



3-9-1848

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 33): March 9, 1848

Ephraim Maxham

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 33): March 9, 1848" (1848). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 33.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/33

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

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, MAR. 9, 1848.

NO. 33.

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

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Country produce received in payment.

Miscellany.

THE LOVER'S GAME.

BY J. N. TUCKER.

CHAPTER I.

Mortimer Rand was the son of one who had been wealthy, and moved in the circles of fashion. Reverses came, and the once prosperous Randolph Rand saw his family driven from a well furnished and splendid mansion, to a humble farm house in a town near the flourishing village where he had lived for many years.

Being a man of firmness and industry, he found no occasion to yield to despondency, but resolved by perseverance and industry, again to attain competency. He purchased a small farm and removed to it in the fall, where, during the winter, every preparation might be made for the ensuing spring and summer.

Mortimer, unlike his father, felt dispirited at first, and mortified. Not that he despaired or regretted to labor. But he had, in better days, become the accepted suitor of Prudence Lane, the daughter of a wealthy and aristocratic family in the village.

Since the failure of Mr. Rand, the father of Prudence had expressed the wish that the visits of Mortimer to his daughter might be discontinued—not desiring, as he expressed it, to see her the associate of one whose condition was below her own—especially a plowboy!

Mortimer felt this rebuke keenly. He could see no reason why an industrious, intelligent, upright laborer should not enjoy the same respect after reverses, for which he was not responsible, had stripped him of the false trappings of fashion, as when surrounded by his false retinue. To his mind wealth was but an outward circumstance, whose existence in no way affected the real man. Manhood, he thought, could neither derive importance nor lose it from the issues of fortune.

Hence, his mortification was caused not so much by consciousness of demerit, as by the reflection that such was the state of society, that men were viewed more in the light of what they were not, than what they were. And, that one in whose refinement and excellence he had so much confidence to keep life's cloudy path brightly illuminated, should be influenced by such sentiments as those expressed by the father of Prudence, grieved him.

True, he had not seen her to learn whether this sentiment found a response in her heart, nor did he much fear that it would immediately but he evidently suffered somewhat from that hope, which being "deferred maketh the heart sick," and he was anxious to see her, that he might learn the worst—for, said he, "If she has any sympathy with such views, it will be well for me that I have lost attraction which to such eyes was pleasing—if not all, will yet be well."

Residing in a flourishing village near the dwelling of Lane, was a young lawyer of the name of Lossing, who had become enamored of the beauty and wealth of Prudence, who had on several occasions, since the failure of the Rands, taken great pains to throw himself in her way, and not unfrequently had made disparaging allusions to Mortimer before her father—yet with no apparent motive save selfishness.

Lossing was not one of the most prepossessing persons in personal appearance—yet he entertained a high conceit of himself. He had professed the sincerest friendship for young Rand, and had received from him many marks of confidence.

The better to accomplish his purpose of supplanting Rand, young Lossing had made a confidant of a maiden lady of some wealth, who, being a secret enemy of Prudence, was the more ready to lend her assistance. Like her confederate, she had the wisdom to conceal her real emotions in any remarks made derogatory to Mortimer—often expressing a degree of admiration of him—yet generally closing her remarks with some vague hints adapted to create suspicion of his honor; carefully managing to place the young lawyer in favorable comparison with him.

These circumstances contributed in a degree to the disquietude of Prudence, already afflicted by the stern mandate of her father.

It was after a visit of the lady mentioned one afternoon, that Prudence resolved to see Mortimer, in defiance of the prohibitions of her father; and as he was prevented from visiting her, she determined to see him on his farm.

Her carriage was ordered, one afternoon, and her servant accompanied her in a drive into the country. But she was not unserved. Young Lossing had noticed her departure, and immediately suspected her object. His first resolve was to follow her alone; but he changed his purpose, and sought her father, to whom he communicated his suspicions, and the two walked together to the house. Prudence had gone. A horse and carriage were soon procured and they started in pursuit.

Mortimer was busily engaged in the sugar orchard of his new farm, merrily singing the laborer's song, as the well known carriage of Mr. Lane came in view, and halted at the gate opposite, leading to his fires. A lady, whom he at once recognized, passed through the gate and advanced towards him. He turned and met her, when the two were soon engaged in conversation, in which both were so deeply interested, that they did not discover, shortly after, the approach of another carriage with two gentlemen.

With that sincerity which pure and holy love begets, they had revealed the secrets of their hearts, and stood before heaven, mutually pledged for life, and Prudence was about to retire. Mortimer held her soft hand in his own, and raised it to his lips.

At that moment the pent wrath of the father found vent, and he sprang forward with his whip raised to deal vengeance upon the offending object of his daughter's choice. Mortimer folded his arms upon his breast and stood before him without emotion.

"Why came you here?" said Mr. Lane angrily to his daughter: "and you, sir," addressing Mortimer, "How dare you indulge in the liberties you have taken, after learning my prohibitions? I am inclined to horsewhip you."

"That you can do, if it suits your taste," said Mortimer. "I shall not resist your violence in the presence of your daughter."

"Mention not her name, or by the assistance of this gentleman, Mr. L., I will do it even before her."

"Call you that being a gentleman, sir?" said Miss Lane, fixing her dark piercing eye with a frown upon him.

"Yes, Miss," said Lane, "and it is to his kind regard for your honor that I am indebted for—"

"Information of my movements, I suppose. A gentleman, indeed!"

The eye of Mortimer was at that instant turned toward L. Their eyes met.

Turning to his daughter, Mr. Lane requested her to accompany him home. To this request she yielded, saying, "I can return in my carriage as I came."

"Stop a moment," said Mortimer to L. "I am indebted to your friendship for this interview. At another time I will attend to you."

So saying he turned from him, while L., covered with shame, under a sense of his dishonorable acts, walked on to join Mr. Lane, with whom he returned to the village, preceding the carriage of Prudence, from which a white handkerchief waved as it moved off.

CHAPTER II.

The carriages drew up before the door of Mr. Lane, where Prudence alighted and walked to her room without speaking to either.

L. had, from the unfortunate allusion of his agency in the interview at the farm, entirely lost what little respect Prudence entertained toward him, and he knew it. But he nevertheless resolved if himself could not win her favor, another should, not especially Mortimer Rand. And he deemed the events of the afternoon very fortunate for his plans.

He very soon found those who, either from envy toward Prudence, or the love of gossip, were ready to listen to him, and quite willing to construe the meeting of Miss Lane with Mortimer into anything but an act of propriety. Judging them out of their own hearts, many found no difficulty in giving a shade of suspicion to the motives which governed them.

On his own account, Mortimer felt indifferent to the opinions expressed, knowing, as he said, that "the current of envy and slander would sooner overwhelm those who had given rise to it, than himself."

Entirely cut off, however, from all intercourse with Prudence, he felt afflicted from the conviction, that her pure mind should be tortured by the vicious appliances of those who crawled in her pathway to sting her peace.

So jealous and fearful of defeat in his coercive measures, was Mr. Lane, that he made arrangements with an old acquaintance in Massachusetts, very soon after the affair before alluded to, to receive her into his family; this he hoped would remove her from the influence of Mortimer.

With great secrecy she was removed from home, without being permitted to communicate to her most intimate friends the fact of her departure; so secret that even Mortimer was not aware of her going for some weeks.

Arrived at her place of retirement, she was furnished with every possible means of enjoyment, save that of correspondence. A strict censorship was employed by her host, over all her communications. Nothing was allowed to pass from her hands, having the appearance of having come from, or that was designed for her lovers. Yet letters were often addressed to her from her father and others, known or unknown, designed to create dissimulation toward him. He was represented by these papers as an impure and injured man. Knowing their origin, however, and fully appreciating their design, she might have been saved much sorrow. As it was, however, through the influence of many, her faith in Mortimer was measurably shaken.

This had not been, perhaps, had not many of her letters to him remained unanswered, or, if at all answered, yet in so cold terms as greatly to embarrass her. One letter, purporting to have been from him, even suggested a discontinuance of all further intercourse.

While affairs were thus with Prudence, the time of Mortimer was so much occupied with business, that he was rarely abroad. He had written her several letters, but had received no reply. He had met Mr. Lane once or twice, but no words were exchanged.

He wondered why no answers could be received from her, who was when last he saw her, so full of confidence and love. But all was dark.

CHAPTER III.

"I have good news for you, my son," said the father of Mortimer one day, as he returned from the post office, "although the intelligence is to me sad indeed in some respects."

"And what can it be, sir," inquired Mortimer, "that I should rejoice while my father is sad?"

"I have lost my only brother in Georgia, who died without an heir, leaving his fortune to yourself, amounting to some eighty thousand dollars," answered his father.

"I shall only be happy in this acquisition as a means of restoring to yourself the place in society of which the loss of property has deprived you," said the generous Mortimer. "For," added he, "it is my determination that for the present, at least, my fortune shall not be known. And I will thank you for the present at least, to keep it a profound secret, even from my mother."

This arrangement being agreed to, Mortimer prepared immediately to go to Georgia for the settlement of the business.

During his absence, he procured an elegant carriage, and such changes of raiment as southern fashions afforded, and so disguised his face with false "imperial" and gold spectacles as to be safe from recognition: and then returned to his native village as a gentleman of fortune.

Taking rooms at the principal hotel, he announced through the papers, several thousand dollars to loan on good security, to be made payable to his agent, Randolph Rand.

Soon he had crowds of friends, advisers and admirers: not the last or less officious of whom, was L. The latter individual was very ready to introduce the stranger, who was determined to "make the village his summer residence," to the "fashionable circles," not failing

to mention the family of Mr. Lane, hoping thereby to present a successful barrier to the hopes of young Mortimer.

