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Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, EDITOR.

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

MAXHAM & DRUMMOND, PRINTERS.

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1847.

NO. 4.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, IN
Hanscom's Building, corner Main and Elm Sts.
TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Country Produce received in payment.

Poetry.

[From Jerrold's Magazine.]

LOVE HER STILL.

BY T. VETTERWOOD.

Love her still!
Love her still!
She hath fallen very low,
Thou who knowest her long ago,
Little, little canst thou see
Of her girlhood's purity;
But though sin hath left its trace
On her once sweet happy face,
And that innocent maiden brow
Droopeth in dark shadow now—
Though life's glory all hath fled,
And life's shame is hers instead,
Love her still!

Love her!—let no harsh, cold word,
Man, from lips like thine be heard;
Woman, with no lifted eye
Mock thee her deep misery—
Weep ye—tears, give tears alone,
To our world forsaken one,
Love her still!

Love her!—let her feel your love—
Summer showers that fall above
Faintly bloom, leave with them
Freshened leaf and straightened stem;
Sunshine of old days to flowers
Bloom, the bitter storm hath torn;
And this human love of ours,
By the world's poor faded flowers,
May be found as dear and soon
As God's blessed rain and sun
To restore their native hue,
And their native fragrance too.
Love her still!

Gather round her, weep and pray—
Clasp her, lead her from the way
She doth journey—tenderly,
Waite her with sweet release
From life's heart-ache; so once more
In her breast the hopes of yore
May be lit—that blessed hope,
That with earthly sin doth cope,
Earthly sin and earthly shame,
Till all earth is but a name,
And the rescued soul is given
With its treasure unto Heaven.

O! bethink ye of the bliss
That will fill your hearts for this;
Loving friends, what time ye see
Shadow after shadow flee
From her pale sad face—what time
Soaring in a thought sublime,
Ye shall know the while ye pray,
To his angels God doth say,
Love her still!

Miscellany.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

THE PIRATE'S REVENGE. A FORECASTLE STORY.

BY JOSEPH A. NUNES.

We were in a fine barque, bound from Boston to Havana. Among the crew, and in our particular watch, there was an old tar, Ben Shropps, and an old sailor that he was—with a kind word always ready for his mates, and a joke or a story whenever we were in want of one.

On one evening as soon as it was our watch below, we called upon Ben, who seating himself on the water cask, prepared to comply with the call.

"You must know, my lads," said he, "the story I'm going to give you, is the last cruise I took in the *Hermoso*—as trim a brig as ever floated on the blue water, or set a topsail to the breeze; though her captain was as sour an old hulk as ever stood on a quarter deck. He was a Spaniard, and rich; but how he got his wealth no one could tell. He lived with his wife and one daughter in Jamaica, and he owned the brig, which he kept always trading between Kingston and New York.

He was one of those crooked sticks that you could make nothing of, nor know anything about from himself, though folks would talk, and they said many hard things about him. Some said that he had been a merchant in old Spain; some, that he was a renegade, and had fought amongst the French against his own countrymen; but most people believed he had been a pirate.

His name was D'Aguiar—Don Manuel D'Aguiar, he called himself, but most people called him plain Captain. There were few who liked the old captain, either at sea or on shore; even his daughter looked on him with more fear than love; poor thing, a prettier little girl never before called so sour an old crabstick, father. She was the tightest little craft in all Kingston.

It was in 1819, we were about to sail for Jamaica; and besides one gentleman passenger, the captain's daughter, the pretty Inez was to be on board. It appeared, as I learned afterwards, that while the old man had been at sea, there was a fine likely lad from the States had got acquainted with Miss Inez, and as usual in such cases, when the lady is pretty, he fell in love with her, and she was quite as much pleased with him as he had any reason to expect; but the old man, when he got to hear of the affair, was as mad as need be. His name was Harry Helm, and he had come to the West Indies as a kind of second mate and supercargo, and had commenced his fortune at the top of the ladder. The old man swore his daughter was not so good as him, and he told him never to come near his house again; but in order to make matters secure, and separate effectually, he determined to take his daughter to sea with him. She cried and pleaded, but it was all of no use.

We were lying at Port Royal, and were almost loaded, when one day who should send for me to a tavern hard by, but Miss Inez's sweetheart, Harry Helm. He knew me, and I knew him right well, for I had sailed with him when he was a second mate. Well, away I went to the tavern, but when I got there, I thought I had been sent on a fool's errand, for no signs of Harry Helm did I see. There was the landlord behind the bar, and before it

there was standing a good looking tar; a well rigged, tight built fellow, as straight as a main-mast, and as clean as a new spar—a regular man-o-war's man, in his set out.

It was Harry himself, though I did not know him; till he spoke to me, and told me with his own mouth who he was. He took me to a private room, and there gave me the whole story, how he and Miss Inez loved each other, and how the old captain had determined to separate them—and what little chance there was of their ever meeting again if Miss Inez should leave him now.

"And now, Ben," said he, "I am going to sea; and I'm going in the *Hermoso*, and I want you to do me a favor."

"Name it, Mister Harry, if it's what an honest man can do without feeling the burn of shame upon his cheek, or the worm that never dies in his heart, it is as good as done already."

"I am not the man, Ben," said he, giving my hand a hearty squeeze, "to ask you to do anything you would be ashamed of. But tell me, am I likely to be recognized in this disguise, even by persons who have seen me frequently?"

"Your own mother would not know you," I answered, "and your father would make his corporal oath against your being his son;" for you see messmates, he had cut off his long curling hair, and looked no more like Harry Helm I had seen in shore togs, than does a clean little skipper look like a fresh water shallop.

"That will do, Ben," said he, "and the favor I have to ask of you is this; either to get me a berth on board the *Hermoso*, as she is manned now; or if you are fully handed let me go in your place."

One of our lads had been taken the day before to the hospital with the yellow fever, and before the same night, poor fellow, he was cold and stiff. The captain had told me to look out for another hand, and this offer of Harry's—besides doing him a service, saved all further trouble. There was no difficulty in getting him accepted; for the captain, whose eyesight was none of the best, had not the slightest idea of who he was. As luck would have it, when the vessel was loaded, and we were ready to weigh our anchor, I had charge of the boat to bring off Miss Inez, and Mister Harry was among them.

When we reached the wharf, I sent Mister Harry up to the house to bring the young lady down. There were many of her friends present, and there was a good deal of crying before they let her go. At last, however, they parted; and she, sobbing as if her heart would break, stepped towards the boat. Harry was close beside her, and I could see him lean his face towards hers, and whisper something—what it was I don't know; but she started and looked at him, and seemed as if she was going to faint; but she didn't faint; for he supported her, and she recovered herself in a moment. No doubt he had cautioned her how she should conduct herself, for when they stepped into the boat she was Donna Inez again, and he was simply Tom Yarnell, as he called himself.

We sailed at last, with Donna Inez as a passenger, and Harry Helm before the mast. You may depend upon it the young lady, whenever she could be, was on deck.

We sailed, as I said, from Port Royal, and for four days had a steady breeze, which carried us through the passage, and enabled us to lay our course direct for our port. It was on the morning of the 5th day, when the broad ocean lay before us, and we were leaving in wake a rocky island—the last point of land that we would be likely to see until we neared our new haven in the States—that a sail was discovered astern of us. Some one who had been sent up in the main rigging cried out "Sail ho!" and the sound no sooner reached the deck than we were all stretching our necks to get a glimpse of it; for in those day there were pirates in the West India seas, and we had to keep a sharp look out for them.

The captain pricked up his ears as soon as he heard a sail cried from the mast head, and inquired where she was.

"On our lee quarter, sir," replied the man.

"What do you make her out?" asked the captain.

"Can't tell, sir. She's hull down, though she looks like a brig."

Old D'Aguiar told Mr. Josselyn, the mate, to take the glass up aloft, and see if he could make anything of the strange sail.

"She is a schooner, sir, a fore and aft schooner," said the mate. "She has her gaffs set, and she seems to be making out from the reefs yonder."

"How does she head?" asked the captain; and he seemed to be getting a little uneasy about the craft.

"She is bearing right down upon us, sir," said the mate, as he began to come down the ratlines.

"Set your main-topmast staysail, Mr. Josselyn," said the captain, speaking in broken English, as he always did, "and give a pull on your fore-reef. We will see what she is made of, before we have any better acquaintance with her."

The *Hermoso* could go through the water as well as any brig I ever sailed in; but she was no match for the schooner, for the latter gained on us every minute. By afternoon we could see her hull from our deck, and by four o'clock we could tell very plainly that she was in chase of us, and that she was armed. Every one, from captain to the cabin boy felt anxious now, for we had a suspicious looking craft in our wake, and its nearer approach might be dangerous to us. Miss Inez was on deck part of the time, but the old man gruffly sent her below.

About six o'clock the wind began to blow stronger and the schooner had to take in sail. We kept everything on, and before dark gained almost as much on her as she had gained on us since morning. As the night closed in, we could just see her topmast reflecting against the horizon, and you may depend upon it we thought ourselves fortunate in getting through the day without any further accident.

It was little sleep that any of us had that night. We crowded every ditch of canvas on the brig that she could bear; though after eight o'clock the wind died away again, and we could not at the best, make more than five to six knots an hour.

At the first peep of dawn in the morning, the mate was at the mast head in search of the schooner, and the captain was waiting with the deepest anxiety to hear the news of her; but she was not to be seen, and we had begun to think that during the night we had lost her.

We already felt easier, and were congratulating ourselves on our escape, when Mr. Hardy, who was now aloft, saw her about five miles

dead astern of us. She had kept in our wake during the whole night, and since the wind lulled off, she must have gained right smartly on us.

The Captain walked up and down the quarter deck, and he seemed to be dreadfully agitated. He took the wheel himself, but he couldn't steer the brig any faster than the wind carried her through the water. The schooner still gained on us, and before long, we could make out both her upper works. We could see her hull and we could tell very distinctly that she was pierced for guns.

"She's a smart sea boat," said the Captain, speaking to the mate, but if we could only have a stout breeze, we could show her a clean pair of heels."

"If it would only breeze!" replied Mr. Josselyn, as he gave another look at the schooner. You may think, and I think truly lads, we prayed for a breeze, for we knew now that we had an ugly customer to deal with, and the thoughts of the pirates, saying that "dead men tell no tales," made us all feel very uncomfortable. But our prayers did not avail, for the wind died gradually off, and the schooner continued to gain upon us.

About noon she could not have been more than two miles off, and as we were about to sit down to dinner in the cabin the schooner fired a gun for us to heave to.

"What's to be done now, Captain?" said the mate, as old D'Aguiar came hurrying on deck. They did not give us much time for consideration, for before he could give Mr. Josselyn an answer, another shot went whistling through our flying jib.

"We must heave her to, it is the only hope we have," said the Captain, and the mate gave the necessary orders. Mr. Harry, who had been talking among the men, now went up to the Captain.

"If you like, sir," said he, as he touched his hat and gave an anxious look towards the cabin, "we can fight the brig. We have a dozen muskets and as many cutlasses on board, and for and aft we number eleven men. There is not a man who would not risk his life to keep the ship and save you, sir, and Miss Inez."

It was a bold thought, that of defending the brig, and it might have proved a good one; but the Captain would not listen to him. He told him to attend to his own proper business, and keep himself civil, as civility was the means which might save us. He had, however, prepared himself for the worst, and then he took his station as near the cabin as he dared to go. Meanwhile the schooner kept bearing down upon us, and in less than half an hour we could see every thing on her decks without looking through the glass.

The decks were crowded with men, and her guns were pointed open-mouthed at us, to let us know that we had no hope but in submission. She bore to and lowered her boats, when she was about two hundred fathoms off, and her boats no sooner reached the water than they were crowded and shoved off towards our brig. It did not take them many minutes before they were along side of us, and as soon as they touched the fellows clambered over the bulwarks and took possession. They were pirates and no mistake about it, and they were as rough and as ugly a set of men as ever trod a plank or graced a gibbet. They made no more ceremony with our brig than if they had been the lawful owners. Fellows they were of all countries and colors, but they all looked like savages. Most of them had on red shirts, and they wore whiskers and moustaches so long that one could hardly tell what their faces were made of.

The principal one among them walked right up to the head of the companion way and asked for the Captain. Old D'Aguiar turned round towards him, but as soon as their eyes met, our Captain started and turned as pale as a corpse, and the other seemed as quickly to recognize him, for he commenced laughing a horrid laugh as he went up to him and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Ha! Ha! do we meet at last, my Captain?" he shouted, "do we meet at last; and on the deep blue sea—with nought above us but the blue heavens, and water all around? Do we meet where the pirate's flag alone proclaims our court, and I! I! my noble Captain, am the judge?"

Old D'Aguiar covered like a whipped dog before that man's looks, and his words produced anything but confidence.

