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Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

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

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1848.

NO. 40.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, IN WINGATE'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, (Opposite Dow & Co.'s Store.)

TERMS.

If paid in advance, or within one month,	\$1.50
If paid within six months,	1.75
If paid within the year,	2.00

Country Produce received in payment.

Miscellaneous

We copy the following interesting historical sketch from Godey's Lady's Book. It is an extract from a work by O. J. Peterson, entitled "Military Heroes of the United States," now in press in Philadelphia.

BATTLE OF PRINCETON.

DEATH OF GEN. MERCER.

When, after the battle of Assumpink, it was resolved, in the celebrated midnight consultation at the tent of St. Clair, to march on Princeton, and afterwards, if possible, on Brunswick, to Mercer was committed the important command of the advanced guard. The little army that now began its march was but the skeleton of what it had been but a few months before. The regiment of Smallwood, composed of the flower of the Maryland youth, which had gone into battle at Long Island over one thousand strong, was reduced to sixty men; and, indeed, nearly the whole of Washington's force was composed of the Pennsylvania militia and volunteers, to whom belongs, in a great measure, the honor of saving the country in that crisis.

The night was dark, calm and cold; and as the army left their burning watch-fires and plunged into the gloom, many a heart beat uneasily for the success of Washington's bold stratagem. The troops took the lower road for Sandtown, and about day-break reached Stony Brook, at the distance of rather more than a mile and a quarter from the college at Princeton. A brigade of the enemy was known to be in the town, and to intercept its retreat, as well as to cover his own rear from Cornwallis. Washington dispatched General Mercer, with a detachment of three hundred and fifty men, along the brook, to seize the bridge on the old Trenton road. It happened that Lieutenant-Colonel Mawhood, at the head of the 17th British regiment, had just crossed this bridge on his way to join Cornwallis, but discovering the approach of the Americans, he retraced his steps and hastened to seize a rising ground, not quite five hundred yards distant. Mercer, on his part, pressed forward as eagerly to gain the elevation first; and, availing himself of a diagonal course through an orchard, anticipated the enemy about forty paces.

The sun had just risen, and the hour frost bespangled the twigs, the blades of grass, everything around; never, perhaps, was there a more lovely scene than the one so soon to be ensanguined by mortal strife. Advancing to a worn fence, Mercer ranged his men along it and ordered them to fire. The British replied, and instantly charged. It was a gallant sight, as their adversaries confessed, to see those splendid veterans advancing through the smoke, their arms glistening, their bayonets in an unbroken line, and their tramp as steady as on a parade. The enemy were comparatively fresh; the Americans were exhausted by eighteen hours of fighting and marching, and moreover, were only armed with rifles; yet they stood until the third day, when, seeing the bayonets of the British bristling close at hand, they turned and fled. The ardent and heroic soul of Mercer could not endure this spectacle. At first he tried to rally his men, but this was impossible; and in a few seconds he found himself deserted in the rear. Dismaying to fly, he turned on the foe. At this instant a blow from a musket brought him to the ground. He was immediately surrounded by the British soldiery, who bayoneted him as he lay; but, like a wounded lion, defiant to the last, Mercer continued to lounge at his enemies. "Call for quarters, you rebel," and "We have got the rebel General," were the cries of the soldiery in this melee, each word being accompanied by a new bayonet stroke. But still the wounded man fought on, his indignation repelling in words the charge of rebellion. Alone, amid his many foes, he maintained the unequal strife. At last, fainting from loss of blood, he sank back to all appearance dead. With an oath at his heroic obstinacy, and, perhaps, a last thrust of the bayonet, his assailants now left him and hurried to regain their companions engaged in pursuit of the flying foe.

At the first sound of the firing, Washington directed the Pennsylvania militia to advance, with two pieces of artillery, to Mercer's support. As he hurried forward, his heart was wrung to behold Mercer's troops flying towards him. The Pennsylvania militia, too, showed signs of wavering, but Washington dashed into their ranks, and, seizing the colors, galloped ahead, waving them aloft, and calling on the fugitives to rally and follow him to meet the foe. There was a look of momentary terror at the enemy, a glance of enthusiasm at their leader, and then, with a cheer, they halted, formed into line again, and leveled their arms. At this show of resistance, the British column stopped, like a well-trained courier checked in full career;—the order to dress the line was distinctly heard, and a long line of leveled muskets flashed back the morning sunbeams. There was a deathlike pause. The commander-in-chief stood still in the foreground, half way between the two armies, his tall form conspicuous against the opposite horizon. His death seemed inevitable. The pause was but for a second. The house command to fire echoed from the British line, and the whole of that glittering front was a sheet of flame; while, at the same moment, the two field-pieces of their adversaries hurled on the royal flank their tempests of grape. Now followed an agony of suspense in the American ranks, until the smoke, lifting from the intervening space, disclosed the form of their leader, still towering unharmed. At this, a shout burst from the militia, and, with one common impulse of enthusiasm, they advanced to the charge. But the enemy, satisfied with his reception, gave way, leaving his artillery behind him. The cheers of victory now redoubled along the line. Washington, around whom his friends had pressed to grasp his hand, which some did with tears, yielded an instant to the affectionate pressure, and then exclaimed, with a brightening face, "Away, and bring up the troops—the day is our own!"

The Americans now continued their march towards Princeton, where the 55th and 40th regiments of the enemy were posted. These made some resistance at a deep ravine, not far south of the village, and also at the college, in which they took refuge at the approach of the victors. The struggle here, however, was soon over. In this battle about one hundred of the British were killed, and nearly three hundred taken prisoners. On the part of the Americans the loss was slight, at least in numbers; but in no battle during the war did so many men of talents and usefulness lose their lives. Colonels Potter and Haslet, Major Anthony Morris, and Captains Fleming, Neal and Shippen, all officers of ability, were among the slain in this sanguinary struggle.

After the retreat of the enemy, the wounded Mercer was found weltering in his blood, and assisted into a house, which stood a few rods from the place where he fell. The first information that Washington received respecting his old companion in arms, was that he had perished on the field; and a false story was propagated through the army, which is still perpetuated in many popular works, that he had been bayoneted after soliciting quarter. On the march to Morristown, however, the commander-in-chief, hearing that Mercer survived, deputed Major George Lewis, his own nephew, with a flag and letter to Lord Cornwallis, requesting that the bearer might be allowed to remain with the wounded general, and tend him during his illness. Cornwallis, who was rarely wanting in courtesy, not only acceded to this, but sent his own surgeon to wait on the sufferer. This gentleman at first held out hopes to his patient, that the wounds, although many and severe, would not be mortal. But Mercer, who had been an army-surgeon himself, shook his head with a faint smile, and addressing young Lewis, said:—"Raise my right arm, George, and this gentleman will then discern the smallest of my wounds, but which will prove the most fatal. Yes, sir, that is a fellow that will soon do my business." His words proved prophetic: he languished until the 12th and then expired. He died far from his family, and in the house of a stranger; yet one thought cheered him to the last—it was that he perished in the cause of freedom.

The death bed of Mercer was attended by two females, of the society of Friends, who, like messengers from heaven, smoothed his pillow and cheered his declining hours. They inhabited the house to which he was carried, and refusing to fly during the battle, were there when he was brought, wounded and dying, to the threshold. History has scarcely done justice to the women of the Revolution. They whose relatives were embarked in the contest, were the prey of constant anxieties, and had to endure privations such as we would now shudder even to record. Death continually removed some brother, or parent, or husband. The few who were restrained by religious scruples from an active participation in the war, like the peaceful females who watched by Mercer's dying bed, still had their warmest sympathies enlisted for a suffering country, and were forced, in common with others, to submit to many sacrifices, the result of the disordered condition of affairs. The women of the Revolution were more generally true to the cause of freedom than were the other sex. They endured in silence and without complaint. Let us pay this tardy tribute to the patriotism of those immortal females.

Nearly seventy years after Mercer's death, his heroism and untimely fate were brought vividly before the minds of the present generation, by a ceremony as impressive as it was merited. We allude to the removal of his remains from Christ church graveyard, in Philadelphia, to the cemetery on Laurel Hill, where a monument had been prepared for him. The coffin, covered with a pall, was borne through the streets of Philadelphia, in military procession, and with the wail of martial music. The side-walks were lined with uncovered spectators, one common sentiment of awe and reverence pervading the vast crowd as it thus stood face to face, as it were, with a martyr of the Revolution!

TAKING A RIGHT STAND.

"The way is, my boy, the way to do is, take your stand right in the first place."

"And stand by your stand," added Richard. "Just so!" and the sad expression of grandfather's face for a moment passed away to one of pleased approbation, as he looked down on the yellow-haired boy at his feet. "Just so! you know the little brook yonder; the old man nodded his head towards it, 'you know the brook!'"

"Yes, sir," answered Richard briskly, jumping up on his feet, for he knew the little brook and loved it too; he thought it was a queer question. "Yes, sir, I know the brook, well enough."

"Fast and quick!" exclaimed Richard, going and looking over into the gully.

"Easy enough, don't it? down, down!"

"Yes, sir, it rather goes than not; it skips along from stone to stone, and Richard smiled over the brook, carrying every thing along with it, except now and then a great stone stops it."

Grandfather left his bench, and walked up to the brink of the gully.

"You see that rock there," he pointed to one with his staff.

"O yes, that is the great one, that if it comes and dashes and splashes ever so much, maddening and soiling as you know how it does after the rain, grandfather, carrying all the little rocks over it, that one never moves—that rock won't! It won't budge anyhow! and I don't believe all the rains in the world can make it." And Richard looked up very decidedly.

