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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, JUNE 8, 1848.

NO. 46.

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

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

Miscellany.

[From Godley's Lady's Book for June.]

THE BELLE;

OR, LOVE UNDER THE ROSE.

BY HELEN IRVING.

Isabel Clifton was a beauty and an heiress—need I add, a belle? And yet it was not wealth and loveliness alone which brought to her shrine so many willing worshippers; the love-light of a glowing heart, and the dignity of a pure and lofty mind, were charms to win and to retain the admiration and affection of the noblest. Men of rank and talent bowed down before her soul-lighted loveliness, and many a heart sprang up to meet the glance of that kindly eye.

Young, and sharing with only a child-brother her father's ample fortune, there were many who thought it no mean pursuit to follow the young heiress with devotion, and bow to each change of will in one whose hand held so glorious a prize.

It was near the close of her first season out, and yet her smiles seemed still alike for all, and none might call himself a favored suitor. Disappointed fortune-hunters declared her a coquette, and tender-hearted young lovers denounced her as cold. Cold! they never saw those little withered flowers, so carefully preserved, and glittering often with drops bright as gemmed them in their freshness 'neath the summer moonlight; they could not hear the echoing of that heart to the rich music of one young voice—and they dared to call her cold.

Clarence Dunmore was a young Virginian of good birth, whose parents had died, leaving him little, except that haughty pride of blood so universal among the aristocracy of the 'Old Dominion.' Possessed of fine natural talents, he had been educated for the law, and upon the death of his parents had removed to the city of —, where he might profitably pursue his profession.

Gifted in person as well as in mind, and possessing in an eminent degree the elegant demeanor and graceful suavity which distinguish a high-bred southerner, he was a welcome guest amid the polished circles of the city of his residence.

True, by maneuvering mammas and marrying daughters, he was set down among the 'eligibles'—for who could wed a very Apollo, did he come in the semblance of a poor young lawyer! But then, all the girls pronounced him 'a magnificent fellow,' and parties lacked lustre if Dunmore were absent. Still his dark eye would often flash and his cheek glow as he marked some moneyed young dandy preferred before him. The trifle which he had realized from the encumbered family estate barely served to support him in his quiet, bachelor lodgings; and it might be years ere the young lawyer, however brilliant his talents, would be successfully appreciated.

There were few homes where he was on terms of such familiar acquaintance as Mr. Clifton's. In the early part of his professional career, he had won the old man's admiration by the skill and address with which he had managed for him a somewhat difficult law case, and none greeted him so cordially or welcomed him more kindly to their homes than the generous-hearted millionaire.

Thus had Isabel and Clarence met, and those social hours had gradually unfolded to each the hidden world of the other's nature. They had learned to know that in each soul were treasure-laden crests of thought and feeling, whose sparkling waves only were visible to the gay world without.

Amid the crowd, Clarence had bowed before her stately beauty, and as he saw her in her home, and felt how gifted was the soul which lighted those dark eyes, how warm the heart whose smile lay on her lips, admiration and esteem ripened into love, the 'first and passionate love' of a southern heart. Daily he felt how, past all power to discover, his destiny was bound to her. And then came the fierce struggle with his pride: more than once had he heard the whisper that the young Virginian was trying to retrieve his broken fortunes by a union with the heiress; and while the indignant blood burned on his cheek, he resolved to seal up the swelling fountains of his heart, and lay the finger of silence on his quivering lip. Yet still, with a fascination irresistible, he sought her presence, lingering to catch her lightest word, and schooling his tongue to cold courtesy, while his soul was all on fire. His step grew more proud, his manner chilling and reserved, until even Isabel began to marvel at the change.

She was young, gay and happy, and amid the many who surrounded her, it was almost unconsciously that she had preferred Clarence. She felt that he was good and gifted, but she knew not why it was that her heart beat so lightly when he was near, or grew so listless when he long absent; why his praise was always dearest, his smile most welcome.

But there was an awakening when she felt how the shadow that had come over him was darkening her own soul: he was no longer the frank and cordial friend, and she could find no reason for the change; and when she felt her heart was growing sad, and was treasuring up the memory of happier hours, she wondered if she loved. Clarence was still the same cold, quiet air, yet sometimes his eye would rest upon her for a moment, with an expression which thrilled to her very heart, and at last convinced her that from some cause he was unhappy.

It was evening. Isabel had been engaged in sending cards for her first large party—the last, and to be the most brilliant of the season—and, fatigued with her exertions, sat listlessly in the drawing-room, awaiting her father's return.

Suddenly he entered, his step quicker than usual, and his face glowing with the interest of some just-received intelligence.

'Why, Bel,' he exclaimed, as he drew off his gloves and laid aside the massy gold-headed cane, which he had brought with him into the room, 'what think you I've just heard? Met young Warren at the street door—says he

is going off to Europe in less than two weeks—some important affairs to settle—and a lawyer being necessary, takes Dunmore with him. 'Pon my soul, I'm glad for Dunmore; he's a noble fellow; there isn't his equal in the city—and 'twill be just the thing for him. But—' said the old man, stopping to take breath—'we shall miss him, that's a fact; he's a fine fellow—hey, 'Bel?'

Isabel's face was shaded by a large Indian screen, else her father, despite his engrossment in his subject, must have noticed the swift changes that passed over her countenance at his words, and the colorless lips with which she faintly articulated—'How long will Mr. Warren remain abroad?'

'Oh, I can't tell; from a year to eighteen months, probably. They'll make a tour thro' Italy and Greece, very likely, after their business is over. Warren and Dunmore are sworn friends, you know, and these young fellows are generally in no hurry to return when they once put the Atlantic between them and home.'

With what an indescribable sensation of relief she saw her father, as he uttered those words, slowly unfold the evening paper, and sit down to the last foreign news. She felt herself all powerless to speak, and in the desolation which swept over her heart at this sudden announcement, came home, all too truly, the conviction that she had, perhaps unconsciously, blended with all her visions of the future the love of Clarence—that there were no memories so dear as those which were lighted by his smile, no hopes so bright as those which were the rose-leaves of his affection. And now to part, to crush back upon her heart the bitter tears, and coldly say farewell—it was too much. And then she strove to rouse her pride—the pride that should forbid her woman's soul to yield unsought its wealth of love; but in the hour of a first and desolating grief, pride refused its aid, and with a bowed head and a stricken heart, she pleaded fatigue and sought her room.

Days passed on, and Isabel saw Clarence but seldom, for he was busily engaged in preparing for his departure. He was paler than his wont, cold and calm still, but there was a sadness, almost a tenderness in his voice at times, which vibrated to her inmost spirit—but she could be stately, cold and pale as he, now.

It was the afternoon before Isabel Clifton's party, and Clarence Dunmore, with a flushed cheek and flashing eye, was pacing the floor of his own room. There was a wild struggle going on in his heart between pride and love. He had thought, when he spoke to Isabel of his departure, that there was a tremor in her voice, a pallor on her cheek, and the dream had glowed in his soul like fire.

Could he go, and speak not the words that burned upon his lip? Why should gold, cursed gold, be the weight to crush him to the earth forever? Had he not to give her a name which, through long generations, had come down unsullied—a heart whose every pulsation was but an echo to the thought of her and fame! Oh, if toilsome study and unremitting endeavor could draw down that fame which had been dimly shadowed out to him in the future, he would crown her with a glory gold could never buy. In that moment, what to him was the world? All might doubt, so that she but trusted in him! And with a trembling hand and a brain wild with excitement, he passionately poured out the story of his love, forgetting all save the one dear hope that Isabel might one day be his.

Her dark hair braided with unwonted richness, and his heavy curls faultlessly arranged—on a small satin-slippered foot just peering from beneath a stately dressing-gown—Isabel Clifton, in her own luxurious *fauteuil*, dreamed away the sunset hours of that same evening.

The glowing light fell upon rare paintings and exquisite statuary, costly vases heavy with the weight of precious flowers, books and music—all that wealth can give to make this world seem so like a paradise. And yet the face, more beautiful than aught within the room, was darkened by sad thought-shadows; and as the swaying breeze lifted the heavy curtains, and the warm light fell full on the sweet features, there glinted amid its radiance—a tear.

But the heart was sadder than the face, for it had awakened from its first young love-dream to the chilling realities of the world, had felt the still frost creeping to its 'early flowers.' What marvel if the eye were less bright and the step had lost its lightness?

She started at the falling tear, and impatiently dashing it away, was about to summon her attendant, when the door suddenly opened, and in bounded her little brother Frank, exclaiming—'Sister, dear sister, see what a beautiful bouquet has been left for you; and a letter, too,' he added, tossing them into her lap, and hurrying away to enjoy the shortening hours of playtime.

Mingled hopes and fears were crowding on her heart, as she hastily broke the seal, and with a cheek now pale and now glowing, read to the close the earnest, almost wild avowal of Clarence, the passionate outpouring of a heart noble as truth itself, then clasping the precious missive in her hands, poured forth her soul's happiness in a full gush of tears.

The letter ended thus—'I shall see you to-night, and, oh! Isabel, if you indeed love me, or if I may cherish the hope that I may one day be dearer to you than any other, wear to-night in your dark hair the one white rose-bud you will find among the flowers of your bouquet.'

