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Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

TERMS, \$2.00; \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JAN. 27, 1848.

NO. 27.

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.

Miscellany.

THE TESTAMENT.

Translated from the German by the Correspondent
of the Boston Traveller.

It was a lovely evening in spring. Nature had awakened from her long slumbers, refreshed and rich in new beauties, giving mortals a touching illustration of renewed life, after the death of the body. The full moon floated through the clear blue vault of heaven, and bathed in her silvery light, every earthly clod shown with a lustre not its own. The tulip, hyacinth and primula sent up their green pointed leaves, to give notice of their speedy appearance; the colt's-foot was in bloom, and the liverwort opened its downy cup.

Among the hundreds who left their gloomy dwellings to enjoy the sweets of the evening, were Dr. Frank and his betrothed bride, the beautiful Agnes. The devoted pair took their way to the public garden, from which the music of a full band was heard to invite them. The Doctor led his companion to a small and retired arbor, which was only large enough for two persons. They were quietly seated in a place where there was no danger of interruption, and Dr. Frank took the opportunity to introduce a subject which lay as a weight on his spirits.

"The poet was right," said he, "when he sung—
There is room in humblest cottage
For a happy, loving pair."

"This arbor is narrow, but so much the more congenial. For my part I should be most happy to inhabit the meanest hut with you, Agnes—constantly at your side, it would become a paradise."

"Flatterer," answered Agnes, "I doubt that your heart would glow as warmly for me, if instead of velvet and silk, I were clad in coarse home-made stuff. The proverb applies with much truth to us women in particular. 'When you see the clothing you see the man,' and so as to your sentiment, which I suspect more poetical than practical. For my part, I make no secret of the fact, I should infinitely prefer viewing myself in a superb Psyche mirror to a little hanging looking-glass, and would love much better to sit on a rich velvet sofa than a wooden bench. I see no reason why we should not enjoy every luxury within our reach. I make no shallow pretension to romance."

"But supposing they are not within our reach?" said the Doctor, his teeth chattering against the edge of the coffee cup, which he at that moment raised to his mouth to hide his confusion.

"Aid why not within our reach? A man may have whatever he will. Every man is the shaper of his own fortune, and as he makes his bed so he must lie. I see no reason why we should do penance by denying ourselves what we may enjoy. Yesterday you were of age, and now you can dispose of your hand and fortune as you please."

"Dear Agnes, how can a man dispose of what is not his own?"

"How can I understand you?" said Agnes jestingly; you possess full power over both your hands—as you have proved by the pressure that has almost crushed mine between them—and as to fortune, what do you call the inheritance from your father?"

"My father?"

"Yes; the income of 60,000 dollars will do very well, with what you can make by your profession."

"Agnes—dear Agnes!" exclaimed the young physician with an effort, "I have no inheritance, no possession, but my education. My father went out of the world with a lie upon his soul. May his Maker forgive him for it. He wrote to me on his death-bed that when I came of age I should inherit 60,000 dollars; but my uncle, in his letter yesterday, in which he gave up his guardianship, told me that when the debts were paid up, with which the estate was encumbered, there was not a dollar left."

"Not a dollar?"

"No. So I am entirely thrown upon my own resources."

"Umph!"

"My Doctor's hat secures me a comfortable living, though not a splendid one, and love shall compensate us for the lost mammon.—You accepted me for myself, and not for the sixty thousand dollars—is it not so, my dear Agnes?"

"Mercy on me! there is a clap of thunder, and we may be struck here," exclaimed Agnes, starting up; "let us go home as fast as possible: the evening air is very bad indeed for my teeth."

As Dr. Frank led his affianced bride back to the house, he repeated his question, and urged Agnes to answer; but Agnes pressed her embroidered handkerchief to her mouth, that the moist spring air might not injure her teeth.

The next morning, at the first moment when

a call might be admissible, the anxious lover inquired for Agnes. She was ill with toothache and could not see him; the same message was sent him the three following days.—On the fourth she was not at home. Always, since their engagement, she had left a message for Dr. Frank, signifying where he might find her, but this morning she had neglected to do so.

On the following morning the Doctor called again, but this time he was explicitly refused. As Dr. Frank left the house he turned round and looked up at the window of Agnes's room. There he saw his beloved, standing by the side of a coxcomb-looking man in an officer's uniform. They were both looking after him and laughing gaily. The young Doctor turned away, cured of his love; but he muttered between his teeth,

"O the times! O the manners! O falsehood! O men! O women!"

Dr. Frank made up his mind to emigrate to America, but before he left his native country wished once more to visit the estate which had been his father's—to see once more the old castle where he was born, and where he had spent his happy childhood. He went. A double row of aged elms and oaks led to the court yard. As he slowly stepped through this living hall, it almost appeared to him that these well-known friends of his childhood waved their green arms to welcome him home.

The garden gates stood open. On the oak posts were the initials of his name, which he had carved there when a boy. He followed an overgrown footpath to an outer court. His first step on the oaken floor awakened an echo so loud that it seemed to the young man it had slumbered ever since he had left the threshold, and now awoke with renewed strength to welcome him back. Desolation and tomb-like stillness reigned around. Frank was not prepared for this desertion and death-like solitude, but he turned his thoughts inward, and warmed his heart with encouraging recollections.

The house was evidently uninhabited. He sought a small side door, which had been well known to him in youth! it was bolted, but he found little trouble in shaking it from its rusty fastenings. He entered. All was lonely, cold, desolate and dark, for the twilight had already drawn its veil around. He ascended the stairs, and sought the nursery—the play-place of his joyful childhood. He went to the window and gazed around at all the familiar objects—the old church tower, the tall pines around it, and the hills in the distance. The church clock struck the hour, and, as if called up by the sound, the shades of the departed seemed to rise before him.

He turned and looked around the chamber. A tall figure in one corner made him start; but in the next moment he smiled sadly, for it was only an attempt at the human form which he had cut in the panel of the nursery. Near it was a drawing on paper—his first attempt at the fine arts—which he had pasted on the wall so faithfully that it had resisted the dampness of years, and remained where the child's hands had placed it.—Frank wished to take with him this memento of past years, and taking out his knife, tried to detach it from the wall. The jarring which he made loosened a large portion of plastering, which fell to the floor, and disclosed a small door which had been bolted and plastered over in some of the alterations of the castle.

After the dust had a little subsided, Frank drew back the rusty bolts, and entered a small cabinet. He had no sooner stepped into the small, dark apartment, than he overheard steps approaching the room beyond, which he remembered to have been his father's library, and a well known voice exclaimed:

"I say, Brand, this old rusty castle is no longer safe. How is it? A pair of months ago we were here, and you know the doors were all fast. Now no locks will hold them."

"Nail them, nail them!" was the answer, "Nobody will live here. It would make a noble bonfire, with that confounded old will in it."

Frank recognized in the two speakers, his uncle and his uncle's confidential servant, and looking through the key hole of the door leading from the cabinet to the library, he saw the latter trying to light a match from a tinder box which he held in his hand. Frank felt an irresistible desire to listen longer; but his better nature revolted against the meanness of doing so. While he hesitated, the contest was decided by the voice of his uncle.

"I wish the will, together with the old rat's nest, had been burnt long ago," exclaimed he. "That hair-brained nephew of mine will be here soon to take leave of his old home, and he might ferret out this confounded testament. I wish the fellow was already where the pepper grows. Have you no light yet, Brand? Here, give me the tinder box. I will light the lamp while you go and get the strong box."

The uncle struck a light, and the worthy servant soon returned to the spot with the box under his arm. He set it upon the library table, and Frank heard the rusty lock open.

"I think, gracious Sir," said Brand jestingly, "that the dampness will soon bring down the old castle. See there, where the tapestry flies out like the wings of a great night bird, and there it curls over like the wig of a parson. Ha! ha! ha! But if we burn the hole, perhaps we shall frighten away the ghosts which haunt it."

"Silence, Brand!" said the Uncle. "Of course, I believe none of the stories about ghosts; but I do not know what to think of the noises that

were heard here by the Porter and his wife. You know the spirits drove them out of the house. The people all wonder that I let this place go to ruin and that I do not live in it myself. By good luck, it is a universal belief that I fear not ghosts nor devil. But, aha! here is the will. When that is offered to the flames, then I can begin to enjoy my possessions in peace."

"Ah, gracious Sir," said Brand, maliciously, "the story goes that the ghost scratches on the walls as long as any body stays in the chamber. I wonder which chamber he commonly operates in: I believe it is at the end of this. Yes! behind that wall they say he drives his business. Gracious Sir, do you think it is that will, you are going to burn, that he is scratching after?"

"Hold your tongue, Brand!" exclaimed the uncle, "you know very well I cannot endure this kind of jesting. Save your wit for a more suitable time. Our business here is to take care of this will. Let us do in silence, what we have agreed upon, and then never come into the place again."

He approached the lamp. A friendly crack in the wall enabled Frank to observe all that passed. The Uncle folded the paper, so that it might be consumed quickly. He held it over the flames; but before it caught fire, Frank began with all his might to scratch on the wall, and at the same time attentively observing what effect was produced by his proceedings, having firmly resolved to rescue the will at any price.

The Uncle started and turned pale at the first noise, and Frank scratched louder and louder, in spite of his suffering nails, till even the ghost-defying Brand began to tremble; but as if to renew his courage, he boldly exclaimed,

"Rats, rats, nothing but rats! let us singe their tails, for their insolence."

"Beware!" cried Frank, in a deep sepulchral voice, which sounded strangely, even to himself. What impression this had upon the hearers, he had no time to observe, for the lamp was overturned in the hasty flight of the worthy uncle and his confidential assistant—the will was left as a booty to the ghost—and Frank heard hasty steps upon the stairs, a fall, and a frightful outcry. The uncle in his haste had missed a step, had fallen from the top to the bottom, and was dead. Brand was punished by the laws.

The paper which Frank had rescued was no other than his father's will, executed, signed and sealed in form, bequeathing him more than 60,000 dollars. He was also lawful heir of his uncle, and found himself possessed of 100,000 dollars clear of encumbrance.

All thoughts of emigrating to America were given up. He repaired the habitation of his father's, and married a worthy maiden, after being very well convinced that she loved him for something better than his money.

About a year after his marriage Doctor Frank went to the theatre with his wife and a couple of friends. In the box they found an overdressed female, who cast her eyes boldly about the theatre as if courting admiration. The Doctor knew her instantly. It was Agnes—his once betrothed bride.

When Doctor Frank's friend saw Agnes, he turned away and proposed that they should take another box; for, said he, "we can neither of us consent that our ladies sit beside a woman of the town." Even to that depth, had Agnes' love of dress sunk her.

A GENTLE REPROOF.

One day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation:

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet anything that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover.) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it! I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing. You knew better—I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."

"So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband."

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he. "Boiled fish! chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder!"

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed," grumbled the discontented husband. "I dare say it is an unpalatable wussy-wussy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a

large BULL-FROG, of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprang from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right and that he was wrong; and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such another lesson; and he was as good as his word.

JUVENILE PRECOCITY.

The following dialogue came off a few days since, between an uncommonly bright urchin and his papa, at the dinner-table of a genteel boarding-house:

FATHER.—Have you been to school to-day, Johnny?

