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DR. KANE'S BOOK.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS: the Second Grinnell Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin—1853-4-5. By Dr. Kane. New York, U. S. N. Illustrated: 2 vols. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

We have already devoted considerable space to notices of this book in advance of its publication—giving full details of the plan of the work, and a foreboding of its magnificence. But it is a national work, and now that it is issued, the performance on the part of the enterprising publishers has so far exceeded the most sanguine expectations, that we cannot forbear doing something more to promote its circulation among the people. We therefore copy the following from the Boston Traveller:

Dr. Kane's narrative is not to be criticised, and for our own parts we assert that its directness and simplicity are so great that we entirely forgot the medium of the communication, all matters of style, all want of scientific particularity, and with an insatiable and irresistible eagerness, plunged in medias res, and were conscious of nothing till the two large volumes were completely devoured, (if the pun may be pardoned) plates and all.

Sir John Franklin sailed away in 1845.—Three years elapsed, and nothing had been heard from him. England was alarmed for the safety of her brave son, and sent out expeditions in search of him. Expedition followed expedition, to the number of twenty-five, but no tidings of Franklin were obtained. America, too, felt anxious and brotherly interest in the fate of the brave mariner, and contributed her aid to the solution of the mystery. The First Grinnell Expedition was sent out under the charge of Lieut. De Haven, but returned unsuccessful. Of that expedition Dr. Kane was a member and the historian, and by experience there, was qualified to take the entire charge of the Second Grinnell Expedition, the narrative of which is the contents of these two volumes.

The narrative of no course of adventures, whatever, ever interested us more than that of the brave little band whose labor of love has received this fitting memorial. No Robinson Crusoe can begin to rival it in absorbing interest. It is a long succession of adventurous wanderings, narrow escapes, chivalrous exploits, bodily sufferings, deadly fatigues, harassing diseases, exciting labors (exciting because their own lives hung upon the issue), all endured from the purest and the noblest of motives. No one can read a dozen pages without admiring the spirit in which the brave Kane entered upon and fulfilled his work.—Joined to a modesty which even refused to give his own name to the great icy cape which his Expedition was the first to behold, was rare ability, and indomitable energy, to whose vocabulary no such word as *fail* was known, a persistent and wise adherence to well-considered plans in spite of temporary obstacles, a singular power of creating a personal attachment to himself on the part of the men with whom he was associated, and even in the unutilized Eskinaw with whom he had to deal, add to these qualities, a stern fortitude in the endurance of all the horrors of the long Arctic nights, a courage which labored through repeated defeats and over almost insuperable obstacles for the one great labor of their fearful venture, and still more the labor and wearing exhaustion of sympathy and of vital energy, which was necessary to be bestowed upon the companions whose heart and flesh had failed, and again the hopeful, devout trust which day by day looked up to Him who holds the wind in his fist and the waves in the hollow of his hand, day by day supplicating for their labor the crown of success and for their hearts the joy of return, and we have a character fitted to take the very foremost rank in the catalogue of discoverers and navigators, and of all chivalrous, honorable men.

The course of the expedition, as nearly every one knows, was up to Newfoundland—by the Moravian settlements at Lichtenfels—along the coast of Greenland—through Baffin's Bay and Smith's Straits up to what now will be called Kane's Sea. In the south part of this sea (in Rensselaer Harbor), says Dr. Kane:—"We found seven-fathom soundings and a perfect shelter from the outside ice, and thus laid our little brig in the harbor, which we were fated never to leave together—a long resting-place to her indeed, for the same ice is around her still." Here the party dwelt for twenty-one months, and finding the impossibility of going farther, or indeed of moving at all in the brig, they were compelled to abandon her and travel by dog-sledges for thirteen hundred miles to the Danish settlements of Greenland, where they were taken up by Lieut. Hartstein in the vessel despatched to Kane's rescue. Before leaving the brig *Advance*, however, they made four very extensive journeys by boats and sledges in search of Sir John Franklin, nor did they abandon the ground until the chances of their own preservation from disease and starvation and over-exertion were reduced to an absolute minimum. It was by these sledge parties that the actual and highly valuable results of the expedition were attained, and the greatest privations were undergone. If Dr. Kane shall ever run for the Presidency, the dog-argument used against Col Fremont may be used with telling force against himself. Not only was the enthusiastic Doctor guilty of keeping starvation off by eating raw walrus liver and blood, tallow, fat and the like, but he actually confessed that he would have regarded a starved rat as a luxury, and really did eat a raw auk, feathers and claws.

