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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 05): August 26, 1847

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 26, 1847.

NO. 5.

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.

ROBERT BURNS.

BY MONTGOMERY.

What bird in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soared as strong,
As ever child of air!

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns,
For whim or pleasure, change;
He was not one, but all, by turns,
With transmigration strange:—

The Blackbird, oracle of Spring,
When flow'd his moral lay;
The Swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play!

The Humming bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The Raven, in the tempest gloom;
The Halcyon in the calm:—

In "auld-kirk Alloway," the Owl,
At witching time of night;
By "Bonnie Doon," the earliest fowl
That carol'd to the light.

He was the Wren amid the grove,
When flow'd his moral lay;
At Bannockburn the bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train:—

The Woodcock, in his mournful hours;
The Goldfinch in his mirth;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth:—

The Swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But roused—like Falcon in the chase
Quell'd, like his satirist, kill:—

The Linnet, in simplicity;
In tenderness, the Dove;
But more than all beside, was he
The Nightingale, in love.

Oh! had he never stooped to shame,
Nor lent a countenance,
How had devotion lov'd to name
That Bird of Paradise!

Peace to the dead! In Scotia's choir,
Of minstrels, great and small,
He sprang from her spontaneous fire,
The Phoenix of them all.

Miscellany.

THE MODERN
HAROUN-AL-RISCHID.

FROM GEN. HILKE'S "LIFE OF NAPOLEON."

Napoleon was very fond of walking in the streets of Paris, incognito, in search of adventures. On these occasions he generally wore a round hat and a long blue coat, in which his appearance was not altogether prepossessing. In consequence of this he was occasionally received with a coolness and indifference to which, in propria persona, he was not accustomed. One morning, shortly before Christmas, he arose as early as seven, and accompanied by Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace, (who wore the same sort of disguise as Napoleon,) left the Tuilleries just as day was breaking. After a walk through the Palace Vendôme, thence to the Rue de la Paix—where he much admired the splendid mansions which had been recently erected there. Chatting familiarly with Duroc, he observed—

"It seems that the Parisians in this quarter are very lazy, to keep their shops shut at this time of day."

Discussing thus, they arrived at the Chinese Bath rooms, which had been recently painted and embellished. As they were criticizing the exterior, the café which belonged to the establishment opened.

"Suppose we enter and breakfast here," said Napoleon to Duroc; "what do you say? Has not your walk given you an appetite?"

"Sir, it is too early; it is only eight o'clock."

"But! your watch is always too slow! As for me, I am quite hungry. Afterwards we can return home."

And without waiting for an answer, Napoleon entered the café, took his seat at the table called for the waiter, ordered a bottle of champagne, wine, and having breakfasted heartily, and taken a cup of coffee, which he protested was better than he was supplied with at the Tuilleries, he called the waiter and demanded the bill, saying to Duroc, "Pay, and let us return now;" then rising and going to the door, he began to whistle an Italian recitative, endeavoring to appear at ease. The Grand Marshal rose at the same time; but after fruitlessly searching his pockets, found that having dressed in haste he had forgotten his purse, and he well knew that Napoleon never carried any money about him. Nevertheless the waiter came and presented his bill to the Marshal, who stood mute with surprise at not being able to discharge it, although the amount was only twelve francs. Napoleon not knowing what detained Duroc, and not accustomed to be kept waiting re-entered, saying impatiently—

"Come, make haste, it is late."

The Grand Marshal, now comprehending the unpleasant situation in which he was placed, and thinking that the best way to get out of it was to avow frankly his inability to discharge the debt, approached the mistress of the café (who sat silent and indifferent at the counter,) and said politely and confidently—

"Madame, my friend and myself left home this morning a little precipitately, we quite forgot to bring our purses—but I give you my word that in an hour I will send you the amount of your bill."

"It may be so, sir," coldly replied the lady, "but I know neither of you, and we are every day taken in this manner. Do you think that?"

Madame, interrupted the Grand Marshal, reddening with rage at this answer, "we are men of honor—and we are officers of the guard."

"O, yes; fine excuses, truly! Officers of the guard, indeed!"

At these words—men of honor and officers of the guard—which Napoleon had overheard, he turned, and in a voice which had caused heroes to tremble, demanded—

"What is all this about?"

But at a sign from Duroc, he remained impatiently where he was. The waiter now stepped forward, and volunteered to be answerable for the debt, with which assurance the mistress of the café was satisfied. Duroc regarded the young man with surprise, and drawing from his pocket a gold watch encircled with brilliants, said to him—

"My friend, you have acted nobly; keep this watch till I return to recompense you."

"Sir," said the waiter, "I have no wish to take it; I felt convinced that you are men of honor."

"Good my friend," said the Grand Marshal, "you shall never repent your confidence in us."

He then rejoined the Emperor. Duroc recounted the particulars of the adventure to Napoleon, who laughed heartily and was pleased with the generosity of poor waiter, who had become security for them without knowing who they were.

On their way to the palace, they came to the passage Des Panoramas, which was then one of the most elegant passages or covered ways in Paris. There a shop attracted the attention of Napoleon. It contained a fine collection of porcelain vases. Two superb ones were exposed to view, and appearing to the Emperor very tasteful, he entered the shop and demanded the price. The mistress of the shop, with a sneer on her countenance, coolly asked if he wished to purchase them.

"Why, madame, I should not have asked the price, unless I had thought of purchasing them," said Napoleon, irritated by the cool imputation of the woman.

"Four thousand francs, (160)—not a sou less, sir."

"Four thousand francs!—that is horribly dear, madame; much too dear for me."

And touching his hat, he was about to leave the shop, when the merchant, with her hands in her pockets, added, sarcastically—

"They cost me five thousand, but it is better to sell below cost in these times than starve. There are fine things now-a-days! always war! All the world complains! Business is at a standstill now, and the shopkeepers are ruined; but we do not pay less taxes."

During the address, Napoleon's countenance became highly expressive—his eyes flashed, his cheeks were flushed with rage; at length he interrupted her by saying—

"Madame, have you a husband? Where is he? Can I see him?"

"Eh! la, la! don't be angry, monsieur! I have a husband, thank heaven, but he has gone to seek for money. But what can you want with him when I am here?"

"Enough, madame, enough! I wished to tell your husband that—perhaps I should send for these vases."

He then left the shop, disgusted with merchant, whose coolness and politics had so much exasperated him.

"Faith," said he, when he had joined Duroc, "I have had a sound lecture from a foolish woman, who seems to attend more to politics than to her business! O! I will have her husband's head shaved! it is his fault."

The Emperor and the Grand Marshal now returned to the Tuilleries, having both met with adventures, the one with a shopkeeper, and the other with a waiter.

About six weeks after these occurrences, Napoleon said one evening to Duroc—

"I have nothing to do now, suppose we go and see how the shops look. By-the-by, how did you settle the affair at the Chinese Baths?"

"Indeed, sire, I am glad you have mentioned the subject, for I had quite forgotten all about it."

"That is wrong, Duroc, very wrong. I may be allowed to forget such trifles, but you—"

"Sir, I will immediately make the amende honorable."

"Yes, do; and let it be done in a way which will please me; you understand. At the same time let the female politician be ordered to send her husband here, with the two vases which I looked at when I paid her a visit. I am somewhat in her debt. Ah, ah! 'tis my turn now, and we shall see."

Duroc having given precise directions to one of the imperial footmen, despatched him to the Chinese Baths, when he thus addressed the mistress of the café—

"Madame, did not two gentlemen breakfast here about six weeks since, without settling their bill?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the lady; very much troubled, seeing that the inquirer wore the livery of the palace.

"Well, madame, those gentlemen were the Emperor and the Grand Marshal of the Palace. Can I see the waiter who became security for them?"

"Yes, certainly, sir."

The mistress rang the bell, and felt very uneasy; she thought of nothing else but going to the palace, and imploring the forgiveness of the Emperor. When the waiter appeared, the footman gave him a roll of fifty Napoleons, and said to him—

"In addition to this, the Grand Marshal has charged me to say, that if you have any favor to ask for yourself or friends, he will be most happy to grant it."

The name of the waiter was Dragens; he hastened to accept the kind offer of the Grand Marshal, who instantly made him one of the imperial footmen. He soon gained the confidence of the Empress Josephine, and became her special attendant. After her divorce, he accompanied her to Malmaison, and—singular destiny of men at his time—eventually entered the service of Wellington in 1814.

ately ushered into the presence of Napoleon, who thus addressed him:

"So, sir, I have found you out at last—I am glad to see you here."

Then taking from the desk eight bank notes for a thousand francs each, he presented them to the dealer, who was trembling with fear, and with great difficulty advanced to receive them. And now with that peculiar sarcastic brevity with which he invariably spoke, when he wished to reproach, he added:

"I went the other day to your shop. I bargained for two vases; your wife asked four thousand francs, telling me they cost her five thousand. Well, although that was a falsehood, I now give you eight thousand; take them. There are four for the vases and four for yourself. But tell your wife that if she does not attend to her domestic affairs instead of politics, morbleu! I will send her where she will be taken care of, and you too, to teach you both to be more silent. Go, sir;—that is all I have to say to you! Bon soir!"

ANIMAL AFFECTION.

Messrs. Gonder & Co., contractors on the Boston water works, had a valuable cart horse severely injured a few days since, near Cochituate village. The animal was led home to the stable, where about fifty horses are generally kept. The hostler owns a water spaniel, who for some months has been constantly about among the horses in the stable, living on terms of great friendship with them. Immediately after the disabled horse was led in, he laid down and began to exhibit signs of great distress. The spaniel at once ran to the horse and commenced fawning around him, licking the poor animal's face, and in divers other ways manifesting his sympathy with the sufferer. The struggles and groans of the horse being continued, the dog sought his master, and drew his attention to the wounded horse, and manifested great satisfaction when he found his master employed in bathing the wounded animal, and otherwise ministering to his wants. The hostler continued his care of the horse until late in the night, and then called the dog to go home; but the affectionate creature would not leave his suffering friend, and continued by him all night. And up to the time we last heard from the dog—forty-eight hours after the horse was injured—the faithful spaniel had not left the suffering horse day nor night, for a minute, not even to eat; and from his appearance, it is believed that he has scarcely slept at all. He is constantly on the alert; not suffering any one to come near the horse, except those attached to the stable, and the owner of the animal; and his whole appearance is one of extreme distress and anxiety. He often lays his head on the horse's neck, caresses him and licks around his eyes; which kindness the poor horse acknowledges by a grateful look and other signs of recognition.—*Traveller.*

The poor wounded horse, whose case we mentioned yesterday, is dead. The faithful and affectionate spaniel remained by the horse to the last, and then, in company with another dog, followed the carcass half a mile to the place of burial, and was with difficulty induced to leave the spot.—*Id.*

PRAISEWORTHY.

The Boston Post of Saturday week, after relating the circumstances of the loss of the schr. Camilla, run down by the tow boat R. B. Forbes, and the admission of the captain of the schooner, who had lost his all, that the steamer was not to blame, adds:—

In possession of these facts, Captain Forbes and Thomas Lamb, Esq., the managing committee of the tow-boat, called a meeting of the owners, and laid these particulars before them, and to their honor be it recorded, the meeting unanimously agreed that Capt. Nickerson should lose nothing by his disaster, and authorized the committee to act accordingly. Capt. Forbes and Mr. Lamb then gave orders to have the schooner raised and repaired, to sell at auction her damaged cargo, and have it replaced by new, and also that the schooner's master and crew should remain on board the steamer until their own vessel was ready.

When Captain Nickerson heard this decision, the tears of gratitude dimmed his eyes; and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed—

"This is indeed kind, very kind! I laid down last night as poor as a beggar; this morning I'm as rich as a prince. God bless these kind gentlemen, and may they never know what it is to want themselves."

