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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 29): February 10, 1848

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, FEB. 10, 1848.

NO. 29.

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.	

Miscellaneous.

Translated for the Home Journal, by Willis.

THE COURTING OF BALZAC BY A LADY.

One morning, the luxurious author was particularly at home. His servant had orders to admit nobody, and he in his morning-gown and embroidered Greek cap, was lounging on his sofa, dreaming out some new type of the sex, which he so ably retouches after Nature. A sudden rather brusque opening of the door aroused him from his reverie, and looking up, he found a lady before him, who had walked past the dismayed servant, and assumed the responsibility. Balzac's first thought brought a slight frown upon his eyebrows, but with an instant's glance, he saw that the intruder was a lady with the best claim to politeness.

She was, in fact, a person of singular nobleness of mien, agreeable countenance, and voice full of the difficult music of high-breeding; and she received Monsieur Balzac's praises of complimentary reception with the skill and unconsciousness of one who was used to flattering homage. It was, however, with a little tremulousness of voice that she replied to his inquiry as to whom he had the honor of receiving.

"And now that you know my name," she said, it remains for me to mention the motive of my visit. I have seen in the papers that your pretty country-house is for sale. I should, properly, I know, have treated with you through my man of business; but you must pay for your celebrity by excusing my coming personally to make inquiries."

"I have never felt more sensibly, Madam," replied the author, "the value of the echo which my works have given to my name. And it is true that I wish to abdicate my little throne in the country. I am only distressed that I am not there to show you its beauties to the best advantage."

"Yes, your presence would have, indeed, given this delicious hermitage another charm—for an exquisite spot it is, furnished with absolute taste and elegance, as well as with a luxury which only a writer of your boundless celebrity could afford!"

"Ah, Madam! I have spent too much money there—but I do not say it to heighten the value of what I have to sell. I know well enough that the second owner never expects to pay for the extravagances of the first."

"I am told," added the Countess, "that your outlay there has been at least \$150,000, and it is precisely the sum which I come to offer you for it!"

"Pardon me, Madam, \$10,000 is my price, and I could not consent to take more for it."

"I do not permit bargaining with me, Monsieur, and I will not abate my offer of fifteen times your nominal price. But I may as well explain that I offer this much for the house exactly as it stands—furniture, pictures, and even your own copies of your own works, which stand in the library so magnificently bound!"

The Countess rose, at this, and commenced carefully examining the apartment of the great romancer, making a running soliloquy of criticisms full of finesse and spirituality, and asking the freest questions with that well-bred ingenuity which makes a compliment of an impertinence. Balzac bore this scrutiny of his bachelor apartments with the philosophy which could not fail of one of his genius and habits, and when, at last, they walked together into his little working-room, at the side, he said:

"And now, Madam, will you condescend to inform me of the object of your visit?"

"But, it seems to me," said the Countess, "that I have already explained that with sufficient clearness."

"Pardon me, Madam, if I believe that, under a pretext to inquire about a place which you have no intention of buying, you conceal the veritable motive which has given me the priceless pleasure of this interview. I am no sorcerer, but I am hard to deceive. It is one of the privileges of experience that it gives us some fruits in exchange for the flowers of which it robs us. My entire life has been given to the study of women—I have made this science my profession—gaining thereby the penetration which I turn to account in my books, but which I am at liberty to use also in the changes of private life which concern only myself."

"You think, then," said the Countess, listening eagerly, "that it is only curiosity which has brought me here?"

"No—or, it is a curiosity linked with a deeper motive."

"That is to say, you suppose—"

"You think you mystify me, and we will proceed as if we had met at a masquerade—for, though I see your face, that is no clue for me, as I never saw you before. But now, what say you to my divination—my fair masquerader, I know you!"

"What recognition can there be in words?" "I will explain," went on Balzac, with a confident smile; "your face is strange to me, but still I have known you before. Superior minds that have a peculiarity of expression for their thoughts, speak as they write. A great author says, 'The style is the man.' I have received, during my literary career, many letters of many kinds, and I know the writers—and among them I have preserved the correspondence of those who have given me the most pleasure."

As he spoke, the author drew from his secretary a package of letters, carefully enveloped, and withdrawing one he held up his super-scription to the Countess.

"Why should I deny it?" said his fair visitor, laughing. "I am happy and flattered that you have found me out. But I knew you, also, quite as well before I saw you, and my letters in your hand tell you what I thought of you. Under the mask of an incognito, I could venture to avow to you the impression which your soul has made upon mine."

"And now that you see me, may I venture

to hope that you repeat what you have written? If I were younger, you perhaps might hesitate at the frankness I ask of you. But at my age you need not measure compliments."

"And if you are not in the first stage of life, interrupted the Countess, 'we are mated in that, for I have long been in the category of 'past thirty,' to which you have given a value so successfully, and for which we owe you a gratitude beyond all limits.'"

"Your first letter," said Balzac, turning over the package in his hand, "dates fifteen years ago. May I ask why you did not then come to me as you have come to-day. I should then have been more worthy to reply to you."

"I was a married woman then—to-day I am a widow. I leave to your divination to see the force of my reasons. If you reproach me for not coming fifteen years earlier, you confess at least that there is now no time to lose."

"And you permit me to pay my addresses to you?"

"I have come from Vienna on purpose." An offer of marriage so simply put, would have embarrassed, perhaps, almost any other man than Balzac, but (we have it from the best authority,) his reply, his expression of grateful pleasure, his newly permitted tendernesses, were of a tact, and a delicacy and a presence of mind which would have turned the head of a younger woman, or of any woman—and the lovers, in a day or two after, started together in the Countess's carriage, for Vienna, near which, in her superb chateau, the marriage took place. With an income of \$100,000, she has commenced, and seems likely to continue, to make the great romancer happier in his fifties than he was in his Twenties or Thirties, or the later 'ties,' to which reference is made with understood delicacy.

ADVENTURES OF A COFFIN.

At Cork, a Mr. W. Died, and it devolved upon a nephew and a son-in-law to make the arrangements for the funeral. Instead, however, of proceeding to work on the principle of a "division of labor," they each of them began by doing the same thing; they each ordered the old man a coffin! The nephew, when he found that the son-in-law had done so, ran off to the undertaker who he had patronized, and countermanded the order. But an oak coffin is not an every day order, and the countermand was disregarded. Two coffins were sent home for one corpse, in a country where many a corpse cannot get one. But the family refused to take in the coffin of the nephew's undertaker; and he therefore set it up against the hall-door, and left it. The son-in-law, unwilling that the "memento mori" should remain so conspicuous at his threshold, took it under his arm, and in the most neighborly spirit placed it against another house front. It was wearing for midnight, and a watchman going his rounds was startled by an apparition. When his equanimity was restored, he knocked at the door, and informed the inmates what sort of a downfall they had got. But they prized so little the favor awarded them by fortune, that they slammed the door in Dogberry's teeth. The watchman, more grateful for a piece of good luck, shouldered the coffin, and turned his face homeward, leaving the beat to take care of itself. It struck him, however, before opening the door, that it might not be lucky to take his ominous burden into the house; he therefore placed it in a lumber store kept by a neighbor—not loving his neighbor as he did himself. It was not without reason that the watchman connected the coffin with ill luck; for close at his heels came the bailiffs! The storekeeper's goods were seized for rent, and with them the coffin! At the auction which followed, a blacksmith chanced to be present whose wife lay ill, and he had the prudence and forethought to purchase the lot. The investment was not made in vain. The sick woman died in a day or two, and was entombed in a fine oak coffin, to the admiration of her friends and neighbors, who remarked that the widow had buried her uncomely 'decent,' as became her family. Meanwhile, the poor undertaker, at whose expense the smile's wife was so handsomely coffined, sued Mr. W.'s nephew for the price, but only to add to his loss, for the defendant got the verdict.—[Irish Paper.

PROVIDENT RATS.

In cutting through an embankment in a field adjoining the river Lune, the other day, for the formation of one of the culverts rendered necessary by the passing of the North Western Railway in that direction, the laborers met with between fifteen and twenty pounds weight of eels, some quite fresh, and others in the last stage of putrefaction. They varied from a quarter to half a pound in weight, and consisted of the common silver-bellied, or river eel, and brilliant specimens of the conger, or sea eel. The latter of course had come up with the tide. As teeth-marks were visible on the heads of most of them, it was conjectured that they had been destroyed in that way, and stored for winter provision, by some animals whose retreat was not far distant. This proved to be the case. On digging a little further, one bounced a maroon rat, with seven half-grown young ones at her heels. The workmen gave chase, and ultimately succeeded in killing both mother and progeny, with a solitary exception, the trunk of a neighboring tree afforded an asylum to one of the family. The embankment is about a hundred yards from the water's edge, so that it must have required considerable time and labor on the part of the old rat to have dragged the eels thither.—[Lancaster Guardian.

CURIOUS ENCOUNTER.

The other day Mr. D. Lieut. H. and the commissioner went out hog-hunting. This sport is always performed on horseback, with long spears. The hunters soon turned out a magnificent boar.

"A boar! a boar!" was the shout, and up galloped the commissioner and plunged the spear into the animal; but, in consequence of his horse swerving, he was unable to withdraw the weapon, and the boar ran off with it sticking in his back. Lieut. H. now came up, the boar charged him, cut both the fore legs of his horse to the bone with his tusks, and tumbled horse and man over on the ground. Fortunately, the boar was exhausted, too much so to charge again; but he did perhaps what no boar ever did before: he seized the commissioner by the coat-tail, as he lay on his

stomach. Feeling the snout of the boar, he expected to be cut, if not killed, by his tremendous tusks. He sprang upon his feet; the boar kept hold of his tail. The commissioner faced about; he had neither pistol nor knife, so he commenced pummeling away at the boar's face with his fist. Now imagine the scene: a man of his extraordinary size with the coat-tail held by an enormous boar, the commissioner himself turned half round, and having a regular boxing match with the ferocious brute. D. came up as quickly as he could for laughing, and with one good thrust of his spear put an end to the fight. The charge of the boar is fearful: he cuts right and left with his tusks, and inflicts the most dreadful wounds.—[C. Acland's Manners and customs of India.

THE DELUGE.

Geologists are now converging to the opinion that there are no sensible vestiges of the Deluge upon the earth; and Dr. Fleming, who is of this opinion, contends also for its consistency with the truth of the Scriptural Deluge, in that it may have been brought upon the world without the alteration of any of its sensible features. And certain it is, that, if the water beneath came by openings in the bottom of the sea, or by the fountains of the great deep being broken up, one can imagine an elevation of level from this cause without any such disturbance on the surface of the earth, as might affect aught that is visible either in its islands or continents. Wilkie, the painter, told me that the experiment was tried with a dove from a balloon, and that it returned after it had been let out, and that an experiment was intended with a raven. I have not heard if the latter trial has actually been made, but this belongs properly to the next section.—[Chalmers's Daily Scripture Readings.

THE CLOTHES-MOTH.