Grandfather had heard the children talk about it before; when they used to run and see what changes the rains had made in the gully.

"That rock seems to have taken a stand, don't it, Richard?"

"Yes, sir," answered he, looking up into his grandfather's face, "yes, sir, it's taken a stand, hasn't it?—and won't be moved—taken a stand!" repeated Richard, his eye glistening as if a new thought had struck him.

"It has, has it not, Richard?" again asked the grandfather.

"Yes, sir, it has, I am sure it has, and nothing will move it!"

"Just so! I want you to stand, my boy—firm as that rock; doing wrong will carry you down fast and easy, just like the waters, down down! and if you don't want to be carried down you must take a stand just like that rock—take a stand and keep it, and grandfather

brought his cane firmly down upon the gravel, "if Michal had done so, he would not be where he now is—no, no!" and grandfather sighed, "no, no!"

Richard looked down with intense interest upon that rock; "it's taken a stand!" repeated the boy, "just as I must, and if the waters come ever so much, it won't move, so I must take a right stand, and keep it; and he never, perhaps, watched the boiling, scurrying brook with such eagerness; as he looked he was almost afraid it would go; no, there it stood, as if it neither heard nor felt their gurgling or their pushing—"Mrs. Knight.

"VOTE YOURSELF A FARM."

OR, THE PERCH AND THE EEL—A FABLE: Wherein is shown the brilliant career and sad catastrophe of a liberal-minded Perch, who voted himself a Farm.

BY FIDELIUS BATHOS.

In a little pool at the foot of a ruined dam once lived an eel. Like all his tribe, he was a slippery rogue, and had managed by his skillful conduct and suppleness to acquire into the dignity of protector, to the commonwealth of fishes—he was the only eel there—among whom fate had spawned him. He was a noble fellow; proud of his position, yet generous to his inferiors; agile and nimble in his deportment; of quick judgment and rapid decision; seizing every advantage, and appropriating to himself for the benefit of his constituents, of course, every good thing that came in his way. Indeed, so completely identified with their welfare were all his interests, that he either forgot himself or them in his beneficent arrangements, and in perfect singleness of heart made himself of use to the recipient and exponent of whatever was desirable and wise—the type and symbol of the profit and usefulness and pride of the dominion he represented. The little fishes loved him because they feared him; they respected him because they envied him; they sustained him because he had every thing in his power and sustained himself.

While this happy state of affairs existed, an adventurous perch, who had become tired of the quiet life he had long enjoyed far up the stream, lolling lazily in the gentle current, suffered himself to be carried down to the dam, and looking over the precipice he espied the lovely grottoes of the eels abode. Thinking it a nice place, he "just dropped in," with his golden scales and glittering scales sparkling and flashing in the brilliant sunshine, dazzling with his splendid glories the timid denizens of the pool, and with a brisk wriggling of his vigorous tail, bade them "Good day."

The five-legs who were flitting about on the surface of the water, alarmed at the intrusion, instantly fled the presence. The little fishes, startled at the appearance of so important a visitor unannounced, hid themselves amid the grass and pebbles at the bottom of the pool. Even the protector was taken by surprise, and compelled to squeeze himself between the angles of two jutting rocks, and kink his slimy length into a score of knots and untie them again, before he could recover his self-possession.

At length the well-bred perch, smiling, sidled up to the eel, and congratulated him upon his happy home. The eel, with much dignity, yet rather coldly, accepted the compliment. Although somewhat suspicious of his uninvited guest, he was naturally hospitable, and could do no less than be civil and courteous. With the perch in his wake, he called his people forth from their concealment, and presented them to the new-comer. The perch made himself quite at home, and soon dispelled by his frankness and off-hand deportment, all fear and doubt from the minds of his new comrades. The eel was somewhat slow to be gained over, but the diplomacy of the perch was successful, and he speedily made himself a favorite, especially with the little fishes. They were charming little fellows to be sure, plump, fat, shiny, and cheerful; jovous company for a brisk, boisterous perch.

The perch, with all his forwardness, was a fish of some susceptibility; nevertheless, and the kindness of his little neighbors soon won his heart. By and by, as he became better acquainted with them, he loved them very much. He selected his favorites, for he was an intelligent perch, from the choicest schools, and sported and gambled with them in the most heartiest cordiality. He would chase them through the still waters, and play hide-and-seek in the crevices of the shattered dam. Daily he would take to his bosom five or six of the darlings of the pool, who became so much attached to him, that they would never leave him; indeed, they became bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh; friends that stick closer than a brother. The noble eel looked on for a time in quiescence. He did not envy the social qualities of the perch, but there was something of a mystery about him that was unfathomable. He could not comprehend why his little people became so suddenly weaned from himself, and took such special pains to keep out of his sight. He imagined his population decreased in numbers, yet he could not account for his fancy; as there was no sickness among them. Had any left the pool for other depths, he should have observed their departure. He was mystified, puzzled, and annoyed.

Day after day the fishes vanished, but he could get no clue to their whereabouts. Once, it is true, he thought he saw the tail of a shiner glistening within the gills of a perch; but he gave the matter no particular attention at the time, so uncertain was he that he saw anything at all, and it was easy to be mistaken. The number that disappeared soon became so alarming that he conceived it would be no harm to mention the matter to the perch, who had all along professed great friendship. The pool had now become nearly desolate. The perch, who had thriven well and grown extremely saucy by reason thereof, affected to be very indifferent, when the suspicion was intimated to him by the eel. He could not for a moment brook the idea that he had done any wrong. If the interests of the other fishes had been swallowed up in his, could he be blamed? He certainly thought not. He had done no more than what was his right, and was in every respect proper. He had the example of the world before him, and he would have been a very odd fellow to have done otherwise; and to sum up all, he told the eel he thought him the greatest fool he had ever seen in his life. This was too comprehensive a remark to be very pleasing to the protector, and altogether too dangerous an instance of ingratitude to be submitted to.

Thus differing, the eel and the perch, un-

ble to settle the affair satisfactorily, kept on jangling as vigorously as they were able. The eel could not console his injured dignity without some reparation, while the perch still contended that he could make no apology where he had done no wrong. Under the same circumstances, he insisted, it would be his duty to repeat his course of conduct, and so long as he had a maw, he should use every endeavor and compass every end to fill it.

Thus argued they, the perch audaciously wagging his tail the while, and chuckling in his gills at his bravado while the eel, when he perceived something gradually sinking into the pool, squirming as it went down, while a boy standing upon the bank looked earnestly after it as if it were something he had dropped. The perch eyed it a moment as it twisted about in the water, and willing to carry out what he had just been preaching to the eel, and at the same time secure a nice morsel, leaped like a flash at the innocent squirm, and—went home with the boy to supper.—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

THE REVOLUTION IN BERLIN.

The following extracts from a letter published in the Derby (Ch.) Journal, give a more vivid description of the revolutionary events in Berlin, than we have elsewhere seen. The letter is from an American gentleman in Berlin:

BERLIN, March 19, 1848.

How shall I describe to you the events which have just taken place—the scenes of which I have been a witness? The past night has been one of the most appalling I have ever passed through, and may I never know such another.

During the whole night has been heard the firing and cannonading of 30,000 troops, upon an almost defenceless people. What slaughter—what carnage have the past twelve hours witnessed! The rattle of musketry, the thunder of cannons, the yells of an infuriated people, the trampling of soldiers and horses, the clash of arms, the clatter of tiles and chimneys thrown upon the heads of the soldiers, the lurid light of fires burning up barracks and buildings in various portions of the city, have all joined in producing an effect too terrific to be described.

For the last five days the city has been very quiet, and for the last fourteen have the troops been almost continually under arms, and I presume that for the last sixty hours, not a soldier has had any more sleep than could be got resting on his arms in the streets.

The disquiet now prevailing throughout Europe had operated here as elsewhere, and been the cause of the suspension of the works of many manufactories, &c., the workmen of which were consequently out of employ. A meeting of the people took place on the evening of Monday, the 13th, for the purpose of adopting an address to the King, asking for the reforms already granted to many of the States of Germany. While quietly assembled they were commanded by the military to disperse, and after leaving the place of meeting the crowd was charged upon by the cavalry, and many were wounded and some killed. On Tuesday the same scenes were repeated; the unarmed people were charged upon repeatedly by the soldiers, and for no other reason than because they collected in the streets in crowds, regarding curiously the military, which in strong force was posted at all the principal points of the city. Some of our American students here had narrow escapes. Some, especially, who were returning from our Minister's, one of whom had his scalp torn from his head by a sabre cut, and one or two others got in a very dangerous proximity to sabres, as the cut hat of one, and bloody coat of another testified. Their only offence was passing, on their way home, through the crowd, which was charged upon while they were in the midst of it.

On Wednesday evening crowds of people, principally of the lower classes, surrounded the palace. The addresses to the King had produced no result. A citizen made a speech to the people, exhorting them to go home and be peaceable. "We are peaceable," replied they, "but we have no work; we have no bread, and why should we go home and starve?" Two Regiments of Cavalry suddenly charged into the square where this dense mass of people were assembled. The scene was a dreadful one; the people were penned up, without arms, and indeed attempted no defence, but were pursued and cut down by the dragoons, with a savage ferocity and relentlessness. This charge was followed by a volley of musketry from some companies of infantry, and the number of killed and wounded must have been considerable.