By this act of noble disinterestedness the owners of the steamer R. B. Forbes have done honor to themselves and have made glad the heart of a poor man, whose hope was ready to perish.

A MONSTER.

By the recent news from California, the following statement is made, in connection with the party of emigrants who suffered so much by cold and starvation:

Among the number of this unfortunate party was a miscreant, by the name of Keysberg, who left the States in Col. Russell's company. He had a wife with him, and contrived, at the extremity of their sufferings, to send her to the California settlements, when relieved by persons who went out to aid them. This villain remained behind to rob the dead and living of their property. A family of the name of Donner, of Springfield, Ill., was robbed by him of about \$4000, which he carried off with other spoils.

He was suspected, threatened, and finally preparations were made to hang him up, and then he disclosed the places where the money was to be found. To add to the enormity of his offences, he is said to have boasted of having lived, for a time, upon the dead body of Mrs. George Donner, even when provisions were within his reach. Other enormities are told of this devil incarnate, but he survived them all and was employed in the army at the last accounts.

OAK HALL. The following anecdote is said to have almost lifted Simmons, the proprietor of Oak Hall, out of his boots:

A good story is told by a young man recently returned from China, about a native there who had learned a little English. The native inquired of the young man where he was from.

"From America," said the young man.

"America—where is that? Somewhere near Oak Hall, isn't it?"

CHIVALROUS CONDUCT OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

I have had to record, of late, so many examples of the degrading corruption which exists in the French Government, that it is absolutely refreshing to find in my note-book an instance of noble honor, which would have been applauded in the most unsullied days of chivalry. Some months since the Marquis de Pastoret was summoned to Venice, by Henry V., on business relating to the fallen dynasty, he so loyally clings to, and fearing that his hotel might be searched by the police, during his absence, entrusted a box containing his most important papers to the Countess de Guerin, who passed for one of the most staunch royalists in the Faubourg St. Germain. Returning last week, he lost no time in reclaiming this precious deposit.

"My dear Marquis," said the Countess, with a downcast air, "you know that I am unfortunate. The revolution of 1830 ruined me, and I cannot resist the first opportunity of re-establishing my position in society that has offered itself; and I must demand from you 60,000 francs for your box of papers, so compromising to yourself and friends!"

The Marquis, though indignant, behaved as a gentleman should do.

"Madame," he replied, "your conduct is unqualifiable, but my blind confidence is more so—and I must pay for my faults. I have not, as you may expect, the money in my pocket, but will send my secretary with it to-morrow. Adieu!"

No sooner had he left the room than the Countess thought she might have extorted a larger sum, and with that rapidity of action which accompanies crime, started for the Prefecture de Police, carrying with her the box of papers. Declaring that she had a communication of high importance to make, M. Delesert received her at once, and after informing him that she had papers so valuable that the Marquis de Pastoret had offered 80,000 francs for them, she declared her willingness to sell them to Government for 100,000.

"It is an important affair," said M. Delesert, "and I dislike acting on my own responsibility. The King is at the Tuilleries this morning, and we will go to him at once."

This the Countess did not exactly like, but there was no alternative, and in half an hour she was stammering out her treacherous offer to Louis Philippe.

"100,000 francs is a good deal of money to pay," said the King, "especially as you retain possession of the papers and I cannot judge of their value."

"But here is the box containing them," answered the Countess, handing it over at the same time.

The King took it, stepped to the door, and gave it, unopened, to an aid-de-camp, saying: "Take this box to the Marquis de Pastoret, and tell him that Louis Philippe is happy to be able to serve him."

Then turning to the trembling countess he continued:—

"As for you, madame, I advise you to remember that 'honesty is the best policy,' and left the room, while the conscience-stricken woman slunk out of the palace like a sheep-stealing dog.—*Boston Atlas.*

TURKISH DECLARATION OF WAR, IN 1663.

"By the grace of God, the great God in heaven:—

We, Molo, Mahomet, God of the earth, renowned and powerful Emperor of Babylon and Judea, from the rising to the setting of the sun, king of all earthly kings, mighty ruler of Arabia and Mauritania, born triumphant sovereign of Jerusalem, possessor of the tomb of Christ, the crucified, declare to the emperor of Germany, to the King of Poland, and all the chiefs of the land, and the Pope of Rome, his cardinals and bishops, that we are resolved to attack thee with thirteen kings, two millions and three thousand men on horseback, with Turkish courage, unknown to thee and thine. We will visit thee at Vienna, thy capital, and pursue thee and the King of Poland, and all thy allies, sword in hand, burning, plundering, murdering and destroying thy country and subjects. As for thee, thou shalt suffer the most horrible death that can be imagined. As thy government is weak and cruel even among Christians, we will wrest from thee, with fire and sword, thy empire, and likewise overthrow and annihilate the see of Rome and its triple crown.

This, Emperor of Germany, and King of Poland, is our declaration to thee, and all thy dependents, and we moreover inform thee, that these words will be speedily followed by deeds, for thou hast to hold thyself in readiness.—

Given in our powerful city of Stambul, containing one thousand six hundred and fifty streets, ninety hospitals, one thousand public baths, nine hundred and ninety-seven fountains, one hundred and fifty-one stables, for mules and jackasses, four hundred and eighty inns for foreigners, one thousand six hundred and thirty-two great and small schools, four thousand one hundred and twenty-two mosques and churches. This great and powerful city is four German miles in circumference, and on its walls are five hundred and sixty-seven strong towers.—

Our ancestors wrested it from the hands of the Christians, whose wives and children were murdered before their eyes. Thus will we treat thee and all Christians to prove our hatred and disdain.

Given in the twenty-fifth year of our age, and the seventh of our potent reign.

Signed MOLO MAHOMET.

BENEDICTION OF THE NEVA.

At St. Petersburg, there is annually a singular and interesting ceremony. The celebrated traveler, Dr. Clarke, was present at the ceremony, some years since, which he thus describes:—

"The benediction of the waters of the Neva takes place on the 6th of January, (Old Style) and was formerly celebrated with great splendor and magnificence, on the river. At present, a small temple, of an octagon form, made of wood, painted and adorned with crosses and pictures, representing parts of the history of John the Baptist, is erected on the Admiralty Canal; an inclosure is formed around it, and within is a hole cut in the ice. A platform, covered with scarlet cloth, leads from the palace to the temple; along which the procession advances, consisting of the archbishop, accompanied by bishops and dignitaries of the church, the imperial family, and persons attached to the court. Having arrived at the temple, different prayers are recited; after

which, the archbishop descends a ladder, placed within the octagon building, and dips the cross thrice in the water; the benediction being pronounced at the same time. Some of the water is then taken up in a vessel, and sprinkled on the surrounding spectators. The military, with their standards; the religious orders, in their different dresses; the presence of the imperial family; and the crowds of people assembled together, form a very striking scene. The last occasion on which Peter the Great appeared in public, was at the celebration of this ceremony. He was previously indisposed; a severe cold attacked him on the day of the benediction of the waters, increased his disorder, and in a short time brought on his death. At the celebration of a ceremony of the same kind, which was instituted in the early period of the empire, at Moscow, an image of the Holy Virgin was plunged into the river; the water was blessed by the patriarch; and the Tsar, and the persons of the court who were present, were sprinkled with it."

EXECUTION OF A BOY.

BY AN ENGLISH HANGMAN.

A few years ago I was called out of town to hang a little boy, who had been convicted of killing with malice aforethought. If guilty, he must have been in the habit of going to see executions. Ten thousand came to dabble in the poor young creature's blood. That was the youngest fellow creature I ever handled in the way of our business; and a beautiful child he was, too, as you have seen by the papers, with a straight nose, large blue eyes and golden hair. I have no children, and under other circumstances might have envied the parents of that beautiful boy. As it was, I wondered if they would see me do the deed. I have no heart, no feelings; who has in our calling?—

But those who came to see me strangle that tender youngster have hearts and feelings as we once had. Have!—no,—had: for what they saw was fit to make those as hard as your servant and master.

"They saw that stripling lifted, frightened and fainting, on to the gallows; his smooth cheek the color of wood ashes—his little limbs trembling, and his bosom heaving sigh after sigh, as if the body and soul were parting without any help."

This was downright murder, for there was scarcely any life to take out of him. When I began to pull the cap over his boyish face, he pressed his hands together, (his arms, you know, were corded fast to his body,) and gave me a beseeching look, just as a calf would lick a butcher's hand. But cattle do not speak; this creature sobbed out, "Pray, sir, don't hurt me!" "My dear," answered I, "you should have spoken to my master; I'm only the journeyman, and must do as I am bid."

This made him cry, which seemed to relieve him, and I do believe I should have cried myself if I had not heard shouts from the crowd, "Poor lamb!—shame!—murder!" "Quick!" said the sheriff. "Ready!" said I. The reverend gentleman gave me the wink—the drop fell—one kick—and the little fellow swung, to and fro, dead as the feelings of the Christian people of England.

The crowd dispersed, some swearing, some weeping with passionate exclamations, some cursing as if hell had broken loose, and some laughing while they cracked jokes on you and me and the dangling corpse. They had come for the sight. They would come to see an angel murdered. They had come to get drunk with strong excitement; they went back reeling and filthy with the hot debauch. They had come to riot in the passion of fear and pity; they went back, some in a fever of rage, some burning with hate, some hardened in heart, like me or you; all sunk down in their own respect, ready to make light of pain and blood, corrupted by the indecent show, and more fit than ever to make work for us—the judge and hangman.

HORRIBLE. Sad stories are told in some of the letters from Algiers. In Marshal Bugeaud's invasion of Algiers, a battle lasted from five in the afternoon till the next morning. Several villages were taken, some of which had a population of 6000. A correspondent of the Paris National adds:

The troops, excited by the heat of the combat, rushed headlong into the villages, and completely sacked them. The booty was immense. Numerous jars filled with olive oil were broken, and their contents allowed to flow about the streets; and the fire of the burning houses, gaining this liquid, a horrible spectacle presented itself. All the inhabitants who came within reach of our soldiers were put to the sword. In the midst of this frightful melee, a Kabyle chief, of athletic form, was seen forcing his way to the Marshal, and having come up, entreated him, in terms of humble supplication, to put a stop to the devastation, and he and his people would immediately make submission. In the accents of his voice, and in the expression of his countenance, there was so much sincerity as well as grief, that the Marshal ordered the three cannon to be fired, and the destruction and plunder at once ceased. This was to the great regret of the Marshal, who said he wished that he had been more violently attacked, in order that the destruction might have been more complete, and the lesson more severe.

This is severe enough, we should suppose; and we hope the Marshal did not commit any sin, as the American soldiers sometimes do, by using profane language! This would render the French war in Africa unchristian.

SLANDER vs. TRUTH.

I once heard an aged man, whose days had been full of wisdom, and who was respected by all who knew him, say that an habitual slanderer was always more or less of a liar, and that one who was in any degree disposed to censure unjustly his neighbors' actions, or to judge unwisely of his motives, was in danger of proportionally violating the truth. There is, indeed, a beautiful and close relationship between charity and truth. They seek each other's company, and where one is found, it is seldom that the other is wanting.

To show what kind of a Messiah it is that the Jews are awaiting, it is related that after Cromwell, by the lofty tone of his government and vigor of his arms, had filled the world with his fame, an Asiatic Jew came to Eng-

land for the purpose of investigating his pedigree, expecting to find in him the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

Latest Foreign News.

BY THE CAMBRIA.

The steamship Great Britain has been raised two and a half feet, and there is now a fair prospect of again restoring her to her element.

The women of the Sunderbund Cantons of Switzerland have formed themselves into a military body, amounting in number to 672. They carry muskets or carbines, have officers, pass-words, and in fact, a complete military organization.