'What a bright change had come over all things! Rainbows were dancing amid her tears; a rosy light flooded her heart, and she hardly dared trust herself to listen to the music of its beatings. There was no need to force smiles now; there was a sparkle in her eye and a glow upon her cheek, such as had rarely glowed and sparkled there before.'

'What—not even this band of pearls in your hair, Miss Isabel?' exclaimed her astonished maid, as, pushing aside her rich jewel case, she placed with her own trembling fingers, that one dear rose-bud amid her clustering curls, and with a step light as a fairy, descended to the drawing-room.

It was yet early, and the glare of the lights oppressed her; she longed to be alone with her own happiness, and stealing down into the conservatory, she leaned against a pillar, and looked forth into the open air. It was a glorious night; the stars seemed holding festival over the newly-born flowers, and the soft breeze stole lovingly to the young leaves. But the sky above her was less bright than the starry heaven of her own heart, and the perfume-laden breeze that swept up to her from the garden below, less sweet than the dreams that floated there.

And amid her visions of happiness, she had almost forgotten that there was so soon to be a parting, but when that shadow intruded, it was sweet to think that for her sake he would soon, very soon return—all the dearer for days of absence.

Lost in reverie, she forgot the flight of time, till suddenly awaking to her heedlessness, she hastened to the drawing-room just in time to receive the entering guests, and with a grace peculiarly her own, to do the honors of her father's house.

Fast they came, the gay and beautiful, until the brilliant saloons were filled, and amid the countless throng, none perhaps bore so light a heart as that fair young hostess. 'More beautiful than ever,' was on every lip—unrepressed admiration in every eye.

Time passed, and yet he who was of all the crowd the looked-for one, came not. At length, at a distant entrance, she discerned his manly figure, and adverting the eyes that dared not follow his movements, she felt rather than saw that he was slowly making his way through the crowd to her side. The careless group around her chatted on, while her heart was wildly throbbing. Oh, how it sunk within her as she slowly lifted her dark eyes to him who now stood beside her. Paler now, cold and proud as ever, he wore the same look he had worn for months past; no light in his eye, no happy smile upon his lip.

Did she dream? Oh, Heaven, what meant all this? Had she been deceived? Had he discovered that she loved, and sought to win a petty triumph from her mute confession? Had she acknowledged her heart's first affection to meet but coldness and mockery? How swelled her proud heart at the thought! She could have torn the rose-bud from her hair and dashed it at his feet. Proudly her eye flashed and her lip curled, and when the strangely calm tone fell upon her ear, she met it with a voice and smile as cold.

'I regret, Miss Clifton,' said Clarence, 'that I am unable to remain longer, but I have only time to bid you adieu; I leave to-morrow—farewell!'—continued he, taking her hand—'let me thank you for your kindness; and may you be most happy—happier, he added, in a voice audible to her only, 'than I can ever be.'

Wonderingly she listened to the low-breathed words and the quivering tone, so much at variance with his cold, proud bearing; wondering, as she gazed upon him—but others stood around her; careless eyes were gazing on their parting. She could only utter 'farewell!'—no time for explanation, no reason for this cruel coldness.

In that farewell word she felt that he was true; that some cause beyond her power to divine or his to explain, sealed his lips. With a brain reeling and a hushed heart, she stooped to raise the fan which had fallen from her hand, and when she looked again, he was gone. Gone! and the dance went on; the music and the mirth—and the flowers in her hair had withered, and the storm-cloud had blotted out his stars.

Like one in a dream she passed along, joining with the gay, and wreathing her cold lip to smiles—summoning all the strength of a bursting heart to hide its misery.

At length the weary hours are passed; the last carriage has rolled away, and she is left alone—alone with her agony. Unconsciously she stands before a mirror, and listlessly her eyes wander to the anguish face reflected there. Why that start, that half-suppressed shriek, as she springs forward and gazes earnestly upon herself? The rose-bud was not there! Wildly clasping her hands, she stood motionless for a moment, and then with a sudden exclamation, flew to the conservatory.

There, upon the marble steps, lay that fatal flower, crushed by some passer's careless foot. And now she saw it all—knew whence came the pale brow, and the cold, strange tone—and, oh! this had been given back the wildly-breathed vows of Clarence; thus had she brought anguish to a heart dearer than life itself. Hurriedly she sought her own room, passing the night in agonizing regrets; and when at dawn she slept, her troubled dreams were all of Clarence.

It was yet early when she rose, and with a trembling hand, penned but these words, 'Clarence, dear Clarence, come to me before you go. Isabel.' Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed ere the servant returned, bearing the note in his hand. 'Mr. Dunmore had left for New York in the early cars.'

Oh, Isabel, bitter as was thy grief, thy heart knew not the wild despair of him who now turned from home and country, and he who could have made his life an Eden. He had sought Mr. Clifton's on the previous night with a restless heart, and as he urged his way thro' the assembly, with his first glance toward Isabel, came like ice to his heart the knowledge that she wore not the emblem he had not dared to fear might be absent. None could know the agony that like a whirlwind was sweeping his heart, none could know the feelings that were shrouded by that cold, proud brow. He had known her emotion when they parted; he had known it was pity for him. It was his bouquet she held, though the rose-bud was withdrawn; and he felt how delicately she thus revealed to him that she was still his friend, though she could never be dearer; and the kindness with which she had rejected him, but added another link to the chain which made him hers.

'Talk not of wasted affection—affection never was wasted; if it enrich the heart of another, its waters, returning back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment.'

And thus it was with Clarence—he felt that the love for a pure and beautiful woman had, indeed, not been in vain, and went forth into the world a sadder but a better man, shrining in his heart the memory of his love as a talisman for good.

Months glided on; months which brought change to the heart and brow of Isabel. Changed, indeed, was she, but more beautiful than ever: the flush had left her cheek, and the dancing smile her lip, but there was a thoughtful beauty on her brow and a spiritual light within her eye that more than compensated for their loss; and the heart, though less lightly gay, was rich in the depth of feelings chastened by love and hours of regretful sadness.

The autumn of the year following Dunmore's departure had come, and Isabel knew that he must soon return—knew that again she should meet him, almost daily, as of old. Spite of all her shadowing fears, her darkened hopes,

the dear dream would sometimes come, that perhaps his heart was as unchanged as hers—perhaps the memory of her was still dearer than aught else: it might be that the sunlight of her first love was yet to be the brightness of her life.

Among the many novelties which had been introduced by the fashionables of the gay city of —, there were none, perhaps, so beautiful as the *tableaux vivants*, which were just then the chief attraction of the small parties of the season.

Isabel had been engaged for a week past in assisting her gay friend, Anna Warren, who had determined to bring forward something which should eclipse all that had hitherto been seen. And to vary the performances, as she laughingly expressed it, she had enlisted in her cause some of the most beautiful of her acquaintance, who were exquisite singers, intending to give alternately a song and a picture. Isabel, who touched the guitar with peculiar grace and sweetness, had, after many urgent entreaties, consented to take the part of a Spanish maiden—the last on the role. 'You are so beautiful,' urged Anna, with her arm winningly round the neck of her friend; 'and no one else has such eyes, or plays so sweetly, or loves me half so well.'

It was the evening before Anna's party, and Isabel sat in the twilight, practising on her guitar a soft and beautiful Spanish air. With the sad and touching strains, her mind reverted to Clarence; and it seemed almost as an echo to her thoughts when her father entered with the announcement that the travellers had returned—he had seen them both scarce an hour before.

Returned! what a world of anxious hope was in that one word! And they would meet again, and perhaps, with a love within each heart which the other might never know. He would not sue again; and could she tell him that her heart was his, when, perchance, the love that he once sought in vain was now of little worth? He had returned—and yet, she scarce knew why, there was no wild joy quivering in her heart, less even of hopeful happiness than had been there an hour before. Long she sat, dreaming in the dim twilight, for the first time realizing that never would one proud as Clarence, revert to her, who had refused his first warm love, that it had not passed away with the hour in which she gave it back.

Suddenly, star-like, stepped forth into her soul a vision of that which might decide forever the story of her love. She knew that the following evening she should meet Clarence for the first time at the house of Anna Warren, the sister of his friend; and like sunshine to the folded buds of hope within her heart, came the thought to wear at their first meeting, that token whose absence had made their parting so desolate. It was a simple thing to wear a pure, white rose-bud in the hair; others, perhaps, that very night, might do the same; but to her each leaf was redolent of love and hope—and she knew, that were the heart of Clarence still true, she should read it in the first glance that rested on that unconscious flower. And should she see in the light of those dear eyes all that she scarcely dared hope, could she not reveal in her song, in language intelligible to him, and to him only, the fatal shadow that had darkened Love's own sunny sky so long?

They were merry hearts and glad faces who met at Anna Warren's on the following evening. Anna's loving heart was overflowing with happiness as she gazed on her long absent brother, and joyous greetings were passing from lip to lip, for the noble-hearted Harry Warren was a favorite with all.

Isabel was quietly beautiful as ever, save a brighter sparkle in her eye, and the warm tinge which her anxious heart had given to her usually pale cheek. And Clarence was there; once more she stood beside him as she had stood months ago. He had lost none of his stately pride, but his voice was sad, and the smile upon his lip but faint as he greeted her.