Thursday was an exciting day. The streets were filled with military, and the people assembled in crowds; shops were closed, and proclamations from the President of Police posted up forbidding more than twenty persons to assemble together, and saying that any crowd not dispersing upon the beat of a drum or blast of a trumpet, would be fired upon; directing all good citizens to keep in their houses, and all doors to be closed and locked by eight o'clock. On one occasion the officers at the watch-house called out to the crowd to disperse, and while they were doing so, gave the order to fire, and several respectable citizens were shot in the street, beside some in the windows of the shops. Among the dead was a girl of 17. The burghers and citizens demanded arms, and said they would be responsible for the peace of the city if the military were sent away. Their request was refused.

On Friday came the news of the Revolution in Vienna, and the dismissal of Metternich. A deputation of 17 persons also came from the Rhine provinces, demanding, rather than asking, from the King the dismissal of Ministers and the reforms already mentioned as being granted in many States. They had that evening an audience with the King.

The citizens formed themselves to the number (it was said) of 10,000 joined by many of the students, into a police for the preservation of order. The soldiers were partially removed from the squares and street, and the city was quiet. But the calm was only that preceding a tempest. The delegation from the Rhine provinces pressed their demands and told the King that unless they were granted by 6 o'clock, they had no longer any possessions on the Rhine. The citizens who had been acting as police, assembled with others of the people, by thousands, demanding arms, and the sending away of the soldiers. Proclamations from the King, promising to convoke the Diet on the 4th of April, and to grant freedom of the press, had been posted up, and these the people were hooting and tearing down. The Delegation

received an answer from the King, saying the Diet should meet on the 2d of April with powers to decide on the great questions of the day, and granting immediate and full freedom of the press. He addressed the crowds from the balcony of the palace, calling them his dear and faithful citizens, and telling them what he had done for them. They made an immense tumult. Some said they were cheering, and some that they were hooting. The King motioned with his hand toward the crowd, and suddenly there was a discharge of musketry.

This spark lighted the flame, and from the discharge of those muskets, which the King affirms in his proclamations to have been accidental, may the terrible events of the following night be ascribed. The news of another attack by the troops upon the people, spread like wild fire. The streets were filled, and barricades were everywhere formed as if by magic. Regiment after regiment came pouring into the Platz in quick time, and regiments of horse at full gallop, with the artillery. It was a fearful sight. Six or seven thousand soldiers assembled, waiting but for the word to commence the work of death. Proclamations from the King, granting freedom, and saying he desired the reforms demanded, and the Diet should act upon them on the 2d of April, and showing that he had yielded every thing; but the people cried out it was too late, that they had been betrayed, and all assurances about a misunderstanding were hooted at. The whole city was soon a scene of the utmost excitement.

The first attack of importance was made under my window. The people drove off some of the cavalry, throwing glass bottles to prevent their working effectually, and waiting behind their barricades the approach of the infantry. Their barricades were, however, soon carried away, and then there was some sharp fighting between the soldiers and the people. Some soldiers were ordered to shoot at every window from which a missile was thrown; they had hardly left the ranks before paving-stones and tiles rained down upon them, and some shots were fired from the windows. I saw two men who were running from the soldiers shot down most wantonly. The fight was smartly sustained. I saw from an immense barricade columns of infantry, a battalion (800 men) at a time, repulsed three times. The firing was incessant and terrific during the night; at 7 came an officer under my window, with a paper in his hand, which he read to the crowd which gathered around him. It was an address from the King to his "dear and faithful Berliners," as he called them, begging them to be quiet, saying the disturbances had all arisen from a misunderstanding, which he explained.

Soon I heard another proclamation, promising to send the military away and give arms to the people; and soon another proclaiming his change of Ministers.

The city now seemed quiet, and I took a walk through the principal points of attack. The scene is not to be described. Here were soldiers, bloody and smoke-begrimed, completely exhausted, lying on the ground haggard and care-worn; pools of blood, dead horses, demolished houses and barricades were everywhere to be seen. Litters carrying away the dead and wounded were continually passing by; some people were busily at work erecting barricades, with every possible variety of weapons. Armouries and grain stores had been broken open, and their contents distributed among the people; some oil casks that had served for barricades had been famously tapped by bullets and grape shot, and the women and children were scooping it up from the gutters. I saw in one place eighteen dead bodies, some of them horribly cut and disfigured.

Towards noon the military commenced leaving the streets; the people had gained the day. At noon the Arsenal was opened and arms were given to the citizens. The changing of the soldiers at the palace of the King and the Prince of Prussia, for Burgher guards, was a most inspiring sight; the people cheered by thousands as the liveried vassals of Royalty were exchanged for plain citizens. In one of the rooms of the palace were laid out the dead bodies for recognition; another room was converted into a hospital. In a neighboring church I saw twenty-two dead bodies stretched out under the altar.

Monday, 20th.—The city is now in its usual state of quietness, and nothing gives evidence of the terrible scenes of yesterday and the day before, except that the people are busy in some streets removing the remnants of barricades, &c., and that some houses are destroyed, others injured, and at least half the windows in the city demolished; and the paving and flagging stones are uprooted in all directions. It is said that 600 soldiers and 64 officers have been killed and wounded; 48 of the officers have died, and many of the wounded in the hospitals and elsewhere, are in a most desperate condition. At almost every corner are receptacles for aid for the wounded and bereaved families; and many of them containing quantities of money are left unguarded.

I saw to-day a picture of the Prince of Prussia posted on a wall with the inscription—"Every good citizen spit on this!" He was a special mark for the citizens, and it is said his clothes were three times touched with bullets.

SALARIES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, &c.

The following are the annual sums allowed from the public money to her Majesty, the different branches of the royal family, and for the support of the royal household, or officers of state.—The Queen, her Majesty's private purse, besides Buckingham Palace, St. James's Palace, Windsor Castle, and the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, £60,000; salaries of the great officers of the royal household and officers of state, and of the establishments of the various departments of the household, including retired and superannuation allowances to old servants in those departments, 131,280; expenses of the household in the departments of the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Steward, Master of the Horse, and Mistress of the Robes, 172,500; royal bounties and charities, and special services, &c., 22,000; pensions, 7,500; unappropriated money, 8,040; total, £470,000. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, consort of her Majesty, being his private purse for services, and other offices, 40,000; Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, now King of Hanover, with New Palace, 21,000; his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, 4,000; Princess Augusta Caroline, his sister, married June 25, 1824, to the Royal Highness Frederick William, Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, 50,000; her Royal Highness Princess Mary,

Duchess of Gloucester, relict of the late Duke of Gloucester, 13,000; her Royal Highness Princess Sophia, with Greenwich Palace and Park, 13,000; the trustees of his Majesty Leopold, King of the Belgians, as widower of her late Royal Highness Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., with Claremont Palace, 50,000; her Majesty Adelaide, the Queen Dowager, relict of King William IV., beside the Royal Manor and Palace of Hampton Court, the park and domains of Bushy, and also Marlborough House in Pall-mall, two parks and three royal palaces, 100,000; her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, mother of her Majesty, with Frogmore Lodge, Windsor, 32,000; the Duchess of Inverness, relict of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, 10,000 per annum, with Kensington Palace.

Lord Chamberlain's Establishment.—The Lord Chamberlain, £2000; Vice Chamberlain, 924; eight Lords in Waiting, 58,186; eight Grooms in Waiting, 2,635; first Lady of the Bedchamber, Mistress of the Robes, 500; seven Ladies ditto, 3,500; eight Maids of Honor, 2,400; corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, 5,123; corps of Yeomen of the Guard, 7,150; Order of the Bath, 419; Kings and Heralds-at-Arms, beside fees, 355; Sergeant-at-Arms, beside fees, 1,556; chaplains and preachers, 1,236; medical establishment, 2,705; gentlemen ushers, grooms, pages, &c., 7,576; Master of Music and Band, 1,916; officers of furniture, 500; barge-masters and watermen, 400; comptroller of accounts, clerks, and messengers in the Lord Chamberlain's office, 3,110; governor and Lieutenant-governor of Windsor Castle, 1,295; retired and superannuation allowances, 7,580.

Lord Steward's Establishment.—The Lord Steward, £2,000; treasurer, 904; comptroller, 904; Master of the Household, 1,158; secretary, paymaster of the household, clerks, office keepers and messengers, 2,920; Ranger of Windsor Home Park, his Royal Highness Prince Albert, 500; allowances in lieu of table money, 1,676; domestic servants in the swry, and wine cellars, clerk of the kitchen's office, kitchen's confectionary, pastry, table-deckers, &c., 9,938; knights, marshals, marshal men, &c., 1,224; chaplains, 3,355; superannuations and bounties, 6,365.

Master of the Horse's Establishment.—Master of the Horse, £2,500; chief equerry, 8,000; chief marshal, 1,000; four equeries, 8,000; four pages of honor, 460; secretary and clerks of stables, 1,500; inspector and veterinary surgeon, 600; equerry of the crown stables, 445; Master of the Buckhounds, 1,700; coachmen, grooms, footmen, &c., 12,563; superannuation allowances, 2,766. The above is exclusive of the household of his Royal Highness Prince Albert.—English paper.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF RAILROADS.

The idea of railroads is centuries old; and was practically adopted in England as early as 1667, when wooden wheelways were in use to facilitate the transport of coal from the collieries to shipping places. As early as the middle of the last century, such improvements had been made in the construction of railroad tracks, as to bring them, in respect to science, almost to their present condition! The following was then—say a hundred years ago—the mode of constructing a railway or tramroad!—The road having been rendered as nearly level throughout as possible, rough wooden logs, called sleepers, about six feet long, were laid down transversely, about three feet apart. On these sleepers wooden rails were laid and pegged down, so as to form a wheelway or track about four feet wide. The wheels of the wagons design to run upon the road, were provided with a flange, so as to keep them from running off the rails.