Throughout their entire period of absence, notwithstanding the dangers and difficulties that beset them on every hand, they never forgot the noble Franklin who had gone before them, and whom they were to strive to save; they never terminated their scientific observations, and always rose from their beds of sickness only to strive still more valiantly for the end in view, always determined, always hopeful, always gallant and manful.

But we will retain our readers no longer from the extracts which better than anything we can say will display the heroism of Dr. Kane and the men in his command.

Under date of August 20 (1854) Dr. Kane writes as follows:

"By Saturday morning it blew a perfect hurricane. We had seen it coming and were ready with three good haversacks and all things snug on board. Still it came on braver and heavier, and the ice began to drive more wildly than I thought I had ever seen it. I had just turned in to warm and dry myself during a momentary lull, and was stretching out in my bunk, when I heard the sharp twanging snap of a cord. One six inch hawser had parted and we were swinging by the two others; the gale roaring like a lion to the southward."

Half a minute more 'twang, twang!' came a second report. I knew it was a whole-line by the shrillness of the ring. Our noble ten inch snuff still held on. I was hurrying my last snuff into its seal-skin boot, when McGary came waddling down the companion-ladders—"Captain Kane, she won't hold much longer; its blowing the devil himself and I am afraid to tangle!" The manilla cable was proving its excellence when I reached the deck, and the

crew as they gathered round me were loud in its praise. We could hear its deep *Zoian* chant swelling through all the straits of the running gear and moaning of the shrouds. It was the death-song! The strands gave way, with the noise of a shattered gun; and in the smoke that followed their recoil we were dragged out by the wild ice at its mercy."

They at last succeeded in fastening the brig to an iceberg. The narrative continues:—"It was an anxious moment. Our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on; the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice as if in scorn. The bergs overarched before us as we advanced; our channel narrowed to a width of perhaps forty feet; we braced the yards to clear the impending ice walls. We passed clear, but it was a close shave. We found ourselves under the lee of a berg in a comparative open lead. Never did heartier men acknowledge with more gratitude their merciful deliverance from a wretched death."

We have marked not less than a hundred brief passages for extract, but have no room for them. There is no more affecting passage in the book than that which relates the loss and rescue of one of the exploring parties, in March, 1854. It appeals to the deepest manly sympathies. We give as much of it as the space at our disposal will admit:

"We were at work cheerfully, sewing away at the skins of some moosekins by the blaze of our lamps, when, toward midnight, we heard the noise of steps above, and the next minute Sontag, Ohlsen, and Postersen came into the cabin. Their manner startled me even more than their unexpected appearance on board. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak. Their story was a fearful one. They had left their companions in the ice, risking their own lives to bring us the news; Brooks, Baker, Wilson, and Pierre were all lying frozen and disabled. Where? They could not tell; somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east: it was drifting heavily around them when they parted. Irish Tom had stayed by to feed and care for the others; but the chances were sorely against them. It was in vain to question them further. They had evidently travelled a great distance, for they were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and could hardly be rallied enough to tell us the direction in which they had come.

There was not a moment to be lost. While some were still busy with the new comers, and getting ready a hasty meal, others were rigging out the *Little Willie* with a buffalo cover, a small tent, and package of pemmican; and as soon as we could hurry through our arrangements, Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur bag, his legs wrapped in dog skin and eider down, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine men and myself. We carried only the clothes on our backs. The thermometer stood at -46°, seventy-eight degrees below the freezing point.

We knew that our lost companions must be somewhere in the area before us, within a radius of forty miles. Mr. Ohlsen, who had been for fifty hours without rest, fell asleep as soon as we began to move, and awoke only with unequivocal signs of mental disturbance. It became evident that he had lost the bearing of the icebergs, which in form and color endlessly repeated themselves; and the uniformity of the vast fields of snow utterly forbade the hope of local landmarks.

The thermometer had fallen by this time to 46° F. and the wind was setting in sharply from the North-west. It was out of the question to halt; it required brisk exercise to keep us from freezing. I could not even melt ice for water; and at these temperatures any resort to snow for the purpose of allaying thirst was followed by bloody lips and tongue. It burnt like caustic.