"I never did you wrong, Francisco," he stammered out, as he shrank from his old acquaintance; while we were so amazed at what was passing before us, that we scarcely thought of the fate which the pirates might possibly reserve for us.

"Never did me wrong?" cried the captain of the schooner, (for he was the captain), as he stamped with very rage on the deck, "dost thou remember the Zarogazana—and that thou wert our rover chief? Hast thou forgotten the last prize we shared? and is all memory lost of the blow you struck me? Well! ay, me! but it is my turn now, and you shall have blow for blow."

The old man pleaded hard, but he pleaded to one who scarcely knew the meaning of mercy. "It is twenty years, Francisco," said he, "and in that time—"

"Twenty years!" cried the other, interrupting him, "cannot dim the recollections of a blow! Twenty years! why, that's well—that's brave—for now you must be paid both principal and interest; but you shall be paid, my Captain, never fear, you shall be paid."

For two hours did the boats ply between the schooner and the brig, and every thing which they thought worth removing was taken away.

"Now," said the captain, speaking to D'Aguiar, "who owns this vessel? Scuttle her, my lads!" cried he, as the latter acknowledged himself the owner.

He ordered our long boat to be launched, and directed the crew to put some provisions and a breaker of water in it; and as soon as that was done, he commanded all on board of the brig, passengers and crew, (except his own men and our Captain) to get into her. Miss Inez and Mr. Harry alone hesitated to comply with the order, she for her father's sake, and he on her account. A dark looking scoundrel laid his hands on her to take her away, but he found himself collared by Mr. Harry, and in a twinkling would have been food for the sharks if his Captain hadn't laughed and interposed to prevent it.

"You are a bold lad," said he, speaking to Mr. Harry, as he put his man aside, "and I like to see your spirit. You shall have the girl. Take her in your boat and shove off, for the brig is fast settling."

Miss Inez threw herself on her knees before him, and begged that her father might go with them.

"Father! father!" exclaimed the pirate, looking from her to D'Aguiar.

"She is my only child," said the old man, in a tone of despair.

"And I have promised that she should go free," muttered the pirate; "well, no matter, I will keep my word, and be satisfied as it is."

In vain did Miss Inez implore his mercy; he was deaf to every prayer; and at length he ordered her, at the risk of her own life, to be conveyed to the boat.

Poor little girl, she struggled hard, and it was only when she sunk fainting in Mr. Harry's arms that he was able to bear her away.

A moment after the pirates cast off the boat's painter, we could hear our captain, old D'Aguiar, begging in vain for pity, as they dragged him over the side, and placed him in the cutter. We pulled one way and the pirates rowed another, towards their own vessel. We had got scarcely more than a mile off, when we heard a shriek—it came sweeping over the waters, and curdled every drop of blood in our veins as it reached us.

We turned to look at the schooner; we could just see something in the form of a man running up the rigging, and then a shriek as wild and heart-piercing as the first, replied; but this was from the poor daughter, who no sooner saw than she recognized the body. She saw no more, poor thing! for she sank again insensible in the arms of Harry Helm.

We turned to the brig to take a last farewell of her. She, too, was in her dying agonies. She had been sinking fast, and as we looked at her we could see her roll from side to side; the next instant she gave a heavy lurch, and then, head foremost, she went down. The waters swelled and splashed, as they opened to receive her, then rushing in mad riot over the spot where she had been.

We had another look—but the *Hermoso* was no more, and scarce a ripple served to mark the spot on which she had been engulfed.

We turned a glance to the pirate, but she had crowded all sail, and was bearing away from us as fast as a six knot breeze would carry her, and we could now only see that something was fluttering in the rigging, without being able to distinguish its form.

"Four bells!" sang out the man at the wheel. This announcement assured us that our watch below was at an end; and we had the comfortable reflection that Ben and his story had prevented our turning in to get a nap.

"But, Ben," said Jack Layard, as he roused himself for duty, "what became of the boat's crew, and of Inez, and Mr. Harry?"

"We rowed about for three days, without sail or compass," replied Ben, "and then were picked up by a Yankee craft, with salt from Puck's Island, and bound for Boston. It was a long while before Miss Inez got over the scene which she had witnessed, but she did get over it; and what's more she married Harry Helm. He became a merchant in Boston, where he now lives; and he, Jack, is the owner of this fine barque."

"Four bells, there!" cried the mate, "be lively, my lads, be lively!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" we all cried, and Ben ran aft to relieve the wheel.

HASTY PUDDING.

BY JOEL BARLOW.

My song resounding in its grateful glee,
No merit claims; I praise myself in thee.
My father loved thee thro' his length of days!
For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize.
From thee what health what vigor he possessed
Ten sturdy freemen sprung from him attest;
Thy constellation ruled my natal morn;
And all my bones were made of Indian corn?
Delicious food; whatever form it take,
To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,
In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,
But most my hasty pudding, most in thee.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE—THE DINING-ROOM.

There is no test so unfailing by which to prove the breeding of an individual as his deportment at the dinner-table. He may pass through the routine of a morning visit; in the crowd of an evening party, or the glare and excitement of the ball-room; he may escape the prying eye of censure, and the criticism of the uninitiated; but the dinner-table is the ordeal by which he must prove his title to move in the circle of polite society. The notion that, by arriving late at a dinner-party, you will enhance your consequence in the opinion of the other guests, is both false and absurd, on the contrary, it approaches very near to an offence, both to the company and your hostess. A strict punctuality is therefore indispensable.

In conducting a woman to the dining-room, offer her your arm, and place her on the side next to the wall; and always remember, in conducting a lady, to take yourself the place of dancer.

Do not hurry away to the dining-room as if you were anxious to secure a good place at the table, but allow your seniors and superiors in rank to precede you. In proceeding to the dining-room do not betray any anxiety as to the fare of which you are going to partake.—To express a hope that the dinner will be a good one, or to intimate that you have a keen appetite, is gross in the extreme.

The host or hostess points out the lady you are to conduct to the dining-room, and it will be your duty to sit next her during dinner.—Place yourself on her right hand, attend to all her wants (but not obtrusively), and address your conversation chiefly to her.

When a plate is sent you by the master or mistress of the house, you should not offer it to any one else, but take it quietly. Formerly the spirit of ceremony was carried to such an excess, that a plate of eatables frequently went the round of the table until it became nearly cold. Besides the absurdity of this proceeding, it is paying but a poor compliment to the host in thus reversing his decision, and would probably interfere with his arrangement, leaving some persons unserved whom he supposed attended to.

As soon as your plate is set before you, take up your knife and fork and make preparations for commencing, if you do not actually eat. As soon as one or two others are helped you should begin, thus avoiding the appearance of greedy haste by beginning before any one else, and also the stiffness of sitting with your

plate untouched till every one at the table is served.

On receiving anything say "Thank you," or acknowledge it by a gentle inclination of the head.

Be very careful in masticating your food, that your produce no noise by smacking your lips nor breathing hard. Do not fill your mouth so full that you cannot answer if you are addressed; nor open your mouth so wide during the process of chewing that your neighbor may see the semi-chewed viands.

Do not convey the food to your mouth in so careless a manner that some particles drop again into your plate; nor eat it so fast as to lead people to suppose you are eating for a wager.

Do not be loud in praise of the dinner, neither refuse commendation if your host appears to expect it; in the former case people would think you only attended for the sake of a good dinner, and in the latter you would inflict pain and disappointment on one who had desired to gratify you.

If a lady request you to pare an apple for her be careful to use a fork to hold it. Never hand her a dish of fruit to help herself from, but select some yourself with a spoon.

EPH. GRIMES.

Tradition says, that this personage, some forty years ago, had a grudge against a certain judge of the law, who had at a time, caused Grimes's ears to be cropped in the pillory, with a view of putting an end to his mad pranks.—Grimes never forgot it, and one day when the court was in session, on a case of great importance, with doors wide open, for it was close and extreme hot weather, Old Eph., mounted his mare, fiery as "Ichabod Crane's Daredevil," and rode before the court house door, then suddenly plunging his spurs into the frightened animal dashed into court, completely upsetting the lawyers, and really driving the functionary alluded to through the window, so much alarmed was he.

"Woe! woe! woe!" cried Grimes, leaning back on his saddle, and apparently reining in his horse with all his might, while the jury and every one else in court were pushing for the door. "Woe! you headstrong lawless devil; I'll see that justice is done you, if I ever get you out of this infernal court house!"

A TRIFLER WITH THE TRUTH.

Among the many anecdotes of Buena Vista, one beats all others. An Arkansas soldier, wounded, asks an Indiana man to help him off the field. The latter does so by enabling him to mount his horse, riding himself before.—During the ride, the poor Arkansian has his head shot off unknown to his companion. Arriving at the Doctor's quarters, the Indiana man was asked what he wanted.

"I brought this man to have his leg dressed."

"Why," replied the doctor, "his head is off!"

"The — liar!" exclaimed the man of Indiana, looking behind him, "he told me he was only shot in the leg!"

WILLIAM A. PRESCOTT.

From the Preface to the history of the Conquest of Peru, we extract the following interesting details of the difficulties under which this writer labored from impaired eyesight:

While at the University I received an injury in one of my eyes, which deprived me of the sight of it. The other, soon after, was attacked by inflammation so severely; that, for some time, I lost sight of that also; and though it was subsequently restored, the organ was so much disordered as to remain permanently debilitated, while twice in my life, since, I have been deprived of the use of it for all purposes of reading and writing, for several years together. It was during one of these periods that I received from Madrid the materials for the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," and in my disabled condition, with my Transatlantic treasures lying around me, I was like one pinning from hunger in the midst of abundance. In this state, I resolved to make the ear, if possible, do the work of the eye. I procured the services of a secretary, who read to me the various authorities;—and in time I became so far familiar with the sounds of the different foreign languages, (to some of which, indeed, I had been previously accustomed by a residence abroad,) that I could comprehend his reading without much difficulty. As the reader proceeded, I dictated copious notes, and when those had swelled to a considerable amount, they were read to me repeatedly, till I had mastered their contents sufficiently for the purposes of composition. The same notes furnished an easy means of reference to sustain the text.

Still another difficulty occurred, in the mechanical labor of writing, which I found a severe trial to the eye. This was remedied by means of a writing case, such as is used by the blind, which enabled me to commit my thoughts to paper without aid of sight, serving me equally well in the dark as in the light. The characters thus formed made a near approach to hieroglyphics; but my secretary became expert in deciphering, and a fair copy—with a liberal allowance for unavoidable blunders—was transcribed for the use of the printer. I have described the process with more minuteness, as some curiosity has been repeatedly expressed in reference to my *modus operandi* under my privations, and the knowledge of it may be of some assistance to others in similar circumstances.

Though I was encouraged by the sensible progress of my work, it was necessarily slow. But in time the tendency to inflammation diminished, and the strength of the eye was confirmed more and more. It was at length so far restored that I could read for several hours of the day, though my labors in this way necessarily terminated with the daylight. Nor could I ever dispense with the services of a secretary, or with the writing case, for, contrary to the usual experience, I have found writing a severer trial to the eye than reading, a remark, however, which does not apply to the reading of manuscript; and to enable myself, therefore, to revise my composition more carefully, I caused a copy of the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" to be printed for my own inspection, before it was sent to the press for publication. Such as I have described was the improved state of my health during the preparation of the "Conquest of Mexico," and, satisfied with being raised nearly to a level with the rest of my species, I scarcely en-

vied the superior good fortune of those who could prolong their studies into the evening and the later hours of the night.

But a change has again taken place, during the last two years. The sight of my eye has become gradually dimmed, while the sensibility of the nerve has been so far increased, that for several weeks of the last year I have not opened a volume, and through the whole time I have not had the use of it, on an average, for more than an hour a day. Nor can I cheer myself with the delusive expectation, that, impaired as the organ has become, from having been tasked, probably, beyond its strength, it can ever renew its youth, or be of much service to me hereafter in my literary researches. Whether I shall have the heart to enter, as I had proposed, on a new and more extensive field of historical labor, with these impediments, I cannot say. Perhaps long habit, and a natural desire to follow up the career which I have so long pursued, may make this, in a manner, necessary, as my past experience has already proved that it is practicable.

HATCHING FISH.—Hatching eggs by artificial heat is well known and extensively practised in China, as is also the hatching of fish. The sale of spawn, for this purpose, forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of the water, all the gelatinous matters that contain spawn fish, which are then placed in an eggshell that has been freshly emptied through a small hole, which is then stopped, and the shell is placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days, the Chinese break the shell in warm water, warmed by the sun. The young fish are then kept in water until they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan, in some measure, counteracts the great destruction of spawn by troll nets, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries.—[Martin's China.

SUPPOSED POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

Nine hundred and sixty millions of human beings are supposed to be upon the Earth; of which

Europe is said to contain	153,000,000
Africa,	156,000,000
Asia,	500,000,000
America,	150,000,000

If divided into thirty equal parts, five of them will be Christians—six Mahometans—one Jew and eighteen Pagans. Christians are numerous in Europe and America. Pagans abound in Africa, in the south of America, some in Asia, and a small number in the north of Europe.

