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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, JULY 13, 1848.

NO. 51.

The Mail is published every Thursday Morning,
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 Bentley's Miscellany.]

SHE'S GONE TO BATH: OR, THE SCANDAL MONGERS.

Betty opened the door.
"Please, ma'am, she's gone to Bath!"
The tea-table rose en masse.
"Gone to Bath!" echoed the party, amazed,
and for three mortal seconds the tea-table was
dumb. Nature could stand it no longer; the
prisoned members broke loose, and the air was
rent with exclamations and apostrophes.
"Well! There! Now! Could you?"
"I always thought it! I always said it! I
always knew it!" said a little sharp-featured
woman, striking the table forcibly at each
announcement.

"Hush!" cried the lady of the house; but
she cried in vain. All spoke; no one listened;
certainly not the best way to gratify curiosity,
or gain information. The stronger minds
seemed suddenly struck with this conviction.
"Hush!" cried they, and they made signs, nod-
ded, opened their mouths, and pointed to Bet-
ty. The pantomime succeeded; all eyes were
turned upon the round red face; all tongues
attacked its owner.

"Are you sure?" "Did you listen?" "Can
she be trusted?" "Looks stupid." "And, may
be, fibs."

Betty had not her rival in S—. She was
housemaid, parlor-maid, laundry-maid, lady's
maid, rolled up in one: the best cook and the
kindest nurse in the parish, too. Betty was a
treasure; Betty was a favorite: Betty was
aware of it, and—Betty was saucy. Her mis-
tress, old, weak, and a little fidgety, would
have doubted her wages rather than lose her.

Betty heard the "impatient observations,"
twisted the door-handle, and gazed stolidly at
the bald mandarin on the mantel-shelf.
"You don't speak, woman," exclaimed the vi-
cious lady who had so oracularly declared her
intelligence.

"I ain't no woman at all, Mrs. Viper," said
Betty, exploding. "I ain't so stupid as some
folks think I am; I never tells no lies; and
think my granny as larnt me better. I knows
it a'n't genteel to talk when somebody else is
speakin'."

"What's that she says?"
"Did you ever!"

"Such a very extraordinary license of
speech!"

"Hold your tongue, Betty," prayed Mrs.
Willets: "it's only her way; and, to be sure,
I never knew her to make a mistake. Who
did you see, Betty?"

"The old lady."
"Mrs. Maunder?"

"There ain't no other old lady at Helen Cot-
tage as I know on."

"Not now, certainly, Betty," interposed her
mistress; "but remember that common cour-
tesy—"

"I never was no hand at curtesyin'," mutter-
ed Betty, dropping an awkward bob; "my
granny took a world o' pains a learnin' me, but
I can't do no better."

"You may withdraw, Betty," said her mis-
tress, mildly; "when I ring, bring up the ket-
tle."

Betty was gone off "without leave."
An oddish temper, but so faithful and trust-
worthy, remarked old Mrs. Willets; "and
then she can't bear poor thing, to be checked
by any one but myself." She glanced rather
resentfully at Mrs. Viper.

"Check her, my dear Mrs. W. I caught
your look, and I call these ladies to witness I
only dubbed her woman; and, upon my word,
under our present excitement, I cannot see any
great harm in the phrase. But who's that?"

There was an impatient knock at the street
door: two ladies ran to the window and peeped
over the blinds.

"Miss Cramshaw!" cried they, in ecstasy.
The door was opened. Miss Cramshaw
rushed into the room.

"Have you heard it?" gasped she. The tea-
table sprang up.

"Yes,—no,—what?" cried the members.
"Miss Danvers."

"Good heavens! to be sure; have you?"
"This very moment."

"Gone to Bath!"
"To Bath?"

"So awful!"
"So sly!"
"So close!"
"So clandestine!"

"Gone to Bath! and I met her yesterday,
asked her how she did, and she never hinted
it." Miss Cramshaw spread out her hands,
then rolled her eyes up to the ceiling, and seat-
ed herself in a chair.

"Very surprising!" quavered Mrs. Willets.
"Betty went to the cottage this afternoon and
saw old Mrs. Maunder. Where's Miss Dan-
vers?" said Betty. "Gone to Bath," said the
old lady.

"The very thing she told me. I saw her
watering her geraniums as I passed by; and
"Where's your niece?" said I. "Gone to
Bath!" stammered she. "Gone to Bath!" said
I; "bless me, how sudden!" "Ay," said the
old dame. And she bent her head aside, and
put her hand up to her ear; a trick only
"how sudden," said I. "Lor, is it?" mumbled
the old lady; "well I thought it was rather
chilly." "Stuff!" said I, but I saw at a glance
the thing was mum! for the old lady went in
to the cottage and shut the door. Let the cat
out of the bag, plainly.

Miss Cramshaw squinted and looked wise.
"Ah," sighed Mrs. Spoonbill, a matron whose
daughter hung on hand, "this is a warning for
George Benson: he shall know it, please God.
My Mary Ann never could bear that Miss
Danvers. 'Mamma, says she, 'she's so art-
ful, how the hussy angles for George; I'm sure it's
shameful!'"

"I always foresaw how it would end," cried
Mrs. Viper, whose volubility bore down all be-
fore her; "such extravagance, such folly, such
absolute disregard of I, may almost say, com-
mon-honesty. First, to rent an elegant little
cottage fit only for gentlefolks."

Old Mrs. Willets shook her head and took
snuff. "Very imprudent," chorused the la-
dies.

"Imprudent!—UNPRINCIPLED!" retorted the
censor; "had she money in hand, a hus-
band, a shop, or means to pay for it? No.
What is she? a poor officer's daughter. And
what is her Aunt? a purser's widow. They've
nothing between them; nothing at all to live on."

"Mrs. Maunder has a pension," ventured a
good-natured young lady, hitherto silent.

"A pension; fiddlestick!" cried Mrs. Viper,
snapping her fingers. "I wouldn't give that for
it. Viper gets more in fees in a summer month.
I wonder they're not ashamed to go on as they
do. Rent a beautiful house, buy furniture,
carpets, and chairs, and tables, and mirrors. I
never heard of such infamous proceedings. The
lady's rapid enunciation exhausted her
breath."

"Possibly they hope to increase their income
by boarders," suggested the good-natured young
lady.

"Do they, Miss Vernon; hum! And what
right have strangers to come to this favorite
watering-place and rob the old inhabitants of
their profits and the preference due to them?
I've been unlet half the season; so has Mrs.
Swisher, and poor Miss Agrimony."

"If she's gone to Bath, it's to be hoped she'll
stay," said Mrs. Spoonbill.

"Gone to Bath," sneered Mrs. Viper; "ah,
that's the end of it; that's the wind up, and
finale. A fortnight ago, had in a new sofa
covered with green velvet, carved a la renaissance;
last week I saw a large chimney glass
go up to the cottage, neat, gold and burnished.
Lor knows what price; and no later than
Monday, a dozen fashionable chairs, that I am
sure Mr. Viper couldn't afford me, and the in-
fluenza raging. I knew how it would end;
and as to George Benson—"

"He's a fool, that's all," snarled Mrs. Spoon-
bill.

"It's a sad thing," sighed Mrs. Willets, tap-
ping her snuff-box.

"Sad; it's shocking. Phillips sent in his
bill three months ago; the baker received a
promise instead of payment; and as to Bull,
the butcher, I pity the man; he's a sick wife
and eleven children."

"Is Miss Danvers in his debt?" asked the
good-natured young lady. "I was told she paid
ready money."

"Ready money," hissed Mrs. Viper; "I don't
think much of that coin passes into her hands,
and of course it would be hard to expect it to
pass out. Why, she's not let her apartments
or had a boarder, to my certain knowledge,
these six months."

"Six months," said the good-natured young
lady; "who was the Mrs. Mountjoy that went
away last week, after staying the summer?"

"A friend, I believe; one that paid nothing,
or next to nothing, as one's friends mostly do.
George Benson was always going in and out
of the house then; one would have thought he
was paying court to the old lady instead of the
young one."

"But who was she? she had the manners
and appearance of a gentlewoman."

"Nobody knows and nobody cares, I dare
say," cried Mrs. Viper. "She was a very un-
pleasant, sharp, satirical old woman, I'm sure.
Visited nobody—spoke to nobody; and always
eyed them as if they were dirt."

"She took the wall of me twice," said Mrs.
Spoonbill; "and was very high and mighty,
when my Mary Ann looked over her shoulder
as she was reading on the sands."

"I can't say but that I liked the look of the
old lady; a little stately perhaps; but I liked
her the better for that," observed Mrs. Willets.
In a quiet tone.

"I remember meeting her near the Castle,
leaning on George Benson's arm," said Miss
Vernon; "she had an ebony crutch-stick in
her hand, and as she passed, it caught in my
skirt and tore the flounce; the old lady stop-
ped and spoke to me, apologizing for the ac-
cident, and her voice, though a little tremulous
with age, was so sweet, her regard so kind, and
her manner so gracious, that I have thought of
her ever since."

"Mrs. Viper laughed derisively: Mrs. Spoon-
bill imitated her.

"Very romantic, Miss Vernon," said the for-
mer; "quite an incident and a picture. Per-
haps the old lady happened to know that you
are an only child, and has a son she wishes to
settle."

"No, no, Mary," cried Mrs. Willets, shaking
her head; "Mary will not forget my poor Dick,
though he's far away. God bless him!"

Mary Vernon blushed, but cast her young
eyes so assuringly, yet timidly on the speaker,
that all fear of a rival for "poor Dick" was laid
at rest.

That Miss Danvers could not meet her en-
gagements, and was furtively gone off to Bath
in the hope of evading her creditors, was car-
ried by a majority. What the landlord would
do—what the tradesman would do, and what
Goody Maunder would do, were about to be
canvassed, when the street bell rang.

"That's the butcher with a sweetbread,"
said Mrs. Willets; "I saw him pass the win-
dow."