On the 20th July, a motion of Mr. Brotherton was carried, for a copy of the letter from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to her Britannic Majesty's Minister at Washington, acknowledging the donation in food and money of the legislature and citizens of the United States of America, for the relief of the famine in Ireland. It was stated in connection with the motion, that one committee in America had raised a sum of not less than £109,000, and another of £60,000.

The Augsburg Gazette states that on the 8th June, a terrible combat took place between a Russian division commanded by General Lepski, and the mountaineers under the orders of Mohammed Juba. Nearly 5000 fell on the field, neither party claiming the victory. The Circassians are greatly in want of gunpowder, it is said, three hundred Turkish piastres the pound for it.

On the 16th June, a large force of ten battalions of infantry, and several divisions of dragoons, cossacks, and militia, under Woronzow, was repulsed in an attack upon the village of Gengebil, in Daghestan. The mountaineers allowed the Russian troops to come close to the walls of the village, when they opened upon them a most destructive fire.—There fell in the fight two majors, six superior officers, and 119 privates; wounded, twenty-eight staff and superior officers, and 463 privates.

Donations of Food from U. States. In the House of Commons, on the 20th ult., the subject of American benefactions to Ireland was brought up. Mr. Brotherton, Mr. William Brown, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Morpeth, all spoke in terms of great kindness and gratitude towards the people of the United States for their prompt and efficient aid to suffering Ireland. Mr. Brown alluded particularly to the fact that part of the donations came from our red brethren of the West. Palmerston said that the only regret he felt was, that although the letter of the Secretary of the State for Foreign Affairs, acknowledging the donations from the United States, expressed in strong terms the feelings of her Majesty's Government and of the whole British nation, still no terms could be employed adequately to convey their feelings of thankfulness, and their admiration of the conduct of their brethren of U. States. And his lordship expressed himself happy in the belief, that these measures would serve to cement, in the strongest manner, those ties which ought to unite kindred nations.

SWITZERLAND. In Switzerland political troubles appear to threaten several cantons.—Nearly one thousand women have formed themselves into a military body, and carry muskets.

The Gazette Nationale states that at the conference of Brunnen, an Austrian emissary had offered the chiefs of the League, in the name of his Cabinet, the funds necessary to carry on the war against the liberal cantons. A sum of 200,000 francs was believed to have been already lodged by that emissary in the coffers of Lucerne; 60 chests, containing 1,200 Austrian muskets had arrived at Schütz, by the St. Gothard road, 600 of which were immediately given to the volunteers of the Marche. According to the Nouvelle Vaudoise, warlike preparations are making in several districts of the Canton of Fribourg. Ammunition, it says, has been placed at the disposal of the Syndics, who only await orders to distribute it among the people. The clergy have so fanaticized the peasants, particularly at St. Martin, near Onen, that the poor idiots entirely neglect their field work. They are now engaged in converting scythes into lances, and others are armed with pitchforks, reaping hooks, axes, &c.

RUSSIA.—The Polish Conspiracy. On the 2d of August, it was expected that the trial of the Poles, accused of high treason, would open Berlin, to continue, probably, for an uninterrupted period of three months. The number of persons accused 257, and the acts of information laid against them, it is said, extend over 1000 volumes. Twenty-one lawyers, several of whom are acquainted with the Polish language, have been retained, partly by the accused and partly by the State, for the defence. Among the impeached, are Counts Constantine, Ignatius, Brinski, Edward Grabowski, Severin, Mielzynski, and twenty-four other noblemen. They are charged with high treason in attempting to restore to Poland the integral state she enjoyed before 1772—that is, an independent Polish State, based upon democratic principles.

This and That.

THE BEAR IN THE WOODS.

It was dark as the blackness of darkness—and we were buried in the thickets of the "Fifty Miles Woods." Our encounter of the robber and his brown bread had prepared us to look for dangers of a more serious character. We could not so much as see each other; and the horse was left to his own resources for keeping the road—which, however, was too tangible to be lost without immediate interruption from the trees. We were near the margin of a small lake, and the nocturnal discord of the loons, had already commenced making night hideous.

"Would a bear venture to attack a horse?" inquired the younger lady.

"He would be more likely to pay his devoirs to a beautiful girl," answered the other.

"Never fear," we added, "he shall not make 'help-meet' of either of you."

We had hardly uttered the pledge, when a long and distressing yell, upon a pitch somewhere between the whistle of a locomotive and the bellow of a bull of Bashan, rang through the night air, and almost petrified us with horror. It seemed, however, to be at some distance, and though our horse suddenly stopped for a moment, he voluntarily started forward again when the sound ceased.

"For mercy's sake, what was that?" cried one of our companions, as soon as she could get breath.

"Do tell what it was!" added the other, laying her trembling hand upon our arm.

There was no use in evasion—the truth would be less alarming; and Bruin was on the point of being accused of the beastly disturbance, when another yell—horror!—more hideous than the first, brought all to a stand. The horse stood petrified, and we were as mute as the trees around us. Question or answer were unnecessary; the sound was worse than the name of any beast could indicate. For one long, everlasting minute, we sat listening to the beating of our own hearts. The effect then passed off like a nightmare, and the horse made a slow and cautious movement forward at the same time. Perhaps he smelt the sign post—something made him bolder than we were.

Our condition was trying indeed, to a set of ordinary nerves. The darkness was like ink, and the bear was evidently of the same color, for the two could not be distinguished from each other. He could be only a few rods from us but whether making a cowardly retreat, or crouching to spring upon us, nothing but our fears could aid us at all in deciding. In broad daylight, with good companions and sure guns, a chorus of bears might be tolerable music; but in the midst of pitchy darkness, in the heart of the forest—

But we had little time to think of this, for the last yell was yet to come—and it did come! We thought our last moments had come with it. It seemed to be the concentrated voice of every rock and shrub and tree around us. It was neither before or behind us, from the right or the left, over our heads or under our feet, but from all these directions combined. It seemed like the final screech of all the denizens of the forest!

Strange our horse should stop so quietly! Had he dropped dead?

"Welcome stranger!" said a voice at our side, though the only visible thing was the coal in his pipe. We were snug at the door of the little dark log tavern.

"Where is the bear?" we all asked at the same moment.

"Fastened to the corner of the house here."

Wonderful! that a tame bear should make such wild music. But that log hut was one of the most welcome and quiet hotels that ever had our patronage; and the same voice that heralded our arrival, was quite musical when it gave notice of our departure in the morning.

THE ENGLISH COMMONS AND PEERAGE.

Our intercourse with Great Britain is becoming every day more familiar, and therefore we have more occasion for facts and statistics concerning her institutions and character. The following from the Boston Times is valuable in this respect.

"According to some statistics before us, which are substantially correct, if not literally so, the number of members in the House of Commons, in the last Parliament, was 658.—Of these, England sent 471; Ireland, 105; Scotland, 53; and Wales 29. The English Counties returned 144 members; the Irish 64; the Scotch 30; and the Welsh 15—total, 253. The towns and boroughs of England, returned 423 members, and the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, 4. The Irish towns and boroughs returned 39 members; and the Dublin University, 2. The Scotch towns and boroughs returned 23 members; and those of Wales 14. It will be seen by these facts, that England is more than twice as strong in the Commons as all the rest of the empire united. The English towns and boroughs, to the last Parliament returned 158 Tories to 109 Whigs; and the Whigs have received 189 members from the same places for the new Parliament, their prospects may be looked upon as decidedly agreeable—to themselves. The Whigs had a majority of the town and borough members from Scotland and Ireland, of 24. Those of Wales were equally divided, standing 7 to 7. The House of Peers contains about 500 members, rather less, perhaps, than more. Of these thirty are lords spiritual, of whom 26 are English archbishops and bishops. There are 28 Irish peers in the House who are elected for life. The Scotch peers are 16 in number, and are elected for each Parliament. The English element is stronger in the Upper house of Parliament than in the lower, nine-tenths of the members of that body being English peers. The British peerage has not much to boast of on the score of antiquity. No creation dates so far back as six centuries. The De Roos barony and the earldom of de Grey, date from 1264, in the reign of Henry III, and are the oldest peerages. The barony of Audley dates

from 1296, in the reign of Edward I, and is the next oldest peerage; the barony of Clinton from 1298. The dukedom of Norfolk dates from 1483, and is the oldest creation of the kind in England. The oldest marquessate is that of Winchester, which is not quite 300 years, dating from 1551, in the reign of Edward VI. The youngest duke is Wellington, though the bearer is in his 79th year. His creation dates from 1814.

RIP VAN WINKLE AT THE FARM HOUSE. At a certain farm house up the Mohawk, old farmer J., some weeks since, called his boys together and said, "Come, boys, let us get ready for harvesting. There are a good many things you know to be got in order; first the old grindstone is to be fixed up, then the scythes are to be well hung with a sharp grinded whetstone and well-prepared rifle, then the forks and rakes for turning and pitching, then the hay ladders and bolsters; and our farm is so large, I don't know but I shall get one of those horse-rakes; they are mighty saving; and that, I believe will be all."

"There is one thing," said a Rip Van Winkle, who had been asleep about ten years, "you've forgotten, farmer J."

"What's that Rip?"

"A barrel of old New England—, you know you always have that; can't get along without it."

"Why, Rip, you old fool," said farmer J. "we haven't had a drop of New England on the farm these ten years, and that's the reason we've prospered so, and the land looks so well, and the fences are so nice."

"Why is it?" said Rip. "I thought it wasn't the same place, it looked so differently; but I didn't know how to account for it."

"Go to sleep, Rip," said farmer J., "and we will show you in another ten years something better than this, when we get all the run-shops out of the way."

"Rip did not know what it all meant, so he hung his head and went to sleep.—*American Temperance Journal.*

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 26.

A. AND K. RAILROAD.

The directors of this Company, at their last meeting at this place, we understand, made a final location of the road from Greene to the head of Snow's Pond, in Belgrade. The road as located passes through Monmouth Centre, the village of Winthrop, and about a mile and a half east of Readfield Corner, passing the Winthrop Pond at the Narrows; thence northerly to the head of Snow's Pond. The line, as compared with other lines surveyed, is said to be remarkably direct, easy of construction, and of such grades as to admit of the highest speed, and at the same time be of the greatest usefulness as a freight-bearing road. At a recent meeting of a committee of the Directors at Lewiston, the sections from number seven, in Greene, to number twelve, near Winthrop, were let, and the contracts closed, at reasonable rates. On the remaining five sections to Snow's Pond the contracts were not closed, but are to be in a few days. On all the sections up to Greene, which were let first, the contractors have been at work for some time, with a large and increasing force. The residue of the road, to this place, will be ready for contracts by the 15th of September.

CUBA AND HER SLAVES.

It is well known that for many years the project of an ultimate connection with the U. States has found favor with the wealthy planters of the Island of Cuba. The disposition is no doubt based upon the evident symptoms of danger to the institution of slavery. During this time, her political prospects have not been unclouded by those nations particularly interested in her fate. While Great Britain has looked upon her as one of the great obstacles in the way of the noble plan of African emancipation, an adverse interest in our own government has felt alarm at the possibility of a local familiarity, through this island, with a doctrine which she thinks so hostile to her security.

That the British government are already taking the preliminary steps for wresting this island from Spain, either through a compulsory negotiation, or the more summary and popular mode of conquest, is now rendered very evident. Great Britain, through her citizens, is the creditor of Spain to a vast amount. She claims that the course of the U. States towards Mexico, sustains the enforcement of these demands at the cannon's mouth; and leaves the world to conclude that the admission of this doctrine into the creed of nations, has alone delayed its practical application to the case of the Spanish bonds.

Lord George Bentinck has written an ingenious letter to the holders of these bonds, in which, while he urges a demand of payment from Spain, he significantly points to Cuba as possessing value enough to be received as pay in full. Lord Palmerston, about the same time, makes a speech in Parliament, in which he insists upon the right to enforce payment, and attributes forbearance thus far more to expediency.