Suddenly a flush passed over his face, and with his dark eyes, he looked with almost wild inquiry into hers; a half-checked exclamation was on his lip, and he put forth his hand as if to detain her, but she passed on and saw no more.

It was enough—he was unchanged. No words could have revealed it to her thrilling heart more clearly than the eloquent eyes that for one moment had looked into hers. Life was once again all gloriously beautiful. Happy Isabel!

The *tableaux*, the songs succeeded each other, each more brilliant, it seemed to the admiring gazers, than the last.

At length the curtain was drawn aside for the last time, and revealed, half-reclined in the balcony of an open window, the Spanish maiden. Flowers were blossoming around her, and a beautiful bird hung in its gilded cage at her side. The face was half averted; the dark eyes were downcast, and the heavy tresses were partly concealed by a richly-wrought veil, which, falling over the shoulders, swept the floor, while gorgeous crimson drapery lent a glow to the cheek else pale with emotion. One tiny hand lightly touched the strings of her guitar, and then a voice, faint, but ravishingly beautiful in its low melody, breathed forth the following words—

Oh, when fond, first love is twining
Round the heart its blushing flowers,
When its ray light is shining
On the fleetly flying hours;
When its fairy bells are ringing
Their soft music on the ear,
And its glad young hopes come winging
From a realm of dreams most dear—

Do not thou dream there can come anguish
O'er this Eden of the heart?
That its opening buds may languish;
That its sunlight all depart?
That its ringing notes of gladness
May but thrill in echoes low?
Winged hopes may drop in sadness,
And no more with dream-light glow?

Ah, a breath may dim this brightness,
A passing glance or tone,
A word of careless lightness,
That should have been love's own;
Some treasured promise broken,
Or even the faded fall
Of one sunny bud, Love's token,
Has sadly withered all!

Early the next morning—quite too early for a fashionable call—the servant ushered in Mr. Clarence Dunmore. The interview that followed, the declaration that was made, the vows which were pledged, are they not written in the chronicles of Love and hid away in his secret archives.

It is said of the second Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers, consisting originally of 1,157 men, that only eight were killed in action, while 213 died of the climate.

LOUIS PHILIPPE IN A POOR LIGHT.—The want of moral elevation and self respect, so conspicuous in Louis Philippe, from his very first *debut* as a monarch, was visible throughout his whole system of politics, and his manner of quitting the stage, when all was over, was quite worthy of the way in which he appeared upon the boards when first the curtain rose.

In the month of September, 1830, I chanced to be passing through the Tuilleries, and paused for a moment to observe the gaping crowd, gathered as usual beneath the balcony of the middle window. They had been waiting in hope that the King would appear, as he was in the habit of doing, every now and then, to show himself to the people, make his bow and vanish. Presently a *laquais de place*, all befrosted and debilitated, drew near to where I was standing. He was escorting a party of English, who seemed even more eager than the rest of the company to behold the new King. 'Has he appeared?' said the *valet de place*. 'Not yet,' replied a bystander. 'How long have you been waiting?' 'About ten minutes.' 'Ten minutes, and you are waiting still? I will show you how to bring him out.' Thereupon the impudent valet turned and shouted with all his might and main, 'Le Roi, Le Roi!' a cry which all the company joined in lustily, and which was soon followed by the desired effect, for the King presently appeared upon the balcony and went through the usual form of laying his hand on his heart, swearing to maintain the Charter, &c., and then withdrew. Not so the *valet de place*, who remained with his party of eight hunters beneath the window, while the English gentleman at its head fished from his pocket the two franc piece, which had evidently been agreed upon for a sight of Louis Philippe. 'Now would you like to hear him sing?' exclaimed the *cicerone*, as his prey was about to escape him by turning down one of the avenues of the garden. 'How!' exclaimed the astonished Englishman, 'Louis Philippe sing!' 'Yes; if you like to hear him sing the *Marseillaise*, he shall do it directly; but the price is five francs.' There was a whispering in English among the party, a look of doubt, an affirmation, a bet between the father and his son, and finally the thing was agreed upon. Again did the *valet de place* shout out 'Le Roi! Le Roi!' again did the crowd assembled re-echo the cry most loudly; once more did the King appear and proclaim his readiness to defend the Charter; and again was he about to withdraw, when the hoarse voice of the *valet de place* bellowed forth 'La Marseillaise! La Marseillaise!' and he began himself to scream the air in a discordant tone. The strain was caught up by the bystanders, while Louis Philippe, leaning against the iron railing of the balcony, joined in right lustily, beating the time with his glove upon the crown of the shako of the Garde Nationale which he held in his hand. I give you my honor that the scene took place exactly as I have described it. I was told afterwards that the thing was common enough. For two francs the King was shown; for five francs he was made to sing!

It was curious to observe the effect produced upon the English party I have just been mentioning. The young ones laughed most heartily at the whole affair, while the father colored deeply; and having flung the promised coin to the showman, walked away quickly, with a muttered expression of contempt upon his lips.—*Cor. Manchester Times.*

TURN ABOUT.—Two Yankees were strolling in the wood without any arms in their possession, and observing a bear ascending a tree, with its large paws clasped round the trunk, one of them ran forward and caught the bear's paw, one in each hand. He instantly called out to his comrade: 'Jonathan, I say, go home and bring me something as fast as you can, so that I can kill the varmint. Mind, don't stay for I'm in a fix.' Jonathan ran off as fast as he could, but in an exceedingly long time in returning. During the time the bear had made several desperate attempts to bite the hands of him who held it. At length Jonathan came back.

'Halloo, Jonathan, what the deuce has kept you?' 'Well, I'll tell you, replied Jonathan; 'when I got home, breakfast was about ready, and I guessed it would be as well to wait for it.' 'Here, now, Jonathan, said his comrade, 'come you and hold it, and I'll kill the critter in a jiffy.' Jonathan seized the bear's paw, and held the animal while the other could kill it.

'I guess I have,' replied Jonathan. 'Very well, hold him fast; I guess I'll go to dinner!' 'Well, I'll tell you, replied Jonathan; 'when I got home, breakfast was about ready, and I guessed it would be as well to wait for it.'

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'Here, now, Jonathan, said his comrade, 'come you and hold it, and I'll kill the critter in a jiffy.' Jonathan seized the bear's paw, and held the animal while the other could kill it.

ly his mission. On his knee and at his side should their partings be heard, and a word from him would leave an endurable impression forever upon the young heart. Ah! a mother's exertions are futile unless they meet with the hearty co-operation of the father. Children become too often estranged from their parents, keep their thoughts and feelings to themselves, and unaccustomed to seek advice, or perhaps from ignorance. 'Not an orphan is the wide world can be so deserted as the child who is an outcast from a living parent's love.'

THE ROSE. There was once a poor woman who had two children. The youngest had to go every day to the forest to fetch wood. And once, when the little girl had strayed very far and lost her way, there came a little child, who helped her to pick up the wood and drag the bundle home; and, when they came near the house, the little child suddenly vanished. The maiden told her mother all that had passed; but she would not believe it. At last the little girl brought home a rose, and said that the beautiful child had given it her, and had told her that when its leaves unfolded he would come again. So the mother put the rose into water.

One morning the little girl did not get up as usual: the mother went to the bed—the child was dead: but it lay there with a calm and lovely smile. And that very morning the leaves of the rose unfolded.

FARMERS AND THEIR CHILDREN. The paramount duty of the Agriculturist is to elevate his class, and place himself in the position to which he is entitled. No idea more fatal to the supremacy of the farmer ever possessed him than that of educating some one child in particular for what is denominated the learned professions. Let Agriculturists educate their children thoroughly, regardless of any such unfair and unjust consideration. Let them not give bread to one and stones and serpents to others. Let them bear in mind that education adorns and improves the cultivation of the soil, as much as it does the lawyer, the doctor, or the divine. It is a false notion and unworthy the citizens of a free Republic, that education is unnecessary to the cultivator of the soil.—When we reflect that this is a free country, and that freedom can only be preserved by the pure light that is reflected by knowledge, can the cultivator of the soil hesitate a moment to put his shoulder to the wheel? If he loves his children, educate them, if he loves his country, educate them. It is a duty he owes both to children and to country.

VERIFICATION OF PROPHECY.—The following prophecy is said to have been delivered by a British bard, in the time of William the Norman, and preserved by some of the monkish annalists, viz. That no more than three monarchs, in direct succession, should reign over these kingdoms, without some violent interruption.

1 William the Norman. 2 William Rufus, 3 Henry the First, Interrupted by the usurpation of Stephen. 1 Henry the Second, 3 Edward the First, Interrupted by the abdication and murder of Edward the Second.

1 Edward the Third, 2 Richard the Second, Interrupted by the deposition of that monarch. 1 Henry the fourth, 2 Henry the Fifth, 3 Henry the Sixth, Interrupted by the restoration of the House of York.

1 Edward the Fourth, 2 Edward the Fifth, 3 Richard the Third, Interrupted by the usurpation of Henry Richmond. 1 Henry the Seventh, 2 Henry the Eighth, 3 Edward the Sixth, Interrupted by the election of Lady Jane Grey.

1 Mary, 2 Elizabeth, A foreign King (James of Scotland) called in to assume the crown. 1 James the First, 2 Charles the First, Interrupted by the deposition of that monarch, and the establishment of another form of Government, in the person of Oliver Cromwell.