POPULATION OF THE GRAVE.

From extensive calculations it seems the average of human births per second, since the birth of Christ to this time, is about 8-15— which gives about thirty-two thousand millions; and after deducting the present supposed population of the world (960,000,000), leaves the number of thirty-one thousand and forty millions that have gone down to the grave; giving death and the grave the victory over the living, to the number of thirty thousand and eighty millions.

Of the number in the grave, about 9,000,000,000 have died by War, 7,920,000,000 by Famine and Pestilence, 500,000,000 by Martyrdom, 580,000,000 by Intoxicating Drink, 13,000,000,000 Natural or otherwise.

Thus it will be seen that war and strong drink have sent nearly one-third of the human race to a premature grave. The calculations upon this subject might be extended to an almost indefinite length and perhaps too, with propriety, if thought and meditation would dwell upon them and deduct the moral from each and every avenue. For instance, if strong drink has now had its 580,000,000 of victims, how many more must it have before the moderate drinker will lay his shoulder to the pledge of reform? Suppose but thirty days of intense agony and misery to be the lot of each drunkard's family of five each! what is the amount in the aggregate? Suppose it required even no more than fifty bushels of grain distilled to make a man a drunkard, how long would it last famishing Europe? nay, even the whole universal world? It would amount to fifty-eight hundred millions of barrels of

PHILIP THE JOINER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY MRS. HODGSON.

THE spacious mansion of the Marquis de G., in the Faubourg St. Germain, was filled with the master works of art. His magnificent library contained all the best editions of ancient and modern works. A well-informed clergyman was appointed librarian. But with the exception of the treasures in the library, the Marquis himself never looked into his rare and valuable books. He was very proud, however, of making alterations in his library, and this was the cause of his forming the acquaintance of a young joiner of the name of Philip Delcour, who was the head workman of a builder in the Place de Sulpice. By his admirable skill and aptitude for work, this young man had gained the entire confidence of the Marquis. A week never passed without his being sent for to alter the arrangement of the coats of arms, to place new shelves in a wall, to do what he could to satisfy the caprice or the taste of this very fastidious and exacting nobleman, who had made trial of many workmen, and found in Philip alone talent and patience enough to execute his orders. Philip was a fine fellow. His pleasant, expressive countenance was the index of his character; and, in his coarse joiner's jacket and apron, he had all the dignity of an honest man. The Marquis had often remarked his manly bearing, and in their conversations together, the modest workman had proved to the courtier that a man might be estimable whatever his station in society. The Marquis had a son, a fine little fellow of seven years of age, who was fortunate in having a preceptor of sufficient wisdom to preserve him from the prejudices in which his father had been brought up. The Marquis was a sensible woman, whose first care was the happiness of her child; and she seconded the exertions of the tutor, striving to make of the amiable boy, not a mere brilliant idler, but a well-informed and useful man. Leon early showed a genius for mechanics, and had constructed for himself a little carriage, a windmill, and other playthings. His mother and tutor encouraged him in a pursuit from which he might take his first notions of geometry. He had a little workshop for himself, and all necessary implements. Whenever Philip was working at the chateau, the child eagerly sought his company and advice. He was constantly at the joiner's side, overhauling him with questions, asking him to mend his broken tools, to teach him how to form a circle or a square, to plane a piece of wood, or to cut it in a straight line. The joiner, delighted with the lad's interesting and amiable disposition, called him his little apprentice, and considered it his duty to initiate him in all the mysteries of his art. He felt flattered by having his advice thus sought, and he was amply repaid for his trouble by the little fellow's embraces and innocent expressions of attachment and gratitude. One day, when the two were alone together in the gallery, Leon showed Philip a box of beehood which he had been making for his mamma. The box was so well put together, so perfect in all its proportions, that Philip, in his delight at the progress of his pupil, took him up in his arms and embraced him with all the warmth of his kind nature. At that moment the Marquis entered the gallery. He had always been vexed by his son giving himself up to mechanical pursuits. Now, annoyed by the familiarity of the joiner, he reproached him in the harshest, the most humiliating terms, and ringing the bell, he ordered one of his servants to bring him in a basin of water. Then taking, himself, a sponge which lay in a handsome lavatory near at hand, he applied it several times to the face of the young Count, in order to efface from it the plebeian kiss it had received. Philip, pale with emotion, threw down the tools he held in his hand, and after darting towards the Marquis a glance of mingled grief and indignation, rushed from the gallery.

Soon after this occurrence, the Marquis sent to Philip's master, desiring him to send another joiner to finish the work Philip had begun. The master-builder answered the summons in person; and frankly avowed to the Marquis that his workmen had all sworn that, after the outrage committed in his house, not one of them would put a foot in it.

"What!" exclaimed the gentleman, "would the rascals form a conspiracy against me? It's pleasant, upon my word—quite amusing."

"With all due respect to you, monsieur," replied the builder, "I must take the liberty to tell you, that if you thought your son infected by the kiss of a workman, you might have sent him to wash his face in another room; but to wound the feelings of a worthy lad who had only yielded to an emotion of his kind nature, was a thing for which you should receive the just reprisals."

"I don't know what you mean," replied the Marquis.

"I mean," said the builder, "that every man has his own dignity as a man, and that none but a coward would tamely suffer himself to be insulted. I question whether, in Philip's place—"

He stopped; and fearing that his indignation would get the better of him, he hastily took his departure, mentally determining that he would never work for a man who showed himself unworthy of the name he bore.

After this time the master-builder's attachment to Philip, and his interest in him, increased. Philip, with his remarkable talent and untiring zeal, became every day more necessary to him, and often took his place in undertakings of responsibility. The worthy man was subject to attacks of rheumatic gout, which kept him a prisoner on his couch for months together. Then he found the use of such an assistant as Philip, who took the management of his several workyards with a zeal and an intelligence which soon procured for him a personal interest in all the operations. Insensibly he became the head of the house. His master had an only daughter, a beautiful and amiable girl. Feeling his strength fail day by day, he resolved to secure her happiness by bestowing her in marriage upon him who, since their connection, had never ceased to show himself the best of workmen and the best of men.

Behold, then, our friend Philip at the head of a flourishing establishment; every thing prospering with him, whether in business or in domestic life. He became a happy father as well as happy husband; he was honored with universal esteem, and his fortune increased daily. In his district he was cited as an example. He soon bought the spacious house in which he lived; and his speculations increasing with his credit, he gave up the joiner's workshop (in which he established one of his brothers), and confined his business to the buying of houses and of waste lands, on which he built several splendid dwellings. In a word, he took rank among the great proprietors of Paris, making a considerable fortune, and was able, at forty-five years of age, to retire from business, and to devote himself to the public good. He had acquired, by degrees, a certain amount of instruction, with the manners and even the language of a rich proprietor. He was always doing some good; he conciliated

all hearts, and every one spoke well of him. His open and frank countenance showed a pure soul, and that independence of character which is the true dignity of man. In his beautiful mansion in the Rue de Bellechasse, without displaying any foolish luxury, he enjoyed all the pleasures and advantages of wealth.

It happened that the period arrived for re-electing the Chamber of Deputies. The ministers imprudently braved the opinion of the people, and used every means to usurp their votes in favor of the party who wished to re-establish the ancient despotism. It will be readily imagined that the Marquis de G., who was attached to the court, would use his exertions to second the machinations of the monarch's perfidious counsellors. He had often heard speak of this Monsieur Delcour—little imagining who he was. Philip's appearance was so much changed, that he was not easily recognizable. The Marquis had discovered inscribed on his tablets the name of Monsieur Delcour as an elector on whom he might rely (Philip was qualified to vote). At a public meeting at the Hotel de Ville he accosted him, therefore; and with those honied words which the great have always at command to serve their purposes, tried to cajole him. But Philip, who knew him perfectly, was not to be caught, and he determined to have some amusement with him. He pretended to take a great interest in all the Marquis said about the party which alone could restore trade to its ancient splendor. He was even patient while the gentleman inveighed furiously against the plebeian candidates. At last, the Marquis, certain of success, in one of those moments of enthusiasm in which pride and presumption become human, took and affectionately pressed the hand of the man whom he believed he had enrolled in his party. The elector could not repress a convulsive movement, which the courtier attributed to the honor which had been done him. Philip soon after left the room, and went to the nearest hotel, where he offered ten francs to any one of the waiters who would follow him with a jug of water, a basin, and a towel. His offer was eagerly accepted. He entered the room where the preparations for the election were going on. Seeking the Marquis, who was still occupied with gaining votes for his candidates, he pointed him out to the lad who accompanied him, to whom he gave instructions how to proceed. The lad, obeying his orders, went up to the Marquis, and offered him the basin, that he might wash his hands, to purify them from the defilement of the plebeian touch they had just received. This proceeding caused no little surprise to the Marquis, and to all the people around. As he had shaken the hands of many electors, he could not imagine who among them could have played such a trick; and he declared that, having touched the hands of none but honest men, he did not see the motive of such a paltry jest. The lad still urged him to wash, and he became irritated. The scene drew a great number of spectators, and roars of laughter resounded through the room. Philip, at a distance, was enjoying the confusion of the Marquis. He waited at the door for the lad who had so well executed his orders, and gave him double the reward he had promised, on condition that he would never reveal the author of the joke.

This was not the last time that Philip had occasion to amuse himself at the expense of the Marquis. It happened that he was chosen chief jurymen on a trial in which the Marquis was interested. The case was this. A young officer, a nephew of the Marquis, and the Count de —, had a dispute, of which a duel was the consequence. It took place in the presence of five witnesses. The count had the first fire, but when the officer was taking his place, with his pistol held carelessly in his hand, the instrument went off suddenly, and the young Count was mortally wounded. He fell, exclaiming—"I am murdered!" The witnesses of the officer took up his defence, swearing that their comrade was incapable of such villany. The friends of the victim, on the other hand, maintained that the officer, with his well known skill with the pistol, might, if he chose, have prevented such a catastrophe. The family of the deceased, convinced, brought an action against the officer, who, in spite of numerous proofs of irreproachable conduct, had to stand his trial at the assizes. Monsieur Delcour, whose office gave him great influence, was eagerly solicited by both parties to give a verdict in their favor. Among the rest, the Marquis de G. used every means in his power to preserve his unfortunate young relative from the cruel fate which seemed to menace him. Delcour had been at first doubtful as to a right decision, but the debates at the trial, and, above all, the examination of the officer himself, convinced him that the wound of the Count was entirely accidental; the sudden explosion of the pistol being owing to the peculiar construction of the instrument. He was a clever mechanic, and he examined the pistol before the jury, and showed them how it would act on the very slightest movement. His opinion, frankly and honestly given, overcame their doubts as to the innocence of the accused, and they were unanimous in pronouncing him "not guilty."

The next day, the Marquis, accompanied by his liberated nephew, and his son Leon, drove in his splendid carriage to the dwelling of M. Delcour, and requested to see him, to express his gratitude. An aged servant introduced them into the room where the family were taking their plentiful morning meal, in all their light-hearted gaiety. Philip received the Marquis with all the respect due to his rank, and desired him to be seated. The Marquis received his attentions with many protestations of esteem: his kiss on Philip's hand caused in the joiner a slight internal spasm, but his smiling countenance did not betray any emotion. The conversation became animated, and Delcour showed in it so much frankness, sense, and dignity, that the Marquis, quite drawn away by his irresistible influence, again pressed his hand, and when going to depart embraced him warmly. Philip, addressing himself to the aged domestic who was in waiting in the room, said to him quietly, but with something of irony in his tone—"Francois, bring a basin for Monsieur to wash." The old man brought a rich china wash-basin and a towel.

"What is the meaning of this?" exclaimed the Marquis, now beginning to suspect the author of the former trick—"I do not understand it, upon my honor."

"It is a law which you yourself imposed, replied Delcour, smiling. "You made me feel too well the distance between you and me, for me ever to forget it. Do you not remember, Monsieur, that, once upon a time, you yourself washed the beautiful face of your little son, to remove from it the stain of a kiss, given in the gallery, by a young joiner named Philip?"

"If this should be he!" exclaimed Leon, examining him from head to foot.

"The lesson, you must own," continued Philip, "was too deeply to be ever effaced from my memory. And fearing that your noble blood might be tainted by the embrace you have just honored me with, I have thought it right to offer you the means of effacing, by this

purification, a stain at which the shades of your ancestors might murmur."

These words, uttered with good-humored, but somewhat malicious pleasantry, strangely surprised the Marquis. Was he likely to recognize the humble joiner in this opulent, influential, and note-worthy man? Motionless, and with his eyes fixed on the ground, he knew not what to reply. Leon rushed to his old friend, and pressed him in his arms. The Marquis at last acknowledged that he had deserved such a reproof. Delcour, without restraint, pressed his hand affectionately, and requested that all the past might be forgotten; then turning to his children, he said—"You see how time brings together distances, and equalises conditions. Take care that you never cause humiliation to those whom you may believe to be your inferiors. Fortune is so fickle, that in one turn of her wheel they may rise to your level. Never forget that an honest man who does his duty is the equal of any man, deserves the esteem of all men, and may rise in the world as I have done."