BOY.—Yes sir—e! horse fly, bumble bee!

"Well, what have you learned, sonny?"

"Why, dad, I've learnt, addition on a new principle, just out."

"Pray, what is it? Give us a sample."

"Very well, my old cock; s'posing those apples now on that plate were reckoned the old way, they'd only make two, would they?"

"Right, John, they wouldn't."

"Now, daddy, just see here! There that's one, ain't it?"

"Right, my boy."

"Well, this one is two, ain't it?"

"Yes, go on!"

"Well, 'cording to the rule of addition, one and two make three; and you see, dad, there's three of them; eh?"

"Oh, yes, I see; now suppose you take the third one and I'll take the two, that'll be all right! Good boy, John, learn more to-morrow."

"Whew! I didn't think of that, dad; I reckon I'll whip Jim Smith for larnin' me that trick!"

THE FISHERMAN.

I was some time walking upon the wharf where a fishing boat lay, and as I was passing and repassing, the master was uttering the most tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him and, standing beside his boat, said—

"Sir, I am unacquainted with your business. What kind of fishes are these?"

He replied, "They are cod fish."

"How long are you usually out, in order to obtain your loads?"

"Two or three weeks."

"At what price do you sell them?"

He informed me.

"Well, have you not hard work to obtain a living in this way?"

"Yes hard work."

"I inquired, With what do you bait these fish?"

"With clams."

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you bait them with clams, O, no, they will never bite at clams."

"Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, did you ever catch a fish without a bait?"

"Yes, I was out last year, and one day, when I was fixing my line, my hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in."

Now, sir I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with that kind of bait which the different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on any bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent. His countenance was solemn, and after a moment's pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him, I guess that's a minister.—[CHRISTIAN MIR.]

PURCHASE OF A HORSE.

The following directions, &c, were first published in England as part of a prize essay.—When the farmer wishes to purchase a horse, and is obliged to go into the market or to auction to do it; he hardly runs a greater risk in any purchase he makes; and would do well either thoroughly to acquaint himself in the matter or take a friend with him who is at home when handling the horse. This comes from one who has suffered from his own ignorance.

"Having selected a horse whose make and shape please us, our next consideration is his soundness; for, though the horse dealer may declare that he is sound as a bell, we are to take the phrase as one having various meanings, and not be deterred from examining him, and, narrowly, too, on that account."

"Sight, wind, and limb, must be the uppermost objects of inquiry; for nine horses out of ten are defective in one of these particulars. First, then, examine his eyes, and do this before he comes out of the stable. Having placed him so that the light may fall upon the eyes, but in one direction, see that they are of the same size, and equally full; that the bows are not prominent, and that one does not project more than the other; that the eyes are perfectly clear and transparent; and that the pupils, or apples of the eye, are exactly alike in size as well as color. A sunken eye, or one over which the lids are partly closed—a projecting jaw—an opaque or semi-opaque front—a pupil dilated, or a white or clouded one—are so many signs of disease, for which we should reject the praisd as a cupid, or, what is often worse, a blinker, who will shy at all he meets with, and break your neck the first poser you ride him at."

"Having satisfied yourself in regard to his peepers, have him pulled out and next proceed to examine his pipes. If good and sound, on being nipped in the gullet, he will utter such a sound that cannot fail to strike the ear as the emission of a good pair of bellows; but if his lungs are touched, and he is a piper—that is, broken winded, or having no wind at all—he will give vent to a dry, husky, short cough."

"Should a horse be suspected of bad wind, however, the purchaser cannot do better than direct his attention to the flanks which under such circumstances, will work either much quicker than ordinarily; they will be considerably longer in contracting themselves in order to squeeze the wind out, than in filling to let it in, in which they do, if he is a piper, quite suddenly. But although not a piper, he may be a whistler, or, what is worse, a roarer—the first

may be known by peculiar wheezing he is addicted to, when put to sudden or continued exertion; the latter by blowing his horn clamorously under similar circumstances; and either may be made to display itself, by the purchaser giving him a smart cut, or even feigning to do so with his bit of lash.

"Thirdly and lastly, as to the limbs. If, in passing our hand down his legs, we find any unnatural protuberance, or puffiness, or if, in feeling first one leg and then the other, we discover any difference between them, disease, more or less, is present: he may not be lame, but he is not clean upon his legs. Splints, windgalls, and ringbones, may be present without occasioning lameness, but they are all unnatural, are considered blemishes, and are all to be regarded with a suspicious eye, as either denoting past hard work, or betokening future evils."

"On the same principle a horse may have a spavin, and be only stiff from it at starting, or he may have a curb, or a thorough pin, and be perfectly sound; but these are still blemishes, and as such, detract from the intrinsic value of the animal. In explaining the advantages resulting from good conformation, we are naturally led to make remarks on passant, on the disadvantages from one bad; in pursuance whereof I have shown why such a structure is bad, a question that necessarily entails upon us the mention of the disorders originating therein, i. e., the disease to which such parts, in consequence of being mal-formed, are predisposed."

Farmer's Cabinet.

From the New-York Evangelist.

MARIA LOUISA. NO. 2.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ARBOTT.

The sisters of Alexander of Russia were mortified and exceedingly irritated, that Napoleon should have selected an Austrian rather than a Russian Princess for his bride. In these feelings the Russian Court generally participated. Coldness and alienation and mutual recriminations ensued. Anticipating a rupture, Alexander began to marshal his armies. Napoleon, that he might not be attacked unprepared, also armed. Step by step these angry demonstrations were continued, till the disastrous campaign to Moscow was arranged, to "conquer a peace."

When Napoleon had made all his preparations for this majestic enterprise, and had assembled his legions upon the frontiers of his almost boundless empire, Maria Louisa accompanied him as far as Dresden. That was the hour and that was the place where Napoleon stood upon the very pinnacle of his glory. He had arrived at the summit of the pyramid, and as all eyes were riveted upon him, awe-stricken, he made one false step and rolled, a mangled corpse, to the dust. At Dresden there was literally a Congress of Kings, all doing homage to him who appeared to hold their crowns in his hands, and who could enthroned or dethrone them at his pleasure. The wife of Napoleon was then surrounded with more of splendor and homage, than any female had probably ever received before. The pomp and the pride of the Continent revolved around her, and before her youthful diadem the oldest potentates bowed in reverence. Queens were her maids of honor, and amid the brilliant throng of princes and of courtiers, she beamed forth the cynosure of all eyes. The lustre which encircled her husband enveloped her in its blaze of glory. It was, however, but the intense glare of the blackness and darkness which follows its explosion.

Napoleon appointed Maria Regent of France during his absence. She returned from Dresden quietly to Paris, while the Emperor proceeded, with his glittering band of five thousand warriors, in the campaign where he lost his army and his crown. At the termination of that most disastrous enterprise, Napoleon, leaving his frozen hosts beneath the drifts of a Russian winter, fled as on the wings of the storm itself, day and night, over the bleak wilds of Poland and Germany, till, in advance of all his courtiers, he arrived in Paris at midnight. Unattended and unexpected as he was, it was with no little difficulty that he could get the gates of his own palace open for his admission. Maria, having heard rumors of the destruction of the army, had just retired to rest in the deepest dejection, when the voices of two men, were heard in the antechamber, and a cry of astonishment from one of the maids of honor announced that something extraordinary had occurred. The Empress in terror leaped from her bed, when the door was burst open, and she was seized and enfolded in the embrace of a man enveloped in his wintry riding dress. It was Napoleon. Their interview was tender and affectionate. He had returned to his capital a fugitive. His army was literally annihilated. And all the powers of combined Europe were preparing to pour down upon France, in resistless numbers. Despair alone could nerve one with energy to attempt to meet such a crisis.

Never did mortal man before rouse himself to such herculean efforts as Napoleon made in these days of disaster. With electric energy he convulsed every fibre of France. Not a day, not an hour, not a moment was lost. The long wars which had desolated Europe, had drained France of its vigorous youth. Hundreds of thousands of her chosen young men were now lying, frozen into blocks of ice, upon the storm-swept plains of Scandinavia, and the tempests of winter were piling over them their winding sheets of snow. None were left but boys and old men, to meet the swelling flood of invasion. Napoleon gathered around him a little band, many of them beardless youths of seventeen, and with a saddened yet determined spirit advanced to stem the inundation which, like ocean billows, is rolling in upon the frontiers of France. Before setting out from Paris on his desperate enterprise, he took a very solemn and affecting leave of Maria and his son. It was Sabbath evening. Napoleon assembled in the apartments of the Tuilleries all the principal officers of the National Guard. A religious ceremony was connected with the interview, to render it additionally imposing. As the Emperor took the beautiful child, then three years of age, in his arms, and passing through the ranks of the officers, with a most touching address presented him to them as their future sovereign, cries of enthusiasm filled the apartment, and those gray-headed veterans wept with emotion. The bell on the towers of Notre Dame was tolling 3 o'clock in the morning, when Napoleon rode through the dark and deserted streets of Paris, to join the army. He never saw Maria or his son again.

A sublimer scene has rarely been witnessed, than the almost superhuman struggles of Napoleon against the fearful odds which came rushing upon him. Wherever he meets his foes he hurls his little band upon them and scatters them as leaves before the tempest. And still the concentric lines draw nearer and nearer to his capital. For when victory is perched upon the banner of the Emperor, and with his beardless boys, he is trampling in the dust the shaggy barbarians of Hungary and Tartary, in other parts of the interminable line the countless hosts are advancing. They roll on and roll on, from the north and the east and the south, like the locusts of Syria. Often as Napoleon rode over the gory field, and saw the slender and fragile forms with which the ground was strewn, inured as he was to scenes of carnage, and contending as he was for his throne and his liberty, he forgot himself and wept. But it was all in vain. Europe had risen in arms against a single man. The allies pressed on, and soon their batteries were reared upon the heights which surround Paris, and their balls began to fall upon the roofs of the beleaguered city like the bursting of a tempest. Napoleon was absent, breasting the invaders in one part of the vast segment by which they were approaching. All hearts in the metropolis were frozen with terror; and to avoid the horror of a bombardment, the capital of France capitulated, and Napoleon was ruined.

It was indeed a gloomy hour, when Maria Louisa with her son descended from the apartments of the Tuilleries to escape from Paris.—In the distance could be heard the thunders of the approaching battle, and the young Napoleon clung screaming to the tapestry, refusing to be torn from the palace of his father. Pale and dejected, the unhappy Empress entered her carriage, while a Parisian crowd gazed upon the scene in melancholy silence. It was the burial hour of the Napoleon dynasty. The funeral procession in a long train of carriages passed slowly away, and Maria, deserting her husband in the hour of his greatest need, threw herself upon the protection of the Allies. If she had possessed one emotion of real greatness, then was the hour to have shown it, and to have exerted the admiration of mankind. Had Paris held out three hours longer, Napoleon would have thrown himself behind its defenses, and at least would have compelled his foes to come to reasonable terms. He felt most keenly the want of character manifested by his wife on this occasion. Once only in the most confidential intercourse, did he allow himself to utter any expression of these feelings. "Who can calculate the effect," he said, "which would have been produced by my youthful consort running through the ranks of the army and the National Guard, holding her young son in her arms, presenting him to all, and placing herself and him under the protection of their courage and their bayonets. Whenever I think of it, the anguish abridges my life of an hour."