"Have him in," cried Mrs. Viper. "I would
be only Christian to warn him."

Bull was shown in, and making his best
bow, stood close to the door, cap-in-hand.

"We wished to see you, Bull," began Mrs.
Viper very readily.

"Yes, ma'am," said the butcher.

"We wish you well, Bull," Bull "made a
leg." "And from a pure feeling of charity tell
you that Miss Danvers is gone to Bath."

"Gone to Bath, is she ma'am? Lord love
her pretty face! she's a sweet young lady,"
wheezed Bull, with a ray of animation in his
huge ox-eye. There was some surprise.

"Do you understand, Bull? SHE'S GONE TO
BATH," said Mrs. Viper, laying extraordinary
emphasis on the words.

"To Bath—mind to Bath," chorused the
rest of the company, always excepting Bull—
the good-natured young lady.

"To drink the waters?" said stupid Bull—
"much good may it do her, ma'am; she's as
fair spoken a young lady as ever I had to deal
with."

"Soft words butter no parsnips," cried Mrs.
Spoonbill, forgetting her gentility. "Mary Ann
hates palaver."

"Allow me to speak, Mrs. Spoonbill, if you
please," said Mrs. Viper with dignity. "Fair
speaking is one thing, Bull, but fair dealing's
another. You're a man saddled with a sick
wife and eleven children, all hearty four-meals-
a-day boys, I believe?"

"Just so, ma'am," sighed the puzzled butch-
er.

"You ought to know your duty," cried Bull,
"I humbly hope I do, ma'am," cried Bull,
still more perplexed; "I fear God and honor
the queen; damn the French, and go to the
church of a Sunday; pay tithes and taxes,
send the young 'uns to school, keep a nuss to
wait on my missis, and never backbite no-
body."

"Bless me! how intensely stupid you are,
Bull," screamed Mrs. Viper. "Miss Danvers,
I tell you, is GONE TO BATH."

"What's that to me, ma'am?" said Bull grow-
ing surly.

"Doesn't she owe you money? hasn't she
run a long bill with you? isn't she gone to
Bath? and do you flatter yourself she'll come
back to pay you, eh?"

"In course, Mrs. Viper," said Bull, "when a
customer's honorably paid a bill once, he's a
wicked rogue that hopes to get it twice. Beg
pardon, ladies, Miss Danvers paid me yester-
day morning a little bill she owed me, and
what's more gave young Bob a shilling. Any
orders, ladies? Good evening, Mrs. Willets,
Mrs. Viper, your servant."

Bull rolled out of the room, and shut the
street-door rather roughly after him.

"Paid him!—well I'm sure!—Miss Dan-
vers paid him!—can't believe it!—so very
odd!"

Another ring: Betty came in.

"Please, ma'am, Mister Phillips is stepped
up to know if you'll have the cabinet, as a lady
thinks of taking it if you don't."

"Tell Phillips I don't wish it," said Mrs. Wil-
lets.

"Goodness me! don't send him away," cried
Mrs. Viper; "let him come in, my dear Mrs.
W. Good evening, Mr. Phillips; how is Miss
Phillips?"

"Quite charming, Mrs. Viper," smirked the
upholsterer. "I hope I see you well, ladies,
and he swept off his hat and bowed all round,
"quite charming, I thank you."

"By the by, those were uncommon stylish
chairs you sent in yesterday to Elm Cottage."

"A slap-up article, ladies, London-made—
solid rosewood—silk damask, nine-and-three-
pence a yard."

Up went the hands, eyes, and noses of the
majority.

"And the sofa, you sent that in, too?"

"I did, ma'am; a very handsome thing. Geo-
na velvet—all carved—light and tasteful, yet
durable as steel."

"I am truly sorry, Phillips."

"The chimney glass," squealed Mrs. Spoon-
bill; "my Mary Ann took particular notice of
that."

"Ah! that," said Phillips, "Ashby supplied;
I had not one large enough—magnificent plate
from Ravenhead, sixty inches by thirty-six—a
matchless frame—splendidly moulded."

"Hum! ha! 'pon my word, she has grand
notions," writhed Mrs. Viper; "but are you
and Mr. Ashby aware that Miss Danvers has
gone to Bath?"

"Gone to Bath!" shrieked all but the good-
natured young lady and old Mrs. Willets.

"Gone to Bath!" said Phillips, very tran-
quilly.

"Yes, gone to Bath! suddenly and secretly.
Don't look as if it meant nothing—the thing
means much—it speaks volumes—folios, I may
say, and ought to be a landmark to tradesmen
how they encourage wanton wickedness in
strangers."

"I don't exactly comprehend," stammered
Phillips, running a finger through his left wis-
ker, and gazing helplessly at the speaker.

"You see nothing fraught with significance
in this stealthy flight to Bath?"

Phillips started.

"Really, you don't say so! Well, upon my
soul! if it be so, I wish them joy!" simpered
Phillips, and the fellow half winked as he
spoke.

"Wish them joy! what do you mean, sir?—
some persons will find it a very fearful trou-
ble, I think," said Mrs. Viper with peculiar
bitterness.

"God bless me!" stuttered Phillips, turning
very red. "I hope not—most sincerely and
respectfully—I hope not. Mr. George is a
fine, frank-hearted young gentleman, and I am
quite sure he would not deceive any young la-
dy."

"Mr. George—what has he to do with the
matter?"

"I understood you to mean—ladies, excuse
me—that Mr. George and Miss Danvers were
going to Bath to get married."

There was a general murmur.

"We mean no such thing; we mean that
you had better get back your carved sofa and
fine chairs," said Mrs. Viper, wrinkling her
nose awfully, "if you don't the landlord will
step in."

"I'm truly sorry to hear it, ladies, but I'm
happy to say as far as Ashby and I are con-
cerned, we're safe."

"Safe!" shrieked the censors.

"Mr. George Benson brought the money in
his way from the bank; and then went over
and settled with Jones."

"The silversmith?" clamored the party, in
unpeakable excitement.

"Exactly, ladies; handsome tea service or-
dered by Miss Danvers, solid silver, and new-
est style."

Fearful looks were exchanged at the tea-
table: one lady turned faint and another sick,
much were they excited at this discovery.

"Good evening, Mr. Phillips," said Mrs. Vi-
per, gravely, while Mrs. Spoonbill and Miss
Cramshaw put on a staid yet troubled air—
"your story is true, I suppose, and as you're
paid, the matter's ended, unless, indeed, Messrs.
Foster should find—should consider—should
legally be compelled to—arrest Mr. George
Benson for embezzlement. But however, good
evening!"

A handsome manly face looked in at the win-
dow: "brighter curls or merrier blue eyes, rud-
der lips or blither smile, never claimed a
glance of favor," so said Miss Cramshaw.

"Jack Ketch and Tyburn tree!"

"At seventeen I took a wife,
She was the glory of my life,
And to maintain her fine and gay,
A-robbing went on the highway."

So carolling, George Benson pushed aside
the dwarf Venetian, and vaulted into the win-
dow. "There, I've furnished you with a rhym-
ing illustration of your text, showing in right
lamentable strain how a 'prentices bold, snared
by the golden locks of a loving damsel, jumped
over the broomstick, and then took to the road
to buy her bangles."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Viper.

"Oh!" sighed Miss Cramshaw.

"Eh deuce me!" chirped Mrs. Spoonbill.

Mrs. Willets was silent; Miss Vernon alone
was trusting and cheerful.

"But heyday! what's the matter, ladies?"—
cried George Benson, half-seating himself on
the pier-table and looking gaily round.

"Mrs. Willets, I hope you have no bad
news. Poll's well, I see; Fug better!"

The old lady bowed.

"How is Miss Danvers?" inquired Mrs. Vi-
per.

"In high health and spirits, I trust," replied
the young man, "I've not seen her to-day."

"I dare say you have not," said Mrs. Viper
dryly.

"But I'm going up now. Have you any
message or three conferred note?"

"O dear, no," bridled Mrs. Viper. "Mrs.
Willets, ladies, have you?"

"O dear, no," thank you."

"That's fortunate; for I rather think if we
had, continued Mrs. Viper, "you would find
some difficulty in delivering it, Mr. Benson."

"Indeed! why so?"

"You are not aware then, you really do not
know"—the speaker paused.

"What, my dear madam?"

"That you can't see Miss Danvers?"

"Can't see her—by Jove! not I. Kate's al-
ways at home to me when aunt's with her."

"Ah! very proper, of course; appearances
must be consulted."

"Appearances madam!" cried young Benson,
with flashing eyes. "Miss Danvers is purity
itself."

"No doubt sir," said Mrs. Viper, coldly.

"And carved sofas, rose wood chairs, silver
tea-sets, and chimney-glasses, may for a time
keep up appearances too," chimed in Mrs.
Spoonbill.

"This passes a jest, ladies," said the young
man sternly.

"So I think sir," replied Mrs. Viper; "so do
these ladies; and it pains me much to be first to
tell you—"

"Speak, for God's sake, madam," cried Geo.
Benson, quivering with emotion.

"That Miss Danvers is—"

"Gone to Bath!" shrieked the ladies, rising
hastily from their chairs.

George Benson seized his hat. "Gone to
Bath! impossible! No such thing! You've
been hoaxed and fooled. Who told you this
audacious lie?"

"Mrs. Maunder," said Mrs. Viper.

"Mrs. Maunder," echoed the ladies.

"Kate's aunt!" shouted the young man, and
he rushed out of the house.

"You should not have told him," said Mrs.
Willets.

Miss Danvers' bawled Betty, opening the
parlor-door. The ladies leaped to their feet.

"You don't say so?" cried Mrs. Willets.

Miss Danvers! Yes, there she was bodily,
—as fair—as delicate—as really lovely and
innocent-looking as if George Benson had not
paid her bills by "robbery and forgery."