During a familiar conversation with L., one day, the southern gentleman drew from him, under a pledge of the utmost secrecy, the retreat of Prudence! He was assured she was a charming girl, and every way qualified to adorn the mansion of a gentleman. "And," added L., "nothing would afford me higher gratification than to see her your wife. It was through my agency alone, she was saved from becoming the wife of a man once in good circumstances—but now a poor and worthless fellow."

The blood rushed to the face of Mortimer at these remarks, but his feelings were suppressed.

"Do you know whether the lady still retains her love for the fellow or not?" inquired the disguised Mortimer.

"O yes she has written him once or twice, but we have taken good care that all communications here and at her residence, should be intercepted—and have answered each in a manner adapted to cool their ardor!"

It was very difficult for Mortimer to refrain from an expression of his abhorrence of the being before him, but his whole plan required silence and he preserved it.

At an interview he had with Lossing a few days after, Mortimer informed him he was intending to be absent a week or two, and on his return he should be happy to receive an introduction to Miss Lane, if she were at home. The lady's father immediately wrote requesting her return.

CHAPTER IV.

Late in the afternoon, one day, Prudence was walking according to her usual custom, along the banks of the Merrimack.

A short distance from her, as she approached her favorite glen, stood a handsome, well-dressed gentleman, whom she did not observe.

She gazed upon the current as it swept majestically past her. So absorbed was she in contemplation, she did not notice the gentleman till he stood before her, and then alarmed, she ran towards her uncle's residence.

"Fear not, lady," said he, "I will not interrupt your meditations."

"Begone, sir, I prefer to be alone," said Prudence, timidly.

"I obey, Miss Lane, but first allow me to present you a ring, which a gentleman—a friend of mine desired me to do, and to solicit one you have of in exchange—he is expecting soon to marry."

"Marry?" said Prudence, turning pale.

"You are ill!" he replied, "shall I assist you?"

"O, no, I am quite well; the unexpected announcement excited me some. Inform me of the name of the lady of his choice if you will?"

"One whom he has known for years, I think," said Miss Lane, "he is throwing aside his mask."

"Mortimer!" exclaimed Prudence, clasping her hands with delight.

We will pass over the words of mutual joy this meeting afforded, barely remarking, the request to "retire," was not repeated. But a long delightful walk and talk ensued, in which their future plans were laid.

In a few days Mortimer returned home, and drove up to his lodgings in his splendid carriage, where he met Lossing and Mr. Lane. The former informing him as soon as they were alone, of the expected return of Prudence, not forgetting to mention the high regard entertained for him by her father; assuring him that he would not find the least difficulty in securing the consent of the old gentleman, if he were "successful in capturing the daughter."

"Of course, then, I may expect your valuable and necessary services," said Mortimer.

"Most certainly, sir, I shall deem myself honored by any service I can render you," answered Lossing.

Thus the conversation ended. Next day Mr. Lane called on the "southern gentleman," as Mortimer was called, and said he had been "unfortunate in endeavoring for a friend," and was under the necessity of borrowing a thousand dollars, in order to save the friend who had rendered some service to him in a mortifying case, relating to an attempt of a poor "plow-boy" who foolishly attempted to win the heart of his daughter. And he had resolved to submit to the loss in silence, till the gentleman could receive it from property he would soon receive.

"Permit me, under the assurance of secrecy, to inquire the name of the individual on whose account you have suffered the loss?" asked Mortimer.

"It is your friend L.," answered Mr. Lane.

"Does he propose to secure you in any way?"

"Yes; he gives me his notes," answered Lane.

"I fear you will not find his notes sufficient security."

"O yes, indeed, they are perfectly good," replied Lane.

The notes were drawn by Mr. Lane, and Mortimer counted out one thousand dollars.

Mr. Lane rose to depart.

"Stop a moment," said Mortimer, "Will you do me the favor to take a short drive with me into the country, to-morrow at ten o'clock?"

"With pleasure," said Mr. Lane.

"I am about to purchase a farm, to relieve a friend of mine from some embarrassment and I should be happy to obtain your opinion of its value."

"It will please me to render you any service in that way, sir," said Lane.

At ten o'clock the next day the carriage of the southern gentleman drove up to the door. They were soon seated, and the carriage drove off.

The old gentleman was so enchanted by the intelligence and amableness of his friend, that he did not even notice the direction of their course, until they had stopped, and on looking out, he saw to his surprise and silent regret, they were at the gate of Mr. Rand, the father of his daughter's former friend Mortimer.

"Is this the farm you purpose buying?" asked Lane.

"It is; we will walk in a moment," said Mortimer.

Mr. Lane had rather have done anything else than this. But, making a virtue of necessity, he walked into the house. He was greatly relieved in not seeing Mortimer, the "plow-boy" and mortified at not seeing him.

After a little silence, Mortimer proposed to Mr. Lane to walk with him over the farm, and they went out together.

"I learn," said Mortimer, "the owner of this place was once in better circumstances."

"It is true—and but for the loss of his estate, would have been high in respectability," answered Mr. Lane.

"He ought not to have lost his respectability by the loss of his property. That was no part of the man. His character should have been the rule by which he was to be judged, we are all exposed and liable to meet reverses."

"That is true," said Mr. Lane, "but our safety requires us to be a little cautious, as the associations of this place remind me."

"How?" asked Mortimer.

"I would inform you but that I see ladies approaching—and I had almost sworn one was your daughter, from her movements," said Mr. Lane.

"Ah, yes," said Mortimer, who had, unseen by Mr. Lane, thrown off his imperial and removed his spectacles—"my wife and mother, who have been over the farm, I presume."

"What? your wife! are you married?" asked Lane.

"Yes, I will introduce you to my mother, Mrs. Rand."

"How? What? Mortimer Rand, Good Heavens! Do I dream?" ejaculated the astonished Lane.

"I trust you do not dream, sir, at least I do not. I am Mortimer Rand, and this lady is my wife, and your daughter, Prudence."

"Enough, you have me. Prudence, my daughter, you were above my foolishness. Mr. Rand, forgive me: I have done you injustice."

"No matter, sir, let the past be forgotten," said Mortimer.

"Grant it may—but I have learned a lesson never to be forgotten. I regret that I had not sooner learned it, on her account who better knew your heart."

"On her account," said Mortimer, "I am happy that your acknowledgement is the pledge of our mutual understanding. I hope we shall be none the worse off for the romance our course has partaken of."

The mother of Mortimer, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene was no less surprised at the announcement of their marriage than Mr. Lane;—it took place while Mortimer was visiting her in Massachusetts.

The company retired to the house, where the whole affair was talked over—the manner of his wealth—the course he had pursued—the conduct of L.—and the intentions of Mortimer. "And now, sir," said he, "I am prepared to tell you why I asked you what security you had from him."

"I want no explanations, sir," said Mr. Lane, and more, I am fully satisfied I have been made a dupe by him. But he shall suffer."

"Leave his punishment to me—meantime let what has taken place here remain a secret, for a day or two," exclaimed Mortimer.

"It shall," consented Mr. Lane.

CHAPTER V.

The stage drove up to the door of Mr. Lane on the following day, and the expected Prudence alighted. Shortly afterward L.—was in the room of the southern gentleman with the news.

"You are a little too late," said he, "her father has already sent me an invitation to dine with him and his daughter, and I requested an invitation to you. Of course you would attend."

"Most certainly, sir," replied L.—"I shall be very happy indeed, to witness the consummation of my most earnest wishes—the favorable regard of Miss Lane, bestowed upon yourself."

L.—was received into the parlour, at the dinner hour, and treated with great respect, and everything appeared to be going off with admiration.

At dinner table Mr. Smith (as Mortimer was called) inquired of L.—if he had heard anything relating to the ambitious "plow boy?"—re-marking, "I think you must know him well from the freedom of your conversation respecting him."

L.—looked wishfully toward Mr. Lane, as if he would obtain relief by a change of conversation. Prudence was half blushing, half smiling, and Mr. Smith looked steadily upon the agitated young lawyer.

At length L.—remarked he had "not had the pleasure of seeing the boy for some time."

"See him now, then!" said Mortimer throwing off his mask.

Prudence screamed at the shock it gave L.—

Mr. Lane roared with laughter.

Young L.—turned pale—attempted to speak—was sick and had to leave the table.

The next morning, a note was taken from the Post-office, written by L.—, informing Mr. Lane he had left town, and being unable to pay the notes that gentleman held against him, he hoped to enjoy his indulgence, until he could procure the requisite means. A note was added, apologizing to Mrs. Mortimer for the course he had pursued, assuring he designed it for her good.

L.—was next heard from in New-Orleans where his propensity to meddle with the affairs of others still remained with him and where he became involved in a similar disgraceful affair, from which he did not escape so fortunately, being in that case subjected to a severe cow-hiding before a large company of gentlemen. He was afterward shot in the streets of Nashville.

Mortimer still lives—enjoying the confidence of his father-in-law—the undivided love of his amiable wife, and the respect of community.—Smiling children bless the domestic circle and the appellation of "happy family," is often used to denote the situation by those who knew them. No one enjoys the story of the Southern gentleman's romance better than old Mr. Lane.

