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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 09): September 23, 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, SEPT. 23, 1847.

NO. 9.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, IN
WINGATE'S BUILDING,
MAIN STREET, (OPPOSITE DOW & CO.'S STORE.)

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.

FIRESIDE TALK.

CHILD.
What have they done, those Mexicans,
I should be glad to know!
I think I never heard before
Of killing people so!

FATHER.
Done!—they're a weak and paltry race;
And all the papers say
They owe our nation certain sums,
Which they will never pay.

CHILD.
Well; Sammy Jones is owing me
A sixpence for a knife;
I'll go some night and burn him out,
And take the fellow's life!

FATHER.
What! take his life?—what do you mean?
Hold in your wicked tongue;
You would be tried for murder, boy,
And on the gallows hung!

CHILD.
Then why not hang the volunteers?
Is it more wicked, then,
To shoot and kill a single boy,
Than kill five thousand men!

FATHER.
Boy! boy! you're talking rather wild:
You'd better go up stairs
And go to bed—it's getting late;
And don't forget your prayers!

Miscellany.

GRANDMOTHER HOOK; OR, THE AGREEABLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

[FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.]

A few evenings ago, I was at one of those old world houses in Edinburgh, where a man may actually invite himself to tea, and without being stared at as a curiosity, take his place in a circle round a round table, dominated by a steaming urn. I would describe this tea drinking as a relic of the olden time; but just now I have something else to do. Suffice it, that besides myself, there were at table an old maid, a young maid, the father and mother of the latter, and a gentleman-like man somewhere on the wrong side of fifty. This man was the lion of the party, and performed wonderfully well. He was not like the caged animal, strutting up and down to show his paces, and growling, grinning, and yawning at the spectators; but resembled rather the free denizen of the forest, leaping and romping by turns dignified and playful, as occasion called; now making the room ring with his voice, and now "roaring you an 'twere any nightingale." In short, I was prepared to like the man very much; and, seeing likewise that he was unusually good-looking for a male animal, you may imagine that I was not a little startled to hear that he had very recently been made a Benedict, and, strange to say, with a lady recognized under the appellation of Grandmother Hook!

The company, however, made themselves very merry, at the poor gentleman's calamity; and the old maid especially was never weary of asking questions, seeming to derive a certain savage comfort from the idea of a lady getting married in her very grandmotherhood. The gentleman was at first a little embarrassed; but his tormentors being his near relations, it was necessary to answer; and at length making up his mind to what could not be avoided, he pulled a desperately grave face, and began to tell them "all about it."

"You may wonder, said he, that at my mature years, I had fallen so completely into my uncle's power as to give him the absolute disposal of my hand; but such was the fact. I was brought up, you know, to the very worst thing under the sun—expectations; and, consequently, I was good for nothing else but to keep on expecting. I spent my years as a walking gentleman of society in London, and many more in wandering to and fro upon the continent; but at length, when actually within hail of forty, I found myself once more with legs under the mahogany of the Athenaeum, and with nothing to pay for the good things above it but what came out of the pockets of a tough and somewhat prepotent old man."

He had never before insisted upon my marrying; but the reason was that he remained in constant expectation of the occurrence taking place through my own connivance. Indeed it had been his business for many years to interpose gently between me and the catastrophe; suggesting now that I did not know enough of the lady, and again that I knew too much, and so forth. The fact is, I had never been without expectations of this sort: always voluntarily abandoned till my first crop of gray hairs appeared. After this, the difficulty was on the side of the lady, and I was at length so much disgusted by the unreasonableness of the sex, that I determined to live and die a bachelor. Just at this moment, I received a letter from my uncle, which I can repeat from memory, as it was short, and to the purpose.

"DEAR Nephew—I am glad to hear of what you call the vacancy in your heart, as you will thus have no difficulty in fulfilling my wishes, and obeying my solemn injunctions. You have promised several times to marry, and you must do so now. I never interfered with your choice, and you are not to interfere with mine. The widow and heiress of my old comrade Hook is in the market. Our estates both run into each other in such a way, that you might comprise them both in the same ring fence. She is a healthy woman, and not too young; and the arrangement is that you are to be married at the end of her year of mourning, if she can fancy you."

"If she could fancy me! The widow of old Hook! and a healthy woman indeed! I thought my uncle must have intended it to try the extent of my loyalty; and I do not know that I

had ever a fit of more bitter reflection than while conjuring up the idea it conveyed."

Here the lion paused and wiped his forehead. The old maid bridled and tossed her head, as much as to say that, in her opinion, the like of him was not so mighty a catch for the ladies beyond their girlhood; while the young maid trusted, sympathizingly, that as aged men have sometimes youthful wives, the case might not have turned out so very dreadful after all.

"That," said the gentleman, "did not fail to occur to me, and it gave me considerable comfort; for owing, I suppose, to the idle life I had led, I had not yet got rid of the ideas of romance that are so unfit for mature years like mine. It was one thing to indulge my despair in old bachelorhood, and quite another thing to carry my broken heart into the domestic society of an old woman. I confess I did hope that Mrs. Hook owed her good condition at least to some lingering remains of youth, but a second letter from my uncle, in reply to my remonstrances, dissipated at once the fond illusion, informing me that the widow's family could be no possible objection, her only daughter being well married!"

There was no help for it. It was necessary to turn my meditations from the lady to the estate; and if I thought of the ring at all, to fancy it within a ring fence. But the affair could not be slept over any longer, and I set out for my uncle's seat, having previously signified to him my full acquiescence in his plans. In due time I arrived at the little town of Enderley, distant only a few miles from my destination. And here—

"Never mind the little town!" interrupted the old maid. "Come to the seat at once, and let us hear about the introduction, and how the lady looked!"

"Healthy, I hope!" said the young maid, with a sneer, fixing eyes of beautiful contempt upon the lion.

"Ladies," said the gentleman, in a tone of depression, "it is natural that I should wish to linger for a moment at this crisis of my fate; and besides, it was at Enderley I heard—and with cruel suddenness—of a circumstance connected with my intended, which made me at first determine to rush back to London, and, if necessary, take to street-sweeping, authorship, or any other desperate resource, rather than marry Mrs. Hook. I was passing a half open door in the hotel, when I heard a female voice addressing a child in the terms of wise endearment consecrated to the rising generation."

"I shall go," said the voice, "to its granny—granny; to its own—own—granny; that it shall; so it shall—won't it, I wonder?" to its own—Granny Hook!

"Only think, my dearest ladies, what my feelings must have been, on thus learning (and the fact was confirmed the next minute by the landlady, in reply to my hurried questions) that my intended, old and healthy bride was an absolute grandmother—Grandmother Hook!"

"I intended to have gone at once to my uncle's place, but that was now impossible. My agitated mind demanded repose. A night's reflections were necessary to arm me with sufficient philosophy to meet the destroyer of my peace; and, engaging a bed at the inn, I went out to walk in the neighboring wood. The location was not chosen without a motive; for I knew that from the summit of a low hill, at a mile's distance, I should obtain a view of Enderley Court; and I felt that if anything could reconcile me to the idea of the healthy old widow, it would be the spectacle of her castellated mansion, seated in a park, which is a very paradise of beauty."

"There is a strange sympathy," continued the lion, musingly, "between the soul of a man and the aspect of nature. It would seem as if the waving line of beauty, described by hill and valley, embraced in its folds, and endowed with its charms, the possessor of the enchanted spot; as if the melody of woods and waters mingled with the mortal voice that owned them; as if the peeps of sky caught through embowering trees flung an azure glory upon the eyes to which the timber belonged!"

"Beautiful! beautiful!" broke in the mother for the first time; "and as true as it is beautiful! Jenima, my love, that is philosophy." Jenima looked coldly and distrustfully at her parent, but remained silent; and the old maid, who was obviously interested in Mrs. Hook, remarked in a tone of soliloquy, that she was sure we should find her turn out to be a respectable and interesting woman."

"That was just my idea," remarked the worshipper of nature, when he had cooled down. "Every step I advanced, reconciled me more and more to the old lady; and when I saw the glancing of a trout stream through the trees, I thought even of a hook without disgust. But just at this moment a sound broke upon my senses which disturbed me with recent and disagreeable associations; it was the squeal of a young child, and whisked off my thoughts to a hale, hearty, long-living grandmotherhood. Visions of canes and snuff-boxes rose before my eyes, everlasting coughs rattled in my ear, and, worse than all, the glances of matrimonial love from the eyes of a grandmother froze my blood."

"How different were the sights and sounds of reality, as I turned the corner of a clump of trees! The infant I had heard was lying on its back on a grassy knoll, fighting up with its little clenched fists, but crowing; as the nursemaids called it, with all his might; while bending over it, with eyes brimful of love and laughter, poking its tiny ribs with her fingers, snatching wild kisses from its brow, and kissing her lips as if she would throttle it, there knelt a young woman; and such a young woman! I did not think she could have been quite thirty."

"Thirty! the old creature!" exclaimed Miss Jenima. "I don't think her bloodshot eyes look like thirty!"

"The girl was probably a nursemaid!" remarked the old maid.

"She was neither an old creature nor a girl," said the lion, in a king-of-the-forest tone, "but a woman in the very prime and glory of her years. Her bonnet was lying on the grass, and her dishevelled hair floating in dark masses over her shoulders; but a visible diadem sat on her queenly brow; just as a voice of peremptory command was felt in her light, joyous, leaping laugh. There was a fearless, self-possessed grace in her manner, such as years superadded to the feminine softness of youth; and her features, originally moulded in wax, were now as firm, yet as exquisitely fine, as if they had been set in the semi-transparent marble of Paros. While feasting on the beautiful picture formed by the mother and the child—surely that must have been the relationship—a little incident occurred to disturb its grouping. The infant, with a shrill shriek of delight, said a

more vigorous spasm of its limbs, suddenly rolled down the knoll, crowing as it went; and the lady, with a playful, yet nervous cry of surprise, stretched after it in vain as she knelt, till she measured her whole length upon the sod. Before she could get up, I had sprung from my ambush, caught up the truant as it lay half-smothered in daisies and buttercups, and presented the prize to the flushed and startled mother. Such was my introduction to—"

"Not to Mrs. Hook?" said the old maid, with severity. "You forget that you are now a married man!"

Mrs. Jenima was tearing absently the petals of a narcissus, and looking up with a forgiving sigh into the face of the narrator, said softly, "But you were not married then!"

"To describe the conversation of this fascinating woman," continued the gentleman, "is impossible. She was not a woman of society, yet perfectly well-bred. She had spent the greater part of her life in the country, inhaling health of mind as well as body from the pure air of heaven, yet with occasional visits, to and occasional visitors from, the great cities, which enable her, with the assistance, not only of books in the good old fashioned sense of the term, but of the ephemeral literature of the day, to keep pace with the progress of the world."

"I do not know how it was, but our acquaintance seemed to be ready-made; and when at last I mentioned my uncle's name, she had no difficulty in recollecting that respectable friend of Mrs. Hook. At the word I started as violently as if she had thrown the old lady's grandchild at my head; and the beautiful stranger looked at me with surprise and curiosity."

"You know Mrs. Hook?" said I.

"Yes."

"What—old Mrs. Hook?"

"Yes."

"Grandmother Hook?"

"Yes."

"How do you like the individual?"

"I sympathize with her; for I too—"

And breaking off with a sigh, she held up the fairest hand in the world, so as to show a widow's ring.

I had not observed the peculiarity in her slight mourning; but now saw that she, too, was a widow—a young and charming widow!—and that the infant (which was now alternately in her arms and mine) was the pledge of a love extinguished in the grave? She was free, this lovely young woman; and I was about to be chained for life to Grandmother Hook! She saw my agitation, but of course could not comprehend its cause.

"Come," said she, with an angelic smile, "I see you do not like my venerable friend; but I am determined to reconcile her to you. She is a grandmother; it is true, and therefore not so young as she has been; but she wears well—she is indeed particularly healthy; and thus, if you form a friendship for her, it is likely to last for many years."

"That is the misery," said I, "that is the misery! If she were but like other old women—if she were but liable to the common diseases of grandmothers, my fate might be endurable!"

"Your fate? What has your fate to do with the longevity of Mrs. Hook?"

"I am only going to be married to her—that's all; and the absurd announcement was no sooner out of my lips than the fair stranger broke into peals of laughter, that to my ears, at the inauspicious moment, sounded like the screams of an evil spirit."

"Pardon me," said she, endeavoring to compose herself; "I am far too giddy for a—"

And the widow kissed her orphan child. "But the idea of a marriage between you and Mrs. Hook is really too ridiculous. You appear to be compelled to the sacrifice by circumstances; but has the old lady given her consent?"

"Her consent! O, let her alone for that; it is not so often that a fellow like me comes in the way of a grandmother. There is no hope of her refusing me; and if I refuse her, I may as well hang myself up on one of those trees."