A cloth cloak and a shepherd's maid, strong shoes,
and a stuff-gown might have told of a railway
expedition. Miss Danvers did not display
them. She was dressed in a simple muslin,
with a plain black scarf and a cottage-bonnet;
her black hair was in smooth bands; her main
calm, her air cordial and kind. She looked so
incomparably lovely, lady-like, graceful, and
gracious, that something like compunction
smote the breasts of all but Mrs. Viper and the
mother of Mary Ann.

"Good evening, Mrs. Willets," said Kate
Danvers, moving gracefully forward and pre-
sented her hand to the old lady—"good even-
ing, ladies!" and she cast her charming eyes
round the circle, "I heard that you sent your
maid to my aunts, my dear Mrs. Willets, and
that you favored me with a call, Miss Cram-
shaw."

"As she was gone to Bath."

"Gone to Bath, you hear!" cried Mrs. Viper,
casting a quailing look at Miss Danvers. "El-
len Cramshaw, what did Mrs. Maunder tell you,
I beg to inquire?"

"That Miss Danvers was gone to Bath."

"To Bath!" said Kate Danvers, springing up
with a silvery laugh.

A fly dashed up to the door: there was a
thundering rap that knocked the plates off the
dresser, woke Pug and frightened Poll.

"George Benson!" cried Mrs. Spoonbill.—
The parlor door was flung wide and two old
ladies entered the room, followed by young
Benson.

"My dearest aunt! My dear—dear Mrs.
Mountjoy!" said Kate, flying forward.

"When did you return? What has brought
you here?" and she kissed the old lady on the
cheek.

Mrs. Willets pointed to chairs.

"My darling Miss Danvers, beg your aunt
and the stranger lad to be seated. I am happy
to see you, ladies."

Mrs. Mountjoy cast a quick glance at the
speaker.

"Child! present me to Mrs. Capt. Willits,"
said she to Kate.

The order was obeyed. The two old ladies
exchanged stately courtesies, and Mrs. Mount-
joy, with a look of peculiar benevolence at
Miss Vernon, sat down. Mrs. Maunder was
deaf and hard but half what was said; but she
seemed very excited, and would not take a
chair.

"It's my fault," she cried—"all my fault!"
but could I ever have supposed that mischief
would be made of it? Oh, for shame! for
shame!"

"Never mind aunt," cried Kate; "don't put
yourself in a passion now; it can be so easily
explained."

"I will explain this terrible mystery," said
Geo. Benson, speaking in a tempered, cheerful
tone, for Mrs. Maunder appeared chagrined.

"Mrs. Spoonbill—my dear Miss Cramshaw,
if you are ready, we may take leave, I think,"
said Mrs. Viper.

it; there it is, all fixed up in black and white, nice as wax, ain't it?"

"It's all right, perfectly right," said Nickem, folding up the document and handing it back to the pedlar, and he added, "I don't know, now that I have bought this stuff, that I keep anything about it. I reckon I may as well sell it to you again; what'll you give for it?"

"O! I don't know that the darn'd stuff's any use to me, but see'n its you, Sheriff, guess I'll give you about thirty-seven and a half cents for it," quietly responded the trader. The high sheriff handed over the bottle, and received the change, when the pedlar observed—

"I say, you, guess I've a question to ask just now, hey you, guess a pedlar's license about your town?"

"Me? No, I haven't no use for the article, myself," said Nickem.

"Haint, ch? Well, I guess we'll see about that, purty darn'd soon. Ef I understand the law, now, it's a clear case, that you've been a tradin' with me, hawkin' and pedlin' Balm of Goshen, on the highway, and I shall inform on you—I'll be darn'd if I don't!"

Reaching the town, the Yankee was as good as his word, and the high Sheriff was nipped and fined, for peddling without a license! The Sheriff was heard to say, you might as well try to hold a greased eel, as a live Yankee!

A POSER. A calm, blue-eyed, self-composed and self-possessed young lady in a village 'down east,' received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which had brought her thither: "I've been asked a good many times if you were engaged to Dr. C—." Now if folks inquire again whether you be or not, what shall I tell 'em I think? "Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblinking steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, "tell them that you think you don't know, and that you are sure it is none of your business."—*July Knickerbocker.*

GLUTTONY AND MODERATION. The food consumed by some insects is wonderful. Caterpillars will devour more than twice their own weight in a day. Some larvae that live on flesh will in the course of a day increase two hundred times in weight. On the other hand, many are extremely abstemious. A mite will live three months, though glued down to a piece of glass. Spiders will live a year without food.—Mr. Baker kept a beetle three years in that condition. They eat every thing but metals and stones.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY. "Men talk in raptures," says Witherspoon, "of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness, and a hundred other shining qualities; but after seven years' union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt at every hour in the husband's purse."

THE HORSE. The following interesting anecdote shows uncommon sagacity and affection in the horse. The animal not only saw the dangerous situation of his master, but was willing to put his own life in danger to save it.

A young gentleman in the State of Ohio, who was riding on a noble horse, came to a river which was so deep, and the stream ran so fast, that he did not dare to swim him across it. He therefore went to a place where a tall tree had fallen down across the river, so that its roots lay on the one side, and its top on the other. Here he thought he could cross by walking carefully along on the body of the tree, and, at the same time, by holding the bridge in his hands, could help his horse to swim over by his side. Having mounted on the tree, the horse took the water and swam along by the gentleman's help, until they came to the middle of the river, where the water was most rapid. Here he found that the force of the stream was such that his horse could no longer keep by his side, but was swept downwards by the rapidity of the current. Being very anxious, however, to get his horse across, and probably somewhat frightened at his own situation, he held on to the bridge until it was forced out of his hand, and at the same moment he was himself drawn into the river. The man caught hold of a tree near the place where he fell in, but the horse swam on shore. The man was now in the midst of a rapid stream, he found he could neither reach the tree from whence he had fallen, nor could he with any hope of success, attempt to swim to the shore. As for help from any human creature, he could not expect it, since he was ten miles from any house, and his strength began to fail him, in consequence of his exertions to keep his place, and prevent being swept away. He therefore saw no hope of relief from any quarter, but thought he must, in a few minutes more, be buried in a watery grave. But the faithful and sagacious horse did not forget his master in this moment of danger, nor did he forsake him as a less kind friend would have done, to seek his own safety. He saw his master's dangerous situation, and boldly plunged again into the stream, swam to the place where he was, and having stopped quietly by his side, until he had fairly got upon his back, he then swam to the shore, and landed him in safety.—*Comstock's Natural History.*

AMOUNT OF BULLION IN RUSSIA. Notwithstanding it is well known that Russia produces more gold than any other portion of the globe, the amount of wealth kept in the royal coffers almost exceeds belief. The Emperor Nicholas has always, by the aid of this almost inexhaustible store, because being continually augmented from the mines, been enabled to assist nations, bankers, and merchants in the pressing hour of need. He has lately ordered the sum of 6,000,000 rubles (about £1,000,000 sterling) to be transferred from the vaults of the citadel to the treasury, the funds of which, from many late urgent circumstances, had become reduced from 30,000,000 to 1,140,000 rubles. After this deduction there remained in the vaults the almost incredible sum of 109,589,595 rubles, being a larger amount of specie and bullion than is possessed by any other state. A decree has been issued by the Emperor to the effect, that neither gold nor silver shall be exported to the continental states during their present unsettled position; but this, of course, does not extend to England. On the other hand, we learn from an accredited source, that there is plenty of paper always ready for issue; but, as to the above wealth, no one in Russia has any belief in its existence. At the annual inspection, several mercantile men are always present, but it is said, they are only shown one or two bags open, and do not know what the others contain.

INTERESTING TRIAL. A trial is now progressing in the United States Court for this District, (Judge McLean presiding), which is creating a good deal of interest by reason of its important relation to the law relative to the responsibility of runaway slaves. The suit is brought against several of the most influential men of Maryland, in this State, for opposing the retaking of several fugitive slaves in that State during the winter of 1847, by the au-

thorized agent of their owner, a citizen of Kentucky. The opposition is alleged to have been so great on the part of these citizens, as to have resulted in the flight of the slaves from the village, and a consequent loss of their value, which is estimated at \$2,800. Suit is brought against the defendants for the recovery of this amount, in the name of the owner.—The principal witness for the plaintiff was the person who attempted the recovery of the slaves, and he was kept on the stand for the space of twenty-nine hours. The testimony for the plaintiff is yet progressing, and the trial bids fair to continue for a week to come.—Some of our most eminent counsel have been retained by the defendants, while the prosecution is conducted by Mr. Pratt of Marshall, assisted by John Novell, Esq. U. S. District Attorney. This being the first time, if we mistake not, that a question of this kind has arisen within the limits of our State, the result is looked forward to with a good deal of anxiety. Especially by that portion of the community who are desirous of rendering just as small an amount of assistance to slaveholders who come among us on such errands, as they possibly can without incurring the penalty of law.—*Detroit Daily Advertiser of July 1.*

HUMOROUS MISTAKE.—During the late excitement in France, in respect to Louis Napoleon, M. Gaillardet, the former editor of the *New York Courier des Etats Unis*, experienced an amusing annoyance by being mistaken for that poor representative of a great man, Louis Buonaparte. M. Gaillardet writes to the *Courier*, under date of June 15th, as follows:

"We have had another crisis, the Napoleon crisis, but it has happily passed, thanks to the National Assembly, which has had the wisdom to correct one of the grossest blunders of the Executive Committee. I have just escaped a mixture of honors and indignities which I did not deserve, and which arose from a laughable mistake growing out of this Napoleon excitement. I reside, as you know, in the ancient house of Bouleau, at Anteuil. A report having been circulated by some of the Paris journals, that Louis Buonaparte had arrived at Anteuil, and that he had stopped at this same house, I was mistaken for the prince. One of the journals spoke of having seen the prince, and of his being pale, and wearing the dress of a cavalier, &c., in fine, describing me from head to foot. During three days, I was annoyed with visits from workmen, old soldiers, and Poles, bringing me petitions; and what was worse, I was watched at every step by spies and informers. Some went to carry me in triumph to Paris, while others, who even seized hold of me, would conduct me to the prison of Vincennes. Happily, I was enabled at last to establish my humble personal identity, and to escape further confusion. *Sauve qui peut.*"

THE OLD SARPENT.—A few days since a vessel from the African coast arrived at Salem, Mass., bringing as passenger one of those enormous Boa Constrictors that "we read of," but which never before has been captured by man. It was caught in a heavy rope-net made for the purpose, and while coiled up, this net was thrown over him, and the captain of the vessel solemnly avers that it required the united efforts of 127 negroes for more than seven hours to secure his snakeship! He measured 30 feet in length—and the morning before his arrival 57 eggs were found in his cage, which were deposited in a single night, and the aggregate weight of these snake's eggs is 70 pounds! One of the eggs being broken was found to contain a young snake seven inches long, which immediately upon emerging from the shell, crawled about the cage with great rapidity.—A few days therefore, will doubtless bring the other 56 young snakes to light. What a nest of serpents!