The earliest account we have of iron rails is 1767, when the wooden rails were covered with flat iron plates, like what we now call the snake-head rails. The first experiment of this kind was made at Colebrook iron-works in England, and was so successful, that in a very few years afterwards, rails wholly of cast-iron were introduced. The edge-rail was first used about 1801, when it was found that one horse could draw a load, which, on a common road, would require forty. In all the coal mining districts, in slate quarries, &c., these railroads were introduced.

Locomotive engines, but of what precise description, we are not aware, were used as early as 1803. Mr. Watt, as early as 1784, had suggested the practicability of imparting locomotive power to the steam engine, but no actual experiment of constructing such a thing, had been made till 1803. An engine then constructed of four horse power, drew a carriage lightly loaded ten miles an hour. Great difficulties were encountered in the application of this motive power, and the locomotives themselves were so imperfectly constructed as to hold out little encouragement that they would ever become extensively useful. Even as late as 1826, when the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad was undertaken, locomotives were so imperfectly developed, that the projectors of that road were for some time undecided, whether to use them or horses; and to one had ever dreamed that horses would entirely be superseded in this service. And many of our readers will remember that when the Worcester Railroad was first contemplated, no other motive power was thought of than that of horses; and one of the plans suggested for supplying the deficiency of horse power to overcome steep grades, (or what were then called hills) was to construct water power, wherever such facilities might happen to be! It was suggested that a sufficient supply of water might be found upon the summit level, and that it might be carried along the line of the road, to be used at each successive declivity to help the poor horse up with his load of ten tons, which he would be able, it was confidently believed, to draw without help, at the rapid rate of three and a half miles an hour, where the inclination did not exceed 25 feet in a mile.

The bill for incorporating the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad was opposed in the British Parliament, in 1825, on the ground that it would interfere with the Bridgewater Canal; while many members of Parliament stoutly maintained that a railroad never could enter into successful competition with a canal. One member declared that a more extraordinary delusion never was known, than that of supposing that a railroad was superior to a canal. With this best locomotive engine, he said, the average rate of railroad speed could not exceed 3 1/2 miles an hour. Even the Quarterly Review, in 1825, ridiculed the notion that some

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bold engineer had dared to entertain, that a railway engine might be made to go 18 or 20 miles an hour—remarking that they should "as soon expect people to suffer themselves to be fired off upon a congreve rocket, as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate!"

The opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, in 1825—which at that time was regarded as a stupendous work—was a great event in England, and 50,000 persons assembled to witness the proceedings on the occasion. This was one of the coal lines, intended to convey coal from the Whittin Park colliery to the port of Stockton. Its length was 25 miles, and at that time it was the largest railroad in England.

A locomotive engine, or steam-horse as it was then generally termed, drew a train of twelve wagons, containing 500 persons besides about 20 tons of coal—but no great speed was attained. The ordinary progress on such roads was not more than four miles an hour. The Darlington road was the first to carry passengers. They established, some six months after their road went into operation, a passenger coach, which travelled at the rate of 6 or 7 miles an hour, and carried passengers for a penny a mile inside, and three farthings outside.



WATERVILLE, APRIL 27.

PROGRESS OF REFORM.

The late news from the Old World must satisfy those who watch the 'straws' of the times, that there is no more rest for crowned heads. If they slumber henceforth, it must be with a feverish pulse, upon a bed of thorns—and that bed of the Procrustes pattern. The march of liberal principles may be obstructed, but they must ultimately triumph—France occupies a prominent and proud position in the great movement, with responsibilities not bounded by her territorial limits. If her march be onward and upward, till republicanism becomes the corner stone of her constitution, she will stand as a light to guide to the same position the nations which now stand in darkness. If her late revolution result only in protracted anarchy, civil liberty may long remain to enlightened, Christianized Europe the stranger she now is.

The Boston Traveller has the following summary of the news by the Sarah Sands, at New York:

THE FOREIGN NEWS received by the Sarah Sands, will be excitingly interesting. The accounts from continental Europe for some time past, have read more like fictions than facts. The hand of popular fury touches a throne which has stood firm for centuries, and it crumbles to dust. The cry of an incensed mob in the streets, sends a thrill of horror through the breast of a despot, and brings him to his palace steps, a suppliant for the people's favor. A company of youthful students, and a rabble of men and boys, half armed, or supplied with bottles and paving stones, make headway against the best disciplined troops in the world. The great reliance of despots—standing armies and faithful body guards—have proved like burnt wicks, when used to restrain the excited populace of a large city. The movements of the masses in those countries which have long been the abode of arbitrary and *jure divino* sovereignties, has been like the rush of mighty waters, sweeping away old landmarks, and strewn its pathway with fragments of ruins.

Europe is still quivering under that awful shock which the revolution in France produced. The popular movement is still rolling onward. The people are everywhere demanding concessions from their rulers, and where these demands have been refused, the abdication of the prince, or the entire overthrow of the government has followed.

In France, we hear of no new developments of very special interest. The Government appears to be struggling along against the numerous obstacles in its way, with tolerable success. There are, however, symptoms of dissatisfaction with the members of the Provisional Government. The Presse, newspaper, has openly denounced them as totally incompetent to their work, and the lives of Lamartine and Pages, it is said, have been plotted against by some of the clubs. The election of deputies for the National Assembly, has been deferred until Sunday, the 23d of April—tomorrow. Riots among workmen, some of them very serious, continued from time to time to occur. There is much activity in military preparations; armies are concentrating in different directions.

Italy is in a state of the utmost tumult and commotion. Venice has proclaimed a republic, and provisional governments have been proclaimed in Piacenza, Parma and Modena. Lombardy is represented as in a state of complete insurrection.

Prussia is reported to be settling down under the concessions of Frederic William. In Austria matters are also assuming a more quiet and contented aspect.

In Denmark and Sweden there have been popular demonstrations, tumults and hard fighting. Even Southern Russia is said to be in a state of great uneasiness.

The Emperor of Russia is represented to be in a state of furious excitement; and to be taking the most energetic and decisive measures to fight all who may come in his way. A large army had been ordered to the Polish frontiers; 30,000 towards Galicia; and there were already 20,000 in Warsaw. The Poles, of course, are expected to rise and strike once more for liberty and independence.

There are more decisive symptoms of an approaching Continental War. Germany and Prussia are said to be anxious to place an independent kingdom between them and Russia, and Polish ground, it is thought, will be the battle field, between Russia on the one side, and the Poles with their allies on the other.

Notwithstanding all this commotion on the continent, no serious disturbances have yet taken place in Great Britain. There are reports that the Irish are procuring arms; and the Government are pouring troops into the country. The Chartist, however, threaten the peace of the country most seriously. They are reported to be arming and preparing for a grand demonstration, which was soon to take place; when, it is said, they were to march to London, with arms in their hands, to demand of Parliament a Charter. At some of their public meetings most inflammatory speeches

had been made, and the government unhappily denounced.

The steamer Acadia, recently arrived at Boston, brings some details not received by the Sarah Sands, though embracing nothing new worthy of note.

"EXCELSIOR," is the title of a large and beautiful paper published in Boston by brothers Stacy, Richardson & Co. It is devoted to temperance, as the organ of the 'Sons,' and is a most able, useful and well conducted journal. With a Division presenting a working phalanx of about 150, Waterville might give it a lift in the way of patronage. It deserves it.

LARGE PIG. Mr. Franklin Woods, of Winslow, killed a stout last week, nine months old, which weighed 322 pounds. We have heard of larger pigs than this, but they are few and far between.

LETTER FROM DR. COOLIDGE.

We have received the following letter, postmarked Thomaston, April 19, which we are urgently requested by Dr. Coolidge to publish. We hesitated about giving place in our columns to any such controversy as the publication might lead to, believing that most of our readers have read as much as they desire to see. But on the whole we conclude to publish it, not from a conviction that he has suffered any injustice at the hands of our neighbor of the Banner, but that the public may see what sort of a letter he wishes to send forth to the world, for he requests other papers to copy it. [Ken. Journal.]

"A PRISON SCENE."

Yes, a Prison Scene, and to that scene I have been pictured to you by my friend Rev. W. A. Drew, in his paper bearing date of the 8th inst. in colors of a deep and aggravated hue, and I have no doubt with the intent, as he says, "to excite a horror for crime, through the terrible consequences to which it leads, and thus be instrumental of promoting the cause of virtue amongst men." It is with deep regret that I deem it a duty which I owe to myself, to the public, and to God, that I attempt to make some corrections in his statements.

At the time of my trial the excitement was intense, the very air we breathed was impregnated with all kinds of stories that could fall from the lips of men, and it is not to be expected that one can account from whence all came. Having no doubt that he heard such statements as he has published, but not from my lips, and believing that he made them from feelings of friendship towards me, and from pure and honest motives—believing such to have been his sentiments, it is with a great degree of satisfaction that I sent myself to write this article with the same feelings towards him—trusting and believing that he will receive it as such, and as coming from one whose mind is as calm and untroubled as the gentle breeze that fans itself o'er the bosom of a peaceful lake.