"Why adopt such an alternative? Although probably dependent on fortune, you are not too old to work and to struggle. If you will not allow poor aged Mrs. Hook to enrich you, there are fortunes still to be made by the adventurous and the industrious."

"Give me a motive," cried I, suddenly, "and I will both dare and suffer! I cannot toil for so poor a meed as fortune; but place in the distance some thing worthy of my efforts, some thing rich enough to reward them, something—"

"What?" said she, innocently.

"Love!" cried I in desperation; and before she could prevent me, I had caught hold of her hand, and smothered it with kisses."

"Upon my word!" interrupted the old maid, "this from a married man—from the husband of Mrs. Hook!"

"But he was not married then!" whispered Jenima, softly.

"Since you are displeased with such details," pursued the gentleman, "I shall pass them over. Let it suffice that I spent several hours with the lovely widow; that I saw—plainly saw—that only a little time was wanting to enable me to gain her affections; and that at last I bade her adieu, extorting a promise that she would not communicate my arrival to Mrs. Hook; and that, when I called at the Court, she would see me alone, that I might have an opportunity of telling her what had passed between my uncle and me."

"Pray what was the lady's name?" said Miss Jenima, as the lion paused.

"I never thought of asking."

"How could you tell that she lived at the Court?"

"I don't know: I took it into my head; and it happened that I was right."

"Under all circumstances, you seem to have made wonderful progress in so short a time!"

"Time is merely a relative word. An hour is occasionally as long as a day or a month, and a month, in other circumstances, passes as quickly as a day or an hour. The widow and I became better acquainted during the single interview I have described, than we should have done in the course of an hundred meetings in ordinary society. But to proceed. I found my revered uncle in very bad temper, as he expected me the day before; and matters were not mended when I mentioned frankly some misgivings on the score of domestic happiness."

"Domestic fiddlesticks!" cried he. "What more would you have than a good estate and a good wife—and a healthy woman to boot, come of a long-winded race, and as likely as not to

lay you beside my old friend Hook? She is a grandmother already; does not that look well?"

"You do not think her too young?" said the old gentleman grinning. Another spasmodic exclamation."

"Then what ails you at her—more especially since you tell me that there is a 'vacancy in your heart?' But here comes a letter from the Court. And tearing open a large old-fashioned looking missive, presented to him by a servant, he read as follows:—"

"MY DEAR SIR—I am told that your nephew has arrived; and he has been reported upon favorably by one who saw him yesterday, and on whose taste and judgement I can rely. I am tempted to say, with the frankness of my character, that I shall be happy to make his acquaintance. I am truly grateful for the many obliging things I am told he said of me; and I hope one day or other he will find them all realized. My dearest grandchild sends a pretty little kiss to you both; and with best regards I remain as usual,

GRANDMOTHER HOOK."

"There!" cried the old gentleman with odious triumph—"there is a spirit for you! Why, you dog, you will be happy as the day is long!"

"I scarcely heard him, for my thoughts were brooding bitterly over the treachery of the beautiful widow. She had broken her promise, and she had rendered my position a thousand times more embarrassing, by persuading the wretched grandmother that I had been such an ass as to say complimentary things about her age, ugliness, an infirmities! It was clear that she was a jilt; that she had only been laughing at my admiration; and that she was now determined to extract further amusement from my calamities. I resolved, however, to die game; and telling my uncle that, although well acquainted with Mrs. Hook from report, I desired to see her personally before coming to a final decision, I threw myself on horseback, and galloped straightway to the Court."

"It was my intention to have asked for Mrs. Hook; but the wily widow was on her guard, for as the door opened, I heard her call to the servant, in her silverest tones, 'Show the gentleman here'; and in another minute I stood once more before the unknown of the forest. I found her more beautiful—better dressed—youthful than the day before; and as I saw, with keener appreciation, the treasure I was about to lose for ever, my presentiment died away, and deep choking grief took its place."

"You forget your promise," said I: "you make a sport of my misery!"

"What could I say when questioned?" replied she sweetly. "But what misery do you allude to?—the misery of marrying a grandmother?"

"When my heart is devoted to another. But it is needless to talk to you, for you are as incapable of passion as a statue. You could never have loved even your husband!"

"You are in some degree wrong; yet I was so young when I was married—only sixteen—that I looked upon my husband more as a guardian than as a lover. I was not quite seventeen when I became a mother."

"Is it possible? That is not a great while ago."

"Greater than you would perhaps suppose; for a sound constitution and salubrious air are very deceitful. Would you take me to be well on to thirty-five?"

"What became of your child?" cried I suddenly.

"We all marry young in our family, replied the widow, hanging her head. "It was my daughter's infant," she continued, looking up at me with the most beautiful blush that ever lit the cheek of a girl, "which you gathered yesterday from among the daisies and buttercups; and I am GRANDMOTHER HOOK!"

"Well, I declare," said Miss Jenima, as the lion finished, "that is as like a romance as any real story I ever heard! Only an author would never make his heroine a horrid old thing of thirty-five!"

"I am glad, for the sake of morality," remarked the old maid, "that she turned out to be Mrs. Hook after all: only I cannot help thinking it a shocking example for girls to be grandmothers."

OH, THIS LOVE.

"Love!" observed Venerable Joe, sarcastically—love's a himposition. There's been more people imposed upon by that air word than by all the professional swindlers in nature. It's a gross, a universal himposition; and it's only very wonderful to me that it ain't long ago been hanged up. A gal says she loves yer. Werry well; but are you consequently obligated to make a fool of yourself? No; you've only got her hippey-dixy, and vot's the good of that? Marry her and you'll werry soon see, 'ow sweet's the love as meets return. But about that; look 'er on! just for instance; a gal loves a soger—vich she loves 'im—oh! shout an' hoot! Werry well don't yer think she'd give 'im up for an officer? In course she vood! And why? Why, cause it'd be a better chance. Has for love it's the vickedest, the swindlinest himposition as is. The chances is vot 'gals look out for. The only question with them is, Is it a good chance. If it is, they'll have it; if it ain't, they won't, unless they can't get nothing better. It's the dearest take in, is that love ever heered on? A deader no never was himposed. You take my advice and don't be fooled. Venever yer 'ear the word love, always vey it as a gross himposition. Hif yer don't vey it be done and on'y find it out when it's too late. Look at me just for instance. I was sixty-two in Jennie werry last; look at that! Sixty-two and I ain't done yet. I'm invited to all the parties, I'm never forgot. There's the old uns as is married a settin' their darters upon me, it'd be sich a chance! and all in course, cos I'm single. Why, d'yer think they'd care about my company pervided I was married? Does it stand at all to reason they'd invite me as do, hif they didn't believe I was yet to be done? Not a bit of it! not if I vains vatter of fifty times more than I am—But, as it is—as I vains escaped the himposition—there am I, never missed, altho thought on, looked up at and respected; vich, let me tell you, is a werry great advantage—Bentley's Miscellany.

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This and That.

THE MENAI BRIDGE.—The following description of the stupendous bridge proposed to be erected over the Menai Straits, and now in progress, is from the Manchester (Eng.) Examiner:

"If we suppose ourselves stationed in a boat in the middle of the Menai Straits, a few hundred yards distant from the new bridge on the south side, and suppose it finished, we shall see a wonder of the world of this kind; first, there is the middle pier rising out of the water, founded on the Britannia rock, after which the bridge is named. This rock can be seen at low water. The breadth of this pier is 62 by 53 feet and a quarter of an inch. The blocks of stone are 7 and 8 feet long by 3 and 4 feet in breadth and depth, and they rise, stone upon stone, until the pier is 230 feet high. At the distance of 460 feet on each side of this central pier rise, near the water's edge, two other piers of the same gigantic breadth and height, while on each side of these two piers, at the distance of 250 feet rise two walls. Continuing onward, the wall on our right hand, on the Carnarvon shore, does not extend its ponderous bulk far back, for the land is high and bold, and the railway comes along its elevated brow, and at once lays hold of the bridge. But on our left hand, which is the Anglesea shore, the wall is the forehead and end of a mighty embankment on which the railway is raised to the level of the bridge.

There, then, are the four spaces before us, across which, in the iron tubes, the railway is laid, namely, two spaces on each side of the central pier of 460 feet each, (let the reader measure 460 feet on a street or on a road, and he will wonder at the vastness of this structure;) and two more spaces of 250 feet respectively at each end. The tubes are 8 in number, each of them 30 feet on the exterior side, and 27 feet high in the interior. Each is 14 feet wide, and they are laid in couples parallel to each other. In the whole, with the breadth of the piers and the landward buildings, the length of the bridge is one third of a mile. In height the three piers are, as already said, 230 feet. Measuring from low water mark to the bottom of the tubes, the height is 130 feet, the tubes being 30 feet on the side and the pier 70 feet above their upper surface. As ornaments to the two walls which rise upon each shore, are four lions, two at each end of the bridge. The lions contain about 8000 cubic feet of stone. They lie couched, and yet the height of each is 12 feet, the greatest breadth across the body is nine feet, the length 25 feet the breadth of each paw two feet four inches.

The tubes are made of plates of iron of various thicknesses, riveted together. The iron increases in thickness as we proceed towards the centre. The roofs of the tubes are formed of cells, and also the floors. These cells are formed of iron plates set on edge, the cells of the roof being within a fraction of one foot nine inches square, and those of the floor one foot nine inches wide, and two or three inches deep. The rails on which the trains run are laid on these cells of the floor. The flat bottom, the two upright sides, and the flat roof of each tube are formed of plates, the thinnest of which is a quarter of an inch, and the thickest three quarters of an inch. The weight of each of the four long tubes will be about 1,800 tons; the weight of each of the four short ones about 600 tons. In the whole there will be at least 7,600 tons of iron used. The masonry was contracted for by B. J. Nowell & Co. at £130,000; but from alterations in the plans it will cost £200,000. They expect to finish the masonry by August, 1848. It will contain 1,500,000 cubic feet of stone.

THE DOG FISHING FOR MAN.—Man is not content with employing his own ingenuity in capturing this delicious fish (salmon); he calls to his aid the sagacity of the dog, which we find becomes by practice as expert a fisher as his master. Numerous instances of this are on record. The following are well established facts. In the work by the Rev. William Hamilton, an interesting account is related of the assistance afforded by a water-dog to some salmon fishermen, when working nets in shallow pools. The dog takes his place in a ford where the water is not very deep, and at a distance below the net. If a salmon escapes the net, the fish makes a shoot down the river in the direction towards the sea; the dog watches, and marks his approach by the ripple on the water, and endeavors to turn the fish back towards the net, or catch him; if he fails in both attempts, the dog then quits the water, in which the pace of the fish is too quick for him, and runs with all his speed down the bank to intercept the fish at the next shallow ford, where another opportunity and a second diverting attempt occurs. A clever poacher, at Tonnes, allows that he has killed many salmon in the night, on the Dart, by setting a trammel-net at the lower end of a pool, by sending in a dog at the upper end of it, which dog he had trained to dive like an otter. The fish, as soon as the dog dived, immediately dashed down the stream, and were taken in the net at the lower end of the pool. The Earl of Home, in a letter to the Earl of Montague, dated 10th January, 1837, relates the following history of a Newfoundland dog, which belonged to his uncle. He knew the Monday mornings as well as the fishermen themselves, and used to go to the mill-dam at Fireburn Mill on these mornings. He there took his station at the opening in the dam to allow the salmon to pass, and has been known to kill from twelve to twenty salmon in a morning. The fish he took to the side. The then Lord Tankerville instituted a process against the dog. This case was brought before the court of sessions, and the process was entitled 'The Earl of Tankerville v. a Dog the property of the Earl of Home.'—Judgment was given in favor of the dog.—*Solitaire's Fly Fishing.*

HORRIBLE TRAGEDY. An aged lady named Mary Morrison, wife of Samuel Morrison, residing in Milfin township, in Allegheny co., about three miles from McKeesport, was murdered on Friday last, and afterwards burned to ashes, by her step-daughter. The facts, as far as we have been able to learn, are these: On Friday morning, Mr. Morrison started to the city with produce for the market, leaving his wife and daughter at home. The daughter is a woman about 35 years of age, rather a simple creature, and considered by the neighbors as insane. Mrs. Morrison has from her childhood been subject to spasmodic spells. On the afternoon in question she was taken with one of these spells, and being on the floor, under the influence of the fit, her step-daughter, Sarah Morrison, beat her on the head with a fire shovel, until it is supposed, she killed her, and then threw her into the fire, and kept piling on the fuel until she burned her almost to ashes, there not being bones enough left of the body to fill a quart measure.

The step-daughter, after consummating the horrible and tragic act of burning the mother, carefully scrubbed the floor to obliterate the traces of blood, and made her escape to the woods.