As soon as the arrival of the vessel and its extraordinary freight were known, several mercantile companies dispatched their agents for Salem, and Barnum also dispatched his manager Hitchcock. Neither of the "show-men" have as yet purchased this monster—it is now demanding \$11,000 for it. Angeline & Titus's agent offered \$7,500, but neither offer has yet been accepted. This is truly a valuable reptile!—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE WINNEBAGOES. We recently alluded, in a particular manner, to the circumstances under which the Winnebago Indians were about to be removed from the home in Iowa, which they have been induced, by some means or other, to barter away to our Government. We are not at all surprised to hear that the Indians go reluctantly, and that there is likely to be serious trouble, before the treaty under which they are removed is finally executed. Having gone part way on their journey to their new home, north of the St. Peters, it seems they have come to a stand and refused to go any further. The accounts are, that they reached Wabashaw's prairie, near Fort Snelling, about the 20th of June; and that Wabashaw, who is a chief of the Sioux, had invited and induced them to remain there, promising them a portion of his land. The Winnebagoes allege that the sale of their lands was fraudulently made, without consent of the people, and that the new territory assigned to them is not large enough; and moreover, that they will there be placed between two hostile tribes, the Sioux and Chippewas. [One object of the Government in locating the Winnebagoes at this point, was that they might be interposed to some extent, and be the means of preserving peace between the Sioux and the Chippewas, who are hereditary enemies, and who are engaged in frequent collisions; and between whom there has been for some time no little danger of serious difficulties and bloodshed.] The military force, sent to accompany the Winnebagoes, is not sufficient to compel them to move, and reinforcements have consequently been sent for. [Traveller.]

ANOTHER DIABOLICAL OUTRAGE. We certainly never expected that we should be called upon to record in the quiet city of Providence such a series of attempts as have been made upon the property and the lives of the Misses Man and their family. Twice have dangerous missiles been thrown at the window, and two attempts have been made to blow up the house with gunpowder. Last Saturday evening a bottle of oil of vitrol was thrown through the open window, apparently aimed at a young lady who had just left the window and taken a seat on the sofa. Her escape was almost miraculous. Had the bottle hit her, or had it broken near her, as it would in nine cases out of ten, it would very likely have killed her. Last Monday night, at half-past twelve, a still more atrocious attempt was made to blow up the house with gunpowder. This gunpowder was contained in a thick sheet iron canister, about twenty four inches long and nine in diameter, placed on the sidewalk close to the houses—possibly between the houses, but probably not—and was exploded by a fuse. It is supposed that the quantity of powder employed was about ten pounds. The concussion was heard all over the city. It broke in the walls of the house, shattering the windows and the sashes, knocked down the furniture, and broke

many articles of light and fragile construction. The damage was not confined to the building upon which the miscreant directed his vengeance. All the houses in the vicinity were more or less injured. The windows in the tavern opposite were all shattered, and those in the other buildings on both sides of the street, gave abundant evidence of the outrage which had been perpetrated. Pieces of the canister were thrown with great force and embedded in the opposite building. The druggist store of Mr. John H. Taylor was entirely ruined. The windows were broken, and the bottles and jars were thrown down and broken to pieces. This is the second time that Mr. Taylor's stock has been destroyed by the same cause, and we are sorry to learn that he is not well able to sustain the loss.

What is still worse than all the rest, one of the pieces of metal struck Mr. Joseph Calder, a young man who was passing by the house, and hearing the fuse burning, stopped to ascertain what it was. It hit him on the face and neck, very near the jugular vein. Although much bruised, fortunately he was not dangerously wounded. Nothing has yet transpired to afford any clue to the perpetrators of this and the preceding outrage. What adds to the atrocity of the matter is the fact that the house is owned by unprotected women, whose only connection with the object of this malignant revenge is that of consanguinity. Nothing like this has ever before occurred in our city, and nothing worse than this could well occur anywhere. A special meeting of the Board of Aldermen was convened the next morning, and a reward of \$3000 was offered for the perpetrator. [Providence Journal, 6th.]



SORROW.—Sorrow ought to be the domestic guest of our souls, as much as joy and pleasure; it also is sent down upon us from above; and He who counts all tears, who tries our hearts.—He knows well what we weak mortals are fitted to endure.—*Tieck.*

Very true, Mr. "Tieck,"—it is always well to make the best of sorrow when we can't help it; but the idea of "domesticating" it too fondly needs no encouragement. Half the world are groaning and crying, when it would be easier and vastly better to laugh.—"He who counts all tears" counts only the real ones, not the crocodile's; and He who knows what we are "fitted to endure," knows also that we might "endure" a great deal more happiness than we do, if we would stop whining about this "vale of tears," and this "world of sorrow,"—taking hold of offered blessings and enjoyments with an appetite, and looking up with gratitude to Him who has created a world which He pronounced "good," and with which He knows we have no reason to be always finding fault. Who, that gives his child an apple, is better pleased to see him sit down and weep over it, than to see him eat it with a cheerful and happy and grateful heart?

"Excellent! excellent!" exclaimed uncle Tom, with sparkling eyes, as he took upon his plate a large mealy "Chenango," and was preparing it for the nice butter gravy.

"Yes," said aunt Patia, with a sigh as long as her face, "yes—a great deal too good for us—a great deal better than we deserve."

"Bill," said uncle Tom, with a sly smirk upon his happy pliz, "go to the cellar, after dinner, and take a basket of those best potatoes, and set them out in the snow where they will freeze; we will eat frozen potatoes for a while, and see if that will make us any better, go, Bill."

Excellent, kind uncle Tom!—he was always reconciled to be just as happy as God pleased.

SUCCESS TO HER.—Our citizens probably recollect the pretty little steamer 'Lawrence,' launched into the waters of our 'Bay' some few weeks ago—about the same time with the ill-fated Halifax. She disappeared from her wharf one morning, and though nobody doubted that her owners had a close eye upon her movements, few understood precisely how and where she was destined to reward the enterprise of W. & D. Moor, of Waterville. But here comes the revelation—and those who 'knew it would be so,' are now delighted to see the Lawrence 'round to' and take her position in a chain of enterprise that never 'misses the mark.' The Newburyport Herald of the 8th inst. has the following paragraph:

The little steamer Lawrence is doing a fine business in the passenger line between this town and Haverhill. On her first trip down, on the morning of the 4th, she brought 300 passengers, all comfortably seated.

Glad of it, brother Herald, and when you find you have more than she can do, just drop a line, and half a dozen more steamers can be sent to your relief at short notice.

The Lewiston Falls Journal—our next door neighbor via the railroad—comes to us in a rare go-to-meeting suit, from head to foot. It is a generous and kind-souled neighbor, and as we are willing to see every one dress according to their means, we tip our old palm-leaf to his glossy beaver as cordially as though he did not look so sleek and feel so big. Give us your 63rd brother Journal—you are the oldest, and have a right to 'go to meet' first, but remember, we have a new coat next year.

HALF A DOLLAR will be saved to each subscriber to the Mail, who now receives it 'thru' the post-office, as soon as the new post-office bill shall become a law. It has already passed the House, and will doubtless pass the Senate as soon that body has sufficiently figured for the various presidential candidates. The law is a good one in this point, and popular with all who want to sustain the papers located among them. All our subscribers within thirty miles will have their papers free of postage, and we shall look for a large increase of our present circulation.

ALARMING.—Boston is famous for her police regulations, as everybody knows; though it must be confessed that her criminal records, for a few months past, tend rather to encourage bets that her fame will outrun her. Perhaps she is herself a little suspicious of this, for we see an item in her police reports that looks as though she saw the necessity of some mighty effort either to keep up with her fame or run away from legal precedent. The first martyr, in all such reforms, must be destitute of effective means of defence, and Boston has wisely chosen to make poor Bridget Connell the feeble instrument for illustrating to the world the great truth of property in an umbrella! Let's look at the record—"For the larceny of an umbrella!"—and Bridget is fined two dollars. She must have taken it from marshal Tukey—or from the judge himself—or it may have been that gold-headed one of mayor Quincy; there would be property in that, of course—if the mayor could remember where he got it. We have no doubt he got it just as Bridget got hers—yes hers, as much as anybody owns umbrellas in these days. Who thought that anything short of a clean sweep of the stock in trade of an umbrella manufacturer, with the appendage of an attempt at arson, would ever be construed into "larceny!" Who ever thought of looking to see whose name was on the handle of his umbrella? The strongest hand found there, was the legal owner. We have been watching several umbrellas that bear our name—and how many others we know and care not, or which was first entered—and when we can get a grab at the handle, they are ours till the shower is over, without any questions about larceny. None but a very poor man, with a hat and coat that could not be injured by a freshet, would ever think of larceny, if he could get an umbrella without knocking down its owner. Bridget must have been desperately poor, and perhaps meant to pawn the umbrella for bread—and this would alter the case. She should be made to smart for her wickedness. But that a well dressed man or woman—negroes excepted—with plenty of money and bread enough at home, should be accused of larceny, for merely taking an umbrella—tell it not in Waterville! The man who brought this suit, provided he be not the mayor or any of the council, ought to be transformed into an umbrella stand at the "white house," where he would see a sample of snatching in high life, that would teach him to let Bridget alone for the future. Poor martyr! if she ever has the good fortune to raise the two dollars and escape this affair, let her come to us for the next umbrella. We can pick one up any fair day, and no fears about "larceny."