It was indispensable then that they should move on, looking out for traces as we went. Yet when the men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to multiply the chances, they obeyed heartily, some painful impressions of solitary danger, or perhaps it may have been the varying configuration of the ice-field, kept them closing up continually into a single group. The strange manner in which some of us were affected I now attribute as much to shattered nerves as to the direct influence of the cold.—Men like McGary and Bonsall, who had stood out our several marches, were seized with trembling-fits and short breath; and, in spite of all my efforts to keep up an example of stout bearing, I fainted twice on the snow.

We had been nearly eighteen hours out without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hansou's Eskimaw hunter who thought he saw a board sledge-track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rills which the gales make in the surface snow. But, as we traced it on to the snow among the hummocks, we were led to footsteps; and, following these with religious care, we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hummock, and lower down a little Masonic banner hanging from a tentpole hardly above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades; we reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

The little tent was nearly covered. I was not among the first to come up; but when I reached the tent-curtain, the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in, and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and for the first time the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together, almost overcame me. "They had expected me; they were sure I would come!"

We were now fifteen below the thermometer seventy-five degrees below the freezing point; and our sole accommodation a tent barely able to contain eight persons; more than half our party were obliged to keep from freezing by walking outside while the others slept. We could not stop long. Each of us took a turn of two hours sleep, and prepared for our homeward march.

We made by vigorous pulls and lifts nearly a mile an hour, and reached the new floe before we were absolutely weary. Our sledges sustained the trial admirably. Ohlsen, re-

stored by hope, walked steadily at the leading belt of the sledge-lines; and I began to feel certain of reaching our half-way station of the day before, where we had left our tent. But we were still nine miles from it, when, almost without premonition we all became aware of an alarming failure of our energies.

I was of course familiar with the benumbed and almost lethargic sensation of extreme cold; and once, when exposed for some hours in the mid-winter of Baffin's Bay, I had experienced symptoms which I compared to the diffused paralysis of the electro-galvanic shock. But I had treated the *sleepy comfort* of freezing as something like the embellishment of romance. I had evidence now to the contrary.

Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep; they were not cold; the wind did not enter them now; a little sleep was all they wanted. Presently Hans was found stiff under a drift; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last, John Blake threw himself on the snow and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded; an immediate halt could not be avoided.

We pitched our tent with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to strike a fire; we were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whisky) had frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas, and Hans, with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could. Then leaving the party in charge of Mr. McGary, with orders to come on after four hours' rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the halfway tent, and thence some ice and pemmican before the others arrived.

The floe was of level ice, and the walking excellent. I cannot tell how long it took us to make the nine miles; for we were in a strange sort of stupor, and had little apprehension of time. It was probably four hours. We kept ourselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; they must have been incoherent enough. I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through; we were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent. We both of us, however, remember a bear who walked leisurely before us, and tore up as he went a jumper that Mr. McGary had imprudently thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress. I remember this, and with it a confused sentiment that our tent and buffalo-robes might probably share the same fate. Godfrey, with whom the memory of this day's work may atone for many faults of a later time, had a better eye than myself; and, looking some miles ahead, he could see that our tent was undergoing the same acrimonious treatment. I thought I saw it too, but we were so drunken with cold that we strode on steadily, and for aught I know, without quickening our pace.

Probably our approach saved the contents of the tent; for when we reached it the tent was uninjured, though the bear had overturned it, tossing the buffalo-robes and pemmican into the snow; we missed only a couple of blankets. What we recollect, however, and perhaps all we recollect, is, that we had great difficulty in raising it. We crawled into our reindeer-sleeping bags, without speaking, and for the next three hours slept on in a dreamy but intense slumber. When I awoke my long beard was a mass of ice, frozen fast to the buffalo skin; Godfrey had to cut me out with his jack-knife. Four days after our escape, I found my woolen comfortable with a goodly share of my beard still adhering to it. We were able to melt water and get some soup cooked before the rest of our party arrived; it took them but five hours to walk the nine miles. They were doing well, and, considering the circumstances, in wonderful spirits. The day was most providentially windless, with a clear sun. All enjoyed the refreshment we had got ready; the crippled were repacked in their robes; and we sped briskly towards the hummock ridges which lay between us and the Pinnacy Berg.

Our halts multiplied, and we fell half-asleep on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefited by it that I timed the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out.