Few sounds are more terrible to the housewife's ears than the name of the "clothes-moth," and yet, if any of our fair readers will take the trouble to peruse the following details, they will perhaps feel a new interest in the object of their aversion, and gain a hint or two as to the best method of dealing with this insidious foe to the integrity of our blankets and woollen garments as well as costly furs. But, after all, it is not the "clothes-moth" that does the mischief; she merely lays the eggs, which in due time hatch into maggots or caterpillars, seldom so much as half an inch in length, but furnished with a pair of admirable mandibles, with which they shear the nap from woollen and hairy fabrics not certainly from mere love of mischief, but from the very same motive which prompts most of us to active exertion, namely, for the sake of food and clothing; for our clothes-maggot feeds on woollen fibres, makes a jaunty cloak of the same color to cover his body, and lines it daintily with silk, lest it should press too roughly against his delicate white skin. But still you will say, fair reader, it is the clothes-moth, after all, that is the parent of all the mischief. Well! be it so—it was only last night that we heard a cry of terror in our bed-room, and the terrible monster which caused it was brought to us for inspection. It was a poor little clothes-moth that had hidden itself all day and had just come out to take a little refreshing air in the darkness of the night (for the clothes-moth is a nocturnal insect, and cannot endure the light of day) when being dazzled and blinded by the candle, it rushed forward (probably to put it out, but this we don't know) and was caught.—The four wings which cover the insect appear to be little more than a mass of silky powder, and so fragile and delicate a thing is it, that a touch suffices to destroy it.—[Sharpe's London Magazine.

A GOOD SERMON.

We have heard a story of the elder Dr. Beecher, now of Cincinnati, that is said to be true, and is worth putting into types, as illustrating the truth that we never can tell what may result from an apparently very insignificant action. The doctor once engaged to preach for a country minister, on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be one excessively stormy, cold and uncomfortable. It was in mid-winter and the snow was piled in heaps all along in the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts, till he reached the church, put the animal into a shed, and went in. As yet there was no person in the house, and after looking about, the old gentleman—then young—took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers.

Whether to preach to such an audience or not was now the question—and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long in deciding. He felt that he had a duty to perform, and he had no right to refuse to do it, because only one man could reap the benefit of it; and accordingly he actually went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching and the benediction, with only one hearer. And when all was over he hastened down from the desk to speak to his "congregation," but he had departed.

A circumstance so rare was referred to occasionally, but twenty years after it was brought to the doctor's mind quite strangely. Traveling somewhere in Ohio, the doctor alighted from the stage, one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name.

"I do not remember you," said the doctor.

"I suppose not," said the stranger; "but we spent two hours together, in a house, alone, once, in a storm."

"I do not recall it, sir," added the old man, "pray when was it?"

"Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?"

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do, indeed, and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since."

about as satisfactory an audience as I ever had.—[Bee.

BE KIND TO THE OLD.

Oh! be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for then knowest not what sufferings they may have endured, how much it may still be their portion to bear. Are they querulous and unreasonable? allow not thine anger to kindle against them; rebuke them not, for, doubtless, many and severe have been the crosses and trials of earlier years, and perchance their dispositions, in the spring time of life, were more gentle and flexible than thine own. Do they require aid of thee? then render it cheerfully, and forget not that the time may come, when thou mayest desire the same assistance from others, that thou now renderest unto them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity; and think it not hard if much be required at thy hand; lest, when age has set its seal upon thy brow, and filled thy limbs with trembling, there may be found those who will wait upon thee unwillingly, and who will feel relieved when the coffin-lid has covered thy face forever.

The old must soon pass from this to another world; is it a world of bliss? then, though they have much to cheer them through the remnant of their earthly pilgrimage, be kind, very kind to them; for they have many sorrows to endure, before they seek the abodes of happiness; they have yet to pass through the "valley of the shadow of death." Is it a world of woe to which they are hastening? have they no hope of heaven? then be doubly cautious how thou add a single drop to a cup already full; for surely they have enough to bear, if their prospects for both time and eternity are shrouded in gloom.—[Chicago Tribune.

DULL BOYS.

We are not to conclude that those who are at first exceedingly dull, will never make great proficiency. The examples are numerous, of persons who were unpromising in childhood, but who were distinguished in manhood for their great acquisitions.

Adam Clarke, D. D., was taught the alphabet with great difficulty. He was very often chastised for his dullness, and it was seriously feared he would never learn. He was eight years old before he could spell words of three letters, and was distinguished for nothing but rolling large stones. At the age of eight he was placed under a new teacher, who, by the kindness of his manner, and suitable encouragement, aroused the slumbering energies of his mind, and elicited a desire for improvement. It is well known that he became even more distinguished for his extensive and various acquisitions than he had ever been for rolling stones.

Isaac Bartow, D. D., for two or three years after he commenced going to school, was only noted for quarrelling and rude sports. This seemed to be his ruling passion. His father considered his prospects for respectability so dark, that he often said, if either were to die, he hoped it would be Isaac. But Isaac afterwards became the pride of his father's family, and an honor to his country. He was appointed Master of Trinity College, at which time the king said he had given the office to the best scholar in England.

LOVERS' QUARRELS.

A stalwart son of the Emerald Isle was about to be married to a maiden of his own land; the party were assembled, the priest present, and all prepared, the table and the feast. The consummation of their happiness was delayed, as the groom did not seem in any hurry to be married.

At last the bride began to be uneasy, and friends to interfere, on finding that she was impatient, and resolved that the ceremony should be performed without further hindrance. The resolution, however, was not so easily carried into effect, the bridegroom refusing to participate in the ceremony because "his uncle was not present." As we are informed, the "uncle" arrived in a few minutes after this ungallant speech was made in the hearing of the bride elect. Then the young man was for having the knot tied at once.

"O no," replied the independent, noble hearted lass. "I shan't marry you unless my grandfather is present," (who, by the way, was buried many years ago, on the other side of the water,) and with a toss of her auburn ringlets, away she bounded from the house where the marriage was to be. This was very spirited in the lady, but is not probably intended to be a permanent arrangement.—[N. Y. Express.

ANECDOTE OF ERSKINE.—Soon after his resignation, he was invited to a fete at Oatlands, where the Duchess of York had upon the lawn a number of rare animals, and, among others, a remarkable black monkey with a long white hairy mantle flowing gracefully over his head and shoulders. Erskine was late in appearing; but, at last, while the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and other royal personages, were standing in a group near the entrance to the court yard, he arrived in a very mean-looking one-horse chaise. He immediately alighted; but, instead of paying his duty to the "Royalties" before him, he suddenly stepped up to the monkey, and, taking off his hat in a very dignified manner, and making three congrues, he addressed the animal in these words, amidst the hearty laugh of all present. "Sir, I sincerely wish you joy—You wear your wig for life."

A CURIOUS MAN.—The Dedham Democrat describes a temperance lecturer who goes by the name of Farmer Allen, and says, "He is a member of the Sons of Temperance, and always has his emblems about him, viz: the Red, the White and the Blue—red hair, white shirt and blue frock; red horse, blue wagon and white covering. He brings to market turkeys with white bodies, red heads and blue legs. He also has red peaches, white eggs and blue potatoes. All these he is willing to sell for white silver coin, or red copper cents, or paper currency on blue paper."

OHIO STATE DEBT.—A bill was introduced in the Ohio House of Representatives on the 27th ultimo, to provide for the extinguishment of the state debt. It proposes that the auditor of the state shall levy annually a tax for the purpose of creating a sinking fund, as follows, viz: in 1848, \$100,000; in 1849, \$100,000; in 1850, \$112,000; and so continuing annually to levy the sum of the preceding year with six per cent added thereto, until the amount so raised, shall, with the annual interest compounded thereon, be sufficient to discharge the whole

amount of the reimbursable debt of the state. The second section provides that the sum so levied shall be paid to the fund commissioners to be by them invested and applied, as they may be more required by law not to invest the sinking fund; and they are required to make such investment, if practicable in the stock of Ohio or of the United States.

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.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Our space is limited, yet "Evangeline" must be noticed. As prose, it may be read with some pleasure. The subject has been well selected, and the story, as far as it goes, is not without interest. The latter part of it is more vividly sketched than earlier portions, yet the constant repetition of such words as blacksmith, village, maiden, bosom, meadows, &c., is extremely offensive. The hexameters, which we will grant are somewhat ingenious, are, on the whole, failures. Sir Philip Sidney has not been improved upon, or Southey, who in "The Knave Grinder" found a pleasant rebuke, at the hands of the expert Canning, for dealing in ancient metres. In many, ay, most lines, we find trochees instead of spondee; and the musical cadence obtained by gaudiness only, even in the Greek and Latin, draws into a monotone, with Evangeline, more tiresome than that of a bagpipe in a busy city.

The truth is, that beyond commencing with a dactyl, and terminating with a dactyl and spondee, or a trochee, where the intermediate feet are slipshod, these so called hexameters are not verse in any sense of the word. It will be found impossible to fix any caesura or iambus between the feet, which we have noticed as existing, so that we readily agree with Harris in his Philological Inquiry, (p. 67,) that, "though all Metre is Rhythm, all Rhythm is not Metre." No other one in the English language so happily expresses Rhythm as the word Time. Now there is no time, number, or accent, in the heart of Mr. Longfellow's verse—no scansion can possibly be carried on—and we are placed at issue with the extravagant declarations of the writer in the North American Review for January. This Reviewer's encomiums must find eventually a level. A word with him here may not be out of place. He has not given satisfactory reasons why the English language does not permit the rhythm of Latin and Greek hexameters—or, rather, he has concealed the truth, partially revealed by him, by making several errors in philosophy. He would make a favorable plea for Mr. Longfellow's attempt, while he knows it to be a failure. He tells us that our books "speak of long and short vowels, when in point of fact, any vowel may be made long or short ad libitum." Now this is not strictly true; and to us it does not "appear that the difference is not one of quantity but of quality." Certain, at least, is it, that if this can be urged against the ability of our language to be framed into ancient metres—it can also be urged against the Greek, with much more truth; for there are many dissyllabic words, having the first syllable long, which are always found so in Homer, while the same first syllable, in the same words, is invariably short in Aristophanes. Readers little curious in such matters will understand this variation, when they learn that Homer would always say pa-tron, and Aristophanes pa-t-ron. We shall not protract our remarks on this precise point, but simply suggest that with the Enharmonic Scale of the Ancients (on which an admirable treatise, by Mr. Perrot Thompson, will be found in the Westminster Review) we have lost the secret of the special uses and even adaptation of the ancient metres. If we may believe Aristotle, it is no great loss, either. Porson, Elmsley, Dawes, Brunck, and others, have busied themselves in searches on the subject, with but such success as has led to an emendandi scabres of Greek texts. The Reviewer in the North American, rather imperceptibly to himself, we imagine, acknowledges that the ancient metres were barbaric, for he allows that poetry among the Greeks eventually lapsed into iambic verse, that being, "as Aristotle asserts, the natural rhythm of conversation." The hint is a good one. Taking up Aristotle, we find that he is not only favorable to iambic verse, as less barbarous than other kinds, but that he pronounces hexameter verse unnatural—certainly he does, and by inference, also, condemn it, which should suffice to abridge the respect of scholars for it even when found in Greek. Aristotle says: "It was late before Tragedy abandoned the ridiculous language of its satyrical origin and attained its proper magnitude and dignity. The iambic measure was now first adopted." Nature itself pointed out the proper metre. Of all metres the iambic metre is the best for recitation, (lektron) or discourse, as is evident from the fact that common conversation falls into it—seldom into hexameter, and only when we depart from the usual melody of speech. This is the opinion of the Stagyrite, who lived in days when hexameters departed, let it be remembered, from the usual melody of speech. Our "learned Theban," who would put the return of barbarism into a virtue, may do well to profit by it.