Mr. Whitaker, a brother of Mrs. Morrison, visited the house on Saturday morning and found it deserted, but there being a very disagreeable stench he suspected that all was not right, and immediately commenced a search of the premises. On examining the fire-place, whence the smell proceeded, he discovered a number of small bones, and the jamb spouted over with blood. Several of the neighbors were called in and started in pursuit of the step-daughter, who was arrested a few miles from the scene of the tragedy. She confessed the atrocious murder, and assigned as her reasons for doing so, that 'her father, step-mother and herself could not agree, and she thought the best thing she could do was to burn her up.' She also confessed the manner in which she consummated the act.

Coroner Richardson was sent to hold an inquest on the remains, and the jury, after hearing the testimony of a number of witnesses, returned verdict that 'deceased came to her death from violence at the hands of her step-daughter, Sarah Morrison,' and authorized the Coroner to take the murderer in custody. He brought her to this city and lodged her in jail on Sunday morning.

Mrs. Morrison, the deceased, was a sister of Dr. Whitaker, of Allegheny city, and is said to have been a woman of mild and gentle disposition; when not under the influence of the spasmodic spells to which she was subject.—Her untimely and tragical death is regretted and mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*



WATERVILLE, SEPT. 23.

NOTICE.

The office of the Mail is removed to Wingate's new building, Main street, opposite W. C. Dow & Co's store.

WHITNEY'S RAILROAD.

From the first hint of the great project of a railroad to connect the Atlantic and Pacific, there seems to have been in the public mind a presentiment of its ultimate execution. Whether the precise plan of Mr. Whitney, or Mr. Plumber, or somebody else, is destined to meet public feeling in the case, very few decide, and comparatively few care; and yet the matter is undergoing an examination, through the journals and among men familiar with the subject, that seems likely to secure the best possible plan, whenever the execution of the project shall move forward. The enterprise is too vast, too important, and too decidedly national, to be committed to the smallest hazard of individual monopoly. To this point public attention was attracted at the first suggestion of Mr. Whitney's plan. The value of the land demanded was at once compared with the probable cost of the road. The result was such as at once to excite the jealousy of speculators. Any of them would give Mr. Whitney a bonus for his contract—a bonus, too, that would satisfy a man of ordinary desires.

Mr. Whitney estimates the cost of the entire road at seventy millions of dollars. To meet this, he asks a grant of land sixty miles in width, lying one half on each side of the proposed road. This, estimating the distance at 2,400 miles, would be 92,160,000 acres.—What would be the value of this land after the road was constructed? The first 800 miles, or one-third of the whole distance, is said to be, uniformly, the choicest agricultural section of our country. Let the estimate be made, with all possible allowances, and the result would leave Mr. Whitney the possessor of the largest individual fortune in existence. Mr. Astor would be his humble servant.

But it has been stated that Mr. Whitney asks no claim upon the land beyond remuneration for the cost of the road. We have supposed this to be the fact; but the Boston Traveller, in an article on this subject says—'with what authority we know not.—We do not so understand the proposition of Mr. Whitney himself. He has, to be sure, in the numerous public statements he has made, in exposition of his plan, made the somewhat specious declaration that he asked nothing for himself; that he only desired Congress to set apart—not grant to him—a strip of public land, 60 miles wide, from Lake Michigan to the Pacific, to secure the means of constructing the road; but when his project is analyzed, it appears that he expects ultimately the sole right, title and interest in the whole of this sixty miles in width of territory, to be disposed of for his own benefit after the road is constructed.'

Such a proposition must be fatal to Mr. Whitney's plan, even if the land promised only to meet the cost of the road. When the people are rising for a law to limit individual land holders to a few hundred acres, it must be a bold Congress, if not an unwise one, that would convey to one man a tract extending through the very vitals of the nation, and of sufficient dimensions for half a dozen States. The real danger of this is too obvious to pass unobserved.

But if Mr. Whitney's plan be practicable, why may it not be undertaken by the nation, on the basis of the land, in such a way as to avoid the abuses threatened by his proposal? If sixty miles in width will build the road, it might be devoted to that purpose, but not in a way to become at last the property of a single individual, who might use the enormous power it would give him, to the serious detriment of the road.

This is not the only objection to Mr. Whitney's proposal, but this seems to us to be sufficient, with a people naturally jealous, to dictate its prompt rejection by Congress. If a road can be built over the proposed route that would prove a safe investment, or even keep itself in repair, there is a better way, to build it than to employ Mr. Whitney on such terms.

THE ELECTION.

We have thought it best not to fill our columns with detailed returns. The Democrats have carried the state by an increased majority. They have elected the four Congressmen and an undoubted majority of the Legislature. The Legislature, however, must depend on the result in the towns in which no election was effected, though there is no doubt of an increased democratic majority from last year.

A FIGHT.

The following story of a fight between a rat and a ferret is told in Jessie's Natural History. The two animals were caught and placed together in a room, where they were let out of their respective traps.

Immediately upon being liberated, the rat ran round the room, as if searching for an exit. Not finding any means of escape, he uttered a piercing shriek, and with the most prompt decision took up his station directly under the light, thus gaining over his adversary (to use the language of other duellists) 'the advantage of the sun.' The ferret now erected his head, sniffed about and seemed fearlessly to push his way toward the spot where the scent of his game was strongest, facing the light in full front, and preparing himself with avidity to seize upon his prey. No sooner, however, had he approached within a few feet of his watchful foe, than the rat, again uttering a loud cry, rushed at him with violence and inflicted a severe wound on the head or neck, which was soon shown by the blood which flowed from it; the ferret seemed astonished at the attack, and retreated with evident discomfiture; while the rat, instead of following up the advantage he had gained, instantly withdrew to his former station under the window. The ferret soon recovered the shock he had sustained, and erecting his head, once more took the field. This second rencontre was in all its progress and results an exact repetition of the former, with this exception, that on the rush of the rat to the conflict, the ferret appeared more collected, and evidently showed an inclination to get a firm hold of his enemy; the strength of the rat however was very great, and he again succeeded not only in avoiding the deadly embrace of the ferret, but also in inflicting another severe wound on his neck and head. The rat a second time returned to his retreat under the window, and the ferret seemed less anxious to renew the conflict. These attacks were resumed at intervals for nearly two hours, all ending in the failure of the ferret, who was evidently fighting to disadvantage from the light falling full on his eyes, whenever he approached the rat, who wisely kept his ground, and never for a moment lost sight of the advantage he had obtained. In order to prove whether the choice of this position depended upon accident, my friend managed to dislodge the rat, and took his usual station under the window, but the moment the ferret attempted to make his approach, the rat, evidently aware of the advantage he had lost, endeavored to creep between my friend's legs, thus losing his natural fear of man under the danger which awaited him from a more deadly foe. The ferret by this time had learned a profitable lesson, and prepared to approach the rat in a more 'wily manner, by creeping insidiously along the skirting, and thus avoiding the glare of light that had hitherto baffled his attempt. The rat still pursued with unabated energy his original mode of attack, namely, inflicting a wound and avoiding at the same time a close combat; while it was equally certain that his foe was intent upon laying hold of, and gripping his intended victim in his murderous embrace. The character of the fight, which had lasted more than three hours, was now evidently changed, and the rat appeared conscious that he had lost the advantage he originally possessed, and like the Swedish hero, had taught his frequently beaten hero to conquer in his turn. At last, in a lengthened struggle, the ferret succeeded in accomplishing his originally intended grapple; the rat, as if conscious of his certain ruin, made little further effort at resistance, but, sending forth a low and plaintive shriek, surrendered his life to his persevering foe.

A venerable old minister of our acquaintance used to relate the particulars of a fight he saw between a rat and a weasel, which we will put with the above—adding as preface, that the narrator was subject to fits of insanity. Being left to keep house one day while the family went to church, he was disturbed by a noise in the cellar stairway. He carefully opened the door, and discovered a very small weasel on the top stair, while on the bottom stair sat a venerable old rat, large enough and grey enough to be 'the one we read of.' As he opened the door, the rat turned to make his escape, when weasel sprang to his rear by a single bound, and gave him a severe bite in the gammon. Rat wheeled, and weasel fed like a back-biter, rat pursuing in great fury almost to the top stair. Both stopped and sat vis-a-vis for a few moments, when rat made a second attempt to retreat. Weasel served him just as before, and rat let his anger, this time, carry him so far beyond the top stair, that the elder found room to shut the door behind his back, and his retreat to the cellar was out of the question. Rat had hardly time to turn his face to dart under the bed, when weasel gave him a third snap in the rear, and rat in turn chased weasel two-thirds across the kitchen. Both stood still, weasel waiting for rat to turn his cowardly back, and rat, fully convinced that 'grub was the game,' obstinately refusing to budge an inch. Weasel meditated—advanced a step or two—looked earnestly at rat—put his paw first to one side of his head and then the other, looking carefully at the same organ in his opponent, as though estimating their relative proportions,—when suddenly turning with the air of one who has perfected a good idea, he darted out at a door that opened into the garden. Rat had hardly time to look relieved, when weasel commenced digging furiously at the side of a large potato-hill close beside the door. Rat concluded the war was ended, and advanced to the door, but weasel gave him a look that sent him back to the middle of the kitchen. Weasel soon disappeared in the potato-hill, but another attempt of rat to make his escape, brought him out again, with a similar effect upon rat. Weasel was a furious digger, and in a short time his nose made its appearance on the opposite side of the hill. He came out, passed round to the entrance and dug awhile, and when he left it his entrance was three times as large as the outlet. What a whim in a weasel, to imitate the politicians!

Rat was so incensed at seeing his old enemy a second time within the door, that he was the first to renew the war. Weasel retreated, and was pursued half way to the potato hill. Once in the open field, rat thought escape sure, and turned to flee, when he was overtaken with such a grab in the rear that his anger knew no bounds; he turned and pursued to the mouth of the hole—weasel darted in, and rat after him; weasel darted out at the opposite side, but rat stuck fast! Another attack in the rear—poor rat couldn't turn upon his foe this time. A screech or two, and—the family returned from church.

We saw the other day, at Mr. Foster's new Stove Store, Main-st., a cooking stove which seems to us to excel anything of the kind we have seen. It is Smith's Patent Trojan Pioneer. The proof of such articles, we know, is only in the using, but this certainly promises well. It is adapted to both Summer and Winter, and can be so disconnected as to make two perfect stoves, the portion used for Summer requiring less fuel, and giving off less heat, yet apparently fully competent to cooking purposes. It is ingeniously constructed for carrying off all the steam and offensive odor produced in cooking, and its arrangements for broiling, roasting, baking, boiling, heating sad-irons, &c., are admirable. Those who want a cooking stove should go and examine it. It is advertised, with the opinions of some of our citizens who have used it, in another column of our paper.

The ballot for Representative, in this town, on Monday last, resulted again in no choice. Possibly a short commentary upon the plural system may be exhibited in the course of the contest—though we have no right to read it, or point it out.

WHITE TEETH. We have read of a law in some of the islands, prohibiting women with white teeth from marrying till 25 years old; but allowing those with black ones to marry whenever they find a chance. At first we thought it smacked of injustice, but finally saw that it was based upon the sensible idea that women with black or yellow teeth could never get married so long as the law allowed men to choose those who had white ones. So they must of necessity call the law to their aid. In this country the law affords no such relief, and ladies with bad teeth, accidents excepted, live and die old maids. This is always the case, and the fact is becoming so generally known, that immense quantities of tooth powder have been sold during the past year. Much of it has proved to be worthless; consequently many beautiful women remain single, who had good prospects a year ago. We know of only one kind that never fails, and that is the 'Circassian Tooth Powder,' advertised in our paper. It never fails. Those who try it thoroughly will be sure to find themselves in possession of a set of beautifully white teeth, that cannot fail to attract attention—excepting always those of the tattler and the slanderer.

Clips and Shots.

A ROGUE'S LAP. 'Ben,' said a father the other day to his delinquent son, 'I am busy now, but as soon as I can get time I mean to give you a flogging.' 'Don't hurry yourself, pa,' replied the patient lad, 'I can wait.'

OF A MR. COOPER was lately married to a Miss Stacey, in Philadelphia. A generation of Barretts is expected.

A day of Thanksgiving has already been appointed in New Hampshire, 25th of November.

It is a singular fact, says some one, that when a man is corned his voice is husky.

A DEX WELL DONE. A tradesman wrote to a customer—'Sir, if you will let me have the amount of my bill you will oblige me—if not, I must oblige you.'

Punch says he once saw a father knock down his boy and thought it the most striking case of a son doing his ever behold.

AARON'S CALL. In one of the courts of judicature, in Mass., some 18 or 20 years ago, an uncouth young fellow of the age of 18, was introduced into court, as a witness for the plaintiff; upon which the defendant arose, and objected to his being a witness, 'For,' said he, 'he does not know enough to understand the nature of an oath; therefore, he ought not to be allowed his evidence in this court. And to convince you gentlemen, that this is the case, I will ask him a few questions.'