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 19.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

It has always seemed to us that the frequency of railroad accidents was, in a measure, attributable to some systematic cause. Where such vast interests are concerned, the utmost perfection of preliminary caution should be always in exercise. Much of the success of railroad enterprise depends upon the general confidence of the public in their safety. When it is found that policies of life insurance are becoming a drawback upon the economy of travelling by railroad, private conveyances will be made a security for both. The numerous accidents occurring to individuals, from their ignorance of the caution necessary to guard against them, should be prevented, to a good degree, by the care of those concerned in the management of the cars. It is the opinion of many that corporations should be made responsible, further than they now are, for such occurrences. No doubt safeguards might and should be adopted, that would in a great measure obviate them. These accidents are alarmingly frequent. Would it not be for the pecuniary interest of those concerned to adopt the necessary safeguards?—and if not, the vigilance of the law should provide the remedy.

These minor accidents are much less common in England than in the United States. Here, the principle of leaving every man to look out for himself, takes away much of the security which exists there. Two correspondents of the London Times have recently been discussing the matter of larger accidents on railroads. One contends that it is in the power of companies to avoid accidents on their lines, and that they should of course be compelled to do so. This is becoming a prevalent sentiment in this country, and we trust the result will be greater security to the travelling public.

One of the writers in the discussion in the Times, gives the following as "the true cause of much of the loss of life upon railways."—"How far the same difficulty prevails in this country, we are unable to judge; but probably to a greater extent than on the English railways."

"The cause comes of there being so few brakemen allowed to a train. What, sir, can an engine driver do with an 18-ton engine, and some 20 loaded carriages behind it, making in all a weight of about 130 tons, or rather say 150 tons? Why when you are about running into the accident, there is but himself and a stoker and a few scattered railway guards among the carriages to act as brakemen. Sir, the whole system of applying breaks when we are running right into accident is a complete sham. Some 12 or 16 seconds is very often the whole time between seeing the accident coming and being slapt into it. In that short time the engine driver has to steam-whistle the few train guards to the break duty, and to shut off his own steam and apply his own break. Do not be told, sir, about engine drivers reversing their engines at a moment's notice. When the speed onward is once up, all the engine driver can do is just to shut off his steam and fly for refuge to his break. And even if the engine could be reversed, all the real check must come off the gripe on the rail; for any man knows reversing an engine is of no use at all when the break is hard down upon the wheels, and the moment the break is lifted off the wheels, on goes the engine again, for all the carriages behind are boring into the mischief. Now, sir, a very great check can be given to railway accidents by having a brakeman allowed to each railway carriage; for there would then be little probability of running foul, because the whole train could be soon brought under hand, from off a speed of 30 miles an hour."

"MATTERS IN WATERVILLE."

Under this head a correspondent of the Gardiner Fountain exhibits what he considers a gloomy aspect of the cause of temperance and good order in this place. The writer evidently has the cause at heart, though it seems to us he very much mistakes the symptoms. It should be remembered that when the opponents of "clear cold water" first begin to bathe in its fountain they always make dirty work of it. The "file" is most effectually stirred up, and those who had before cleansed themselves must expect to suffer a little from its filth. When they see it black as ink, they may safely calculate that some dirty fellow is "in for it," and rest assured he will ultimately come out as white as wool. There are good signs in Waterville, brother Fountain; and we hope you will watch the result. The waters are moving, and the more dirty the nearer the bottom. In Boston, you know, they are as black as "tar and lampblack," and though not quite so sticky here, as yet, they are daily growing

more nasty. Have patience with the Waterville boys. You see they have an exceedingly dirty batch in *soak*, and are determined to make clean work of it. We tell you, the signs are favorable, as you would yourself admit if you could look over the doors of some of our shops. If 'birds are known by their plumage' Dea. Grant has chickens in Waterville.

GEN. TAYLOR'S PROFANITY.

We almost daily see some allusion, by the press, to Gen. Taylor's profanity on a certain occasion in Mexico. Both friends and enemies of the brave old General seem determined to make him an example that shall secure the army from profane swearing during the war. This is right. There is enough for Gen. Taylor to do, beside swearing. When our Christian government sent him to Mexico, what was the design? Certainly not to rival the army that "swore terribly in Flanders." His duty was to kill and plunder—to waste with fire and sword—to stab, shoot, hang, and otherwise destroy, as many of the enemy as he could. Christian ministers were sent with him, to offer up prayers for his success in *this* business—that God would direct the bullets, guide the bayonets, and otherwise aid in the butchery of the enemy, "according to his good pleasure." He was expected to execute these duties in such a manner as would do honor to a Christian nation. Everything was going on very well—one State had even appointed a "day of thanksgiving to God," for the aid he had rendered his servants in this good work. Strange Gen. Taylor could not have been more regardless of the deep moral sentiments of his countrymen, than to utter that wicked expression, at the very moment, perhaps, that the morning prayer of the reverend chaplain was being answered. While pursuing the flying enemy with fire and sword, dealing out destruction with the fury of devils, and sending the poor wretches to death by platoons, he was doing his duty. His government had sent him there for that—and his government was a Christian government. This however was not enough for old Rough-and-Ready; but at the very moment when he seemed winning a crown of laurels from his countrymen, he must give utterance to that dreadful profanity; and thus send a thrill of horror through the nerves of millions of his pious countrymen! Certainly he ought to be a more moral man, and not allow the excitement of the battle-field to hurry him into an unchristian act.

But more seriously—how is it possible for sober and pious men to overlook the enormities which are the bone and sinew of war itself, and yet raise their hands in almost fanatical horror at a single word from which results, under the circumstances, no tangible evil beyond the man who uttered it! We abhor all profanity; but those who convert men to soldiers, produce it as directly as the husbandman produces his crop. When we send him to learn to kill, we know he will also learn to swear. Swearing is so uniformly the habit of the soldier, that it may almost be reckoned one of his duties. While his country expects him to fight like a man, she also knows he will "swear like a soldier." The very spirit that stimulates him in the fight, also prompts him to swear. We have no doubt that Gen. Taylor used the words attributed to him. The soldier is almost invariably a profane man; Washington was among the rare exceptions. Putnam, Ethan Allen, Jackson—who has not heard of their "brave oaths?" The habit is a natural branch of that great tree of evil, war; and those who single it out as an object of special horror, while they sedulously blind themselves to the enormities of the tree itself, can, as it seems to us, have received but little light from Him who commanded the soldier, as well as the Christian, to love his enemies.

TAKING OF MEXICO.

Up to the time our paper goes to press, the reported capitulation of the city of Mexico is without confirmation. Rumors for and against it are numerous. Though we seriously doubt its correctness, we still think it probable that Scott is now in possession of the city. We shall be glad to hear that this conquest is effected with as little sacrifice of human life as that already reported.

The following from the Boston Whig is a summary of the case, pro and con.

THE NEWS FROM MEXICO. Upon every occasion of the reception of important news from Mexico, an air of much mystery is thrown around it. The late news from Mexico was first published in the N. Orleans National, of the 31st July. It was brought to N. Orleans by a courier direct from Mexico, who succeeded in keeping his news entirely to himself until he reached N. Orleans. He came by way of Orizaba and Alvarado to Vera Cruz, where nothing was known of it. The Picayune mentions that the information was in its possession the evening before, and intimates that it had some connection with stock jobbing operations. Considering it improbable, no publication was made of it. The Massachusetts, in which the courier was passenger, arrived on the 29th. A letter of the 17th July from Mexico had also been received in N. Orleans, making no mention of the events reported. The Picayune learns of the arrival of a passenger in the Massachusetts, who saw Gen. Scott at Puebla on the 14th of July, and the Journal of Commerce adds to that the knowledge of a gentleman who saw him at the same place on the 17th.

Another link in the chain of evidence relied on as confirmatory of the news, is a letter from Brazos, stating that an express had arrived by way of San Fernando, from Mexico, with the intelligence, which had been read to the troops at Metamoros. The writer could not give the particulars, as his informant had gone after his trunk. Simultaneous with this, a paper in Zanesville, Ohio received, giving a letter from a volunteer

officer, dated Rio Frio Pass, July 15. The writer states that a force under Gen. Worth "is now within 15 miles of the city, and that Gen. Scott, with the main army, was 'expected the same evening.'"

The schooner Mary Jane at N. Orleans, has dates from Tampico to the 6th ult., which make no allusion to the reported occupation of the city. This is about the same date at which the news was read to the army at Metamoros. When it is considered that the latter place is more than twice the distance of the former from the capital, it would be very extraordinary had the event taken place at the time, and not be known at Tampico.

CHRISTIAN EXAMPLE.

An army correspondent, in communicating a recent affair at La Hoya, after stating that our troops "burnt every rancho in their route" and "left desolate the whole country over which they passed," says of the little town of Las Vigas,

"With the consent of the commanding general, the torch was applied to the buildings, and in a few moments the whole town was one universal scene of conflagration. The only building that was spared was the neat little Catholic church, that adorned the town."

What an example of the power of Christian principle! After driving defenceless women and children into the forest, and burning to ashes the homes that might possibly give shelter to such as lived to return, they spare the little village church as an evidence of their respect for the gospel of the Prince of Peace! Why did they not destroy the church too, and leave the Mexicans to suppose that some of the "poor heathen" had burnt their village? We are more than half inclined to suspect that "an enemy hath done this thing," in order to leave behind an evidence that this is the warfare of Christians. We beg of them hereafter to make clean work; and if they would plead principle for doing so, let them argue that otherwise some of the Mexican women and children might seek shelter in the little solitary church, and thus we should lose the advantage of having burned their houses.

ENTERPRISE. The Skowhegan press states that the firm of Coburn, Harvey & Co., of that place, are now employing in their boot and shoe manufactory one hundred and twenty-five hands, and are ready to hire one hundred more! This looks well. Success to every enterprise that gives employment.

Correspondence.

We invite special attention to the following article. The efforts of the writer in behalf of our schools should meet with decided commendation. Let his suggestions be heeded—though we cannot judge of the correctness of his strictures.

For the Eastern Mail.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The law requires that "agents, before the commencement of any term of such schools, shall give notice to a member or members, of the superintending school committee of the town, or of the oldest town, out of which the district is formed, if more than one, of the time when the school is to commence, whether to be kept by a master or mistress; and for how long a time such instructor is engaged."—R. S. c. 17, § 42.

This portion of the law has not been complied with, in this town, it is believed, in a single instance, during this season. The neglect has been, we presume, wholly unintentional, through an oversight of the statute. But it is very desirable that, for the future, the requisite notice be given, so that the Superintending School Committee may have no apology, on their part, for a neglect to visit the several schools.

"The production of the requisite certificates by the master, (to wit, from the superintending committee, from a person of literary pursuits, and from the selectmen), is a condition precedent to his lawful employment by the school agent."—20 Maine R. 37.

By this, the agent will see that if a teacher in his district is suffered to begin a school, without the proper certificates, he is in a measure accessory to the illegal transaction, and therefore may be brought under blame in the matter.

"No person shall be employed as a school master, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and produce to the agent employing him, a certificate from the superintending school committee of the town where the school is to be kept, and also from some person of liberal education, or literary pursuits, and good moral character, residing within the State, that he is well qualified to instruct youth in reading, writing the English language grammatically, and in arithmetic, and other branches of learning, usually taught in public schools. He shall also produce a certificate from the selectmen of the town where he belongs, that to the best of their knowledge, he is a person of sober life and conversation, and sustains a good moral character."—R. S. c. 17, § 43.

"No person shall be employed as a school-mistress, unless she shall produce to the agent employing her, a certificate from the superintending school committee of the town, where the school is to be kept, that she is suitably qualified to teach the English language grammatically, and the rudiments of arithmetic and writing, and produce satisfactory written evidence of her good moral character."—Id. § 44.

"Any person, who shall teach any district school, without producing the certificates required in this chapter, respectively, shall forfeit and pay a sum, not exceeding the sum contracted for his or her daily wages, for each day, he or she shall teach such school, and shall be barred from recovering any pay for teaching the same."—Id. § 45.

"A certificate of the majority of the superintending committee, as to the qualifications of a teacher, is prima facie evidence that he has

performed his duty; but if all the members of a committee have not received notice, the certificate is void."—20 Maine R. 37.

"A teacher is not authorized to teach, and cannot recover pay without the requisite certificates."—Id.

"The certificate of the committee of a former year, though composed of the same persons, is not sufficient; it should be, of the existing committee."—Id.