By eight in the evening we emerged from the floe. The sight of the Pinnacy Berg revived us. Brandy, an invaluable resource in emergency, had already been served out in tablespoonful doses. We now took a longer rest, and a last but stouter drink, and reached the brig at 1 P. M., we believe without a halt.

I say we *believe*; and here perhaps is the most decided proof of our suffering; we were quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehension of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our footmarks seen afterwards showed that we had steered a bee-line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impression on the memory. Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig. God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track lines; but he delivered with punctilious accuracy the messages I had sent by him to Dr. Hayes. I thought myself the soundest of all, for I went through all the formula of sanity, and can recall the muttering delirium of my comrades when we got back into the cabin of our brig. Yet I have been told since of some speeches and some orders too of mine, which I should have remembered for their absurdity if my mind had retained its balance."

The great scientific achievement of the expedition is the discovery of the much-talked-of Polar Sea. This was made by one of the sledge exploring parties, which travelled some miles along its shores, and viewed its wide expanse from an elevation of five hundred feet, on the rocks at the foot of which broke its cold but iceless waves. The great geographic fact so long suspected, is therefore at last established.

The work—crowded with spirited illustrations, on wood and steel, sketches for which were made on the spot by Dr. Kane—will be for sale in Waterville by C. K. Matthews.

Passing Around the Fodder.

A few weeks ago, during a passage from Gotham to Boston, on the *Empire State*, one of the most elegant and swift steamers that ever man's ingenuity put upon the waters, I met a well-known joker from the Quaker city, on his first trip 'down East.' After mutually examining and eulogizing the external appearance and internal arrangements of the *Empire*, soon after passing through 'Hell Gate'—gliding by the beautiful villas, chateaux, and almost princely palaces of the business men of the great city of New York, we were soon out upon the broad, deep Sound, a glorious place for steam-boating. Soon after the bells announced, 'supper ready'—a general stampede into the spacious cabin took place, and though the tables strung along forty rods on each side of the great cabin, not over half the crowd got seats upon this interesting occasion. I was about with my friend—in time, stuck our legs under the mahogany, and gazed upon the open prospect for a supper superb enough in all its details to tempt a jolly old friar from his devotions. We sat along very nicely. An old chap who sat above us some seats, and whose round developments gave any ordinary observer reason to suppose his appetite as unquenchable as the Maelstrom, kept reaching about, and when tempting vessels were too remote, he'd bawl 'right out' for them.

'Halloo! Lay you, Mister there, just hand along that saas; give us a chance, will ye, at that; notion on't, what'd ye call that stuff?'

'This?' says one, passing along a dish.

'Shaw, no, 'tother there.'

'Oh! ah! yes, this,' says my facetious friend.

'Well, that ain't it, no no olds; fetch it along!' and down we went the biggest dish of meat in our neighborhood.

'Now,' says I 'my boy, I'll show you a "dodge." We'll see how it works.'

Filling a plate full to the brim, with all and each of the various *heavy courses* in our vicinity, I very politely passed it over to my next neighbor with—

'Please to pass that up, sir?'

'Umph, eh?' says the gentleman, taking hold of the plate very gingerly; 'pass it up?'

'Aye, aye, if you please,' says I.

By this time he had fairly got the loaded plate in his fist, and began to look about him where to pass the plate to. Nobody in particular seemed on the watch for a *spare plate*. The gent looked back at me, but I was 'cutting away' and watching from the extreme corner of my left eye the victim and his charge, while I pressed hard upon the corn pile of my friend's foot under the table.

At length, the victim thought he saw some one up the table waiting for the plate, and quickly he whispered to his next neighbor—'Please, sir, to take a *just pass this plate up!*'

'The man took the plate, and being more of a practical operator than his neighbor, gave the plate over to his next neighbor, with—

'Pass this plate up to that gentleman, if you please, doing his head towards an old gent in specs, who sat near the head of the table, grinning a ghastly snarl over the field of good things.'

'It's going!'

'What?' says my friend.

'The plate it's going the rounds; just you keep quiet, you'll see a good thing.'