During the time of my trial, my system was excited far, far above the natural standard, and when my trial was over, and my fate sealed, so great and powerful was the change that it produced sickness. Friday night I was taken vomiting, and that vomiting continued more or less frequent until the Monday night following, notwithstanding all that my skillful physician, Dr. Hill, could do. I was visited by my friend, Rev. Mr. Drew, on Saturday, the 25th ult.; my physician, and L. D. Moore, Esq., were present. The first things that meets my eye, that I will notice, though it is of but little importance. It is in relation to my early education. I have no recollection of anything being said in regard to my teaching school, or in relation to my early education, literary or religious. All that there was said in relation to religion was the following. Rev. Mr. Drew says, "I see by your remarks in the Court House yesterday, that you believe in future punishment." I said in answer that I believed we should be punished or rewarded according to the deeds done in the body. The above was all that was said; and it may be well for me to remark that the Rev. Mr. Drew visited me last Fall, sometime in the month of November. I think. It was on Saturday, and he then made the inquiry what meetings I had attended, and who I had heard preach. I answered that I had usually attended the Universal meetings, and had heard Mr. Case and Mr. Quimby, when they formerly preached in Livermore. Mr. Bates of Turner, Mr. Thomas of Buckfield, and when I went to Waterville, being a stranger, I attended meeting at the Baptist Church, with my predecessor, (Dr. J. F. Potter), and after he left me I attended Mr. Gardiner's meetings, but for the last year I had not attended but two half days, and assigned my reason, which was that my professional business would not allow me to. To refresh his memory, I will say that I spoke of Mr. Gardiner in terms of the highest praise, and he agreed with me, and said that Mr. G. was to preach in town to-morrow. I say I believe in a day of judgement in eternity; that belief I have formed since my misfortune, by a careful study of the bible. That belief causes me to cherish, to sweetly cherish, truth. My friends believe, I believe, causes him to do the same; and I believe him to be one of the noblest fountains of truth.

I positively deny of being interrogated in regard to my moral notions. I deny of anything being said about my being a gambler or accustomed to drinking. All that there was said in regard to gambling or drinking was connected with the deceased (Edward Matthews), and which appeared in the testimony at the time of my trial. I do not positively deny of saying anything in relation to causes behind me, or anything as being blameworthy, or anything that could possibly be construed in the language that my friend has wrote it, or into any language that could possibly bear the least similarity. I might have said if I had not gone to Waterville I should not have been where I then was; if I did say so, I said so not from any particular cause or causes, except the one cause that I did settle in Waterville. All that was said in relation to the moral atmosphere in Waterville was said on Tuesday morning, the day I left Augusta. I was sitting by the stove, and Rev. Mr. Drew and Dr. Hill was also sitting there; and Mr. Drew says, 'it is a pity that you did not settle in some quiet village, where the moral atmosphere was purer than in Waterville.' It would have been much better for you, I said in answer that the standard of morality in Waterville was far below what it should be, and that there were some persons there that were perhaps more demoralizing than could be found in other villages of that size. I will say that the general standard of morality is as good in Waterville as in other villages of that size.

The greater part of the conversation was in regard to my revealing what he supposed I knew in regard to the murder. I had told Dr. Hill and Mr. Moore something in relation to

it, and feeling not able to tell it, I asked Dr. Hill to relate it to Mr. Drew. I think he commenced, and as I was taken vomiting he stopped, and about the time I got through, the Hon. George Evans came in, my legal counsel—one who, in so eloquent and able manner defended me at the time of my trial, who I did all for me that was in the power of man to do, one in whom I am so abundantly satisfied with, yea, there is not even the least glimmer of dissatisfaction, and thank God that I am permitted to make known to the public that degree of satisfaction. The same unbounded satisfaction am I happy to express in regard to my junior counsel.

But to return; being more deeply attached to Mr. Evans than to any other person on earth except my aged father, brothers and dear sister, I requested to be left alone with him, which request was kindly granted.

No one called upon me Sunday except my physician and Mr. Moor, the jailor. I will say in this connection, and too, with feelings of friendship and of gratitude to L. D. Moor, Esq., that no language can express, both in sickness and in health he done all that was in his power, consistent with his duty as a jailor, to render me comfortable and happy; every wish of mine was gratified, that the law would allow of, and too, with a kindness that will be long cherished in my memory. I trust to God that my friends will remember him in all coming time. Monday, Rev. Mr. Drew visited me again in company with Dr. Hill and Mr. Moor. The most of the conversation at this time was in the form of advice for me to reveal what I knew. Mr. Drew began to make further inquiry in regard to the story before alluded to, but as I was disposed to believe it to be fabricated, and had requested Dr. Hill and Mr. Moor to let it sleep in silence, and as no one responded to his inquiry, it there ended. There is but one thing more that I will allude to, and not to that in the form of correction. I have reference to his saying that I am guilty if that is his opinion, why not let it slumber in silence, and not publish it to the world so as to wound more mortally those that are so near and dearly related to me? Because my trial is over, and all, far and near, have had by the publication of it a fair opportunity to form their own individual opinions. I should not allude to this were it not for the sympathy that I have for my friends. My heart can still feel. So far as I am concerned it matters but little; for I am, as it were, not of this world, and this comes as from one in his grave.

I will say that I received no love letters, nor any other duties at the time of my trial, and if my friend has done the ladies injustice, he really is to be pitied. I send this to the editor of the Kennebec Journal, leaving my friend, through the columns of his own paper, to substantiate what he has wrote, provided he can do it by the testimony of Dr. Hiram H. Hill and Lewis D. Moor, Esq., who were there during all the time, and heard all that was said. If they substantiate him, then, with my arms and eyes raised to Heaven, will I humbly ask his forgiveness. Then I shall be compelled to believe that a shade of insanity had shrouded itself over the surface of my brain. It is with deep and solemn regret that I send this for publication, because it places my friend a minister of the Gospel, in a situation that is not becoming. But alas! his own good sense will soon spread a picture before the public eye in its true color. Your obedient serv't,
V. P. COOLIDGE.

Thomaston, April 19th, 1848.

We are as willing as the Journal that Dr. Coolidge should be heard in self defence, especially when his communications tend to quiet the alarm existing in certain sections for the morals of Waterville. As this matter, however, seems to be in a way for adjustment by the discussion between the Doctor and the Banner, we shall await the issue with commendable patience; confident that the Doctor's appeal to witnesses will bring out the whole truth in the next Banner. When it comes our readers shall have it.

MAY-DAY AND THE LADIES. Luck is always with the ladies. An offer, a 'slip,' a ride or a penny—no matter, they have it, and all for good luck. If they hold a Fair—as for instance the Ladies of the Congregational Society—ten to one, luck does them a favor in some way. First of all, in pops the pretty Miss May—just in nick o' time, as luck wills it—with a smile in her eye, a flip in her fingers, and a gross of merry and generous friends at her back. Who would not relax his hold upon a few shillings if she nods it? She is a laughing minx, and like all other minxes, she don't laugh for nothing—and who wants she should? We would as soon grudge the parson's dollar.

But luck has more than one finger in this dainty dish of Fair. It was his planning that the Universalists and Methodists have already treated the public with a similar delicacy, thus laying them under certain obligations which will doubtless jog their memories on May-day. With them gratitude is a cardinal virtue. So also he has planned a Fair for the Baptists, and on May-morning will be heard whispering in their ears, "As ye would that others should do unto you," &c. They will not be deaf to the hint, and such a sample of generous fellowship will be the result; as cannot fail to give Night in a broad circle.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

An arrival at New Orleans brings Mexican papers to the 21st ult. which contain the following interesting news. It will be seen that Lt. Heywood has figured prominently in the dangers and hardships—and not less in the bravery and gallantry—which have marked that section of the theatre of war.

The frigates Independence and Congress were at Mazatlan, a large portion of the crews of both vessels being on shore garrisoning that place. The fortifications are now very strong, and Com. Shubrick thinks himself strong enough to resist a force of 5000. Com. Jones, in the Ohio, had not arrived, but was daily expected. The Dale, commanded by Lieut. Yard, was at Guaymas. An expedition of her officers and men had lately marched into the interior and surprised the Mexican forces under Campana and took most of his officers and command prisoners, who were paroled a few days after.

The ports of San Blas and Mazatlan were blockaded, the latter by the ship Lexington, J. A. Bailey, the latter by the chartered ship Whitton, commanded by Lieut. Chalmers. The amount of the revenues received from customs at Mazatlan has been large. In Upper California every thing is quiet. Col. Mason was

raising a volunteer force to send to Lower California, to put down the guerrillas, who have been very active, and have greatly annoyed our small garrison at La Paz and San Jose, but in all the numerous attacks our garrison maintained their positions and repulsed the enemy. At La Paz, Lieut. Col. Burton, with two companies of the California regiment, after he had maintained a siege for three weeks, organized a storming party under Capt. Steel, who was successful in taking the enemy's works, and their flag was taken by Sergeant Scott.

The ship Cyane, Capt. S. F. Dupont, sent by Com. Shubrick from Mazatlan, arrived at La Paz about this time, and the enemy withdrew from La Paz, and concentrated all their forces, in number about 500, upon the post at San Jose, commanded by Lieut. Charles Heywood, U. S. Navy, with a detachment of sailors and marines, numbering, all told, about 70, and some native California volunteers. The guerrillas captured Passed Midshipman Duncan, and Warley, a Sergeant of the California regiment, and five marines. Capt. Dupont, hearing that Lieut. Heywood was hard pressed, and had lost two valuable officers, sailed for San Jose, where he arrived on the 14th of February just at sundown, and found all communication cut off with the town and garrison, situated two miles from the beach, but the discharge of the garrison cannon told that the fight was going on, and when night closed in the flash of musketry was perceptible. Capt. Dupont decided to wait until early daylight, and then land all his disposable force, which amounted to one hundred, himself making one hundred and one.

At early daylight the force was on the beach. The surf being low, favored their landing, and with a four-pounder they were soon in column, and on their march to the rescue of the garrison. The guerrillas, anticipating the landing of the crew of the Cyane, had taken their position during the night, the route affording them abundant cover. The column had proceeded but a short distance, before the guerrillas opened their fire, which was continued upon the column during their entire march to the garrison, before reaching which they had to storm several houses in the town, which the enemy had possession of, in which they were aided by the guerrilla force, which sallied out, joined in routing the enemy, pursued and drove them from several eminences near the town.