Candidates for public school teaching will notice that, by these provisions of the law, they are required to be in possession of certain certificates, before they are authorized to teach, or can legally draw pay for teaching, and, besides loss of wages, if they begin a public school without the requisite certificates, they are liable to a fine, for each day "he or she shall keep such schools."

With regard to the certificates of the superintending school committee, it will be seen, that, in any case, to be of value, it must be signed by a majority of the board; and if all the committee have not received notice, so that they could have been present at the examination of the candidate, then, without the signature of all their names, it is void.

I have been led to call the attention of teachers to this, publicly, from the fact that only five, out of all our summer teachers, have taken pains to procure such certificates as would legally entitle them to teach, or to any demand on the town for their pay; and some of them, indeed, have not made any application at all to the superintending school committee for approbation. Although I am not disposed to recommend that any advantage should be taken of the information, to the injury of any of our summer school teachers, but would rather persuade to a contrary course, yet, that the same thing may not again take place, I most earnestly recommend that the law be enforced to its very letter, against all who, hereafter, shall illegally commence any of our public schools. Justice and right, especially after a public notice, will fully sanction such a course. It is the only safeguard that the majority of parents can have, that incompetent and worthless individuals be not intrusted with the training of the young and susceptible minds of their children—a charge of all the most sacred and important.

From a visit to all the districts in the town, and from a personal observation and examination of almost all of our schools, I am convinced that they possess many and serious defects—which must, as long as they are suffered to exist, essentially interfere with their usefulness and efficiency.

The school houses, throughout the town generally, are in a woful plight. Some of them are so dilapidated, so marred and disfigured with hieroglyphics of vulgarity, as to constitute standing monuments of disgrace. A large number of them are destitute of so useful and necessary piece of apparatus as a black board; and more do not possess such out buildings as modesty and decency require. Several districts, even, have no school houses at all.

The text books used, in many instances, are so antiquated as now absolutely to teach downright lies, and in variety so numerous as completely to baffle all attempts, in many schools, to a profitable classification.

Our teachers, too, are not, by any means, what they should be; not that, for the most part, they possess considerable general information, and have proved zealous and devoted to their work, but that they lack elementary knowledge—a thorough and comprehensive knowledge of common school studies, and an acquaintance with the best modes of instruction.

I would, therefore, suggest to the friends of popular education, in this place, the propriety of organizing a sort of public school association, the object of which shall be, by familiar discussion and friendly interchange of opinions, to awaken an interest, which shall tend, by general consent, to improve and elevate the character of the people's colleges.

H. B. MAGLATHLIN,
Chairman of the School
Committee of Waterville.

Summary of News.

FROM BRAZOS. By Telegraph received at New York, on Friday afternoon, later news to the 26th from Gen. Taylor's camp. Gen. Urea was on this side the mountains with 4000 troops. Col. Hopping had called for reinforcements to resist his advance. There was a rumor that 3000 Mexicans were marching on Parras, and an attack was looked for, at the mouth of the Rio Grande.

A paper from the city of Mexico, received at Gen. Taylor's camp on the 26th ult., alludes to an offer of peace by Mr. Trist, and says that the British Minister had urged its acceptance. The Mexican paper speaks of it as an outrageous ruse, and urges the people to "repel the Yankees."

Extract from a letter from an officer of the U. S. Army, dated Vera Cruz, July 22d, 1847, to a friend in New York:

"We hear nothing of terms of peace yet. There is no communication with the army, except by the British courier. He is expected from Mexico on the first of August, and by the 12th of August you will probably hear of another battle, or peace."

A NEST OF ROBBERS BROKEN UP.

The police have at length succeeded in laying their hands upon the captain, or leading spirit of a band of robbers, who, for the last month or two have struck terror into the storekeepers of Boston and vicinity, by the audacity and success of their thieving expeditions. The following we believe is a correct statement of the facts: Yesterday morning, in the city of Cambridge, a gentleman hearing that a certain house in that place was about to be vacated, went to inspect it; but the previous residents having carried off the key, he was unable to obtain admittance. He succeeded, however, in

getting a sight of the inside, when to his surprise he saw a lot of silks, &c. laying upon the floor. Notice of this was immediately given to the police of Cambridge, who proceeded to the spot, obtained entrance, and ascertained that the goods were a portion of those stolen from the store of Cole & Locke, of Newton corner, on the night of the 10th inst. Measures were then taken to arrest the thieves, upon their return to get the goods, and a party of police entered themselves in the house.

At about five o'clock, P.M., a wagon, containing three men, and three empty trunks, for the goods, arrived. One of the men, named Daniel O'Brien, got off, unlocked the front door, and went into the house. He was instantly seized by the officers; the others got the alarm and drove off. The wagon was traced to a house occupied by a man named Gallagher, also in Cambridge, where the empty trunks and the wagon were found. Gallagher and his wife were arrested as receivers of stolen property. Upon O'Brien a \$100 bill and \$27 in small bills were found. And he is the person who occupied the store in South Boston, where property stolen from seven stores was found about two months ago. At that time he escaped by the skin of his teeth. He is no doubt a leading spirit in all the robberies which it is now apparent emanated from his gang. He has been an inmate of the State Prison. Upon the expiration of his term, about a year since, a stone cutter at East Cambridge gave him employment. But he soon left his employer for a more congenial business. At the time of his arrest he boarded with his wife at Gallagher's. If all the charges against O'Brien are substantiated, he will be liable to a sentence of imprisonment for life.

Late last night the night police of the city received information that Wm. McVeatty, one of the occupants of the wagon, was at a house in S. Boston. A party of six, consisting of police officers and watchmen, went to the designated house, but the wary robber was prepared for them. The instant one of their number touched the door, the growl of a dog was heard, and McVeatty sprang through the sash of a second story window, minus hat and boots, into a back yard, and escaped. A man, probably McVeatty, was seen by a watchman at an early hour this morning, skulking through the lower part of Summer street, hatless and shoeless, but he was unable to arrest him. At this house they found a portion of the stolen property, and then proceeded to the residence of McVeatty's father, whom they arrested; and here also they found a quantity of stolen goods. The parties are all to be carried over to Cambridge for examination.—*Boston Traveller*, 14th inst.

A JUST REBUKE.

A daub of a man, a poor miserable show of humanity, from New York, passed through our State, and received the hospitality of some of its wealthy citizens. He thought it would please his entertainers to denounce the opponents of slavery, and exalt the patriarchal institution.

"I am satisfied," said he, "that the slave is happy, and believe the institution, as administered here, neither harsh nor unjust. If these scoundrels"

"Pardon me, sir," replied a slaveholder, as he interrupted him, "we want no such defence. It is enough for us that the law gives and secures our rights, without asking freemen to defend as bitter a curse as ever afflicted society, or troubled man. I would give, for my children's sake alone, all I have, (and he spoke not without reason,) if Kentucky had been as New York is—free."

The subject was dropped. The miserable catfif started new topics, and tried hard, we learn, to recover lost ground. He failed, of course. Every planter felt contempt for him, and one went so far as to show it. John Randolph expressed the southern feeling, when describing this class of northern men, as "Spawn, sir, spawn." They are time-servers at home, and spit-words abroad.—*Louisville (Ky.) Examiner*.

HISTORICAL INCIDENT.

The Rev. John Marsh, in an address before the Greene County Temperance Society, N. Y., in which he eloquently enforced the doctrine that "Protection is the birthright of freemen," introduced the following pleasant historical incident:

"A beautiful story has been told of a little boy who was placed at the door of the hall in Philadelphia, to give notice to the old bellman in the steeple, when the Declaration of Independence should have been signed. The old man long waited at his post, saying, 'They will never do it, they will never do it,' when he heard a shout below. He gazed upon the pavement, and there stood the little blue-eyed boy clapping his tiny hands and shouting—'Ring, Ring!' Grasping the iron tongue of the bell, backwards and forwards he hurled it a hundred times, proclaiming 'liberty to the land and all the inhabitants thereof.' That sound crossed the Atlantic, pierced the dungeons of Europe, the workshops of England, the vassal-fields of France. That sound spoke to the slave, bade him look from his toil, and know himself a man. That shout startled kings from their crumbling thrones.' Yes, and the voice of that little boy, lifting himself on tip-toe and shouting, RING, has come down to us, and bid us ring the rumsseller's doom, and proclaim liberty to our land and the world. We will sound it through the world, WE WILL BE FREE!"

ANTI-SLAVERY WORK.—The Atlas hopes that when Congress assembles, one of its first acts may be a repeal of the law by which the United States Government is made a trafficker in slaves, and the price of men and women is

placed on deposit in the treasury of the republic. So we hope. And we hope that then Congress will forbid the use of our prisons for the safe keeping of slaves; will put an end to the slave auctions in the District of Columbia; break up the domestic coastwise trade; and resolve to permit the existence of slavery in no new territory.—*Sandwich Observer*.

FIRE IN PORTLAND.

A destructive fire occurred in this city on Saturday forenoon last. It broke out about twelve o'clock, in a shed (in which a woman was cooking) in the rear of a house on Cotton street, and near the Twine Factory of Henry Foye, on Free street. The Factory was soon on fire, the end being open, and it spread with great rapidity through its whole length. This building running in the rear, and near to the houses on the easterly side of Cotton street, soon set them on fire. Nine dwelling houses were destroyed, (two of them double) as follows:—Mr. Foye's house, next east of the factory; also, Joshua Richardson's, (occupied by himself) next west, on the corner of Cotton street. The next house on Cotton street was owned by Mr. Richardson, and occupied by Joshua Maxwell. These two houses were of brick; the walls only remain. The houses on the easterly side of Cotton street, to Fore st., were nearly all destroyed.

The fire spread so rapidly that a great deal of valuable furniture, was destroyed—some of the sufferers not saving scarcely anything. The house of Major Sweetser, and the new house of Wm. H. Simonton, on the western side of the street, were badly scorched and much injured. The efforts of the firemen in preventing the fire from crossing Middle and Cotton streets, were entitled to all praise, and were happily successful.

Preparations were making to raze a portion of the Factory building, and it was to have been done in a day or two. It had not been occupied for several weeks.

The amount of property destroyed is about \$25,000 in value, and it was insured for about half that sum. The fire raged with great fierceness for some time, and threatened to extend over a wide area, but the zeal and skill of the firemen held it within the smallest possible bounds.—*Eastern Argus*.

PORTLAND FIRE.

The Advertiser gives the full particulars of the fire. The fire caught in Foye's twine factory, rear of the eastern side of Cotton street. It spread nearly the whole length of Cotton st. and two houses on Free st.—so that twelve large houses were simultaneously on fire.

The Advertiser judges the total loss on buildings to be about \$20,000; of furniture, from two to three thousand.

Aggregate insurance about \$11,150.

The fire repeatedly caught on the westerly side of Cotton street, and at times it seemed that the whole square through to Centre street would be destroyed, and nothing but the most strenuous exertions of the firemen and citizens, who stood in their places till some of them dropped down from exhaustion, availed in checking its progress in this quarter.

From the whole number of children in this State returned to the Board of Education between the ages of four and twenty-one, the Board finds that 60,942 did not attend any school during the past summer; and 40,847 were not in attendance at any school during the past winter.

A Mr. Dinneford was arrested at Bath on Tuesday for giving theatrical exhibitions without a license, under the new law. He gave bonds for his appearance at a higher court, and in the mean time continues his exhibitions.

The following, says the Washington Union is an extract of a letter received in that city from an intelligent officer of the Government at Vera Cruz:

VERA CRUZ, July 23, 1847.

I was in hopes, by this time that there would be something definite, or that we had arrived nearer peace; but as yet no Commissioners have been appointed, and the Government has removed to a place farther south. They will make a show of defence at Mexico, but Gen. Scott will march in. Our last dates from here were to the 10th inst. He was then to move on the 15th; and if he did, he must be now in the city. Generals Pillow and Cadwallader, and all the train, had reached him, and his number was 12,000.

The guerrillas have augmented since you left. The South and the North have combined, and they have threatened us that they would come in.

Commodore Perry had some 60 or 70 sick, and has gone to Topasco, I think, to take his men from that sickly river.

By an arrival at New Orleans, later news has been received from Gen. Taylor's camp.

Gen. Taylor remained at Walnut Springs as late as the 17th of July. His whole command numbered 7,000 men. He would march upon San Luis as soon as reinforced by 3,000 fresh troops. A rumor prevailed at Monterey as early as 18th July, that Gen. Scott had defeated a large body of the Mexicans near the Capital. This is supposed to be the origin of the rumor at Matamoros, a few days later.

The steamer Fashion, with later news, was due and hourly expected at New Orleans.

SLAVE STEALERS SENTENCED. On Saturday last, John Robinson, mate, and Cato Rickets, seaman, (both colored,) were brought before the Hastings Court of this city, for trial, on two separate indictments, for secreting on board the sch. Mary Augusta two runaway slaves, with the design of carrying them beyond the State. After a hearing, they were declared guilty on both indictments, and sentenced to seven years imprisonment in the penitentiary.—*Norfolk Herald*, Aug. 9.