He immediately turned to the young fellow, and said, 'Who made you?' 'To which he awkwardly replied, 'I don't know—'pose 'twas Moses.'

'His answer, gentlemen, I think sufficient to convince you that what I have said respecting him is true, with out any further evidence,' and sat down again.

The young fellow by this time began to scratch his head, and feel somewhat chagrined that he should be talked off, and begged leave of the court to ask the gentleman who had interrogated him, a few questions, which was granted.

'Who made you, sir?' 'I don't know, sir, I don't know.' 'Well, we read in the Bible that Aaron made a calf; but didn't you say that the damned fool had got here?'

THE SOMNOLOUS YOUTH. 'And what I said I did say, and I don't know what you mean by that? Do not congregate' about the office of the Boston Post is responsible for the following atrocious sentimentalism.—*Excelsior.*

The steamer ploughed her foamy track
O'er Massachusetts Bay,
And happy voyagers smiled to think
The port before them lay.

All glittering in the morning sun,
Reckless of life and doom,
How thrills upon the wanderer's heart
The first glad sight of home.

WATERMELON EXTRAORDINARY. 'How much do you ask for that melon?' said a cute, dapper-looking chap, to a sturdy dunc who was mounted on a cart before one of the principal hotels in Philadelphia, a day or two since.

'For this big un? why, massa, I reckons he's wurf three lewies, I does.'

'Is it ripe?' 'O, yes, massa, he ripe, shu. I dun pluga um dough, if you sars so.'

With that the dunc took out his old jack-knife, and was making the first incision in the melon, when it gave a long, deep, piercing, oh!

'What do you stop for?' said the gentleman. 'Bress God! I tot him hollow I did.'

'Come, cut away, and see if it is ripe.'

He gave another poke with his knife, and this time the melon shrieked out, 'Oh, sars! you kill me! Before the last word was out, the melon went tumb-

ling to the one side of the cart, and the dunc, on the other, bellowing, 'O, de Lord! O, de Lord! Hebeba!'

Picking himself up, he half scrambled, half ran a few paces from the cart, and turning to behold the fragments of the melon continued.

'Whow, dis nigger neber stands dat.' 'Clare to God, it hollow mardy!' while Wyman, the celebrated ventriloquist, walked away amid the shouts and roars of the bystanders.—*Trenton News.*

WIDOW SHARPIES DESCRIPTION OF DAGUERRETYPE. 'The art and mystery' of Daguerreotyping is very graphically and ludicrously described in the following paragraph, which we clip from the Philadelphia Pennsylvania:

Mr. Root, the celebrated Daguerreotypist, has just taken a picture of the widow Sharpies, and the old lady intends to send it to her son 'Jeemee,' who is engaged in the lumber business down in the State of Maine. She describes the process of Daguerreotyping in her usual graphic style. She says, 'I sot down, and had my head squeezed between two iron prongs, till I thought I should get a depression of the brain; and then I was telled to look right at a speck on the wall, but whether 'twas a fly speck or some other creter's speck, couldn't say—then Mr. Root unscrewed the end of a brass pipe, that was stuck in the side of a little monogery box, and pinte it right at me; then after a minute, maybe, he telled me I might get up, for the pictur war done; and it warnt long afore he brought it out from behind a curtain, all pasted into a leather box, and looking as natural as life. He had even took the mole on my chin, and the four hairs grown out on it, were as instinct as posetill.'

One of the latest and cutest schemes for affecting a peace with Mexico is to establish a government there of our own, and then make a treaty with it.

A gentleman praising the generosity of his friend, observed that he spent his money like water. 'Then of course he liquidated his debts,' rejoined a wag.

'John, has the doctor arrived?' 'Yes sir.' 'Then go immediately for the undertaker.'

'Where do come from?' said Wilkie to a beggar from the Isles of Wight. 'From the devil.' 'What's going on there?' 'Much the same as here.' 'What's that?' 'The rich taken in, and the poor kept out.'

THE HEDGEHOG. It is stated that the hedgehog is proof against poisons. Mr. Pallas states that it will eat a hundred cantharides without receiving any injury.—More recently a German physician, who wished to dissect one, gave it prussic acid, but it took no effects; he then tried arsenic, opium, and corrosive sublimate, with the same results.

'What is the meaning of syntax, mother?' inquired a little child. 'It's a tax on sin, and that is the only thing not taxed in Maine,' was the reply.

The following method of 'driving dead care away,' was recommended by Howard the celebrated philanthropist: 'Set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat, and go and visit the sick and the poor; inquire into their wants and administer to them. Seek out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this medicine, and always find it the best antidote for a heavy heart.'

'What are you doing there, peeping through a hole in your neighbor's yard?' 'Why, I'm going to learn to be an editor, and they say that an editor ought to know all that is going on.'

SANITARY. A little obsequy applied to a friend of ours, a few days ago, says the S. C. Mercury, in the name of her mistress, for a sample of cheese. The article was given, and in a few moments Daguerre returned with 'Misses say berry good cheese, and thank you for two more samples.'

The employing tailors are, it seems, yielding to the suit of their journeymen, each of whom pants to invest from his labor sufficient to live comfortably and 'surtout' support his family. Further information would be needless, and therefore without point.

A Dentist, in one of the towns on the Kennebec, having labored in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a young lady's mouth, gave up the task, with this felicitous apology: 'The fact is, madame, it is impossible for anything bad to come from your mouth.'

Summary of News.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO!

GREAT BATTLE!—1100 AMERICAN LOSS!

The following is an extract of a private letter from a captain in the army, (who witnessed the battle), addressed to his correspondent at Vera Cruz, and enclosed to the Secretary of War:

VERA CRUZ, TACUBAYA, Aug. 28.

You have no doubt been made aware that, during our stay in Puebla, the General-in-Chief and Mr. Trist received several visits from the British secretary of legation in the city of Mexico, relative to peace with this country, so that some of the Americans actually believed we were going to have a treaty of peace signed at once; but all this vanished as soon as Santa Anna got the people a little united, and a large force collected in the capital to resist the enemy; and General Scott, in the meantime having received reinforcements, continued his march on the capital on the 7th instant. On reconnoitering the hill of Penon, three leagues from the city, which was fortified, the General-in-Chief concluded not to attack it, and the troops were marched round the south side of Lake Chalco to Tlalpam, or San Augustin, where the last arrived on the 19th.

The afternoon of that day an action was commenced by the troops under Generals Twiggs and Pillow, about four miles from Tlalpam, on the road to San Angel, where the Mexicans held a strong position, with about twenty pieces of cannon and six thousand men, under Gen. Valencia, at a place called Contreras, and on some heights called the Lomas de Magdalena.

The fire was kept up all night with great vivacity by the Mexicans; as they were at a considerable distance from their adversaries, who suffered but little from the fire of the Mexican artillery; but at break of day, on the 20th, Gen. Smith surrounded one flank of the enemy, got in their rear, made over 3,000 prisoners, took all their artillery, and killed 600 or 700 of them. The Americans under Twiggs and Pillow continued their march to San Angel and Coyocan, so as to get in the rear of San Antonio, on the Tlalpam road to Mexico, where the Mexicans were also fortified, while General Worth advanced on San Antonio, which the enemy abandoned and retreated to a bridge over a stream of water that crossed the road, where they had a large fortification; and on the left of the road a few hundred yards, another fortification with a large convent well garrisoned and fortified also. Here the American forces all neared each other, and were fired on with vivacity by the Mexicans for about an hour. The troops of Gen. Worth drove the enemy out of the works about the bridge, and pursued them along the main road; and General Shields attacked a hacienda a little further on, and routed them from there; and after about two hours the battle of Churubusco was ended—in which the enemy had about 20,000 men, and commanded by Santa Anna in person, who retreated through Mexico to Guadalupe, as he thought, of course, that the Americans would enter the city. General Worth slept in the advance camp that night, about a league and a half from the city; and next day he moved to this place, where the General-in-Chief arrived also.

The Union has received a Spanish copy of a manifesto of Santa Anna, of which the following abstract is given:

General Santa Anna commences his manifesto, announcing to the Mexican people the armistice which he had concluded with Gen. Scott, by saying that the events of the 19th and 20th are already too notorious, because they were unfortunate. He then adverts to the extraordinary exertions which he had used to raise and equip an army of more than 20,000 men, and provide supplies for them, and to construct lines of fortification. His plan of defence, he says, was evident from a glance at the works constructed, and at the disposition of his troops; but in war, an accident apparently insignificant may frustrate the most skillful combinations. On the 19th, at 11 o'clock in the morning, he ordered a general who commanded a division of 5,000 men and 24 pieces of artillery, to fall back on the village of Coyocan, for the purpose of effecting a concentration of forces, in consequence of a movement of the enemy. But this general, forgetting that there could not be two commanders in a field of battle, undertook to object to the order; and, instead of falling back, advanced; and the first news that he (Santa Anna) had of this unfortunate movement was the report of his troops; but in war, an accident apparently insignificant may frustrate the most skillful combinations.

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With a fatal presentiment of the consequences, he immediately placed himself at the head of a brilliant brigade of four thousand men and five pieces of artillery, and proceeded to the support of the general, but arrived too late. The enemy had interposed his force between them; and night coming on, and the rain falling in torrents, he was compelled to retire.—He, however, sent an order by an aid-de-camp to the refractory general, directing him to retire to San Angel by the only road which was then left him; but, instead of obeying this order, the general sent him word that what he wanted was more troops; that he had beaten the enemy and put him to flight, and had granted promotions in consequence of the victory!

The next day at dawn, Santa Anna says, he made another effort to proceed to the support of the erring general, (whose name he does not mention,) but had hardly put himself in motion when the enemy made his attack, and in ten minutes the general was routed. The consequences of this, he says, were terrible. The enemy could, by a rapid movement, reach the capital before it was possible for him to succor it, or might fall with the whole body of his troops upon a part of the Mexican army. An engagement did take place between their respective advanced corps, and Santa Anna says his exertions did not cost the enemy a little blood, and that he succeeded in placing himself in a position to save the capital; but, upon receiving a communication from Gen. Scott proposing an armistice, he concluded to accede to it. He then touches upon the propriety of an armistice in the abstract, and concludes by saying that if the present armistice does not result in peace, the war can be renewed. He is still, he says, at the head of a respectable body of troops, and the nation will support him in maintaining its honor. At the same time, he threatens to punish factious and seditious opposition to the supreme authority.

The persons named as commissioners on the part of Mexico were Gen. Herrera, Senor Conto, lawyer, Gen. Mora y Villamil, Senor Atrilain, lawyer, and Senor Aroyo, formerly Secretary of Legation in the U. S.

The undersigned, appointed respectively—the three first by Major General Winfield Scott, commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States; and the two last, by his excellency D. Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of the Mexican republic and commander-in-chief of its armies, met with full powers, which were duly verified, in the village of Tacubaya, on the 22d day of August, 1847, to enter into an armistice, for the purpose of giving the Mexican government an opportunity of receiving propositions for peace from the commissioner, appointed by the President of the United States, and now with the American army; when the following articles were agreed upon:

Art. I. Hostilities shall instantly and absolutely cease between the armies of the United States of America and the United Mexican States, within thirty leagues of the capital of the latter states, to allow time to the commissioners appointed by the United States, and the commissioners to be appointed by the Mexican Republic to negotiate.

2. This armistice shall continue as long as the commissioners of the two governments may be engaged on negotiations, or until the commander of either of the said armies shall give formal notice to the other of the cessation of the armistice, and for forty-eight hours after such notice.

3. In the meantime, neither army shall, within thirty leagues of the city of Mexico, commence any new fortification, or military work of offence or defence, or do anything to enlarge or strengthen any existing work of fortification of that character, within the said limits.

4. Neither army shall be reinforced within the same. Any reinforcements in troops or munitions of war, other than subsistence, now approaching either army, shall be stopped at the distance of twenty-eight leagues from the city of Mexico.

5. Neither army or any detachment from it, shall advance beyond the line it at present occupies.

6. Neither army, nor any detachment or individual of either, shall pass the neutral limits established by the last article, except under flags of truce, bearing the correspondence between the two armies, or on the business authorized by the next article; and individuals of either army who may chance to straggle within the neutral limits, shall, by the opposite party, be kindly warned off or sent back to their own armies, under flags of truce.

7. The American army shall not by violence obstruct the passage from the open country into the city of Mexico, of the ordinary supplies of food necessary to the consumption of its inhabitants, or the Mexican army within the city; nor shall the Mexican authorities, civil or

11. The administration of justice between Mexicans, according to the general and state constitutions and laws, by the local authorities of the towns and places occupied by the American forces, shall not be obstructed in any manner.

12. Persons and property shall be respected in the towns and places occupied by the American forces. No person shall be molested in the exercise of his profession; nor shall the services of any one be required without his consent. In all cases when services are voluntarily rendered, a just price shall be paid, and trade remain unmolested.