The plate, at length, got to the head of the table. It was given to the old gentleman in specs; he looked over the top of his specs very deliberately at the 'fodder,' then back at the (thin, pasty, student-looking youth who handed it to him, then up and down the table. A raw-boned, gaunt and hollow-looking di-dipole caught the eye of the old gent; he must be the man who wanted the 'load.' His lips quaked as if in the act of 'pass this plate, sir'—to his next neighbor; he was too far off for us to hear his discourse. Well, the plate came booming along down the opposite side; the tall man declined it and gave it over to his next neighbor, who seemed a little tempted to take hold of the invoice, but just then it occurred to him, probably, that he was keeping somebody (I) out of his grub, so he quickly turned to his neighbor and passed the plate with in our range, and there it liked to have *steak* for a fussy old Englishman, in whom politeness did not stick out very prominently, grunted—

'I don't want it, sir.'

'Well, but, sir, please *pass it*,' says the last victim, beseechingly holding out the plate.

'Pass it?' Here, mister, 's your plate,' says Bull, at length reluctantly seizing on the plate, and rushing it on to his next neighbor, who started—

'Not mine, sir.'

'Not yours! Who does it belong to?—Pass it down to somebody?'

Off went the plate again. Several ladies turned up their pretty eyes and noses while the *gens passed it* by them.

'Why if there ain't that plate going the rounds, that you gave me,' says my next neighbor, to whom I had first given the currency.

'That plate? Oh, yes, so it is; well,' says I with feigned astonishment, 'this is the first time I ever saw a good supper so universally discarded!'

The plate was off again. It reached the foot of the table. An elderly lady looked up, looked around, removed a large sweet potato from the pile—then passed it along. An old lady-looking captain just then took a vacant seat, and the plate resided him just in the nick of time. He looked voracious—

'Ah,' said he, with a savage growl, 'that's your sort; thunder and oakum, I'm as peckish as a shark, and here's the *duff* for me.'

That ended the peregrinations of the plate, and I and my friend—yelled right out.

[Humors of Falconbridge.

Ploughing with Heifers.

'A farmer in California states that he has ploughed seventy-five acres this year with a yoke of cows. He says they are faster walkers than oxen—that they give milk, and save the expense of keeping another team.' This is what we read in the papers last week. 'Save the expense!' Well, there is something in that. We like an economical man. Prudence personified is illustrated by the California farmer who ploughs with his cows, because they give milk and walk faster than oxen. On the same principle, perhaps, this identical California farmer, who just as like as not, comes from Vermont, would not like a servant, because his wife would work faster, and nurse his children beside.

Now we are not over-sensitive about matters in general, but we cannot get over the notion that a man who would yoke cows for work is

filled up to his throat with consummate meanness. We would not like to trust our person nor our reputation in his hands for a moment. He would steal the candles from his father's wake, and defile the beard of the prophet. He has no milk of human kindness in him. He is as bad as an Indian or a Dutchman—he would compel his wife to carry burdens while he smoked or swizzled lager beer. This sort of thing will not do. It is worse than heathenish; for there are people whom we call semi-barbarous, who deem it a wrong and a shame to work a mare. Such an idea as yoking cows must be discouraged. The man who could do so, never could have partaken, in his youthful days, of that famous dish of Yankee land, hasty-pudding and milk, or he would never yoke to the plough his bovine mother. We repeat that 'this sort of thing' will not do. It must be 'put a stop to,' or we shall insist upon calling a convention of 'strong-minded' cows at the Tabernacle, or some other convenient place, to protest against such *cows arly* corruption of power.

But, absolving ourselves from all sentiment, and coming down to the bone and sinew of fact, we do not believe that the milk of worked cows can be equal to that of those who nip the green and tender blades of grass in quietness and peace, or chew the 'end of reflection' on the sunny side of the barn in winter; and what is still as bad, the working of the bovine female shows a perverseness of the human heart anything but honorable to our race, and we repeat that he must be meaner than a Connecticut Yankee who would do any such thing;—and but we shall be obliged to hold on, for we have a little 'down yeast' in us ourselves, and it won't do for the kettle, &c.

[New York Atlas.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Of all the public lecturers of our time and place, none have attracted more attention from the press, and consequently the people, than Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Lecturing has become quite a fashionable science—and now, instead of using the old style phrases for illustrating facts, we call travelling preachers perambulating showmen, and floating politicians, lecturers.

As a lecturer, Ralph Waldo Emerson is extensively known around these parts; but whether his lectures come under the head of law, logic, politics, Scripture, or the show-business, is a matter of much speculation; for our own part, the more we read or hear of Ralph, the more we don't know what it's all about.