Mrs. Polk has reached Washington, on her return from Tennessee.

Clippings.

Mr. Johnson, the Whig candidate for Congress in the Somerset and Waldo district, has withdrawn his name. A convention is to be held at Belfast, on the 28th inst., to make a new nomination.

To cure scratches on a horse, wash the legs with warm soap-suds, and then with beef brine. Two applications will cure in the worst case. *Bath Tribune*.

Three emigrants arrived in Baltimore a few days since, who deposited sixty thousand dollars in gold with the Baltimore Bank, an hour or two after arrival.

The sales of the Mormon Temple at Nauvoo to the Romanists has failed in consequence of some defect in the title.

Elihu Burritt declines being a candidate for the Vice Presidency, to which the "New Liberty Party" recently nominated him.

"That is a beautiful coat you have on; where does your tailor live?" said one gentleman to another. "On the skirts of the town," was the ready response.

"Out of darkness cometh light," as the printer's devil said when he looked into the ink keg.

"Tell your mistress that I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman to a punning domestic at his lodging house. "Very well, sir, mistress will put it down as rent."

Kitchen girls are now termed "young ladies of the other parlor. People who grind knives, scissors and razors, "gentlemen of the revolution." Folks that dig clams are termed "profound investigators."

PRETTY GOOD. A rowdy intending to be very witty, thus accosted a lady in the streets on the fifth:—

"Madam, can you tell me where I can see the elephant?"

"No; but if I had a looking glass, I could show you a very large monkey."

The rowdy sloped.

Mr. Walker, secretary of the treasury, was in Boston on Thursday last.

The railroads at the South are generally reducing their fare. The Wilmington Railroad has reduced about 50 per cent.

An Englishman recently abjured the protestant religion, in order that he might be enabled to marry a spanish lady, who absolutely refused to marry a heretic husband. He was baptized with great solemnity, and the king consort acted as one of the godfathers.

WATERVILLE LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

The Trustees of this Institution are hereby notified that there will be holden a Special Meeting of the Board, at the house of Rev. Calvin Gardner, on Thursday, the 24th, at 7 o'clock P.M., for transaction of business.

ALPHEUS LYONS, Secretary.

Waterville, Aug. 16, 1847.

Markets.

BOSTON, Aug. 14.

Flour. Receipts light and the demand very fair. Sales of Ohio flat bow, Michigan and Genesee, common brands at \$6 25 to \$6 31; and some parcels of Ohio and Michigan at \$6 12 1/2. per bbl. cash. Sales fancy brands Genesee at \$6 to \$6 75 per barrel cash. Southern flour scarce. Sales of Richmond at \$6 50 cash.

Grain. The corn market has been more active, receipts are light, and prices have slightly improved. Sales of 10,000 bush. Southern yel. at 80c. to 85c.; some parcels of prime 87c.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

August 9, 1847.

At market 500 beef cattle, 100 steers, 10 yokes working oxen, 25 cows and calves, 3100 sheep and lambs, and 410 swine.

Produce.—Extra, \$7, 1st quality \$6 50 to \$6 76, 2d \$5 35 to \$6 25, 3d \$4 50 to \$5.

Stores.—2 years old beefers \$13 to \$15.

Working oxen.—Sales at \$65 to \$105.

Cows and calves.—Sales at \$22 to \$36; one extra \$60.

Sheep and lambs.—Old sheep \$1 25 to \$3, lambs \$1 50 to \$2 50.

Swine.—Old hogs 5 75-c, small pigs 6 12-c.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.

Flour. The receipts are light, and the demand from the East good. Genesee at \$5 87 1/2-c; Oswego \$5 75 Ohio \$5 62 to \$5 72; corn has improved; sales of yel. at 76c. to 78c. mixed 71c. to 74c.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, on Wednesday August 11, by Rev. C. G. Porter, of Bangor, H. Cushing, Esq. to Miss Martha A. Wheeler, both of Skowhegan.

In Augusta, on Monday evening last, M. Pardo, Esq. of Oswego, N. Y., to Miss C. A. Webster, of Augusta.

In Gardiner, Samuel Webber to Miss E. N. Swan.

DEATHS.

In this town, on Monday, Angela, child of Mr. Simon Smith, aged 7 1/2 months.

In Augusta, on Thursday last, Mr. Francis Perkins, aged 63.

In St. Albans, May 31, Miss Almira J. Goss. The deceased was a native of Kent's Hill, Readfield, where her widowed mother still resides. The bereavement caused by the death of this amiable and highly gifted young lady, is peculiarly afflictive, not only to her immediate relatives, but also to all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. The ways of Providence are often dark and mysterious to us, and it always seems as if it were wrong that the lovely and beautiful should be cut off in the very spring time of life, just as their powers of usefulness were becoming developed, and the charms of active existence were spreading themselves on every side. But the hand of God directs all events, and he doeth all things right.—Miss G. was a person of no ordinary talent, and had her life been continued in health to a period of further experience and ripe judgment, would undoubtedly have stood high among our female writers of prose and poetry. She was a relative on the father's side of Mr. Signourney. Her poetical talent and taste were chaste and pure in sentiment. The columns of the Maine Farmer have often been the recipient of her contributions, and just before her death she consented, by the urgent solicitation of her friends, to publish a short poem, which they prize as an evidence of her talent and of the strength of her early and guileless love and affection for her early friends and associates. Her modest, retiring, and unobtrusive character, while it caused her to shun much acquaintance with the public, endeared her to those who became intimate with her, and rendered her best beloved where best known. After suffering a lingering consumption, she passed peacefully and quietly away, and lay in the spirit land, where she will find scenes and joys more consonant with the aspirations of her soul; and where, in the progress of celestial improvement, she will become a ministering angel at the throne of God.

NOTICE.

ARROWSIC CAMP MEETING, will commence on Wednesday Sept. 1st, and hold over the Sabbath. An arrangement has been made with the steamer Phoenix to run to and from the grounds. The steamer will leave Waterville on Wednesday morning, at nine o'clock. Fare 50 cents each way.

EBEN'S SMALL, } Committee of
E. L. SMITH, } Arrangements.
JOSEPH HILL, }

Waterville, Aug. 9th 1847.

Advertisements.

TAKEN UP,

ON FORT POINT, Winslow, on the 19th inst., a Gray Four Years old COLT, with one large fore foot. The owner can have him by paying expenses. August 19. 3w. CHARLES RHODES.

FREEDOM NOTICE.

CLINTON, August 12, 1847.

THIS is to certify, that I, SAMUEL HIGGINS, have sold my son, ALEXANDER HIGGINS, the remainder of his time, which is about five years, for his paying me fifty dollars in two years. SAMUEL HIGGINS.

Attest, LUTHER RUSSELL.

TO THE LADIES!

White and sound teeth are both an ornament and a blessing. The best security for their advantage is to be found in the use of the

CIRASSIAN TOOTH POWDERS.

This elegant Dentifrice, with very little use, eradicates the scum from the gums, and prevents the accumulation of Tartar, which not only blackens but loosens the teeth, and accelerates their decay.

This Dentifrice removes the prevailing causes of offensive breath, preserves the healthfulness and firmness of the gums, and renders the teeth beautifully white, without injuring the enamel in the least, as I have prepared and used it myself these ten years, and feel confident in recommending it to the ladies.

E. H. KILBOURN, D.D.S.

P.S. Those making a thorough trial of it, and not being satisfied, by returning the box the money shall be refunded.

E. H. KILBOURN, Dental Surgeon, No. 2 Marston's Block, Waterville.

WATERVILLE

LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

The Fall term of the institution will commence on Monday, the 30th of Aug., under the charge of HENRY B. MACKEREL, M. A., President, and FRANKLIN C. Usher, and Mrs. SUSAN L. PHILLIPS, Teacher of Music.

While instruction will be given in the Ancient and Modern Languages, and in the several departments of Literature and Science, it will be the primary object of the Institute to afford the best facilities to pupils of both sexes for qualifying themselves for the business of Teaching.

The course of study for the Teachers' Class, will be essentially that pursued in the best Teachers' Seminaries in New York and Massachusetts. In addition to the useful recitations there will be held, for the class, extra day and evening sessions, such as have during former years given so much satisfaction, for the purpose of special drills and reviews, and for a practical application of the principles of School Keeping.

Individuals, also, wishing to prepare for the counting room, will find at this school a course of study marked out with direct reference to their wants.

The various branches will be pursued at the time of recitation, by a variety of useful philosophical apparatus. Familiar oral lectures will be given, during the term, on School-keeping and other subjects.

Board, \$1 50 a week. Tuition in the English branches, \$2 50 to \$4 00; Languages, \$4 00 to \$5 00.

To render the instruction more profitable, the various branches will be illustrated at the time of recitation by an extensive variety of Geographical, Astronomical, Chemical, and Philosophical Apparatus.

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THE NEW CHEAP CASH STORE.

MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF RICH AND DESIRABLE DRY GOODS, BONNETS, CARPETINGS, &c. OF THE LATEST STYLES AND PATTERNS, AND AT ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES.

GEO. S. C. DOW,

(No. 4, MAIN ST., WATERVILLE.)

Has just opened, and now offers to purchasers at wholesale or retail, the most extensive stock of USEFUL and FASHIONABLE GOODS ever shown in this vicinity: consisting in part of German, English, and American

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOESKINS,

Satinettes, Trimmings, &c. New Styles Cashmeres, M. de Laines, Gingham, Gingham Muslins, Balzoinies, Lawns, Lyons Muslins,—checked, striped, plaid and plain white Muslins and Cambrics.

SHAWLS of all kinds, at TEN PER CENT. LESS than ever before.

PRINTS in any quantity, from 1 to 25 cts. White and brown Linens, Linen Table Covers of all sizes; col'd do. do. Bleached and brown Sheetings, Drillings, Diapers, Crank, &c. Cambrics,—blue and mix'd Drillings, and other summer stuffs.

Also a great variety of RIBBONS, FLOWERS, WREATHS and TABS.

Superfine, fine and common wools, cotton, hemp and straw CARPETINGS, Brussels and other RUGS.

PAPER HANGINGS and CURTAINS of the latest designs, at very low prices.

CROCKERY WARE, FEATHERS, SHOES,

And a general assortment of WEST INDIA GOODS.

All of which were bought with great care, at the lowest rates, and will be sold at a small advance, for Cash. Purchasers will bear in mind the place:—GEO. S. C. DOW'S new cheap Cash Store, No. 4, MAIN STREET, a few doors below Williams's Hotel, WATERVILLE. S-S-1

APPRENTICE WANTED.

In a Carriage-Smith Shop. A good opportunity is offered for a lad from 15 to 18 years old. Inquire at the "Mail" Office. 4tr.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY, FALL ARRANGEMENT.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will begin on Monday, the 30th of Aug., under the direction of JAMES H. HANSON, A. M., Principal, assisted by Miss Roxana F. HANSON.

Its prominent objects are the following:—To provide, at moderate expense, facilities for a thorough course of preparation for College; to furnish a course of instruction adapted to meet the wants of teachers of Common Schools, and to excite a deeper interest in the subject of education generally.

The course of study in the department preparatory to college, has been arranged with great care, and will be pursued in Waterville College. It is not known that this arrangement exists in any other preparatory school in the State, and as this is a very important advantage, the friends of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are intending to occupy that high station, will find, in the principal, one who, from long experience as a teacher of common schools, understands fully their wants, and will put forth every effort to supply them. The rapidly increasing patronage of the school affords sufficient evidence that an enlightened and discriminating public can and will appreciate the labors of faithful professional teachers. The terms for 1847 begin on the 1st day of March, 24th of May, 20th of August, and 20th of Nov.

Tuition, &c., as formerly. Preceptress, and such other assistants as the interests of the school require. A Teacher of Music is expected. Board, \$1 50 a week. Tuition from \$5 00 to \$5 50.—Drawing \$1 00, and Music \$6 00 extra.

STEPHEN STARK, Secretary of Board of Trustees.

Waterville, Aug. 10, 1847.

DENTISTRY.

DR. KILBOURN, (late of Boston,) No. 2 Marston's Block, nearly opposite the Post-Office, WATERVILLE, ME.,

Would beg leave to call the attention of the public to his NEW PROCESS of inserting teeth, and would invite them to consult him and obtain new teeth, singly or in sets, on his new principle. Also, teeth filled, regulated, and extracted. Advice and examinations gratuitous. All operations warranted, and, as heretofore; and unless the patient is perfectly satisfied, no charge will be made.

THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

BY DR. G. W. HOLMES.

It chanced upon a washing day,
And all our things were drying;
The storm came roaring through the lines
And set them all a flying;
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches;
I lost—ah! bitterly I wept—
I lost my Sunday breeches.