Had Maria possessed the heroic soul of Joan of Arc or of Charlotte Corday, she would have ennobled herself and her sex in this crisis, which seemed to invite her to achievements of magnanimity. She would have roused the enthusiasm of the nation, and rushing to the rescue of Napoleon, would have thrown entire France upon the invaders. But Maria was no heroine. Had Maria been capable of cherishing those deep and sacred emotions of woman's love, which glowed in the truly imperial soul of Josephine, and which have made her the idol of all true hearts, she would have clung to Napoleon with deathless fervor in these days of adversity, and would have won the admiration of the world. Maria, following her husband to Elba, sharing his perils at Waterloo, and seated by his side on the storm-washed rocks of St. Helena, would have occupied in the eyes of all nations, a more exalted throne than her illustrious ancestors of Rome ever embellished.—And in her own living, glowing, throbbing heart, she would have found a luxury of emotion for which one might well spurn all the baubles of pomp and pride and power. But Maria was "of the earth earthy." In the poverty of her ignoble spirit, she preferred to dally with her own chamberlain on voluptuous sofas, in the luxurious apartments of a ducal palace, and to leave her husband to languish and to die alone. Peace be with you, Maria.

It was perhaps less the fault than the misfortune of Maria, that her soul was incommensurate with the grandeur of her circumstances.—She was by nature merely a mild, amiable woman, and utterly incapable of heroic action or of romantic love. There is no power upon earth which the mind of man is so perfectly entranced, as by the spirit of a truly noble woman. One is constrained to bow, almost with adoration, before the alliance of female loveliness with the lofty attributes of the soul. The union is rare but when encountered, the entranced spirit does it willing homage. There are spirits dwelling in these mortal frames, which seem almost radiant with the lustre of heaven. But they are seldom cradled under the canopy of a throne.

It is true the situation of Maria, during this conflict, was peculiar, and for a feeble mind extremely embarrassing. The armies of Austria and France were arrayed against each other. Her father and her husband had crossed swords in the most unrelenting hostility. The actions are plants which do not thrive in the atmosphere of courts. Napoleon could immolate Josephine upon the altar of his political ambition. And the Emperor of Austria had no hesitation in sacrificing the grandeur of his daughter to promote the grandeur of his throne. In the downfall of France, the spoilers would share the booty. And Francis was very willing to wrest territory and power from his own child, that he might annex them to his own dominions. It is not, perhaps, strange that a daughter of the Caesars should inherit this passion of the Caesars. As Maria saw the empire of Napoleon falling into fragments, she forgot both her husband and her son, in her eagerness to save what she could from the wreck for herself.

How different, on the contrary, was the conduct of Josephine. She was the daughter of an obscure planter of Martinique. But her spirit was of celestial mould. In the day of Napoleon's ruin, she forgot herself and her heart-rending wrongs, and was eager to abandon all the luxuries with which she was surrounded, and to follow the fortunes of her former husband into poverty, obscurity and exile. How infinitely superior are opulence and nobility of soul, to the accidents of birth. Exalted lineage does but render more conspicuously degrading, lowness and vulgarity and dishonor.

Intelligence has been received of the death of the Hon. J. W. Hornbeck, a whig member of Congress from Pennsylvania.

REVIEW.

POEMS, by James Russell Lowell. Second Series. Boston: B. B. Mussey.

THE POEMS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Third Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers.

EVANGELINE, a Tale of Acadie. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Volumes of poems swarm about us. Like bees, they are not without their attractions and uses, and in some minds may live honey. We have had our ears woefully stung by some of them, at least, and that is something to perfect the simile. The poems above designated, have been selected from a number by various hands, not on account of their intrinsic or superior merit, but because, with unaccountable, questionable taste, the world of letters has been disposed to receive them with a degree of favor not creditable to itself.

Though we claim not to be an Aristarchus, and have not the power to divert the current of opinion from running pleasantly enough up the Charles River, for the immediate individual benefit of the Cambridge bards, yet we hope that at least we shall guard, in some measure, the literary taste of the Kennebec from the evils which threaten it. These poems may become as worn with vain repetitions as the old staircases of Massachusetts Hall in the vicinity of their origin, but they will not be able, we think, to turn the brains of the imaginative within our borders. There is something of good old ancient taste among the woods and wilds of Kennebec yet that is worth preserving; and it shall not be our fault if it do not continue unimpaired or unchanged. We are not quite so wild and foolish as to hunt an 'idea' as we would a panther—all out, and in full chase. Our boys know what will-o'-the-wisps are, and do not run through the swamps after them at midnight, or strive to see them by daylight. They are not so dishonest, either, as to steal the patterns of their neighbor's goods, and attempt concealment by colorable variations. They have confidence enough in their own ingenuity to depend upon themselves, and do not yet believe that the world will cease to improve, because men do not fully comprehend some incomprehensible and ridiculous reflex or inversion of thought, which has been metamorphosed out of common sense by a Boston transcendentalist. They have learned to laugh at sheep feeding 'forty like one,' or jumping over a fence because one of their number has set an example. They have not much ambition to be quite so imitative in their habits. They are refreshed by pure water, but then it is not absolutely necessary that it should pass through pipes ten miles long. They think that education is a very good thing for those who desire it; but then sumptuary laws, to make wise boys out of vagabond blockheads, have not yet haunted their moral vision. They do not believe that the blacksmith works any harder than the Attorney General, or many a wealthier man—and the working to get gain is deemed, on the whole, easier than the struggle to keep it after its acquisition. They do not exactly perceive the propriety of calling a church by the special name of the Savior, when the creed of those who build it teaches no salvation through Immanuel. They never could understand how the Father of Unitarianism in New England, the Defender of Liberty and the Rights of Man, is to be justified for delivering a series of lectures in aid of Bishop Cheverus, the Roman Catholics, and the Pope. They do not precisely perceive the line that defines the position between those whose moral culpability is shown by their surrendering the blessings of peace as contra-distinguished from the holy ambition of exciting a civil war by interfering with the rights of sister States. In short, they would wisely adopt wisdom, and cautiously reform where reform is required. They are a smiling race, here in Kennebec. They smile at the leagues of little men, supreme in their own conceits and word-wisdom; they smile at authors who make patch-works from the brains of other men; they smile at orators who echo the voice of yesterday and to-day; they smile at the solemn decisions of pretended critics, who laud when they should condemn, and condemn where they have not judgment enough to admire. With a peal of laughter they salute the expression of social criticism, where public criticism, founded upon its true canons, is demanded and expected, and weep only at the blindness which receives, month after month, things almost contemptible as highest in human affairs.

Neither Mr. Lowell nor Mr. Longfellow can receive from us the minute analysis which their works will permit. We have ceased to write for quarters or months, and the space we have here is limited. Besides, we should tire our readers to closely follow up these works with criticism. What we assert we shall attempt to make undeniable as truth. Mr. Lowell has recently passed under our review, and will only demand attention upon his last volume. Almost all we said then will apply now, though we think there is a little improvement in the choice of his subjects. With Mr. Longfellow, who has sadly deteriorated, since sixteen years ago, through a more ambitious medium, we were pleased to augur favorably of as a descriptive poet, we may have more to do, probably—for he has wronged himself and done injustice to his natural powers. But we shall advert to this subject in a more fitting place.

'Columbus' is the title of the first poem in Mr. Lowell's volume. We remember that nearly twenty years ago, on the south side of the Cambridge Library, in the fourth alcove, on the second shelf from the floor, on the west side of said alcove, seven books or thereabouts from the wall, stood a Quarto Paris Edition, (1818) handsomely illustrated, of 'The Columbiad,' by Joel Barlow. We are thus particular to hazard our memory of a score of years for the benefit of Mr. Lowell, and to suggest to him that after that ponderous, but too much neglected poem—and the Pseudo-Castilian 'Voyage of Columbus,' by Samuel Rogers—nothing inferior to them, upon the same subject, is required. That Mr. Lowell's poem is inferior, and immeasurably so, to that of the banker-poet, there can be no question.

Mr. Lowell thus commences:—
"The cordage creaks and rattles in the wind,
With freaks of sudden hush; the reeling sea
Now thumps like solid rock beneath the stern,
Now leaps with clumsy wrath, strikes short, and, falling
Crumbled to whisper foam, slips rustling down
The broad backs of the waves; which jostle and crowd
To fling themselves upon that unknown shore."
Now abating any desire we may have for the superabundant measure of the fourth and sixth verses, or rather attempts at verse, we confess our inability to comprehend how the cordage could rattle with freaks (a vile phrase!) of 'sudden hush'—why the reeling sea should 'thump' like 'solid rock,' any more than like hollow rock—how it should be clumsy in its wrath, unless made so by the clumsy poet—and how the sea should slip, rustling, down its own broad back. These are 'matters for consideration,' however. We cannot take space for the nine additional verses appended to the above for the completion of the period; but may assure the reader that they are not to be comprehended.

We now proceed to the second paragraph, and we come to
"The sigh of some grim monster unobserved,
Fear-pointed on the canvas of the dark,
Shifting on his uneasy pillow of brine."
The bee has stung us in the last line, but that is nothing to the news for the Natural History Societies, that marine monsters sigh, and the still further information that a sigh may be painted by Fear on the canvas of the dark. Mr. Lowell ought to have been prepared, before printing this trash, to have exclaimed with Lady Macbeth—
"Will Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry hold, hold!"
and we should be spared, also, a reflection with respect to the hog that, floating in a barrel in our cellar, perchance may be—
"Shifting on his uneasy pillow of brine."

A little further on, taste sickens and sense dies at these lines:

—Fairer stars, with whose calm height my soul
Finds nearer sympathy than with my herd
Of earthen souls, whose vision's scanty ring
Makes me its prisoner to beat my wings
Against the cold bars of their unbelief,"

This is very far from being poetry, and the last line but one shows that it cannot truly be called verse. But true verse Mr. Lowell does not yet quite understand, though he has somewhat improved since we first saw him, in this particular. Further on, we find a line which has suggested, by a single word, one of Pope's satirical lines of short-measure pentameter, viz.:—
"Though oft the ear the open vowels tire."

Mr. Lowell beats this, for he gives us the annexed as a specimen of syllabification:

"Of lying o-pen to his ge-ne-u-s."

But our author, perhaps, by averaging his short and long verses, may hope to give correct measure in the grand total, for we find a little way off—
"Save that implacable one, seem thin and weak,"

long enough, in all respects, for the most courageous reader. Seriously, these often recurring errors should warn Mr. Lowell that he has much to learn, and that before he becomes a correct versifier he must be able to master all the cadences of song. It is not enough to count the fingers—and the ear cannot always be relied upon. We now leave Columbus with what glory may have been imparted to him by Mr. Lowell, only directing attention to the fact that all the design of the poem is borrowed from certain passages of prose by one of the transcendental writers. Speaking of man, the essayist has said, "All his faculties predict the world he is to inhabit. * * * Columbus needs a planet to shape his course—a gravitating solar system is already prophesied in the nature of Newton's mind." This is what is called thought, and commands admiration!