Somebody has said, that to his singularity of style or expression, Carlyle and his works owe their great notoriety or fame—and many compare Ralph Waldo to old Carlyle. They cannot trace exactly any great affinity between these two great geniuses of the flash literary-school. Carlyle writes vigorously, quaintly enough, but almost always speaks when he says something; on the contrary, our flighty friend Ralph speaks vigorously, yet says nothing! Of all men that have ever stood and delivered in presence of a reporter, none surely ever led these indefatigable knights of the pen such a wild-goose chase over the verdant and flowery pastures of King's English, as Ralph Waldo Emerson. In ordinary cases, a reporter well-versed in his art, catches a sentence of a speaker, and goes on to fill out upon the most correct impression of what was intended, or what is implied. But no such license follows the outpourings of Mr. Emerson; no thought can fathom his intentions, and quite as bottomless are even his finished sentences.

We have known old 'staggers,' in the newspaper line, veteran reporters, so dumfounded and confounded by the first fire of Ralph, and his grand and lofty aerobating in elocution, that they up, seized their hat and paper, and sloped, horrified at the prospect of an attempt to 'take down' Mr. Emerson.

If Roaring Ralph touches a homely mullen weed, on a dunkey heath, straightway he makes it a full-blown rose, in the land of Ophir, shedding an odor balmy as the gales of Arabia; while with a facility the wonderful London auctioneer Robbins might envy, Ralph imparts to a time-busy, or pig-sty, a negro hovel, or an Irish shanty, all the romance, artistic elegance and finish of a first-class manor-house, or Swiss cottage, inlaid with fresco, surrounded by elfin bowers, grand walks, bee hives, and honey-suckles.

Ralph don't group his metaphorical beauties, or dainties of Webster, Walker, &c., but rushes them out in torrents—rattles them down in cataclysms and avalanches—bellowing, astounding, and incomprehensible. He hits you upon the left leg of your knowledge box with a metaphor so unwieldy and original, that your breath is soon gone—and before it is recovered, he gives you another *rhapsody* on 'tother side, and as you try to steady yourself, *him* comes another, heavier than the first two, while a fourth batch of this sort of elocution fetters you a bang over the eyes, giving you a vertigo in the ribs of your bewildered senses, and before you can say 'God bless us!' down he has you—*cubbin!* with a deluge of high-beeled grammar and three-storied Anglo Saxon, setting your hash, and brings you to the ground by lightning, or in the way of a 36 pounder! Ralph Waldo is death and an entire stud of pale horses on flowery expressions and jargon-domish flounders. He reels in all those knock-kneed, antique, or crooked, and twisted words we used all of us to puzzle our brains over in the days of our youth, and grammar lessons and rhetoric exercises. He has a penchant as strong as cheap boarding-house butter, for mystification, and a free delivery of hard words, perfectly and unequivocally wonderful. We listened one long hour by the clock of Rumford Hall, one night, to an outpouring of *argumentum ad hominem* of Mr. Emerson's—at what? A boy under an apple tree! If ten persons out of the five hundred present were put upon their oaths they could not have deciphered, or translated Mr. Ralph's argumentation, than they could the hieroglyphics upon the walls of Thebes, or the sarcophagus of old King Pharaoh! When Ralph Waldo opens, he may be as calm as a May morn'—he may talk for five minutes, like a book—we mean a common-sense, understandable book; but all of a sudden the fluid will strike him—up he goes—down he fetches them. He throws a double somerset backward, over Asia Minor—slips down in Greece—wings Turkey—and skeds over Iceland; here he slips up with a flower garden—a torrent of glittered metaphors, that would last a country parson's moderate demand a long lifetime, are whirled with the fury and swiftness of Jove's thunderbolts. After exhausting his sweet-

scented receiver of this floral elocution, he pauses four seconds; pointing to vacuum, over the heads of his audience, he asks in an anxious tone, 'Do you see that?' Of course the audience are not expected to be so unmanly as to ask 'What?' If they were, Ralph would not give them time to 'go in' for after asking them if they see that, he continues—

'There! Mark! Note! It is a malaria prism! Now, then, here—there; see it! Note it! Watch it!'

During this time, half of the audience, especially the old women and the children, look around, fearful of the ceiling falling in, or big bags lighting on them. But the pause is for a moment, and anxiety ceases when they learn it was only a false alarm, only—

'Egotism! The fame, the pestiferous exhalation or concrete malformation of society!'

You breathe freer, and Ralph goes in, gloves on.

