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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 52): July 20, 1848

Ephraim Maxham

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# The Eastern Mail.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

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

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

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1848.

NO. 52.

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.

## Miscellaneous.

### WHAT THE MAD COW DID.

'We used to keep a cow,' said Mrs. Scraggins, 'when we lived in Cincinnati, and such a good cow! She used to come as regular to the milk as clock work. She'd knock at the gate with her horns, just as sensible! Her name was "Rose." I never know'd how she got that name, for she was as black as a kettle. One day Rose got sick, and wouldn't eat, poor thing, and a day or two after, she died. I do believe I cried when she was gone. Well, we went a little while without a cow, but I told Mr. S. it wouldn't do, now how—we must have another, and then he gin in. Whenever I said must, Mr. S. knew that I meant it. Well, a few days after, he came home from market with the finest cow and young calf I ever see. He gave thirty dollars for her and the calf, and two lewes to a man to help bring her home. They drove her into the back yard, and Mr. S. told me to come out and see her, and I did. I went up to her just as I used to do to Rose, and when I said poor Sukey, the nasty brute, would you believe, she kicked me! Her foot caught in my dress, a bran span new one, which cost two lewes a yard, and she took a lewy's worth out of it, and then how wicked she stuck her head at me. I screamed right out.'

'Mr. S. jumped and caught me just as I was dropping—I wasn't quite as heavy then—and he carried me to the door, and I went in and sat down. I felt faintish, I was so abominable skered. Mr. S. said he'd learn her some manners; so he picked up the poker and went out, but I hadn't hardly begun to get a little strengthen'd up afore in rushed my dear husband, flourishin' the poker at that vicious cow, who, with head down and tail up, was running at him like mad. Mr. S. jumped into the room, before he had time to turn round and shut the door, that desperate cow was in, too. Mr. S. got up on the dining table, and I run into the parlor. I thought I'd be safe there, but I was scared so bad that I forgot to shut the door, and would you believe it, after over-setting the cinnig table, and rolling Mr. S. off, in she walked into the parlor shaking her head just as much as to say I'll give you a tetch now.'

'I jumped up on a chair, but thinking that not enough, I got one foot on the top of the large Franklin stove, and put the other on the mantel-piece. I was safe there—she couldn't reach me. You ought to have seen that cow in my parlor—she looked all round as if she was "mazed." At last she looked in the large mirror and saw another cow, as she thought, lookin' wrathly like herself. She shook her head and pawed the carpet, and of course so did the reflection, and would you believe it, the awful brute went right into my mirror—the big new one I had only had two months. I heerd her right out. I s'pose she thought she heerd the calf, for she tried to get out, and in going round the room she poked head into Mr. S.'s book-case—no doubt she smelt the calf skin covers. All this time I was gettin' agonized. The brass knob on the stove got so hot that I had to sit down on the narrow mantel-piece, and hold on to nothin'. I dassin't move, for fear I'd slip off, and that was that awdacious brute making the 'bominablest' litter right in my best room, that ever any Christian woman did endure.'

'Mr. S. went round to the front door but it was locked; and then he came to the window and opened it. I jumped down and run for the window, and hadn't more than got my head out afore I heerd her coming after me. Gracious, but I was in a hurry! More haste less speed, always, for the more I tried to climb quick, the longer it took me; and would you believe it, just as I got ready to jump down, that brute of a cow caught me behind and turned me clear over and over out of the window. Well, dear, when I got 'right side up' as they put on lookin' glass boxes, I looked up at the window, and there stood that cow, with her head just between the red and white curtains, and with another piece of my dress danglin' on her horns.'

'Husband and me, was just startin' for the little alley that run along side of the house, when that cow give a bawl, and out of the window she came. Whiskin' her tail about like a scythe, it caught fire in the Franklin stove, and it carved her right. Mr. S. and me run into the alley in such a hurry, that we got wedged fast. Husband tried to get ahead, but I had been in the rear long enough, and I wouldn't let him. Would you believe it, that dreadful cow, no sooner seen us in the alley than she dashed, but thank goodness it stuck fast, too. Husband tried the gate, but it was fast, too; and there was no getting out of the house or yard to open it. Mr. S. wanted to climb over and unfasten it, but I wouldn't let him—I wasn't going to be left alone with that dreadful enraged creature, even if she was fast, and so I told him. I made him help me over the top of the gate.'