COURT HOUSE.—At the special town meeting in this place, on Friday last, it was unanimously voted to give to the proposed new county, for fifteen years, the use of the Town Hall for a Court House, jury rooms, &c., if Waterville should be designated as the shire town.

THE DEPOT.—The precise location of the A. & K. Railroad at this place is not yet publicly known. If the contractors for grading advance at the present rate, they will soon be inquiring the way, and the Board must tell them where to point. Mr. Garrety is now within two miles of this place with a corps of the most determined fellows that ever made the dirt fly—and, like true Irishmen, they will soon cut their way through to some point. If the Board does not fix the depot, they will dig our village out from under us.

A. & ST. L. R. R.—A correspondent of the Boston Traveller gives an account of the opening of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad on the 4th. "It was not a formal opening, as is deferred until the trains shall reach the point of junction with the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad, some thirty miles from Portland, at which time the latter will be open to Wintthrop. But with two splendid broad gauge cars, and several platform cars, fitted with seats, the temporary locomotive 'Pathfinder' did a good business for the Company and the people, by transporting some thousands of passengers over the finest section, on the score of scenery, to be found at the entrance of a city, on any railroad in New England."

The writer pays high compliments to the local advantages and natural facilities of Lewiston, adding that 'Boston capitalists are taking hold there in earnest, and another Sao, if not another Lowell, may soon be expected to rise.'

LADIES' FAIR, "Further Corner," July 12, 1868.

Dear 'Mail'—We are sorry to see that you promise to publish our letters. We only sent them to you for a little private sport. However, have your own way, as you will of course. But those letters want a little fixing—they were only intended to be good enough for you. Just send them over and let us revise them, and you shall have them again. Will you be so kind?

Yours, honestly,

WE GIRLS.

Good enough for us!—umph! Certainly, girls, you shall have all necessary chance to make the letters better than they are—but, honor bright, see that we have them again soon.

MAIL.

HOW IT IS DONE.—Did you ever study the cheapness of pleasures? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile do the work. There are two or three lads passing along—give them a chestnut and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood who is the mother of half a dozen children; send them half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns; sadly help him find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments,

or speak a pleasant word to him and he forgets his toil and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work; say, 'You scoundrel,' and he feels miserable; but remark, 'I am sorry,' and he will try to do better. You employ a man, pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word, to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face—say 'Good morning,' as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor.

A German was married a day or two ago, in Philadelphia, to a woman with whom he had been acquainted but one hour. Early in the afternoon of the same day they were both arrested and locked up—the bridegroom for assault and battery, the bride for disorderly conduct.

REVENGE EXTRAORDINARY. A wag having had a dispute with a man who kept a sausage shop, and owing him a grudge, ran into his shop one day as he was serving several good customers, with an immense dead cat, which he quickly deposited on the counter, saying, "This makes nineteen, as you are busy now we'll settle some other time;" and he was off in a twinkling. The customers aghast, soon followed him, leaving their sausages behind.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Steamer Buena Vista arrived at Boston, on Saturday last, with the news brought to Halifax by the Caledonia. The Boston Traveller having made arrangements, in connection with the Boston Journal, and at great expense, to avail themselves of this enterprise of the Buena Vista, were enabled to lay before the readers of the Traveller Saturday evening, a full digest of European news, made up from English papers of the day of the Caledonia's sailing.

An important item from China is the reported loss of seventeen American whalers, though no names are given, and the story is without doubt exaggerated.

Large amounts of specie are flowing into England. The West India steamer brought \$800,000 from Vera Cruz. A Government steamer was lately expected from the Pacific with \$2,200,000.

IRELAND.—During the suspension of the sittings of the Irish Confederation, and the meetings at Conciliation Hall, the agitation in Ireland has for the moment appeared to languish. The adhesion of the Bishop of Meath, and several other prelates to the new Irish League, furnishes ground for supposing that Mr. John O'Connell's cause will not be abandoned by the clergy; but that, in whatever combination of parties or associations the present organization may eventually resolve itself, they will play a conspicuous part, and exert, as heretofore, a secret influential power. In the course of a week or two it will be seen whether the new Irish League can be set upon a footing that will enable the moral force party to combine and act, with a due regard to personal safety, with the more violent physical force leaders. Unless Mr. John O'Connell can bring into the scale some equivoquant power equal to the 'Sword,' we fear that a harmonious action cannot long be maintained between the high contracting parties, who are preparing the new scheme of agitation.

In the meantime, the organization of clubs is progressing to an alarming degree. In Dublin, alone, it is stated that there are 40 clubs, each consisting of 300 members, making an aggregate of 12000 men, who are accustomed to assemble, at least once a week, for the avowed purpose of being trained and disciplined.

FRANCE—the state of the Country.—The French people continue still in a transition state. The same degree of anxiety and alarm exists respecting the future, although the threatening aspects of affairs which prevailed last week has in some degree worn away, in consequence of the resignation tendered by Louis Buonaparte of his seat in the National Assembly. In the meantime the Executive Government loses authority and influence daily; the finances are in a state of great disorder; increased taxation and diminished resources both affecting the people and the Government, are fast bringing on some frightful catastrophe;—and the eventual issue of the mighty revolution of February remains still one of the unfathomable mysteries of the future.

In the provinces the most frightful distress prevails; and the peasants—in the very heart of the country as well as at the extremities—resist the payment of the increased taxes with arms in their hands, and blood has been spilt in many of these collisions.

The office of President of the Republic is already a subject of intrigue. Six candidates are already in the field—M. de Lamartine, Mr. Thiers, Prince Louis Buonaparte, M. Marrast, General Cavaignac and M. Cassidiere, the ex-Prefect of Police. The Orleans party will support M. Thiers, and M. Berryer has declared in his favor. The legitimists are divided between Thiers and Lamartine. If the election were soon to take place, little doubt exists but that Louis Buonaparte would be the successful candidate.

The Paris journals, of Wednesday, the 21st of June, furnish additional confirmation of the above melancholy picture of affairs. The clubs are now openly concerting means to dismiss the Executive Government. Prince Louis Napoleon Buonaparte is expected to be elected commander of the 3d Legion of National Guards; and Prince Napoleon, son of the ex-King of Westphalia, was a candidate for the command of the 2d Legion. The workmen of the *ateliers nationaux*, still amounting to 110,000, were creating infinite alarm; and the increase of the taxes on the articles of first necessity to the poorer class in Paris, was pregnant with mischief. But it is in the provinces where the greatest danger is brewing. From north to south increasing discontent prevails. In the north, at Amiens, there seems a determination to march on Paris, and put an end to the tyranny of the capital; whilst in the north, four departments have already organized and drilled 72,000 men for that purpose. Groups of persons in Paris assemble every evening and shout *Vive l'Empereur*. The *Ruche de la Dordogne* says that an English vessel has been detected off the coast landing muskets to arm the Chouans in La Vendee. About 3000 of these arms have, it is said, been seized.

A meeting of representatives, who have hitherto supported the Government, took place on the 21st instant, at the Palais Royal, at which it was agreed that they could be no longer maintained in power. We may, therefore, expect from day to day to hear of the resignation or removal of the present Executive Commission. What will replace it no one can tell. Complete anarchy exists, and order in the streets is only preserved by the determination of the national guard.

The Massanger has the following:—"A new Pretender is spoken of in the person of the Prince of Leuchtenberg, the son of Prince Eugene, and a relation of the Emperor of Russia." The election of Prince Louis Napoleon as Colonel of the 4th Legion of the National Guard of the Bauluine, has been definitely declared.

The feeling in favor of Louis Napoleon seems to increase; and his declaration of the honor paid him is likely to turn out a successful stroke of policy.

The Government was quite taken by surprise by the vote of the Assembly in favor of Prince Louis Napoleon. So sure were they that his election would be annulled, that warrants were issued for his arrest if found in any part of France, and the police were promised a reward for his apprehension. On Tuesday evening, after the vote of the Assembly, the warrants were withdrawn. Besides this, a great number of the adherents of the prince have been arrested.

DENMARK. The war in Denmark continues unabated. At a conference of the Kings of Sweden and Denmark, and the Grand Duke Constantine, at Copenhagen, which was attended by the British Minister, the Russians, on behalf of Denmark, demanded, as we have all along insisted they would, that the Germans should evacuate both duchies before any negotiations were entered into; and that if Schleswig was given up, Russia would claim Holstein according to the treaty with the Danes and Paul I. In spite of all the continued rumors of the passing of the Russian troops across their frontiers, we have no trustworthy confirmation of such a movement. It is certain, however, that a vast line of troops along the Polish border threatens both Berlin and Vienna, and the *Reforme*, of Paris, sounds the tocsin of war from the vast preparations and threatening attitude of the Emperor of Russia, who in a brief campaign, might occupy the Prussian and Austrian capitals, and dictate terms to the distracted people of Germany.

PRUSSIA. At Berlin the most frightful scenes have again occurred. The people, not satisfied with the votes of their own universal suffrage Parliament, have, under the most flimsy pretences, seized every opportunity to make a tumult.