Though Cuba might not be consulted in regard to her preference of masters, there can be little difficulty in conjecturing her course. The only object she could have in changing her political condition, would be the security of the "peculiar institution" in the preservation of which she presumes the U. States would find a motive for sympathy. Her resort will of course be in this direction so long as she can find congenial sentiments in no other; and here she will find an interest that would make any sacrifice to second her views.

This state of things, as it seems to us, leaves but little hope of permanency to our present pacific relations with Great Britain. Will she be likely to suffer the present opportunity to pass unimproved, especially with the probability that at the earliest practicable chance, Cuba would throw herself within the pale of the annexation policy? That its tendency to the preservation and perpetuity of slavery would

be the strongest if not the sole objection to the annexation of Cuba, there is no more doubt, than that the security of slavery would be the ruling motive with those who make the proposition. The only secure opportunity for Great Britain to move in the matter, is the present; and if she move, who shall object, and on what principle?

How fatally the poison of slavery is insinuated into every vein and muscle and bone of our political system! The question of peace or war is settled by it; it limits internal improvements and graduates tariffs; it has to be consulted in the formation of treaties; the army and navy are increased or diminished at its command; and our position towards other nations is honorable or shameful, peaceful or belligerent, as slavery dictates. Its baneful influence is felt in every social, religious and political feature of our institutions;—watchful and vigilant when unmolested, and bigoted and intolerant when opposed in its course of unlawful dominion.

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.—In Newport, on Wednesday of last week, a child of Mr. Sylvester was drowned in the river, supposed to have fallen from the bridge. On the same day Mr. Calvin Robinson lost two of his fingers and a thumb by a circular saw, and a child, (name unknown to us,) had its leg broken.

PUFF EXTRA. The Free American, in a very sober way, recently puffed a wedding party—taking in, in his generosity, the service, the music, the faces of the audience, and even the "church itself." A wedding party is very apt to reveal the beauties of a church to "some folks," though there are few who publish their "first impressions."

Our Table.

THE GOVERNMENTAL INSTRUCTOR, or a brief and comprehensive view of the Government of the United States, and of the State Governments. By J. B. Sturtevant. New-York, Collins & Brother.

This work is designed to supply an evident deficiency in our common schools, and it does this in a manner that seems to commend itself so strikingly to the practical views of all classes of men, that we cannot omit urging it upon the attention of all who would become in any degree acquainted with the government of which they constitute a portion. The author has met the demand so precisely, and his work is so full and yet so brief, so comprehensive and yet so devoid of everything unsubstantial, that the public must ultimately decide that this is a book for the people. It will be found indispensable to the libraries of all classes of men—the farmer as well as the lawyer—the clergyman as well as the politician. It presents ready answers to questions of daily occurrence, relative to any department of our government, which might otherwise cost hours of labor, or perhaps remain unanswered.

In Vermont, as we are informed, this book has received the unanimous sanction of the Board of Education, and has been fully adopted as a standard school reader. In New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, N. York, and several other States, it has been extensively introduced into schools, and will doubtless secure permanent approbation. In Maine it has uniformly been approved, so far as it has become known. In many of the schools it has already a class of readers, and we doubt not our efficient Board of Education will see that no time is lost in securing to the youth of the state the advantages of a work so well adapted to their improvement. The usual objection to the introduction of new books has no weight in the case of books of such acknowledged excellence. Boldness, in such cases, is better than caution.

[A few copies of this work may be had at the office of the Mail, at 37 1-2 cts.]

PRESTON'S District School Book-Keeping, affording an interesting and profitable Exercise for Youth. Collins & Brother, New York.

This is a small and cheap work, designed for farmers, mechanics, and all whose book-keeping is done in a small way. It would be of great value to farmers especially, who suffer much by a neglect of proper attention to debt and credit. "The boys" would learn at once to keep accounts in a neat, correct, and business-like manner; thus guarding not only against losses, but an exposure of ignorance where ignorance has no apology. Who would do this for 25 cts—the cost of the book?

This book, or one of the kind, should be introduced into common schools, where the rudiments of book-keeping should always be taught.

RUDIMENTS of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, by Denison Olmsted.

This is a very neat stereotype edition of Prof. Olmsted's book, by Collins & Brother, New York. The popularity of the author's series of text-books in Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, of which this is the concluding volume, renders it unnecessary for us to speak of its merits. It is designed for the use of beginners in these branches of science, but is well adapted to more advanced learners.

THE DAGUERRETYPE, a Magazine of Foreign Literature and Science. J. M. Whittemore, Boston.

This is a new monthly magazine, of 48 pages. The following exhibits its prominent features, as stated in the prospectus.

A carefully made selection of articles from the best English periodicals. Faithful and well executed translations from those of France and Germany.

Original articles, occasionally, on subjects of national importance. Short notices of new works; lists of the more important books published or announced for publication, and intelligence on sub-

jects connected with the literature of Europe and America.

The first number gives us a favorable impression of this magazine. It seems to fill a place before unoccupied, and we think it destined to take a high stand among the literary periodicals of the country.

Correspondence.

For the Eastern Mail.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MR. EDITOR:—In your last paper I perceive a communication from the Chairman of the School Committee of this place, touching upon the propriety of a better organization of our schools. I am glad, sir, that not only at home, but through the State generally, public attention is becoming awakened to this important matter, and that those engaged in the cause of education are lending their influence in bringing the subject of our common schools to the consideration of the people. We are all, as citizens, more or less identified with this interest, and, in proportion to our means, pay annual contribution with a view of bringing home to every family some of the fruits resulting from mental culture. Now were we discussing the merits of some new machine, to further the interests of agriculture or commerce, we should find the eyes and ears of our farmers and merchants all open, and their voices loud in proclaiming to the world the importance of immediate action; and neither time nor money would be spared in consummating some project whereby they could avail themselves of its benefits. But, strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that the moment the subject of education comes up, all stand aghast, that it should be presumed that they have anything to do with the cause of common school education. They seem to think that the whole matter rests with a select few, who act as committee-men, or teachers, and consequently should claim no share of their attention.

Now, to a parent, is it of no consequence to whom his child is sent for instruction? And is the improvement of that child of not sufficient moment to claim his interest, at any rate so far as to see that proper means are employed to give him at least the best advantages which the present system of schooling will admit of? Not even this much seems to be secured to the child; and indeed many of our citizens are so much busied with the cares of life, as not to find time to enter the school room, where their children receive the rudiments of an education. No, sir, they know not the influences which surround those to whom they look for comfort in old age, and on whom will depend the perpetuity of those admirable institutions under which we live as freemen.

Look into the halls of our legislature, and behold those men who have depended entirely upon the efforts of their parents or guardians, in providing them with the facilities of early education, and ask them how they obtained their schooling, and nine out of ten will reply that it was through private schools; and at the same time their parents were paying money enough into the treasury of the county to provide as capable teachers as the public schools.

But some say that it is impossible to have as good public as private schools. Why not, if properly arranged? I have visited as good public high schools in Maine as can be produced under any system. To have schools good, our county superintendents and town committees must do their duty, and see that all who are employed as teachers should be amply qualified and liberally compensated. Half pay a person for discharging a certain duty, and the work is generally but half done, and half the time lost. Of all the public high schools, with which I am acquainted in this State, that under the charge of Mr. Woodbury, at Bath, is the most systematic, and the pupils give evidence that the assiduous labors of the teacher are not in vain. This school has been liberally supplied with chemical, philosophical and astronomical apparatus, through the influence, I believe, of Mr. Randall, a member of the Board of Education for Lincoln Co. Another feature in the arrangement of that school is the introduction of new and improved school books, thus giving the pupils advantages over those who have not access to them.

I am glad to learn that the Board of Education of this State are seriously at work in reforming the schools in regard to the use of books—dispensing with those which are useless, and adopting a class which will prove beneficial. In this respect I trust that ere long there will be more uniformity in books, for as it now is, every district is supplied with different books, which not only adds to the tax of the parent, but often retards the scholar's progress.

As the Chairman of the Committee here has called the attention of our citizens to the subject, it is to be hoped that they will readily respond, and that ere long Waterville may rank among the most enterprising villages of the State in having approved Public Schools. S.

MOUNT VERNON, N. H. Aug. 19, '47.

Dear Sir:—Here I am, after being tossed about three or four days in steamboats, cars and coaches, like Noah's Ark, landed on the peak of a mountain; but the surrounding country is much more attractive, and less adapted to fishery, than around Ararat. The hills in this vicinity are the first seen on coming in Boston harbor, and some wag remarked to me, this morning that it was contemplated to build a light house on one of the heights in New Boston; if they do, there should be a chart of the country, so that every captain, in sailing for it, should know where to anchor and where to "double." Some yankees will make his fortune in tending it at four pence half-penny a sight. I passed through Nashua, yesterday, which is a flourishing village, and the principal emporium of trade in southern

New Hampshire. The country around is extremely given to barrenness; the chief productions being pine and sand. It is a matter of curiosity what the cattle are fed upon during the winter, for few fields of tillage are seen; but they do live there, or are sent to the city to winter and return in the summer, as is quite fashionable among bipeds. However this may be, 'tis an indisputable verity that I saw living quadrupeds grazing where the blades of grass are hardly neighbors—so far apart that one would suppose it to be necessary for a boy to carry hay for support while the cattle went from one to another. As one advances, the country becomes more fertile and hilly, until reaching Amherst, a small but interesting village of about 1875 inhabitants: it contains some 10 or 12 stores, 3 churches, 3 clergymen, 3 physicians—enough to keep the people comfortably sick—and a sufficient number of lawyers to excite quarreling and litigation, with eleven others so nearly allied to the legal gentry as to be entitled by law to append *Esq.* to their names—a title of some note till the lawless rattle stole it, for which arrogance they deserve to be felled.

The next town, north, is Mount Vernon, a city, without any hyperbole, set on a hill. Three miles distant it is seen upon its lofty pinnacle of Pelion piled on Ossa, like a little paradise, inviting the traveler to ascend thither and enjoy one of the most romantic scenes New Hampshire presents. He who ascends this height must adopt for his motto, "Excelsior." Often will he stop to admire the rich landscape, variegated by fertile field, thrifty orchard, and luxuriant woods, which catch his eye and hold it spell bound. At length he reaches the summit, and inhaling the cool breeze that sweeps from the north-west, a little keener than an August zephyr on the Kennebec, he turns to scan the surrounding country, "begirt with hills around." The scenery is a combination of the wild, picturesque, and beautiful. The position of one, standing here above all his neighbors, and enjoying a prospect shut from their vision, is not unlike that of him in the moral world, who, by struggle and sacrifice, stands upon the high vantage ground of truth and virtue. His soul banquets upon scenes which are wholly obscured from the sun-dimmed sight of those who grovel in empty pleasures beneath him.

This town contains about nine hundred people, one church, one or two physicians, but no lawyers. I should think that these children of the hills, who sport with old Boreas, were nourished by too hardy food to call frequently on the followers of Esculapius, and might well say, "throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it."

This village is noted for the former residence of Dr. Adams, well known to juvenile arithmeticians for the hard sums he has given them, to say nothing of "Kits, cats, sacks and wives, all coming from St. Ives." He now lives in Keene, I learn, and is about publishing another arithmetic. Mr. Vernon is also noted as the birth place of Kendall, of the N. O. Pycnune.

There is a small stream running through this town, which was once known by the name of *Quolquinnaquessanog*, which your readers may pronounce, or skip, or call Jerusalem, as they see fit. The chief curiosity here, to strangers, is Purgatory, where the imagination can see the real "cloven foot." So it seems his majesty has quite a journey from this place to his seat in Waterville.