'I got over, let husband in, and then it took him, and me, and four neighbors, to get that dreadful critter out of the alley. She bellowed and kicked, and her calf bellowed to her, and she bawled back again, but we got her out at last, and sick a time, ah, dear—I heerd enough of her. Husband sold her for twenty dollars the next day. It cost him seventy-five cents to get her to market, and when he tried to pass one of the five dollar bills he got—would you believe it—the nasty raw was a counterfeiter. Mr. Scraggins said, to his dying day, that he'd believe the brother of the man that sold him that cow, bought it back again. I believe, it helped to worry my dear husband to death. Ah, child, I know what cows is!'

The old lady's agitation was so great at this point of her story, that she dropped a stitch in her knitting. [St. Louis Revueille.]

SHARP SHOOTING. A shallow-headed coxcomb, having received a peremptory nay in answer from a young lady to whom, in spite of the significant hints, that his attentions were not agreeable, he had "popped the question," declared that he "wouldn't live—he would blow his brains out."

'Twill be a glorious shot, if you hit them,' said she, as she turned upon her heel contemptuously and left the room.

### THE MAN WHO RODE THE GOAT.

In a quiet village in the sober state of Connecticut, flourishes a flourishing Division of the Sons of Temperance. Much has been said about its mysteries, and many a quizzical story has been told in relation to the antics of a certain goat said to be connected therewith.

It is said that in this quiet village there resides, among others, a cute Yankee, of a remarkably ingenious and curious turn of mind whom for his resemblance to the Pry family, we shall name him Paul. Now Paul took it into his busy noddle to enter the gates of our Order without riding the goat. He therefore looked round among mankind for a green Son of Temperance—and having fixed his mind upon a victim, he started in pursuit and found his man. After exercising his pumping ingenuity in a manner 'too tedious to mention,' he found himself on the road home, tickled to pieces with the idea of being in full possession of that mysterious word which would unlock the Division door, and put him in possession of 'open sesame.'

In the mean time, Paul's design was communicated to a few waggish spirits of the Division, and appropriate arrangements were made for his reception.

Meeting night came, and after the brothers had pretty generally assembled, the O. S. heard a strange noise at the door like unto the bleatings of a certain animal familiarly called Billy the Goat O. S. true to his instructions, opened the door ajar.

'Bah! said Paul.

'Bah! Bah! Bah!!!' returned the O. S. and open flew the door.

Paul walked in, looking very knowingly the while, and took a seat among the initiated. The sham business proceeded for a while as though 'nothing had happened.'

'Worthy Patriarch,' at length said a member in a solemn and impressive manner, 'the person who last entered, having neglected to turn the usual somerset and light upon his big toe—it is very evident to my mind that he has not been initiated. I therefore move that we proceed to put him through!'

'Second the motion!' shouted a dozen.

'I guess I'd better retire,' said Paul rising, and evidently uneasy—I guess there must be some mistake. And he went for to go. But they wouldn't let him.

'Any one who once gets in here, must go through,' said a blacksmith who stood six feet without his boots. 'So just be quiet till we get the goat ready.'

The door was fastened, and all hope of escape was cut off. Paul trembled. The blacksmith aforesaid opened a closet, and pulled out a sack. Paul turned white.

'Prepare the victim!' said the W. P.

Paul sprang to his feet, and begged for mercy—but no mercy there was known. He was hustled into the sack, in spite of all the kicking resistance he could make. The goat happened to be out of sorts that night, and so an old wheelbarrow was substituted. Paul was trundled around the room—first backwards and then forwards—over sticks of wood, down stairs and up stairs.

'Bah!' said the blacksmith, stopping to blow.

'Please let me out,' pleaded Paul.

'Can't yet,' returned the blacksmith. 'Ain't reached the Falls of Niagara—must put you through the shower bath! Paul wiped away the perspiration.

Creak, creak, creak, went the old wheelbarrow round the room again. At Paul's earnest solicitation the shower bath was omitted. He declared it would give him a cold.

Having been otherwise 'put through,' Paul was liberated—a terrified man. He started for a lawyer for vengeance. But the lawyer told him he had better say nothing about it—and he finally concluded not to.

It so happened that where Paul worked a number of girls were employed. One day Paul entered the 'ladies' department.' That morning an Irish girl had been admitted to the establishment, and the mischievous imps had wrapped her up in a piece of canvass, and were wheeling her about the floor.

'What are you doing?' asked Paul.

'Biddy's riding the goat,' archly said the ring-leader. Paul bolted.