Let us pass to the next poem—"An Incident of the Fire at Hamburg." What do we find here? Why this self same "thought" brought forward and hammered out in the very midst of the flames. The poet sees in the tower of Old Saint Nicholas; (what a pity Strasburg cathedral has not been burnt!) he cannot deem it a work of human art—but "a struggle from a sturdy living heart." Then comes the amplification. The builder's hand is likened to Nature's, and the original conceit is prettily poetized—
"As from the acorn springs the oak, so freely and alone,
Sprang from his heart the hymn to God, sung in obedient stone."

What we mean by the original conceit, may be learned in these passages on History, by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson—"It is in the soul that architecture exists. * * * Santa Croce and the dome of St. Peter's are lame copies after a divine model. * * * Strasburg Cathedral is a material counterpart of the soul of Erwin of Steinbach. The true poem is in the poet's mind—the true ship is the ship-builder. * * * The gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man." Now this style of thought might be continued endlessly, and would serve to amuse social coteries, like conundrums and puzzles. Let us indulge in a few examples. What is the true voyage to Europe? Walter Bayne, who painted the panorama. What are the true balances? Fairbanks, the platform scale maker. What are the true spectacles? Pierce, the optician. What is the true coat? Simmons, of Oak Hall.

Mr. Lowell commits sins in rhyming, as in his first series. We find such base jingling as
"Titanic shapes, with faces blank and dumb,
In their unmonarched eyes says day is done." p. 40.

"Loosed from the village school-dame's A and B—
From the white iron swans his golden vanishing bee," p. 177.

By the way, those bees have stung our ears again—but it is some consolation that they are vanishing ones.

"The Present Crisis" is a poem of more merit than most of its companions. There is much that is vigorous and healthful in it; and gives promise of future eminence, provided the author will leave the lessons of the Twaddle school, under whose Excelsior banner he has enlisted. We would caution him to write freely and fearlessly, to be chary of such expressions as "ringing silverly," and to clearly comprehend what he desires to weave into rhyme or verse. He has mettle within him of the right kind, and if he is not over-fed by flattery may in time justify the hopes of his friends. Let him not be discouraged, but move the waters of Helicon with his whole spirit at work.

[REMAINDER NEXT WEEK.]

VARIETY.

GRINNING MATCH.

The Court martial assembled at Washington for the trial of Col. Fremont is a dignified body, composed of some of the most worthy officers in the army. The proceedings are regarded as interesting and are reported from day to day. A scene occurred between Gen. Kearney, a witness, and Col. Benton, one of the council, which is an entire novelty in such proceedings. It was a game of 'grinning,' which was conducted in the most dignified manner and is supposed to be the first ever performed in such dignified presence. In the course of the proceedings of Saturday Jan. 8, Gen. Kearney said:—

I consider it due to the dignity of the Court, and the high respect I entertain for it, that I should here state that on my last appearance before this Court, when I was answering questions propounded to me by the Court, the senior counsel of the accused, Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, sat in his place making mouths and grimaces at me, which I consider were intended to offend, to insult, and overawe me. I ask of this Court no action so far as I am concerned. I am fully capable of taking care of my own honor.

The President of the Court said 'he regretted very much to hear it. He had not observed any thing of it.'

Hon. Thomas H. Benton, Counsel for Lieutenant Colonel Fremont, then addressed the Court as follows:—
"I desire the judge advocate will take down what I say. He then continued—Mr. President, on or about the first day of Gen. Kearney's examination before this Court, when he stood in that corner, and when he twice swore that Col. Fremont had the originals now of certain papers, if he had not destroyed them, he fixed his eyes on Col. Fremont fixedly and pausingly, and looked insultingly and fiendishly at him."

When Gen. Kearney fixed his eyes on Col. Fremont, I determined, if he should attempt to look down a prisoner, I would look at him. I did this day; and the look of to-day was the consequence of the looks in this Court before. I did look to-day at Gen. Kearney when he looked at Col. Fremont, and looked him down: I looked at him till his eyes fell—till they fell upon the floor."

AMERICAN FARMERS.—Many thousand farmers in New-England rear large families, pay all their debts and taxes promptly, and live independently, well clothed and comfortably housed and provided for, and lay up money, on farms of fifty acres. The idea is that these people labor severely. This is a great mistake. They have much, because they waste no time. With them, 'there is a place for everything, and everything is in its place.' Nothing is put off till to-morrow which can be done to-day. Economy is wealth, and system affords ease. These men are seldom in a hurry, except in harvest time. And in long winter evenings, or severe weather, which forbids employment out of doors, one makes corn brooms; another, shoes; a third is a carpenter, cooper or tailor; and one woman spins, another weaves, a third plait 'Loughorn bonnets.' And the families thus occupied are among the most healthy and cheerful in the world. It is easy with them to reduce their wishes to their means, if inconvenient or imprudent; and to extend their means to their wishes.

"Mark that text," said Richard Adkins to his grandson Abel, who was reading to him the thirty-second psalm; "mark that text, 'He that trusteth in the LORD, mercy shall compass him about.' I read it in my youth, and believed it; and now I read it in my age, thank God, I know it to be true. Oh! it is a blessed thing, in the midst of the joys and the sorrows of the world, Abel, to trust in the LORD."

IMPROVEMENTS IN CASTING CYLINDRICAL PIPES.—Mr. D. Y. Stewart, of Montrose, has taken out a patent for a new mode of casting iron water or gas pipes, or other cylindrical tubes, by which a far more superior material is produced, at a much less cost than by the usual method.

The mould consists of a perpendicular cylindrical iron box, of the required size, with a shaft in the centre, longer than the mould, and communicating with the machinery above, by which it is kept revolving, and, as it revolves, it gradually rises. At the bottom of this shaft is an instrument which may be termed a 'presser' or 'rammer,' consisting of an iron block having inclined tabular faces, of such smaller diameter than the box as to leave the sand of the required thickness for the mould. On feeding the sand at the top of the box, it is distributed towards the sides, and the shaft and rammer gradually revolving and rising, press it with great force against the sides of the box, leaving the mould finished and perfectly cylindrical on its arriving at the top, ready for the insertion of the core. The amount of pressure against the sand is regulated by means of a counterpoise weight.—[London Mining Journal.]

Dow Jr., has the following among his beatitudes?

Blessed are they that get no office under government; for five hundred and fifty-two reasons—not given on account of the shortness of the days.

Blessed are they that are ignorant, for they are happy in thinking that they know every thing.

Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall see God—and get most woefully kicked by their countrymen.

The following anecdote of Sir Robert Strange was related by the late Richard Cooper, who instructed Queen Charlotte in drawing, and was for some time drawing-master to Eton school.—Robert Strange was a countryman of mine a North Briton, who served his time to my father as an engraver; and was a soldier in the rebel army of 1745. It so happened, when Duke William put them to flight, that Strange, finding a door open, made his way into the

house, ascended to the first floor, and entered a room where a young lady was seated; she was at her needlework and singing. Young Strange implored her protection. The lady, without rising, or being the least disconcerted, desired him to get under her hoop. He immediately stooped, and the amiable woman covered him up. Shortly after this the house was searched; the lady continued at her work, as before, and the soldiers upon entering the room, considering Miss Lumsley alone, respectfully retired. Robert, as soon as the search was over, being released from his covering, kissed the hand of his protectress, and, at that moment, for the first time, he found himself in love. He married the lady, and no person, beset as they were with early difficulties, lived more happily Strange afterwards became a loyal man, though for a long time he sighed to be pardoned by his king, who, however, was graciously pleased to be reconciled to him and afterwards knighted him."

COOL, VERY.—The Boston Bee is responsible for the following story, as rich an instance of yerdancy as we have met with lately:—

A gentleman from the country, says that paper, now stopping at one of our hotels, entered into conversation with one of the boarders, asking questions about the Fair at Quincy Hall, &c., after some minutes' conversation, the boarder drew out his cigar case and asked the countryman—

"Will you take a cigar, sir?"

"Wa-a-a, I don't mind if I dew, was the reply. The cigar was passed to him, and also one which the boarder was smoking, for the purpose of 'giving him a light.' He carefully placed the cigar first handed to him in his pocket; took his knife and cut off that end of the lighted cigar which had been in the mouth of the generous friend, and commenced smoking the remainder, remarking—

"It ar'n't often that a man from the country runs afoul of so clever a feller, in the city as you am."

PUNCTUALITY.—I give it, said the late Dr. Fisk, 'as my deliberate and solemn conviction that the individual who is habitually tardy in meeting an appointment, will never be respected, or successful in life.' There is some severity in the remark; but we endorse it as a truth sustained by all the observations, which in our short life, we have been able to make, and which the experience of none can possibly invalidate.

AN INCIDENT.

Yesterday morning, whilst coming up Charter street, we saw an old Irish immigrant who had his wife upon his back. The old man had on a frieze coat and a pair of coarse corduroy pantaloons, and a hat that was very much dilapidated. His features were wrinkled by age, and his grey hairs showed that he was near the edge of death. Still he had a sturdy step, and as he walked along with his pale, decrepit burthen, there was not one who saw him who did not honor him. The poor old couple had come from the most beautiful, but most oppressed land on earth, to the land of freedom. Bidding the shamrock adieu forever they had sought the banner of the "stripes and stars," and prayed that their aged bones might be deposited under its folds. There was the long farewell to old Ireland—the thousand thoughts that were conjured up by memory, as the last landmark was hidden from the eye—the long, tedious voyage—the sickness of the aged wife—and their arrival, poor and almost heart-broken, in the land of strangers. There was no kindly one to welcome them—no son to grasp them by the hand—no daughter to kiss her aged mother's cheek! The old woman, who was very ill, threw her withered arms around her husband's neck, and like a Chevalier in soul, as he was, he bore her to the Charity Hospital. Out upon those who cheer at poverty. The old Irishman who carried his sick wife upon his back, in our estimation, was one of nature's noblemen.—[N. O. Delta.]

GALLANTRY. There is a place in New Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches twenty-nine, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who escape pay a bonus to the one who gets her. There's gallantry for you.

FOREIGN EXTRACTS.

ATTACK BY CHINESE PIRATES.—The Singapore Free Press alludes to the receipt of a letter from Canton, detailing an outrage of a very daring character committed on three British subjects, near Canton, by a band of Chinese robbers. It is stated, that on the 2d of October, Captain Evans, of the Charles Grant, Captain Dumayne, of the Shaw Allum, and the first officer of the Cowajee Family, were proceeding from Canton to their vessels, in a ship's boat, with a crew of fifteen men, and having a box of grass cloth, worth 500 dollars, two bundles of copper cash, and about 2000 dollars in specie, when they were attacked, near the Dutch Polly, about two miles from Canton, by a piratical boat, containing more than thirty persons. As soon as the pirates saw the cutter, they hoisted the signal representing the Cum-singmoon letter boat, and held up a pretended letter. The cutter went alongside to receive the letter, and on getting close, the pirates rushed on deck, armed with long spears, and commenced an attack. The crew of the cutter, being unarmed, threw themselves overboard. Captain Evans was severely wounded on the face by sword cuts, and Captain Dumayne received a spear wound on the head. The pirates took the box of cloth and the copper cash, but the dollars fortunately escaped their notice. The wounded persons had recovered from their injuries.