13. Those wounded prisoners who may desire to remove to some more convenient place, for the purpose of being cured of their wounds, shall be allowed to do so, without molestation, they still remaining prisoners.

14. Those Mexican medical officers who may wish to attend to the wounded, shall have the privilege of doing so, if their services be required.

15. For the more perfect execution of this agreement, two commissioners shall be appointed, one by each party, who in case of disagreement shall appoint a third.

16. This convention shall have no force or effect, unless approved by their excellencies, the commanders respectively of the two armies, within twenty-four hours, reckoning from the sixth hour of the 23d day of August, 1847. (Signed.)

The Washington Union contains a letter from an officer of the army, presenting many details of the late battles, and giving the Mexican account of the event. The letter corroborates previous accounts. The Mexican accounts quoted are from letters addressed by gentlemen in Mexico to Mexicans at Tampico, and written without reserve. They admit that 'the hateful Yankees have triumphed' through the inefficiency of Valencia and Santa Anna. One letter, alluding to the position of our army, says: 'That gang of miscreants would have occupied the capital to-day, but General Santa Anna, in order, as it is reported, to prevent such ignominy to the nation as to have the hateful flag of the stars waving over the palace of the Montezumas, has decided on hearing the proposals for peace from the United States Commissioner.' Further, one of the writers remarks, that 'a treaty of peace appears to him inevitable, under the most shameful conditions to Mexico.' The other letter regards the result as a victory on our part, and states that 'Santa Anna moved for an armistice.'

Accounts of the battle are contradictory, especially in regard to the number killed, and the number of the Mexican army. Some reports state the loss on our side at 1500, and on that of the Mexicans at 6000; though 1100 probably includes the killed and wounded on the part of the Americans. The Mexican army is stated at from 20,000 to 32,000, though it probably did not exceed the former number. From which side the proposition for an armistice originated is unsettled; Gen. Scott and Santa Anna both acknowledging it officially.

Peace may be the result of the armistice, though we do not look for such a result. The Mexicans will sooner hazard another battle than accept any terms likely to be offered. A short period, however will determine.

GOL. PIERCE M. BUTLER, of the S. Carolina Regiment, who fell in the battle of Churubusco, was formerly Governor of South Carolina. In advancing upon the hacienda attacked by Gen. Shields, at the head of his regiment, his horse was shot dead. He then advanced on foot until he received a severe wound in the leg, which caused him to fall. In a fainting condition he was carried to the rear, but soon rallying he again advanced to the head of his regiment, when a musket ball struck him in the head and he died almost instantly. The loss of the South Carolina Regiment, since its departure for Mexico, has been severe. There have died by disease or in battle, 140, and 200 were left sick on the road from Vera Cruz, and 160 in the hospital at Puebla.

KILLED AND WOUNDED, AND MISSING.—The N. O. Delta of the 9th instant publishes a list, showing that 1017 of our soldiers were put hors de combat in the battles of the 19th and 20th of August. It is, says that paper, a source of some alleviation to the public grief, to observe that the proportion of killed to the wounded is smaller in these late severe engagements than in our previous battles. We observe, however, that many of the wounded are severely so, and the number of deaths of those wounded, from the nature of the arms mostly used by the Mexicans, (heavy artillery,) must be very great.

Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH STEAM SHIP UNION.

By the arrival of the steamer Union at N. York, news is received from France and England to the 31st ult. Potatoes in England and Ireland are remarkably good, and entirely free from rot. Bread-stuffs of all kinds were lower.

The French duchess Praslin had been murdered by her husband, who immediately committed suicide. The affair caused great sensation in Paris. The cause was said to be a reproach from the Duchess as to his conduct as a husband. She was murdered at midnight, with a dagger.

The affectionate Queen of Spain has not seen her husband for months. The royal example for wives is growing more and more dangerous.

Switzerland was preparing for civil war, and in Portugal there were violent symptoms of another outbreak. The removal of the Roman seat of government was talked of.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAM SHIP BRITANNIA.

SIX DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The mercantile accounts from England are still gloomy, and failures continue to occur among the dealers in breadstuffs.

The corn market was still declining in prices. There had been but a slight decline, however, since the sailing of the French steamer Union. The best American flour barely commanded 25s. a barrel, and wheat not more than 55s. a quarter. Indian corn, though in extensive de-

mand for feeding cattle, was not higher than 18s. to 32s. a quarter of 280 lbs. The cotton market was very dull, and prices receding.

A London correspondent of the Boston Evening Traveller, in a letter received by the Britannia, gives the following list of failures:

1. Douglas & Son, £300,000
2. Leslie & Alexander, 500,000
3. King & Melville, 300,000
4. Frazer, Neilson & Co. 150,000
5. Langdale & Co. 200,000
6. Coventry, Sheppard & Co. 200,000
7. Giles, Son & Co. 300,000
8. Castellain, Sons & Co. 200,000
9. Dickson & Co. 200,000
10. Robinson & Co. 150,000
11. Woodley & Co. 150,000
12. Six other London Firms (total) 800,000
13. Four Liverpool Firms 250,000
14. Several in Ireland (total) 300,000

£3,450,000

The correspondent adds—"the affairs of some of the houses that stopped payment two or three weeks ago, show how rotten these great firms must have been. Supposed to be worth hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling, they will not be able to pay more than from five to eight shillings in the pound! Coventry & Sheppard, the corn merchants, who failed for 200,000, will not pay more than five shillings, and the great house of Leslie, Alexander & Co., which failed for 600,000, will actually be unable to pay more than one half that sum, after disposing of all the valuable private property and large estates of Mr. Alexander. Nearly all the other houses will turn out just the same."

The harvest was very promising throughout England, Scotland and Ireland. Wm. R. Robinson, Governor of the Bank of England, had resigned his office, in consequence of embarrassment occasioned by the Grain speculations. James Morrison, deputy governor, has been elected in his place.

THE STEAMER GREAT BRITAIN. This famous steamship, which has been lying stranded at Dundrum Bay, ever since last September, was got off on the 27th of August. She had arrived safely at Liverpool, and was immediately placed on the 'Gridiron' of the Princess Dock. She is represented as quite sound and uninjured in her frame and hull generally. She was to undergo a thorough repair, and put for sea again.

FRANCE.

The great topic of interest in Paris of late appears to have been the recent melancholy events in reference to the murder of the Duchess of Praslin by her own husband, and also the subsequent suicide of the duke, and of his eldest son, a youth of seventeen. The duke is said to have destroyed himself by means of arsenic, after finding that the evidence of his being the murderer of his wife was sufficiently clear to warrant his arrest. The son shot himself in a paroxysm of mortification and distress produced by the conduct of his father.

SPAIN.

The London Mercury of the 28th of Aug. furnishes the following account of the latest attempt to reconcile the Queen of Spain and her husband:

"On the 18th inst., Benavides went to the Palace to hold an interview with the King, in order, if possible, to effect a reconciliation between his Majesty and the Queen. The interview lasted more than two hours, and various were the rumors circulated as to its result.—*El Cerezo* the ministerial organ, gives the following account of the interview:—It is said that Signor Benavides declared respectfully to the King, that his august consort ardently desired his return to the Palace of Madrid, and that a termination should for ever be placed to the unhappy discord which so long divided them. The Minister of the Interior added that the will of her Majesty the Queen was, that the discord be forgotten, that they should live for the future in peace, and that they should be united, as their own felicity and the interest of the nation required. His Majesty would propose no condition, and made no exigencies. But he positively manifested his intention of not returning to the palace before four months."

CHINA.

The reports from Hong Kong and Canton are of an exciting and somewhat alarming character. The Chinese are represented to be growing more and more hostile to the English. It was reported that an attack was meditated on Hong Kong, and that unusual precautions had been adopted by the authorities to repel any such attack. Letters from Canton to the 23d of May, report attempts to set fire to the new buildings erected before Minqua Hong. The Hong Kong Register of the 26th of May, expresses the apprehension that another war may break out, which will be accompanied by a great effusion of blood.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

A lady of title, long notorious as a speculator in London, was recently declared to be a defaulter to a considerable amount. In the language of the Stock Exchange, her ladyship was 'a lame duck.' The matter was arranged just before the account day, the noble spouse of the lady having probably cured the lameness of his duck.

Bell's Messenger gives a list of sixteen houses in the corn trade which have failed, and estimates their united liabilities at £2,482,000. Of the sixteen, ten are London houses and one Liverpool.

A man, in Sheffield, (Eng.) lately heard a noise in his house. He arose from bed and went to ascertain the cause, when he was seized by an enraged cat and had both his hands severely bitten.

Mr. George Hewitt, a respectable farmer, in Kilslocally, County of Limerick, Ireland, recently died of hydrophobia, from the bite of a cat in the finger a few days before.

A boy named John Taylor was fined £2 in London lately for having ill-treated a cat by pursuing and beating it with a stick. The Earl Fitzhardinge spent £25,000 at the

late election for West Gloucestershire, in unsuccessful opposition to his brother, Mr. Grantley Berkeley.

The value of the American contributions for Ireland is estimated at £300,000. Indian Meal has been selling in England at 12s. 6d. per barrel, or about £7 per ton. The price of a ton of guano is £8.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—A barouche containing a Lady and Gentleman, belonging in West Troy, drove on to the Ferry boat at Troy, N. Y., yesterday afternoon; the driver was for some reason unable to stop his horses, and they went off the boat into the river, taking barouche, driver, Lady and Gentleman, with them. All were drowned! The names of the unfortunate persons are not stated.

Letters from New York state that the news of further failures in England had excited a temporary distrust there, as they can but be severely felt both there and in Boston.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH TO BRUNSWICK AND BATH.—Dr. Bacon, of Boston, is now in this city, for the purpose of procuring subscriptions to extend the Magnetic Telegraph to this place. It is intended, also, to extend it to Augusta, and from thence to Bangor.—*Tri.*

THE GREAT SHIP.—The launch of the Columbus, a three decker, built at Badger's Island by Messrs. Fernald and Pettigrew, will take place on Saturday the 25th inst., at about 12 o'clock M. She is the largest merchant ship ever built in New-England, being of about 1500 tons burthen, and is owned by the firm of Messrs. D. & A. Kingsland, & Co. of New York city. She was built under the superintendence of Capt. Samuel Weare, and is intended for a packet ship, to run between New York and Liverpool, and will be commanded by Robert McCann.—*Portland Journal.*

A MURDER. A murder was committed last evening in this city, near the corner of Alexander and Clinton streets, in the south part of the city. It appears that Michael Tevin had some words with a man named Michael Walls, a Frenchman, during yesterday afternoon; and in the evening, about 8 o'clock, Tevin went to Walls' house, and calling him out, struck him several times with a large club, or cart stake, killing him, it is supposed, almost instantly. The wounded man was heard to make a noise by a person in a neighboring house, but not such as to excite particular alarm. Tevin then retired, and returned soon after, when finding the body lying upon the ground, it is said he stamped upon it. A woman, it is said, recognized Tevin as the man who made the assault. Coroner Osborn held an inquest upon the body, and brought in a verdict of murder. The murderer has not yet been arrested.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Mrs. Frey, who has been suspected of murdering her husband, in Allegheny county, Md., and for which William S. Criss was hanged three years ago, is now in jail in Pennsylvania, for the murder of a second husband, by pouring hot lead into his ear, while asleep.

The Land Office at Green Bay was reopened the latter part of August, after having been closed for a few weeks. The rush to enter land selected during that time was very great, and the receipts of the office the first week were over \$175,000!

The collections on the Erie canal are unprecedentedly heavy this season—being up to the 7th inst. \$2,320,601 90. The Albany Argus thinks the gross receipts of the entire season will exceed \$4,000,000!

Obsequies in commemoration of the death of O'Connell are to take place in the city of New York, on Wednesday, the 22d inst. A funeral oration will be delivered by Ex-Gov. Wm. H. Seward, at Castle Garden.

In Belfast, Mr. Lowrey, late collector, failed of election as Representative by one vote.

The Universalists held their general convention in New York, last week, beginning on Tuesday and ending on Friday.

ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES. Nathan Ward, M. D., and his wife, who have for the last fourteen years been connected with the Ceylon mission, arrived in New York on the 13th, with their children, and a son of Mr. E. S. Minor, of the same mission.

An interesting little boy, near five years old, the son of Dr. James Dawson of Bayside, Talbot county, Maryland, met with a painful death by falling into a pot of boiling soap, on the 11th inst.