The Reviewer, to strengthen his case, en-

deavors to establish as a fact, that musical time is not the basis of modern poetical rhythm. Now we contend that it is the basis—and the only basis—whether we can distinguish it or not. That which makes all unrhymed verse pleasing, is the sense of measure and proportion in sounds—call them accents or what you will. Each stanza in any perfectly regular piece of verse may be sung to the same tune, or to any tune whose musical divisions are in unison with the words; but our poets are usually unskilled in producing such versification; none more so than Mr. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow. What is called accent, to all intents and purposes, forms the metrical ietus necessary to all verse. Music is not necessarily, as the Reviewer asserts, "so far divorced from language as to form a separate and independent act." It may be so,—just as verse may do without music. The true end of all vocal music is to elevate the poetry—and when it does not do this, it fails. Beethoven failed in "Fidelio," by outweighing the voices with his instrumentalism. When the Reviewer asks, "Who ever hears the words of an opera, or cares for them, if he does?" he shows a lamentable want of philosophy on this subject. We hear the words, or would be pleased always to hear them, and the Italians and Germans generally gratify our desires in this particular. Our own singers very seldom do. "Who has heard the tasteful Ronconi in 'Lucrezia Borgia,'" can ever forget the inexpressible beauty of that utterance of his of the last word in this line—

"Quando un figlio incognito," while singing the aria in which it occurs? Is there no effect to the words in Norma—"Casta diva, che in argenti." Did Pasta, with her splendid mezzo-soprano voice, in the cavatina of Romeo, "Le Romeo l'uccide," &c. make the words of no use? We maintain that the words are a part, and an essential part, of all operas and oratorios. That singers neglect the declamation of their art is their fault. That, beside the fault of our vocalists, the English translations of operas are generally badly executed, is another reasonable complaint. Mr. J. R. Planche has adapted most of these, but he is inferior, although often called to such work, to Mr. George Soane, the amiable though disinherited and neglected son of Sir John Soane, the preservation of whose rare Museum must always be placed in contrast to his want of paternal care for his wronged children. Both of these assistants of the opera houses of London, though industrious, have left much undone. They have been so unskillful as to be obliged to call in the musical directors to alter the original notes of the music, which never ought to have been done.

To us it has seemed that our language is peculiarly well fitted for music. The ictuated syllable of an iambus may stand, according to its relative position, for a quaver, a crotchet, a semi-breve or even a breve. The right verse being selected for a musical staff, the syllables are as true as the music itself—but taste is as requisite in this art as in any other, though at present we do not know where to point to a possessor of it, so little has it been exhibited in this country. Mr. Fry, of Philadelphia, has attracted the most attention, we believe, in musical circles. The curious in these matters will better understand the drift of our remarks, by comparing Bellini's original music of Norma with the English version.

We have already too far encroached upon these columns, and must conclude by taking leave of Mr. Longfellow and his amiable friend. Unfortunately we cannot compare the former, as the latter does, to Theocritus—whose sixteenth Idyl, we imagine, has had an extraordinary effect in inducing an amount of liberality to the poet which the Doric Syracuse never could have contemplated, when he recommended the wealthy and powerful to pay high court to the laurelled priests of the Muses. We are not quite prepared, also, probably from an ignorance of the barbaric ballads of Homer, to set up a comparison, as does our poet's friend, between the blind bard of Greece and Longfellow of Cambridge—but we may be permitted to inquire to which of the twenty Homers, who are said to have written the Iliad and Odyssey, we may have the honor of likening the modern poet, or if it is to the whole fraternity of the ballad-mongers of Greece. In whatever position he may be, we beg most respectfully to lift our hat to him.

Six.

WOMAN.

A writer in a late Review, speaking of the Roman women, and their influence during the existence of the kingdom, says:

"From the time of the Sabines to Theodora's conquest of Justinian, women seemed to have been at the bottom of almost all the memorable events of Roman history. Lucretia, Virginia, Veturia, Fabia, the wife of Lucius, who became at her instigation the first Plebeian Consul, are illustrious examples of this; and whatever may be the changes of manner or opinions, as Rome has well remarked, all nations, with one accord, point for the ideal of a virtuous matron, to the daughter of Scipio, and the mother of the Gracchi. Who, then, will doubt the influence of woman?"

POPULATION OF VIRGINIA.—Among the documents laid before the Legislature is a "Statement of the white population of each County of the State arranged according to their district, in 1846, calculated from the tables in 1846." From this it appears, that the white population of Virginia which in 1840 was 740,968, is according to the titheable in 1846, 820,985,—an increase of 80,017.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE, FEB. 10,

We find the following sentiments circulating through the press. It is well to look at them, as they seem not to be dictated by party spirit. There are many old sentiments, apparently of good authority, that are introduced where they have no business; and it may be well to hunt them out, and inquire for their credentials.—Somebody (we think the Tribune) has done so in the following case:

"IN PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR."

This is one of those sententious cabalistical mottoes that are sometimes played off on weak minds for the most sinister purposes. "Who would dare dispute the words, or the wisdom of Washington?" say men who in their lives and principles deserve alike his example and his precepts. Yes, in peace prepare for war; but let the preparation be according to circumstances. So a man should always guard his purse and person. If obliged to go into a district infested with thieves and murderers, he leaves his purse at home, and in lieu of it puts a pistol in his pocket; but that is no reason why he should go with all his life armed to the teeth and without a shilling in his fob. When Gen. Washington said "in peace prepare for war," the smoke of a war of invasion from Maine to Georgia, had scarcely blown off, and the whole population of the Union was under 4,000,000; not equal to that of two of our States at this time. We were without foundries, without population, without science. Now we have all the elements of war, easily prepared, and a population of at least 20,000,000—and all our people capable, on the evidence of Gen. Jesup, of being converted into disciplined soldiers in 60 days. It is not true that our best security for peace is keeping up an army at a cost of \$15,000,000 a year to the people. That army of itself would form no barrier to invasion. It offers no security against foreign aggression. Our best preparation and security is the strength in the arms and the tone of virtue and liberty in the hearts of the people: love that is in nothing so manifested as in jealousy of military power—of standing armies and the ambition of those who can use them for sinister purposes. The people of Europe are ground into dust and ashes under this very principle of being always prepared for war; and we are approaching the same condition. All that we need are iron, lead, men, good schools and good roads. There is more of military capability for defence in one railroad, than in all the fortifications from Boston to Charleston; yet, in our wisdom, while we refuse a dollar to these roads and grudge their pitance of mail pay, the people have paid, according to Adjutant General Jones' report, for four naked fortifications, for which we have had no use for more than thirty years, \$18,000,000!! equal to an interest of more than a million a year for them alone. No: we want the legislation that will make the country independent and prosperous; we want the money-changers driven from the temple; in each State, if you will, a school for the science of civil engineering and military science, to convert our people in case of need into "disciplined soldiers." It does indeed behoove us in peace to prepare for war; but this is all the preparation we want. No one believes that we are in danger of invasion, invited! by whom? But the preparation which consists in standing idle, parasitical bodies of armed men, men whose trade is war, is a standing danger to a free people; and the time is coming when the people will decide that question for war or for peace. A strong military, and a strong despotism—a numerous and virtuous yeomanry jealous of military power, and a free country. We have to choose between them. For us and our house we go for the people.

THE "QUINCY HOUSE," BOSTON.—We find the following notice of this excellent public house going the rounds of the press. The praise is well deserved as we well know; and those temperance men from this section who profess a desire to stop at such a house when they visit Boston, will hereafter be without excuse if found "snuffing the incense of rum."

"Long as my letter is, I cannot close without telling you that I am at the Quincy House, and I advise you and your readers to call whenever you visit the city. It is well patronized, for a very good reason—it is well kept and worthy of support. Those who come once continue their custom. Mr. Wheelock, the proprietor, formerly kept an excellent house at Barre, in those days when rum-selling was respectable. He prided himself on keeping a good house, and would not sell to the temperate, for which he thought himself entitled to some credit. But John Pierpont came that way and told him he was hindering the progress of temperance more than the low rum-sellers. Mr. W. was convinced and quit with a license to sell in his pocket. Principle triumphed over interest, or what was apparently his interest. Then his friends thought him foolish—it will ruin you, said one. 'Better that I be ruined, than prosper by ruining others,' was the reply. But he is now in Boston keeping an excellent house, and his efforts to please are appreciated by the public."

OAK HALL.—The annual circular of this great monument of Yankee enterprise is amusing to those who have not only been there, but have actually looked in the face of Simmons himself. What a commentary upon the potency of advertising. Oak Hall has had no other advantage over shops that probably do not sell a tenth part as many goods. The sailor or the immigrant from the "farthest verge of the green earth" knows precisely where to go the moment he touches the wharf. We have recently seen a staring advertisement of Oak Hall in a Liverpool paper. Simmons employs a clerk expressly to superintend his advertising; and there is hardly a paper in our broad country that does not share in the tens of thousands paid out in this way, to make the "Napoleon of Tailors" the great dictator he aims to become.

In the Waldoboro' District, last year, 23,922 tons of shipping were built—12 ships, 22 barks, 51 brigs, 28 schooners, 1 sloop and 6 boats. The whole tonnage of this district is 85,987; 7,993 tons more were built last year than the year previous. There were 1,995 more tons built in the Waldoboro' district last year than in the Kennebec district; but that

are 6,803 tons more owned in this district than in that.—[Our.

LYCEUM.—We are requested to call attention to the contemplated Lyceum. Our village needs such an association, and we are assured that abundant talent can be drawn to its aid to secure its usefulness. A course of weekly lectures for the winter at least; could be readily secured, from our own citizens. The project has the favor of several who would contribute much to its success. We are pleased with the proposal, and hope it will secure tangible action forthwith.

WHO WAS IT? Somebody has been accusing brother Walker, of the Bangor Gazette, of infidelity. He pleads not guilty, and enters upon his defence as follows:

When we speak of the interests of religion as against the encroachments of infidelity, we are not speaking of this or that *tem*, this or that sect, this or that popedom—for protestantism has a multitude of these—but of pure and undiluted religion—a religion which regards God, humanity, virtue, piety—A religion that warms the heart rather than the blood, and stirs the benevolent hand rather than the docting intellect. The poor inebriate, the trampled slave, the suffering poor, the forlorn widow, the unrequited fatherless, all these, and thousands more, bear witness that we are all 'wanting' in our duty.

Very good, brother—you may be a good christian: these things look strongly like it, in our eye. But, you are a bad lawyer. When you close your defence with 'we are all wanting,' we have no hope for you. You are an infidel, because you accuse those of neglect of duty who profess to be better than you are.—'Thus saying, thou condemnest us.' Brother Walker, you are an infidel—it must be!

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US.—The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce thus disposes of the rumors of a treaty with Mexico:

'The papers still talk about Mr. Trist's project of a treaty, as if there was any such thing in existence. There is no project of a treaty before the administration. Mr. Trist has forwarded no project. He has no authority to act for this government. It is true that some persons representing the shadow of a government at Queretaro, made some proposition to Gen. Scott, looking towards an armistice and a renewal of negotiations. But, the propositions have come to naught, and for the reason, that, even if they were admissible, there is no government in Mexico which could make or maintain a treaty. We hear much about the effect of an increase of force—as if that would bring us peace. The entire destruction and dispersion of the remains of the government of Mexico, cannot bring us any nearer to a peace.'