I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas! too late to win them;
I saw them chase the clouds, as if
The demon had been in them.
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches;
"Farewell! farewell!" I faintly cried,
"My breeches! O, my breeches!"

That night I saw them in my dreams:
How changed from what I knew them,
The dew had steeped their faded threads,
The wind had whistled through them!
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
Where demon claws had torn them:
A hole was in their hinder parts,
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever;
But those young pantalons have gone,
For ever and for ever!
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long lost breeches.

[From the Cincinnati Signal.]

LOVE IN THE WET.

We were once in love, we were; and we think any body else, having a heart half as susceptible as ours, would have been so too—under similar circumstances.

It was on Sunday night—the weather was clear and beautiful, and the inviting peals of the church bells fell not idly on the ears of the seekers after truth. Being rather of a religious turn of mind, we joined the discourse who were seeking forgiveness in advance for the intended transgressions of the coming week, and were soon a participant in the exercises of the evening. The preacher was popular; the subject had been "given out" the Sunday previous, and the church was quite full. Everything went on smoothly until near the close of the sermon, when the audience were startled by loud and prolonged peals of thunder, followed by the half-stifled sound of heavy rain. Here was a predicament, the anticipated consequences of which were observable upon almost every face. Silk and broadcloths were evidently to suffer, and from the moment that conviction arose, the interest in the closing remarks of the preacher became an obsolete idea. Shortly after, the congregation were dismissed—then began a scene infinitely amusing.

In that vast concourse, there were, perhaps, not more than half a dozen umbrellas, the owners of which, though for the most part strangers in town, suddenly discovered that they were known to almost the entire congregation. It was our good fortune not to be one of the caught ones; though, in fact we never were caught in the rain. We edited an almanac once, and can see the weather at least twenty-four hours ahead—consequently, we had come prepared with one of Sleeper's best. This interesting fact had no sooner become known, than we became a lion of no small magnitude.

"Why, how are you, Mr. Brown, my dear fellow—how do you do?" said a dapper little chap, with a very glossy hair, catching us by the hand, and slinking it violently, as we were elbowing our way towards the door.

"My name is not Brown, sir," said we.

"No, Brown?—sir?"

"No, sir, my name is not Brown—my name is Smith."

"Ah, yes; Smith, so it is Smith; why, how do you do, Smith? It is strange I should call you Brown, when I knew your name was Smith; but the fact is, the names sound so much alike, that I invariably confound the one with the other. Quite an unexpected storm, Mr. Smith?"

"You go some distance up town, Mr. Brown—Smith, I believe?"

"No, sir, we replied, "on the contrary, I go some distance down town."

The little man suddenly recollected that he had ladies in charge, and begged we would excuse him. After shaking hands with some fifty persons whom we had never seen before, and answering innumerable inquiries relative to the state of our health, we managed to reach the door, but could get no further, as the entire space beneath the portico was densely crowded; here umbrellas were not so very scarce, but amidst the general confusion their possessors experienced some difficulty in finding the persons for whom they came. By and by the persons became somewhat thinned, and we commenced edging our way out. We had nearly reached the sidewalk, when our eyes rested on a fairy-like form, standing resignedly against one of the pillars that upheld the portico. A ray of light from the church door fell upon her person, and disclosed a face of surpassing loveliness. She appeared quite young, perhaps not more than seventeen, and seemed entirely unaccompanied, but by the occasional glance towards the street, she evidently expected some one. Here was a field for the philanthropist, beauty unaccompanied, caught in the rain, and without an umbrella, and being somewhat of a philanthropist, we at once resolved to cultivate it.

Stepping up to her, we politely and respectfully inquired if she expected company to call for her. She answered in the affirmative, but expressed fears of disappointment as it was getting late. We then tendered her our arm and umbrella! (We never lend umbrellas to strange ladies unaccompanied by ourselves.) They were accepted, and our very heart trembled as we felt the yielding softness of that exquisitely moulded arm resting upon our own. We left the church, and by turning a cross street soon found ourselves alone. The rain, in the meantime, had increased in violence; our umbrella was none of the largest, but, we contrived, by holding it over our fair charge, to keep her, at least, perfectly dry. To be sure, in consequence of this self-denial our fine plush hat was melting down fast, and our brown new coat was getting rather more than a necessary "sponging"—but what of that? Hats are cheap, and tailors are credulous; besides, divinites are not to be met with at all times. We had but one fear, and that was, that our walk would too speedily terminate. We wanted to say something sweet; but was never so much at a loss for a subject. We couldn't look up at the heavens, and talk of the stars, for there wasn't any to talk about—so in the absence of something better, we were obliged to fall back upon our favorite theme, and amathematically the city fathers for not giving us more light and flag-stone crossing at the intersection of the streets; though, for the first time in our life, we secretly blessed them for the absence of both, for the almost Egyptian darkness and the profusion of duck ponds, rendered it absolutely necessary that we should partly hand

and partly carry our fair charge over the murky watery and muddy obstacles that presented themselves. At times, when a more than usually swollen gutter rendered it necessary to clasp her hand with a sort of noncommittal fervency, we fancied—may, we were almost certain, we felt a slight tremulous response.—Oh! what bliss! what ecstasy! It sent the blood tingling to our very finger ends, and we could not help giving a squeeze less equivocal than its predecessors. We had now walked some dozen squares, and were completely wrapped in an ecstacy of our own creation, when we were startled by an exclamation from our sweet companion.

"Mercy on me! I fear I have lost the way." We at once proposed to retrace our steps and start anew. This she laughing declined, and after a minute survey of the objects around her, seemed satisfied of her whereabouts. On, on we trudged again, some dozen squares farther, when we began to felicitate ourselves upon the improbability of the termination of "our pedestrian, or rather (at least as far as we, individually, were concerned) aquatic exercises for some time to come. We had just made up our mind to the delivery of something particularly sentimental, when the musical voice of our companion put a stop to it with—

"This is our cottage."

"Our cottage! our cottage! ours!—we thought we never heard any thing half so sweet. The tone, too, in which the words were spoken—it fell upon our ear like the voice of a zephyr filtered through a honey-comb. We raised our eyes for a moment to contemplate the scene of our future devotions, and by the aid of a neighboring lamp—the result of private enterprise—discovered a cottage, indeed, a sweet little two-story building, with woodbine creeping over the windows and door. It was so quiet, too, so unobtrusive, so out of the way, so apparently inaccessible to all but love; and as we gazed enraptured upon its simplicity, visions of hours to come—hours of blissful commingling of soul with soul, flitted through our mind. Leaving the umbrella for a moment in the hand of our fairy companion, we ascended the steps, and placing our hand upon a delicate little bell-pull, rang. We waited a reasonable time, but received no answer. In the meantime, it seemed as if the roof above acted as a drain for the whole neighborhood, for it came from the caves upon our devoted head in a perfect torrent. But what did we care? We even shifted our position a few inches, so as to receive the heaviest jet, in order to show how indifferent we were to all things save her. Finding our summons not likely to be answered, we rang again. In a moment after, we heard footsteps, and the door was opened by quite a good looking young man, who yawningly inquired if it was raining. Before we had time to answer, though an answer was scarcely necessary, our divinity, who by this time had stepped into the doorway, interrupted us with—

"Permit me to make you acquainted with my husband, sir."

Then turning to that individual, she continued, "My dear, this gentleman had the kindness to tender me his arm and umbrella."

"Much obliged to you," said he, closing the door in our face.

We did not reply—we couldn't. From habit we came near saying, "You're welcome, sir," but the words stuck in our throat, and—*we ain't in love now.*

Agriculture, &c.

HEN AND CHICKENS.

A writer on the subject, and let no one say it is not an important subject—in the Rochester American, gives the result of his experience in economizing the time with hens; and we think it worthy of being communicated to our readers. All who are familiar with rearing chickens know that there are very few hens that will allow newly hatched chickens to be committed to their care when their own are a few days old.—This the writer attributes to the fact that the hen has become acquainted with her own chickens from color, marks, &c., and considers the new comers in the light of intruders which she too frequently punishes to death. To obviate this, he puts the first hen that hatches into a coop, and keeps her there with her chickens till another hatches, when he substitutes the second hen for the first leaving the charge of the former; and when another hen hatches she is put in the place of the second, with all three broods,—if the aggregate number do not exceed thirty—which he says she will take care of affectionately and efficiently.

CORN FODDER.

However farmers may differ in regard to raising corn fodder for winter food for cattle, there is no better way to settle the point than for each one to make the experiment for himself. The following is the experience of a single individual, though we have known others entirely discouraged by the first experiment.

"For a number of years I have raised corn fodder, and have derived from it great benefit in increasing the quantity of butter from my cows, at the time of year when butter always brings the highest price. I have sowed various kinds of corn for fodder, and give the preference to the northern eight rowed. Its stalks are less bulky and woody than those of the southern corn, and they are eaten with better relish and less waste. I put in the seed after I have finished other planting, about the last of May. I sow in drills about two and a half feet apart, and for dressing use a compost of one half barn-yard manure and one half meadow mud fresh from the ditch. These are forked together in a heap which will ferment in a few days, and be ready for use. Once cultivating between the rows and once hoeing, answers every purpose, as the leaves soon shade the ground, so that on taking off the crop hardly a weed is to be seen. My mode of feeding for a stock of thirteen cows, is to carry the stock to the field and strew it about thinly, so that no waste occurs. Late in the season the leaves may become withered, but what is lost in this respect is more than made up by the small ears with which the husks are then filled, and which, indeed, the cows are always sure to select before eating the stalks."

A. W. DODGE.

COLOR OF COUNTRY HOUSES.

A late number of the Horticulturist contains a fine article on the Color of Country Houses, from the pen of its editor. If its hints should receive the attention they deserve, we should, in a few years see harmony and beauty in our rural districts, where the eye is now constantly offended with glaring and offensive colors.—Scarcely anything can be more unpleasant to the eye than to approach the sunny side of a bright white house in one of our brilliant mid-summer days. Nature, full of kindness to man

has, it is well suggested, covered most of the surface that meets the eye in the country, with a soft green, so refreshing and grateful to the eye. His habitations appear to be colored on the opposite principle, and one needs in broad sunshine to turn his eyes away to relieve them by a glimpse of the agreeable shades that every where else prevail the landscapes.

Hence landscape painters studiously avoid the introduction of white in their buildings, and give some neutral tint—one which contrasts agreeably with the prevailing hues of nature around them.

It is laid down as a rule among artists that the colors of all buildings in the country should be of those soft and quiet shades called neutral tints, such as fawn, drab, gray, brown, etc., and that all positive colors, such as white, yellow, red, blue, black, etc., should be avoided. This principle of house coloring Mr. Downing adopts, and sustains by strong argument and illustration. His practical instruction is, that in proportion as a house is exposed to view, let its hues be darker, and where it is much concealed by the foliage, a very light shade of color is to be preferred. Fortunately, fashion is now setting in the right direction.

CURE FOR FOUNDERED HORSES.

As soon as you find that your horse is foundered, bleed him in the neck in proportion to the greatness of the founder. In extreme cases you may bleed him so long as he can stand up. Then draw his head up as is common in drenching, and with a spoon put upon his tongue common salt until you get him to swallow a pint. Be careful not to let him drink too much. Then anoint around the edges of his hoofs with spirits of turpentine, and your horse will be well in an hour.

A founder pervades every part of the system of a horse. The fleam arrests it from the blood, the salt arrests it from the stomach and bowels, and the spirit of turpentine arrests it from the feet and limbs.

I once rode a horse ninety-nine miles in two days, returning him at night the second day; and his owner would not have known that he had been foundered if I had not told him, and his founder was one of the deepest kind.

I once, in a journey of 700 miles, foundered my horse three times, and I do not think my journey was retarded more than one day by the misfortune, having in all cases observed and practiced the above prescription. I had known a foundered horse turned at night on green feed; in the morning he would be well, having been purged by the green feed. All founders must be attended to immediately.—S. W. Farmer.

THE BEE.

The sting of the bumble bee is not only severe, but he can sting many times in succession, as he does not lose his sting in the operation. The honey bee, on the contrary, buries his sting deep in the flesh of a person or animal, and as he tears himself away, he leaves the extremity of his body, and tears out a part of its entrails; and though he may return to the hive, he is soon killed by his fellows, as useless, or he soon dies. If a person uses leather gloves or mittens, in managing bees, when there is danger of their stinging, they lose their lives if they sting in the leather. We once counted fifty stings in a pair of leather gloves after going among bees that were enraged.—So many lives were lost, which induced us afterwards to use very thick, fringed, woolen mittens, and when the bees sting without injury, as there was no firmness in the material to hold the sting, which has beard or barbs, like those of a fish hook, that prevent their easy extraction.—Boston Cultivator.

THE IMPROVED OX-YOKE.