The issue of all the morning papers in New York city amounts to 75,000 sheets daily. On Friday last, the body of a pedlar, a stranger whose name is unknown, was found at Steubenville. He had been missing for some days, and was last seen walking with one William Birch, who absconded from Steubenville the day the body was found. He is the suspected murderer. Money and other articles belonging to the deceased have been traced to the fugitive. Birch left a wife and family at Steubenville. Some money was known to be in possession of the pedlar. His throat was cut by an instrument supposed to be a large knife. Birch is a man about five feet nine inches in height, sandy hair and red complexion; a blacksmith by trade, and about twenty-three years of age.—*Cleveland Herald, Sept. 9.*

DEATH BY VIOLENCE. We learn that a seaman attached to the brig *Loquios*, was killed at the Polk House, a small groggery on the north side of the river. The keeper of the house, Pete Hogan, had an altercation with him and kicked him violently on the temple, rendering him insensible. He was placed in a room and this morning found dead from the injury received. We learn that Hogan has been arrested to await his trial for murder.—*Chicago Jour.*

AN EAGLE CAUGHT. A very large eagle was caught at Hadley, Mass., on the 1st inst., in a bear trap. The powerful bird was taken alive without the fracture of a bone. His wings distended measured 7 feet. Mr. Nash had lost a sheep the day previous and supposing that some dog was the murderer, set a trap for him.

Notices.

Y. M. D. S.

Resolution for discussion on Friday evening: Resolved, That it is expedient for the Freemen of this State to adopt the plurality system, proposed by the late Legislature. (Per order.)

TEMPERANCE CAUCUS.

The friends of Temperance, without regard to party politics, are requested to meet at the Town Hall, on Thursday, (this evening,) at 6 o'clock, P. M., to nominate a candidate to be supported, on Monday next, for Representative.

A general attendance of the friends of Temperance is requested. (Per order.) Waterville, Sept. 23, 1847.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.—The Utopian Dream of the Alchemist Realized.

THERE was a tradition among the ancients of a river, Lethe, of the infernal regions, by imbibing the waters of which the manes of the condemned were enveloped in oblivion. After the lapse of 8000 years, the fabled properties of those waters have been realized in a fluid, the vapor of which, by being inhaled, induces a state of total insensibility, so that a tooth can be extracted, a limb amputated, or any other surgical operation performed, the patient being unconscious of the operation. The superiority of this preparation to that of Dr. Morton's compound, (which has been used for the same purposes,) has been completely demonstrated by a daily administration of the same, with impunity, to individuals of all ages, and every idiosyncrasy of constitution, for some months past, and consists, principally, in its blandness, which facilitates the inhalation of it, especially by those having defective lungs; also, from the certainty of its efficacy being exempt from those failures incidental to Dr. M.'s, and, having, in no instance, been attended with those injurious results which have often been attributed to the same.

The patient subsides, by an almost imperceptible transition, into a quiet, soothing and refreshing slumber, accompanied by vague and delightful sensations, being unsusceptible of external impressions, while under its subtle influence.

Persons in delicate health need have no hesitation in breathing this gas, for individuals having chronic diseases, bronchitis, &c. have received benefit from its inhalation.

Teeth extracted, on the above principle, by Dr. E. H. KILBOURN, at No. 2 Marston's Block, Waterville.

Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19. Flour. The market is quiet and dull. The range of prices from 52 1/2 to 53, including Western and Genesee. Grain. Sales of 10,000 bushels corn at 68 to 72c; 5000 bushels Rye at 80 to 85c; Oats 42 to 45c; 4500 bushels white Oats sold at \$1 12 to \$1 30.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

Sept. 17, 1847. At market 1500 beef 1100 cows, 10 yokes working oxen, 35 cows and calves, 4300 sheep and lambs, and 1195 swine. Beef—Extra, No. 25, 1st quality \$5 25 to \$6, 2d \$4 75 to \$5 25, 3d \$4 to \$5. Cows—2 years old before \$11 to \$15. Working oxen—Sales at \$57 to \$110. Cows and calves—Sales at \$16 to \$34; extra \$30. Sheep and lambs—Old sheep \$1 25 to \$2 25, lambs \$1 07 to \$2 75. Swine—Sows 5 1-2c, small pigs 6 to 6 1-2c.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

Sept. 13, 1847. At market—1500 beef cattle, 85 cows and calves, and 1600 sheep and lambs, &c. Beef cattle.—Some transactions are reported at as low a figure as \$6 25 per cent. The ruling quotations now are 50 to 70. The sales have been large, and about 300 remain unsold. Cows and calves are somewhat scarce. The new realized from \$14, \$30 to \$40 00. Sheep and lambs.—Sheep sold at from \$1 25 to \$3 50. Lambs 75c to \$2 75.

We may be our father's teachers: We may be the mightiest preachers, In the day that dawneth! Such the children's mute appealing;

MARRIAGES.

In Norridgewick, on the 31st of Aug., Mr. High Dempsey, of Waterville to Miss Maria Wheeler, daughter of Heber Wheeler, Esq., of Norridgewick.

In Augusta, Joseph F. Nye of Fairfield, to Miss Mary A. Banks, of Biddeford, Sept. 1st.

DEATHS.

In this village, on Saturday last, after a long and distressing illness, Miss Ann Welch.

Advertisements.

NEW STOVE STORE!

MAIN ST., WATERVILLE. The Subscriber has taken the Store formerly occupied by Levee and Co., at the corner of Main and East side of Main Street, where he will keep constantly on hand a General assortment of the most approved

Cooking Stoves.

THAT CAN BE FOUND ON THE KENNEBEC. To those wanting a Cook Stove, particular attention is invited to the

PATENT TROJAN PIONEER.

MANUFACTURED BY LEWIS P. MEAD & CO., Augusta. Where the unrivalled sale and high testimonials of its Cooking Qualities, render it the most popular and convenient Stove now in use.

CONGRESS AIR-TIGHT STOVE.

Wager's do. Stanley's Air-Tight Rotary do. Empire Union, Express, Maine Farmer, Hathaway, Hot Air, Boston (two ovens) Paragon, Iron, Pitch, and Parlor Cook, comprising all the New and Improved Patterns.

Also, a Good Assortment of PARLOR AIR-TIGHT STOVES, (Cast and Sheet Iron), Franklin, Boston and Under Stoves of Various Patterns; Fire Frames, Hollow and Britannia Ware; Sheet Iron and Tin Ware.

Mr. E. DUNBAR is employed here, and will attend to all repairs, as usual.

SHEET IRON AND TIN WORK DONE TO ORDER.

By J. R. FOSTER. Waterville, Sept. 23, 1847.

Mr. J. R. Foster, Sir, I have dealt somewhat extensively in Cooking Stoves, and have tried, as I suppose, the best and most convenient. But, after a trial of the TROJAN, I cheerfully recommend it to the public as the Best Cooking Stove now in use for all the different branches of Cookery. In fact, far exceeds any other within my knowledge. Respectfully yours, W. A. K. STRECH.

Waterville, 20th Sept. 1847.

We, the undersigned, having used several different kinds of Cooking Stoves, have now in use David's Patent Trojan Pioneer. We recommend it to the public as the Best and most Convenient Cooking Stove now in use. It being complete in all its arrangements, it cannot fail to give satisfaction. Respectfully yours, CLARE STANLEY, D. H. WEEKS, NOAH BOOTHBY.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned having sold out his Store and Tin Ware business, respectfully gives notice to all indebted to him, that an immediate settlement is requested. He can be found at the New Store of J. R. Foster, on Main Street.

TO RENT: The Rooms formerly occupied by the undersigned. EDWIN DUNBAR.

Waterville, Sept. 23, 1847.

JUST RECEIVED, a large assortment of TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.

C. R. PHILLIPS.

ESTY & KIMBALL. Have just received at their New STAND, No. 4, Ticonic Row, one of the

LARGEST AND RICHEST STOCK OF GOODS.

Ever offered in the place, which they have purchased expressly for the time, and will sell at wholesale or retail, at a less price, for the same quality, than can be bought in town. They have a first rate selection of Foreign & Domestic, Fancy and Staple

DRY GOODS, Bolting Cloths, Feathers, Looking-Glasses, Crockery and Glass ware, together with a general assortment of

GROCERIES. CASH PURCHASERS, and those whose credit is as good as cash, should not fail to give us a call, before buying elsewhere, for we are determined that No. 4, Ticonic Row, shall be known as the place where the

BEST BARGAINS Can be obtained without hantling or trouble. Waterville, Sept. 1847.

TICONIC BANK. THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Ticonic Bank are hereby notified, that their Annual Meeting will be held at said Bank, on Monday, the 4th day of October next, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the choice of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business relating to said Bank, that may legally come before them. A. PERKINS, Cashier.

Waterville, Sept. 16, 1847.

NOTICE. WHEREAS, an Act, was passed by the Legislature, on the 30th day of July, 1847, incorporating the Citizens of the Towns of Fairfield and Smithfield, in the County of Somerset, of the Towns of Waterville, Belgrade, Winslow, Clinton, Sebec, and Albion, in the County of Kennebec, and Unity and Barnham, in the County of Waldo, into a Society by the name of the

North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society, by which act the undersigned is authorized to call this first meeting of said Society.

Now, he hereby gives notice to the Citizens of the several Towns above named, to meet at the TOWN HALL, in WATERVILLE, on Wednesday, the 29th of September, inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of choosing the officers of said Society, and to take such other steps for a complete organization of the same as a majority of the members may determine, and generally to pass such votes and to take such measures as may be deemed necessary to promote the interests of the Society, and to settle them forthwith.

Waterville, Sept. 4, 1847. T. BOUTELLE.

WANTED. FOUR GOOD COAT MAKERS and Two PAINTERS, whom good wages and constant employment will be given. J. M. WEST.

Sept. 16, 1847.

JUST RECEIVED, a prime lot of RUBBERS, and for sale, cheap, for cash, by

A CHICK & CO. NOTICE. The firm of SCAMMON & NASON is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All the notes and accounts due to the Company are left with SAMUEL SCAMMON, who is authorized to settle the same. Those against whom we have demands are requested to call and settle them forthwith.

Waterville, Sept. 4, 1847. SAM'L SCAMMON, RUFUS NASON.

FALL STYLE HATS!! OF AN ENTIRELY NEW PATTERN. AT C. R. PHILLIPS'S STORE, No. 1 PRAY'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE, MAINE.

ANDROSOGGIN AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD. NOTICE is hereby given, that the second and third annual sessions of five per cent, each, on the amount of stock subscribed for by each stockholder in the Androsoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company, (being \$2,500 for each original share subscribed for,) has been ordered by the President and Directors of said Company, and that 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 their respective vicinities, where assessments may be paid, notice of which will be given in a few days.

CARRIAGE, SIGN, HOUSE, ORNAMENTAL PAINTING. The Subscriber has formed a Partnership, under the name of GROSS & HILL, at the old stand of J. Hill, next building north of Marston's Block. They intend to execute Journeyman, so as to be able to execute with dispatch all Work and Jobs they may be called upon to do. Likewise, PAINTS prepared for the season at low terms. C. S. GOSS, J. HILL.

Waterville, July 19, 1847.

JUDSON WILLIAMS. RESPECTFULLY informs his friends that he has removed to the store formerly occupied by D. PACE, where he will keep a good assortment of

Domestic Dry Goods, With the best qualities of GROCERIES, CROCKERY, & GLASS-WARE.

Feathers, Nails, Iron, Steel, &c. &c. Purchasers are requested to call and examine for themselves. No. 2 BOUTELLE'S BLOCK, Waterville, Sept. 1847.

E. L. SMITH. dealer in

WEST INDIA GOODS, GROCERIES, Provisions, Stone & Wooden Ware, &c. &c.

No. 1, Ticonic Row. 13w

APPRENTICE WANTED. In a Carriage-Smith Shop. A good opportunity is offered for a young man, from 15 to 18 years old, to learn the Carriage Trade. Inquire at the "Mail" Office.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT. HAS removed his place of business to the building next North of the Post Office, where he will be happy to serve his friends and the public. He

THE SONG OF THE QUILL.

A PARODY, BY 'C. T. B.'

In attitude most grotesque,
With eyes too weary to wink,
The Parson sat in his green desk,
A-lying his pen and ink.
Write! write! write!
Like a horse that goes round in a mill—
And still with a voice of dreadful delight
He sang the Song of the Quill!

Write! write! write!
When the eye of morn looks red,
And write! write! write!
When honest folks are a-bed!
It's oh! to be wrecked and thrown
On the shore of the barbarous Turk,—
Where a man can say his soul's his own—
If this is Christian work!

Write! write! write!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Write! write! write!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Text and context and theme—
And theme and context and text—
Till I almost seem in a waking dream,
And don't know what comes next.

O my parishioners dear!
That have human blood in your veins!
It is not pay or reward here,
But human creature's brains!
Write! write! write!
(The parson cried aloud):
Sowing, at once, with a double thread,
A sermon and a shroud.

Write! write! write!
Like a man doing penance for crime—
Write! write! write!
Like a man that gets bread by rhyme.
Text, and context and theme—
And theme and context and text—
Till I've splashed with ink like a ream,
And still with doubt am vexed.