AUSTRIA. But if matters are bad at Berlin, events of even a still more atrocious character have occurred at Prague. The King, having refused to confirm the Provisional Government, and Prince Windischgratz having erected batteries around the town, the mob and the students rose en masse and demanded arms.—A collision having ensued between the Burgher Guard and the populace, some assassins seized the opportunity to indulge his private malice by firing a rifle at the Princess Windischgratz, who was shot in the head. The victim was daughter of the celebrated Prince Schwarzenburg. One of the Prince's sons was also mortally wounded. In these exciting circumstances Prince Windischgratz, with great calmness and dignity, intreated the mob to disperse, but to no effect; they endeavored to hang him up to a lamp by a rope which they procured, when he was rescued by his grenadiers. At 5 o'clock, the people not having taken down the barricades, as he had required, he ordered heavy guns to be brought into play, and he continued firing until ten at night. The conflict lasted almost without intermission during the next day; and by the latest accounts we hear that Prague was a heap of ruins in consequence of this bombardment, and that Prince Windischgratz had retreated from the city with the garrisons and occupied the heights commanding the town. It is more than probable that these frightful disorders will spread among the outlying provinces of Austria. The Emperor has issued a manifesto from Innsbruck in which he gives the prospect of opening a Constituent Assembly at Vienna if order and tranquility are restored.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, the Ministry received the following telegraphic despatch, at Vienna, from Prague:—"Prince Windischgratz has resolved to lay down his command. Count Mendorff has undertaken the personal command. Tranquility may be expected. The bombardment has ceased.—The troops gradually advance as the barricades are cleared."

A second telegraphic despatch was received at 9 o'clock at night, from the burgo-master at Prague; it is as follows:—"As the burghers and students are ready to re-establish order, the burgo-master requests that the ministry will confirm the following by telegraph:—"The military, with the exception of the grenadiers, are to enter the city, and until the delivery of the petition by our deputations to the Emperor and to our ministers, no arrests or house-searchings shall take place on the part of the military."

The deputation will start for Vienna this evening. Prague is in a most perilous condition; a speedy settlement is indispensable.—Baron Von Pillersdorf sent the following reply by telegraph:—"The ministers cannot grant the required confirmation demanded this day, but they have empowered the Court of Commissioners to do so, if they consider this step calculated to re-establish peace. It will, therefore, be requisite to prefer the request to them."

The insurrection in the Tyrol has become general.

RUSSIA. Advances from the Danube announce that a Russian army of 30,000 men had entered Wallachia. It is asserted that the Emperor Nicholas contemplates enfranchising all the peasants in his dominions from personal servitude. Poland, although invested with two hundred thousand troops, is a cause of much uneasiness to the Emperor, who is said to spend whole days and nights watching the telegraphs now established as far as Warsaw and the frontiers of Prussia.

There can be no doubt that large Russian armies are assembling at different points between Tilsit and Cracow; and these, in conjunction with the appearance of a Russian fleet in the Baltic, show that the Czar is engaged, in certain cases, to act with decided hostility against Germany.

In the Breslau journals of the 16th ult. it is stated that the whole Baltic sea is covered with Russian men-of-war. The whole western frontier of the Russian empire bristles with bayonets. The chief force of the Emperor Nicholas stands already on the river Pruth, ready at any moment to march into Moldavia, and of course into Wallachia.

CUBA. The *Courier & Enquirer* publishes a translation from an article in a Spanish paper published in New York, in which it is confidently stated that a strong movement is on foot in Cuba, to sever the ties which bind that Island to Spain. Spain, it is said, is under the influence of France and England, both of which favor abolition sentiments, and it is feared by the Cubans, that their influence may work upon Spain to proclaim the slaves of Cuba free, as has already been done in the English and French West India Islands. The article adverts towards the United States taking Cuba under its wing, and securing to it slavery forever.—Can it be possible that the people of this country would submit to be branded as the upholders of slavery throughout the world?—Atlas.

SUMMARY.

SENTENCE OF DEATH.—In the Supreme Court, this morning, Augustus Dutee, convicted last week of the murder of Ellen Oakes, was brought up for sentence. The District Attorney, after recapitulating the circumstances of the case, moved the Court that sentence be pronounced. The prisoner was then asked by the Court if he had anything further to say. He only replied feeble and indistinct, was, that he did not know what he was about at the time. Chief Justice Shaw after a short address to the prisoner, in which he feelingly alluded to his awful situation, about to be cut off from the joys and hopes of life and consigned to an inevitable and ignominious death, alluding to habitual intemperance as the cause of his crimes, and urging him to spend the small space of time allotted to him in preparing himself to meet the sentence of the law, proceeded to pronounce sentence, which was: "That you be removed from hence to the Prison, and at such time as the Executive Government shall hereafter appoint, that you be hanged by the neck until you be dead; and may God have mercy on your soul." After sentence, the prisoner's sobs could be heard throughout the Court room and both the Court and the audience, who rose on its delivery, were deeply affected. The prisoner was taken back to jail. —*Post paper.*

SUPPOSED MURDER.—Great excitement existed on Thursday at the corner of Ann and Nassau street in New York. A murder was discovered there at six o'clock on Wednesday evening, supposed to have been committed on the person of Pierre Bernand, of the firm of Savage & Co., gold pen makers. He was found in his room dying, with his head on the lap of Sarah Stewart, a girl of the town, who was trying to resuscitate him. The furniture of the room, gold pencils, &c., were scattered about together with the girl's comb and parasol and a pitcher, which last was broken and covered with blood. Bernand had a wound on his temple. The girl said he had fallen down stairs. She exhibited raving grief. Opinion is divided as to her guilt. In the meanwhile she is locked up.

The coroner's jury found a verdict of wilful murder against the woman.

AWFUL CALAMITY BY LIGHTNING.—During the severe thunder storm which passed over our city yesterday, about 5 o'clock, P. M., Messrs. Carey and Ryan, Brothers of the Order of Presentation of the Catholic Church, were returning to their residence near Birmingham, after teaching at the Sunday School, and were just ascending the hill in front of the house, when they were both struck by a flash of lightning and instantly killed. Mr. Carey was struck in the forehead, and had his clothes torn into a hundred pieces, and scattered in the road. What is most remarkable is, that another person, one of the junior members of the order, who was walking between Mr. Carey and Mr. Ryan, escaped unhurt. —*Pittsburgh Gazette, July 3.*

MONEY PRESSURE.—The amount of uncurrent money received at the Foreign Money department of the Suffolk Bank, on Wednesday, (yesterday) was \$50,000 dollars; and at the Receiving Teller's department over 150,000 dollars—making more than one million dollars, which was paid in at that bank in the course of six hours on Wednesday. From the 1st of January to the 1st of July, the Foreign Money department alone, received and redeemed upwards of eighty-five million dollars. This vast amount was paid in, to a great extent, in small bills, and the aggregate bulk of the whole mass was probably something like a thousand bushels. —*Traveller.*

The Catholics of Cincinnati have purchased the country seat of Maj. Daniel Gano, on the northern boundary of that city, where they contemplate establishing a female Seminary, of a high order, to be under the direct management of the Ursulines.

On Monday, a convict in the New Hampshire State Prison, attempted to kill the Warden with a pitchfork; but the time, striking him upon the forehead, glanced down the cheek, inflicting but a trifling wound. The man was secured.

The mulattoes of Philadelphia have collected a considerable sum of money to send for the relief of their brethren in St. Domingo and other parts of the West Indies.

Mrs. Mary Bacon, aged one hundred and eight years, died in Providence on Monday last. She was married early in life, and was not long after left a widow. She had two children, both of whom died young. Mrs. Bacon enjoyed very tolerable health until a few weeks previous to her death. Her departure from time was attended with no sickness, no pain.

The Baltimore Patriot publishes a Washington letter, which states that Mr. Marcy, Secretary of War, is soon to receive an appointment of Foreign Minister, and that his successor in the War office is to be Gen. Samuel Houston, of Texas.

The Fourier Association which was established on Lick Creek, in Illinois, and which for a time was supposed to be doing well, is now dissolved, and a partition of the property is being made. Thus has terminated the last of these establishments in the United States.

OPENING OF A PORTION OF THE ATLANTIC AND ST. LAWRENCE RAILROAD.—The railroad to connect Portland with Montreal was opened on the 4th, 11 miles to North Yarmouth. The Portland Advertiser says of the road:

"The work is of a most firm, solid and substantial character. The broad gauge adds to this appearance of solidity. The cars are wide and capacious—the seats being of sufficient width to enable two to sit with perfect comfort. As this was an experimental trip, we tried the road at almost every pace, from that of a snail to lightning speed, without taking any particular note of time. But we saw enough to satisfy us there will be no trouble about speed."

The Montreal papers announce that a portion of the line is about to be commenced at that end.

In New Hampshire the people voted, 17,894 to 12,174, in favor of a law to prohibit the sale of liquor except for mechanical and medical purposes—but the legislature did not pass such a law.

REDUCTION OF WAGES IN LOWELL. It is stated that some of the Manufacturing Corporations in Lowell, have within a week or two, made a further reduction in the wages of their operatives, and that in consequence, a number who have homes, had quit work. The cause assigned for the reduction is, that the Companies cannot sell their goods for a profit in the present state of affairs, and that their warehouses in Boston are filled to overflowing.

THE WINNEBAGOES. Further accounts from the Winnebagoes, state that the United States troops, accompanying them, were unable to force the Indians to move, or even to protect the property. The Indians had killed all

the team cattle—those provided for their own subsistence and that of the United States troops.

RECEIPTS OF CORN, FLOUR AND COTTON. The receipts of corn at Boston for the six months ending July 1st, 1848, have been 2,143,992 bushels; same time last year, 1,132,028 bushels; increase, 1,011,974 bushels; receipts of flour in same time, 342,160 barrels; same time in 1847, 361,166; decrease, 19,006 barrels; of this amount, 116,100 barrels were from New Orleans, and 114,956 via the Western Railroad; of cotton the receipts have been 168,175 bales against 140,631 in same time in 1847. Increase, 27,544 bales.