1 Charles the Second, 2 James the Second, Interrupted by the abdication of that King, and the election of a foreigner. 1 William the Third, 2 Anna, Interrupted by the Parliamentary appointment of a foreigner.

1 George the First, 2 George the Second, 3 George the Third, Interrupted by the unfortunate incapacity of that sovereign, and the Parliamentary appointment for exercising the sovereignty in the person of the Prince Regent.

1 George the Fourth, 2 William the Fourth, 3 Victoria the First, Whom may God bless, but what is to be the next interruption?—N. F. Tribuna.

JEWISH MERCY.—This mode is so humane and considerate, that if for nothing else, the disgraceful impediments and disabilities which prevent their full enjoyment of all political rights, ought to be expanded and done away with forever. A sharp knife, so sharp, in fact, that the least notch in the blade would render it unlawful to use it for the purpose, is drawn across the throat of the beast, which causes instantaneous bleeding to death. The rabbinical laws, as to the smoothness of the blade are remarkably stringent, lest any witnesses may cause the animal unnecessary pain.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND HIS FAMILY AT CLAREMONT.—We have just visited the neighborhood where we learned from unquestionable authority that the single-lared carriage with which Louis Philippe indulged the Queen and himself, during the first month, has been discontinued; and the only expense of that kind ventured upon is the hire of three cabs, on a Sunday morning, to convey the family to the Roman Catholic Chapel at Weybridge. The whole of the household, with its dependants, dine together. Everything, including whatever wine and dessert is allowed is placed on the table at once, without a single remove. There is only one servant in attendance in the room. The descendants of Charles Lemagne wait upon themselves, and each other. Cambridge Advertiser.

Twelve camels and two Arab drivers of Howe's Circus arrived in the steamer Nerax at New York.

BRIGHTON BUTTON WORKS.—This establishment, at Brighton, in this state, under the superintendence of Mr. Noah Davis, is doing a very good and large business, and the articles are so well manufactured that they command a good price and ready sale, even in these dull times for many kinds of business.

The hardest and most solid bones from the soap boiler, in whose hands they have been thoroughly cleaned, are cut off at the ends with a circular saw, that goes with great rapidity, cutting off a large dry bone in about one second. The dust produced in this operation is pure fine bone, called bone meal and used as a medicine for "rattle having the bone disorder."

The next operation is steaming by which the bones are softened. Then they are sawed in to boards of various thickness, for buttons of different sizes. The saws for this purpose revolve 3000 times in a minute, by which the sawdust is made very fine, almost into a powder. To prevent the saws from becoming heated they revolve in water on the under side and a small stream of water falls on the work at the top.

This sawdust is mixed with water. It is drained, and then packed in barrels; and sold for agricultural purposes as wet bone. It sticks together rather too closely to be convenient for manure; for, as it is very powerful, it should be thoroughly separated and mixed with loam, sand or other manures. If mixed with lime or ashes the ammoniac will be expelled. We have used plaster to separate the particles, and this absorbs or fixes the ammonia. By drying it a short time, some of the water will escape, and then it may be pulverized, so as to be scattered and mixed with the soil.

The little bone boards are cut into buttons in machines, leaving a mere skeleton or frame between the holes where the buttons are cut out, and on the edges. These remains of the boards, the slabs and the inner parts, all form a large quantity, called coarse waste, of which 150 tons are annually made at these works. This, by dissolving in sulphuric acid or a solution of potash, would make a good manure. In its present state it is an excellent dressing for grape vines, and for other purposes; but it is slowly available to the plant, and it is very durable, as it will be long before all the bones decay. These coarse materials are mostly sent to Philadelphia and made into animal charcoal and a part of it is doubtless brought back and used in our sugar refineries.

After the buttons are cut out of the boards, they are placed into machines by boys, where they are brought under drills and bored. The material cut out by the drills is very fine, and is called bone dust; it is used for manure, also for hens, furnishing ingredients for the egg shell.

Our principal object has been to show the various states of bone at this establishment, as used for agricultural purposes. About 4000 gross of buttons are made daily, requiring 3000 pounds of stock.

Mr. Davis has invented a polishing machine that performs with great expedition and does the work in a superior style, which gives a decided advantage to the buttons of this manufactory. He retains the exclusive right to this machine, without the assistance of Uncle Sam, as he keeps it to himself.—*Boston Cultivator.*

PRECOCITY OF INTELLECT. Having watched the growth of the young mind a good deal, I am less and less in love with precocity, which, indeed, is often a mere manifestation of disease—the disease of a very fine, but very weak nervous organization. Your young Roscines, and all your wonders of that kind, generally end in the feeblest of common-places. There is no law, however, precise and absolute in the matter. The difference of age at which men attain maturity of intellect, and even of imagination, is very striking. The tumultuous heat of youth has certainly given birth to many of the noblest things in music, painting and poetry; but no less fine productions have sprung from the ripeness of years. Chatterton wrote all his beautiful things, exhausted all hopes of life, and saw nothing better than death at the early age of eighteen. Burns and Byron died in their thirty-seventh year, and I think the strength of their genius was over. Raphael, after filling the world with divine beauty, perished also at thirty-seven; Mozart earlier. These might have produced still greater works. On the other hand, Handel was forty-eight before he "gave the world assurance of a man." Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich drugged, somewhat above the age of thirty, and did not even then know that he could write a line of poetry. Yet what towering vigor and swinging ease all at once in "glorious John!" Milton had, indeed, written his *Comus* at twenty-six; but blind, and "fallen on evil days and evil tongues," he was upward of fifty when he began his great work. Cowper knew not his own might till he was far beyond thirty, and his *Tusk* was not written till near his fiftieth year. Sir Walter Scott was also upward of thirty before he published his *Minstrelsy*, and all his greatness was yet to come.—*Aird's "Old Bachelor."*

FURTHER FROM HAYTI.—The brig *Draco*, which arrived at this port this morning from Port au Prince, furnishes further particulars of the recent outbreaks there. The narrative below embraces a connected history of events up to that date.

This city (Port au Prince) and environs have recently been the theatre of terror and bloodshed, such as has not been witnessed since the days of the tyrant Dessalines. The hatred and prejudice existing against the mulatto population, broke forth on the 16th of April. It was the day of the weekly parading of the guards and army, and all the Generals were assembled at the palace. The President opened the scene by preferring charges against certain mulatto Generals, of treason to the Government. This soon reached the ears of the assembled soldiery, and at a signal volleys of musketry broke upon the air, and several fell victims to the charge; two other volleys were fired. The President barely escaping with his life, succeeded in restoring order. Alarm guns were now fired from the fort, and the whole city set in dreadful commotion. A proclamation was sent forth, calling all citizens to assist in restoring order.

The call was obeyed, and the mulatto merchants and clerks paraded in front of their warehouses, for protection to their property and their homes. This was just at nightfall. Without further notice the President's Guard, amounting to some 1500 men, with artillery, came down upon them, and ordered them to disperse. A general fire was now opened between the two parties, which resulted in the rout of the mulattoes, who left some thirty of their number dead on the scene of the conflict. The refusal of the mulattoes to disperse, was assumed as the palace as treason against the Government, and on the following morning four of the mulattoes were arrested and shot in front of the British Consulate. Several others were shot in different parts of the city, wherever they could be found, and on the 18th one more was shot in front of the British Consulate.

It is supposed that 50 mulattoes were killed in the city, besides many others on the plains

All the foreign consulates, as well as the houses of foreigners, became asylums of the mulattoes, and were densely crowded. A French corvette was lying in the Roads, and the French Consul, with a boldness becoming his dignity, demanded of the President an amnesty on threat of bombardment. This had its effect, and a proclamation was issued granting pardon to all except twelve, whose names were given in the proclamation. This notice enabled the twelve to escape in disguise on board vessels in the harbor.

Another proclamation was issued, calling on all citizens to open their doors and resume business on pain of being considered as compromised; but so little confidence was placed in the sincerity of the President, that it was not until the 24th of April that any business was done, and even up to the present date very little has been done except to embark such effects as could be got on board foreign vessels. No further disturbance has since taken place, yet very little confidence is felt that peace will continue many weeks. The President has set out on a tour through the South, with a large force it is said, to restore order, and until he returns no further demonstration will be made.

The Commercial Agent of the United States hoisted his flag in the early part of the troubles; and his house, in common with the other Consulates, became the asylum of the persecuted mulattoes.

Commerce is at a stand and the money of the country depreciating every day. Many families have embarked, and others are preparing to follow as soon as they can arrange their affairs.—*Traveller.*



WATERVILLE, JUNE 8.

A SHARP REPLY.—A somewhat warm debate occurred at Washington a few days since, on the bill to pay Mr. Hodges of Maryland for a runaway slave. In the course of some remarks, Mr. Stephens of Georgia appealed to Mr. Giddings, and inquired if he was "willing to press the South to a dissolution of the Union?" Mr. Giddings replied that he had no fears on this point, having become satisfied that the North could not drive the South from them. "When a man," said he, "hanging by a rope over an angry flood, lets go his hold to preserve his safety, we may expect that the South will let go of the North, upon whom she is dependent for life and safety!" Whether Mr. Stephens pressed the inquiry further, or sat down satisfied, is not reported.