Write! write! write!
Till the brain is hot and numb—
And write! write! write!
Till every finger's a thumb.
And oh! there's one thought so dear,
That makes my flesh to creep—
It is that calves' head should be so dear,
And human brains so cheap!

Oh, but for one month's space
Of leisure from book and pen!
No hour to fish for the funny race,
But only to fish for men!
A little crying would ease my heart,
And eke my head, I think,—
But my tears must stop, for every drop
Makes a blur on the fresh laid ink.

With brains all weary and worn,
In attitude most grotesque,
And a study-gown faded and torn,
The parson sat at his desk.
Write! write! write!
Like a horse that goes round in a mill—
And still with a voice of demoniac reach,
(He sang the Song of the Quill)—Religious Mag.

Variety.

LOOKING FOR A PLACE.

'Well, Johnny, have you succeeded to-day, my son?'
'Nothing good to-day, mother; I have been all over town, almost, and no one would take me. The book-stores, and dry goods stores, and groceries, have plenty of boys already; but I think if you had been with me, I should have stood a better chance.'
'Why so, my son?'
'O, you look so thin and pale, mother, some body would have felt sorry, and so taken me; but nobody knew me, and nobody saw you.'
A tear stole in the eye of the little boy as he spoke, for he was almost discouraged; and when his mother saw the tear, not a few ran down her cheeks.
It was a cold bleak night; and Johnny had been out all day looking for 'a place.' He had persevered, although constantly refused, until it was quite dark, and then gave up, thinking his mother must be tired of waiting for him.
His mother was a widow, and a very poor one. She had maintained herself by her needle work, till a severe spell of sickness had confined her to bed, and she was unable to do more. She told her little son to sit down by the fire while she prepared his supper. The fire and the supper were very scanty; but Johnny knew they were the best she could provide, and he felt that he would rather share such a fire and such a supper with such a mother, than sit at the best filled table with anybody else, who did not love him as she did, and whom he did not love as he did her.
After a few moments of silence, the boy looked up in his mother's face, with more than usual seriousness.
'Mother,' said he, 'do you think it would be wrong to ask my new Sunday school teacher about it on Sabbath?'
'No, my son, if you have no other opportunity, and I think he would be a very suitable person, too; at least, I would think he would be interested in getting you a good place.'
'Well, to-morrow is Sunday, and when the class breaks up, I believe I will ask him.'
After reading a portion of God's holy word, the mother and her little boy knelt down in their loneliness, and prayed the Lord most earnestly to take care of them. They were very poor, but they knew God cared for the poor.—They knew, also, that God would do what was best for them. O, it's a sweet thing to the soul to be able to say sincerely, 'Thy will be done!'
'I feel happier now,' said Johnny. 'I was so tired when I came in that I felt cross, I know I did. Did I look so, mother?'
The mother's heart was full, and she gave her boy one long, affectionate kiss, which was sweeter to him than many words. Next morning was the Sabbath. John's breakfast was more scanty than ever, but he said not a word about it, for he saw that his mother ate very little of it.
The Sabbath school bell rang. The sun was shining bright and clear, but the air was exceedingly cold. The child had no overcoat, and was still wearing a pair of his summer clothing. He was in his seat just as his superintendent and teacher entered.
'Who is that little pale-faced boy in your class?' asked the superintendent.
'His name is Jones. He is a well-behaved boy,' answered a teacher.
I should like to know more about him, and I will see him after school.'
The superintendent did not forget him, and when the classes broke up, seeing him linger behind the other scholars, went up, and took him by the hand kindly.
'You have been here to school several Sabbaths, have you not, my boy?'
'Yes, sir; I came just a month ago to-day.'
'Had you ever been to school before that time?'
'Yes, sir; before mother was taken sick, I used to go to—street school.'
'Well, did I not see you yesterday looking for a place on Water street?'
'I was down there, sir, looking for a place.'

'Why did you not take that place which the gentleman had for you in the large store?'
'Do you mean the store where the great copper worm stood on the sidewalk?'
'Yes.'
'Ah, sir, I did not know they sold rum there when I first went in, and when I saw what kind of store it was, I was afraid.'
'Have you a father?'
'No, sir, father is dead,' said the little boy, hanging down his head.
'What did your father do, my son? what was his business?'
'Sir, he once kept a large store like that, and the child shuddered when he answered.
'Why did you not keep the piece of gold money that you found on the floor as you was coming into the store?'
'Because it was not mine, and I thought that the gentleman would find the owner sooner than I should.'
'He did my boy; it was my money. Did you get a place, yesterday?'
'No, sir; all the places were full, and nobody knew me.'
'Well, my boy, you may go now, and tell your mother that you have a place. Come to me very early in the morning; your teacher will tell you where I live.'
Johnny went home, with his heart and his eyes so full that he could hardly see the streets, or anything else, as he went along. He knew that it would cheer his dear mother very much; and so it did. His superintendent procured a good place for him, and they were made comfortable and happy.
Surely this story carries its own moral.

TOM CORWIN.

At the time when Corwin and Shannon were first arrayed as rival candidates for the gubernatorial chair of the State, it happened that the former gentleman took passage in a stage coach, from some one of the river towns, for the interior. The only companions of his journey were, a smart, genteelly dressed woman, accompanied by a young child, to which she seemed devotedly attached, but which nevertheless gave her some trouble. Tom, ever ready in the hour of trial, whether at making speeches, cracking jokes, or tending babies, kindly volunteered his services in keeping the youngster quiet, and the parties soon became sociable. It was not long, therefore, before the lady, feeling the dignity and pride of her station, determined to make herself known to the stranger, by informing him that she was no less a personage than the wife of the Governor. Corwin was not a little surprised at this denunciation, but expressed his gratification in terms of due deference at having so distinguished a personage as his companion do voyage, and made some allusion to the probable results of the coming contest, still preserving his own incognito.

'O,' said the lady, 'he'll never be elected; why, he's nothing but a wagon boy. You don't suppose that the people of this great State will ever condescend to vote for such a man as him. A wagoner for governor! Oh, it is so funny!' and the lady leaned back and laughed till the baby, who had just got quiet, awoke again and screamed like mad.

This changed the conversation, and the day passed off pleasantly and agreeably. At the tavern where the stage stopped to dine, Corwin was all attention and politeness; assisting the lady to alight, helping her at the table to the choicest cuts, from the various dishes chucking the 'young governor' under the chin, &c. After dinner the journey was resumed, and at evening the parties arrived at a place where they must part; Corwin intending to pass, by private conveyance, to the next town, while his lady companion was expecting to tarry at the hotel.

As the stage drove up to the door, it occurred to the waggish candidate that it was not right to go away without making himself known at the end of his journey, more especially as his companion had done so at the outset; so taking the child in one arm, and handing the lady to the ground in the politest manner possible, he led the way to the parlor, followed by her ladyship; there relieving himself of his tender charge by placing it upon the sofa. He then introduced himself in these laconic words:—
'Madam, I am the wagon-boy, to whom you so graciously alluded this morning. My name is Tom Corwin. I have, as you see, laid your darling little one flat on his back; and you must not be surprised if I should serve his father the same way at the next election.'—*Burr's Christian Citizen.*

REVENGE.

Banish from you all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is a very spirit of the devil; and which nothing makes a man more like him, and nothing can be more opposite to the temper which Christianity was designed to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied, it will give you torment now; if it be, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself. The Christian precept in this case is, 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath'; and this precept, Plutarch tells us, the Pythagoreans practiced in a literal sense: 'Who if at any time in a passion, they broke out into opprobrious language, before the sun set, gave one another their hands, and with them a discharge from all injuries; and so with a mutual reconciliation, parted friends.'—*Moore.*

EDUCATE THE POOR.

Would you stay the current of vice, which like the mighty torrent, is sweeping over our land? Would you depopulate our jails, penitentiaries, and almshouses? Would you quench the torch of the incendiary, arrest the footsteps of the midnight robber, and paralyze the uplifted arm that holds the glittering steel of the assassin? Would you secure to yourself the continuance of the calm and holy quiet of the Sabbath, and hush the voice of blasphemy in the streets? Educate the children of the poor. In short, if you would secure to yourselves and to coming generations the blessings of liberty and good government, bring all the children and youth of our land under a system of moral and mental training. Let the school-house rise in every valley, and adorn every hill-top, and let a murmuring of juvenile voices in the school room, like the 'sound of many waters,' come swelling up from the vales of poverty, and from the halls of affluence; and in that sound will be recognized the evidence of social and national security, against the inroads of vice.

COMMERCE OF THE LAKES.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of the 9th contains an article, between four and five columns in length, embracing a great variety of interesting and valuable statistics of the commerce of Buffalo and the great Lakes, a list of vessels on the Lakes, &c.

The tables given in the articles show the business to be already splendid; and yet the commerce of these inland seas has but just commenced. The Lakes embrace an extent of territory upon our own coast alone of more

than 3200 miles, forming a communication between seven populous States; and the large extent of English coast must also be taken into the account, as promising increased business for our own ports. The country which borders on these waters is inexhaustibly rich; and no human foresight can measure the extent of the resources which increasing facilities of communication with eastern markets will develop.

In 1838 the tonnage of the Lakes consisted of 16 steamers, 3 ships, 52 schooners. Now there are 65 steamers, 26 propellers, 3 barques, 65 brigs, and 213 schooners—with an aggregate tonnage of 813,000 tons. Of this tonnage the amount of 35,413 tons belongs to Buffalo; the remainder being owned at Cleveland, Sandusky, Detroit, Milwaukee, and other places on the Lakes.

The imports of Buffalo from the opening of navigation this season to the 1st inst. give some idea of the trade of that place and of its rapid increase. The following are a few of the principal articles: Flour, 1,333,243 barrels; wheat, 3,372,849 bushels; corn, 1,970,789 bushels; butter and lard, 4,805,502 pounds; pork, 52,000 barrels; whiskey, 16,188 barrels; saffron, 11,450 barrels; wool, 25,495 sacks; &c.—in all which there is an enormous increase over the imports of any previous year.—*Traveller.*

THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

I was hunting one day, at the foot of Mount St. Bernard, situated in the parallel of 34 deg. north latitude, in company with the hunter I have already spoken of. We were quietly seated, discussing a piece of roasted venison, when the ugly visage of a grizzly bear peeped out from some rocks about twenty yards on one side of us. We instantly jumped up and moved some distance off. The huge beast gradually drew himself out from his concealment, and trotted briskly down to our fire, where, a few minutes before, we were roasting our venison. Not finding much there for him, he commenced galloping after us. The hunter said, 'I reckon this is an ugly customer; I'll take the first fire.' The shot was a true one, the ball hit the brute somewhere about the head, for the blood was dripping down his face, and he gave a roar that echoed through the woods. 'What are you gaping at?' said the hunter to me, as I was watching the bear, expecting to see him roll over every second. 'Why don't you fire! A steady hand, now!' I dropped on one knee, to make sure of my aim, and fired. 'That's into his carcase; give him the other barrel,' said the hunter. 'I did so, and with effect; yet he pursued us. 'This is a devil in earnest,' said my companion. 'Three balls in him now, and on he comes as fresh as ever. Run on, you, and load. I'm ready for him now.' I did so, and was quickly ready. As soon as my friend discharged his rifle into our pursuing antagonist, he ran past me further on to load again, whilst I stood and fired both barrels again at the bear. We continued on in this manner at a short distance from our dangerous enemy, like riflemen retreating. One stopped to fire, while the other retreated to reload, until nearly a mile of ground was passed over, when this huge grizzly bear dropped on his haunches and gave a thrilling roar, after fifteen balls from our two guns. I relate this instance merely for the purpose of conveying to you an idea of the extreme tenacity of life these dangerous brutes possess.—*Coulter's Adventures on the Western Coast of South America.*

and this TRUE OF INDIA RUBBER IN BRAH, had hitherto baffled his attempt. The rat still pursued with unabated energy his original mode of attack, namely, inflicting a wound and avoiding at the same time a close combat; while it had been since daylight collecting from one hundred and twenty trees that had been tapped upon the previous morning. This quantity of milk he said would suffice for ten pairs of shoes, and when he himself attended to the trees he could collect the same every morning for several months. But his girls could only collect from seventy trees. The seringa trees do not usually grow thickly, and such a number may require the circuit of several miles. In making the shoes, two girls are the artists, in a little thatched hut, with no opening but the door. From an inverted water jar, the bottom of which had been broken out for the purpose, issued a column of dense white smoke, from the burning of a species of palm nut, and so filled the hut that we could scarcely see the inmates. The last used were made of wood imported from the United States, and were smeared with clay to prevent adhesion. In the leg of each was a long stick serving as a handle. The last was dipped into the milk and immediately held over the smoke, which without much discoloring, dried the surface at once. It was then re-dipped, and the process was repeated a dozen times until the shoe was of sufficient thickness, care being taken to give a greater number of coatings to the bottom. The whole operation, from the smearing of the last to placing the finished shoe in the sun, required less than five minutes. The shoe was now of a slightly more yellowish hue than the liquid milk, but in the course of a few hours it became of a reddish brown. After an exposure of 24 hours, it was figured, as we see upon the imported shoes. This is done by the girls, with small sticks of hard wood, or the needle-like spines of some of the palms. Stamping has been tried, but without success. The shoe is now cut from the last and is ready for sale, bringing a price of from ten to twelve cents per pair. It is a long time before they assume the black hue. Brought to the city, they are assorted, the best being laid aside for exportation as shoes, the others as waste rubber. The proper designation for this latter, in which are included bottles, sheets, and any other form excepting selected shoes, is *boracha*, and this is shipped in bulk. There are a number of persons in the city, who make a business of filling shoes with rice chaff and hay previous to their being packed in boxes. They are generally fashioned into better shape by being stretched upon lasts after they arrive at their final destination. By far the greater part of the rubber exported from Para goes to the United States, the European consumption being very small.—*Edward's Voyage up the River Amazon.*

The EARL and the FARMER.—A farmer called on Earl Fitzwilliam, and complained that, in his hunting excursions, with his hounds, he had trodden down a field of wheat, so as to do it damage. The earl told him if he would procure an estimate of the loss, he would pay it. The man informed him that he had done so already, and it was believed the damage would be fifty pounds. The earl paid it. But, as spring came on, the wheat which had been trodden down grew up, and became the best in the field. The farmer honestly returned the fifty pounds. 'Ah,' said the earl, 'that is what I like. This is as it ought to be between man and man.' After making some inquiries about his family, the earl went into another room, and returning gave the man a check for one hundred pounds, saying, 'Take care of this, and when your oldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it.'