TELEGRAPHIC SPEED.—The Middlebury (Vt.) Galaxy gives notice that the telegraphic wires have reached that place from N. York, on their way to Montreal. In the same paper we find, under a prominent head of 'By Magnetic Telegraph, reported for the Galaxy' of Feb. 1, a Washington date of Jan. 28—which, supposing it to have left Washington in the morning, was four days in getting to Middlebury by the new telegraph line. Allowing it to stop over night to be put in type for the N. York Express—as it seems to have done—it had a three days passage to Middlebury—namely, two days to Troy, and one to the Galaxy's table. This is just the rate at which Washington dates used to reach us, at the same table, by the old process of cars, boats and stages. We would suggest that the new wires may be a little rusty, and in want of greasing; otherwise they may need a *Bell* at each end.

MEXICO.—Extract from a Vera Cruz letter dated Jan. 3:—

'Captain Kerr fell in with Torrejon on his way down from Mexico; he was escorting some English property, and had a pass from Gen. Scott. He said he was doing fighting the Americans, and would now turn his whole attention to putting down the robbers. The alcaldes courts of Vera Cruz are abolished, and Gen. Twiggs had made new regulations with regard to Mexican thieves; they are tried by our military court and whipped in the public square. The rascals cry murder and call on all the saints but the saints won't interfere, and the lash is put on well. Twiggs says that he intends to make the people of this town so honest that a person may leave his coat or his hat in the plaza all night and find it there in the morning.'

THE DAGUERRETYPE.—This excellent Magazine has commenced a new volume, and we are happy to hear, with good prospects of success. Its pledges to the public have been well met, and its standing among the sound literary Journals of the country may be regarded as established.

AN INCIDENT IN COURT.

The New York Tribune says that among the Jurors summoned on Wednesday for the trial of cases in the Circuit court, before Hon. Hiram Gray, one of the newly elected Judiciary, there was one who particularly annoyed the Judge, by begging to be excused, and each time giving a different reason. His honor finally called up the juror in open court, and addressed him as follows:

'You have several times yesterday and today asked the Court to excuse you from serving on the jury, and have as often rendered a different reason. I have finally concluded to comply with your request—but not on any of the grounds you stated. You first stated you were sick; that I was satisfied was untrue. You next stated you were considerably deaf, but you heard my first whisper, which appeared to favor your application, and I knew that that excuse was false. On the next application, you said your wife was sick; of that I cannot consent to enquire here. Now I shall excuse you from any further attendance here, but not on any ground assigned by you, but for reasons of my own. A man who will so dishonor himself, and violate all the obligations he owes to society, is unfit to be entrusted with the decision of disputed rights between our fellow citizens and I dismiss you as unworthy of a seat with your fellow jurors.'

See the notice, in another column, of 'Paul's Weekly Galaxy.' It is cheap enough, large enough, and good enough—for the price.

THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1847.

The following is copied from the Gardiner Fountain. The communication is signed "G.", and the author is probably R. H. GARDINER, Esq. At this time, when the "remarkable weather" is an universal topic of remark, Mr. Gardiner's meteorological extract will be read with interest:

'As I hear the observation made every day that the month of December is the most remarkable ever remembered, I have been induced to look into my meteorological journal to verify the observation. I there find that the mean heat of Dec. 1839, and of Dec. 1841, did not materially differ from the month of Dec. 1847. In 1839 the river did not freeze till the 18th of December, previous to which there had been no ice to injure navigation, and the ground had not been sufficiently frozen to prevent plowing in greenward. In 1841 the river closed Dec. 1, opened the 4th, closed again the 7th, and opened the 11th, and did not finally close till the 17th Dec. December, 1839, was followed by an intensely cold January, which was not the case with Dec. 1841. In each of the winters 1839—40 and 1841—42, we had only 16 days good sleighing.

It will be a matter of surprise to most of your readers to hear that the average moisture of the year 1837 did not greatly exceed the average moisture of the last ten years. March, April and May of the last year were unusually dry, and the subsequent months very wet. June, 1847, was the wettest month for ten years, excepting November, 1845.

CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

Mr. Cass, who is the administration leader in the Senate, said the other day, 'I hope that the Executive will communicate fully to the Senate and to the House the whole object it has in view. I hope that the Executive will say in so many words, that its object is, in any circumstances, to conquer Mexico. Mr. Mangum, (in his seat).—To conquer Mexico? Mr. Cass.—I repeat it, sir, to conquer Mexico.'

Several Senators.—The whole? Mr. Cass.—The whole, but not to hold it all. To conquer Mexican injustice—to conquer Mexico until she seeks a fair and honorable peace—and I hope that the Executive will carry on its operations in every part of the Mexican country till that object be accomplished. If I know my countrymen, they will sustain the President in doing so. That I take to be his purpose—and the manner of obtaining that object must be determined by the Executive in consultation with military men who understand the country and the situation of the Mexican government.

OBJECT OF CONTROVERSY.

The editor of the Gospel Banner is the author of the following excellent sentiments, which we commend to the special observance of the conductors of the religious press—not denying its benefits to its excellent author:—We ought never to forget that the only legitimate object, the grand Christian design, of religious controversy, is, to convert the heart, rather than to convince the head. A mere contest in points of theoretical doctrines seldom does good—generally it only serves to confirm each party in his previously avowed views and to beget a spirit, as it assumes the attitude, of hostility not soon allayed or abandoned. True, the heart must be reached through the head; but that head must not be clogged and bruised, nor indeed should the assent of the intellect be constrained only as a subordinate object—the means of reaching the affections and the heart. Men may believe with the head unto strife and vain-glory; but if they would believe unto righteousness they must believe with the heart. 'With the heart a man believes unto righteousness.' We do not say that controversy has not done good. It has. It gave us the Reformation, and it has restored every original truth of Christianity which had been buried for ages amongst the rubbish of the Roman Church. It has done good. So have storms and earthquakes. But the mild rays of the sun and the genial influences of the dews of heaven—silent as they are—have done more good. No man, hardly, was ever convinced in controversy, where the other party did not exhibit more of the power of a loving heart, than the ingenuity of a witty head. If we can reason honestly to convince—and so to convince as to make the truth reach down to and change the heart—we have done well—excellent well. All short of this is doubtful good.

BE CAREFUL WHO HEARS.

After all that is said about the 'unruly member,' it is of less consequence what is said, than who hears. It is less the tale teller, than the tale bearer, that makes the mischief. If men, and we could almost say women—would be more careful who listens, they might be less guarded in what they say. In your own parlor, with a choice whig friend, you may call even the president a fool; but in a car or steamboat, the president himself may be your most attentive auditor. We have read a story of two Oxford students, who were travelling in a stage coach with a stranger lady, and wishing to be more free in their conversation than was proper with such an auditor, they dropped their native tongue and talked in Spanish. Of course, in this disguise, they made free to say what they would, of whom they would—and the unconscious lady had a bountiful share. The stage stopped, and so did the Spanish—the lady alighted at a door, and her husband expressed an affectionate welcome in Spanish! It was a Spanish lady. Had they known who heard, they would have talked proper English, and the lady would have known less of their opinions of herself.

We remember being once in a stage coach, with four or five gentlemen, all apparently strangers to each other. It was soon after Gen. Jackson's first attack upon the U. S. Bank, and everybody was talking about the 'monster.' In this instance only one of our company talked at all; and he 'rattled on' as though his hearers knew as little of the subject as himself. He dwelt particularly upon the abuses practiced by the directors of the bank, and closed with the application of a trade of epithets as hard as the charges that preceded. There is always an end to such oratory—and our companion rested from his labor. In a moment an old gentleman in gold spectacles, on the back seat, leaned forward, and said very quietly, 'Friend, I am surprised to learn that the directors of the U. S. Bank are practicing such abuses as you have mentioned; I have been a director of that bank for many years past, without being

aware of them! Poor fellow! he had not been careful to know who heard. But he took this lesson—for he did not utter three words during the remainder of the journey.

But it is not alone in the stage coach, or steamboat, or cars, that those who talk should inquire who hears. In the streets, in the shop, at home or abroad, it is a good rule, and one that gives the tongue great prudence. Those who attend to it strictly will find room enough to tattle, backbite and slander. Only see to it that those who hear you are such as may hear anything that can be said, without possible injury to themselves or to you, and then give tongue the reins. But till you secure this point, hold them with both hands. Attend to this, and if you are ever sued for slander, come to us and we will see you safe.

'The Lady's Dollar Newspaper,' by the charming Grace Greenwood, is making strong demands upon the patronage of the ladies. It is sent separate, or in connection with the beautiful magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, at \$3 a year. A copy is on our table. [A word about Grace Greenwood, when we have time.]

The editor of the Portland Argus, in his last weekly, declines 'a seat on the bench of the S. J. Court of the U. S.' if it should be tendered to him.

'How'll yer honor swap horses?' inquired Pat, after trudging on foot till the smallest chance for relief was an object.

'Swap!' says the Yankee where's your horse to swap? 'An' sure, it's all I'd be after, to know how ye'd swap suppinus I had one.'

'They do say,' in some of the papers, that at a late soiree in Washington, Mr. Clay was seen to kiss several ladies! If it has come to that, we predict his election—though he must be careful to exhibit no partiality. Great temptation to aristocracy in the matter of kissing. Be careful not to slight the 'old uns,' Harry.

The next legislature of Maine, according to the democratic papers, will consist, as the elections now stand, of 101 democrats and 44 whigs, in the House. The election of six remains to be decided.

Some strong queries, by a correspondent, in reference to the use of chloroform, will appear in our next.

VARIETY.

HEAVY LOSSES BY THE LATE FLOOD.—The Albany Express estimates that the damage done by the late flood, between the Mississippi river and the Alleghany ranges, will amount to \$10,000,000. At half cost, says a writer in one of the papers, \$4,000,000 would not replace fences alone. At least 15,000,000 bushels of corn and other grain are wholly lost; and 30,000 bales of cotton, mostly unpicked in the field, is wholly destroyed; besides some \$300,000 worth of wood prepared for steamboat fuel. The Cumberland river rose 61 feet above low water mark.

A COSTLY MOUTHFUL. At Philadelphia, one William Rushworth has been for some time under indictment, charged with biting off the tongue of Patrick McGuire. On Saturday, when the case was called on for trial, it was announced on the part of McGuire that he did not testify, having come to a reconciliation with Rushworth, it is said, was the sum of \$525.

STRANGE INDEED. The citizens of Thomaston, Maine, were thrown into a state of great excitement on Thursday Evening of last week, by the disappearance of Capt. Elijah Crockett. He was last seen, (as we learn from the Lime Rock Gazette) at about nine o'clock that Evening, in the neighborhood of the Post Office—during a severe storm. No particular anxiety was felt by his family until some 24 hours had expired, when enquiries were made. Thorough and active search was made throughout the village on Saturday and Sunday last, which proved fruitless. On Monday the search was extended to the neighboring villages, but nothing was elicited that could throw light upon the circumstances. On Tuesday a cordon of citizens swept the point and woods South of the village, which also proved unsuccessful; and Wednesday the alarm bell was again calling forth the citizens to their sad duty. Rumor, with her many tongues, is busy; and suspicions that foul play has been used are fast gaining ground.—[Argus.]

BOUNDARY BETWEEN VIRGINIA AND OHIO It is stated in the Richmond Whig that the Commissioners to settle the boundary between Virginia claim the western bank of the Ohio river at high water mark. Ohio insisted that it should be at the low water mark. The Virginia Commissioners then proposed to make the actual line of the water, at the same time a distinct and palpable boundary. This proposition, however, was not accepted by the Ohio Commissioners and nothing consequently has been done.