ROME AND ENGLAND.—The Roman correspondent of the Daily News, under date December 8th, writes as follows:—"The Rev. Mr. Newman leaves Rome to-morrow for England. He is a bearer of the greatest papal document which has reached your island since that road by Cardinal Pole in the House of Lords under Queen Mary, by which the Pope reconciled England to his see, took off the ban, and authorized the secularization of the church lands. The bull of which Mr. Newman is in charge sweeps away for ever the power of 'vicars apostolic,' and substitutes twelve bishops with an archbishop in merry England. I presume it will be allowed to pass freely at the Customhouse under Peel's new tariff."

ELECTION RIOTS IN MONTREAL.—The election in the city of Montreal was brought to a sudden close on Wednesday the 12th, by the withdrawal from the contest of Messrs. Lunn and McKenzie. Messrs. Holmes and Lafontaine, the Liberals or Radicals. The cause of this movement was a severe riot on the preceding day, in which fire-arms were freely used, and the attempt to prevent a renewal of which, by force, would probably have brought on a scene of bloodshed most lamentable to behold. So far the organs of both parties agree in telling the story; but there is some divergence

in the ascription of culpability, the Courier, for instance, makes the French Canadians and other partisans of Messrs. Holmes and Lafontaine the aggressors, while the Herald distributes the blame more impartially, if it does not throw the largest share upon the Conservatives.

What seems to be established is, that after a number of street skirmishes, a large body of Liberals gathered in front of the Conservative headquarters, the Royal Oak Inn, St. Mary street—that stones were thrown at the windows, soon followed by discharges of fire arms both from and at the house, fortunately without fatal or even very serious results. Finally, a rush was made from the house, some of them getting cruel thumps from bludgeons, the military were called out and the row ended. The Herald says that bands of men, armed to the teeth, were engaged and paid on both sides.

At the close of the poll on Tuesday the liberal candidates were considerably ahead of their competitors.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

A CAPITAL REPLY.—Mr. P., a French courtier of old dynasties, a kind of cameleon, who boasts of having, by turns, sworn fealty to the Empire, the Restoration and the Revolution of July, lately sent a formal challenge to a man who had insulted him.

"I shall not accept," he replied, "Don Quixote has been the butt of two centuries for having fought against a windmill; I should be more ridiculous than the Knight of La Mancha, if I fought against a weather-cock."



WATERVILLE, JAN. 27.

TRIAL OF DR. COOLIDGE.

The Supreme Court commenced a special session at Augusta on Tuesday last, for the trial of Dr. V. P. Coolidge for the murder of Edward Mathews.

The Court met in the court-house at 10 o'clock, but immediately adjourned to Dr. Tappan's church, which had been fitted up for the occasion.

At 20 minutes before eleven the prisoner was conducted into court by Depts. Sheriffs Nudd and Stinchfield. His dress was very similar to that in which he appeared among us a few months ago. In fact there was nothing in dress or appearance to distinguish him, unless it be the rich fur cap by which he was known in Waterville, last winter. He seemed perhaps rather dejected, though perfectly calm. He entered the prisoner's box without any apparent emotion—laid his cap upon a small table before him—took off his overcoat, placed it upon the back of his chair, and sat down. He very composedly rested his head upon his hand, and sat most of the time in that position, not gazing around the room, yet so situated that he could see all that was transpiring.

An appropriate prayer was then offered by Dr. Tappan, during which the prisoner with the rest of the audience stood. During this exercise we could perceive no indication of emotion in the prisoner, even while direct allusion was made to him. He seems to have power of absolute control over those movements of expression in the face, which in most persons are completely involuntary.

In the course of the prayer, Dr. Tappan alluded to the blessings of civil government—to the rights which it protects—and to the healthful restraints which it imposes—and to the wanton disregard of these rights and restraints in the act for which the prisoner was arraigned. He then implored the Divine Blessing upon the judges, the witnesses, the jury, and finally upon the prisoner.

The counsel for the Government then stated to the court that everything had been done on their part which could have been done to be in readiness for the trial—but that an important—an all important witness was not present on account of sickness, and that a competent Physician had been dispatched to ascertain the facts. The government requested that time might be allowed for the Physician to return, before moving for a *capias* to compel the witnesses' attendance.

In the meantime the clerk called the roll of the jurors, and all answered to their names—one hundred having been drawn.

Dr. Hill then entered the court, and stated under oath, that in his opinion the illness of Cyrus Williams, of Waterville, was such that he could not safely be removed to Augusta, and he declined to fix upon any day when in his opinion he would be so far recovered that he could be present to give in his testimony. The government then proposed to the defence to agree to certain points to which it was understood that the witness in question would testify. The defence however declined, and the Government thereupon moved an adjournment. After some further deliberation the court consented to an adjournment, dismissed the jurors, with a strict charge to avoid conversation on the subject of the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, expressing an opinion in the case, or allowing themselves to come to the knowledge of any facts which would tend to establish an opinion, and finally appointed the 2nd Tuesday of March next for the Trial.

INK. We have been favored with a bottle of writing ink, put up by Mr. H. C. Keith, of N. Vassalboro', which is superior to any we have used.

ESCAPE. A correspondent informs us that he dwelling house of Mr. Hanover Trefethen of Cornville was blown down a few days since. Mrs. T. escaped to the street, and a daughter barely escaped with life by throwing herself from an upper window, narrowly clearing herself from the falling timbers.

The body of Benj. Barker, Esq. of Hiram, was found frozen into the ice in Saco river, last week.—[Norway Advertiser.]

AGRICULTURAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the North Kennebec Agricultural and Horticultural Society took place in this village on Tuesday last. The President and both Vice Presidents being absent, Col. R. H. Green was chosen President pro tem. In the absence of the Secretary William Dyer was appointed Secretary pro tem.

The following officers were appointed for the year ensuing.

Summer Percival, President.	Robert H. Green, 1st V. President.
Robert Ayer, 2d do.	William Dyer, Secretary.
Joseph Percival, Treasurer and Collector.	Amasa Dingley, Agent.
William Dyer, Librarian.	Joseph Taylor, Henry Lawrence, John B. Clifford, Harrison Jaquith, Trustees.

The following gentlemen were chosen a committee to solicit members.

E. H. Scribner	J. L. Seavey
Robert Ayer	Crowell Taylor
Madison Crowell	J. F. Hunnewell
Ellis Gifford	H. Jaquith
J. Downs	Isa. Marston
Sam'l Goodwin	Elijah Estes
Benj. Stevens jr.	John Libby
Asa Libby	

We understand it was voted to hold the next Cattle Show and Fair at this place.

CHLOROFORM IN DENTISTRY.

The inhalation of Sulphuric ether has been common in surgical cases for some time past, yet its use, has not been altogether free from objections, as in injudicious hands it may have injurious tendencies upon the human system. This latter fact suggested to Dr. Simpson, of the University of Edinburgh, the probability that there might be some more harmless anesthetic agent discovered. The result of his experiments has satisfied him of the truth of his conjecture, for in Chloroform, or the Perchloride of Formyle, an agent is now possessed which, will probably prove a complete substitute for Ether. It is not requisite to state anything further of its properties than that it is said to be wholly free from objections—that its inhalation is simple and quickly effective, and that the insensibility to pain, or to the knowledge of the operation performed, is complete.

With such power in the hands of a skillful operator, no one can hesitate to have any work in Dentistry performed. We are told that Dr. Burbank has admirably succeeded in several important cases wherein he has used Chloroform. He is furnished with the most minute information with respect to it, and has Dr. Simpson's amplest instructions on the subject. When it is added that Dr. Burbank, in the mechanical department of his work, is one of the most skillful dentists in this section, those in need of dental operations usually attended with suffering, will feel additional security in using the chloroform.

PAINFUL.—We are told that a distressing accident occurred at Clinton, on Sunday last, by which two sons of Capt. David Cain were drowned in the Kennebec river. They were skating, in company with several others, and by some mislaid slipped into an opening in the ice. Efforts were made by their companions to save them, but without success. Their bodies were recovered about four hours afterwards, and conveyed to their afflicted parents. Their names were Matthew and Sewell Cain, one about 15 and the other 13 years of age.

HYMNICAL.—Under date of Washington Jan. 17th a correspondent of the 'New York Herald' writes:—

To-day at twelve o'clock, Sarah, the daughter of Senator Benton, was married to a young gentleman of St. Louis. There were several bridesmaids. The happy couple, with their friends, took passage in this evening's cars for Baltimore, whence they will go West. Col. Benton is one of the kindest and best fathers that ever lived: and when he took farewell of his daughter at the depot he pressed her in his arms, kissed her, and said: "A father's blessing go with you my child." He also bade an affectionate adieu to his new made son-in-law.

FARMING ON A LARGE SCALE.—According to a statement of S. S. Grison, in the Farmer's Cabinet, the farm of R. R. Rolling, below Richmond, Va. consists of 7000 acres of excellent land; 2,700 acres are under cultivation, all having been limed, and enormous crops of clover turned under at every ploughing for a crop. The wheat-field has 980 acres, about 20 bushels per acre. There are 535 acres in corn, estimated to average 30 bushels per acre. All the buildings, barns, stables &c., are of the best construction, and in the most perfect order, and the best management and strict economy are maintained in the manufacture of manure. A spacious barn is furnished with a steam engine, working a saw-mill for the use of the farm, a mill for grinding corn-meal, another for grinding plaster—and threshing machines capable of cleaning out 1000 bushels per day. While the writer was there, they averaged 800 bushels wheat per day, threshed, cleaned, and put in the granaries—Yet so large is the crop, that nearly a month is employed at this rapid rate to thresh the whole.

The threshers are on the second floor, from which the wheat falls in the floor below; it is then taken by elevators to the third story where it passes through screens, and then into bins, almost without any assistance from manual labor. A cupola surmounts the barn, in which is a large clock, with four faces, so that the time can be seen from nearly all parts of the farm, and the bell which strikes the hours can be heard much farther.

The proprietor offers very liberal terms to northern men of enterprising, industrious and virtuous habits, to purchase and settle upon his lands.

ROBBERY IN BANGOR. We learn the following case of crime, from the Bangor Whig:—

A young man of Bangor, by the name of Charles E. Leighton, about nineteen years of age, was arrested on Monday by Constable Walker, on a charge of robbing the Post Office.

It seems that about a month since, Constable Walker discovered young Leighton coming out of the Post Office avenue at a late hour of night, and had since seen him about the post office under circumstances which led him to suspect

that all was not right. He communicated his suspicions to the Post Master some ten days since, but there were no complaints of anything being lost, until Monday last, when Gen. Veazie stated that he had missed a large amount of drafts and money.

A warrant was issued against Leighton and he was arrested, and drafts were found upon him to the amount of two thousand four hundred dollars, but none of these were among those that had been missed.

Leighton denied for sometime any knowledge of drafts, money or papers, beyond what he had upon him, but upon being questioned as to where he had obtained the money with which he had purchased certain watches, rings, &c., he at length confessed that he had taken various letters from the post office boxes—one of them containing between two and three hundred dollars, also various drafts and other matters. A portion of these he had burnt, a portion he had thrown in a privy. The letters were taken from the privy and found to be addressed to several of our business men showing that nearly the whole range of the boxes had been robbed.