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

Advertisements.

FREEDOM NOTICE.

NOTICE. To all whom it may concern. I TAYLOR SMITH, of Fairfield, in the county of Somerset, have sold to my son, ANDREW J. SMITH, the remainder of his time, and that I will not claim any of his earnings, neither pay any debts of his contracting.

TAYLOR SMITH.
Attest JONATHAN PURKINSON,
Fairfield, Aug. 31, 1847.

TO THE LADIES!

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

CIRASSIAN TOOTH POWDERS.

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

This Dentifrice removes the prevailing causes of offensive breath, and restores the teeth to their natural whiteness, without injuring the enamel in the least, as I have prepared and used it myself these ten years, and feel confident in recommending it to the ladies, as the most efficacious and safe.

E. H. KILBOURN, D.D.S.
P.S. Those making a thorough trial of it, and not being satisfied, will be returned the box the money will be refunded.

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

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

ANDROSCOGGIN AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.

PROPOSALS will be received at the Treasurer's Office, in Waterville, until the 25th of Sept. next, inclusive, for the grading and masonry of the Division of this Road, extending from East Readfield to Waterville, about 30 miles.

Also, for such sections of the 2nd Division as shall not be previously disposed of.

Profiles will be ready for examination on the 20th of September, and any information respecting the line can be obtained on application to the resident engineers.

On the 24th of September the Engineer will be at Waterville, and will be prepared to accompany contractors over the line of road.

HOBART CLARK, Agent A. & K. Railroad.
Edward Appleton, Engineer.
Railroad Office, Lewiston,
August 25th, 1847.

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONARY, &c.

FRUITS, Lemons, Oranges, Nuts, Raisins, Apples, Cigars, Eggs, Cakes, Pies, Candy, Beer, Lemonade, Soda, Meats, Essences, &c., kept on hand, and constantly for sale, by the Subscriber, at the new Building, (opposite Bottell's Block), Main street. Also, Beer, Lemon Syrup, Meats and Essences, manufactured for customers at short notice, and warranted good, or no pay.

The subscriber being desirous of being 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, 1847.

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 ROOTS AND SHOES.

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

Stock and Findings for sale.

CONSUMPTION CURED!

BUCHANAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE.

The Great English Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption!—
This celebrated and infallible remedy for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, or any form of Pulmonary Consumption, is the Hungarian Balm of Life, discovered by Dr. Buchanan of London, England, tested for upwards of seventy years in Great Britain, and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States under the immediate supervision of the inventor.

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

TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchanan's Hungarian Balm of Life, and to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a preventive medicine in all cases of Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, and all the difficulties of Breathing, Hoarse Fever, Night Sweats, Emaciation and General Debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, Measles, or from an impure taint in the blood, in Cases, for instance, for Spleen, &c.

By Special Appointment, DAVID F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., the Agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, \$1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of Health.

Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American evidence, and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the Agents, gratis.

Not a golden word of flattery, but a large number of the Agents, Agents on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeits, is a forgery.

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

DR. WARREN'S

SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO, & WILD CHERRY PHYSICAL BITTERS.

AT FIFTY CTS. PER BOTTLE.

SARSAPARILLA, Tomato, and Wild Cherry Bitters, have now become a standard medicine, universally approved by Physicians as a safe, speedy and effectual remedy for Scrophulous, Mercurial and Obnoxious Diseases; Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilious Disorders, Liver Complaints, Constipation, Warts and Skin Diseases, Ulcers and Running Sores, Swelling of the Limbs, Pain in the Bones, Tumors in the Throat, Rheumatic Affections, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, bad Humors, Eruptions, Ringworm, Debility, Headache, Dizziness, Sallow Complexion, and all those disorders which arise from the blood being impure, 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 is the result of the most judicious and scientific now in use. It is highly concentrated, entirely vegetable, and very finely flavored to the taste. The change which it produces in the condition and tendency of the system is quickly and permanently.

Prepared and sold by DAVID F. BRADLEE, at the *Magasin de Sante*, (Magazine of Health), 70 Washington Street, Boston, General Agents for Buchanan's Hungarian Balm of Life, Upland's Pile Electuary, Bradlee's Purifying and Preserving Pills, Dr. Jackson's Infallible Remedies, and his New England Hair Restorative, and all the most valuable and popular medicines in general use, pure and genuine, at the lowest prices.

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

WATERVILLE

LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

The Fall term of the institution will commence on Monday, the 30th of Aug., under the charge of HENRY B. MAGILLATHAN, M. A., Principal, JOHN C. FORTNA, Usher, and MISS 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 PROMINENT FEATURE in the plan of the Liberal Institute to afford the best facilities to pupils of both sexes for qualifying themselves for the business of Teaching.

The course of study for the Teachers' Class, will be essentially that pursued in the best Teachers' Seminars in New York and Massachusetts. In addition to the usual 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 at 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, \$3 to 4.00.
Latin, Greek, French, and German, \$1 to 2.00.
Drawing, Painting, or Music, \$1 to 2.00.

It is believed that the Liberal Institute with its present beautiful fixtures and costly apparatus, united with 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.

NOTICE.

WHEREAS my son, GEO. GORDON, has left me without permission, and gone to parts unknown, this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting him on my account, as I shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date, and shall claim his wages of whoever may employ him.

WASHINGTON GORDON.
Fairfield, Sept. 9, 1847.

THE FILES!

A CURE FOR LIFE SECURED!

DR. UPHAM'S INTERNAL REMEDY

For the cure of Piles, Inflammation of the Liver and Spleen; Hemorrhoids, Boreness and Ulceration of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, and Bladder; Inflammatory Rheumatism; Impurity of Blood; Weakness, and Inflammation of the Spine; and for the Relief of Menstrual Disorders.

Dr. A. Upham, a distinguished Physician of New York City, is the only really successful remedy for that dangerous and distressing complaint, the Piles, ever offered to the American Public. Mark this: it is an INTERNAL REMEDY—not an external application, and will cure any case of Piles, either Bleeding or Blind, Internal or External, and probably the only remedy that will cure is no mistake about it. It is a positive cure—speedy and permanent. It is also a convenient medicine to take, improving the general health in a remarkable manner. Each Box contains twelve doses, at \$1.50.

It is very mild in its operation, and may be taken in cases of the most acute inflammation without danger. All external applications, such as ointments, are not only ineffectual, inconvenient and offensive; and from the very nature, temporary in their effects. This Medicine attacks the disease at its source, and REMOVING THE CAUSE, renders the cure certain and permanent.

CURE FOR LIFE GUARANTEED.
The Electric contains no mercury, arsenic, or any other ALOES, COLICYTH, GAMBAGE, or other powerful and irritating Purgative. No fear of taking cold while under its influence, no change in diet necessary. If taken according to the directions, a cure will be secured. Pamphlets giving valuable information respecting this medicine, may be obtained of Agents, gratis. D. F. Bradlee, 130 Washington Street, Boston, General Agent for the New England States.

Great Success of Upham's Pile Electuary.

DR. UPHAM'S Pile Electuary—March 14, 1847.
I, DEAR SIR—I cannot express to you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the wonderful cure I have experienced by the use of your truly valuable Pile Electuary. I have been a perfect martyr to the Bleeding Piles for 10 years past, so that I became reduced to a mere skeleton, with loss of appetite, and general derangement of the digestive organs. My eyes also became inflamed, and in fact I was nearly blind. I was obliged to give up my business. I tried kind all kinds of medicine, but the best advice the Doctors in Boston and New York gave me, was to get up and walk. I was induced to try a box of your medicine. The first I found to relieve me slightly, still persevered, and purchased a second, and in fact I was cured. When I got half through, I found myself getting well, I kept on, and now I am a well man. My dear Sir, language cannot express my gratitude to you for the cure you have effected, and now in a condition to support my large family, dependent on me. You can use this letter as you please.

Yours respectfully,
SAMUEL CAMRON.
AGENTS—Waterville, N. W. DYER; Norridgewock, H. Turner; Skowhegan, White & Norris; Athens, A. Ware; Anson, Rodney Collins; Mercer, Hannibal Ingram; Farmington, J. W. Perkins; Augusta, J. E. Ladd, and by the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England.

MONRO'S

RHEUMATIC MIXTURE.

THIS is the greatest article ever offered for RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, AND BRUISES.

It will cure the worst case of Rheumatism in three or four times using it. It will satisfy every one who tries it. Sole agent in Waterville, WILLIAM DYER. Agent in Winslow, C. C. Cornish & Co. 6-9.

THE DAILY NATIONAL WHIG.

Published in the city of Washington, every day, at three o'clock P. M., Sundays excepted, and served to Subscribers in the City, at the Navy Yard, in Georgetown, in Annapolis, and all the principal cities of the United States, at a quarter Cent a week, payable to the agent of the Whig, Gilchrist, Esq., or his order. It is also mailed to any part of the United States for \$4 per annum, or \$2 for six months, payable in advance.

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

In addition to politics, a large space in the National Whig will be devoted to the most interesting and useful topics, Mechanics, and other useful arts, Science in general, Agriculture, Medicine, Statistics, &c. Choice specimens of American and Foreign Literature will also be given, including Reviews, &c. A weekly list of the Patent Office, and the Patent Office will likewise be published—the whole forming a complete family newspaper.

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

The Memoirs of Gen. Taylor, written expressly for the National Whig, are in course of publication. They comprise the most interesting and valuable history of the war of 1845, which have been printed, to supply calls for back numbers.

CHARLES W. FENTON,
10th PROPRIETOR OF THE NATIONAL WHIG.

TYPE FOUNDRY.

S. N. DICKINSON,

22 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

OFFERS his services to the Printers throughout the country as TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY. He can furnish fonts of any required weight, from Diamond to English. He will warrant his manufacture to be equal to that of any other foundry in the country. His prices are the same as at any other respectable foundry, and his terms are as favorable as can be found elsewhere.

He casts a very large assortment of Job Type, Leads, Old, Metal Furniture, Quotations, &c. He has just got up a Combination Metal Stereotype Block, which will be found of great utility to Book Printers, and also together the most economical Block in use.

Constantly on hand, Brass Rule, Metal Rule, Composing Sticks, Cases, Chases, Stands, Gallies, Furniture, &c. Entire orders furnished at short notice.

A series of Test Letters, suitable for the Headings of Newspapers have just been completed, and are continually adding to his assortment, and to his facilities for Type Foundry, he would respectfully ask the attention of Printers to his establishment.

The Type on which this paper is printed was furnished by S. N. DICKINSON, and he has the liberty of referring to the proprietors for any information that may be required.

APPRENTICE WANTED.

In a Carding and Spinning Shop. A first rate opportunity is offered. Inquire at this office.

WANTED.

50,000 DOZEN EGGS, for which Cash will be paid.

Waterville, Sept. 6, 1847.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

THE FALL TERM of this Institution will begin on Monday, the 30th of Aug., under the direction of JAMES H. ARNOX, A. M., Principal, assisted by Miss RICHARDSON, H. HASCOM, Preceptor, Miss SUSAN D. POKANA, Teacher of Music, and such other assistants as the interests of the school require.

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

The course of