MEDICAL PRACTICE.—Among the many movements of the day in regard to medical affairs, some of the profession and many of the public also are agitating the question of restoring to women the duties of accoucher. Our attention has recently been called to the subject by a pamphlet from the author, S. Gregory, whose lectures to gentlemen, in this city last fall, were noticed in our columns. Mr. G. has certainly made out a strong argument, bringing to his aid the examples of ancient and modern nations, as recorded in the Bible and common history. He has discussed the question of the comparative qualifications and success of male and female practitioners, illustrating each point by facts and the testimony of eminent physicians; and has shown the unfavorable tendency of the present practice as in a moral point of view. The work recommends the establishment, in this city, by legislative enactment or private enterprise, of an institution for the instruction of female functionaries, according to the example of some European countries at the present day. This branch of practice is certainly one of the highest importance to the community and to mankind at large, and if any improvements can be made, we doubt not that the candid members of the profession and the public generally will give their hearty concurrence.—[Bost. Trav.]

THE DISASTER OF THE YALABUHA.—New Orleans papers of the 20th ult. furnish the particulars of another terrible disaster, by the burning of the steamboat Yalabaha, on the Mississippi. The fire occurred about nine o'clock P. M. on the evening of the 18th ult., when most of the passengers had retired, eighteen miles below Donaldville. At least thirty-five lives were lost. Judge Mills of Texas lost a child and servant; himself, wife and one, escaping by swimming ashore. One passenger, a Mr. Johnson, lost three children, and Mr. A. M. Alexander lost two children, and with his wife, escaped by swimming, as did many others. The Rev. Mr. Page, Episcopal minister, and two of his children were lost; his wife was saved. Maj. Wade lost \$3000 on board. The passengers saved had arrived at New Orleans in other boats.

The Whigs in the Iowa House of Representatives, having a majority of one including a Possum, who votes with them, declines going into joint ballot again for the choice of U. S. Senators, and the consequence is, that Iowa will not be represented in the Senate at the present session. Such at least is the strong probability. On joint ballot the Democrats have a majority.

Lady Jekyll asked Wm. Whiston of be-rhymed name and eccentric memory, one day at her husband's table, to remove a difficulty which occurred to her in the Mosaic account of the creation. "Since it pleased God, sir," said she, "to create the woman out of the man, why did he form her out of the rib rather than any other part?" Whiston scratched his head, and answered: "Indeed, madam, I do not know, unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body." "There," said her husband, "you have it now; I hope you are satisfied."—Southey's Doctor.

PRESENT OF MIND.—The life of a boy was saved, a few days ago, by the remarkable quickness and presence of mind of another. They were each about ten years old, and were skating together, above and near the Augusta Dam. The ice extends to within a short distance of the brink of the dam, where the quickness of the water prevents it from freezing. One of these boys, named Thompson, skated so near the edge of the ice, that it broke and let him in. In a moment he would have gone over the dam. The other boy (Springer) was near, and perceiving the accident, instantly jerked his woolen tippet or comforter from his own neck, and tossed one end of it to the floating boy, who seized it, and was thus drawn out.—So says the Journal.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Last evening, as the seven o'clock passenger train for Reading, upon the Boston and Maine Railroad, had reached Medford, it was thrown off the track, by the breaking of the "frog" of the switch. Fortunately, the passenger car was detached from the engine by the shock, and though badly broken up did not upset. There was a large number of passengers in the car, all of whom escaped, almost miraculously, with but slight bruises. One passenger, who found that the floor was breaking up under him, clung to the window sill, and thereby escaped falling underneath. The stove of the car was upset, but struck no one in its fall, though several persons were near it at the time of the accident. The accident was one which the greatest circumspection could not guard against.—[Traveller.]

FATAL ACCIDENTS.—We have to record a remarkable series of fatal accidents on the line of the Vt. Central Railroad in this vicinity, all within a period less than one day.

On Wednesday, the 26th ult., near night, Mr. Washington Tilton, overseer on a section near Spalding's in Roxbury, was instantly killed by the premature discharge of a steam-blast—his body being pierced by the tamping iron which he was using, but not otherwise bruising him.

At about the same hour, Patrick Lyndes, an Irishman, was killed by the caving in of a bank, from which earth is taken for depot grounds in this village.

On Thursday, the 27th early in the morning, Mr. Orra Jackson, a respectable citizen in this town, superintendent on the section at the serpentine ledge in Roxbury, was instantly killed by the premature discharge of a blast. The rock had been charged the evening previous, and according to the usual custom, Mr. J. went with an assistant for the purpose of firing it before the hands had assembled to begin the day's work. This assistant was stationed so as to see that all was clear, and on giving the signal, Jackson fired the train, and an instant explosion took place, throwing him from the pit and mangle him in a shocking manner.—[Montpelier, Vt. Watchman.]

SOUTHERN IDEA OF MADNESS.—The will of the late Mr. Townsend, of Prince George's County, Maryland, has been set aside by a jury, on the ground that the testator was incompetent to make a will. He had liberated, by his will, all his slaves, fifty in number, and devised to them his lands and other property.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT. An accident of a fatal nature occurred upon the Worcester Railroad on Saturday afternoon. At about half past five o'clock, as a down train was leaving the Depot at Newton Corner, a man named Bisbee attempted to get upon the train after it had attained considerable headway. He had grasped the iron handle, but failed in getting a footing, and fell in such a manner that the wheels of both cars passed over one of his arms, crushing it in a shocking manner. The unfortunate man was taken into the depot, and a physician called, who advised his removal to this city, as amputation of the arm at the shoulder, was necessary. He was accordingly brought in, and underwent the operation, but died at an early hour yesterday morning. Mr. Bisbee (Edward M.) was a married man, 35 years old, a machinist of this city, and at the time of his death was at work upon an engine at the Water Works at Newton. He had finished his weekly work, and was on his return to the city, when an attempt to make up for lost time, by jumping upon the train, brought his career to a sudden close.—[Traveller.]

THE MONEY SPENT ON WINDSOR CASTLE.—A bill, entitled 'Windsor Castle and Town Approaches Improvement, and Removal of Datchet Bridge Bill,' (which was read a first time last Parliament and withdrawn) will be again brought forward in February next by Lord Morpeth, the chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests.

By the provisions of the Bill an outlay of £200,000 is involved. When it is well known that nearly two millions of money have, up to this period, been already expended, since 1800, in alterations, repairs, and embellishments, at this royal residence, there may be good grounds on the part of the Government to withhold the return for the present, or to 'cashion it' altogether. According to the Bill which has been printed, not less than 28 houses are to be razed in Thames street, six in the High street, (the best situations for trade in Windsor) eight in the Frogmore road, and twelve in the Sheet street road, besides upwards of 40 other houses which have been purchased by the commissioners by private contract. Several of the principal thoroughfares in the town are to be wholly stopped up. Frogmore road is to be thrown into the house, and everything is to be done to insure the privacy of Her Majesty's residence.

ty and the Castle. Datchet bridge is also to be entirely done away with.

LEAP YEAR. The Brattleboro' Eagle states that the ladies of Vernon, Vt., availing themselves of the time-honored prerogative of leap year, made arrangements for a dance on Tuesday evening last, invited the gentlemen, galloped them back and forth, and—paid the bills.—[Boston Bee.]

GREASING CARRIAGE WHEELS. The best composition that can be prepared to relieve carriage wheels and machinery from friction, is composed of hog's lard, wheat flour, and black lead (plumbago). The lard is to be melted over a gentle fire, and the other ingredients—equal in weight—may be added, till the composition is brought to a consistence of common paste, without raising the heat near boiling point. One trial of the paste will satisfy any one of its superior quality.

TRICKS UPON LAWYERS.

An amusing incident occurred in one of our courts of justice a few days since, of which some of the features were given in the Atlas of the 21st. For the purpose of stating the whole case, I shall relate it in my own words. Business had been dragging in this court for some time, owing to the dilatoriness of some of the lawyers, whose neglect of punctuality of course rendered others also not so attentive as they might have been. Lawyer F., a veteran of the bar, who had been considerably annoyed in his practice by this state of things, suggested to the judge, one day, that if he were to call a few cases during the absence of those who ought to be on the spot attending to their business, and to strike them from the docket accordingly, it would have a happy effect. The judge thought so too.

A case had been gone through that day, in which the lawyers were to make their speeches in the morning. On the opening of the court, the lawyers were about—the plaintiff's lawyer being dilatory, and those of the defendant, one of whom was this very Mr. F., depending on the time which would be consumed in the opening speech, were also about. The judge, finding the lawyers not in attendance, had them called at the court-house door, and then proceeded to charge the jury, who retired and brought in their verdict before the attorneys made their appearance. The judge then went on to call four or five cases in which Mr. F. was counsel, and finding none of the lawyers present, directed their continuance to next term. By this time the counsel had reached the court-house, of course surprised at the course of events, and, "with submission to the court, they thought it hard that the jury had not been permitted to hear the points they should have made"—the counsellor on the losing side not doubting, in that case, of his client's success. The judge listened very composedly, and said he did not wish to prejudice any man's case, adding, "If you wish it, you may address the jury now. They are all present, and I doubt not your speeches will have as much effect on them now, as they would have had before they went out!"

F. seemed to think it a hard case to take advantage of his suggestions against himself.—[Cincinnati Advertiser.]

NOMINATIONS BY THE GOVERNOR.

Richard D. Rice, of Augusta, Justice District Court, Middle District, vice Asa Redington, resigned.

Daniel Williams, of Augusta, Judge of Probate for Kennebec County, vice Williams Emmons, whose term of Office has expired.

John Hubbard, of Hallowell, Trustee Insane Hospital.

Gilman L. Bennett of Parsonsfield, Trustee Insane Hospital.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GOVERNOR AND COUNCIL.

The nominations mentioned in our last paper have been confirmed. The following appointments have also been made during the present session of the Council:

COMMISSIONERS OF WORKS.—William Carver, Mr. Deser; John McIntosh, Boothbay.

CORONERS.—James B. Norris, Augusta; Daniel Haynes, Patten, (for Penobscot and Arrostook); Alex. H. Bicknell, Bangor; William G. Miller, Clinton; William K. Cowing, Lisbon; Erastus Redman, Brooksville.

—[Age.]

The Portland Argus says: We are told of a case of seduction that has just leaked out in this city. The poor girl paid the price of her error by her death! We hope the facts will come out and the hideous crime in all its deformities, rest where it belongs, as a warning and a punishment.

FIRE.—On Saturday Evening last, about 10 o'clock, the Grocery Store of Mr. Loring B. Sturdivant, on Commercial Wharf, Portland, was discovered to be on fire, and the interior of the building, together with the entire stock, was speedily consumed. The building was owned by Benja. Willis, Esq., of Boston. Mr. Sturdivant's loss is not far from \$1600; insured at the Agency of the Etna Office in this city for \$1000.

FROM MEXICO. The Boston papers contain news from Vera Cruz to the 29th ult., brought to New Orleans by steamer Edith.

Rumors of peace and of an attempted insurrection in the city of Mexico, were circulating at Vera Cruz. The peace rumors are founded upon the fact that the Mexican Commissioners had submitted a plan or treaty of peace, embracing the propositions offered by Mr. Trist at Cuernavaca. Mr. Trist's powers having been revoked, he forwarded the Mexican propositions to Washington, for the consideration of the President and Senate.