The enemy then formed in a plain open to the ship, at what they conceived to be out of reach of her guns, but some well directed shot and shell did great execution and dispersed them. The garrison was found in a most exhausted state. Lieut. Heywood had been so closely pressed that he was driven within the wharf, where a large number of the inhabitants had sought refuge. He had been besieged 21 days, and his provisions were nearly exhausted by his sustaining the inhabitants. For nine days none of them had been outside of the buildings, and disease was fast generating.

Passed Midshipman T. McLanahan was killed on the 11th of February. The water had been cut off, and the garrison was in the most deplorable state. Of the one hundred and one that so gallantly landed, it is marvellous to state, only four were wounded, having sustained a heavy fire for two hours, from covered positions, which they could only very ineffectually return; nevertheless, their fire told, and the enemy suffered great loss. The garrison was abundantly supplied with provisions and the guerrillas had retired.

Capt. Simmons, of the American whaler Magnolia, and Capt. Barker of the whaler Edward, (both of New Bedford), who so gallantly landed with their crews and marched to the relief of our garrison at San Jose, Lower California, in November last, are on their return home by way of Panama.

THE NEW BRIDGE. It will be seen by a notice in another column, that the Fairfield Bridge, at Kendall's Mills, is finished and ready for travel. It is said to be a good and substantial piece of work, and the promptness exhibited in its erection indicates an enterprise in our neighbors that deserves success. We hope they may have it.

FRIEND TABER'S NURSERY. We made a call, a day or two since, at the Nursery and Gardens of Messrs. Taber, at N. Yassalboro'. The establishment is not extensive, though apparently possessing merits beyond its pretensions, and having more regard to practical utility than display and ornament. It is devoted mainly to fruit and ornamental trees, of which it has a good variety. In the purchase of trees, especially fruit trees, for this climate, it is decidedly safer to select from this Nursery than from one further South.

MARRIAGE OF VULCAN AND VENUS.—At a public meeting at Sheffield, England, on the occasion of laying a corner stone of the new building for the Sheffield Athenaeum and Mechanics' Institution, Lord Morpeth made an admirable speech, in the course of which he made allusion to the fabulous story of Vulcan and Venus in the following happy manner:

"Those of you who have the opportunity of consulting the old legends and classical mythology, are aware that among the fancied deities with which they peopled their world, one more especially was regarded as the god of labor and of handicraft. Vulcan by name, who was always represented as employed in huge smithies and work-shops, hammering at heavy anvils, blowing huge bellows, heating furnaces and begrimed with soot and dirt. Well, ladies and gentlemen, for this hardworking and swarthy-looking divinity, they wished to pick out a wife, (loud laughter.) And they did not select for him a mere drab—a person taken from the scullery or kitchen dresser, but they chose for him Venus, the goddess of love and beauty."

Now, ladies and gentlemen, pick out for me the moral of this tale, for I believe that nothing ever was invented—certainly nothing by the polished and brilliant imagination of the Grecian intellect—which has not its meaning and its moral. I have no doubt that all the legends of our own country—that the one even of your own neighborhood, the Dragon of Wantly, itself has some appropriate allegory and meaning—if we only knew how to find them out. But what is the special meaning of the marriage of Vulcan and Venus—of the hard-working artificer with this laughter-loving queen—of labor with beauty?

What is it, ladies and gentlemen, but this: That even in a busy hive of industry and toil like this, even here, upon a spot which is in many respects no inapt representation of the famed workshop of Vulcan—even here, amid the anvil, the noise of furnaces, and the spluttering of forges—even here, amid stunning sounds and sooty blackness, the mind—the untrammelled mind—may go forth, may pierce the dim atmosphere which is raised around us, may wing its way to the freer air and purer light which are beyond, and may ally itself

with all that is most fair, genial and lovely, in creation. (applause.) So, gentlemen, I say your labor, your downright, hard, swarthy labor, may make itself the companion, the helpmate, and the husband of beauty. I dare say, and have reason to believe from the inspection which I am able even now to command, and have no doubt a more intimate acquaintance with your wives, sisters, and daughters, would enable me to prove that I was not wrong in my illustration. But above this beauty, I say your labor may ally itself with intellectual beauty—the beauty connected with the play of fancy, with the achievements of art, and with the creation of genius—beauty such as painting fixes upon the glowing canvas—such as the sculptor embodies in the breathing marble—such as architecture develops in her stately and harmonious proportions—such as music clothes with the enchantments of sound. But there is a beauty of a still higher order, with which I feel more assured it is still open to it to unite itself. I mean with moral beauty—beauty connected with the affections, the conscience, the heart, and the life. (Good cheers.)

It is most true that in the busiest and blackest of your work-shops—in the most wearying and monotonous tasks of daily drudgery, as also in the very humblest of your own dwellings—by the smallest of your firesides—you may, one and each of you, in the zealous and cheerful discharge of the daily duty, in respect for the just rights, and in consideration for the feelings of others—in a meekness and sobriety of spirit and in the thousand charities and kindnesses of social and domestic intercourse—even thus you may attain to and exhibit the moral beauty of which I have spoken—a beauty beyond all others in degree and excellence, because in proportion as it can be reached it makes up the perfection of man's nature here below, and is the most faithful reflection of the will of Creator, (applause); and thus I close my explanation of the marriage of Vulcan with Venus, of labor with beauty."

THE STEAMERS. In crossing the Ticonic Bridge a few days since, and passing down the east side of our beautiful little 'Bay,' we discovered five steamers, the property of citizens of Waterville and vicinity, destined, we think, to labor in the waters of the Kennebec. At least four of these boats are intended for regular trips from and to Waterville. They cannot, we know, boast a length of 300 feet, or the cost and strength of the British steamers; but they are as large as the crowded state of a certain nuisance at Augusta will admit, and will probably prove a better investment than certain steamboat property created in another place with Waterville capital. When the Kennebec river learns to pass by the State House without being choked by legislation, the steamers designed to benefit that small portion of the world lying above Augusta will be permitted to assume a proper size.

RUM SELLING IN WATERVILLE.—We hear much inquiry in regard to the state of the rum traffic in this place. We believe—and we have our information from a reliable source—that by an arrangement between the agents of the town and the individuals recently engaged in the sale of liquors, the traffic is entirely discontinued. The committee express decided confidence that the contract has been entered into in good faith, and that it has thus far been honestly met by all concerned. No one now sells intoxicating liquors in Waterville, without a licence, unless in a very small way, and so stealthily as to be beyond the vigilance of the committee. Those who do this, if there are any, will dodge narrowly if they long escape detection. So may things long remain, a source of prosperity to the place, and an example to neighboring towns.

We are requested to say that the Town Hall will be open at 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon, for the admission to the Fair of children whose parents may not wish them to attend in the evening. Admission 6 cts.

SUMMARY.

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY AT WASHINGTON.—The recent escape and re-capture of a large number of slaves, in Washington, may be regarded as a providential test of the sincerity of the recent profession of sympathy for the new liberty in France. One of the cardinal points of the French revolution, it will be remembered, was the abolition of slavery. We have already given an account of an attempt made at Washington on Tuesday last, to mob and destroy the printing office of the 'National Era,' the Anti-Slavery paper. Whether this paper has exerted any indirect agency in inducing the slaves to escape, we are not informed. It is not unnatural, however, that it should be suspected of encouraging the movements for liberty. But the editor of the Era declares, that so far from having any agency in the escape of the slaves, he had never heard of it until after it was all over.

On Wednesday night another mob of at least 3000 strong, it is said, assembled in front of the Era office, and though appealed to by several gentlemen to conduct themselves peaceably in reference to the obnoxious newspaper, they yet insisted upon appointing a Committee of 50, to proceed immediately to the office and demand its removal from the District. The proprietors having been waited on, declined to accede to the demands of the mob; whereupon a resolution was adopted, and immense excitement, that the committee should proceed, with the aid of the citizens, to remove the presses and materials of the establishment, on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

The President has been appealed to, as the head of the government of the District, to interpose his authority, and take effectual means to prevent the triumph of mob law.—Boston Traveller.

A LONG TRAIN. A merchandise train of 113 cars came down over the Northern Railroad on Monday last, fifty of them loaded with splendid and valuable mast timber from the Shaker settlement at Enfield. Some of the masts were over 100 feet in length. On the Saturday preceding, a considerable amount of the same timber went down, the freight upon which we are told was nearly \$500.—Concord Democrat.

MISSING. John W. Adams, a native of Brunswick, Me., who enlisted 12 months ago for the Mexican war, was in four sanguinary battles, and lost an eye, and was severely wounded in the knee, the jaw and stomach. He came to Boston on Saturday last, and disappeared from Charlestown on Monday. He made some acquaintances there, and the citizens were about to do something for his assistance. He had written to his wife and children

at Brunswick, that he should be there on Tuesday—but it is feared that he has wandered off in a disordered state of mind.—Dost Post.

A BRACE OF HORRIBLES. At Fall Creek, Rutherford County, Ky., recently, a negro woman beat her mistress's brains out, and then thrust her head foremost into the fire, that it might appear as if she had fallen in a fit—to which she was subject.

A child of Moses Clayvel, Esq., near Newark, Worcester county, Maryland, was scalded to death on Saturday, by being thrown into a large pot of boiling soup, by a negro girl, belonging to W. C. Farnell, Esq. The negroes, it is said confessed the deed, but said it was accidental. The negroes is about 14 years of age. This is the second time that the same girl has shown a disposition to destroy the children of Mr. Clayvel. On a former occasion she threw a small son of Mr. Clayvel down a well, but his clothes catching in the gum of the well near to the water, his life was saved.