'The man who rode the goat is well known in the village—and is often pointed out by the little boys. We rather think the next time Paul wants to enter a 'secret society,' he will go in the front way.'

### HARRIS'S PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT.

There are 22 presses in the establishment of which three are Napier presses, and nineteen are worked by steam. They work off regularly 70 reams of paper per day—that is, 38,600 sheets, making 201,600 per week, and 10,488,200 per year. The fixtures in the bindery are valued at \$13,000. Here are annually used 55 bbls. of flour for paste, 44 bbls. of glue, 1,000 packages of gold leaf, 40 tons of paste-board, and 750 pieces of muslin of 40 yards each.

Then 14,400 sheep must be slain yearly to supply skins for covers. Beneath the buildings (for here are five tenements) are immense vaults where the stereotype plates are deposited. These have been accumulating for some years, and now amount to 500,000 pounds weight, worth 7-1/2 cents per pound; 800 lbs. of metal are used weekly for casting, making 41,600 pounds per annum. In the composing rooms there are from 60,000 to 70,000 lbs. of type. The amount paid to persons about 400 in number, (one fourth of whom are females), is \$200,000 per annum.

FIRE UNDER GROUND.—The village of Lower Hough, near Rotherham, on the estate of Earl Fitzwilliam, presents a curious and interesting aspect. The fact is well known in the village, although we have never heard it spoken of in this neighborhood—that an extensive bed of coal beneath the village is on fire, and has been in that condition, burning with greater or less intensity for at least twenty years. A gentleman residing in Sheffield, whom curiosity induced to visit the locality one day during the present week, has furnished us with the following particulars:—The coal in certain places bakes out—that is, it comes up to the surface of the ground; and it was at one of these bakes that the fire originally commenced, having been ignited by a 'clump' (a fire for burning stones intended for road materials).

The subterranean fire has continued to advance in various directions up to the present time, its progress being manifested by the appearance, at intervals, of smoke and flames at the surface of the ground, the spread of which has generally been stopped, however, by puddling the eruptions with clay, &c. A feeling of apprehension as to the ultimate fate of the village has always continued to prevail, and we understand that, a good many years ago, the destruction of the manse of the Wentworth family was threatened by the approach of the fire, but happily the calamity was averted by severing a bed of coal, for which purpose a shaft was especially sunk. Latterly the work of destruction appears to have been going on with unwonted rapidity, and naturally enough has created a corresponding degree of alarm.

Our informant saw two beautiful detached cottages, the foundation of which is so much undermined and sunk, that one or both of them has ceased to be occupied; the walls of one of the cottages had quite separated, and the building must have tumbled down had not means been resorted to for keeping it together. The ground, in several large tracts, is one huge hot bed, and where the heat is not so intense as to destroy the vegetation, the villages turn it to very good account in raising early crops of vegetables. Pens were seen some weeks ago, flourishing luxuriantly in the open air; and potatoes are so far forward, that one crop has been already secured, and a second crop got into the ground. The exposed earth is quite warm, even in the depth of winter. Were this state of things confined within prescribed limits, it would be all very well, and the villagers would regard it as an unmix'd blessing, but this is by no means the case.

The unnatural heat engenders a disagreeable smoke, which is continually ascending and adulterating the atmosphere, doubtless to the detriment of animal health; and the houses in the worst localities are often filled with warm air, strongly charged with sulphur, rendering them, as habitations, little better than a coal pit. The cellars, naturally, are the worst. Of course it is impracticable to keep food in them; not unfrequently they cannot be entered with safety. How long this extraordinary state of things is to continue no one can tell; but if any means for extinguishing or arresting the fire could be applied, a regard for the welfare, and even the safety of the inhabitants—leaving the property out of the question—demands that it should be done without farther loss of time.—[Sheffield (Eng.) Times.]

HAYING.—There is probably no labor performed on the farm more irksome and fatiguing than the labor of haying. It is performed in the hottest season of the year, in the open fields, without shade or shelter, and under circumstances which require dispatch and diligence in all its details. Yet there is no work in which the young and ambitious youth engages with more willingness, or to which he bends with a stonger zeal or a more buoyant pride, than to the task-work of the scythe. To turn a good swath, to 'point in' and 'point out' yells, is the extent of his agrestic ambition, if we except celerity—a qualification in a mower which depends much upon physical stamina and practice, and requires the command of vigorous nerves, good tools, and a certain skill of hand which but very few attain until far advanced in life.

