expedition gives the New York Herald some account of these strange people. He says:—It is no uncommon circumstance, when the community want to get rid of a bad or lazy member who has a good sledge and team of dogs, to induce him to go on a hunting expedition, and when at a great distance from land to take away his sledge and spear him. They do not practice the Mormon habits of Polygamy, but are, on the contrary, extremely particular about their matrimonial relations. One of the ordinary acts of hospitality or civility on the part of the ladies is to take a fowl, or piece of meat, chew it very nicely, and hand it to the visitor, who is expected to be 'overcome with gratitude, and to finish the operation of chewing. It would give them dire offences if there should be any failure to do honor to this act of hospitality. In all other respects they exercise to a remarkable degree the same virtues.

The Esquimaux have a priest, whom they call Anjekek, who performs marriages and burial services, and is supposed to have some influence over the heart. When a couple is married, their friends have imposed upon them, for a certain length of time, abstinence from certain kinds of meats; and when a young man or young woman dies, all the young men and young women of the settlement are condemned to the same sort of abstinence. The priest is believed to have power over the walrus and seal, and in a time of pressing scarcity to be able to call them up to the surface of the water. Their faith in the Anjekek is the only approach they have to religious belief. They spend their long winter of four months' total darkness, in sleeping and eating, never stirring out to hunt unless pressed by necessity.

PURSUITS OF MATHEMATICS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—One of the most amusing incidents we have lately heard of occurred to a certain eccentric Professor, not a thousand miles from Bowdoin College. It seems that the Professor is getting out a new edition of Mechanics, and one night last week, while busily at work, his favorite pursuit, he suddenly conceived the idea that he ought to see the operation of the brakes on the Railroad cars. With characteristic impetuosity, he seized his lantern and hurried forth. It was almost 11 o'clock at night, and B— is a very quiet village—so that the Professor did not dream of disturbing any one, or being disturbed himself. The late, however, ordered otherwise. He had not been on the spot five minutes, when the watchman, attracted by the light, and the hammering about the cars, made a rush upon the unprotected Professor, dragged him into the depot, where they had an apartment for such offenders, and were for committing him at once to dungeon, as a felon. It was with the utmost difficulty that 'Old F—', as the students ironically call him, could persuade the watchman that he was really Prof. S—. He was at length, however, released with an admonition to be more careful in future.

The Professor himself tells the story with great gusto—and sundry shakings of his coat collar, as is his wont. He declares it to be almost equal to the 'Well Adventure,' several years since. [State of Maine.

Important discoveries are being made in the interior of Africa, by the intrepid explorers who are periling their lives to open a world that has been closed from all knowledge, since history began. Last year Dr. Barth returned to Europe, after he had been given up for dead, with information of new nations and cities, where a nobler people lived and a higher degree of civilization prevailed, than had been known on the coast. Recently Dr. Beddeman has discovered in 10 degrees of south latitude, an immense sea or lake, twice as big as the Black Sea. These discoveries are important, as the commerce and trade with Africa is increasing, and will be pushed into every nook laid open. But the Swedesborgians feel more interested than others in these explorations, since their great founder and teacher told of a people in the interior of Africa, among whom the truths of religion were not only known, but more practiced than anywhere else in the world; and his character as a seer, in some what at stake. He did not tell of an enlightened nation, or one that would be called Christian; but one living, perhaps in the greatest simplicity, in the great principles that should govern christians. As the people have improved in our progress from the coast, inland, there has been reason to believe that a race, really advanced, might be discovered.

A HARD CHOICE.—Why on earth, Keshah, asked squire Jones of his sister, Mrs. Barkin, 'did you give your boy such an everlasting tough name?' 'As long as a string of dried apples.' [The public mind is in a very ticklish state.]

Well, brother, boys are so particular when they grow up, and always want romantic and fine sounding names, and so I told my husband we would call the child Peter Zerubbabel Kish Ekanah Habakkuk, and when he gets big enough, he can take his choice. [The squire thought it would be hard to choose, but he did not say so, and Mrs. Barkin went on with her knitting, in a state of serene satisfaction.]

FRENCH AND ENGLISH LADIES.—At Boulogne, in France, during the reception of Queen Victoria, a number of English ladies, in their great anxiety to see everything, pressed with such force against the soldiers, who were keeping the line, that the latter were in some instances obliged to give way, and were impeded in the execution of their duty. The soldier in command, noticing the state of affairs, shouted out: 'One roll of the drum, then if they don't keep back, kiss them all!' At the first sound from the parchment the English ladies took to flight. 'If they had been French,' says a Parisian journalist, 'they would have rushed to a woman.'

THE LADY OF THE LAMP.—The lady of the lamp, who has been so long and so faithfully performing her duty, has been found to be a woman of great strength of mind, and a great deal of courage. She has been found to be a woman of great strength of mind, and a great deal of courage. She has been found to be a woman of great strength of mind, and a great deal of courage.

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THE LADY OF THE LAMP.—The lady of the lamp, who has been

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1. Samuel Longenecker, aged 30, son of the deceased,
 son of Samuel Reynolds, aged 25.
 2. In East Saginaw, Michigan, Mary J. Final, wife of
 Wm. Final, and daughter of James S. Gould, formerly
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