There is a little anecdote related here of Hon. D. P. of H—k, in this county, which is too rich to be lost. The honorable gentleman was not overstocked with knowledge when I used to know him, and was much more at home in his own bar-room than a senate chamber. It seems he was quite eloquent one day last summer, in the senate, and speaking of the comparative merit of two cases presented by an opponent, he said, "Gentlemen, there is no analysis between the two cases, whatever."

I have, to-day, been into Milford, celebrated as the residence of those sweet songsters, the Hutchinson family. I passed near the old homestead, where Asa B. now lives; the others are married, with the exception of Abby, and are settled upon farms which their musical talent has brought them.—They are now on a tour to the White Hills, giving concerts by the way.

I shall pass to Lowell, to-morrow, and if any thing of interest presents itself you shall be informed. SHAWMUT.

Railroad Affairs.

LEWISTON AND WATERVILLE RAILROAD. The contractors are actively at work on several sections. A large part of the stone for the bridge at Lewiston has already been quarried. To pass from the plain, on which the upper part of the village of Danville is situated, to the immediate bank of the river, a small piece of interval at the head of a cove is to be crossed, where there must be an embankment of about 50 feet for a distance of 600 to 800 feet. This is heavy work, but it forms a most excellent approach, not only to the village but to the river, at a point where it can be crossed probably with more ease and safety, and at less cost, than at any other point. The foundations of the bridge, will be simply upon the protruded granite beds, through which the Lewiston Falls make their way—the line of bridge being, for half the distance across, just below the foot of the falls. The bridge itself will be high, and thus a great security will be obtained against ice and logs—the ice being necessarily broken by the falls. Over the eastern channel of the river, the bridge will pass above the fall, but in a situation sheltered by the islands in the channel. On the whole it would be difficult to find, on so large a river in this latitude, a better site for a railroad bridge. To cross upon the level above a fall, leaves a dangerous exposure to ice in the freshets of winter or early spring, while it is inconvenient to locate such a bridge immediately below a considerable fall, on account of the difficulty of adjusting the grades.—[Portland Adv.]

MADISON AND INDIANAPOLIS R. R. Receipts for July, 1847, \$10,509—an increase of 100 per cent. over July, 1846. The road will soon be completed to Indianapolis and ultimately connect with the Wabash and Erie Canal, at Logansport or Lafayette, and give the

eastern and south eastern sections of Indiana an outlet on the Ohio, and via the canal on Lake Erie.—*Traveller.*

MANCHESTER AND LAWRENCE RAILROAD. We learn from the Manchester American that the Stock Books of the Manchester and Lawrence Railroad were closed on Friday. More than two millions of dollars had been subscribed, which is nearly four times as much as is needed to construct the road.

LITTLE MIAMI RAILROAD. The receipts of the Little Miami Railroad, for the month of July, are as follows:

| | |
|------------|-------------|
| Freight | \$ 7,141 33 |
| Passengers | 11,568 66 |
| Total | \$18,709 99 |

PROVIDENCE AND WORCESTER R. ROAD. This road, says the Providence Journal, will probably be opened to Woonsocket in the course of next week, and to Worcester by the middle of October.

AUBURN AND ROCHESTER R. R. The receipts on this road, for six months, ending Aug. 1, were \$184,901; expenses, \$67,287. Profit \$117,663; out of which a dividend of 4 per cent. was paid, and interest and other items amounting to \$15,187—leaving an amount, which added to previous surplus, makes a balance on hand of \$161,961. The road is about to be relaid with a heavy rail.

Summary of News.

TERRIBLE DISASTER!

One Hundred and Seventy-two Lives Lost!

The Ship Shanunga, Capt. Patten, arrived at Boston Monday evening, 16th, from Liverpool 19th ult., reports that on the morning of the 9th inst., lat. 44 25, long. 58 30, weather foggy, she came in contact with the Swedish bark Iduna, from Hamburg to N. York, with such force that the latter vessel sunk in about 30 minutes.

The Iduna had on board two hundred and six passengers, out of which number one hundred and seventy-two, including Capt. Moberg, commander of the Iduna, were ushered into the presence of their Eternal Judge, without a moment's warning. In their warm berths, men, women and children of all ages, were engulfed—never again to rise till the last trumpet shall have sounded the final alarm.

The Shanunga's boats, with one belonging to the bark, picked up thirty four of the passengers, who were brought to Boston in an extremely destitute condition. The Transcript says, "It must be highly gratifying to every Bostonian to know of the prompt relief that was afforded to the survivors of the awful calamity by our citizens. A subscription paper was set afoot by Messrs. Hudson & Smith, of the Merchant's Exchange, and upwards of \$1200 had been collected, and many of the contributors, in a spirit of praiseworthy liberality, appended to their signature the expressive words, 'more if required.'"

MORE MEXICAN DOCUMENTS.

New Orleans papers of the 13th inst., have been received. The Pycnune publishes important Mexican documents. The circulars, dated 7th and 17th of July respectively, were issued by Pacheco, the new minister of Foreign Affairs, to the governors of the states. They are considered the latest and best exponents of Santa Anna's views and policy. The first abounds with fulsome panegyric of Santa Anna. It begins with declaring that his whole life and the glory of his name are indissolubly associated with the war. Pacheco denies that Santa Anna has had any understanding with the Americans, or any plans or preparations for making peace: he listens only to the dictates of peace, and the wishes of the legislature and governors of the states. He was the first who encountered the enemy to share in their honors. The second circular intimates that the civilized world is in favor of the Mexican cause, and that the opinion is equally general that the United States cannot triumph except by the internal dissensions of the Republic. The government of her Britannic Majesty has signified to that of Mexico the most loyal and friendly sympathies, which the republic has always enjoyed. He has not recognized any revolutionary government in Mexico, and only that is legitimately established which has the presidential name, wherever it may be, should the chances of war compel the government to quit the capital. A letter from Lord Palmerston, the British Secretary, accompanies the circular. His Lordship assures the Mexican government that the resident minister of Great Britain will consider it his duty to follow the government and maintain relations with it, in whatever part of the Mexican territory said government may fix its residence.

WHALING GUN. We saw yesterday, at the store of Capt. E. W. Gardner, a very curious contrivance for killing whales. It is a short gun weighing some twenty-five pounds—the stock being of solid brass—from which a harpoon is fired into the animal. The handle of the harpoon goes into the barrel of the gun about a foot, and a line is fastened to it—of course outside of the gun—by which the whale is to be held. There is also a bomb lance, for the purpose of killing the animal. This instrument is loaded with powder, and a slow match is led from the magazine, through the handle, to the end which goes into the gun. When the lance is fired into the whale, the slow match ignites; and in about half a minute the fire reaches the powder in the head of the instrument, which instantly explodes, killing the animal outright. At least this is what the article is intended to do.—*Nantucket Inq.*

ABDUCTION.

A singular case of abduction took place in this city yesterday morning, which, as it created some public notoriety, may require a just public exposition. A man named Hart, lately, as we understand, connected with the Theological School in this city, had some difficulty with his wife, whose fidelity he suspected, and they had lived in a separate state for some time. About three weeks since his wife was confined, and had a child, for whose expenses Hart was sent a bill a day or two since, and finding himself liable for the expenses, determined to possess the child. Accordingly, at an early hour yesterday morning he repaired to his wife's residence, a house in Martin st., and suddenly and rudely seizing the child, ran off with it in the direction of Broadway, where stopping under a horse shed, he wrapped it in his own coat, and again started off, followed by a number of persons, made his way through a corn field to the back of the burying ground, and thence to the residence of Prof. Silliman, where he stopped and claimed protection. Being known to Mr. Silliman as a former member of the College, he gave him a temporary asylum, and relieved him from his pursuers. What the result has been in regard to the mother and child, we do not know, but the indecency and inhumanity of the act, however justified by circumstances, is revolting to every feeling heart.—*New Haven Journal.*

The following is the substance of the reply of Mr. Clay to a committee appointed by the citizens of N. York, without reference to party, to invite him to visit that place. We publish it for the touching eloquence with which it conveys in every line, the deep affliction Mr. C. has suffered in the recent death of his son. He is but one of the many hundreds of parents who have suffered similar trials from the same cause.

Mr. Clay said he was tempted, by the eloquent and affecting appeal to which he had just listened, to say, with one of old, "Almost thou persuadest me to" be as desired of me. (Renewed and prolonged acclamations.) But he begged those who thought he should do so to consider for a moment the circumstances which had impelled him to seek recreation and health in a visit to the shores of the Atlantic. On the 23d of March last he returned to Kentucky, from a winter residence in New Orleans, and the next day was overwhelmed with tidings of the most desolating affliction where, with a merciful Providence had ever visited him.

(At this reference to the fall of his darling son at Buena Vista, Mr. Clay alone but most of his numerous auditors were moved to tears.) It had often been his lot to drink the bitter waters of affliction under circumstances like the present. Of six as lovely and beloved daughters as ever blessed a father's heart, not one has been spared to solace the evening of his life. All have been snatched away in childhood or in early womanhood; yet this last blow has stricken me more severely than any other. I was rendered by it melancholy, restless, desponding.

Every thing about Ashland was associated with the memory of the lost one. The very trees, which his hands had assisted me to plant, served to remind me of my loss. Had the stroke come alone, I could have borne it with His assistance, and sustained by the kindness of my friends and fellow citizens, with meekness and resignation; but of eleven children only four remain; (emotion,) of six lovely and affectionate daughters not one is left. (Deep emotion.) Finding myself in that theatre of sadness, I thought I would fly to the mountain's top, and descend to the ocean's wave, and by meeting with the sympathy of friends, obtain some relief from the sadness which surrounded me. I came for private purposes, and private motives alone. I have not sought these public manifestations, nor have I desired to escape them. My friend and traveling companion, Doctor Mercer, will tell you that in Virginia—in every section of the State of my birth—I have been implored to remain, if only for a few hours, to exchange congratulations with my friends, but I invariably refused, and only remained in each place sufficiently long to exchange one vehicle for another. You may imagine that I made a visit to Philadelphia; but I was accidentally thrown into Philadelphia. When I arrived at Baltimore, I learned that the most direct route to this place was by the Delaware. I had no public object in view. Indifferent I am not, nor can I be, to the honor, welfare, and glory of my country. (Cheers.)

Gentlemen of the committee of New York, I have truly and sincerely disclosed the purpose of my journey, but I cannot but deeply feel this manifestation of your respect and regard. It is received with thankfulness, and reaches the warmest feeling of my heart—that I, a private and humble citizen, without an army, without a navy, without even a constable's staff, should have been met at every step of my progress with the kindest manifestation of feelings—manifestations of which at present a monarch or an emperor might well be proud. No, I am not insensible to these tokens of public affection and regard. I am thankful for them all. To you, gentlemen of the committee of New York, who, on behalf of four hundred thousand individuals whom you represent, have taken so much trouble, I am deeply thankful for this manifestation of your regard, but I must reluctantly decline the honor of your invitation. Mr. Clay then sat down, amidst the most vociferous and long continued cheering.

EXPOSURE TO THE SUN. There are few points which seem less generally understood, or more clearly proved, than the fact that exposure to the sun, without exercise sufficient to create free perspiration, will produce illness; and that the same exposure to the sun, with sufficient exercise, will not produce illness. Let any man sleep in the sun, he will awake perspiring and very ill; perhaps he will die. Let the same man dig in the sun for the same length of time, and he will perspire ten times as much and be quite well. The fact is, that not only the direct rays of the sun, but the heat of the atmosphere, produce abundance of bile, and powerful exercise alone will carry off that bile.—*Popular Errors Explained.*

LEWISTON FALLS BANK. Books have been opened for subscription of stock in this bank, and a large amount has already been subscribed by residents of this vicinity. Capitalists know that country banks are less liable to suffer during money crises than city banks, and that it is exceedingly rare that any bank loses by a country debtor. We should not be surprised, if, within twenty years, there should be half a dozen banks in Lewiston.—*Journal.*

Boston people begin to wonder that so many people arrive in that city from Maine. The fact is that Maine is of vastly more importance to Boston than she is generally credited for. Sloops and schooners, fishing smacks and steamboats, and all sorts of water craft—besides rail-cars and coaches and carriages, are continually pouring vast numbers of people and inconvertible quantities of productions into Boston from this State.