In the course of this debate, Mr. Dickey of Pennsylvania made a bold and independent speech against the bill, in which he took the liberty to question the constitutional right of Congress to regard slaves as property. Some of the Southern members set him down as almost as fanatical as Mr. Giddings.

THE HALIFAX AGAIN. This boat is now lying at Hallowell, and is to be repaired immediately. We understand from one of her owners that she is to be provided with some important improvements tending to render her safe from explosion, and that the utmost caution will be exercised in the selection of an engineer, fireman, pilot, &c. We may expect to see her, in the course of the season, dancing merrily over the water as though no melancholy event had embalmed her history. Success to her; and to her enterprising owners.

A portion of our remarks in regard to the disaster to this boat was misunderstood by some whose feelings we should be sorry to wound; especially under present circumstances. Some of these remarks were general, and were by no means intended to apply to the Halifax, nor could they be suspected of this application where the real facts in the case are known. The jury of inquest, with better evidence than others can have, decided that the explosion was the result of ignorance or carelessness in a single individual. This was their opinion, and it is ours; and yet it may not be the fact. Causes utterly unsuspected may have produced a result for which the engineer was in no way to blame. Those who knew him thought him a prudent and safe man for the place he filled. Some, if not all, who suffered deeply by the disaster, still think so.

Capt. Paine was a most estimable man, and one who would have been very unlikely to suffer excitement to lead him into danger, either to life or property. He gave close attention to the operation of the machinery, and to the movements of those entrusted with it, and no doubt considered everything safe—at least till it was too late to apply a remedy. We do not know that the same cannot be said of all others, though there is reason to conclude that there must have been a suspicion of danger with some of them. But it is not probable they had on steam enough to endanger the boat, in the absence of other difficulty. What that difficulty was is not known, nor will it probably be satisfactorily determined.

Nothing in our remarks was designed to impute a suspicion of recklessness or intemperance to any of the sufferers. On the contrary, it is said that few boats are better or more respectably manned. Their bereaved friends, and the owners of the boat, have the deepest sympathy of this community; a sympathy which, in regard to the latter, we doubt not will be substantially manifested when the Halifax completes her repairs and resumes her trips.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.—The following paragraph is from the Paris correspondence of a London paper:—
"You are aware that the principal members of the house of Rothschild are now assembled at Paris. The object of the meeting is said to be to devise plans for repairing, if possible, the disasters which the house has sustained, and to come to some positive arrangement with the executive government of France respecting the last loan."

There are various rumors in circulation as to the extent of the losses of Messrs. Rothschild. The following extract from the Report of a Committee on Hogs, read before an Agricultural Society 'Down East,' contains some excellent hints:—
"Again: some folks accuse pigs of being filthy in their habits, and negligent in their personal appearance. But whether food is best eaten off the ground, or from China plates, is, it seems to me, merely a matter of taste and convenience, about which pigs and men may honestly differ. They ought, then, to be judged charitably. At any rate pigs are not filthy enough to chew tobacco, nor to poison their

child by the revolutions on the continent. I am assured by a friend that Mr. James Rothschild, three or four days ago, declared to him that the losses of the firm by these events amounted to two hundred millions of francs. From this we may judge of the enormous fortune and credit possessed by these bankers;—for, notwithstanding their losses, I do not hear that they have failed in any of their engagements."

THE HISTORY OF TEN YEARS, 1830—1840, OR FRANCE UNDER LOUIS PHILIPPE. By Louis Blanc. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848.

This is a political pamphlet on a large scale—full of bitterness, prejudice, and talent. It tells many home truths in a brilliant and pointed style, while its misrepresentations and exaggerations are too obvious to mislead an intelligent reader. M. Blanc's object is evidently to preach a crusade against the merchants, manufacturers and bankers, in the name of the working classes. The working classes he calls, by way of eminence, the "people," all others, with the exception of the few remnants of the old noblesse, he calls the "bourgeoisie." These he represents as having seized the directorship of affairs after the Revolution of 1830, and entered into a conspiracy to defraud the "people" of the benefits of the revolution which they had achieved. Notwithstanding this, M. Blanc admits with all simplicity that the body of those who overthrew the soldiers of Charles X. knew not what they were fighting for, but with characteristic excitability rushed pell mell into the quarrel for the mere love of blood. There are, in our author's view, the patriots and statesmen, the depositaries of wisdom and virtue, who would have saved the glory of France and wiped out the stain of Waterloo, and, after the style of Anacharsis Klotz, spread the blessings of liberty over Europe.

There is one glaring fallacy that underlies all our author's tirades and rhapsodies, viz.: that the interests of the working classes and the merchant and manufacturer are distinct and always opposed. This has ever been the demagogue's cry, and the schoolboy in Political Economy must see its utter falsehood. Where the circulation of property is unfettered by entails and monopolies, the interests of all classes are in the long run necessarily and always one. The law of supply and demand must regulate the price of money as well as the price of corn or labor. Skill, whether mechanical or financial, is power; and so is money, its material reward; and this must ever be so, for it is made necessary by the very nature of things.

This book is peculiarly interesting now, as it furnishes a tolerable exposure of the views, so far as they have any, of the great body of French communists, which MM. Blanc and Rollin are now endeavoring to realize. When these gentlemen can get into a tub and lift themselves up by its ears, we may expect that they will be able to reverse the curse, that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Their magnificent promises to the laborers can never be fulfilled, and we shall yet see the wrath of their misguided followers visited on the heads of these hairbrained projectors. When Messrs. Greeley, Ripley & Co. make long harangues on the slavery of hired labor, it is simply matter for amusement, for no enterprising New England mechanic believes them; but when these doctrines are preached to the excitable and ignorant crowds of Paris, and threaten to destroy the legal liberty of France, bought by a half a century of blood, together with the peace of the world, it becomes a serious thing.

These gentlemen believe themselves philosophers and discoverers, when they are simply demagogues, or visionaries, or fools. The doctrines of the Communists are not new; they are as old as Shakespeare and Jack Cade. Let Jack's speech in Henry VI. be translated into the swelling phrase and pompous generalities of the Socialist school, and it would do admirably for a lecture before the Boston Association, or a speech for M. Blanc from the window of the Hotel de Ville. Listen to Jack: one might suppose he had been reading one of Wm. H. Channing's Reports on Association.

JACK CADE.—Your captain is brave and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common, and in all Cheapside shall my pathway go to grass. And when I am king (as king I will be)—
CROWD.—God save your majesty!

CADE.—I thank you, good people;—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score, and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord.

DICK.—The first thing we'll do let's kill all the lawyers.

CADE.—Nay, that I mean to do.

To return to the book at the head of this article, we recommend it to those who would get a clear notion of the views of the statesmen who have threatened to call in the armed mob to assist in the deliberations of a council of state, and who are the leaders of those who have (as we learn by the last arrivals) filled the hall of the National Assembly, driven out the deputies, and declared its sittings at an end. If Lamarine and his friends succeed in maintaining liberty and order in France, with such men for associates, they will deserve the gratitude of the civilized world.

The work is for sale at Mr. Mathews's Book-Store.

HOGGISH.—We do not relish the truth the less for being occasionally spiced with a little humor. The following extract from the Report of a Committee on Hogs, read before an Agricultural Society 'Down East,' contains some excellent hints:—

"Again: some folks accuse pigs of being filthy in their habits, and negligent in their personal appearance. But whether food is best eaten off the ground, or from China plates, is, it seems to me, merely a matter of taste and convenience, about which pigs and men may honestly differ. They ought, then, to be judged charitably. At any rate pigs are not filthy enough to chew tobacco, nor to poison their

breath by drinking whiskey. And as to their personal appearance, you don't catch a pig playing the dandy, nor the females amongst them picking their way up this muddy village, after a rain, in kid slippers. Notwithstanding their heterodox notions, hogs have some excellent traits of character. If one happens to wallow a little deeper in the mire hole than his fellows, and so carries off and comes in possession of more of this earth than his brethren, he never assumes any extra importance on that account; neither are his brethren stupid enough to worship him for it. Their only question seems to be, *is he still a hog?* If he is, they treat him as such.

And when a hog has no merit of his own, he never puts on aristocratic airs, nor claims any particular respect on account of his family connexions; and yet some Hogs have descended from very ancient families. They understand, full well, the common maxim, 'every tub must stand on its own bottom.'

DEFEAT OF THE POLES.—A London Postscript of the last steamer's news says:—
An aid-de-camp from the Commanding General at Posen has arrived at Berlin with the news of the complete defeat of the Polish insurgents, under Mikolowski on the 7th, and the surrender at discretion of the whole body.

THE BARNBURNERS' CONVENTION.—The Albany Atlas, the organ of the Barnburners, contains a call for a Convention, to be held at Utica on the 22d June, to nominate candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency.

LIME, USED WITHOUT KNOWLEDGE AND ABUSED WITHOUT REASON.—There are few things about which practical farmers have more differed, or been more puzzled, than about the efficacy and value of lime—some affirming it even to be worthless, others regarding it as the great panacea for all the ills that afflict the husbandman. For much of that diversity of experience and opinion, Mr. Norton, of Yale College, the accomplished Professor of Chemistry, as applied to Agriculture, thus briefly and readily accounts:—

"I would not, for an instant, be thought to undervalue practical experience; its results have been great and important, and in many cases science has only followed to explain what experience has before discovered. But the process of discovery by experiment alone, is always painfully slow, because the experimenter has no clear perceptions to guide him. In many cases, errors and inexplicable differences of opinion arise, because results of an opposite character are obtained by individuals in the same neighborhood.