He declares that he is alone in this matter. He was to have been examined on Monday before U. S. Commissioner J. S. Rowe.

THE GAINES CASE.—The New York Day Book states that, in 1834, when Mrs. Gaines, (then Mrs. Whitney,) soon after her marriage, went to N. Orleans with Mr. Whitney, to take measures to obtain their rights, they applied to Edward Livingston for advice as to the best mode of proceeding, and gave him \$500 for a written opinion on that point alone. He furnished them accordingly with a very deliberate, profound opinion counseling them to adopt the proceeding by Bill in Chancery as ultimate the most complete and speedy, though at the outset and for a time apparently the most tedious and expensive.

With remarkable sagacity and foresight he foretold precisely every obstacle and every step of their progress, with an accuracy that has not been found to vary in a single particular in the course of a litigation of fourteen years—from the filing of the bill to the "decrees" just announced by the Supreme Court of the United States, which crowns that unparalleled opinion with a success worthy of its wisdom.

NEW YEARS PRESENT.—Mr. David Davis, of this town, presented each of his children, Mrs. Alice Frye, wife of J. M. Frye, and Mrs. Sarah Wakefield, with \$1000, as a New Year's Present. Mr. Davis is a respectable member of the Society of Friends, and the second male person born in this town. By industry, economy, and favoring fortune, he will be enabled to continue like favors for many years to come.—[Lewiston Falls (Me.) Journal.]

OVERFLOWED.—The house of J. D. Hill, Esq., of Moscow, (Maine) was overflowed on the night of the 11th inst. After his family had retired to bed, the ice jammed across the river below his house so as to cause the water to flow on to the interval to such an extent as to cover it in three minutes, and ran close to the banking of his house, filling his cellar with water, in which was some fifty or sixty bushels of potatoes. The water flowed into Mr. Hill's barnyard to the depth of three and a half feet, drowning his entire flock of sheep—22 in number.

A prisoner at the State Prison at Thomaston, says the Belfast Republican, on Tuesday last, stabbed four other prisoners, while at work in the shoe shop, one of them (a colored man) it is supposed mortally. Spencer has been in prison some years, for a murder at Bucksport.

A story has been in circulation the past week, that a young woman was found in a tomb in one of the Charlestown grave yards, with the flesh partly torn from her arms, which she had eaten to prolong her existence, she having been buried alive. The Middlesex Freeman says that the story is false—nothing of the kind has happened.

ANOTHER GREAT FIG.—Mr. Paul Perry of Camden (Maine) killed a pig the other day, seven months and twelve days old, that weighed when dressed, 372 lbs., with the harslet, which weighed 7 lbs.

The New York Express, in an article upon the features of the Cambria's news, says that the Bill market is decidedly easier. Bills on London drawn by the best banks in New Orleans, and well endorsed here are offered freely at 10 1-2. This is the best feature we have seen of the market for two weeks; at these rates, no more specie will be shipped.

A BURGLAR SHOT.—Last Friday night, a burglar named Blunt, was shot while attempting to break into the depot and store at the Scodas station, on the Western Railroad, about 8 miles this side of Albany. An attempt was made the previous night, and a young man who slept in the building got a friend to join him on Friday night. During the night they were awakened by Blunt's getting into the window, and fired upon him with effect, when his body was about half advanced into the room. The ball struck his head. Two companions instantly fled. The burglars are supposed to belong to a gang who have been committing depredations in that region for some time.—[Spring Repub.]

The Ripley Bee, speaking of the manner in which Thanksgiving day was spent in that place, says, it was observed with due solemnity by our citizens, the Bank and every Church in the place were closed during the whole day.

EXPLOSION.—The steamer Planter burst her boiler, on the Illinois river. Three passengers and two deck hands were killed. The Capt. Clark, engineer, and several others were severely scalded, some it was feared fatally.

MAINE GOVERNORS.—The recent sudden decease of Hon. John Fairfield reminds us that he is the second instance of death which has occurred among the Governors of Maine since the State was organized in 1820. Gov. Lincoln is the other case. Maine has had ten Governors, commencing with Gov. King, all of whom but those two are now living.—[Banner.]

Intelligence has been received of the death of the Hon. W. Hornbeck, a whig member of Congress from Pennsylvania.

The Cincinnati Atlas states that the resolution recommending Gen. Taylor for the Presidency had passed both branches of the Kentucky legislature.

The Marine Insurance Company of this city has declared a dividend of thirty-five per cent. to their customers, on the mutual principle, besides reserving a dividend of ten per cent. to their stockholders.—[N. Y. Jour. Com.]

The SMALL FOX has appeared in Lowell, and the Mayor and Aldermen have decided that all persons sick of the disease shall be taken in charge by the City Marshal, under the charge of the Mayor and the City Physician.

DEATH IN A WELL.—On Thursday, a female named Kenny, was found drowned in a well, in the kitchen of a house in which she resided. When the deceased was found, her head was at the foot of the well and her feet upward. There is reason to believe that King Alcohol was 'an accessory before the fact' to the death.—[Nova Scotian.]

RECALL OF GEN. SCOTT.—Notwithstanding the oft-repeated assertion, particularly of the telegraphic reporters, that Gen. Scott has positively been recalled, there is in all probability no truth in the statement. The following letter from the Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, dated on the 26th, is most likely correct:

"The rumor which has been revived, that Gen. Scott has been recalled, is correct. Gen. Towson has gone to Mexico to act as President of a Court of Inquiry, in relation to the charges mutually preferred by several officers.—Gen. Pillow, Gen. Scott, and Col. Duncan. The charges brought by Gen. Scott against Gen. Worth have not been received here. Of course, it cannot be true that Gen. Worth has been restored to his command. It is probable that the Court of Inquiry has orders to investigate that matter also.

The Court of Inquiry will consist of Gen. Towson, Gen. Cushing, and Col. Belknap.

In case the difficulties should increase on account of these feuds, it is said that Generals Scott, Worth and Pillow, will be recalled, and that a Court Martial will be held here, of which Gen. Taylor will be the President.

The course which Gen. Scott is pursuing, meets, it is said, the entire approbation of the Government. In pursuance of the plan which he devised, and which the President confirmed, he has already taken possession of important places in the interior, and imposed 'a judicious Tariff' of duties on internal trade."

EXTRAORDINARY.—Recently the men employed in opening a new colliery at Northrup, near Hawarden, Flintshire, Eng., brought up a piece of solid coal. It happened to get broken, when a shell was discovered inside containing a live caterpillar. We understand that this extraordinary reptile remained alive for two days after it was rescued from the prison in which it had been confined from the time when the coal was overhauled and buried in the bowels of the earth. The shell and the remains of the caterpillar have been sent to the museum of King's College, London. There have been numerous instances of frogs and toads being buried alive in the midst of solid rocks, but this is the only instance that we remember of a caterpillar having been found alive in such a tomb.

AT A LOSS FOR SOCIETY.—Would you believe it, aunt, exclaimed a pale faced young lady of the "upper ten," would you believe it? Uncle Solomon here, tells me that the ladies out West actually speak to the tradesmen and retail storekeepers! They must be sadly in want of society, mustn't they?"

"Humph; yes," interposed Uncle Solomon "they are as badly off for society, my dear, as your father was when he pulled radishes and asparagus for a living, and your mother sold them in the old fly market—ha, ha—society, humph!"

Miss Polly Dolly Adeline fainted, and her aunt was visible in the next room. [Fact.]

OBITUARY. Mr. Corey, who died at the Alms House, in Springfield, Mass. recently, was affected by a singular species of insanity. He imagined himself the possessor of immense wealth. He believed that the Alms House, where he lived, was his property, and the inmates he looked upon as guests; while he in the capacity of master of the House, exercised the duties of hospitality, and waited upon their wants. Acting under these ideas, his services are represented to have been quite valuable.

Mr. Corey also considered himself a great politician, and fancied that upon his shoulders rested the prosperity and welfare of the Republic. He was a leading member of both the National and State governments, and spent hours in investigating abstract points in finance, tariff protection, education, and the domestic and foreign relations of the country, and in devising plans which he intended Congress should adopt.

In conversation he was exceedingly polite, and was always gentlemanly in his deportment. In addition to these characteristics, the deceased was a humble, devout, and consistent Christian, acting always according to the light he possessed.

It is said that under the instructions sent to Gen. Scott, from Washington, the mint at the city of Mexico, and the mints of Guanajuato, Zacatecas, Guadalajara, Durango, &c., will be put in operation for the coinage of United States dollars and half dollars. The average annual coinage at these mints is about \$12,000,000.

THE AFFAIR AT YALE COLLEGE.—We learn that Mr. Goodrich, the Tutor, who was dangerously wounded by the students, has now a fair prospect of recovery. The following account of the affair is more in detail than any we have seen in the papers. It comes from an authentic source on the ground.

About two o'clock on the morning of the day when the affair took place, two sophomores having obtained from the Railroad Depot a crow-bar, broke through the sides of the stairway leading to the belfry. They then brought the bell-rope through the aperture, and out at a window, and having tied a long string to it, they went with it to the State House steps and commenced ringing, though they worked at this disadvantage as not to make a very alarming noise. Tutor Emerson hearing the noise, hastily dressed himself and went out. He saw four persons by the State House steps, two of whom were in disguise. He took hold of one and found who he was; he then took hold of another, but he escaped, and they all fled, though at first they tried to frighten him. A little after, two of them returned to the palisades in front of the Lyceum, and of course Mr. Emerson went towards them. Mr. Goodrich had come out by this time and he followed. As they walked quietly down the path, these two (Ewing and Tower) fronted them. When they came near, Ewing made a pass at Mr. Emerson with his sword cane, and at the same moment Mr. E. slipped down.

Whether Ewing meant to wound him and was prevented by his accidental slipping or whether he hit him so as to push him down, or only meant to frighten him, does not appear.—It does not seem that even his clothes were cut then. Of course Mr. Emerson was up immediately and Ewing wounded Mr. E. slightly in the fleshy part of the right arm, and Tower struck Mr. Goodrich on the head with the heavy iron bar! The blow might have been more violent, had it not been for the unwieldy nature of the weapon. Both then turned and ran. It was Mr. Emerson's first impulse to run after them; but he soon returned to attend to Mr. G. He found him standing at the Lyceum steps holding to the bell-rope without seeming to know

what he was about. He got him to Tutor Hall's room, and sent Mr. H. for the doctor and Professor Goodrich, his father.

This is one of the most flagrant outrages that we have ever known in any of our institutions. It is even worse than that of young Fasset who killed Tutor Dwight at New Haven several years ago. It might be said of that, that it had the appearance, perhaps, of being in self-defence. There must be an end of such things, or there is no safety in being an officer of College, especially at Yale.—[Puritan.]

DEATHS.