'Egotism! A metaphysical, calcareous, oleaceous amicum-of-society! The mental varicoid of this sublimity hemisphere! One of its worst feelings or features is, the craving of sympathy. It even loves sickness, because actual pain engenders signs of sympathy. All cultivated men are infected more or less with this dropsy. But they are still the leaders. The life of a few men is the life of every place. In Boston you hear and see a few, so in New York; then you may as well die. Life is very narrow. Biting a few men together, and under the spell of one calm genius, what frank, sad confessions will be made! Culture is the suggestion from a few best thoughts that a man should not be a charlatan, but temper and subdue life. Culture redresses his balance, and puts him among his equals. It is a poor compliment always to talk with a man upon his specialty, as if he were a cheese-mite, and was therefore strong on Cheshire and Stilton. Culture takes the grocer out of his molasses and makes him genial. We pay a heavy price for those fancy goods Fine Arts and Philosophy. No performance is worth loss of geniality. That unhappy man called of genius, is an unfortunate man. Nature always carries her point despite the means!'

If that don't convince you of Ralph's high-heeled, knock-kneed logic, or *au fait* dexterity in concocting flap-doodle mixtures, you're head of ordinary intellect as far as this famed lecturer is in advance of gin and bitters, or opium discourses on—delirium tremens!

In short, Ralph Waldo Emerson can wrap up a subject in more mystery and science of language than ever a defunct Egyptian received at the hands of the mummy manufacturers! In person, Mr. Ralph is rather a pleasing sort man; in manners frank and agreeable; about forty years of age, and a native of Massachusetts. As a lawyer, he would have been the horror of jurors and judges; as a lecturer, he is, as near as possible, what we have described him.—[Humors of Falconbridge.

Two Chapters in American History.

CHAPTER I.

Colored Men with a Country to fight for and not ashamed to ask and receive their aid.

HEAD QUARTERS, SEVENTH MASSACHUSETTS DIST., Mobile, Sept. 21, 1861.

To the Free Colored Inhabitants of Louisiana: Through a mistaken policy, you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights, in which our country is engaged. This no longer shall exist.

As sons of freedom, you are now called upon to defend our most inestimable blessings. As Americans, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for support, as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under her mild and equitable government. As fathers, husbands, and brothers, you are summoned to rally around the standard of the Eagle, to defend all which is dear in existence.

Your country, although calling for your exertion, does not wish you to engage in her cause without remunerating you for the services rendered. Your intelligent minds are not to be led away by false representations. Your love of honor would cause you to despise the man who should attempt to deceive you. With the sincerity of a soldier, and in language of truth I address you. . . .

ANDREW JACKSON, Major-General Commanding.

Dec. 18, 1814, just before the battle of New Orleans, Gen. Jackson issued the following address to the colored soldiers who had patriotically responded to the above appeal:

SOLDIERS!—I'ven on the banks of the Mobile, I called you to take up arms, inviting you to partake the perils and glory of your white fellow citizens, I expected much from you; but I was not ignorant that you possessed qualities most formidable to an invading enemy. I knew with what fortitude you could endure hunger and thirst, and all the fatigues of a campaign. I knew how you loved your native country, a land that you, as well as ourselves, had to defend what man holds most dear—his parents, wife, children, and property. You have done more than I expected. In addition to the previous qualities I before knew you to possess, I found among you a noble enthusiasm, which leads to the performance of great things.

SOLDIERS! The President of the United States shall bear his high praiseworthy was your conduct in the hour of danger, and the representatives of the American people will give you the praise your exploits entitle you to. Your General anticipates them in applauding your noble



The public are warned against receiving altered \$2 bills on the Tremont Bank, Boston, purporting to be \$10's. These are the best altered bills ever offered, because the red letters EEN are printed across. The face of the bill is exactly the same as in the genuine. The altered bills may be told by an oval figure on the left of the bill.







Kendall's Mills Advmts.

STOVES AND HARDWARE, AT KENDALL'S MILLS.

Hot Air Furnaces, Fire Places, and Stoves, and all kinds of Hardware, and all kinds of Mill Work done to order.

Unvalued Hot Air Furnaces, which we will set and warrant.

Among our variety of Cooking Stoves, we have the "KING" which requires no chimney, except that of those who have used them.