"I once attended a meeting of a farmer's club, in Ayrshire, Scotland, where the subject of discussion was lime. All were from the same neighborhood, and all had used lime, but scarcely any two agreed in their estimation of its effects. Some considered it one of the most valuable manures employed, and others condemned it entirely. The discussion was perfectly unsatisfactory in its termination, each person being only confirmed in his own opinion. The true explanation of their differences consisted in the fact, that the soils of their district were derived from the decomposition of two species of rock; one of which abounded in lime, while the other was almost entirely destitute. This was a case in which experience gave no information as to the course most advisable in individual cases. Expensive experiments were necessary in each instance, and after all this expenditure of time and money, no general or useful result was arrived at. But on the other hand, theory alone is almost as objectionable as practice alone. Results obtained in the laboratory, or on paper, are by no means to be considered as applicable to practice until tested by experience. Ignorance of this fact has led some of the most eminent philosophers into deplorable errors, and has caused many practical men to regard scientific agriculture as but another name for quackery. The only true course is to unite practice and theory, guiding and explaining each by the other. The utmost possible advance would then be made in both directions, because all experiments would be for definite ends and guided by clear intelligent views.

"When we attentively consider the principles which I have now endeavored to present in a connected form, we perceive that they are not only simple, intelligible, and practical, but also beautiful. That endless chain which joins the dead earth to the living plant, the plant to the animal, and the animal to the earth again, is even sublime in its unceasing series of changes."

We may add that we have known farmers who have, in the beginning, been most charmed by the effects of lime, who afterwards began to doubt, and at last condemned it as an ex-hauster. This has been because they have looked to it to supply every thing; and when their lands have been exhausted of other things necessary to the growth of their crops, instead of supplying these other things, they have turned indignantly and unjustly upon the lime, because it has not continued to do what it never could and never promised to do.

THE DEPOT. Considerable interest has been felt in our village in regard to the location of the depot of the A. & K. Railroad. It was generally expected the matter would be decided at the meeting of the Directors in this place on Tuesday last. They however adjourned on Wednesday without coming to a decision.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—Charles & Son's New York Note says a deserved compliment to Mr. Leavitt's able pamphlet on Postage, and remarks:—

"A Cheap Postage Association has also been organized in New York, and is composed of members who will not fail to urge upon our Representatives in Congress that they are expected to grant the people an immediate redress of the grievances under which they labor; more especially in that obnoxious impost of three cents, prepaid, upon transient newspapers. Congress has been several months in session, and be it remarked, that the only answer made to the petitions of the people for cheap postage, is a bill recently passed in the Senate for further extension of the franking privilege to Members of Congress; and another bill to double the rates of ship letters."

TEMPERANCE INVESTMENT.—The Adams House, Boston, to be kept as a strictly temperance hotel, will cost the round sum of \$175,000. The purchase will probably be effected.

Mr. Richard Thurston, of Acton, was instantly killed at Berwick, on Friday week, by being run over by a loaded cart. He was seventy years of age.

SEMINARY FOR BLACKS IN MICHIGAN.—The Legislature of Michigan, at its late session, granted a charter to the black people of the State, conferring upon them the right to establish in the county of Lenawee a seminary, in which labor shall be combined with learning.

CONGRESSIONAL.

WASHINGTON, JUNE 1ST.—The Oregon Bill came up in the Senate to-day. The bill provides that the existing laws established by the people of Oregon, shall continue to exist, subject to the revival of their territorial legislature. One of these existing laws provides that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist. An amendment is proposed, but not acted upon, prohibiting, in effect, any legislation by the territory, for the exclusion of slavery.

Mr. Benton, in his letter against Mr. Calhoun's slavery propagandist resolutions, denounced the project of applying to the cold, hyperborean region of Oregon, a bye law for the admission of slavery. But it is now a serious question whether the Bill to establish a territorial government in Oregon can be passed, without some clause guaranteeing to the South the right to take slaves, as property, in Oregon.

Mr. Bright, in supporting the bill, and urging its passage to day, spoke of the slavery question as one that is entirely abstract, inasmuch as slavery was excluded from Oregon by the laws of nature.

Mr. Hale, who had moved to amend the bill by engraving on it the anti slavery ordinance of 1787, withdrew that, in order to see how the bill would get along without it, reserving the right to renew it.

Mr. Bright, to expedite the passage of the bill, consented to such an alteration as would leave the whole subject to the future decision and action of the territorial legislature of Oregon. It being apparent that this modification would be made, and that the laws of the territory already adopted would therefore be annulled, Mr. Hale proposed to renew his amendment, after the question should be taken on the modification suggested by Mr. Bright.

Mr. Calhoun declared that this modification would not remove the difficulty. He insisted upon the well considered project of last year, which restricts the territorial legislature from making any law for the exclusion of slavery; and he challenged a discussion on the question at once.

So, the Senate was to decide, first, that Congress has no power to extend the ordinance of 1787 to Oregon; and second, that the territory has no right itself to exclude slavery.

This is going a good deal further than has ever been proposed before; but it is the ultra ground of the Southern men, of both parties, at this time.

Mr. Dickinson laid down his principle of action, to wit, to leave it to the people of the territories to legislate for themselves, which falls far short of the doctrine of Mr. Calhoun.

Mr. Bagby pledged himself that the people of Oregon would go without a government to the end of time, if a government excluding the South from equal privilege in the territory should be insisted upon. Why, slavery was excluded by nature from Oregon, why should it be excluded by law? It was merely for the purpose of insulting the South.

Mr. Foote avowed, as a motive for avoiding the slavery question at this time, the injurious effect that it would have upon the success of the democratic candidate at the coming election. Insidious efforts were now making, to excite the South to such madness on this question, as to induce them to oppose any Northern man as a candidate for the Presidency.

Mr. Hale wanted to know why the sentiment of the South had not been before awakened by similar legislation to this, in regard to the territories, for the last sixty years.—*Corr. N. Y. Jour. Com.*

MAINE LEGISLATURE.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31.

In Senate, several bills passed to be engrossed.

Petitions presented and referred.—Of Ezra Totman and others, for a railroad from Fairfield, to connect with the And. & Ken. Railroad; of J. G. Blanchard and others, and of Isaac Fosset and others, for the passage of a law making ten hours a legal day's work.

House.—On motion of Mr. Dudley of Waite inquiry was made relative to making owners of unincorporated townships liable for damages occurring in consequence of defects in roads through such counties, in the same manner as is provided in relation to incorporated towns.

On motion of Mr. Johnson of Dixmont, inquiry was ordered relative to providing for a chemical analysis of the various soils in this state.

On motion of Mr. Lowell of Standish, inquiry was ordered relative to abolishing the office of justices of the peace and of the quorum, and conferring on justices of the peace the powers now exercised by justices of the peace and of the quorum.

Petitions referred.—James Eddy, for act of incorporation of a magnetic telegraph through Maine; of O. L. Currier and others, inhabitants of New Sharon, for authority to loan their credit to aid the Franklin and Kennebec Railroad; remonstrance against the same.

THURSDAY, JUNE 1.

Mr. Clark, from the committee on banks and banking, reported a bill to increase the capital stock of Freeman's Bank.

The Senate refused, 6 to 16, to accept the report of the committee on judiciary, on petition of H. B. Dillingham and others, widows of Augustus, and a motion to reconsider this vote was laid on the table.

House.—Mr. Paine of Bangor laid on the table a bill granting proprietors and owners of land forfeited to the State for non-payment of taxes further time to redeem them.

Petitions referred.—Chs. A. Litchfield and others, John G. Percy and others, Joseph G. Blanchard and others, Kendall Miles and others, Henry T. Delano and others, Sam'l Deering and others, for a law making ten hours a legal day's work. The petitions were referred to a joint select committee.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2.

Petitions presented and referred.—Passanagood Indians, for an appropriation to build a suitable house for their priest; also credentials for Joseph Lolah Salmo, delegate from said tribe to the Legislature; remonstrance of Henry Gray and others, of A. Howard and others, of Geo. W. Perkins and others, all against the Vassalboro' Boom Co.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3.

Senate.—Mr. Townsend presented a bill in addition to an act to establish a Board of Education, which was referred to the committee on education.

[This bill provides that the annual meetings of the superintending school committees shall be held at such time and place in each

county as the members of the board for the county shall appoint.]

Mr. Flint presented the petition of Charles Green, Judge of Probate for Somerset county, for an increase of salary, which was referred to the delegation from that county.

In the House, the bill to incorporate the Bank of Hallowell was taken up.

Mr. Gilman of Hallowell moved to amend by fixing the capital stock at 75,000 instead of 100,000 dollars, as named in the bill.

After some discussion the amendment prevailed, and the bill was passed to be engrossed.

Petitions referred.—Four, from different sections, for a law regulating bowling alleys; two others, from different sections, for the passage of a law making ten hours a legal day's work; Howard Baker and others, for exclusive right to navigate the Kennebec river by steam power between Carriunk Falls and the Forks of the Kennebec.