THE KINGDOM OF FISHES.—It has been calculated that one cod-fish produces about six millions of progeny in one spawning season.—If from this vast number five millions five hundred thousand are deducted for losses by accident, or mischance, or prey, and only five hundred thousand remain as the offspring of one parent—were this small portion of the original seed alone to come to maturity every year, the seas would soon be swarming, other circumstances being favorable with no other inhabitants. Not so; the check to this extensive productiveness is that of prey; and so efficient in its operation, that out of the original six millions, a few score, or even less, alone come ultimately to maturity. The herring is also possessed of astonishing fecundity, coming, as they do, to our shores and shoal waters in numbers which are feebly expressed by the term "millions"—in shoals miles in length and breadth. What would ensue were there no means of keeping down this enormous production of living beings? By their consumption of the entire food of the ocean, all other fish, if they remained in the water, would perish from starvation. Such a contingency is provided against by depredation. The sea-fowl in countless flocks feast upon them, and consume incredible numbers; the shark gulps down his thousands too; and the dog-fish, porpoise, and grampus in large herds, hem in the herring-shoal, and at every instant are engaged in reducing its hosts; while man and starvation complete the havoc, and surfeit the tendency to excess. To convey an estimate of the mighty numbers of these shoals it has been said that if all the men in the world were to be loaded from some of them, they would not carry one thousandth part away!—And if such is the productiveness of creatures inhabiting our northern seas, so strong the tendency to over multiplication, in the teeth of every obstacle, what estimate is to be formed of the fecundity of those more genial regions where all nature revels in luxuriance? The inexhaustible millions of fish which crowd the Indian Ocean are so vast, that fishing in those seas is next to a sure cure. But it is here that those voracious monsters, which are equally the terror of men and of the finny race, multiply to a corresponding degree, and keep down the exuberance.—Vineyard Gaze.

At Harlem, near this city, there is an India rubber manufactory, where about 150 women and 50 males are employed, and where military equipments are made in no small quantities.

The raw rubber is first cleanly washed, and after being dried, is ground between two large cylinders, under an immense pressure, heated by steam, so hot that the rubber looks as though it were burning. While it is grinding, a preparation of turpentine is mixed with it, to dissolve the rubber. The rubber comes from the roller a black mass, which is transferred to a roller of still heavier pressure, where it is ground again under a strong heat; thence it goes to a third roller, to be heated, ready to be put upon the cloth; this is done by a powerful set of rollers.

The rubber, thus prepared, is put upon the rollers and distributes itself evenly, at any thickness desired; the cloth is then put upon another roller that passes under the rubber, which, under great pressure, is forced into and through the cloth, no matter whether silk or the stoutest sail—dick—it goes through. A coat is put on the other side in the same way, and no power can separate the mass after that.

The cloth is then taken to the room where it is made into an infinite variety of goods to which it is adapted. The goods are cut out by patterns, and after the edges are covered by rubber cement, they are folded together and rubbed down closely, and soon become so closely fixed that any part will separate before the seams; there are, in fact, no seams; all is rubber, without a particle of other fastening. After they are all fastened, the whole article is covered with powdered sulphur, and taken to be cured. This is done by placing them upon an iron railroad that passes into a large cylinder, where they are subjected to the action of steam at a high temperature, which cures them, and completes an article that is affected by no temperature, and that will outwear iron itself.—The goods taken out of the heater are boiled in strong potash lye, and then washed, which leaves them ready for sale. The sulphate of lead and sulphuric gases are also used to cure or vulcanize the rubber. The goods made by this machinery are elegant, and the operation of making them is very simple and yet complete. The invention is Yankee, and no nation can approach us in this kind of work yet.—N. Y. Scientific American.

ICE IN INDIA.—We chanced to arrive in India almost simultaneously with one of the first importations of ice from America. It was most amusing to see the anxiety with which it was sought after. The deposits were only open for a short time before sunrise, when crowds of coolies were in attendance to carry off the portions required by their employers; these bits were immediately enveloped in thick blankets and enclosed in baskets, which were carried off with all speed; but a very considerable quantity invariably dissolved before they could reach their respective destinations. I watched two or three Ahyas crowding round a basket which had just arrived; they were all eager to touch the novelty; but immediately on feeling its extreme coldness, ran away, exclaiming that it was "burra gurram"—very hot. A child, too, cried violently, and told his mamma that the "English glass had burnt his fingers." I was not a little surprised, too, on several occasions to see the ice brought to table as the greatest possible luxury, and handed round to persons to mix with their wine, which, although cooled with saltpetre and Glauber salts, had not attained a much lower temperature than that of new milk. The ice in question was brought out as a means of preserving a large quantity of American apples in good condition for the Calcutta market; when the ice unexpectedly proved a more lucrative species of merchandise than the fruit.—Narrative of a Residence in India.

The Empress Catherine 2d, of Russia, invited the celebrated Gabrieli to Petersburg, and enquired how high a salary she required, Gabrieli answered that she could require 7000 rubles and a suitable establishment, with carriages and horses. She was told that a Field Marshall scarcely received so much. "Very well," answered the singer, "Her gracious majesty may let her Marshalls sing."

One of the colporteurs in an eastern State recently called upon a deacon of a church, and proposed selling him some books. "I have already," said he, "more books than I can read, and excessive reading has given my daughter fits of insanity."

"Examined his library," says the colporteur, "and found in it several well-thumbed volumes of Eugene Sue!"

The Thomson Gazette says that there will be built in that vicinity during the coming season, 15 single deck vessels, averaging 200 tons each; 5 ships averaging 700 tons; and 3 double deck, bark, averaging 400 tons; of a value when rigged of \$400,000.

DUTCH TESTINONY.

A steamboat once was all blown up: Some passengers were drowned; An awful lot were "missing" and A dreadful few were found.

'Twas some time after that a case Came up before a Court, Wherein 'twas asked—"Where last was seen The Reverend Hans Van Woort?"

The witness who was on the stand, Was Dutch as "Zour Krout," He and the reverend gentleman Had been on board the boat.

His answers—being under oath— Had been both clear and just Until he came unto that point Wherein the boilers burst:

But then they were somewhat confused: Three times his Honor asked— When was the last time saw'st thou him? Tell us the very last."

For a long time the witness scratched His head as if in thought— At length his brightening visage told The exact date he had caught

"The boilers burst—an every ting Vosh shattered all around; An' ash smoke-pipe an' I vent' up Ve met him comin' down."

A TOUGH STORY.—In a small town Down East, there lived a butcher, who was a jack-all-trades, and more particularly noted for his experiments in Animal Magnetism. A half-witted fellow, who lived entirely upon the charity of the town, imagining one day that he was quite ill, made application to the butcher for a remedy to relieve him from the pains in his stomach. The thought flashed upon the mind of the butcher that he was a fit subject for experiment, and accordingly he mesmerized him into a profound sleep.

He then made an incision into his stomach and took out the inwards to wash them, after which he laid them down, and went into the house to get needle and thread to sew up the incision. But on returning, to his astonishment he beheld an old sow just leaving the place, having eaten them. In this dilemma, he seized a sheep, and removed its entrails to the body of the man; then closing up the orifice, he awakened the slumbering subject who was forthwith "discharged cured."

Meeting the individual some days after, the butcher, having some curiosity as to the success of the operation, asked the chap how he got along. "Oh, first rate," says he; "only I have got such an infernal hankering after grass!"—[Dutch Tribune]

Professor Heinrich, of Bonn, was much celebrated for his thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek; but in his private life he often manifested great severity and bitterness. Once a student was sent to him with a letter of introduction and a valuable present, which so much pleased the Professor that he invited him to tea. When the appointed time arrived the Professor was very much engaged in his studies, and was displeased at the entrance of the visitor, who reminded him with a smile that he had come for the pleasure of taking tea with him. The professor silently placed a chair for his visitor, and ringing the bell, said to his servant, "this gentleman wishes for a portion of tea." He then returned to his studies without taking any further notice of his guest.

VARIETY.

PAULINE BONAPARTE.

The Emperor had reached the zenith of his prosperity. He was making kings with as much ease as he was making marshals. Murat had just been transferred from the Grand Duchy of Berg to the throne of Naples, when one morning a carriage drove into my courtyard and a lady alighted from it. Ah, miserable! I exclaimed, it is her Imperial Highness the Princess de Guastalla, [Madame Borghese, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte.] I was hastening down stairs to receive her with all due ceremony, when, happening to pass a window which looked out to the garden, I beheld advancing towards the house—who but the emperor himself! He rang at the back door, usually appropriated to the servants, and entered. He was, I think, accompanied by Berthier. Here was a rencontre! It was Scylla and Charybdis! I might, perhaps, have feigned not to recognize the emperor, but, with a most imperative gesture, he beckoned me to him. I, therefore, turned to the right about, and leaving the princess to find her way to the drawing-room unattended, I hurried to the emperor.

"Prince," said he, as soon as I was in his presence, I know that my sister wishes to speak with you. Show me into an adjoining room, where I may hear her break her thunderbolts. Say what you can to appease her, but do not pledge me for anything. Go to her quickly; she will never forgive you for keeping her waiting."

I thought of the fatal position of Germanicus with Nero, in Racine's tragedy, in the scene in which Judie complains to the former of the cruelty of the latter. I had prepared myself for a most violent reception, but all my expectations fell short of the reality. The princess, as soon as she saw me, taxed me with my want of respect, and complained of not having found me waiting to receive her at the door of my hotel. This first ebullition of ill humor being exhausted, I said:

"Madam, if your imperial highness had been pleased to give me notice of your intention to confer on me this honor, I should undoubtedly have observed the due etiquette. But, as I am not endowed with prescience, it was only a few minutes ago that I learned, from my servants, that the sister of our august monarch was in my house."

"His sister, sir! rather say an unfortunate, a miserable slave!"

"Is it possible, madam, that, enjoying as you do, the favor of his imperial majesty, you can have any cause of complaint?"

"His favor! What a mockery! Does he show his favor by degrading me?"

"No, madam, but by having elevated you to the dignity of an imperial princess—by having conferred upon you the Duchy of Guastalla, and united you to a Roman prince!"

"A brilliant marriage, truly! an illustrious rank! I have indeed reason to congratulate myself when I see Caroline a queen, my sister-in-law a queen, or on the point of becoming one; and I suppose there is a kingdom in store for Jerome's wife—Eliza, too, will be crowned by-and-by; while I am nothing. Hear me, Prince Cambraces, go immediately to Bonaparte, and tell him that if he does not raise me to the dignity of queen, I have a terrible vengeance in reserve for him!"