DIED, in Winslow, on the 22d inst., at the residence of her father, Amasa Dingley, Esq., MARY ELIZABETH, wife of WILLIAM MATTHEWS, editor of the Yankee Blade, Boston, Mass. Age, 20 years, 3 mos.—Yes, she is gone!—the devoted wife, the affectionate daughter, the tender sister, the endearing friend, is gone! Her pure and gentle spirit has winged its flight, we trust, to another, brighter world. "Death loves a shining mark!" but it is not the family circle is called to weep the loss of one so fondly and dearly loved. Her character presented a singular contrast of the most opposite virtues. Ambitious to do and appear well, she was yet singularly humble; the gentlest of the gentle, she bore up firmly under every stroke of affliction; prudent and considerate to the last degree, she was all generosity and benevolence; fond of innocent mirth, and playful at times as a child, no regard to life and its uses more thoughtfully and seriously; warm and impetuous in her feelings, none were more mild, forgiving, and constant. During her last sickness, which was long, and, in many respects, peculiarly distressing, she endured her ever-varying aches and pains with quiet meekness and resignation, and as her hopes of being restored to health and the society of those dear to her, vanished one after another in quick succession, she bowed submissively to the will of her Creator, and hourly longed for her departure to the spirit-land. Few were more attached to the quiet comforts of home, or enjoyed more keenly the intercourse of friends, and other such innocent pleasures, yet she forgot not that to God she was indebted for them all, and often, therefore, testified her willingness to leave them when, in His good pleasure, He should call her away. Indeed, "not to fear death nor desire it," to use the words of an old religious writer, "was short of her resolution; to be dissolved, and be with Christ, was her dying wish." She often expressed great joy at the idea of meeting her deceased brother (Edward Matthews) declaring, again and again, her undoubting conviction that they should "soon meet each other in Heaven, and be happy." Up to the latest moment of her life, she retained the fullest possession of her senses, being able to converse almost to the last; and, as she gradually ceased to breathe, gently expiring without a struggle, she turned on her friends a last, lingering look of unutterable affection, of more meaning than words, and which they can never, to their latest hour, forget. Long and bitterly shall we deplore their loss, but not as if we could never do ourselves—nor as if we were doomed to "the misery of immortality in the flesh," and could never hope to re-join them in a brighter world, nevermore to part from them forever! Com.

In Sidney, suddenly, Ophelia and Louisa, daughters of Jerome and Mary Ann Clark. The former aged four, the latter six years.

Sweetly in the grave we laid them,
There their bodies must remain
And their hearts that still are with us
Never—never'll be again.

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES.

Flour, mill, \$7.75 a 8.00; Corn, bush., 92 a 1.00; Rye, \$1.17; Wheat, \$1.34; Oats, 40; Butter, lb., 16 a 18; Cheese, 8 a 10; Eggs, doz., 16 a 18; Pork, round hog, 7 to 8.

BRIGHTON MARKET.

THURSDAY, JAN. 20.

At market, 550 Beef Cattle, about 1850 Sheep and 275 swine.

Beef Cattle.—Extra quality, 7 50; first quality, 6 50 a 7 25; second do 5 a 5 75.

Working Oxen.—But few in market; prices from 90 to 120.

Cows and Calves.—Very few in market.

Sheep.—Sales from 2 a 5 00.

Swine.—Whole sale 4.12c for Sows, 5c, for Barrows. Retail, 6 1-2 a 6 75c.

About eighty Beef Cattle remain unsold. But few Sheep or swine remain.

Advertisements.

Dentistry.

DR. D. BURBANK,
SURGEON DENTIST
AND
MANUFACTURER OF MINERAL TEETH,
Rooms in Hanscom's Building,
Cor. Main and Elm sts.
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

MUFFS!! MUFFS!!

L. CROWELL

HAS Just Received a LARGE ASSORTMENT of Muffs, Boas, Buffalo Robes, Hats, and Caps, which are for sale on reasonable terms.

ALSO,
All kinds of School Books & Stationery;

Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads,
Chairs, Feather Beds, & Looking Glasses
November, 1847. 10, if.

CARRIAGE TRIMMING

AND
HARNESS MAKING.

BY
I. S. MC FARLAND,

first shop south of Hanscom's building, Main-st
WATERVILLE.

BOOTS! BOOTS!!

THIS day received by A. LYFORD, a prime lot of Men's and Boys' THICK BOOTS, which will be sold as low as can be bought any where on the river.
Waterville, Dec 30, 1847. 23if

ALL

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

WHO are in want of Boots, Shoes or Rubbers, walk straight to

A. CHICK & CO'S,

where they will find

Ladies' Gaiter Boots; price from \$1.25 to \$2.00;

Ladies' shoes, from 50 cts. to \$1.50;

Polkas, from \$1.25 to \$1.75;

Rubbers, from 50 cents to \$1;

Misses' shoes and rubbers, of all kinds, and prices to suit the times;

Children's shoes and rubbers;

Gent's Winter water proof sewed Calf Boots;

Do. pegged, from \$4 to \$7;

French Calf Dress Boots from \$5 to \$6.50;

Gent's Thick Boots from \$2.50 to \$3;

Pegged Calf Boots from \$2.50 to \$4;

Gent's rubbers from \$1.25 to \$1.50.

And all other kinds of dressings usually found at boot and shoe stores; such as

A BOY—16 or 17 years old—can find a place to learn the Boot and shoe trade, by applying soon.

Gent's Boots, shoes and Gaiters made to order; also Ladies' Boots, shoes, &c.

REPAIRING done at short notice.
Nov. 24, 1847. 18if

BARGAINS!—BARGAINS!!

JANUARY 1, 1848.

J. R. ELDEN,

One Door North of Boutelle's Block,

Has determined to dispose of his entire stock of

Dry Goods

BY THE FIRST OF MARCH NEXT.

To accomplish this, he offers to purchasers such decided

BARGAINS AND INDUCEMENTS:

as must produce a rapid sale.

The following list embraces but a small part of his extensive stock. The prices are low, and, however, will show that the above statements are correct:

Eng. Fr. and Ger. Cloths, from \$1.50 to 4.00
Fancy and plain Satinets, 30 62 1-2
Doe Skins and Cassimeres, 62 1-2 1.00
6000 yds. Eng. and Am. Prints, 4 12 1-2
5000 " Patch, 4 12 1-2
4000 " Cashm. & M. de Laines, 12 1-2 20
1200 " Silk & cot. wp. Alpaccas, 20 50
400 " Eng. & Dom. Flannels, 4-4
and 5-4, 25 62 1-2
400 " Red Twill'd do. 25 33
1200 " col'd Cambricks, 6 1-4 8
8000 " bro. Sheetings, 6 1-4 10
2000 " bleached do. 8 12 1-2
30 doz. Linen Hdkfs, 6 1-4 37 1-2
25 " Cot. Hose, 8 20
15 " Blk do. 10 20
10 " Cashmere, 30 50
10 " White Kid Gloves 37 1-2 50
10 " Blk do. 25 50

A GREAT VARIETY OF

Fancy Goods.

A good assortment of Plain and Cord

CAMBRICKS,

Muslins, Vestings, Linens, Laces, Linen Cambricks, Linsey Woolsey's Lin. & Col. Damask, Table Covers, Silks, Velvets, Gingham, Berages, Delisle Stripes, Silcians, Diapers, Lyonsese do, Plaids, Crash, Laces, Tickings, Shawls, Drillings, Fringes, Cot. Flannels, Merino Shirts, Hdkfs, Carpet Bags &c. &c.

1200 LBS. FEATHERS,

[all cleaned,] from 12 1-2 to 40 cents per pound.

A LARGE LOT OF

LOOKING-GLASSES,

at the Manufacturers' Prices.

Purchasers are respectfully invited to call and examine this stock of Goods, as they may rest assured that prices will be given which will

DEFY ALL COMPETITION.

Waterville, Jan. 1848. 23if.

W. F. & E. H. BRABROOK'S

FURNITURE, FEATHER AND CARPET STORE.

Nos. 48 50 & 52 Blackstone street, Boston.

There may be found an extensive assortment of all kinds of Furniture, Feathers, Carpets, Clocks, Looking-Glasses, Hair and Palm-leaf Mattresses—which will be sold at very low prices for Cash.

Public Houses in or out of the city furnished on Credit. W. F. & E. H. BRABROOK.

ROBERT T. DAVIS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

WATERVILLE.

No. 5 Ticonic Row—Residence at Williams's Hotel.

NEW STOVE STORE!

MAIN ST., WATERVILLE.

THE Subscriber has taken the Store formerly occupied by APPLETON & GILMAN, North side the Common, 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 Smith's

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.

This stove can in a few moments be so disconnected as to make TWO PERFECT STOVES, and the Oven part used for a Summer or Winter Stove, taking less fuel, and performing the various Cooking purposes admirably.

Also, for Sale, the

CONGRESS AIR-TIGHT STOVE,

Also, a Good Assortment of PARLOR AIR-TIGHT STOVES, (Cast and Sheet Iron), Franklin, Box and Cylinder Stoves of Various Patterns; Fire Frames, Hobs 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.

J. R. FOSTER.

Waterville, Sept. 23, 1847. 9if.

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 it far exceeds any other within my knowledge. W. A. F. STEVENS.

Waterville, 20th Sept., 1847.

We, the undersigned, having used several different kinds of Cooking Stoves, have now in use Smith'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,

CLARK STANLEY,
D. H. WEEKS,
R. S. BRACKET,
NOAH BOOTHELY.

Waterville, Sept. 20, 1847.

WESTERN EXTRA & CLEAR PORK FOR SALE

by

PARKER & PHILLIPS.

SAWS.

CIRCULAR, Cross-cut and Mill Saws, for sale by

W. C. DOW & CO.

FEATHERS and Looking Glasses—A large assortment for sale by

W. C. DOW & CO.

I. H. LOW & CO.

HAVE just received a fresh supply of Perry Davis's PAIN KILLER, for sale wholesale and retail.

Also, a new arrival of BURNING FLUID, and Day & Martin's BLACKING, always on hand.

Nov. 30. 10.

OX-BOWS & AXE-HANDLES,

FOR sale by

W. C. DOW & CO.

HORSE BLANKETING, 9-4 wide, all wool, for sale by

W.

POETRY.

For the Eastern Mail.

AMELIA'S HENRY.

A buried ruby is her boy,
Faded in its radiance;
'Twas radiant with living joy,
Sudden and dimmed to die.

She wore him in her heart, and light
The flush of gladness sprang
Upon the mother's face, as bright,
His beauty to her clung.

She wept him, yet, and pale upon
Her brow a trace is laid,
Responsive to the pallid stone,
Dimm'd by her sorrow's shade.

She misses from her heart the glow
Which met his beauty's smile,
And cannot raise for him below,
A monument of smiles.

If as a mourner, though, she live
More ditions at his tomb,
The chastest offering she'll give
Of amaranthine bloom.

VARIETY.

A "DO"

"A few days since a grave looking gentleman in spectacles called, and inquired if he could see the proprietor of the American Museum. On being introduced, he took him confidentially aside, and with a face of solemn import, began.

"Mr. Barnum, I have heard that you were anxious to procure all great and rare curiosities."

"Always secure them, if money will do it."

"Well, sir, I have lately returned from Egypt and have in my possession one of the most curious living specimens of natural history in the whole animal kingdom—a most extraordinary creature, which I believe is not to be found in any museum in the world."

"Describe it, what is it like?" said Barnum in a tremor of anxiety.