FATAL EFFECTS OF INTOXICATION. On Thursday evening at 5 o'clock, as the train of cars from Boston passed into the depot in this town, Mr. Jacob Chase, Jr., of Newbury, was standing against the closet in the eastern end of the depot, in a state of intoxication. Just before the cars arrived opposite, he attempted to move, and coming in contact with the train, the wheels passed over both his legs, mutilating them below the knees in a shocking manner. He survived but six hours. He was a blacksmith, and of intemperate habits. He has left a wife and seven children in destitute circumstances. —*Porthmouth Journal, 7th.*

The publisher of the Lowell "Offering" states in the number for this month, that in one mill, during the past eighteen years, eighty-two of the "boys," and four hundred and five "girls" employed there, have been married; and from another mill, one hundred and eighty-seven of the girls have been married during five years; and from a single room in another corporation, twenty-eight were married in one year.

ALBANY, JULY 6.
Arrest of Murderer.—A pedler of books and newspapers was arrested at Troy to-day, charged with murdering Noah Smith and wife near Petersburg, Rensselaer county, on Saturday last. Andrew Hall was also arrested at West Troy this morning, on a charge of murder, but no money was found on him.

Mr. Smith and his wife were old people, and were found murdered in the house in which they lived, it is supposed for the sake of about \$1500, which Mr. Smith had about him.

TELEGRAPH EAST.—We learn from J. R. Darrow Esq., one of the agents of the enterprise, that the construction of the telegraph from Portland to the New Brunswick, at Calais, to connect there with a line to Halifax, is to be commenced forthwith. The following intermediate towns have arranged for stations: Bath, Damariscotta, Waldoboro, East Thomaston, Belfast and Bangor. The line will be completed the present fall, and before the opening of winter. The provincial lines to Halifax are to be constructed simultaneously with that in Maine. This will bring intercourse with Liverpool, on an average, two days and a half nearer Boston than at present. —*Post.*

ACCIDENTS ON THE FERRY.—Mr. James Bailey, engineer of the Ferry Boat Woolwich, had left hand so much injured on the morning of the 4th, by the bursting of a gun, that it was found necessary to amputate above the wrist.

A young man named Rogers, nephew of W. M. Rogers, Esq., of this city, had the ramrod of a pistol discharged through two of his fingers, mutilating his hand severely.

Two boys, one a son of Mr. Jonathan Arras and the other a son of Mr. H. E. Morrill, were badly burned by gunpowder, exploded while they were pouring it into a horn by an India cracker fired by another boy.

Mr. George Dyer, of Parker's Head, (Phippsburg) was severely injured by the blowing and kicking of a cannon which he was assisting to discharge. —*Bath Times.*

On the morning of the fourth of July, Mr. ISAAC THOMPSON, an esteemed citizen of Topsham, while assisting in some operations with a derrick in that place, was so severely injured that he died in two or three hours. Mr. Thompson was about fifty years of age, and left a family, and a large circle of relatives and friends. —*Brunswick Advertiser.*

Fontaine, a lad about 12 years old, son of Mr. Wm. Sparrow, of this city, was badly injured on Monday, by the accidental explosion of a pound or two of powder, which had been bought with which to celebrate the 4th. His face was very badly burned, but his eyes are uninjured. Other parts of his body also suffered. He was in a chamber when the powder took fire. The windows were fortunately open. Had it been otherwise, his life might have been lost by the accident. —*Portland Pioneer.*

A HEAVY LIFT.—Joseph Emerson, Jr., of Hanover, N. H., had his pocket picked of \$500 at the Old Colony Railroad one day last week, together with papers of value.

Matthews' attendant in his last sickness, intended to give his patient some medicine, but a few moments after it was discovered that the medicine was ink which was taken from the phial by mistake, and his friend exclaimed: "Good heavens! Matthews I have given you ink! Never mind—my boy—never mind," said Matthews, faintly, "I'll swallow a bit of blotting paper." This was the last joke Matthews ever made.

LOWELL POLICE COURT.—Dr. Calvin Batchelder, of Lowell, charged with procuring abortion by means of an instrument or otherwise, upon the person of Mrs. Eunice King, a widow lady, formerly a resident of Stow, resulting in the death of Mrs. King, was bound over on Saturday in the sum of \$5000 for his appearance at the higher Court, to be held in October in that city, and for want thereof was committed. —*[Lowell Courier.]*

Good Reply.—On Sunday, a lady called to her little boy who was tossing marbles on the side walk, to come into the house. "Don't you know you shouldn't be out there, my son? Go into the back yard, if you want to play marbles—it is Sunday." "Well, yes. But ain't it Sunday in the back yard, mother?"

Cassius M. Clay having obtained a judgment for \$2,100 against J. B. Clay and T. H. Waters, two of the committee of sixty appointed in the summer of 1845 to remove his abolition press from Lexington, the committee held a meeting on the 24th inst., and resolved that the amount should be raised by subscription from the citizens of Fayette and the adjoining counties. —*Louisville Jour.*

BEAUTIFUL SUPERSTITION.—Among the superstitions of the Senecas, one which for its singular beauty is already well known. When a maiden dies they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings, neither close its eyes, until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. "It is not unfrequent," says the Indian historian, "to see twenty or thirty birds loosened at once over one grave."

TWENTY SLAVES BURNED TO DEATH.—From a source on which we can fully rely, we learn that Gov. Johnson recently had a negro

house burnt, and what is almost incredible, twenty negro children out of twenty-eight in the building were consumed with it. It is said that the children were removed to this building and placed under the care of several negro women for better care and protection; when the house taking fire from some accident during the night the calamity occurred. One woman was saved by leaping from the window of the second story. —*[Yorkville (S. C.) Mess. July 1.]*

OFFICERS OF TICONIC DIVISION, S. OF T. NO. 13, FOR THE PRESENT QUARTER.
N. Stedman W. P. W. Chipman T.
J. Hill W. A. J. Randell C.
E. Dunbar R. S. J. B. Wendall A. C.
J. Ransted A. R. S. J. L. Dunbar Jr. I. S.
W. E. Harris F. S. J. R. Foster O. S.

OFFICERS OF SAMARITAN LODGE, NO. 39, I. O. O. F., FOR THE PRESENT QUARTER.
J. R. Elden N. G. J. Smiley, R. H. S. G.
O. Paine V. G. J. W. Freeman L. H. S.
N. R. Boutelle S. W. C. Bridge R. H. S. G.
J. A. Rhodes T. J. A. Goodwin L. H. S.
H. B. White W. J. S. Craig R. H. S. G.
A. J. Dingley C. J. M. Haines L. H. S. G.
T. Kendall O. G. C. Gardner Chap.
J. R. Foster I. G. T. Kendall Libr.

OFFICERS OF NATHANIS SECTION, NO. 3, CA. DETS OF TEMPERANCE.
H. Plaisted W. A. J. Hill A. S.
G. B. Gow V. A. T. J. Soule G.
W. H. Arnold A. T. N. G. Dow W.
J. G. Rhodes S. H. W. Richardson A. W.

Ten Indians lately ran an eleven mile foot race over the Buffalo course. It was won by Coffee, who made four or five tremendous bounds at the end, shot by Canada like an arrow, and came in a yard ahead, in 1 hour 5 minutes and 7 seconds. Steeprock was one of the runners, and led the race at first.

ACCIDENT.—An accident occurred in our village, a few days since, which we notice as a warning against carelessness in using inflammable substances. A young man was filling a lamp, while lighted, with burning fluid, when it caught fire, and he threw it from him upon another young man sitting near. The arm and side of the latter were most severely burnt—the former escaping with a badly burnt hand.

POSTSCRIPT.
The Boston Traveller of Tuesday evening has the following important foreign intelligence:

The general tenor of the news received from Paris by the latest Liverpool papers, authorizes a belief in the truth of subsequent accounts communicating by telegraph to London and thence to Liverpool, at the latest moment before the Caledonia's departure. The despatch to the New York Courier and Enquirer, the substance of which, received by telegraph from New York, was published in a part of our edition of Monday, which is the latest news, is dated Paris, Friday, (June 23d) 5 o'clock P. M., and is as follows:

It is just reported that the executive government have resigned, and that Gen. Cavaignac has been placed at the head of the armed forces, and has declared Paris in a state of siege. At this, the last moment, we can only say that the usual expresses from Paris for London journals have not arrived, and all we can obtain, from the best sources, is a repetition of the statement, that all communication is intercepted, as in February last.—There is no doubt that a conflict of a severe nature is actually going on.

The second edition of the London Morning Chronicle of Saturday, June 24th, contains the following:
"Paris Friday. The struggle has commenced in Paris. The troops of the line and the National Guards are fighting with the people. There has already been an awful sacrifice of life. Everything is in great confusion."

The Liverpool correspondent of the New York Herald, under date of the 24th, 1 P. M., has the following:
"I open my letter to inform you that news has this moment reached us by electric telegraph, that the crisis has really commenced in France. Yesterday (Friday) the troops of the National Guards were fighting desperately with the people. The sacrifice of life is terrific!"
The London Times of Saturday morning, 24th ultimo, gives a version of things, received by telegraph, which is somewhat more particular than most of the other accounts, and is strongly confirmatory of the general report, that Paris was in a state of great commotion, and that fighting had either commenced, or was all but inevitable.

Notices.