"But which your sisterly affection will not permit you to inflict."

"My affection!—I hate him—he is a monster."

"Hush, princess! I exclaimed, with some alarm. 'Know that in France walls have ears.'"

"I care not; I defy his police; and will tell him all I have said to his face; I will seek refuge in England, or he shall perish by my hand."

I became more and more alarmed, and I was about to reply, when the emperor saved me the trouble. He opened the door and presented himself to the astonished princess.

"Maniac! he exclaimed, you shall not go to England, but to Clarenton."

"Ah! so you have followed me," she said. "Then you thought I really intended to throw myself into the Seine, as I threatened! I have come here to request Prince Cambraces to intercede for me. Now, my dear Napoleon, I must have a crown; I don't care where it is. Make me Queen of Portugal, or Denmark, what you will. I would even reign in Switzerland or Corfu—no matter where—but a crown I must have. Am I to be the only one of the family who does not wear one? Oh, Napoleon! your unkindness will kill me!"

With these words she burst into a flood of tears. The capricious beauty had changed her imperious tone to one of supplication and tender reproach. The Princess Pauline was certainly to be more charming than ever. I could not wonder at the ascendancy she gained over the Emperor. He was at first in a violent rage; but his anger was gradually soothed, and when Pauline stopped short in her appeal and burst into tears, he advanced to her, and said affectionately:

"My dear sister, why are you not satisfied? I am doing all I can for you. Kingdoms cannot be created at my will. Besides, your husband is not a Frenchman."

"Let me have a divorce, then."

"Heaven forbid!"

"I will be queen, or I will go to London."

"You shall go to Vincennes."

"I defy you!—I will strangle myself as I enter."

I know not what circumstances were recalled to Napoleon's mind by this threat; but his brow lowered, his eye flashed, and he bit his lips till he almost drew blood; and then, in a voice faltering with emotion he exclaimed:

"So much the better, madam! You will rid me of a terrorist, whom I find more difficult to govern than all Europe together. I see that you are only to be ruled by a rod of iron. I, therefore, command you to go immediately to Madame Mere, and there await the orders which the prince arch-councillor shall deliver to you from me."

"Then, will you make me queen?—I must be crowned."

"Really, Pauline, to hear you, one would imagine that I had wronged you of your right of succession to the late king, our father."

I had never before known the emperor to have recourse to this sort of pleasantry, but I often afterwards heard him employ similar language. On the occasion which I have first been describing, this good humored touch of satire had an excellent effect. Pauline blushed, and a rapid glance at the past reminded her of her humble origin, contrasted as it was by the high rank to which her brother had raised her. A sudden change was effected in her feelings; she hung down her head, and was evidently mortified and ashamed. Napoleon asked her whether she had come alone. She named one of her ladies, and said she was waiting in another apartment.

"Let her come in," said the emperor.

"I rang—the order was given, and the lady appeared. The emperor directed her not to lose sight of the Princess Borghese, and then

turning to me, he added:

"Let us retire to your cabinet."

"I am at your majesty's disposal," replied I; but permit me first to observe the ceremony due to the princess."

"Well, well! only be quick!"

He proceeded to my cabinet, and I escorted the princess to her carriage. As soon as I had got rid of her, I flew to wait on the emperor. I found him walking the room with hurried steps.

"Well, prince," said he, as soon as I had entered, "this is one of the thousand disagreeable scenes which, tyrant as they say I am, I am compelled to endure. This morning Pauline came to me, commenced an altercation, assumed an imperative tone, and ended by threatening to drown herself. Seeing the excited state she was in, and knowing her violent temper, I became alarmed. She left me; I followed her, and as soon as she stepped into her carriage, I took possession of the first cabriolet I saw standing in the court-yard of the Tuilleries. She drove across the bridge; I suspected she was coming to you—I entered by your back-door, and you know the rest. A crown for a Borghese! Such a proposition would excite an insurrection in the army! Borghese are of pure royal blood, I know; but kings of my creation must be of my own blood, and must have received the baptism of the sword. However, I am anxious to soothe Pauline. Her husband shall be made Governor of Piedmont. Tell her this from me; and, moreover, that I will give her a million francs to clear off her debts and reset her diamonds. A million francs! What a sum!—how much happiness it would diffuse if distributed. Ah, prince, what a cross is a numerous family to a man like me! I have always envied the happiness of Melchisedech, who never knew father, mother, brother, and, above all, sisters."—*Evening's with Cambraces.*

FALLING IN LOVE IN CHURCH.—We had related to us yesterday, by a lady cognizant of the facts, an incident of rather a romantic character. The parties, we promised the lady, should be nameless. It is this:—On Sunday last, a gentleman visited the Ninth street Baptist Church, and during the services saw in an adjoining pew a very pretty girl.

By frequent glancing at her handsome face and enquiring what her good qualities were, in the same way that a man would when about to purchase a horse, he before service was over, became enamored with her, and resolved that he would know her if possible. As soon as the service was over, he went to the church, and the congregation was dismissed, our gentleman took his position at the door, saw the young lady pass out, followed her home at a respectful distance, took landmarks so that he would again know the place, and then returned to his home. The next day he called upon the family, and not wishing to make a courtship tedious, made known his purpose.

The lady of the house told him that the one he sought was a favorite servant girl, whom he could see, if his intentions were honorable. Nothing daunted at the announcement, he desired that he should be invited in. She was called, and the courtship commenced and ended in less than an hour. He was wealthy, loved the one he sought, was a widower with two children, but notwithstanding agreed to settle upon her a house and lot in the city, in her own right. That was satisfactory. The time was appointed for the marriage, and the ceremony came off three days after sight in the church.

That is what we should call marrying in haste, but we hope they will never have cause to repent at leisure. The match bids fair, so far as the friends are aware, to be a happy one.—*Cin. Eng.*

CHLOROFORM FOR INSANITY.—The Baltimore Sun mentions an instance which lately occurred at the Alms House in that city. It became necessary to remove to another department in that institution a raving maniac, who endangered all that approached him. The physician determined to try the effect of chloroform upon him, which succeeded so admirably as to reduce him from a state of ungovernable fury to one of perfect quietude and calmness, during which he was removed. When awakened, he was perfectly tranquil, conversed calmly and intelligently with the physician, and observing some one smoking in the room expressed a wish for a cigar, which was given him.

A WINDFALL.—The Hagerstown News states that Hezekiah Burhans, an old man who lately died in Baltimore, has left all his property, valued at \$12,000, to a young lady, a school mistress of that town, who when the old gentleman visited Hagerstown a year ago, treated him with great kindness, when others, viewing him as beneath their notice, in consequence of his shabby appearance, treated him with great coldness. The lady not only gave him a warm welcome, but also introduced into her school the "Monotonical Speller," a work of which the deceased was the author. "Kind words cost nothing."

FUNERAL OF MR. ADAMS.—Vast was the concourse within the Hall of the House of Representatives when the officers of the several Departments had congregated there, it was but a tithe of the multitude without. The grounds in the east front of the Capitol presented a sea of heads—the military and civic societies being interspersed with their banners and flags hung in crapes.

The flag of the country hung at half mast over the Senate Chamber and Hall of the House, with a long black streamer, sixty feet above the dome, from the mast supporting the lantern. The people seemed to have assembled not alone from the city and district, but from the neighboring country.

Of the funeral services in the Capitol I will say no more than that they were marked by all the fervency due to the occasion. The audience was vast beyond almost all example, and composed of almost every prominent person in the public councils. The Diplomatic Corps, with their gorgeous uniforms, insignia and orders, presented a marked appearance. The whole body, with their secretaries and attaches, appeared to be in the Hall. The civil departments of the Government were full, and the Speaker sat in his own seat, with the President upon the right and the Vice President upon the left.

One of the small side galleries was reserved for distinguished ladies, among whom were Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Hamilton, and the other for the choir, who made up one of the most impressive parts of the service.

The point of interest was soon transferred to the East point of the Capitol, to the gorgeous funeral car, drawn by six white horses covered with black, to the music of the dead march of Saul, and the Sicilian hymn, discoursed from the National and other bands, and the muffled drums which kept time to the beating of the hearts of the great multitude who surveyed the scene. The picture may be filled up with the military, the civic societies in their badges of mourning, the two hundred carriages, and hackmen with badges, the marshals with their batons, the greater concourse

beyond moving to and fro like the flowing of the tide, the roads and windows lined with people, the stores and places of business all closed, and every thing giving extreme grandeur to the scene of death.

At the Congressional burying ground the scene was hardly less impressive than at the Capitol. The last rites were here performed to the dead. The bands of music poured forth their solemn dirges, the military presented arms, and the dead and mourners followed to the house appointed for all living. Here a solemn prayer was put up by the Chaplain of the House over the dead, and a blessing invoked upon the living.

The remains were committed to the house of the dead, and the concourse returned. So ends a scene most unusual and most solemn, and one which, while it has been mournful to all, has developed, in the honors bestowed, and in the just appreciation of great virtues and great talents, the best qualities of the human heart.—*Corres. N. Y. Express.*

THE MURDER OF CAPT. SMITH.—We are permitted to publish the following letter explaining the circumstances connected with the mutiny aboard the schooner Atlantic, and the death of the captain.—*Boston Post.*

Ponce, Porto Rico, Jan. 25th, 1848.

Sir—On Saturday, the 15th day of the present month of January, the American schooner Atlantic, of the burden of 128 86-96 tons belonging to Bangor, Capt. Joseph A. Smith, master, was cleared at the Custom House of this port, in ballast bound for the port of Wilmington, N. C., and sailed on the next morning on her voyage. On Tuesday afternoon, the 18th inst., the said schooner returned to this port, and anchored in the harbor about 4 o'clock P.M. asking for a visit.