"I promise your Honor, if you will pass a light sentence on me, I will reform and become an honest man," said a criminal, who had been convicted of theft. The promise made an impression on the Judge, and he passed a light sentence as possible. "May the hangman choke me, but that Judge is a fine old fellow! I must send him something!" exclaimed the criminal as he left the court; and behold, the Judge received from an unknown hand a valuable gold watch, of which he had been robbed two years before.

DARING OUTRAGE.—One of the most daring outrages which has fallen under our notice, was perpetrated last evening, about half past seven o'clock, in Spruce street below Third.

Mrs. Osborne, a widow lady residing at No. 43 Spruce street, in returning home from a visit from a friend was assailed by some unknown ruffian, but a few yards from her own door, who placed his hand over her eyes, and deliberately attempted to cut her throat.

In an instant, Mrs. Osborne threw up her hand and received a most severe gash across the wrist. This was done with the view of shielding off the blow, the knife having penetrated through the shawl, doubled four times, and penetrating the skin of the neck.

The screams of Mrs. O. brought several persons to the spot the ruffians in the meantime escaping. Dr. Kitchen was called in, and dressed the wounds which are by no means dangerous.

No suspicion is attached to any person, Mrs. Osborne, who is an estimable lady, never having the slightest difficulty in the world with any one.—Phila. Inquirer.

FIRE.—We understand that on Friday evening last the House of Mr. George Benner, in the North part of Walldoboro', was consumed by fire. A considerable portion of the furniture, together with a large quantity of clothing, was destroyed. Two of Mr. B's daughters, who had been at work in the factories, lost a large amount of wearing apparel, and one of them the proceeds of eight years. They deserve the sympathy of their friends and the public.

Mr. Benner says he lost \$3000 in money in the fire, besides a large amount in notes.—There was an insurance on the house of \$250, by the Thomaston M. F. I. Company.—Bath Tribune.

REMARKABLE REVIVAL IN A REMARKABLE CHURCH.—For several weeks past, the venerable old Church at Enfield, in Monmouth County, distinguished in other times by the labors of Brainard and Whitefield, Tennet and Woodhull, and now under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Van Doren, has been the scene of an unusual degree of religious interest. For the last seven weeks daily religious services have been held within the bounds of the congregation, and we learn by this week's New York Observer that 110 converts were received into the church on Thursday last, whilst others were deferred to the next communion. Fifty more, it is said, will seek admission into adjacent churches, and some 200 have publicly manifested an anxious desire to attain the necessary qualifications. The time honored old edifice is still daily filled with attentive auditors.—[Newark Daily Advertiser.]

GERMANY.—A private letter received by one of our German citizens, which gives an account of the revolution in Prussia, states that in the conflict between the king's troops and the citizens, on the 19th of March, the carnage had been immense. The number of soldiers killed amounted to about 1300, and more than one thousand citizens were slaughtered on that day. An expression of the king, "that he would forgive them," which he is said to have uttered, when the dead bodies of the slain citizens were carried in solemn procession past the palace, is said to have excited the wrath of the people anew; in consequence of which the king has either been forced to leave the city, or as others say, has been killed. The excitement throughout Germany is immense. At Hanan, near Frankfurt on the Main forty thousand people, able and ready to carry arms, were assembled on the 15th March. A committee called 'Volks-commission,' directed all their movements. Voluntary contributions and patriots keep up these immense gatherings, and we may expect by the next steamer events of the most soul-stirring character. Germany is rife for a grand revolution. The intelligence, industry, and patriotism of her people, cannot be chained any longer by a few despots. Her course will be onward, until united and free she will take such a stand among the nations of the earth, as she is entitled to.—[Pennsylvania.]

ARREST FOR MURDERING A SLAVE.—The Mobile Herald of the 7th inst. states that in that city, a man named James Paul, was arrested on Wednesday, as a fugitive from justice in Mississippi. He was committed to jail. It appears that some three years ago the prisoner murdered his slave in Lowndes county, Miss. He was arrested, and before the examination was made, gave bail in the sum of \$10,000. He fled to Texas, and returning to Mobile, was arrested, as is stated above. The prisoner was formerly in business in this city, and is a man of well to do in the world, as far as property is concerned. The murder alleged against him, according to the current story, was of a rare cruelty. After beating and otherwise torturing his man servant to death, he cut the body into pieces and destroyed it by fire, for the purpose of concealing all evidence of his crime.

OLD VIOLATIONS OF LAW.—We have had occasion, lately, to record some of the most outrageous violations of law that have ever disgraced this State. Of these, the most audacious are the blowing up of a house in North Main street, and the attempt to shoot Mr. Harris of Woonsocket, though they are by no means the only ones. There is scarcely a reason to doubt that these crimes were arisen out of the excitement created by the violations of the license law and the attempt that have been made to enforce its observance.—Providence Jour.

POETRY.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

TO JULIA,

WHO ADDRESSES AN "UNMARRIED GENTLEMAN."

You want some one to take your hand—
Now, could I hope to win it,
Whether the proffered boon I'd take
Depends on what is in it.
Such a benevolence, My Dear,
Is worth five hundred pounds a year.

Besides you want a traveller,
Life's journey to pursue—
Can you engage to be to him,
What he must be to you?
Or must he only on the road
Both clear the track and bear the load?

Of every mortal ill exempt,
A spirit pure, unalloyed,
You want him to be perfect
Your cherished beau ideal,
A spirit-gem, in romance set,
Which only Poets' brains begot.

As such a man as you would like
To Earth is seldom given,
You'd better wait before you "strike,"
Until you get to Heaven.
In all our bargains here below
We give a quid, to get a quo.

QUID PRO QUO.

[For the Eastern Mail.]

TO F—

Adieu, dear girl, a fond farewell,
As I go hence, far off to dwell
And learn no more of thee!
While nearer friends chain all thy love,
I'd ask this boon, and thought above;
"Remember me!"

When twilight lingers in the west,
And zephyr breaths have hushed to rest
Bird, flower and leafy tree,
When stars peep out to catch the glow
The sun has left, just dropped below,
Will think of me?

When morning glows the mountain crests
And birds talk love with brimful breasts
So ardent, pure and free,
And breezes in their wantonness,
Snatch from thy cheek, kiss after kiss,
Then think of me!

And where the babbling brook with speed
Goes dancing on, through vale and mead,
With merry, laughing glee,
And sparkling in the sun's bright eye,
So glad to greet thee, standing by,
Then think of me!

And when the moon climbs up the sky
And listens to thy twilight sigh
For him far o'er the sea,
And tells thee from her throne above
The only heaven on earth is "love,"
Will think of me?

VARIETY.

MR. ELLSWORTH'S EXPERIMENTS.

I made a visit (says Solomon Robinson, in the Am. Agriculturist) to Henry L. Ellsworth, one day last week. He is now a resident of La Fayette, Indiana, where he is farming pretty largely on the West Prairie, about seven miles out, on which he has a thousand acres of Indian corn in one field.

Mr. Ellsworth is as full of enthusiasm as ever, and no less busy than he was in his office at Washington. He is an owner and manager of an amount of land, which he is selling, leasing and improving and which, together with all the business operations that he is carrying on, keeps his office crowded with the multitude who deal with him. Yet he finds time to be continually trying some experiment, or studying out some improvement for the agricultural community.

I saw six pigs, in as many pens just big enough to hold each occupant without exercise, which he was feeding on corn in the ear, corn ground, but fed raw, and corn meal made into mush—2 upon each kind. The pigs were all alike in age, breed, size and weight, when commenced with, and after being fed a certain time with carefully weighed quantities of food, they are re-weighed and weights noted, and then those which had been fed upon one kind, are changed to another, and so on; and when the experiment is completed, he assured me he would publish the table. The experiment thus far is very largely in favor of the mush, bidding fair to produce enough to pay toll and trouble of grinding, as well as cooking, and leave a profit. The number of lbs. of good mush that one hundred pounds of meal well worked, will make, is astonishing. Mr. Ellsworth's kettle holds just fourteen pounds of meal at a charge, and several accurate weighings, gave over 80 pounds when well cooked, and I saw myself that no more water was used than the meal would absorb. But it must be cooked—not merely scalded. A little salt is added, and occasionally a little sulphur.

Mr. Ellsworth told me that he had proved the mellow point of nutritive food in corn cobs. He says: "Hogs will live and thrive upon well ground corn meal alone! At first they did not take hold. I then added a small quantity of meal of the grain, principally to make the mass ferment quicker, and then they eat the whole and did well. I had great difficulty in getting the cobs ground. Millers are so well satisfied in their own minds that cobs are good for nothing, that they are not willing to let the experiment be tried whether they are nourishing or not. I am satisfied that twenty-five pounds of corn meal added to one hundred of cob meal, is more valuable for feed for growing stock, than seventy pounds of corn meal alone." Such is the language of Mr. Ellsworth. Experiments of this kind should be further tried. One-fourth of the weight of a bushel of ears of corn Nature never intended should be thrown away, and cobs upon large corn farms in the West are literally thrown away. They are neither used for food, fuel, nor manure; for the latter is considered a nuisance.