The Mass. Ploughman thus describes the improved Ox-Yoke—the only improvement in this article heard of during the last hundred years. It is in use in Seabrook, and found to be of great advantage to the farmer. The bows go through a slide which is fitted to a mortice in the yoke, which is made three or four inches longer than the slide, making it changeable six or eight inches, which makes the difference a long or short yoke. The mortice is made an inch wider at the bottom, than the top, with a groove in the centre, half an inch each side to rest upon, an iron bolt at each end of the mortices and one in the centre, which goes through a mortice in the slide and preserves the requisite strength. The slide is regulated by an iron hasp attached to it, and enters holes in the yoke half an inch apart, which makes it easily fitted to any yoke of cattle, from a long to a short, and to give the advantage to either ox from half an inch to six or eight inches.

CURE OF BOTS.

To make the bot or grub let go his hold, give the horse a quart of molasses or dissolved sugar with a quart of sweet milk—in thirty minutes you will find the horse at ease;—then pulverize one eighth of a pound of alum, dissolve it in a quart of warm water, and drench your horse—after which, in two hours or less, give the horse one pound of salts. It has never failed. I think this is, after all the speculations and cures I have seen, the only thing that will to a certainty remove the bots.

NOURISHMENT.—The following table of the amount of nutritious matter in different grains, is well worth preservation for reference:

100 lbs Wheat contain 85 lbs nutritious matter.			
do Rice	90	do	do
do Rye	80	do	do
do Barley	83	do	do
do Beans	89 to 92	do	do
do Peas	93	do	do
do Meat, average	35	do	do
do Potatoes	25	do	do
do Beets	14	do	do
do Carrots	14	do	do
do Greens&Trn's	8	do	do
do Bread	80	do	do

A WIFE KILLED BY HER HUSBAND.—A melancholy accident occurred near Troy, Pa., on Thursday night of this week. Sometime in the night, Mrs. Pierce, wife of Dr. J. B. Pierce, had occasion to go to the window of the chamber in which they were sleeping, leaving Dr. P. asleep. The raising of the window awoke him, and he instantly seized his gun, which was near his bedside, supposing that some one was trying to break into the house. After Mrs. P. had let down the window, she had advanced towards the bed. Dr. P. called out twice to stop, or he would fire; but she still advanced, and he fired, when she was near the muzzle of the gun—the whole charge of shot entering her breast, and she fell dead on the floor. He then fell in bed for his wife to tell her he had killed some one, when not finding her, the truth flashed upon him, that he had shot his own wife!—*Elmira Gazette.*

When we want a line or two,
To finish out a column,
To make it thus, takes up less time,
Than 'twould to search a volume.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

A. CHICK & CO.

Have just received a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's
GAITER BOOTS, SHOES, POLKAS,
BUSKINS AND TIES.

Of every color and quality. Also, a general assortment of Boots and Shoes for men and boys.

CUSTOM BOOTS AND SHOES.

For Gentlemen and Ladies, manufactured in the best style and manner.

Stock and Findings for sale.

CONSUMPTION CURED!

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

BUCHAN'S

HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE,



The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!

THE most celebrated and infallible remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balm of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchanan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain, and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States under the immediate superintendence of the inventor.

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balm, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agents in soliciting for treatment the *Worst Possible Cases* that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished Physicians and Chemists of Europe. The Hungarian Balm has cured, and will cure, the most desperate cases. It is no quack nostrum, but a standard English Medicine, of known and established efficacy.

TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchanan's Hungarian Balm of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendency, but also to be used as a preventive medicine in all cases of Colds, Coughs, pitting of Blood, Pain in the Side and Chest, Irritation and Swelling of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Hectic Fever, Night Sweats, Emaciation and General Debility, Asthma, Indigestion, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

AGENTS.—Waterville, C. R. PHILLIPS; Norridgewock, Blunt & Turner; Skowhegan, White & Norris; Athens, A. Ware; Anson, Rodney Collins; Mercer, Hannibal Ingalls; Farmington, J. W. Perkins; Augusta, J. E. Ladd, and by the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England. 1-1-y

None genuine without the written signature of the American Agent on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

AGENTS.—Waterville, C. R. PHILLIPS; Norridgewock, Blunt & Turner; Skowhegan, White & Norris; Athens, A. Ware; Anson, Rodney Collins; Mercer, Hannibal Ingalls; Farmington, J. W. Perkins; Augusta, J. E. Ladd, and by the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England. 1-1-y

DR. WARREN'S
SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO, & WILD
CHERRY PHYSICAL BITTERS.

AT FIFTY CTS. PER BOTTLE.

SARSAPARILLA, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters, have now become a standard remedy, and are approved by Physicians as a safe, speedy and effectual remedy for Scrophulous, Mercurial and Cutaneous Diseases; Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilious Disorders, Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Weakness and Stomach Ulcers and Running Sores, Swelling of the Limbs, Pain in the Bones, Tumors in the Throat, Rheumatic Affections, Scalds, Rheum, Erysipelas, and all Eruptions on the face or body, Cancerous Sores, Kings Evil, chronic Catarrh, Languor, Debility, Headache, Dizziness, Sallow Complexion, and all those disorders which arise from the impurities of the blood, or from an impure taint in the blood, no matter how acquired.

The extract here presented is prepared after directions given by the celebrated Dr. Warren, whose name it bears, and will be found superior to any preparation of the kind now in use. It is highly concentrated, entirely vegetable, and very finely flavored to the taste. The change which it produces in the condition and tendency of the system is speedy and permanent.

As a Spring Medicine for purifying the blood, strengthening the stomach and bowels, and checking all consumptive habits, the Sarsaparilla, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters are entirely unrivalled.

Prepared and sold by DAVID F. BRADLEE, at the *Magnificent* (Magazine of Health) 130 Washington street Boston, General Agents, and by the following Agents in New England: Dr. J. E. Ladd, and by the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England. 1-1-y

THE PILLS!
A CURE FOR LIFE SECURED!
DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

FOR THE CURE OF PILES, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Swelling and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; Hemorrhoids, and Mercurial Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the Relief of Married Ladies.

THE GETTABLE PILE ELECTUARY, Invented by Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished Physician of New York city, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the afflicted public. It is a simple, safe, and effectual REMEDY—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External, and is equally successful in the cure of Hemorrhoids, and is a mistake about it. It is a positive cure—speedy and permanent. It is also a convenient medicine to take, and improves the general health in a remarkable manner.

Each Box contains twelve doses, at \$1.25 cts. per dose. It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications are in the highest degree disagreeable, inconvenient and offensive; and from the very nature, temporary in their effects. This medicine attacks the disease at its source, and REMOVING THE CAUSE, renders the cure permanent and permanent.

CURE FOR LIFE GUARANTEED.—The Electuary contains NO MINERAL MEDICINE; NO ALOES, COLICYNT, GAMBROO, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change of diet necessary. It takes according to direction a cure for life is guaranteed.

Pamphlets giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of Agents, gratis. D. F. Bradlee, 130 Washington Street, Boston, General Agent for the New England States.

Great Success of Upham's Pile Electuary.
PORTLAND, ME., March 14, 1847.

DR. UPHAM—My Dear Sir:—I cannot express to you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the wonderful cure I have experienced by the use of your truly valuable Pile Electuary. I have been a perfect martyr to the Bleeding Piles for 10 years past, so that I became reduced to almost a skeleton, with loss of appetite, and general debility of the digestive organs. My eyes also became affected, and in fact was in misery to myself. I was obliged to give up my business. I had tried all kinds of medicine, but the best advice the Doctors in Boston and this place could afford, spent much money—and twice submitted to painful operations. I had become tired of life, and at the suggestion of my friends, I was induced to try a box of your medicine. The first found to relieve me slightly, still I persevered, and purchased a second, and I assure you, when I got half through, I found myself getting well, still I kept on, and now I am a well man. My dear Sir, language cannot express my heartfelt thanks that I am once more restored to health, and now in a condition to support my large family, dependent on me. You can use this as you please. Yours, respectfully, SAMUEL CARROLL.

AGENTS.—Waterville, W. DYER; Norridgewock, Blunt & Turner; Skowhegan, White & Norris; Athens, A. Ware; Anson, Rodney Collins; Mercer, Hannibal Ingalls; Farmington, J. W. Perkins; Augusta, J. E. Ladd, and by the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England. 1-1-y

MONRO'S
RHEUMATIC MIXTURE.
THIS is the greatest article ever offered for RHEUMATISMS, SPRAINS, AND BRUISES.

It will cure the worst case of Rheumatism in three or four times using it. It will satisfy every one who tries it. Sole agent in Waterville, WILLIAM DYER. Agent in Winslow, C. C. Cornish & Co. 6-2

NEW SPRING GOODS.

Parker & Phillips,

(At the Store recently occupied by Wm. H. Blair & Co.)

WOULD inform their friends and the public, that they have just received one of the most extensive stocks of Goods, adapted to the season, ever before offered in this town: Consisting in part of

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

DOESKINS, SATINETTS, TWEEDS, GAMBROONS, AND DENIMS OF ALL COLORS,

NEW RICH STYLES OF

CASHMERES, MOUS. DE LAINES, GINGHAMS,

GINGHAM MUSLINS—FIG'D, GRADUATED, AND PLAIN LAWNS,

Balzorcines—wrought French, Organdie and Lyons Muslins, Oregon Plaids, striped, plaid and plain white Cambrics, English and American Prints, of all descriptions. Also a complete assortment of

SHAWLS,

Hosiery, bleached and brown Sheetings, Drillings and Linens, white, brown and cold Table Covers, Table Linens, white English Flannels, Furniture Patches, and cold Cambrics. Also

PARASOLS, PARASOLETTES, AND SUN SHADES,

Victoria and Hair-cloth Robes, Linen and Lawn Hdk's, black Silk and Fancy Cravats, &c. Together with a Large Assortment of

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES,

CROCKERY WARE, FEATHERS, LOOKING-GLASSES, BOOTS, SHOES, &c., All of which were selected with great care, and will be sold as cheap as can be bought on the Kennebec River.

Purchasers are respectfully invited to call and examine our goods, before purchasing elsewhere.

Waterville, May 13, 1847.

9-2

BARGAINS.

The following remarkably cheap goods may be found at

G. S. C. DOW'S

CHEAP CASH STORE.

20 dozen White Cotton Hose, at 6-1-4 c.
20 " Very Heavy " 12-1-2
20 " Linen Hdk's, 8-1-3
20 " Corded Hdk's, 30
Fast Col'd Prints, a good article, 6-1-4
Another lot of those cheap Satinets, 1 c.
1200 papers more " Pins, 2 c.

Waterville, May 6, 1847. 8-6-1

THE DAILY NATIONAL WHIG is published in the city of Washington, every day, at three o'clock P.M. Sundays excepted, and served to Subscribers in the City, at the Navy Yard, in Georgetown, in Alexandria, and in Baltimore, the same evening, at 8 1/2 and a quarter Cents each, payable to the sole agent of the Whig, Gilchrist, Esq., or his order. It is also mailed to any part of the United States for \$1 per annum, or \$2 for six months, payable in advance. Advertisements of ten lines or less inserted one time for 50 cents, two times for 75 cents, three times for \$1, one week for \$1.75, two weeks \$2.75, one month for \$4, two months for \$7, three months for \$10, six months for \$16, one year for \$30, payable all ways in advance.

The National Whig is what its name indicates. It speaks the sentiments of the Whig party of the Union on every question of public policy. It advocates the election to the Presidency of Zachary Taylor, subject to the decision of a Whig National Convention. It makes war on the knaves upon all measures and acts of the Administration, deemed to be adverse to the interests of the country, and exposes without fear or favor the corruptions of the party in power. Its columns are open to every man in the country; for the discussion of political or any other question.

In addition to politics, a large space in the National Whig will be devoted to publications upon Agriculture, Mechanics, and other useful Science in general, Law, Medicine, Statistics, &c. Choice specimens of American and Foreign Literature will also be given, including Reviews. A weekly Letter column, edited by the Whig, will be published, and will be the whole family newspaper.

The Weekly National Whig, one of the largest Newspapers in the United States, is made up of the contents of the Daily National Whig, and is published every Saturday, for the low price of \$2 per annum, payable in advance. A double sheet of eight pages will be given whenever the press of matter shall justify it.

The Memoirs of Gen. Taylor, written expressly for the National Whig, are in course of publication. They commenced with the second number, and are now in the hands of copies of which have been printed, to supply calls for back numbers. CHARLES W. FENTON, Proprietor of the National Whig.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

L. S. McFARLAND,
CARRIAGE-TRIMMER & HARNESS-MAKER.

Has removed his place of business to the building next North of the Post Office, where he will be happy to serve his friends and the public. He does not flatter himself that he will work cheaper than others, but assures them that his work shall be of the very best quality.

Waterville, June, 1847.

FARMERS, ATTENTION!
200 TONS OF PLASTER.

Of the best quality, just received and for sale by W. D. Moor, at their mill near the steamboat landing, where a good supply of fresh ground will be kept constantly on hand. Please call at