The pilot who brought the vessel in having reported that a mutiny had taken place on board and that the captain was lying dangerously wounded, the undersigned went off with the visit boat. On arriving on board, the mate reported that the two mutineers had jumped overboard and were drowned. On proceeding to the cabin I found the captain lying in his berth, with dangerous wounds in his head which was clothed with blood.

From all the examinations which I have been able to make of the particulars of the tragedy on board, and from the depositions attached, it appears that on the evening of the same day on which she sailed from this port, namely, on Sunday, the 16th inst., the sch. Atlantic, having encountered head winds, anchored about twelve miles to the leeward of this port; that the winds remaining unfavorable, the schooner was still at anchor on Tuesday, the 18th inst.; that about 10 o'clock, A. M. on that day the captain, Joseph A. Smith, seated on a block on the larboard side of the deck, near and a little abaft the foremast, with his back to the galley, was splicing the forelift.

Jefferson Adams Smith, a seaman and brother to the captain, was standing abreast of the foremast, with his head down, working the end of the forelift. The mate, John Harding Smith, was at work, splicing the lift into the eyebolt of the foreyard, on a temporary stage placed over the spot where the captain was sitting. Enoch Chase, a seaman, was up in the foretop tarring down the rigging. William Hall, a seaman, was working in the larboard fore rigging. The position of the cook, Geo. Webster, is not stated in any of the declarations. Such being the positions and occupations of the captain and crew, a blow and a cry from the captain was heard, when the cook was seen striking him with an axe on the head, by which blows the captain was felled to the deck. Leaving the captain, the cook attacked his brother, Jefferson A. Smith, who escaped the blow of the axe by jumping under it and seizing the cook, who jerked himself loose again.

When the mate heard the cry of the captain, he started to jump down to assist him, but hearing some one jump down on the stage behind him, he turned to look round, and saw the seaman, William Hall, coming at him with a hatchet raised to strike him. The mate sprang at him and caught the hatchet away from him; in doing which Hall was thrown down from off the stage on to the deck, when the mate pursuing him, he ran to the bow and jumped overboard. The mate then turned towards the cook, when the latter aimed a pistol at him, discharging it, but missed him—the mate then advanced towards the cook, the latter drew a second pistol from his shirt bosom, and the mate dodging, he fired it at the captain's brother, and missed him also. The mate then again made after the cook, when the latter drew a third pistol and snapped it at the mate, but this time it missed fire. The mate again made at the cook, when the latter ran aft, and the mate still pursuing him, jumped over the taffrail, sunk immediately, and was not seen again.

The mate then went forward to look after Hall, and getting on the night heads saw Hall holding on by the chain; the moment the latter saw the mate he let go and struck out towards the land. After swimming about two rods, he turned and came back towards the vessel again. The mate called to him to come on board, but before he could reach the vessel he sank and was drowned. The seaman, Enoch Chase, being frightened, remained up in the foretop till Hall was drowned when he came down on deck. The captain was then carried down into the cabin and placed in his berth, and the mate, in order to obtain assistance for him, hoisted the anchor and made sail for Ponce, where, as already stated, the schooner arrived on the afternoon of the same day. J. C. GALLAHER, U. S. Consul.

Two cockneys seeing a naturalist in a field collecting insects, thus spoke of him; "Vo's that ere gemman?" "Yy, he's a naturalist." "Vo's that?" "Yy, vun as catches gnats, to be sure."

At Paris, when the allied armies were there, a lady asked Wellington if he did not think it the greatest good fortune imaginable on this earth to gain a battle. He replied, "No madam: next to losing one, it is the greatest misfortune." Wellington was then fresh from the field of blood.

When Socrates was told by a friend that his judges had condemned him to die, "Has not nature," said he, "already passed the same sentence upon me?"

THE SLAVE CASE.—The slave case brought to the notice of the House of Representatives a few weeks since, by Mr. Giddings, has terminated better than was anticipated. By the well-timed efforts, we learn, of Mr. Duff Green Henry was brought back to the city, and Messrs. Giddings and McVaine, in the course of twenty minutes, raised among the members of the House, \$180, the balance of the sum required for the redemption of the poor man; so that he is now in the full enjoyment of his freedom.

National Era.

Gen. Green is the owner of the house kept by Mrs. Sprigg, and with his family boarded there last winter—perhaps does now. He had a good deal to do with the annexation of Texas, and is a great advocate of slavery; yet still is a man of quick sensibility and with generous

sympathies. It must have been a rather singular conjunction, when Duff Green and Joshua R. Giddings, fellow-boarders, were laboring together to get a slave free.—*Kenn. Jour.*



WATERVILLE, MAR. 9.

TOWN MEETING.

At the annual Town Meeting of the inhabitants of Waterville, on Monday last, STEPHEN STARK was chosen Moderator, and the following officers elected for the ensuing year:

Town Clerk—JAMES R. ELDEN.

Selectmen—SAMUEL DOOLITTLE, JOHNSON WILLIAMS, LEVI RICKER.

Treasurer—NATH'L STEDMAN.

Town Agent—HARRISON A. SMITH.

Superintending School Committee—J. R. LOOMIS, J. S. BURGESS, R. B. THURSTON.

Among the votes passed by the Town, on that day, were the following.

Voted, To raise a Committee to co-operate with the Town Agent in prosecuting all violations of the License Laws.

Voted, To instruct the Licensing Board to endorse the writs made by the Town Agent for violation of the License Laws.

Voted, To authorize the Selectmen to issue Town Orders, to carry on prosecutions, [to pay the necessary expenses—not to exceed the sum of two hundred dollars.]

Voted, To raise the sum of Five Hundred Dollars, to be appropriated in building a suitable House of Correction, for securing rioters or drunken persons, &c.

All political divisions were set aside, and the question of temperance made the "order of the day."

We give the result of the vote for a few officers:

Town Clerk, J. R. Elden, (Temp.)	193
All others,	59
1st Selectman, S. Doolittle,	175
All others,	94
Treasurer, N. Stedman,	168
All others,	11
Town Agent, H. A. Smith,	144
All others,	15

OUR SCHOOLS.

We are glad to see our neighbors laboring to assist us to a just and proper appreciation of our schools. We have only to open our eyes, in regard to our numerous local and other advantages, to find the fingers of kind friends pointing directly at them. The editor of the Banner, in his last number, has the following complimentary—and we believe justly deserved—allusion to the Waterville Liberal Institute:

"We have every confidence in the new Principal of the Institute, DR. PALMER, either as a scholar or a gentleman, and can confidently recommend him and the school, not only to our northern, but also to our southern friends, as one entitled to their patronage. They cannot send to a better school in Maine. The Spring Term commenced last Monday. It ought to be, and we trust will be, very fully attended. We should take pride and pleasure in sustaining our own schools. Come, brethren and friends, one and all, who have children to send from home to school, let us send to the pleasant village of Waterville, which is soon to be connected with the tide waters of the Androscoggin by a Railroad, where pupils will derive every advantage they could desire for the rapid acquisition of a first-rate education."

The people of Waterville have got up a Lyceum, and commenced lectures with good prospects. The Mail notices the lecture of Isaac C. Pray, Esq., upon London and the London Press, in approving terms. Perhaps Mr. Pray could be induced to repeat it in our Lyceum.—*Ken. Jour.*

Wait awhile, friend Journal, till we secure further favors here. We hope to learn more of London, before you have a hearing.

CHLOROFORM.—The public know but little of this powerful and very useful agent. Its great practical utility in alleviating pain cannot be doubted; and yet we daily see more and more to indicate the propriety of confining its use to careful and scientific hands. Its peculiar properties are so little understood, that without this precaution, and even sometimes with it, serious results may follow its application. In certain conditions of the system, as facts have proved, there is no safety in trying it. The questions of our correspondent, a week or two since, are to the point, and worthy of careful consideration. To a person of sound health, we should have no hesitation in commending its virtues in many cases of severe pain; but to any other, we should say that the endurance of great distress is preferable to an experiment with the chloroform.

We could select from our exchanges, every week, accounts of the successful use of this article, and it is only occasionally that we see anything on the other side. But such cases as the following should be generally known, for the security of such may be inclined to resort to this agent to secure themselves from pain. We have taken the chloroform; though not for any relief of pain, and have found the effects highly pleasant, and without injury. We should not hesitate to take it again in case of the extraction of teeth, or any other painful operation; but we would advise all who would do the same, to ascertain carefully whether they have any symptoms which would render its use dangerous.

The following cases speak for themselves—though they are but two out of the thousands of experiments daily made with chloroform:

SUDDEN DEATH.—DANGER OF CHLOROFORM.—The Coroner, yesterday, held an inquest on the body of Patrick Murphy, a native of Ireland, who resided temporarily at No. 50 Cherry street. The deceased was by occupation a laborer, and worked on the New Haven Railroad, and has a wife living at Mamaronock, West Chester County, N. Y., to whom he had

been married about four months. The deceased had, on the lower part of his body, a fistula, with which he had been afflicted about two months and a half. But his wife testified that his general health was good, although he was in the habit of indulging in the use of spirituous liquors. About four weeks since, he came to this city for the purpose of being operated on, and applied to the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Crosby street, where an operation was performed upon him. Previous to performing the operation, a quantity of chloroform was administered to him, so that he exhibited no signs of sensibility during the whole of the operation, which lasted some minutes. He soon rallied, however, from the effects of the chloroform, and got up and walked. The wound was dressed after the effects of the chloroform had passed off, and then he returned to his home. He was visited every day by Dr. Beers, and about four or five days ago it was considered necessary to perform another operation on him. The deceased said he was willing, but that he must have the chloroform, or he would not consent. The chloroform was accordingly put on a cloth, and given him to inhale, after which Dr. Rattan performed the second operation, the first having been performed by Dr. Parker. Immediately after the operation was concluded, his pulse ceased to beat, and stimulants were applied outwardly and inwardly, but without any effect, and it was soon ascertained that he was dead. Between the time of performing the first and second operation, he exhibited no signs of any internal disease, &c.