MONDAY, JUNE 5.

Senate.—The bill to incorporate the Bank of Hallowell came from the House amended by reducing the amount of capital stock to 75,000.

After some remarks by Mr. Chapman, the bill was laid on the table.

Petitions referred.—Reuben Curtis and others, G. W. Cummings and others, E. B. Foster and others, Chs. W. Ridout and others, that ten hours be made a legal day's work; Wm. D. Little and others, for the re-enactment of the law of the last session, granting to proprietors of land forfeited for non-payment of taxes, further time to redeem the same; remonstrance of John Evans and others, and of B. F. Brackett and others, against extension of the powers of the Vassalboro' Boom Company.

Mr. Thing of Freeport presented a bill establishing a legal rate of interest, which was referred to the Judiciary committee.

Adjourned.

SUMMARY.

PEACE.—We are disappointed to-day, in not being able to confirm, upon unquestionable authority, the report of the ratification by Mexico of the Treaty of Peace. There is nothing, however, to lessen the probability that the ratification took place, as stated, on the 17th of May. The New York Express publishes a letter from Washington "from a most authentic source," under date of Sunday, which says:—

"I have received authentic advices, that the Treaty has been ratified by the Mexican Government, and official information will be received at Washington, within twenty-four hours."

The Washington Union of Sunday morning has the following:—

"A bearer of despatches (Lieut. Con'g.) from Commissioners Sevier and Clifford to the government, arrived here last evening in the southern boat. He left Mexico on the 15th ult., at which time the vote the treaty was not taken, but it was distinctly ascertained that a large majority of both branches of the Mexican Congress were in favor of its ratification. The officer left the 'Edith' at Vera Cruz, with steam up, all ready to convey the glorious news at a moment's notice."

The report of the ratification, it will be remembered purports to have been brought by the Edith, which vessel, it appears, was waiting at Vera Cruz for the express purpose of conveying the notice. The Union seems to entertain no doubt that Mexico has accepted the treaty; and the telegraph report which we had yesterday, that the outposts of the army had been called in, and preparations made for a return, is apparently worthy of credit.

FIRST FEMALE MEMBER OF THE A. A. S.—Miss Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, discoverer of the Comet which bears her name, was unanimously elected an honorary member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, at their last general meeting.

We believe that this is the first time such an honor has been conferred on any lady in this country; and a similar honor has been conferred on but two ladies in Europe. Miss Caroline Herschel, the sister and assistant of the late Sir William Herschel, in his astronomical labors, and Mrs. Somerville, the commentator on La Place, were some years ago elected honorary members of the Royal Astronomical Society of London.

FEEDING UPON THE PUBLIC.—It is stated that the number of workmen in Paris, alone, who are employed on public works, to keep them from starving and from attempting further revolutions, has increased from 80,000 to 150,000. The same increase is taking place throughout all the great towns of France.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN ENGLAND.—A serious and fatal collision occurred on the Great Western Railway, May 10, to the Express Train, due in London at half past 4 on that afternoon. As it was passing the Shrivensham station, six miles from Swindon, while traveling at its usual speed of between 45 and 50 miles an hour, the engine struck an empty horse box and a cattle truck, which had been carelessly left on a turn-out track, so near the main track as to cause the collision. The horse box was demolished by the force of the blow, and the cattle truck swung round in such a way, that it struck first the baggage car of the Express Train, immediately behind the tender, and successively all the passenger carriages. The first carriage, a second class, was so broken in pieces by the blow, as to throw a large number of the passengers, who were 30 in all, with fragments of the carriage body, upon the ground, while the carriage itself, and the other carriages of the train, remained on the track. The driver of the engine was unable to arrest the progress of the train until it had passed a quarter of a mile beyond the scene of the disaster. On returning, the ground was found strewn with the wrecks of the carriage, and with the wounded

SPRING & SUMMER Clothing.

C. H. THAYER,

WOULD inform his friends and the public that he has just received in addition to his former stock

12 Broad Cloth Dress Coats	\$10.00 to \$12.00
12 " " " " " " " "	10.00 11.00
12 " " " " " " " "	8.00 9.00
12 Tweed Sacks & Frocks	5.00 5.50
12 " " " " " " " "	4.00 4.50
12 " " " " " " " "	3.50 3.75
12 Alpaca Dress Coats	3.75 4.00
12 " " " " " " " "	3.25 3.50
12 Croton " " " " " " " "	4.00 4.50
12 Brown Linen " " " " " " " "	1.25 1.50
12 " " " " " " " "	1.25 1.50
12 Plaid " " " " " " " "	1.37 1.50
12 Check " " " " " " " "	1.25 1.50
12 French Gingham Coats	1.25 1.35
12 Check Cotton " " " " " " " "	.92 1.00
12 " " " " " " " "	.72 .90
12 Double Breasted Satin Vests	4.00 4.50
12 Single " " " " " " " "	3.00 3.50
12 " " " " " " " "	2.50 2.75
12 " " " " " " " "	2.00 2.25
12 Silk, Satin Stripes	2.50 2.75
12 Lasting " " " " " " " "	2.00 2.25
12 Black Cas. " " " " " " " "	2.25 2.50
12 Blue " " " " " " " "	1.25 1.50
12 Cashmere " " " " " " " "	1.50 1.75
12 " " " " " " " "	1.25 1.35
12 Cotton & Worsted " " " " " " " "	.72 .90
24 P's Black Cas. Pants	3.00 3.50
12 Mixed " " " " " " " "	2.50 2.75
12 Light Doeckin " " " " " " " "	3.75 4.25
12 Striped " " " " " " " "	2.50 3.00
12 Checked Cas. " " " " " " " "	3.75 4.00
12 " " " " " " " "	2.75 3.00
12 Plaid " " " " " " " "	2.50 2.75
12 Blue Rib'd " " " " " " " "	2.75 3.00
12 Mixed " " " " " " " "	2.50 2.75
12 " " " " " " " "	1.67 1.75
12 " " " " " " " "	1.50 1.65
12 Checked Lin. " " " " " " " "	1.67 1.75
12 B'n Lin. Drig. " " " " " " " "	1.25 1.50
12 Plain Cotton " " " " " " " "	.75 .85
12 Checked " " " " " " " "	.58 .67
12 Duck " " " " " " " "	.58 .67
12 String " " " " " " " "	.92 1.00
12 " " " " " " " "	1.25 1.35
12 Overalls " " " " " " " "	.50 .58
12 String " " " " " " " "	.58 .67
12 Denim Frocks " " " " " " " "	.67 .75
24 Red Flannel Shirts	1.17 1.25
60 Striped " " " " " " " "	.50 .58

BOYS CLOTHING.

12 Tweed Frocks	3.25 3.50
12 " " " " " " " "	3.00 3.25
12 " " " " " " " "	2.50 2.75
24 Linen Sacks & Frocks	2.00 2.25
12 Cotton " " " " " " " "	.75 1.00
24 P's Satinot Pants	1.25 1.50
12 Linen Drilling " " " " " " " "	.92 1.10
12 Cotton " " " " " " " "	.58 .67
12 Plaid Vests " " " " " " " "	.92 1.00
12 " " " " " " " "	.75 .85
12 " " " " " " " "	.58 .67
12 Striped " " " " " " " "	.50 .58

ALSO A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF DRY GOODS, CROCKERY & GLASS WARE, HARDWARE, IRON, NAILS & GLASS.

A LARGE STOCK OF PAINTS AND OILS.

Also a large stock of

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES, comprising in part the following articles:

10 Hds Molasses,	3000 lbs. H. B. Sugar,
4000 " P. R. do. 20 lbs for \$1.	1500 " Cask Raisins, 16 to 25 lbs for \$1.
500 " Box do.	1000 " Coffee.

ALSO, A LARGE STOCK OF NEW FLOUR.

The above goods were bought for cash and consequently will be sold as low as can be bought on Kennebec river. Those in want will find it to their interest to call before purchasing elsewhere. (40-41) Waterville, April 25th, 1848.

REMOVAL.

FOR the purpose of repairing their store, T. G. KIMBALL & CO. have united their goods with ESTY & KIMBALL'S, No. 4, Ticonic Row.

In addition to these, a large stock of

New Spring Goods

has just been received, forming decidedly the largest and best assortment in town.

We assure our old customers and all who are in want either of

DRY GOODS OR GROCERIES,

that a call upon us before making their purchases shall be greatly to their advantage.

N. B.—Those indebted to us will find their notes and accounts at Esty & Kimball's, to which their early attention is most respectfully requested. (39-41) April, 1848.] T. G. KIMBALL & CO.

NEW STYLES, SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

PARKER & PHILLIPS,

(Opposite the Common, Main Street.)

RESPECTFULLY announce to their friends and the public generally that they have just received and are now opening a large assortment of fashionable and elegant styles of

GOODS

of Foreign and Domestic Manufacture—adapted to the season, consisting of

Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doestines, Satinets, Tweeds, Gambroons, and Denims of all colors.

New rich styles of

Cashmeres, Mous. DeLaines, Gingham, Gingham Muslins—Fig'd graduated and plain Lawns, Balzorcines—wrought French, Organdie and Lyons Muslins.

Oregon plaid, striped, plaid and plain white Cambrics English and American Prints, of all descriptions. Also a complete assortment of

SHAWLS.