Col. Wynkoop and his detachment pursued the guerrilla band, under Padre Jaruta, for a considerable distance. They overtook the rear of the band, and captured Baleniet, one of the Padre's aids, together with General Arista, on the 1st ult. Valencia and Arista were released on parole. Generals Torrejon and Minon, with a guard, were captured at Amasaca, by the Mexican auxiliary force under Col. Dominguez.

Gen. Cadwallader had left the city for Toluca. His troops were in fine spirits, and reached Lerma without interruption.

Major Tallifero had arrived in the Capital from Real del Monte, in charge of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in silver, being part of the assessment levied by Gen. Scott upon the State of Mexico and the Federal District.

Gen. Butler's regiment was suffering much from sickness. The General himself had been quite indisposed.

The World, published at Guadalajara, says in its number of 17th January, that news had reached Mazatlan, of 500 California rangers having attacked the American posts of Lapeña and San Jose; and that they had defeated them and burnt both places, on the 2d ult. Three American vessels were dispatched from Mazatlan to render aid to the Americans.

The Edith brought forty sick and discharged soldiers, and a number of bodies of deceased officers. Two soldiers died on the passage.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes: "There is an authorized agent in this city from the Government of Yucatan, who has made proposals to this Government for the merging of Yucatan into this Union. The Agent has interviews with Mr. Polk and Buchanan, both of whom have discouraged his overtures. Our government is not prepared for wholesale annexation. Yucatan must wait for her time."

The Legislature of Pa., have passed a resolve directing their delegation in Congress to vote for the repeal of the alteration made last year in the post office law.

The ship Ceylon, Capt. Deming, from Lubeck, Me., for N. Orleans, sprung a leak on the 10th inst., and was abandoned. The crew had reached Bermuda, and the Captain arrived at New York, Friday.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—A child fell from the third story window of a house in Philadelphia on Wednesday last, and would probably have been killed had it not fallen upon a bundle of clothing that was placed on the pavement beneath, a moment or two previous to the fall.—The child escaped without a bruise or fracture.

When he signed the treaty ceding Louisiana to the United States, Napoleon, rubbing his hands, exclaimed: "There! I have given to England a rival that in fifty years will master her."

THE TREATY.—There doubtless has been some foundation for the report that the terms of a treaty have been agreed upon by somebody in Mexico. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says that Scott and Trist agreed upon a project, though without authority, and not binding on either party, for the Rio Grande to the Atlantic side, and the Gila on the Pacific, with fifteen millions to be paid for California. The correspondent thinks this plan had much to do with the difficulties between the officers in Mexico, Worth and Pillow both opposing it.

In reply to a call of the Senate for the correspondence between Mr. Trist and the Mexican authorities during the suspension of hostilities after the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, the President submitted a message on Wednesday of last week, at the close of which he says:

I deem it proper to add, that the invitation from the Commissioner of the United States to the Mexican Commissioners, to submit the proposition of boundary, referred to in his despatch, No. 15, on the 4th of September, 1847, herewith communicated, was unauthorized by me, and was promptly disapproved, and this disapproval was communicated to the Commissioner of the U. States.

[ORIGINAL.]
THE PILGRIM'S HYMN.
The desert sea is passed, and we have found a desert shore;
The track is lost, by which we cross'd,
And leads us back no more.

The life is come, and here is home;
The native scene exiles!
The past is fled, the present dead,
The future here, the child.

How still the rock, how frail the flock
That trip'd its surface o'er!
How bleak the hill, how fixed and still
The anchor of the shore!

How dark the wave, our path doth lave
With foam wreath on the beach!
How dark the wood, where fells the flood
Its branches wild to reach!

'Tis Heaven, we know, where'er we go—
All tender is its care;
To Heaven we raise unmingled praise
And undisturbed prayer.

We thank thee, Lord, we bore thy word
In safety o'er the sea;
That here its store, though wild the shore,
A living sea may be.

No host we bring; we left the King
Well guarded on his throne;
We bring no priest—the lighted east
On real shepherds shone.

No sacred line, or mystic sign,
Can make us safe and free;
By faith subdued, by grace renewed,
We trace its birth to Thee.

In olden land, where temples stand,
Truth had no light nor room;
The darkness past, compelled to last,
Forbade its stalk to bloom.

The forest here its hope shall cheer,
Beneath no tares arise;
Creation's spoil, a virgin soil,
Prepares it for the skies.

The mighty sun, his race half done,
Pours down a clearer ray;
The Sun of Peace and Righteousness
Illumes the latter day.

And they that plant shall never want,
Faith that caters still;
Their sons shall sow where rivers flow,
And gather by the hill.

Our God! our prayer, with righteous care,
Heard, while we seek to love!
Let all be thine, our trust, our line,
As in thy seats above.

And while 'tis so, thy servants know
Thy people will be free;
Girded, if heaven to us be given,
Still keep this land to Thee!

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

There will be a public examination of the School at the Institute this afternoon; also of the School at the Academy to-morrow, in the forenoon and afternoon. It is the particular request of the Teachers, that parents, who have children at the schools, will attend these examinations. Our schools cannot be much farther improved until parents take a deeper personal interest in them, and we cannot manifest such an interest in any better way than by being present—fathers and mothers, one and all—at these examinations, and seeing to it that our children are there too.

J. R. LOOMIS.

Waterville, Feb. 10, 1848.
(From the Boston Evening Traveller, January 6th, 1838.)
It is perhaps not an act of justice to the proprietors of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry for us to say, that our personal experience in the use of this article has impressed us most favorably. One of the proprietors of the Traveller was entirely cured of a severe cough of four months continuance, by the use of this Balsam; and several of our friends and acquaintance, who have tried the article, have found it of great service in relieving them of severe coughs and shortness of breathing, with which they had been afflicted. Mr. Seth W. Fowle, No. 188 Washington street, is the general agent.

Be not deceived, remember that spurious imitations and other preparations of Wild Cherry abound throughout the land, but it is Dr. Wistar's that has performed so many thousand wonderful cures, therefore buy no other but the genuine, original Balsam of Wild Cherry, signed I. Butts on the wrapper.

For sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville, Wm. B. Snow and Co., Fairfield, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States. (20 lw.)

MARRIAGES.

In this village, on Tuesday, first inst., by Rev. Dr. Sheldon, M. G. Prescott of Boston, to Elizabeth E., daughter of Mrs. S. C. Seamon.

DEATHS.

In Fairfield, Jan. 31st, of Canker Rash and Scarlet Fever, Mary Allenza, daughter of Samuel and Lavinia L. Buck, after a short but distressing sickness of 24 hours. Age, 3 years.

'I take this little lamb,' said He,
'And lay it in my breast;
Protection it shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.
Its feeble frame, my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give it voice to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.

Advertisements.

THE Spring Term of Mrs. SCRIBNER'S SCHOOL will commence on Monday, 28th of Feb., inst. Instruction will be given in all the English branches usually taught in Select Schools and Academies; also in the French Language, Drawing, and Painting. Tuition—from \$2.00 to \$2.50. (20 lw.)
Waterville, Feb. 6th, 1848.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of Orea Doolittle, late of Waterville 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 SAMUEL DOOLITTLE.
January, 31st, 1848. (20 3w.)

COPARTNERSHIP.

THE Subscribers, having formed a connection in business under the firm of SHOREY & WATERS, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they will carry on the Tailoring Business, in all its branches, at their Shop in Pray's Building.
D. SHOREY.
C. H. WATERS.
Waterville, Feb. 1st, 1848. (20 lw.)

HOUSES TO RENT.

The second House on Front, from Main St. Possession to be given on the first of March, next. Also, a part of the House on Main St., above the Carlton House. Immediate possession given. JOSEPH G. PEARSON.
Feb. 6th, 1848. (20 3w.)

A Prize in the Lottery of Literature.
PAUL'S WEEKLY GALAXY.
THE GREAT PHILADELPHIA COMIC WEEKLY, AND MUSEUM OF FUN!!

Is decidedly superior to all contemporaries in point of celebrity, universal popularity, and genuine merit-proving humorous merits; and though it cannot boast the "India Rubber Expansiveness" of the blank sheet, yet as 'good articles generally come in small packages,' and little people are often possessed of the most spirit, the Galaxy may be presumed to be worthy of the attention and generous patronage of the most discerning public. Concentration, condensation, and brevity, are the grand characteristics of this age of steam, and the Galaxy partakes largely of these peculiarities, condenses a vast quantity of matter into the smallest possible space. Thus those who may make the size of the Galaxy an objection are but short sighted, and look not to its real intrinsic excellence. Were the Galaxy the size of a cedar doer, we might be as dull and gross as numbers of our contemporaries, and the present day yelp newspapers.

Look at our columns week after week. Are they not filled with sparkling, spicy, witty, and humorous articles, in larger proportion than may be found in any of our competitors. The choice spirits of this goodly Quaker City, are our ever ready contributors, and we are gratified to perceive that their efforts meet with a generous approval.

Efficient with the spirit of the age, stored with a spice of good humored anecdote, ever ready at a hit, yet tempered by a dash of sentiment and a touch of romance, we look upon the Galaxy as bound to become in time, one of the leading Journals of the country.

Lovers of genuine, unadorned fun, wit and humor, you can subscribe to the Galaxy, and receive it for nothing. The Galaxy is a neutral ground, where you can all meet with pleasure unalloyed with any thing that can annoy or give pain. Merchants, as you emerge from the shadowy gloom of your pump-house, where you can look up at all hours of your day, with more certainty of enjoyment, than in the pursuit of the Galaxy. Lovely belle, as you sit in your boudoir, surrounded by beautiful hosiery, and looking at the Galaxy, you can look upon any of them with more delight than you look upon the pages of the Galaxy. Politicians, when you grow tired of the vexation and trouble of political affairs, and seek a brief relaxation, where do you look with more certainty of satisfaction, than to the Galaxy? Mechanics, when your daily toil is over, do you not hunt up the Galaxy with eager delight?

Every young subscriber to the Galaxy will be presented with a copy of "The Village Sonnetist," a brilliant romance, by one of our most admired authors. It will be forwarded by mail immediately on the subscription money being received.

In order to accommodate all those who may desire to form clubs, the Proprietors have fixed as the basis for clubbing, the following low

TERMS PER YEAR:
One Copy, Twenty Copies, \$2.00
Five Copies, Forty Copies, 15.00
Ten Copies, Forty Copies, 25.00
Specimen numbers of the Galaxy will be sent to any applicant upon application by post paid.

(All letters and communications must be addressed to post paid.)
HENRY H. PAUL & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. (20 2m.)

Waterville Academy.

SPRING TERM.

THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will begin on Monday, the 28th of Feb., under the direction of JAMES H. HANCOCK, M. A. Principal, assisted by Miss ROXANA F. HANCOCK, Preceptress, Miss SUSAN D. PRITCH, Teacher of Music, and such other assistants as the interests of the school require.

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

The course of study in the department preparatory to college, has been arranged with special reference to that pursued in Waterville College. It is not known that this arrangement exists in any other preparatory school in the State, and, as this is a very important advantage, the friends of the College and those who desire to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration. Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are intending to occupy that high station, will find, in the Principal, one who, from long experience as a teacher of common schools, and from his acquaintance with the rapidly increasing patronage of the school affords sufficient evidence that an enlightened and discriminating public can and will appreciate the labors of faithful professional teachers.

Board, \$1.50 a week. Tuition from \$3.00 to \$5.00.—Drawing \$1.00, and Music \$5.00 extra.