In order to ascertain the cause of his death, a post mortem examination was made by Dr. Wood, in the presence of several eminent physicians. This examination left it doubtful whether the death of the deceased had been caused by chloroform, or occurred from disease of the lungs, which the deceased was then laboring under.

But Dr. Wood states that where there exists in the lungs any undue excitement, it will cause death, and that at all times chloroform should be used with great caution, although he had never known of persons being injured by it. But in cases where the brain, lungs or heart, are diseased, or a predisposition to disease exists, it should not be used. He also says that disease of the lungs sometimes exists when there are no outward signs, and that fistula tends to conceal the existence of such diseases.—*[N. Y. Jour. Com.]*

ANOTHER.—A good deal of excitement was caused in this city, yesterday, by the death, the previous evening, of a lady while undergoing the operation of tooth-drawing under the influence of chloroform, administered by Dr. Meredith, dentist, Sixth street. The lady was the wife of Mr. Simmons, piano-maker, in the western part of the city. Her teeth had been neglected, and having several decayed roots to extract, she determined to have chloroform administered. The entire operation was performed in the usual manner. She is stated to have revived partially after the third root was taken; then to have sunk back into her lethargy, and to have died soon after the extraction of the fourth. Her condition being promptly perceived, the most experienced medical aid was called in, but all efforts to revive her were vain. A good deal is said as to the condition of her system at the time; some accounts represent her as in perfect health, others as having been long suffering from weakness, and still others as having had a latent disease which was precipitated by the chloroform. As we understand the case is to undergo an investigation, and be properly reported upon, we give currency to none of the conflicting statements we hear.

P. S. There were several rumors yesterday afternoon, that Mrs. Simmons had partially revived. And we believe it is a fact that, although she was generally regarded as dead, her friends had not entirely abandoned hope of her restoration.—*[Cincinnati Gaz., Feb. 25.]*

PUBLIC LECTURES.—Prof. Champlin, of Waterville College, gave the second lecture in the course now in progress before the citizens of Waterville. The subject—Classical Studies—was presented to the audience in all the witchery of the "first love" of the classical scholar. The argument was peculiarly learned and scholarly-like, and we were never more inclined to adopt the views of "the schools" on this subject, than while listening to this eloquent discourse.

The third lecture, on Monday evening last, was by Prof. ANDERSON. Subject the "power and Means of Persuasion." Neighbor Drew, who heard the same lecture before the Lyceum at Augusta, says, "We mean it as no idle compliment when we say, that but few of the Lecturers before our Lyceum have succeeded in throwing such a charm as well around their audience as their subject."

The Anglo Saxon blood of the audience was finely moved, not only by the sentiments, but by the rich Anglo Saxon manner of the speaker. A crowded house, by their hearty applause, must have "persuaded" the lecturer that his effort was well received.

The Rev. MR. THURSTON, of this place, has consented to give the fourth lecture, on Monday evening next.

HON. W. B. S. MOOR. A Washington correspondent of the Boston Post, in a letter of the 18th, says:—Mr. Moor, the new Senator from Maine, is expected to give his views on the Mexican question at no distant day. Mr. Moor is a gentleman of fine talents, and of affable and engaging manners. We do not see any reason why the Legislature of Maine should not extend the term of his service."

The Journal credits the above to the Bangor Mercury, and inquires, "Where's the bond?" What bond, brother Journal? No allusion to a certain bond that proved good for nothing, eh?

We are surprised that so many persons will suffer the pains and anguish of the toothache, when by stepping into Dr. KILBOURN'S room, and breathing the Chloroform, they can be relieved so easily. We sat down in his arm chair the other day, and after a few inhalations, began to go off in very much the same way as we have often dropped asleep in a summer afternoon by the side of a murmuring waterfall, with the pleasant noise of falling water lulling us to sleep. When we awoke, the Dr. presented us with something that looked like the tooth of a mastodon. We were expecting a molar, but this was a scholar, and we could hardly realize that it was our tooth, so perfectly free from pain and suffering had been the operation. Commend us to the Doctor for skill in these matters.

DENS SAPIENTIA.

"SAMUEL KNOX vs. WM. G. MILLER."

When we published the notice under this head, last week, we supposed we were meeting the expectations of both parties. Our columns could not otherwise have been given to aid private quarrel. We were mistaken in this. The recantation was given by the defendant, as the only resort to escape a vexatious lawsuit, and he probably did not expect to see it thrown before the public. Like most suits of the kind, this probably had its origin, in its legal form, in the indulgence of more or less vindictiveness; and the party that repented first, and most deeply, must have credit for a conquest over the other. We know nothing of the parties, and but little of the case; but in this quarrel, as in all quarrels, the greater the ignorance of the public in regard to the matter, the better for both sides. Legal politics, or pecuniary plasters seldom heal wounded reputation.—Turning the other cheek, is much better; indeed, as our grandmother used to say of her herb tea, "it is the most cooling and quieting thing in the world." Application to lawyers, in such cases, reminds us of Goldsmith's mad dog—

The man recovered of the bite, The dog it was that died.

If Mr. Miller was too fast in making the charge of "stealing," he did right in admitting it, however severe the task; and we could hardly presume, that, with such a certificate in his pocket, the clerical character of his opponent would need anything more; and it had it, only because we supposed both parties expected it.

GOLD PENS.—Who would think of writing with a plain goose-quill, or use a steel pen, after trying one of the beautiful gold pens sold by our neighbor Shurtleff, across the way?—We have tried them thoroughly—and though our readers may discover none of the advantages they give us, we certainly see an improvement in our penmanship. See his advertisement in another column, and go and try them. If you cannot get a bargain in pens, some other item of his nice variety of fancy articles will afford you a chance to "make something"—our word for it.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE SABBATH.—Among the rich things seen in our streets, we have one, peculiar to the Sabbath, which affords great delight to the b'hoys. The exhibition generally commences about the hour of "the church-going bell," and the scene changes as often as the congregation moves to and from church. The "drop scene," generally exhibits a snow storm, with deep drifts in the back ground. We need give but a single act, to have the thing understood. Act 2d opens with a cluster of horses, sleighs and drivers, all wedged in beautiful disorder at the church door, with an eager and pressing audience vainly striving to make their escape through the neighboring, prancing, floundering and kicking barrier that encloses them. This continues till every venerable grandmother of the waiting cargo has been safely stowed on board and "tucked up." But every act has two scenes; and scene 2d in this act commences with a furious charge of horses and sleighs upon the rear of the flying congregation, or such portion as hunger has given boldness to break through previous impediments. Now comes the sport—and let those who can, avoid the fate that awaits "the hindmost," and those who would be safe "take heed lest they fall." Away fly the multitude!—away go the horses!—"Clear the track!" says the cracking whip—"clear the track!" echoes the neighing horse—"clear the track!" cry the scampering multitude to each other, as they dodge this way and that, and tumble one over another into the snow!

And what of it? Has not young Jehu a right to show his skill in driving, at the risk of the neck and heels of father and grandfather?—or shall Bucephalus lose his training for the sake of the Sabbath?

What of it, young rascal!—if it were not

A TRAVELLING COMPANION. "From Rio Colorado we had been constantly followed by a large gray wolf. Every evening, as soon as we got into camp, he made his appearance, squatting quietly down at a little distance, and after we had turned in for the night, helping himself to any thing lying about. Our first acquaintance commenced on the prairie where I had killed the two antelopes, and the excellent dinner he then made, on the remains of the two carcasses, had evidently attached him to our society. In the morning, as soon as we left the camp, he took possession, and quickly ate up the remnants of our supper and some little extras I always took care to leave for him. Shortly after he would trot after us, and, if we halted for a short time to adjust the mule-packs or water the animals, he sat down quietly until we resumed our march. But when I killed an antelope, and was in the act of butchering it, he gravely looked on, or loomed round and round, licking his jaws, and in a state of evident self-gratulation. I had him twenty times a day within reach of my rifle, but he became such an old friend that I never dreamed of molesting him."—*Adventures in Mexico.*

AMERICAN SURGERY IN INDIA.—Dr. Scudder in the service of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, is taking high grounds at Madura, as a surgeon. He seems to be frequently performing operations that would rebound to his reputation in any country. In one of the latest communications, notice is taken of the removal of "about nine inches of thickened, hardened flesh, extending from the calf of the leg to the thigh, at a considerable distance above the knee." The patient was a boy. He amputated the limb of a young girl above the knee. A tumor was removed from above one of the eyelids of an interesting young girl, of twelve. An operation was also performed on the knee of a Tamil woman. Cataracts are common. He speaks frequently of applying nitric acid, to create a sore, externally—once in the case of a diseased hip, also of a diseased knee and a wrist. On another occasion, a tumor was taken out from the upper part of the back very large—being twenty-three inches in circumference. "Our surgical cases," he says, "multiply. Have had nine or ten new ones to-day, besides old cases. Operated for catarrh this morning. This afternoon, amputated a cancerous finger, at the upper joint; the other operations of the day have been of little importance. There were fifty people, or more, here this afternoon, at one time." "Through the kindness of one of my relatives in Baltimore, my daughters have a melodeon, and through the kindness of two ladies of Boston I have a lathe. These, with a small orrery, have excited a vast deal of curiosity."