Waterbury would inform the citizens of the Mills and vicinity, that he has opened a retail

DRUG AND APOTHECARY STORE, at the stand formerly occupied by L. J. Arrows.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared

New Watch and Jewelry Establishment AT KENDALL'S MILLS.

S. H. WHITTEN respectfully informs the citizens of Kendall's Mills and vicinity, that he has opened a

Watch Repairing and Jobbing of all kinds—executed by an experienced workman in the best manner, at moderate prices.

SASH, DOOR & BLIND MANUFACTORY, AT KENDALL'S MILLS.

GRANT REDUCTION OF PRICES.

N. G. & J. WAREHILL manufacture the above named articles at the old stand at Kendall's Mills, where they pledge themselves to make as well as usual in the state, and at the following low prices, viz:

Also, True's Patent Blind Fastener.

Window Frames constantly on hand, from 45 cts. to \$800.

Charles Eaton, Wholesale Dealer in Flour, Grain, W. I. C. and Groceries, and Western & Ohio Flour.

Barley! Barley! Barley! for sale at the highest market price will be paid by

BOOKS, STATIONERY, Paper Hangings and Fancy Goods.

JOHNSTON & CARLTON

Wanted, 2000 Bushels of Barley, for sale at the highest market price will be paid by

School, Theological, and Miscellaneous Books.

JOHNSTON & CARLTON

Wanted, 2000 Bushels of Barley, for sale at the highest market price will be paid by

Ready Made Clothing & Furnishing Goods, of all descriptions, which will be sold extremely low for cash.

MR. FLETCHER

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MR. FLETCHER

Portland Advertisements.

F. W. BAILEY'S BOOK BINDERY.

WHERE you can have Maps, Magazines, Pamphlets, in fact any and every kind of Book, from a folio bible to a child's primer.

Bound in Styles to suit your own tastes.

ALBION WITHAM, CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

STEEL & HAYES, No. 110 MIDDLE STREET, PORTLAND.

CHINA, GLASS & EARTHEN WARE.

Plated, Britannia and Japan Goods.

NOYES, WESTON & CO., General Commission Merchants.

FLOUR, CORN, PROVISIONS & CO.

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS, 180 Fore-st., Portland.

GOODS WELL BOUGHT ARE HALF SOLD!

A. SINGLAI, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN HATS AND CAPS.

THE Best Assortment MILLINERY GOODS.

Trimming Goods, Flannels and White Goods.

WILLIAM DYER, Apothecary and Druggist.

BENJAMIN KIMBALL, Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

PAINTING, GEORGE H. ESTY.

Graining, Glazing and Papering.

WILLIAM B. SNELL, Counsellor at Law.

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MR. FLETCHER

T. O. SAUNDERS & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in FLOUR, CORN, SALT, LIME, CEMENT.

Teas, Spices, Choice Dried Fruit, BURNING LIME AND OIL.

OUR facilities for dealing in heavy goods are unsurpassed.

HEAD OF MAIN STREET.

MARBLE WORK!

THE subscriber is constantly manufacturing the best Italian and American Marble into

Monuments and Grave Stones.

STOVES!

DUNN, ELDEN & CO., Only authorized agents for the celebrated

White Mountain Air Tight Cook Stoves.

EDWIN COFFIN, Dealer in Hardware, Stoves, Sheet Iron and Tin Ware.

CELEBRATED SCALES.

Waterbury Air Tight Cooking Stove.

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CELEBRATED SCALES.

Winter Arrangement.

NEW YORK AND PORTLAND.

THE splendid and fast Steamer WESTERN.

And, after May 7, enroute, one Passenger Train will be run.

Season Arrangement.

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Dr. E. F. WHITMAN.

Oculist and Aurist.

Also, Inventor and Manufacturer of INVISIBLE EAR TRUMPETS.

PAIN KILLER!

DEACON HENRY HUNT was cured of NEURALGIA OF SCAPULA.

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E. COFFIN.

PAINT STOCK.

Also, a good assortment of Brushes and Gaining Tools.

Appleton Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Statement of the condition and affairs of the Appleton Mutual

Fire Insurance Company, from the commencement of business,

to the first day of August, 1856.

Amount insured since commencement, \$1,000,000.

Amount paid for losses, \$100,000.

Amount retained in the company, \$900,000.

Amount paid for expenses, \$10,000.

Amount paid for salaries, \$5,000.

Amount paid for rent, \$2,000.

Amount paid for other expenses, \$3,000.

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