"I know not whether to call the monster a fish or a reptile. It is found in the warm regions of the upper Nile, and is probably common in the tropical latitudes in the interior of Africa. At first it is wholly aquatic, has neither legs nor fins, but a tail like a fish, and may be seen sporting at the bottom of the water. After a certain time it undergoes a remarkable change in its whole appearance—

Like the rattlesnake, it sheds its skin, and assumes a shape like a monkey, with four limbs, two short and two long, like those of the Kangaroo, or more resembling the Ourangoutang, the semi-human species, of which it is by some supposed to have been the progenitor as it entirely loses its tail; and from this time it is, like the crocodile amphibious, and possesses other remarkable peculiarities. I succeeded in catching one previous to this transformation which will take place in a few weeks."

"Is it possible? Well, that is a curiosity, really, as much so as the mermaid," said the proprietor of the Museum, in a fidget lest it should slip through his fingers.

"More, my dear sir," said the traveller, "for in the mermaid the transformation is only half completed. The arms are developed, but the tail remains."

"True, very true, what are your terms?"

"Well, sir—I care very little for the profit, but if you will prepare a proper tank, filled with Croton water, and kept sufficiently warm, you shall have this curious animal for fifty dollars a week, until the transformation takes place and one hundred afterwards."

"Done!" cried Barnum, "it's a bargain; I'll get some bills directly!" and down he sat, and wrote—"Tremendous attraction from Upper Egypt—the greatest curiosity in the New World—the wonderful—"

"What is the name of this animal?"

"Well, before it changes its shape it is called the Pollawog, or Tadpole; afterwards it is called a Frog," replied the grave stranger, looking over his spectacles."

Barnum dropped his pen, and stood upright looking at the learned traveler in absolute astonishment—an entirely new specimen of petrification for sale!

"What the facts were."

A lady at —, whose friends had arrived unexpectedly, got up an impromptu dinner party, and was compelled to send to the nearest pastry cook's for some large tarts. All went on well until the lady, unluckily wishing to show off by pretending not to know what was on her own table, pointing to the dish with an air of great dignity, inquired, "John, what are these tarts?" Whereat, John, in the innocence of his heart, looking at the tarts in a commercial rather than a culinary point of view, briskly replied, "Fourpence apiece, ma'am."

HEADS AND TAILS.

The Philadelphia City Item has the following "good one":

"We heard a short story the other day, which we will throw in here by way of episode. A very poor woman found a silver dollar. It was a god-send; but it placed her in a dilemma. She had scarcely a 'stitch of clothing,' and the 'hunger-pain' was gnawing at her stomach. 'What shall I do?' she mentally inquired; 'shall I pay attention to me back or my stomach?' The question was a poser, and after musing a minute, she said, 'I'll toss for it!—Heads for the back—tails for the stomach! Up went the dollar, and down it came with the head upmost. 'I'll give the stomach another chance!' said she. Again the head was upmost. 'That was not a fair toss,' said she, half aloud. 'I'll give the stomach another chance!' The eagle was upmost this time. 'Ah! ha!' exclaimed the hungry woman—"I know the stomach would win it!"

RENDER NOT EVIL FOR EVIL.

How could language be more distinct and clear than that used by the SAVIOUR himself concerning the retaliatory spirit of ancient times—"Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,"—quoting almost verbatim from the Mosaic code which saith, 'Thou shalt give life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, &c.; but I say unto you—"what? The same thing? Did he quote the passage only to confirm it? Hear him. 'But I say unto you that ye resist (retaliate) not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also,—unfolding to them the higher and nobler principle of overcoming evil with good. 'I say unto you, love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.' And why? 'That ye may be the children of your FATHER which is in heaven, for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.' Thus we learn from the SAVIOUR himself that the principle of recompensing evil with evil is not of God, by whomsoever taught, and can never be practiced by the true 'children of the FATHER.' Why, if there be no difference between Judaism and Christianity, what do men mean when they talk about the conversion of the Jews? Conversion from what?—to what? If Christianity unfolds no higher principle than Judaism.—[Rev. W. P. Tilden.]

NOTICE

IS hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator on the estate of Ruthford Drummond late of Sidney, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to REBECCA DRUMMOND.

January 3, 1898.

AT

J. R. ELDEN'S,

—One Door North of Boutelle's Block—

May be found one of the best assortments of

W. India Goods, Groceries,

CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE,

That can be found on the Kennebec River.

J. R. E. has the agency of the BUCKFIELD and CAMDEN POWDER COMPANIES, and is prepared to sell at wholesale and retail.

Waterville, Jan. 1, 1898.

ANDROSOGGIN

AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT four Assessments of five per cent. each, (being the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth assessments,) on the amount of stock subscribed for by each Stockholder in the Androsoggin and Kennebec Railroad Company, (being Two Dollars and Fifty cents on each original share subscribed for,) have 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 sixth assessment on the first day of Feb'y next, The seventh assessment on the first day of March next, The eighth assessment on the first day of April next, The ninth assessment on the first day of May next.

EDWIN NOYES,

Treasurer A. & K. R. R. Co.

Dec. 27, 1897.

J. P. NOYES, M.D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Devotes special attention to diseases of the Lungs and Throat.

Office cor. Main and Spruce—Residence, Parker House.

W. A. BURLEIGH, M.D.

Operative Surgeon

AND PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,

WATERVILLE, ME.

Refers to JOHN HUBBARD, M. D., Hallowell.

H. H. HILL, M. D., Augusta.



BOOK AND FANCY JOB

PRINTING OFFICE.

JOHN S. CARTER

CONTINUES TO EXECUTE ALL KINDS OF

BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING,

IN GOOD STYLE AND AT SHORT NOTICE.

He keeps for sale most kinds of BLANKS in use in this vicinity.

JOB AND GIFT PRINTING done in good shape and at fair prices.

Office in Pray's Building, three doors below William's Hotel, Main street.

Waterville, Nov. 1897.

GLOVES.

THE best assortment of GLOVES in Waterville, to be found at

Dec. 30.—23.

NEW ARRIVAL.

'READY-MADE CLOTHING,'

JUST RECEIVED,

BY

CHARLES H. THAYER,

Consisting of the following articles:

Heavy Tweed COATS Black Cassimere PANTS

Mixed sat. do. Striped D. S. do.

Blue Ribbed do. Black sat. do.

Mixed sat. JACKETS Blue do.

Green do. Blue Rib do.

Silk VESTS Mixed sat.

Fancy do. Canada Grey

Cassimere do. Red flannel

Rob Roy do. Striped

Satinett do. Red flannel Drawers.

Overalls

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Tweed COATS Black cassimere PANTS

Cassimere do. Striped satinett do.

Blue cassimere JACKETS Mixed do.

Mixed sat. do. Plain do.

SATINETT SACKS Fancy do.

A general Assortment of

DRY GOODS!!!

Consisting in part of the following articles:

Broadcloths Tweeds Alpacaes Prints

Cassimeres Satinets M. de Lains Patchs

Doekins Vestings Ginghames Shuets

&c., &c., &c.

A large Stock of

PAINTS AND OILS,

Consisting in part of the following articles:

Coach Varnish Whiting American Vermilion

Furniture do. Lamp Black Chinese do.

Japan do. Gun Shellac Chrome Green

Oil Turpentine Yellow Ochre do.

Linseed Oil Ven. Red Coach Black

Lamp Oil Pure Grd. Lead Jay do.

Extra do. Litharge Paris Green

Red do. Umber Rose Pink

Glue do. Flake White

GOLD LEAF, &c. &c.

A general Assortment of

W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES,

HARDWARE & IRON,

NAILS AND GLASS.

A LARGE LOT OF

Buffalo Robes, Fur, Seal and Nutra Caps.

The above were bought mostly for cash, and will be sold as low as can be bought on Kennebec River.

Waterville, Oct. 27, 1897.

[14.4.]

PURE SPERM, ref'd Whale, and Lard Oil, for sale by

W. C. DOW & Co.

LATEST NEWS.

JOSEPH MARSTON

HAS just received, at his Brick Block, a fresh and desirable stock of

Foreign, Domestic, Fancy and Staple

DRY GOODS,

together with a general assortment of

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES, CROCKE-

RY & GLASS WARE,

which he offers to his friends and the public as low as can be bought on Kennebec River, for cash, or on short and approved credit.

He has on hand a lot of L. Bayley's superior Laundry STARCH POLISH, which he will sell at wholesale or retail.

Waterville, Nov. 24, 1897.

DANIEL SANBORN,

COUNSELLOR & ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Waterville, Me.

Will devote his whole attention to the business of his profession.

Office in PRAY'S BUILDING Main street.

18.3ms.

J. B. CUTTS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Having been engaged in the practice of his profession, for the past six years, offers his services to the citizens of WATERVILLE and the vicinity.

Office in BOUTELLE'S BLOCK.

DR. WARREN'S

SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO, & WILD

CHERRY PHYSICAL BITTERS,

AT FIFTY CENTS 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 Catarrhal Diseases; Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilious Disorders, Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Weak and Sore Stomach, Ulcers and Running Sores, Swelling of the Limbs, Pain in the Bones, Tumors in the Throat, Rheumatic Affections, Salt Rheum, Eruptions, and Humors Eruptions on the face or body, Cancerous Sores, King's Evil, Catarrh, Langor, Debility, Headache, Dizziness, Salivary Complexion, and all these disorders which arise from the abuse of Mercury, or from an impure taint in the blood, no matter how acquired.

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

As a Spring Medicine for purifying the blood, strength ening the stomach and body, and checking all constipation, it is highly recommended. Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters are entirely unrivalled.

Prepared and sold by DAVID F. BRADLEE, at the *Magnan de Sante*, (Magazine of Health), 130 Washington street Boston, General Agency for Buchanan's Hungarian Balm of Life, Upham's Pile Electuary, Bradlee's Purifying and Preserving Pills, Dr. Jackson's Infallible Eradicator, Bradlee's New England Hair Restorative, Colman's Compound, and also the Superior Pills for the Popular Medicines in general use, pure and genuine, at the lowest prices.

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11 y.

30 DOZ. PAINTED PAIS, for sale at the

manufacturers' prices, by

E. L. SMITH.

1000 LBS. BATTING for sale by

PARKER & PHILLIPS.

NAPES AND FINS,

MACKEREL, Halibut, Codfish, &c., &c., for sale at a small advance, by

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UNIVERSAL HISTORY,

FROM THE

CREATION OF THE WORLD

TO THE

Beginning of the 18th Century,

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The author, in a comprehensive in two handsomely printed octavo volumes of 1000 pages, neatly bound, and is offered at the low price of Three Dollars. A liberal discount made to those buying to sell again, or to teachers buying for their schools. All orders by mail, post paid, promptly attended to.

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TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

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HUNGARIAN BALSM OF LIFE,

in the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Asthma, and all the pulmonary affections.

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

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

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balm, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the most confident recommendation of it to all who are afflicted with this fatal disease. It is a most powerful and reliable remedy, and one 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 dis tinguished Physicians and Surgeons. 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.

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

In case of actual disease of the lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the ONLY SOURCE OF HOPE.

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

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

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

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BUFFALO ROBES AND COATS, cheap for cash, at B. C. R. PHILLIPS'S.