ANECDOTE. The following circumstance happened in one of the towns of Arkansas. A man had been drinking until a late hour at night before he started for home. Honest folks had been long in bed, and the houses were all shut and dark. The liquor he had taken was too much for him; he did not know where to go. He at last staggered into an empty wagon on a road, and fell upon the ground. For a long time he lay in the unconsciousness of a drunk asleep, and would have undoubtedly frozen, (for the snow on the ground showed the night to be very cold) had not others less insensible than himself been around him. This shed was a favorite rendezvous for the hogs, which rushed out when the new comer arrived, but soon returned to their bed. In the utmost kindness, and with the truest hospitality, they gave their bled companion the middle of the bed; some lying on either side of him, and others acting the part of a quilt. Their warmth prevented him from being injured by his exposure. Towards morning he awoke, finding himself comfortable, in blissful ignorance of his whereabouts, he supposed himself enjoying the accommodations of a tavern, in company

with other gentlemen. He reached out his hand, and catching hold of a stiff bristle of a hog, exclaimed, "Why, mister, when did you shave last?"

SELECT SEEDS. We hear much at this day of certain productions depreciating, or as the phrase is, "running out." This, however, would never be the case, were we to adopt the philosophy and practice in reference to them, which nature so obviously teaches to every reflecting and observing mind, and which may be condensed into a maxim of most convenient brevity, viz.: *Propagate only the best.* There can be no question, we apprehend, that the grain that ripens earliest is the most eligible for seed, for the very good reason that circumstances show it to be the most mature. It is asserted in the Albany Cultivator, that a farmer at the North, a few years since, was accustomed to dispose annually of large quantities of seed wheat, and at prices unusually and even extravagantly high, as his wheat was of a very superior quality; remarkably heavy and productive, and by many supposed to be a new variety. It appeared, however, upon investigation, that he had brought it to that exalted degree of perfection which rendered it the wonder and admiration of all, simply by following the above practice, by reserving annually the best and most perfectly developed portion of his crop for seed. Many of the very excellent and highly productive varieties of corn now cultivated in New England, have attained their present excellence simply through the same practice, as have many other productions—such as peas, beans, pumpkins, cucumbers, melons, squashes, and indeed most of the above vegetables and esculents grown in a north soil.—*Miss W. Cultivator.*

UNSATISFACTORY. A prisoner being brought up at a London police office, the following dialogue passed between him and the magistrate:—"How do you live?" "Pretty well sir; generally a little beef and pudding for dinner." "I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?" "I beg your worship's pardon; sometimes at the baker's and sometimes at the chandler's shop." "You may be as witty as you please, sir, but I want to know how you live, and therefore ask you how do you do?" "Tolerable well, I thank you, sir, I hope your worship is well also."

A lawyer once jeeringly asked a Quaker, if he could tell the difference between *also* and *likewise*. "Oh, yes," said the Quaker, "Erskine is a great lawyer; his talents are admired by every one: you are a lawyer *also*, but not *likewise*."

Lazy rich girls make rich men poor, while industrious poor girls make poor men rich. Remember this ye affected fair ones, whose antipathy to putting your hands into cold water is always getting your husband's into hot.

EPITAPH.

What thou art reading o'er my bones,
I've often read on other stones;
And others soon shall read of thee,
What thou art reading now of me.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE PAST—Bostonians of the last generation will doubtless remember the celebrated and eccentric Dr. John Murray, the first Universalist clergyman who ever preached in that town. At the same time flourished Dr. Baldwin, preacher of the Baptist persuasion, who probably will be equally well recollected. Now although detesting the creed of Dr. Murray, and standing somewhat upon his superior sanctity and dignity, Dr. B. was nevertheless upon speaking and rather familiar terms with him. The two reverend gentlemen meeting each other one day, a conversation thus began:—"Ah, Dr. Baldwin, good morning good morning." "Good morning, Dr. Murray, I think the strangest thing happened to me a few days since I ever knew." "I met a person in the street who took me for you?" "Ah, did he?" returned Dr. Murray, "well I hope the devil will make the same mistake."

Advertisements.

WATERVILLE LIBERAL INSTITUTE.

THE Spring Term of this Institution will commence on Monday, Feb. 22nd, under the charge of Mr. J. M. PALMER, A. B., Principal. Mrs. Susan L. Phillips, Teacher in Music. Such assistance as the interests of the School may demand, will be provided.

Tuition—In Languages \$5.00
" High Eng. Branches 4.00
" Common Eng. 3.00
Board as usual. ALPHRUS LYONS, Secretary.

FAIRFIELD BRIDGE

OPEN FOR TRAVEL. Persons wishing to pass by the year will please to make application at the store of W. M. CONNOR, Kendall's Mills, during this month. April 10, 1848—35-3w.

Per Order, EBENEZER DAVIS, Clerk.

NOTICE.

IS HEREBY given that the Co-partnership heretofore existing under and by the name of the firm of C. C. CORNISH & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent and all persons having demands against said firm are requested to exhibit the same for settlement, and all persons indebted to said firm by note or account are requested to call and settle the same. C. C. CORNISH, JOS. EATON.

Witness April 7th, 1848.

CHAIRS! CHAIRS!!

THE subscriber continues to manufacture, at his shop in Waterville, all kinds of

Wood Seat Chairs, which he offers to the trade at prices as low as they can be procured, of equal quality, at any other place in Maine. He keeps a supply constantly on hand, and can answer all orders at short notice. He can offer good inducements to retailers in the adjoining towns to purchase of him.

Shop on Temple-st., a few doors from Main-st.—near the Waterville Machine Shop. 37—April 5.

NOTICE. This may certify that I, Joseph Chamberlain of Clinton Gore, in consideration of sixty dollars to me paid by my minor son Orrin Wesley Chamberlain, do relinquish to him his time till he is of age. I am hereafter to claim none of his earnings or be responsible for any of his liabilities. Clinton Gore, April 5, 1848.

Witness, Edw. W. Bush. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE. Whereas Galen Rey holds, on the 28th day of September, 1844, conveyed by mortgage deed to me, Jeremiah Arnold, a certain lot of land, situated in Sidney, in the county of Kennebec, and bounded as follows: Beginning at the river county road on the south-east corner of the land on the west side of said road, of lot No. 48, thence westerly on the south line of said lot to an allowance for a road between the first and second miles, thence northerly by said allowance to the center of lot No. 43, thence easterly on the center of said lot to the river county road, thence southerly by said road to the first-mentioned bounds. And whereas the condition in said mortgage deed has been broken, now therefore, by reason thereof, I claim a foreclosure of the same. JEREMIAH ARNOLD.

Waterville, April 10, 1848. 38-3w.

1000 LBS. BATTING for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

APPRENTICE WANTED. In a Carriage Paint Shop. Good terms will be given to a good hand. A letter addressed to A. HILL, Waterville, will have prompt attention. 37—April 5.

ROBES. BUFFALO ROBES and COATS, cheap for cash. B. C. B. Phillips's.

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

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

STEEL BEADS & BAG GLASSPS. Just received at Shurtleff's Bookstore No. 1. Boutelle Block. Mar. 22d, 1848.

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 opinions, expressing freely the views of its editor, and such correspondence as he thinks proper to admit of all subjects of human interest. It advocates equality of human rights, and the abolition of slavery, through law 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 kindy tolerance in religion, life and health insurance, water cure, 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!

BUCHANAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSAM OF LIFE.



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

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

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

TO THE CONSUMPTIVE. Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchanan's Hungarian Balsam of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, putting 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 McComb & Smith, Sole Agents for the United Kingdom, at the Italian Warehouse, Regent Street, London; in Bottles and Cases, for Ships, Hospitals, &c. By Special Appointment, DAVID F. BRADLEE, 130 Washington St., Boston, Mass., Sole Agent for the United States and British American Provinces.

American price, \$1 per bottle, with full directions for the restoration of Health. Pamphlets, mass of English and American certificates and other evidence, showing the unequalled merits of this Great English Remedy, may be obtained of the Agents, gratis, who will send the written signature of the American Agent on a gold and bronze label, to counterfeit which is forgery.

AGENTS—Waterville, C. R. PHILLIPS; Norridgewock, Blunt & Turner; Skowhegan, White & Norris; Athens, A. Ware; Anson, Rodney Collins; Farmington, J. W. Perkins; Augusta, J. E. Ladd, and by the dealers in medicine generally throughout New England. 1-3

Waterville Academy.

SPRING TERM.

THE SPRING TERM of this Institution will begin on Monday, the 28th of Feb., under the direction of JAMES H. HANSON, A. M., Principal, assisted by Miss ROSA F. HANSON, Preceptress, Miss SUSAN D. FRECH, Teacher in 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 the youth who are adapted to meet the wants of teachers of Common Schools, and to excite a deeper interest in the subject of education generally.

The course of study in the department preparatory to College, has been arranged with special reference to that pursued in Waterville College. It is not known that this arrangement exists in any other preparatory school in the State, and as this is a very important advantage, the friends of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration. Teachers of Common Schools, and such other persons as are in the habit of occupying that high station, will find, in the Principal, one who, from long experience as a teacher of common schools, understands fully their wants, and will be ready 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 \$0.50 extra. STEPHEN STARK, Secretary of Board of Trustees. Waterville, Aug 10, 1847.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

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

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

W. A. F. STEVENS. Jan. 3, 1848.

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

HOUSE WANTED.

WANTED to hire, a two-story House, containing 7 or 8 rooms, pleasantly situated, within 3 or 4 minutes of the Post-office. Address E. A., at the Railroad Office.

HATS AND CAPS.

SPRING Style for 1848.

L. CHOWELL has just received an assortment of Hats and Caps, which will be sold on reasonable terms.—also

All kinds of School Books & Stationery; and

Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Chairs, &c. &c. &c. Looking Glasses. Waterville, Mar. 23, 1848. 36-47.

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

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