Maine is improving all the while, and by and by she will engage sufficiently in manufacturing to afford her own population, and especially her young men and women profitable employment at home.—*Bangor Courier.*

The Belfast Signal of this week contains an account of the proceedings at the installation, in that town, of Rev. M. A. H. Niles over the Unitarian church; it contains also an account of his death, which occurred on the 17th inst. He was installed on the 11th, and in less than one week he yielded up his charge and his earthly labors. He was 41 years of age, was an excellent man, a kind parent, an affectionate husband, a scholar and a Christian.—*Bangor Courier.*

INDELIBLE INK FOR MARKING LINEN.—Pour a little nitric acid (aqua fortis) into a cup or glass, and add to it a small piece of pure silver; when the effervescence ceases, filter the solution through a piece of blotting paper, and put it into a small phial; then add to it a little gum arabic, and a little of the paint called sap green. After the whole is perfectly combined, it is then fit for use.

On Saturday afternoon, two sons of Mr. Coburn, living on the extremity of Essex street

road, near Pushaw Lake, one of them about 23, and the other, about 13 years of age, striped and jumped into an old bateau, for the purpose of collecting lilies. The wind was very high, and without the means of guiding the boat she drifted rapidly into the lake. The elder brother jumped overboard for the purpose of swimming ashore, but after proceeding some distance, turned again for the boat, but sunk, exhausted, before reaching it. The boat was driven across the lake to Dollar Island, where the little fellow set up piteous cries, but did not succeed in making himself heard from the main land, and remained upon the Island, his bare body exposed to the cold chills of the night, until the next morning, when he was taken off.

The body of the drowned man was recovered the next day. This is the first person known to have been drowned in the lake for twenty years past.—*Bangor Whig, 21st.*

POISONING. Stephen Harris, Jr., of Swansey, was committed to the jail in this town, a few days since, charged with poisoning his wife by arsenic, causing her death in June last. The stomach of the deceased was subjected to chemical tests by Prof. Webster, of Cambridge, Mass., who testified that he had obtained a quantity of arsenic therefrom. An examination of the testimony was had before Justice Sawyer, who committed him for trial at the September court.—*Keene paper.*

DEATH BY ACCIDENT. Mr. John P. Henry, of Swansey, aged 40, was killed on Saturday last, in the following manner:—He went in between his oxen to disengage them from the cart. A chain was attached to the cart and hitched into the staple or ring to draw by. He unfastened the chain and let it drop, which startled the oxen, and they ran, the neap hanging in the ring. Mr. H. held on upon the neap and yoke, and was carried thus a few rods, when one wheel struck a log, which threw him down, and one of the wheels passed over his head, crushing it and causing instant death. The accident occurred in the door yard, and his wife, who was standing in the door, ran to his assistance, but life was extinct when she reached him.—*Keene (N. H.) Republican.*

FATAL RE-ENCOUNTER. This section of the city was thrown into a state of sudden excitement last evening, by the announcement that a rencounter had just taken place, which terminated fatally to one of the parties engaged in it. The circumstances, as we gather them, were these: A mutually bad feeling, originally in some pecuniary transactions, had for some time existed between Matthew C. Edwards, a young lawyer of this city, and Orran Byrd. The former had recently returned from the North. About half past five o'clock yesterday, when in company with a friend, passing towards the St. Charles Hotel, through Common street, and in the neighborhood of Camp street, he met Orran Byrd, Mr. Walton, and another gentleman. As they met, Byrd addressed Edwards, striking him over the head at the same moment with a loaded cane. Edwards fell on his knee, rose and ran back across Camp street, towards Hewlett's Exchange, Byrd pursuing him. While running he drew a revolving pistol from his pocket, turned and discharged it twice at Byrd. Byrd then turned and ran, passing into the banking house of Horace Bean, at the corner, Edwards passing round it, Walton, as we are told, following him. Here Byrd met Edwards again, and here again Edwards discharged another shot at him, when he fell lifeless on the ground. Walton, we are informed, struck Edwards here with his cane, knocking him down. Edwards left the scene of blood, badly cut in the head. An amiable and afflicted young wife and two children are left to mourn the untimely fate of the deceased.—*N. O. Delta, Aug. 13.*

OUTRAGE UPON OUR FLAG. The Eastport Sentinel, of the 18th inst., says:—From facts that have come to our knowledge, we are quite satisfied that the Brig Brookline, of this port, commanded by Ambrose Spates, was overtaken at sea on the 3d inst., by Her Majesty's Steam Frigate Columbia, and that one of her crew was forcibly impressed and carried on board the Steamer. The Brookline was bound from hence to the W. I., and as she made no stop after the outrage, particulars are not known.

TIME'S CHANGES. Not the least among the curious phenomena of the present day, is the election of George Thompson, the famous abolitionist, as a member of the British Parliament. A little more than ten years ago this same man was a fugitive from the fury of a mob, made up in a good degree of "gentlemen of property and standing," in our good city of Boston. But a large portion of these same gentlemen have since become converts to the very doctrine which Mr. Thompson advocated with so much earnestness and eloquence. Since his return to England he has been engaged in advocating two very important measures besides his favorite abolitionism; namely, the emancipation of the serfs of British India, and the abrogation of the British Corn Laws.

A late number of the London Times contains the following advertisement:—"Wanted to purchase, of the value of fifty or to seventy thousand pounds, any estate carrying with it sufficient parliamentary influence to enable the purchaser to obtain a seat in the next parliament."

The proposed purchaser would find it much cheaper to emigrate to this country, where he can get a seat in Congress for nothing—except votes.

There is a new and beautiful village pleasantly situated on the banks of the Delaware, named "Bridesburg."—*Excelsior.*

Umph!—there is a place in England called "Bridewell."

The world—that is the rascals in it, as Dickens says—seems to delight in tormenting those who live by their brains. A poet was once asked by his publisher how many copies of his poem, then in sheets, he would like to have put in boards.

"The whole edition," replied the confident author.

"Humph!" said the publisher, "just as you please, but if you will take my advice, you'll only have a dozen or so."

"Why not the whole?" asked the indignant poet.

"Because it spoils them for waste paper."

"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," said Mrs. Partridge to her niece; "let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a tarnation, and an eye like an asterisk; but such things often come from a tender head than a tender heart."

Losing a cow for the sake of a cat, is the Chinese proverb for going to law.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.—The Commencement at this College occurred on the 18th inst. The Address before the Alumni, on Wednesday, was by Rev. J. B. Woodbridge, editor of the Puritan. The graduating class, it is said, was larger than any one that has ever left the institution.

YALE COLLEGE Commencement occurred on Thursday, 19th inst. The meetings of the Alumni and Phi Beta Kappa Societies, were held on the 18th.

The potato rot has made its appearance in some parts of the country.

From the National Era.

VISIONS OF LIGHT.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

The moon is rising in beauty,
The sky is solemn and bright;
And the waters are singing like lovers
That walk in the valleys at night.

Like the towers of an ancient city,
That darken against the sky;
Seem the blue mists of the river
O'er the hills far and high.

I see through the gathering darkness
The spire of the village church,
And the pale white tombs, half hidden
By the tasseled willow and birch.

Vain is the golden drifting
Of morning light on the hill;
No white hands open the windows
Of those chambers low and still!

But, their dwellers were all my kindred,
Whatever their lives may be,
And their sufferings and achievements
Have recorded lessons for me.

Not one of the countless voyagers
Of life's mysterious main,
Has laid down his burden of sorrows,
Who hath lived and loved in vain.

From the birds of the ether ages,
Fragments of song float by,
Like flowers in the streams of summer,
Or stars in the midnight sky.

Some plumes in the dust are scattered,
Where the eagles of Persia flew,
And wisdom is reaped from the turrows
The plough of the Roman drew.

From the white tents of the crusaders
The phantoms of glory are gone,
But the seal of the barefooted hermit
In humanity's heart lives on.

O, sweet is the bell of the Sabbath
In the tower of the village church,
Or the fall of the yellow moonbeams
In the tasseled willow and birch.

Comes a thought of the blessed isles,
That shall follow our social strife,
When the spirit of maketh love perfect
The beautiful wisdom of life;

For visions of light are gathered
In the sunshine of flowery noons,
Like the shades of the ghostly Fathers
In their twilight cells of books!

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.

E. L. SMITH, } Committee of
JOSEPH HILL, } Arrangements.

Waterville, Aug. 9th 1847.

Markets.

BOSTON, Aug. 21.

Flour and Corn. The market is gradually recovering from the depression caused by the steamer's advice, and with very light receipts buyers show more disposition to operate. Sales of Ohio flat head, Michigan and Genesee, common brands, moderate, at \$6 12 to \$6 25, at which rates holders are now firm and stock light. In corn there have been sales of mixed at 80 to 85c; and Oats at 52 to 53c per bush, cash.

Provisions. Pork is steady in demand, at \$13 50 to 14 for mess, \$10 50 to 12 for mess; \$10 to 20 per bbl., 4 months, for clear and extra clear.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.

Flour. The receipts are moderate at previous prices. Genesee at \$5 75 to 5 91 1-4; Oswego \$5 50 to 5 68 3-4 per bbl. Corn is in demand. Sales of mixed at 75 to 76c, and prime yellow, at 80c per bush. Oats are scarce. Sales at 58 to 60c per bu. But little doing in pork.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

August 16, 1847.

At market 900 beef cattle, 100 stores, 15 yokes working oxen, 50 cows and calves, 4000 sheep and lambs, and 300 swine.

Beef cattle.—Extra, \$7, 1st quality \$6 50 to \$6 75, 2d \$6 25 to \$6 50, 3d \$4 25 to \$5 25.

Stores.—2 years old heifers \$12 to \$11.

Working oxen.—Sales at \$6 50 to \$123.

Cows and calves.—Sales at \$20 to \$35; extra \$40 to \$50.

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

Swine.—Old hogs 6 1-2c, small pigs 1 1-2c.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

August 16, 1847.

At market—110 beef cattle, 50 cows and calves, and 3500 sheep and lambs.

Beef cattle.—Some transactions are reported at as low a figure as \$5, and the general average of the market has been from that to \$8 per cwt., as in quality. A lot of 500 were purchased for Bermuda. About 200 left over.

Cows and calves are somewhat scarce. The new realized from \$18; \$28 50 to \$37 50.

Sheep and lambs.—Sheep sold at from \$1 25 to 2 25 a \$5. Lambs \$1 to 2 50.

WATERVILLE, Aug. 25.

Retail Prices. Flour, bbl. \$6 50 to 700 for extra; butter, 14c per lb.; Cheese, \$c; Eggs, doz. 10c; Wheat, bush. \$1 25 to 1 33; Corn, 83c; Rye, \$1; Oats 40 to 42c.

MARRIAGES.

In Vassalboro', E. Brock, Jr., of Nobleboro', to Miss M. Dearborn.

In Lewiston, E. E. Jasper of Minot, to Miss O. Estes.

In Winslow, Aug. 5th, by A. Barnham, Esq., R. Wood to Miss S. Higgins, of Pittsfield.

In this village, on Saturday morning last, very suddenly, Ophelia, eldest daughter of Mr. Oren Doonittle, aged fourteen years.

Youth hath no lenity of death,
Or beauty favor from the tomb."

In this village, on Sunday morning last, Mrs. Lydia G. Percival, wife of Sumner Percival, and daughter of Nath'l Gilman, Esq., aged 22 years.