With Dr. Parker at Canton, Dr. Scudder at Madura, and Dr. Winslow, (late of Nantucket), at the Sandwich Islands, the great republic of the new world bids fair to have its surgical skill satisfactorily represented in the old.—*Boston Medical Journal.*

GEN. TAYLOR.—We find in a notice of a Taylor meeting at Philadelphia, the following letter from Hon. Mr. Evans, of Maine:

Gentlemen—I am honored by your polite invitation to attend a public dinner to be given by the Whigs of Philadelphia on the 23d inst. I regret that I cannot attend. I am rejoiced to learn from your letter to me that, upon that occasion, you design to bring forward the name of Zachary Taylor as a candidate for the Presidency on the part of the Whigs. That design has my hearty approbation. The difference of the man, his under estimate of his abilities and capabilities, possess for me an inexpressible charm, and one that has enhanced, in my estimation, from its marked contrast to that fidelity of under appreciation that is displayed by so many public men at this time.

HORRIBLE! As the cars on Friday, from Fitchburg, Mass., to Athol, were approaching the crossing near Fitchburg, a horse and sleigh, with two ladies—the wife of Mr. Abram Osborn of Fitchburg, and her daughter, wife of Mr. Jacob Tolman of West Starling—passed the railroad, when the horse became frightened and backed the sleigh on to the track, by which both the ladies were thrown out in front of the engine, run over, and almost instantly killed! The train had been nearly stopped when they were run over.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH. We learn that a child of Mr. McCormick, near Brown's Corner, in Vassalboro, named Mary McCormick, eight years old, was burned to death on Saturday night, by her clothes taking fire. She attempted to take the tea kettle from over the fire in the place, when her cotton clothes were drawn into the blaze. A woman then in the house, whose name is Hammond, a widow, having no water at hand, seized the child to hurry her out of doors, where the breeze only increased the flames and communicated them to her own clothes. Their screams soon brought others to their relief, but too late to save the child, whose clothes were entirely burnt off. She died the next day. Mrs. Hammond was also badly burned that her recovery is doubtful.

In such cases, a bucket of water is the first recourse, if at hand; or the fire should be smothered by a woolen blanket, a rug, a carpet, or any thing convenient, and in all cases the person on fire should fall upon the floor and roll over and over; or in winter plunge as soon as possible into the snow. By no means stand upright and let the blaze rise up into the face. An upright posture is the one in which the flames will spread the most rapidly and burn most dangerously, besides the danger of breathing the flame into the lungs.

THE SCOTT AND WORTH QUARREL.—The true grounds of Gen. Worth's arrest, and those on which Gen. Scott has been temporarily suspended from command, have at length been published. They are to be found in a correspondence between the two veteran Generals, which commenced on the 13th of November last, in reference to a general Order reflecting severely on the authors of the famous Leonidas letters. On the appearance of this order, Gen. Worth immediately addressed a letter to Gen. Scott, telling him that the prevailing opinion of the army pointed to him (Gen. W.) as one of the officers alluded to in the order; and requesting Gen. Scott to tell him if he (Worth) was referred to in that order. Scott replied by saying that he referred to the authors, aides and abettors—he they who they might—of the Leonidas letters, and the summary of two letters published in the Washington Union.

This reply not being satisfactory to Gen. Worth, he addressed another letter to Gen. Scott, urging an explicit answer to the question proposed in his previous note. Scott declines to be more explicit, saying he had no positive evidence of the authors of the letters condemned in the order; if he had, he would arrest them immediately. Worth replies to Scott, and encloses an appeal to the President of the United States, against "the arbitrary and illegal conduct, the malice and gross injus-

ice of the General Officer, commanding-in-chief." This was met, on the part of Gen. Scott, by the immediate arrest of Gen. Worth, on the charge of "behaving with contempt and disrespect towards his commanding officer."

THE DUEL.—It was currently reported, some days since, that Mr. S. S. Prentiss, an eminent lawyer of New Orleans, had been killed in a duel with Mr. Irwin, the son of another eminent lawyer, whom (the father) Mr. Prentiss had attacked with gross and savage vituperation in a case before a jury.

The report was contradicted by the New Orleans papers, which said that the quarrel had been arranged. But a letter from Washington, in the Pennsylvania of this morning dated yesterday, declares that a duel was fought and that Mr. Prentiss was killed—giving all the particulars of place, names of the seconds, &c.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

FOREIGN NEWS. The Britannia arrived at Boston on Saturday morning, bringing Liverpool dates to the 12th ult., and London to the 11th. The price of Flour had declined. The quotations at Liverpool on the 12th, were for Western Canal Flour 27s a 27s 6d per bbl. New Orleans and Ohio 26s a 26s 6d.

The Money and Cotton market had slightly improved, as well as trade generally. The general news by this arrival, is not of striking interest. Parliament assembled on the 3d of February.

Let all who are afflicted with Asthma read the following letter.

Mr. Seth W. Fowler:—Sir, Having been afflicted for more than thirty years with the asthma, at times so severely as to incapacitate me from attendance to business, and having adopted many medicines without any but temporary relief, I purchased, about three years since, of Mr. Edward Mason, your agent in this city, several bottles of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, from the effects of which I obtained more relief than from all the medicine I had ever taken for that distressing disorder. I have by the repeated use of your valuable Balsam, been more free of pressure for breath, and oppression on the lungs, than I had anticipated, and indeed conceive myself cured of this most distressing malady.

I do most cheerfully tender you this acknowledgement which you will use as your judgement dictates.

Portland, March 26, 1846. C. D. MAYNARD. None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper. Price one dollar per bottle, or six bottles for five dollars.

For sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville, Wm. B. Snow and Co., Fairfield, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States. (33 2w.)

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES. Flour, bbl. \$7.75 a \$8.00; Corn, bush. \$0 a \$3; Rye \$1.17; Wheat, \$1.24; Oats, \$0.75; Butter, lb. \$4 a 17; Cheese, \$ a 10; Eggs, doz. \$12 cts; Pork, round hog, 7 to 8.

BRIGHTON MARKET. Thursday, Mar. 2.

At market, 345 Beef Cattle, about 800 Sheep and 500 swine. Beef Cattle—Extra quality, 6 62; first quality, 6 00 a 6 25; second do 5 a 5 75. Working Oxen—But few in market; prices from 80 to 110. Cows and Calves—Very few in market. 24 to 35. Sheep—Sales from 2 a 5 00. Swine—Wholesale 4 1-2c for Sows, 5c, for Bar rows Retail, 5 a 6 1-2.

MARRIAGES.

In Plymouth, on the 24th ult., by Rev. Mr. Thurston, Mr. George H. Thayer of Waterville, and Miss Ellen, daughter of Col. Dagmar, of Plymouth.

In this town, on Sunday last, by P. L. Chandler, Esq., Mr. James P. Gray, to Miss Ambrosia M., daughter of J. S. Craig, Esq.

In Sebastopol, on the 27th of Feb., by Charles Jewitt Esq. of Clinton, Mr. Harrison Taylor of Vassalboro and Miss Katherine Powell of Sebastopol.

DEATHS.

In this town on the 4th Jan., Mr. Lott Sturdevant, a soldier of the Revolution, aged 88 years and 6 months.

In this town on the 23d Feb., Mr. Sarah Barker, wife of Mr. Charles Barker, of consumption; aged 31 years.

In Sidney on the 27th ult., Charles M., son of E. W. and Paulina Blaisdell, aged 10 years and 6 months.

Advertisements.

NOTICE. I HAVE sold by my son, Andrew J. Chase, his time till 21 years of age, and shall claim none of his earnings nor pay any of his debts after this date. Waterville, Mar. 7th, 1848. ELIHU CHASE.

LEVI BROWN'S Premium Hard-pointed GOLD PEN.

Am. Institute, N. Y., Oct. 29, '46. PREMIUMS awarded to Mr. LEVI BROWN by the American Institute for Gold Pens. In 1840, A Silver Medal for Superior Gold Pens. In 1841, A Diploma for Gold Pens. In 1842, A Diploma for the Best Gold Pens. In 1843, A Diploma for the Best Gold Pens. In 1844, A Diploma for Superior Gold Pens. In 1845, A Silver Medal for the Best Gold Pens. In 1846, A Silver Medal for the Best Gold Pens.

This is to certify that the above is a true copy from the records of the Am. Institute. HENRY MEIGS, Sec. Sec. of the Am. Institute.

Do you wish to improve your hand writing? Do you wish to refresh your eyes for the next five years? Do you wish to avoid the vexatious corroding of Steel Pens? Are you troubled to procure good quills or Pen knives? Do you wish to write with ease and pleasure? Do you wish to have a beautiful pen in your hand? Do you wish to make an acceptable present to a friend? Does your eye sight fail, or your hand tremble, so that you are troubled in making a good Pen?

If you answer "Yes," to all or any of the above questions please call and examine Levi Brown's Genuine Premium Hard-pointed GOLD PENS—WARRANTED. Call on J. B. SHURTLEFF, Agent.

TICONIC BRIDGE.

PERSONS desirous of contracting to pass the Bridge by contract for one year from the 10th of April 1848, will leave their names at the Toll House on or before the 25th of March inst. Per order of Directors. Waterville, 17th March, 1848.

ROBES. B. C. R. Phillips's.

GLOVES. The best assortment of GLOVES in Waterville, to be found at C. R. PHILLIPS'S.

AT J. R. ELDEN'S,—One Door North of Boutelle's Block—May be found one of the best assortments of

W. India Goods, Groceries, CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE, That can be found on the Kennebec River.

J. R. E. has the agency of the BUCKFIELD and CAMDEN POWDER COMPANIES, and is prepared to sell at wholesale and retail. Waterville, Jan. 1, 1848. 24

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

CIRCULAR, Cross-cut and Mill Saws, for sale by W. C. DOW & CO.

Waterville Academy.

SPRING TERM.