Hostery, bleached and brown Sheetings, Drillings and Linens, white, brown and cold Cambrics. Also

PARASOLS, PARASOLETS, AND SUN SHADES.

Victoria and Hair-cloth Robes, Linen and Lawn Hats, black Silk and Fancy Cravats, &c. Together with a large assortment of

W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES,

Crockery Ware, Feathers, Looking-Glasses, Boots, Shoes, &c.

Purchasers are respectfully invited to call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere, as we shall sell as cheap as can be bought on the Kennebec river. Waterville, April 10th, 1848.

J. WILLIAMS & SONS

HAVE just received a splendid assortment of

SPRING GOODS.

which they are now opening at the old stand, No. 2 Boutelle Block; among which are some elegant styles of Linen Lawns, Gingham, Rockspun Silks, Oregon Prints, Shawls and almost every article of dry goods to be found in the market. Also, a first rate stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES, CROCKERY, GROCERIES, &c.

A few pieces of 2 1/2 yds wide bleached

SHEETING.

a very desirable article which we will sell very low. All the above are good goods, and we shall offer them at great bargains. We respectfully invite purchasers to call and examine our goods. We have superior facilities for buying low and feel confident that all who call upon us will be convinced that we sell low.

BLANKETS—Woolen, Bath, and Du—

for sale by J. E. ELLEN & CO.

100 KEGS POWDER just received and

for sale by J. E. ELLEN & CO.

DISSOLUTION. THE Co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm of Goss & Hill, in the Painting Business, is dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts are in the hands of Joseph Hill, who is authorized to settle the same. Waterville, May 1st, 1848.] C. S. GOSS. J. HILL.

CARRIAGE, SIGN, HOUSE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING.

THE Subscriber continues to execute, at the old stand, J. CARPENTER, SIGN, HOUSE, AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTING. Also, GLAZING and PAPER HANGING. J. Hill will be found at the old stand of Goss & Hill, next building north of Marston's Block. He intends to employ Journeymen, so as to be able to execute with dispatch all Work and Jobs they may be called upon to do. And, likewise, PAINTS prepared for use on reasonable terms. Waterville, May 10, 1848. J. HILL.

WATERVILLE ACADEMY.

Summer Term.

THE SUMMER TERM of this Institution will begin on Wednesday, the 24th of May, under the direction of J. H. ALLEN, M. A., Principal, assisted by Miss ROSA F. HANCOCK, Preceptress, Miss SUSAN D. PERCIE, Teacher of Music, and other assistants as the interests of the school require. Its prominent objects are the following:—To provide, at moderate expense, facilities for a thorough course of preparation for College; to furnish a course of instruction adapted to meet the wants of Teachers of Common Schools, and to excite a deeper interest in the subject of education generally.

The course of study in the department preparatory to college, has been arranged with special reference to that pursued in Waterville College. It is not known that this arrangement exists in any other preparatory school in the State, and as it is a very important advantage, the friends of the College and those who desire to enter it, would do well to give this serious consideration. Teachers of Common Schools, and those who are in training to occupy 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 put forth every effort to supply them. The rapidly increasing patronage of the school affords sufficient evidence that an enlightened and discriminating public can and will appreciate the labors of faithful preparatory teachers.

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

STEPHEN STARK, Secretary of Board of Trustees.

Waterville, May 3, 1848. Off

SPERM, WHALE, AND NEATS FOOT OIL, for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE subscribers have formed a connection in business under the style of

PAINE & GETCHELL,

for the purpose of trading in Goods and Merchandise, and have taken the Store recently occupied by W. & W. Getchell, Main Street.

HENRY L. PAINE, and W. & W. GETCHELL.

Waterville, Apr. 17, 1848.

NEW STORE AND

New Goods!

PAINE & GETCHELL

HAVE just received from Boston a choice and select assortment of

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,

which they offer on terms as favorable as can be purchased elsewhere. Their friends and the public are respectfully invited to call and see.

A good assortment of Hemp and Manilla

CORDAGE

will be kept constantly on hand, and of the best quality. April 25, 1848.—40tf.

WHITE LEAD, for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

GLASS. WINDOW GLASS, an extra article, for sale by W. C. DOW & CO.

NOTICE. Mr. Edward T. Elden has been admitted a Partner in his business from this date, and the business in future will be conducted under the firm of J. R. ELLEN & CO. JONES R. ELLEN. Waterville, April 2d, 1848.

JUST RECEIVED AT J. R. ELLEN & CO'S

40 P's Gingham (new pat.) from 12-12 to 20 cts. 30 do. M. DeLaines 12-12 to 20 cts. 50 do. Linen Hdk 6-14 to 37-1-2 50 do. Cotton Hdk 8 to 20 600 yds. prints 4 to 12-1/2

A large assortment of

SHAWLS AND FANCY GOODS.

A full assortment of Domestic Goods. 1200 lbs. Feathers (all cleaned) from 12-12 to 40 cts. Also, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Doe Skins, Alpaca, Alpaca, Lavas, Lace, Muslin, Cambrics, Flannels, Vestings, Linens, Diaper, Crash, Tickings, Drillings, &c., &c.

NAILS and GLASS for sale by PARKER & PHILLIPS.

MUSIC. MUSIC.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale a large assortment of Piano Forte and other MUSIC, consisting of Songs, Marches, Quillets, Waltzes, Quadrilles, Melodies, Variations, Rondos, &c. Also Instruction Books for the Piano Forte, by G. K. MATHEWS.

EMBOSSED TABLE COVERS.

A few more of those Rich French Embossed Table Covers just received by J. R. ELLEN & CO. 43

GRADUATED MUSLINS. FASHIONABLE STYLES for sale at J. R. ELLEN & CO'S. 43

SCARVES AND CRAVATS. Another lot of Rich Silk and Satin Scarves and Cravats just received and for sale by J. R. ELLEN & CO. 43

FRESH FLOUR

RECEIVED every Wednesday, per steamer, from Boston by E. L. SMITH, No. 1 Ticonic Row

100 BAGS extra Butter Salt, just received at No. 1 Ticonic Row by E. L. SMITH.

A LARGE lot of EARTHEN WARE just received by E. L. SMITH.

GENT'S COTTON HALF HOSE

6 DOZ. more of those Blue Mixed Cotton Half Hose just received by J. R. ELLEN & CO. 43

Look at this!

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

Foreign, Domestic, Fancy and Staple DRY GOODS,

Comprising, in part, the following articles:—Broadcloths, Lawns, Linen Lawns, Cassimeres, M. de Laines, Satinets, Shawls, Tweeds, Carpet Bage, Linens, Bonnets, Vestings, Dickeys, Gingham, Eng. and Am. Prints, Muslins, Bl. & br. Sheetings,

together with a general assortment of

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES, CROCKERY & GLASS WARE,

which he offers to his friends and the public as low as can be bought on KENNEBEC RIVER.

He has on hand a lot of L. Bayley's superior Laundry BEACH POLISH, which he will sell at wholesale or retail. Waterville, May 10, 1848. 42tf

A SUPERIOR article of Mingron Tea—for sale at J. WILLIAMS & SONS'.

STEEL BEADS & BAG CLASPS

Just received at Shurtlett'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 to 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 Cents in advance, or for any shorter time at the same rate. For five dollars, three copies will be sent for one year.

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

It advocates equality of human rights, and the abolition of slavery, through land reform, cheap postage, abstinence from intoxicating drinks, exemption of temperance men from taxes to repair the damages of drinking, a reform in writing and spelling the English language, the abolition of capital punishment, universal and kindly tolerance in religion, life and health insurance, water cure, wearing 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.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

MRS. F. M. BURBANK, from BOSTON,

WOULD respectfully announce to the Ladies of Waterville and its vicinity, that she has taken rooms in No. 1 Boutelle Block, (2 doors south of the Post Office,) lately occupied by C. J. Wingate, where she will be happy to wait upon them. She is supplied with a fashionable assortment of

Straw Bonnets, Artificial Flowers, Ribbons, Lace Goods, &c. &c. Bonnets made to order, on short notice. Straw Bonnets cleaned and fashionably shaped.

HATS AND CAPS.

Spring Style for 1848. L. CROWELL, has just received an assortment of Hats and Caps, which will be sold on reasonable terms.—also

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

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HATS AND CAPS.

Spring Style for 1848. L. CROWELL, has just received an assortment of Hats and Caps, which will be sold on reasonable terms.—also

All kinds of School Books & Stationery; Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads, Chairs, Feather Beds, & Looking Glasses. Waterville, Mar. 23, 1848. 36tf.

CONSUMPTION CURED!

BUCHAN'S HUNGARIAN BALSM OF LIFE,

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF 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 BALSM OF LIFE, of the late Dr. Buchanan of London, England, tested for upwards of seven years in Great Britain, and on the Continent of Europe, and introduced into the United States under the immediate supervision of the inventor.

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

TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.

Every family in the United States should be supplied with Buchanan's Hungarian Balm of Life, not only to counteract the consumptive tendencies of the climate, but to be used as a *preventive medicine* in all cases of Colds, Coughs, pitting of Blood, Pain in the Side and Chest, Irritation and Soreness of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarse Voice, Night Sweats, Emaciation and General Debility, Asthma, Influen