In Norridgewock, Achsah, wife of Dan. Ord Tinkham, aged 53.

In Madison, Maria, aged 11, and Abigail B. aged 17, daughters of Jesse Blanchard, Esq.

CORRESPONDENTS would oblige us by giving their names, which will be kept strictly private. Some articles—especially poetry—occasionally need trifling alterations or amendments, which we do not feel at liberty to make, and cannot suggest, without knowing the writer. We have several such now on file. Some of them have merits of which we lose the benefit, for the above reason.

Advertisements.

DR. D. BURBANK,
DENTAL SURGEON
AND
MANUFACTURER OF MINERAL TEETH,
CORNER OF
MAIN AND ELM STREETS,
(Over Mr. Hanson's Store.)
WATERVILLE.

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONARY, &c.
Figs, Lemons, Oranges, Nuts, Raisins, Apples, Cigars, Eggs, Cakes, Pies, Candy, Beer, Lemonade, Soda, Mead, Essences, &c., kept on hand, and constantly for sale, by the Schenck, Atwood's Building, (opposite Boutelle's Block), Main street. Also, Beer, Cider, Syrup, Mead and Essences, manufactured for customers, at short notice, and warranted good, or no pay.

The subscriber being lame, and not able to perform labor, hopes the public will feel inclined to keep him busily employed in preparing such things as he can make for them, instead of sending out of the place for them.—
Waterville, Aug. 22. A. LYFORD.

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

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

CIRCISSIAN 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 causes their decay.

This Dentifrice removes the prevailing causes of offensive breath, preserves the healthiness and firmness of the gums and renders the teeth beautifully white, without injuring the enamel in the least, as has been proved and used these ten years, and feel confident in recommending it to the public.

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. MAGILLATHAN, A. M., Principal, JOHN C. PORTER, Esq., 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 endeavor to prepare the pupils for the liberal professions, and to qualify themselves for the business of Teaching.

The course of study for the Teachers' Class, will be essentially that pursued in the best Teachers' Seminars in New York and Massachusetts. In addition to these useful recitations there will be held, for the class, extra day and evening sessions, such as have during former terms 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 in this school a course of study marked out with direct reference to their wants.

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

Tuition, per term of Eleven weeks, English Branches, Latin, Greek, French, and German, \$3 to 4.00; Drawing, Painting, or Music, \$4 to 5.00; \$1 to 3.00.

It is believed that the Liberal Institute with its present liberal and judiciously arranged course of study, and thorough instruction, affords the best facilities for acquiring a REALLY SOUND AND USEFUL EDUCATION.

CALVIN GARDNER,
President of the Board of Trustees.
Waterville, August 13, 1847.

ANDROSCOGGIN AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the second and third assessments of five per cent, each, on the amount of stock subscribed for by each individual, in the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company, (being \$2.50 on each original share subscribed for) has been ordered by the President and Directors of said Company, and the said assessments will be due and payable to the Treasurer of the Company, at his office in Waterville, as follows, to wit: The second assessment on or before the twentieth day of August next, and the third assessment on or before the first day of October next.

EDWIN NOYES, Treasurer A. & K. R. R. Co.
N. B.—For the convenience of distant Stockholders, places will be selected in the best Teachers' Seminars in New York and Massachusetts. In addition to these useful recitations there will be held, for the class, extra day and evening sessions, such as have during former terms given so much satisfaction, for the purpose of special drills and reviews, and for a practical application of the principles of School Keeping.

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CALVIN GARDNER,
President of the Board of Trustees.
Waterville, August 13, 1847.

THE OLD STAND!

DR. E. H. KILBOURN,
DENTAL SURGEON,
NO. 2 MARSTON'S BLOCK,
(Nearly opposite the Post Office.)

where he will be happy to attend to the calls of all those who may favor him with their patronage.

He is prepared to give every attention to the extraction of teeth, and to a practical application in that branch of surgery, should be made known by all proper means.

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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, SATINETTS, TRIMMINGS, &c.—New Styles Cashmeres, M. de Laines, Gingham, Gingham Mullins, Balzoinnes, Lawns, Lyons Mullins, checked, striped, plaid and plain white Mullins and Cambrics.

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

PRINTS in any quantity, from 4 to 25 cts. White and brown Linens, Linen Table Covers of all sizes; cold do. do. Bleached and brown Sheetings, Drillings, Diapers, Crash, cold Cambrics, blue and mix'd Drillings, and other summer stuffs.

HOSIERY, Gloves, Hdkcs., Cravats—Laces, Edgings, &c. &c. Manilla, China pearl, Coburg, Adelaide, Bird-eye, Florence, Pedal, Rutland, and Lawn BONNETS, of all sizes, bought direct from the manufacturers. Warranted fresh, and of the most fashionable shapes. Those in want will find in my BONNET ROOMS the LARGEST STOCK ON THE KENNEBEC, and at least 25 per cent. under the usual prices. Purchasers at wholesale supplied at a small advance from manufacturers' prices.

Also a great variety of **RIBBONS, FLOWERS, WREATHS** and **TABES.** Superfine, fine and common woollen, cotton, hemp and straw CARPETINGS, Brussels and other RUGS and MATS. UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, and CARPET BAGS.

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

CROCKERY WARE, FEATHER

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

MAY-DAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

'Now Grace, sweet Grace, do lay aside your viol, and grant my request.'

The speaker was in the bloom of youth and beauty, richly attired, and with that air of easy dignity which betokened high birth. She stood on the battlements of one of those massive castles which rose over all England during the reign of Steven, and a few of which remain in our mother country to attest the stormy character of the age.

The companion whom she addressed sat at her feet, and was playing a troubadour lay on the small viol then in fashion. She was somewhat older than the speaker; and less richly dressed. Grace was a cousin of the baron's daughter, and her adviser and companion.

'And what may the request be?' said Grace, looking up.

'Oh, you must promise to grant it before I tell you.'

'Nay! that I can scarcely do. What would your father say if he knew I fulfilled my charge so carelessly?'

'Well I will tell you. But you must positively consent,' said Maude, stooping and kissing her friend's cheek caressingly. 'I wish then to go down to the green and see the villagers at their sport, for it is as sweet a May-day as I ever saw, and I have been cooped up here all winter.'

Grace looked from the castle walls when her companion alluded to the sports of the villagers and heaved a sigh. It was indeed a morning to make the two young girls wish for an hour's liberty. The season was an advanced one, and already the earlier trees were in leaf, while myriads of flowers blushed in wood and meadow, filling the air with fragrance. The dew sparkled in the grass; the birds sang from the lofty branches; the waters danced and sparkled in the sunshine; and a soft breeze kissing the brows of the maidens, tossed their curls, and gave a refreshing tone to their spirits as well as a rosy hue to their cheeks.

No wonder that Grace sighed as she answered:

'Indeed, Maude, I should like to tread the green-sward once more myself, but you know the promise I gave your father, not to leave the castle walls until his return from Normandy.'

'Ah! but he did not expect to be gone so long—he never dreamed of imprisoning us here for four long months.'

'But I should never forgive myself if we went abroad and any accident happened. Your father said I must supply the place of a mother to you—you know Maude, I am nearly ten years the elder, and ought to be discreet accordingly.'

'Yet this once—only this once,' pleaded Maude. 'Surely none of the freebooters will be abroad on May-day. Besides the village is almost in sight from the castle.'

Grace looked wistfully at the smiling landscape and was half persuaded. Yet she shook her head. The period was indeed one of unusual danger; for it was during the imprisonment of Richard of the Lion Heart in Germany; a period when lawlessness reigned supreme, and when the minions of the usurper John daily committed the greatest atrocities. And as the Baron De la Spencer adhered to the rightful king, there was little safety for his household, except behind the stone walls of his castle. Hence, on departing on a secret mission to the continent, relative to the ransom of his monarch, he had left his daughter in charge of the more prudent Grace, exhorting her, on no account, to leave the castle until his return. But Maude set her heart on witnessing the sports of the day, and she now began to ply her cousin with a thousand arguments, until at last Grace consented, persuading herself that there could be no harm in transgressing the injunction for a single morning. But to ensure safety to their excursion, she ordered a part of the garrison to attend them, leaving behind only just sufficient to man the walls.

Maude and Grace, therefore, mounted their palfreys, and attended by a dozen men-at-arms, left the castle gate. Trotting down a gentle slope, they turned an angle of the wood, and soon reached the village green. Here they were received with loud shouts of welcome, but Maude smilingly desired that the sports might not be interrupted, and with redoubled glee the merry revellers resumed their games. Meanwhile she and Grace looked on.

And a jocund spectacle it was. High in the centre of the green, the May-pole reared its head decorated with innumerable wreaths, while a gay pennon floated from its top. Not far from this was a bower made of green branches of trees interlaced, in which on a rude floral seat was the village belle, now Queen of May. Three or four of the rude musicians of the common people kept time playing while the villagers danced. Here a dragon, made of coarse painted cloth, stretched on hoops, moved about, occasionally vomiting fire. A huge hobby-horse, near by, delighted the spectators with its pranks. All was mirth and jollity!

Maude was in the mood to enjoy the scene, and with Grace at her elbow, kept remarking on the different groups. But she was principally attracted by a gallant in the dress of a forrester, whose dashing air carried everything before it with the village girls. He and the Queen of May had been for some time engaged in a very obvious flirtation, apparently much to the chagrin of a more awkward young man who eyed the company with angry glances. Maude knew the latter to be a man of substance and worth, but the forrester was totally unknown to her, though now and then she fancied that she had somewhere seen a face like his. He appeared, too, as if desirous of her eye, at least so Maude thought, as she could not avoid following his fine shape with her eyes. Twice their glances met, and Maude was conscious of blushing, though why she should do so for a young man, she could not tell.

In the course of her observations she noticed that there was a larger number of men present than was usual, and that quite one half of their faces were strange to her. She mentioned this fact to Grace.

'Indeed, I now perceive it too,' said her cousin, with symptoms of alarm. 'There is something strange in this, and it may be peril. Dear Maude, had we not better return?'

'Oh! not yet—not yet,' cried the gay and reckless Maude. 'Sure there can be no danger while we are backed by those stout men-at-arms. Wait a little while, for there will be fun yet from Master Green Jack's flirtation with our pretty Queen of May—I see already that her old lover is itching for a hot at single-trick.'

'He might chance to get the worst of it,' said the old seneschal, who at once acquired the ladies and commanded the men-at-arms.

'Ah! then you know this forrester. He is a handsome fellow at any rate,' said Maude.

'No, I did not know him,' said the veteran. 'But he looks as sly as a young snake, and—my word for it—he could knock old Master Dodge head over heels before he knew it.'

'Who can he be?' said Grace. 'Not an out-

law I hope; for if so, we had better return at once.'

'As you say, my lady,' replied the old man deferentially, 'but for my part, I don't look on these outlaws as enemies; they are true and good Englishmen, and only foe to the knavish priests and hungry Normans. You, my lady, who come of Saxon blood, ought never to fear the friends of the people.'

'Nor do I,' said Maude. 'We will stay.' The sport now went on with increased activity, and for some time Maude and Grace did nothing but laugh at the antics of the hobby-horse and the capers of the dragon. Suddenly, however, a cry of alarm arose, and instantaneously was heard the clatter of approaching horsemen. By the time Maude could look around, a body of men-at-arms, not less than fifty in number, had galloped on the lawn, of which they took possession, the affrighted villagers flying in every direction.

The old seneschal immediately formed his little troop around their mistress, for he recognized in the leader of the intruders the Lord Mountjoy, a hereditary foe of the baron, a neighboring noble of the worst character, and a zealous partisan of Prince John. The veteran hoped to have escaped unobserved in the confusion, but the flutter of woman's garments unfortunately attracted the attention of the lawless noble.