THE SPRING TERM of this institution will begin on Monday, the 13th of Feb. under the direction of

JAMES H. HANSON, A. M., Principal, assisted by Miss ROSEAN F. HANSON, Preceptress, Miss SUSAN D. FIERCE, 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 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 design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are intending to occupy a high station, will find, in the Principal, one who, from long experience as a teacher of common schools, understands fully their wants, and will put forth every effort to supply them. The rapidly increasing patronage of the school affords sufficient evidence that an enlightened and discriminating public can and will appreciate the labors of faithful professional teachers.

Board, \$1.50 a week; Tuition from \$3.00 to \$5.00.—Drawing \$1.00, and Music \$6.00 extra.

STEPHEN STARK, Secretary of Board of Trustees. Waterville, Aug. 10, 1847.

KENNEBEC, AS—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 H. HASKELL.

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.

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

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 England, rendered it necessary to re-organize the General Agency there. This is therefore to certify, that the NEW ENGLAND BRANCH of the GRAEFENBERG COMPANY, is now established at No. 154 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., and is under the management of the Hon. E. C. Barnes is duly appointed Secretary of said Branch; and 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 Branch Secretary. No one is authorized to sell or dispense the Medicines without such certificate.

EDWARD BARTON, Secretary.

GRAEFENBERG MEDICINES. The undersigned is fully prepared to establish a GRAEFENBERG Dispensary in any town or village in New England (except the State of Connecticut and that portion of Vermont west of the Green Mountains), and also in the British Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. The undersigned is prepared to make either directly or by letter. As there will ordinarily be but one Depot in a town or village, the Agency will be very valuable.

The following is a list of the GRAEFENBERG VEGETABLE PILLS of which 30,000 boxes are sold each and every week. The following complaints yield with certainty to their power: Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Catarrhs of the Bladder, Dropsy, Erysipelas, Imperfect Digestion, Flatulency, Green Sickness, Headache, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Rheumatism, and various diseases of the Stomach. In all Chronic Cases, the medicines will 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 quartals 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 Eye this Lotion has no equal. For violent inflammation, weakness, or foreign substances in the eyes, it is an unerring 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 blood. Price 25 cents a package.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY article is INFALLIBLE, positively in Consumption, Bronchitis, and Bleeding at the Lungs. It is only sent as ordered at \$5 the cure. Consumptives should be sure of fitting in this article that which will not disappoint their hopes.

The *Græfenberg 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. Shurtleff, Waterville; Thos. Gray, Vassalboro; J. H. Sawyer, Northwick; Snell & Dinsmore, Madison; R. Collins, N. Anson; B. Smith 2d, Bingham; H. Percival, Solon; White & Norris, Skowhegan; C. Northall, Canaan; Thos. T. Leary, Fryeburg; O. W. Washburn & Co., China; Jeremiah Merrill, Sidney. J. B. SHURTLEFF, General Agent. 28 4w.

W. A. BURELIGH, M. D.

Operative Surgeon

PRACTISING PHYSICIAN, 23 WATERVILLE, ME.

Refers to JOHN HUBBARD, M. D., Hallowell. H. H. HILL, M. D., Augusta.

SCHOOL.

THE Spring Term of Miss SCRIBNER'S School will commence on Monday, 28th of Feb. Instruction will be given in the various English branches usually taught in Select Schools and Academies; also in the French Language, Drawing, and Painting. Tuition from \$1.00 to \$3.50. Waterville, Feb. 8th, 1848. 29 ft.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been appointed Administrator of the Estate of One DOOLITTLE, late of Waterville in the County of Kennebec, deceased, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having claims 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. 29 3w.

COPARTNERSHIP.

THE Subscribers, having formed a connection in business, under the firm of SNOWY & WATERS, would 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.

Waterville, Feb. 1st, 1848. D. SHOREY. C. H. WATERS.

HATS & CAPS. OF all kinds, cheap at Phillips's, No. 1, Pray's Building. 23-Dec. 30.

1000 LBS. BATTING for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

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

IRON AND STEEL.

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

MONEY WANTED!

RARE OPPORTUNITY FOR GREAT BARGAINS!

E. L. SMITH, At his Old Stand, No. 1 Ticonic Row,

WISHING to turn his present stock of **W. I. GOODS, GROCERIES, and PROVISIONS,** into Cash, between this and the first of May, offers to purchasers, at wholesale or retail, until that time, better bargains than they can obtain at any other place in Waterville.

People wishing to buy Goods in his line, will find it for their interest to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Do not mistake the No. 1 Ticonic Row. Waterville, March 1, 1848. 32

THE DAILY AND WEEKLY CHRONOTYPE.

EDITED BY ELIZUR WRIGHT. Published by White Potter & Wright, 15 State st., Boston.

TERMS—DAILY ONE CENT, each number. For any sum forwarded to the publishers free of expense, they will send the paper at that rate till the money is exhausted. WEEKLY—Two dollars in advance, or for any shorter time at the same rate. For five dollars, three copies will be sent for one year.

This publication is made in the finest style of newspaper typography. It is independent of all sects, parties, or cliques, expressing freely the views of its editor, and of such correspondents as he thinks proper to admit on all subjects of human interest.

It advocates equality of human rights, and the abolition of slavery, through land reform, cheap postage, abstention from intoxicating drinks, exemption of temperance men from taxes to repair the damages of drinking, a reform in writing and spelling the English language, the abolition of capital punishment, universal and kindly toleration of all life and health insurance, without the working men's protective unions, and all other practical forms of association for mutual aid and generally, Progress.

It also gives the news from all parts of the country in the most condensed and intelligible style.

CONSUMPTION CURED!

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE,



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

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

The astonishing success of the Hungarian Balsam, in the cure of every form of Consumption, warrants the American Agent in soliciting for treatment the *Poor People* cases that can be found in the community—cases that seek relief in vain from any of the common remedies of the day, and have been given up by the most distinguished Physicians as *Confirmed and Incurable*.

The Hungarian Balsam has cured, and will cure, the most desperate cases. It is not a quick nostrum, but a standard English Medicine, of known and established efficacy.

TO THE CONSUMPTIVE. Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchanan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendency of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Coughs, Croup, Pitting of Blood, Pain in the Side and Chest, Irritation and Soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarse Voice, Night Sweats, Emaciation and General Debility, Asthma, Influenza, Hooping Cough, and Croup.

In case of actual disease of the lungs, or seated Consumption, it is the *ONLY SOURCE OF HOPE*. Sold by McDonald & Smith, Sole Agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent Street, London. In bottles and Cases, at the Dispensary, 13, Old Bailey, London. By Special Appointment, DAVID F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., Sole Agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American prices, \$1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of Health. Pamphlets, containing a mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unqualified merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the Agents, gratis.

None genuine without the written signature of the American Agent, near the corner of the City Hall, to counterfeit which is forfeited a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forfeited a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forfeited a gold and bronze label.

AGENTS.—Waterville, C. R. PHILLIPS; Northwick, Wood, Blunt & Turner; Skowhegan, White & Norris; Canaan, Thos. T. Leary; Collierville, Collins & Foster; J. W. Perkins; Augusta, J. E. Ladd; and by the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England. 1-1y

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 content, variety, universal popularity, and genuine mirth-provoking humorous merit; and though it cannot boast of 'India Rubber Expansiveness' of the blank sheet, yet as 'good articles generally come in small packages,' and as people are often pressed for time, it cannot be too highly recommended. It is a worthy of the attention and generous patronage of the most discerning public.

Concentration, condensation, and brevity are the grand characteristics of this great work, and the Galaxian, partaking largely of these peculiarities, condenses a vast quantity of matter into the biggest possible space. Thus those who may make the size of the Galaxian an objection, are not only right, but look not to its real latitude and longitude. Were the Galaxian the size of a cellar door, we might be as dull and prosy as numberless compilations of the present day yelped 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 contemporaries? Are the 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.

Consistent with the spirit of the age, stored with a spice of good humored anecdote, ever ready at a hint, relieved by a dash of sentiment and sweet poetry and romance, we look upon the Galaxian as a real and becoming time-keeper of the leading journals of the country.

Lovers of genuine, unforced fun, wit and humor, you cannot subscribe for a better paper than *PAUL'S WEEKLY GALAXY*. It is a real and becoming time-keeper, drive away the gloomy hovering shadows of care, dispel the fumes of sadness, and clear away the cobwebs of the brain.

Hypochondriacs, if you would enjoy true health and unalloyed pleasure, take the Galaxian. It is better than the nostrum of any empiric, and never fails to promote health by inspiring wholesome laughter, good humor, and mirth. Throw away your bottles and pill boxes, pursue the Galaxian every week, and you will be wiser and better men.

HEADS OF FAMILIES!—If you would subscribe for a cheap, valuable and popular weekly, look at the Galaxian. It is just what you want. Its contents are innocent, humorous and entertaining; and of a quiet evening, when sitting by your fireside, surrounded by all you hold most dear, you can enjoy the pleasant chat of the city, with a wholesome glow that knows no drawback.

LIST OF ALL CLASSES.—For the purpose of securing the Galaxian to a natural ground where you can all meet with pleasure unalloyed with anything that can annoy or give pain. Merchants, as you emerge from the shadowy gloom of your counting-house, and as you look for an hour's entertainment with more certainty of enjoyment, than in the perusal of the Galaxian. Lovely bells, as you sit in your boudoir, surrounded by beautiful objects, and sweet singing birds, can you look upon any of them with more delight than you look upon the pages of the Galaxian. 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 Galaxian? Mechanics, when your daily toil is over, do you not hunt up the Galaxian with eager delight?

Every year subscribe to the Galaxian will be presented with a copy of "The Village Sonnetist," a thrilling romance, by one of our most admired authors. It will be forwarded by mail immediately on the