Valuable testimony from the South.
We like, at all times, to give credit when credit is due, and if at the same time we can relieve the distressed, we are doubly gratified; we, therefore, give the following voluntary testimony as to the beneficial effects of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, by the editor of the Columbia South Carolinian, who appears to have obtained great relief by its use. —*Old Dominion, (Portsmouth, Va.)*

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
We seldom resort to patent medicines, having a great respect for the skill of the regular profession, but chance threw into our way the above-named medicine, immediately after the close of the last session of the Legislature, when our lungs were almost dried up by the highly rarified atmosphere of our store-vanilla State House. The Balsam immediately relieved us of a most harassing cough, which threatened our health in a serious degree. We feel that we are indebted to it for some fifteen pounds of our weight—which addition once felt, cannot be forgotten.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper. For sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville, Wm. B. Snow, & Co., Portland, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States. (31-2w)

FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND. This Compound, manufactured by Horatio W. Foster of Lowell, is fast becoming an indispensable article for the ladies' toilet, as well as with the dressing case of the beaux. It is now about 18 months since the Mountain Compound was first introduced to the public by Mr. Foster, the original proprietor and inventor, who is reaping a rich harvest as a reward for the time and money he has expended in bringing the article to that perfection which its rapid sale denotes. It has already been introduced into the principal cities and towns both in the N. England and Western States, and has obtained an enviable reputation for softening, beautifying and darkening the hair. Numerous testimonials of its qualities have been received from the ladies and physicians of much experience, as well as from the many who have used and been benefited by the article. —*[Boston Merc. Journal.]*

FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND.
For the preservation and reproduction of the hair, no article is so efficacious and speedy; and especially for retaining a moisture in the hair for a greater length of time than any other can. Agent for Waterville, WM. DYER, Druggist. [36]

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

DR. R. R. CLAY, (of New York.) would respectfully inform the afflicted, that he will be in attendance at William's Hotel, Waterville, Friday and Saturday, July 14th and 15th, at John L. Seavey's, Unity, Sunday and Monday, until 2 P. M. and at the stage House Skowhegan Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, July 18th, 19th and 20th, where he will be happy to see his former patients and as many more as may feel disposed to favor him with a call.

Dr. Clay will treat the following classes of diseases.

All affection of the Lungs, Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Brain, and nervous system, &c. All Chronic diseases of however long standing, or which may be regarded as incurable.

All Scrofulous diseases, whether hereditary or acquired since birth—manifested in Glandular Tumors, White Swellings, Salt Rheum, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Ulcers &c. Piles, Fistula in ano and in perineo without an operation, and without probing, poulticing and syringing with injections, Caustics, Ligatures, or other painful means. A perfect and permanent cure warranted in every case. Also all cases of Callouses, Catarrh in the Head, Chronic Bronchitis, Stone or Gravel, Spinal Diseases, and all Chronic, Mercurial, Rheumatic, and Scrofulous Diseases, or Sores permanently cured.

Also all Female Complaints, Seminal Weakness, and diseases of the Eye and Ear; in the treatment of which Dr. Clay has met with unprecedented success, not having lost one single case.

No Medicines prescribed to derange a healthy organ and not benefit the diseased one, which is too often the case with the most scientific Physician.

All Medicines obtained of Dr. Clay are warranted purely vegetable, without the smallest particle of mercury or mineral in them.

Dr. Clay can produce the best of credentials to show that he is a regularly licentiated Practitioner in Medicine and a member of the Medical Reformed Practice, and also a member of the New York State Medical Society.

N. B.—The best of references given as to scientific attainments in medicine and pharmacy. The afflicted are invited to call.

Shocks from the Galvanic Battery day and evening.

Dr. C. will visit the above places monthly during the summer.

THE FAIR having closed its demands upon public attention, Mr. UPTON will remain in town a short time, to accommodate those who have been too much occupied to spend the ten seconds required to sit for a picture. He even makes the most ugly look tolerably well—to themselves. To the beautiful he offers a rare opportunity.

LITERARY FRATERNITY.

The Anniversary of the Literary Fraternity of Waterville College will be held in the Baptist meeting-house, Waterville, on Tuesday evening, Aug. 8th, the evening preceding commencement.

Orated by Rev. Z. BRADFORD, Providence, R. I.
Poem by Rev. S. W. FIELD, Hallowell.

J. H. SEEVER, Cor. Sec.
Waterville College, July 10th, 1848. (31-4w)

MARRIAGES.

In this town, July 6th, by Prof. Loomis, Mr. Charles Barker and Miss Sarah Blackwell, both of Fairfield. In Fryeburg, 24 inst., Mr. Frederick P. Haviland of Waterville, to Miss Abby O. Chase, daughter of the late Stephen Chase Esq., of F.

DEATHS.

In Clinton, 6th inst., Geo. McLehann, formerly of Gorham, aged 77.

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES.

Flour, bbl. \$6.00 & 6.25; Corn, bush. 75 & 80; Rye, \$1.17; Wheat, \$1.34; Oats, 37; Butter, lb. 12 & 14; Eggs, 10; Pork, doz. 10 cts; Pork, round hog 7 to 8.

BOSTON MARKET.

Flour—Gen. 6.00, Michigan 5.67 & 6.00 per bbl. Ohio and St. Louis, 5.50 & 5.67.

Grain—Sales Southern white Corn 49 & 50 cents, and yellow flat 55 & 56 per bushel. Oats scarce and in brisk demand; North River 43c.

BRIGHTON MARKET.

At market 300 Beef Cattle, about 600 Sheep and 1200 swine.

Beef Cattle.—Extra quality, 7.25; first quality, 6.75 to 7.00; second do 7.25 to 6.50.

Working Oxen.—few pairs in market; prices from 75 to 125.

Cows and Calves.—A good many in market. 30 to 38.

Sheep.—Sales from 2 to 5.

Pigs.—Whole 5 for Sows, 5 1-2 for Barrows; Retail, 5 & 6 1-2.

Advertisements.

A CARD.

DR. BOUTELLE, having returned from Philadelphia, will resume the practice of his profession and continue to his usual services to such of his former patrons and the public generally as may require the aid or counsel of a Physician.

Office, as heretofore, over the store of J. Williams & Son, Main St.

Groceries, Groceries

J. R. ELDEN & CO'S.,
(One Door North of Boutelle Block).

MAY be found one of the largest and best assortments of

W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES,

that can be found on the Kennebec River.

Consisting in part of the following articles:—Old Hyson, Young Tea, Souchong, Pouchong, Oolong and Ning Yung Teas; Rio, Maricao, Porto Cabello and Old Java Coffee; 10 Hds. Havana, Trinidad, Guadalupe and Porto Rico Molasses; Muscovado, Porto Rico and N. Orleans Sugars; 10 Boxes Brown, White Havana, Crushed and powdered do. Sugars;

(Also a large assortment of

CROCKERY & GLASS WARE;

AMONG WHICH WE MAY MENTION,

Flowing Blue Ware, (of various patterns) Light Blue Printed, Faint Colored, Dark Blue Egeat, Plain & Figured China, Cream colored and Yellow Stone do.

The above goods were bought mostly for cash, and we shall sell them at a very small advance from present cost.

J. R. E. & CO. have the Agency of the *Richfield and Central Food Companies* and are prepared to sell at wholesale and retail.

Waterville, July 1848.

SHAWLS.

Another lot of those all Wool Shawls just rec'd and selling at 50 cts. by

J. R. ELDEN & CO.

SUGAR! SUGAR!

1500 LBS. more of that cheap Sugar for sale by

J. R. ELDEN & CO.

SHEETINGS.

2 BALES more of those cheap Sheetings for sale by

J. R. ELDEN & CO.

SHADE TASSELS.

50 Dozens received, and for sale by

ELDEN & CO.



MRS. E. KIDDER'S

DYSENTERY CORDIAL.

An immediate and perfect cure for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Summer complaints of Children, Sea Sickness, General Debility, &c., &c.

WHERE this all-powerful antidote is at hand, Cholera, Dysentery and Chronic Diarrhoea, are no longer to be seriously feared, or looked upon with terror—as this Cordial will most successfully cure the disease in the course of a very few hours, if taken at the commencement.

It has been before the public for more than sixteen years, and was the first article made known to the public as an immediate and perfect remedy for these complaints. It has been thoroughly tested in every country and every climate, and its effect has every where proved the same—sure to cure, even where the disease has advanced to the last stage. The public may rest assured that it contains neither opium, or mineral substances, or anything that is in the least injurious to the constitution.

CHOLERA AND COMMON CHOLERA MORBUS.—This Cordial immediately checks the vomiting, relieves the pains, stops the Diarrhoea, and restores the bowels of a perfectly regular and healthy state, however low the patient may have become, it invariably restores.

SEVERE CASES OF DYSENTERY, are immediately counteracted, the pains allayed, the bowels healed, and not unfrequently the bowels become perfectly regulated, and restored in the short space of ten or twelve hours.

CHRONIC DIARRHOEA.—Either in children or adults, of months or years continuance, are most readily cured with this Cordial, notwithstanding they may be restored to a more healthy state, it immediately strengthens, and shortly restores them to perfect health.

CHOLERA INFANTUM.—It has saved the lives of many thousands of children when reduced to death's door by this complaint; it gives them immediate relief, and they very soon recover.

SEA-SICKNESS.—It is a pleasant and desirable remedy for Sea Sickness. It checks the vomiting, and readily restores the patient. It invariably checks vomiting, produced from any cause whatever.

CHILDREN THAT ARE TRETTING. If inclined to Diarrhoea, should always be provided with this medicine, as it will keep the bowels regulated, and keep off the cancer. It is wholesome, safe, and pleasant to the taste; and children are fond of it, and will take it without trouble or dislike.

FOR GENERAL DEBILITY AND DYSPERSIA.—It is a most excellent restorative, giving a healthy tone to both the stomach and bowels, and prevents food from pressing or distressing the stomach.

CAUTION.

Beware of those impostors which are daily palmed upon the public, bearing the name of my article, which is *Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, and Diarrhoea Cordial*, which name impostors have borrowed. All they have copied my advertisements and pretentious addresses.—Doubtless they have done this for the purpose of palming off their useless and worthless articles at the expense and reputation of this original and most popular medicine that ever came before the public.

Be sure that you obtain **MRS. E. KIDDER'S** Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and Diarrhoea Cordial, and you get the only true and original article, which has ever been held in the highest estimation by the public throughout the whole country.

It is put up in bottles holding nearly a quart, intended for family use, and sold for One Dollar per bottle.

Sold by **MRS. E. KIDDER**, No. 10 Court St., Boston.