'Ha! what have you yonder?' he exclaimed, 'by S. Jude, those are ladies and guarded by De Spencer's men-at-arms. They must be the pretty doves he has kept cooped in his internal stronghold, during his absence. The saints be praised that such rare creatures are thrown in our path to-day—for by our halidome, we might have wished for them long enough ere we could have rifled them from their nests. Wilfred, you ride towards the wood-land and cut off their retreat. We shall keep the highway. A rare banquet we shall have to-night with these pretty dames for company.'

With that he laughed a coarse laugh, which reached even the ears of Maude and made her tremble with apprehension, for by this time she had detected the cognizance of her father's foe. 'Close up—close up,' cried the old Seneschal, as he saw the hostile movements of the enemy. 'We must die around our mistress, if they attack us. But first let me speak them fair.'

The veteran accordingly rode forward and attempted to parley with the enemy; but he was laughed to scorn when he asked a free passage for his noble mistress.

'Nay, nay, old fellow, not so fast,' cried Mountjoy. 'The Lady Maude hath a fine estate, and will match well with mine own noble self. Fortune hath placed her in my hands, and I shall not neglect the chance, you may be sure.'

'Then over our dead bodies only shall you take her,' cried the seneschal, falling back to his men.

'Be it so,' said the noble. Meantime the villagers had totally disappeared, only a few of the men lingering behind. Among these was the forrester, who, during the last few minutes, had been drawing nearer to Maude. He did not, however, seem to purpose engaging in the strife, but sauntered carelessly along as if only desirous of getting a suitable position to observe the struggle. Once or twice he whistled in an idle way, and looked indifferently around. Maude, who even in her terror, was still pursued by his image, at first hoped he was coming to their aid; but in this she was sadly disappointed, for when he had approached within twenty yards he stood at the door of a cottage, where he stood idly leaning against a door post.

The lawless noble had now put his men in motion, and at this instant they came on at a gallop with lances leveled. The little band around Maude met the shock bravely, but several of them were unhorsed. The seneschal, however, still kept his saddle, and drawing his sword while he shouted to encourage his men, he placed himself anew in front of Maude, like a faithful watch-dog defending his charge. But his heroic devotion was in vain. With one blow of his huge battle axe, Mountjoy hurled the old man to the earth, and continuing his rapid career, reached the side of the now defenceless Maude. With a shriek the hapless maiden covered her face from his hated sight; while Grace, as if her feeble arms could have protected her cousin, threw herself between Maude and her assailant.

In this extremity, aid came from a quarter where it had ceased to be expected. During the events we have described, the forrester had gazed carelessly on the conflict, occasionally, however, looking towards the wood; but when he saw Mountjoy bear down the old seneschal he hastily stepped into the cottage, and immediately reappeared with a bow and cloth yard shaft. It was the work of a moment to fit the latter to the string; and quick as thought the arrow sped on its mission. Right through the bars of Mountjoy's helmet the shaft found its way, penetrating the eye and thence entering the brain; and with a dull groan the rude assailant fell backwards from the saddle and tumbled headlong to the earth. He had not even time to insult Maude by a touch.

At the same instant a cheer was heard from the wood, and thirty bold archers stepped forth, each man armed with a bow, and having several arrows stuck in his belt. At their head was a tall stalwart man, whose eagle's plume and silver bugle, to say nothing of his bearing, betrayed one used to command. He waved his hand, and thirty arrows were promptly fitted to the string. He gave the signal, and each cloth yard shaft sped on its fatal errand. Half of the ravishers fell to the ground, and the rest took to flight, though even before that arrowy hail had rained on them, they had turned their horses' heads in fear. As the discomfited villains galloped away, the bold forrester gave three hearty cheers.

Maude, as well as Grace, was not without resolution; and instead of swooning, as many a modern damsel would have done, collected her spirits and turned to thank her deliverers. The young forrester had now removed his cap, and as she gazed on his features, Maude exclaimed, 'What! Henry Neville here! Or am I dreaming?'

'Not dreaming, lady fair,' he exclaimed, on bowed knee. 'It is indeed your unfortunate lover, happy for once, however, since he has rendered you some slight service.'

'And this,' she said, turning to the captain of the forresters, 'this is—'

'Robin Hood!' exclaimed that renowned champion, lifting his cap. 'The friend of all honest nobles like the good Lord Spencer, and especially of Maude in distress.' This happy denouement was rendered even more felicitous by the information now imparted to Maude, that her faithful band had suffered comparatively little, though several were bruised and wounded—the short period during which the conflict lasted having prevented more serious hurts. The principal execution had been done on the enemy, and by Robin Hood's archers. In a few minutes the villagers returned to the green.

But how came the lover of Maude in the disguise of a forrester, we hear the reader ask.

Young Neville had been a page formerly in Lord Spencer's household, and while there had imbibed a secret affection for Maude. But as he was only of a simple knight's degree, he dared not aspire to her hand. Hence he had left the castle in despair two summers since, resolute to make his fortune by his sword before he openly solicited Maude's love. But though a brave and gallant knight, he had been unfortunate; for adhering to the cause of the absent monarch, he had been stripped of his little estate by the minions of Prince John, and finally forced by an unjust outlawry to take to the greenwood, like many other loyal gentlemen.

His old love for Maude led him to linger in the vicinity of her father's castle, and fortune had chanced to bring thither with him, on this occasion, his leader and friend, the banished earl of Huntington, or as he called himself in the forest, Robin Hood. Most of his fellow archers had mingled in the sports unawares, so that our hero, on seeing the intentions of the robber noble, had sent for his companions to procure their arms and summon their leader, who, with a small band, remained in the wood to guard them—Neville reserving his own interference in the meantime for a critical moment, if such should happen before Robin Hood arrived. We have seen how boldly and effectively he interposed at the right instant.

Great were the rejoicings at Spencer Castle, two days afterwards, bringing the intelligence that King Richard was free and in England; but even more boisterous was the mirth and levity, when, a few months later, Maude and Neville were united, the monarch himself giving away the bride.

Robin Hood was at the wedding, having in the meantime been restored to his earldom. Grace, not long after, married a knight in King Richard's train.

Agriculture, &c.

COMPOSITION FOR ROOFS.

A great many buildings are annually destroyed in consequence of the roof taking fire. Old, mossy buildings are almost as combustible, and easily ignited when dry, as spunk. It is frequently the case that roofs are seen so completely covered with this fungus, that the shingle-courses are wholly concealed from view. In the dry, hot days of the spring and summer, the slightest spark of fire falling on such inflammable materials, would produce an immediate conflagration, and perhaps envelope the entire building in flames, before any efficient measures could be adopted to arrest its force. The following recipe for the formation of an incombustible wash, to be applied to the roofs of dwelling and out-houses, is republished for the benefit of those who, although they may have hitherto neglected a most important duty, are yet sufficiently wise to profit by a gentle hint.

Slack stone lime in a large tub or barrel with boiling water, covering the tub or barrel to keep in all the steam. When thus slacked, pass six quarts of it through a fine sieve. It will then be in a state of fine flour. Now to six quarts of this lime, add one quart of water or Turk's Island salt, and one gallon of rosin, then boil the mixture and skim it clean. To every five gallons of this skimmed mixture, add one pound of alum, half pound of copperas, by slow degrees add three fourths of a pound of potash, and four quarts of fine sand or hickory ashes sifted. We suppose any kind of hard wood ashes will answer as well as hickory. This mixture will now admit of any coloring matter you please, and may be applied with a brush. It looks better than paint, and is as durable as slate. It will stop small leaks in the roof, prevent the moss from growing on and rotting the wood, and render it incombustible from sparks falling upon it. When laid upon brick work it renders the brick impervious to rain or wet.—Maine Farmer.

CUT THE BUSHES.

Now is the time to be cutting up and exterminating the bushes which infest the cultivated grounds, or grounds that ought to be cultivated. Nothing can be more unprofitable than a rank growth of alders or willows, or hardbacks, or brambles of any kind, in arable, mowing or pasture lands, and it is well to put a "stump scythe" to them during the month, and cut them down. Some think that during the time of full moon in August, is just the right time to cut them, and that when cut at such times they don't dare to start up again. Now we don't suppose that the moon, whether full or empty, has anything to do with it. The probable reason why bushes cut at this time of year are not so apt to spring up again, is this; the growing season being nearly over, the system of the bush or tree is not in a condition to push up suckers so quick and vigorous as at earlier portions of the summer. Cut them down and burn them up; their room is better than their company, and their ashes of more value than their living bodies.—Maine Farmer.

FOUR KINDS OF WINTER APPLES RECOMMENDED. To our friend M., who wishes us to recommend four winter apples for his cultivation, we would say: 1st—The good old Rhode Island Greening. 2d—The Roxbury Russet. 3d—The Esopus Spitzenburg. 4th—The Baldwin.—Maine Farmer.

EXTENSIVE FRUIT CULTIVATION. A large establishment for supplying the Philadelphia market with peaches, sold in 1845, 25,000 bushels, from 16 cents to \$2 per bushel, averaging fifty cents per bushel. For several weeks, two sloops and one steambark were required to carry the fruit to market. One of the proprietors has just commenced an orchard in Ohio, beginning with setting out 10,000 trees.

EXPERIMENT WITH ASPARAGUS. The London Gardener's Chronicle mentions the following method of growing asparagus at Nice. 'Perhaps it does not partake of the character of the marvellous, and it may be very easily tried. Take a quart wine bottle, invert it over an asparagus root, just rising from the ground, and secure it to its place by three sticks. The asparagus will grow up into the interior of the bottle, and being stimulated by unusual heat and moisture, will speedily fill it. As soon as this has taken place, the bottle must be broken, when the asparagus will be found to have formed a thick head of tender, delicate shoots, all eatable, and as compact as a cauliflower.'

An old gentleman recently deceased in Philadelphia, left behind him a curious will of which the following is a specimen:

'Whereas, my daughter refused me a night lodging in her house when I had no place of abode, I therefore leave her one cent; and to her hen pecked husband half a cent, as a man who allows his wife to insult her father in his presence, is no man. To my other children I recommend a period of the fifth Commandment.

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.

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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 Balsam 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 Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent 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 as *Confirmed and incurable*. The Hungarian Balsam 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 Balsam of Life, in order to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a preventive medicine in all cases of Colds, Coughs, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, it is the Hungarian Balsam 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.

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By Special Appointment, DAVID F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., Sole Agent for the United States and British American Provinces, of Buchanan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, in London, in Bottles and Cases, for Ships, Hospitals, &c.

Patented by Buchanan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, in London, in Bottles and Cases, for Ships, Hospitals, &c.

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

SARSAPARILLA, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters, have now become a standard Medicine, and are universally approved by Physicians as a safe, speedy and effectual remedy for *Scrophulous, Mercurial and Cutaneous Diseases*; Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilious Disorders, Liver Complaints, Constipation, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Ulcers and Running Sores, Swelling of the Limbs, Pain in the Bones, Tumors in the Throat, Rheumatic Affections, and Erysipelas, and in all cases of debility, the face or body, Cancerous Sores, King's Evil, chronic Catarrh, Languor, Debility, Headache, Dizziness, Sallow Complexion, and all those disorders which arise from the impure 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 cure without 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 system, and tendency of the system is *speedy and permanent*.

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

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

For the cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen; Inflammation, Swelling, and Obstruction of the Stomach, Liver, Gallbladder, and Intestines; Impurity of Blood; Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness; and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the Relief of Married and Single persons.

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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,

NEW RICH STYLES OF

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

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PARASOLS, PARASOLETS, AND SUN SHADES,

Victoria and Hand-cloth Robes, Linen and Lawn Hdkfs., black Silk and Fan Cravats, &c. Together with a Large Assortment of

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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. 9-4-2

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