STEPHEN STARK,

Secretary of Board of Trustees.

Waterville, Aug. 10, 1847.

KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probate, held at Augusta, within and for the County of Kennebec, on the last Monday of January, A. D. 1848.

JAMES STACKPOLE Jr., Administrator on the Estate of John Cool, late of Waterville in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Eastern Mail, printed at Waterville, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

W. EMMONS, Judge.
A true copy.—Attest, F. Davis, Register.

TICONIC HOUSE,

MAIN-STREET, WATERVILLE,

BY

EL. HASKELL.

28

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

The subscribers having formed a connection in business under the firm of STEVENS AND SMITH, would respectfully inform the public that they will carry on the

GRAVE STONE

business in all its variety of forms, at their shops in WATERVILLE, & SKOWHEGAN, and will guarantee to furnish as good an article and at as reasonable prices as can be purchased at any other shop in the State.

W. A. F. STEVENS.
CYRUS S. SMITH.
Jan. 3, 1848.

N. B. All persons indebted for Grave Stones prior to the 3d day of January, 1848, are requested to make immediate payment to W. A. F. STEVENS.

GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S OFFICE
50 Broadway, New-York,
September 24th, 1847.

THE very great increase of the GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S business in New England has rendered it necessary to re-organize the General Agency there. This is therefore to certify, that the NEW ENGLAND BRANCH OF THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY, heretofore established at No. 154 Washington street, Boston, and that Mr. Edwin C. Barnes is duly appointed Secretary of said Branch; and that he is authorized to establish local Depots, and to grant rights to vend the company's Medicines. Every Agent must have a certificate with the seal of the Company thereunto, signed by its Secretary and countersigned by the aforesaid New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The leading article to which public attention is invited is the GRAEFENBERG VEGETABLE PILLS of which 30,000 boxes are sold each and every week. The following complaints yield with certainty to their power: Aged Persons, Bilious Complaints, Catarrhs, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Erysipelas, Impacted Stomach, Flatulency, Green Stools, Headaches, Heartburn, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Rheumatism, and various diseases of the Bowels, in all Chronic Complaints the most impetuous relief may be placed upon them. Price 25 cents a box.

The names of the other Medicines are as follows:

CHILDREN'S PANACEA.
For summer complaints, dysentery, and all other affections of the stomach and bowels, it is infallible. Price 50 cents a bottle.

GRAEFENBERG SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND.
Warranted to make two quarts superior to any in the world. Price one dollar a bottle.

GREEN MOUNTAIN VEGETABLE OINTMENT.
Wherever inflammation exists this ointment is a positive and speedy cure. Price 25 and 50 cents a box.

GRAEFENBERG EYE LOTION.
For disorders of the Eyes this Lotion has no equal. For violent inflammation, weakness, or foreign substances in the eyes, it is an infallible remedy. Price 25 cents per bottle, with full directions.

GRAEFENBERG HEALTH BITTERS.
Sovereign to build up the enervated system, to restore the appetite and clear the skin. Price 25 cents a package.

THE CONSUMPTIVE'S BALM.
This most extraordinary article is infallible, positively, in Consumption, Bronchitis, or feeble pulmonary action. It is only sent as ordered at \$5 the quart. Consumptives may be sure of finding in this article that which will not disappoint their hopes.

The Great Family Gazette, published by the Company for gratuitous distribution, may be had on application to any one of their numerous Agents.

EDWIN C. BARNES, Sec'y N. E. Branch.

AGENTS: J. B. Shurtleeff, Waterville; Tho's Frye, Vassalboro'; J. H. Sawyer, S. Norridgewick; Snell & Dismore, Madawaska; R. Collins, Anson; B. S. Burgess, Bingham; H. Perceval, Solon; White & Norris, Skowhegan; H. C. Newhall, Canaan; and Tho's Lancy, Palsmyra. 28 4m.

To Hon. W. Emmons, Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec:

THE subscribers, Isaac Spencer, & Jane H. Spencer his wife, of Sebasticook, in said County, respectfully represent that Rhoda Wallace, late of said Sebasticook, deceased, of a large amount of property, being principally personal property, to wit:—of the value of one thousand dollars, and owing but a small amount if anything, that at the time of her decease she had no children or issue, nor any father or mother then living;—that the said Jane H. Spencer is a sister and one of the lawful heirs of the said Rhoda Wallace, said petitioner, therefore prays that an administrator of the estate of the said Rhoda Wallace may be appointed, and that the said estate may be duly distributed among the lawful heirs of the said Rhoda Wallace, according to law; and they also pray that Madison Crowell Esq. of said Sebasticook, may be appointed said administrator.

Sebasticook, Jan. 1848.

ISAAC SPENCER,
JANE H. SPENCER.

KENNEBEC, ss.—At a Court of Probate in Augusta, on the last Monday of January, 1848.

On the Petition aforesaid, Ordered, That notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition with this order thereon, three weeks successively in the Eastern Mail, printed in Waterville, that all persons interested may attend on the last Monday of February, at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

W. EMMONS, Judge.
A true copy of the petition and order thereon.

Attest, F. Davis, Register.

Attest, F. Davis, Register.

BRAGAINS!—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 annexed, 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 62 1-2
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
25 " Blk do. 10 20
25 " 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, Linsey Woolsey's, Lin. & Col. Damask, Table Covers, Silks, Velvets, Berages, Silicias, Diapers, Crash, Tickings, Drillings, Cot. Flannels, Merino Shirts, 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 not be assured that prices will be given which will

DEFY ALL COMPETITION.

Waterville, Jan. 1848. 23 4m.

W. F. & E. H. BRABROOK'S FURNITURE, FEATHER AND CARPET STORE.

Nos. 48 50 & 52 Blackstone street Boston.

Where 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 & GULMAN, 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 the highest testimonials of its superiority in Cooking Stoves, and its 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 Parlor 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, Hollow and Britannia Ware; Sheet Iron and Tin Ware.

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

SHEET IRON AND TIN WORK DONE TO ORDER. J. R. POSTER.

Waterville, Sept. 23, 1847.

Mr. J. H. FORBES, Sec'y, I have been convinced extensively in Cooking Stoves, and have tried, as I suppose the best and most convenient. But, after a trial of the TROJAN, I cheerfully recommend it to the public as the best Cooking Stove now in use for all the different branches of Cookery. In fact, far exceeds any other with its 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. Being complete in all its arrangements, it cannot fail to give satisfaction. Respectfully yours,

CLARK STANLEY, D. H. WEEKS, S. S. BRACKET, NOAH BOOTHBY.

Waterville, Sept. 20, 1847.

WESTERN Extra & CLEAR PORK for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

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.

OX-BOWS & AXE-HANDLES, FOR sale by W. C. DOW & CO.

HORSE BLANKETING, 9-4 wide, all wool, for sale by W. C. DOW & CO.

IRON AND STEEL. THE best assortment to be found in this town, for sale by W. C. DOW & CO.

BLANKETS—Whitney, Bath, and Duflin—PARKER & PHILLIPS.

150 HDS. T. ISLAND and CADIZ SALT, for sale, PARKER & PHILLIPS.

HATS & CAPS. All kinds, cheap at Phillips's, No. 1, Pray's Building. 24 Dec. 30.

It is a Fixed Fact

THAT E. L. SMITH has just received, and now offers for sale, at wholesale or retail as good an assortment of

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,

Of as good a Quality, and at as low Prices, as can be found in Waterville.

HE HAS ADOPTED THE

ONE PRICE SYSTEM,

and all who trade with him will get their goods at a low price, without bantering, or fear that they are not used as well as their neighbors.

The following are a few of the Goods he has on hand:

2,000 lbs. Codfish,
1,500 " Halibut,
500 " smoked do.
500 " Spring Fish,
1,000 " Pollock,
Box Herring,
Nos. 1 and 2 Mackerel

A GARDEN IN MOURNING.

OR, THE WAY "SQUIRE EASYSOUL" WAS REFORMED.

Capt. James Noweed is one of the very best gardeners in all the regions bordering on the Kennebec; and it puts this "fine old gentleman" in as much pain to merely cast a look at some gardens, as those buzzing little millers exhibit on a summer eve when they lose their wings in battling with the tapers.

"Squire Jason Easysoil lives in Jabez's neighborhood; but, as far as gardening operations are concerned, it would seem that he did not profit much by his neighbor's good example, as his most prominent garden crop has usually been weeds.

Many and many is the time the Captain has taken the "Squire" to do relative to his slovenly gardening operations, with a sincere hope of bringing about a salutary reformation; but his efforts have been crowned with ill success.

Last summer, the "Squire's" garden was uncommonly neglected; and when the weeds had attained such a growth as to almost completely conceal from view the sickly-looking vegetables, the Captain could not contain himself any longer, and resolved upon a desperate effort to bring his neighbor to his senses, affirming if this last scheme didn't work, the "Squire" and his garden might both "go to grass."

One day the Captain was slowly marching home from this unpleasant and to him wretched looking scene, with his eyes cast on the ground and his hands clasped behind him, musing, and looking for all the world as though something very uncommon and afflictive had happened, when Aunt Squiggles, attracted by his unusual appearance, came to the door and inquired:

"What's happened, Cap'n?"

"Some one dead at 'Squire Easysoul's, I suspect."

"Do tell—who can it be—never heard any one on them was sick—it can't be—who told you so?"

"No one told me so, but then I suspect such must be the case."

"Oh, lor—mortal as we be, droppin' down like the grass—who knows whose turn'll come next—I must go right over to the 'Squire's and console 'em."

"I didn't say, Aunt, that some one was dead at the 'Squires, but I suspect that such is the case."

"I know it, I know it—the Lord comfort 'em—but what makes you suspect some one 'em is dead?"

"I saw deep mourning there as I passed."

"It must be—it must be," exclaimed the good lady, as she turned and entered the house.

The Captain went home, and Mrs. Squiggles soon spread the melancholy news all over the neighborhood. Great was the grief, rendered doubly so by the suddenness of the event, no one having heard that any of the "Squire's" family had been indisposed.

In a few minutes several good ladies, led by Aunt Squiggles, were seen wending their way towards the "Squire's," often making use of their linen kerchiefs to wipe away the tears. They entered the front yard with trembling steps, beating hearts and moistened eyes. One of the "Squire's" daughters, seeing the sorrow stricken troop approaching, and fearing that something dreadful had happened in the neighborhood, ran and apprised her father, mother and sisters, who immediately rushed to the door. Aunt Squiggles was surprised at meeting them thus, and thunderstruck when they spoke, with one voice, and inquired what had happened?

"Oh, dear—ain't it so?" exclaimed Aunt.

"Why what do you mean? explain yourself, said the 'Squire, his feelings wrought up to a high pitch, for him.

"Why, ain't any one of your folks dead?" said Aunt, with a heavy sigh.

"Dead—dead," repeated the 'Squire. "Why, who told you such a story?"

"Cap'n Noweed said he suspected some one or yer was dead."

"Captain Noweed told you that he suspected some one of us, was dead? Can it be possible?"

"He said so—and when I asked him what made him suspect so, he said he saw deep mourning here when he passed."

"Saw deep mourning here! What can my good neighbor mean? Sit you down, while I go for the Captain for an explanation," said the 'Squire as he put on his hat.

Just as he stepped from the threshold he espied the Captain approaching. He beckoned to him—invited him into the house, and in the presence of the anxious listeners, asked for an explanation.

"I told her I suspected some one was dead here, and the reason for my suspicion, and that was, that I saw deep mourning here!"

"Deep mourning?" said the 'Squire puzzled.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I said," replied the Captain firmly.

"You haven't seen any mourning about my premises, certainly."

"I have, and deep mourning, too, and if you will just come to the door I will show it to you now."

"There," said the Captain, pointing to the garden "don't you see deep mourning there?"

"All eyes were strained to their utmost capacity, but they couldn't see anything that looked like mourning."

"Can't see it?" said the Captain "why you must all be blind! Can't see the numerous heavy weeds! always indicative of deep mourning?"

"Yes," said the 'Squire, "I can see them; but they won't be seen long enough to get up any other such excitement as this, now I tell you, and the way the 'Squire, hoe in hand, pitched into the deep mourning vegetables was truly delightful to the Captain."

This last scheme of the Captain's had its desired effect. The "Squire" raised a pretty good crop of vegetables last season, though it was late before he set about it; and the coming season he says his tutor will have to rise early if he beats him. [Farmer.]

HAY SEED.

"Have you any headsgrass seed?" enquired an individual the other day of a grocer, at the door of whose shop we were standing.

"Yes."

The man walked in, and after examining several specimens, selected the poorest, because it was cheaper than the first quality by two shillings the bushel!

His excuse was, that he had several acres to "lay down," and that "so far as his experience furnished ground for an opinion, the low priced seed was the cheapest in the end." To corroborate the correctness of this logic—rather peculiar, it must be confessed—he adduced, very confidently, the practice of some of his neighbors, who never purchased any seed, but stocked their lands with the seed saved from their barn floors. Now, the fact is, when grasses are late cut—that is, after the seed has fully matured—that is this is probably the safest method a farmer can pursue. He gets no poor seed, none that has had the germinating principle emasculated or destroyed by any of the causes which so often destroy the vitality of most grass seeds when purchased and sold expressly for seed. Much of the clover seed retailed in some parts

of our State, is greatly injured by fermentation; and this is one principal reason why we hear so much complaint of clover not "catching." The same remark applies equally to headsgrass, or timothy, red-top and brown-top. Seed "got out" in a proper condition, if packed or stored in large masses, and in a place facilitating the absorption and retention of moisture, undergoes a process which, if not actually fatal to the germinating principle, greatly diminishes its vigor. A healthy and vigorous plant can spring only from a healthy and vigorous seed.—[Farmer.]

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.

A certain man went down to a Dervish, and propounded three questions. First, "why do they say that God is omnipresent?" I do not see him in any place, show me where He is. Second, why is a man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God? Man has no free will, for he cannot do anything contrary to the will of God; and if he had power he would do everything for his own good? Third, how can God punish Satan in hell-fire, since he is formed of that element; and what impression can fire make on itself?" The Dervish took up a clod of earth, and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the Cadi and said: "I proposed three questions to such a Dervish, who flung a clod of earth at my head which made my head ache." The Cadi having sent for the Dervish, asked: "Why did you throw a clod of earth at his head, instead of answering his questions?" The Dervish replied: "The clod of earth was an answer to his speech. He says he has a pain in his head, let him show it to me, and I will make God visible to him. And why does he exhibit a complaint against me? Whatever I did was the act of God, and I did not strike him without the will of God; and what power do I possess? And as he is compounded of earth, how can he suffer from the element?" The man was confounded, and the Cadi highly pleased with the Dervish's answer.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

The Hampshire Gazette says, a few weeks since, a ragged urchin, with a basket of flat-iron holders upon his arm, made his way into the Council Chamber, at Boston while the Governor's Council were in session, and with perfect nonchalance marched up to the Governor, who pleased with the honest simplicity and business turn of the boy, treated him very kindly, and purchased one of his articles. The boy then went to each of the Councilors, and most of them bought one and some of them two of the useful appendages of the kitchen. Having supplied the Honorable Council in his line, the embryo merchant retired apparently much pleased with his adventure. It is presumed that the boy was sent there by some wag.

A SAGACIOUS SHEEP.

A carrier, of Ayer, was a few nights ago awakened by a knocking at his back door. As the noise was repeated several times, he at length arose and cautiously opened the portal. There stood a pet sheep, which was allowed the run of the court yard. The animal looked in his face, but, unable to express her reasons for summoning the poor carrier from his warm bed, the latter chased the sheep to his shed, and retired again to his repose. Scarcely had he buried himself in the blankets however, when the knocking was repeated. He sprang from bed indignant at the pertinacity of the sheep, and determined to punish it. As he opened the door he heard a noise in his stable, on the opposite side of the yard, and, going across, found that a vicious horse had broken loose in a paroxysm of fury, and was biting and kicking the other beasts, and endeavoring to destroy everything in his way. It would appear that the poor quiet sheep, having discovered that all was not right, had taken the best means in its power of reporting the state of affairs at head quarters.

COULDN'T SEE THE USE OF IT.

An old woman in the country told us, the other day, that she couldn't see the use of having thunder with lightning. "It aint no use," said she, "it only makes a great noise, and frightens folks." "Madam," we asked, "how would silent thunder suit you?" "Oh luddy soo yes! that's just what I should like!" she exclaimed, without giving herself time to think upon the nature of the article.

Advertisements.

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.

NEW ARRIVAL.

\$1,500 WORTH

OF

'READY-MADE CLOTHING,'

JUST RECEIVED,

BY

CHARLES H. THAYER,

Consisting of the following articles:

Heavy Tweed COATS, Black Cassimere PANTS

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

Blue Ribbed do. Blue sat. do.

Mixed sat. JACKETS, Blue do. do.

Green do. do. Blue Ribbed do.

Silk VESTS, Mixed sat. do.

Fancy do. Canada Grey do.

Cassimere do. Check cassimere do.

Rob. Roy do. Red flannel SHIRTS

Satinet do. Striped do.

Overalls do. Red flannel Drawers.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Tweed COATS, Black cassimere PANTS

Cassimere do. Striped satinet do.

Blue cassimere Jackets, Mixed do.

Mixed sat. do. Plain Vests

BATINETT SACKS, Fancy do.

A general Assortment of

DRY GOODS!!!

Consisting in part of the following articles:

Broadcloths, Tweeds, Alpaca, Prints

Cassimere, Etonettes, de Laine, Patched

Doekings, Vestings, Ginghams, Shirts

&c., &c., &c.

A Large Stock of

PAINTS AND OILS.

Consisting in part of the following articles:

Coch Varnish, Whiting, American Vermilion

Furniture do. Lamp Glass do.

Japann do. Gum Shellac do.

Spis Turpentine, Gd. Verdigris, Yellow

Linseed Oil, French Yellow, Red

Lamp Oil, Ven. Red, Coach Black

Pure Oil, Lead, Blue, Grey, &c.

Extra do. Litharge, Paris Green

Red do. Umber, Rose Pink

Blue do. Flake White, &c.

GOLD LEAF, &c. &c.

A general assortment of

W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES,

HARDWARE & IRON,

PAINTS AND GLASS.

A LARGE LOT OF

Buffalo Robes, Fur Seal and Nutra Caps,

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

Waterville, Oct. 27, 1867. [14.4]

W. C. DOW & CO.

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 adjoining towns.

Office in BOUTELLE'S BLOCK.

DR. WARREN'S

SARSAPARILLA, TOMATO, & WILD

CHERRY PHYSICAL BITTERS.

AT FIFTY CTS. PER BOTTLE.

SARSAPARILLA, Tomato and Wild Cherry Bitters, have now become a standard Medicine, universally approved by Physicians as a safe, speedy and effectual remedy for Scrophulous, Mercurial and Cutaneous Diseases; Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bilious Disorders, Liver Complaint, Colic, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Catarrh, Langor, Debility, Headache, Dizziness, Sallow Complexion, and all disorders which arise from the abuse of Mercury, and from an impure taint in the blood, no matter how acquired.

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

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

Prepared and sold by DAVID F. BRADLEE, at the

Magasin de Santé, (Magazine of Health), 130 Wash-

ington Street, Boston, and by Messrs. H. H. Hill, and

W. C. Dow & Co., Waterville, Me.

Agents—Waterville, WILLIAM DYER; Norridgewood, Blunt & Turner; Skowhegan, White & Norris; Athens, A. Ware; Anson, Rodney Collins; Monro, Hamblin; Farmington, J. W. Perkins; Augusta, J. E. Ladd, and the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England.

30 DOZ. PAINTED PAISLS, 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

E. L. SMITH.

WHITE LEAD,

GROUND & Dry, for sale by

PARKER & PHILLIPS.

PAINTS AND GLASS for sale by

PARKER & PHILLIPS.

UNIVERSAL HISTORY,

FROM THE

CREATION OF THE WORLD

TO THE

Beginning of the 18th Century,

BY THE LATE

Hon. ALEXANDER FRAZIER TYTLER

(Lond. Woodroffe's)

Senator of the College of Justice, and Lord Commissioner of Justice in Scotland, and formerly Professor of Civil History and Greek and Roman Antiquities in the University of Edinburgh.

THIS WORK contains the whole of lectures on Universal History delivered by the Professor, while engaged in the University of Edinburgh. Its preparation for the press was the last of his literary labors. It has gone through a large number of editions in England, and is a text book in the first Universities of both Countries, and in all probability will be handed down to the end of time, for the originality of style, beauty of composition, and minuteness of detail, as the most interesting and useful work on Universal History for the time it embraces, extant.

The chief characteristic feature of the author is, that he rejects the popular style of historians of arranging general history according to certain epochs or eras, and proceeds to give the history of a nation or people through a long succession of years, describing, when the history of some other nation may be so interwoven with the one under consideration as to become inseparable. In this way the author gives the history of the world from the creation, compiled from the best authorities with great simplicity and perspicuity; and his work cannot fail to recommend itself to the professional man, the student, and the general reader.

The present edition is comprised in two handsomely printed octavo volumes of 1000 pages, neatly bound, and is offered at the low price of Three Dollars, by mail, 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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CONSUMPTION CURED!

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

BUCHAN'S

HUNGARIAN BALSM OF LIFE,

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY FOR COLDS, COUGHS, ASTHMA AND CONSUMPTION.

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

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balm, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the Worst Possible Case, that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished Physicians as *Confirmed and Incurable*. The Hungarian Balm has cured, and will cure, the most desperate cases of this Great English Remedy, a standard English Medicine, of known and established efficacy.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchanan's Hungarian Balm of Life, not only to counteract the consumption, but also to prevent the disease, but to be used as a preventive medicine in all cases of Colds, Coughs, pitting of Blood, Pain in the Side and Chest, Irritation and soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarse Voice, Night Sweats, Irritation and General Debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

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

Sold by McDonald & Smith, Sole Agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent Street, London.

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

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

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

None genuine without the written signature of the Assured, and a gold and bronze label, to counterfeits which is in every bottle.

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OFFERS his services to the Printers throughout the country as TYPE AND STEREO TYPE FOUNDRY.

He can furnish fonts of any required weight, from Dia mond to English. He will warrant his manufacture to be equal to that of any other foundry in the country. His prices are the same as at any other respectable foundry, and his terms are as favorable as can be found elsewhere.

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

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

A series of Text Letter, suitable for the Headings of Newspapers have just been completed; and as he is continually adding to his assortment, and to his facilities for Type Founding, he would respectfully ask the attention of Printers to his establishment.

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

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