Many a young man has ruined his constitution by too great zeal, and a reluctance to be outdone, even by his superiors in years, strength and skill. It was only a short time since that we saw conveyed to the grave yard, the emaciated remains of a young man whose constitution had been destroyed and health irreparably ruined in this way. Thousands have experienced the same fate, and by over exertion have too often made their first haying season their last. Youngsters, when they commence mowing, should begin with calmness and moderation, and strive to attain the character of good mowers, rather than to carry the foremost swath. We have seen many swift mowers, but rarely one who cut his grass well; hurry does not permit of perfection, and it is not infrequently the case that individuals who 'get over' their three, four or five acres a day, are, in reality, worth less to their employers than those who 'mow' but one. By neglecting the essential points, and leaving a tall stubble, one may easily lose the price of his wages to his employer, even where the crop is light and the grass thin.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT NIAGARA FALLS.—It is contemplated to have the foot bridge at the Falls ready for crossing on the Fourth of July. This will be a great curiosity, and many will avail themselves of the adventure. The following is to be the composition of the railroad bridge:

Number of cables for bridge,	16
No. of strands in each cable,	600
Ultimate tension,	6,500 tons
Capacity of the bridge,	500 "
No. of strands in the ferry cable,	37
Diameter of the cable,	7-8 in.
Height of stone tower,	68 ft. 1 in.
Height of wood tower for ferry,	50 ft.
Base of the tower,	20 sq. ft.
Span of the bridge,	800 ft.
Whole weight of the bridge,	650 tons.
Height from the water,	280 ft.
Depth of water under the bridge,	250 ft.

This Suspension Bridge is the most sublime work of art on the continent. It makes the head dizzy to look at it, and yet it is traversed with as much security as any other bridge of the same width. We were present while the workmen were engaged in hanging the planks over the fearful chasm. It looked like a work of peril; but it was prosecuted with entire safety. Not an accident has happened since the first cord was carried across the river at the tail of a kite!

It is impossible to give the reader a clear idea of the grandeur of the work. Imagine a foot bridge 800 feet in length, hung in the air, at the height of 300 feet over a vast body of water rushing through a narrow gorge, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. If you are below it, it looks like a strip of paper, suspended by a cobweb. When the wind is strong, the frail, gossamer-looking structure sways to and fro, as if ready to start from its fastenings; and it shakes from extremity to centre under the firm tread of the pedestrian. But there is no danger. Men pass over it with perfect safety, while the head of the timid looker-on swims with apprehension.

We saw the first person pass over it—Mr. Ellet, the builder. His courageous wife soon followed him, and for two days, hundreds, attracted by the novelty of the thing, took the

fearful journey.

It is worth a trip to the Falls to see this great work, although it is not probable that one in twenty will have the nerve to cross upon it. For, strange as it may seem, there were those who had no hesitation to slide over the awful chasm, in a basket, upon a single wire cable, who could not be induced to walk over the bridge. And this aerial excursion is thrillingly exciting. A seat on a locomotive, travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, is nothing to it. When you find yourself suspended in the air, with the roaring, rushing, boiling Niagara two hundred and fifty feet below you, if your heart don't flutter you will have nerve enough to swing over Vesuvius!

And yet the sensation is not altogether unpleasant. The ride itself, as the old lady said about skimming eels, 'is nothing when you get used to it.'

GOOD FEELING.—We knew a blunt old fellow in the State of Maine, who sometimes hit the nail on the head more flat than the philosophers. He once heard a man much praised for his good feeling. Everybody joined and said that the man possessed excellent feelings. 'What has he done?' asked one old genius. 'Oh! in everything he is a man of fine, benevolent feelings,' was the reply.

'What has he done?' cried the old fellow again.

By this time the company thought it necessary to show some of their favorite doings.—They began to cast about them in their minds, but the old man still shouted:—'What has he done?'

They owned that they could not name anything in particular.

'Yet,' said the cynic, 'you say that the man has good feelings, benevolent feelings. Now let me tell you, gentlemen, there are people in this world who get a good name on account of their feelings. You can't tell me one generous action they ever performed in their whole lives, but they look and talk most benevolently. I know a man in this town that you would call a surly, rough and unamiable man, and yet he has done more acts of kindness in this country than all of you put together. You may judge people's actions by their feelings, but I judge people's feelings by their actions.' Voice of Industry.

TREATMENT OF HORSE MANURE.—Fresh horse dung, when dried, contains about 2-3/4 per cent. of ammonia and other fertilizing salts; but when allowed to ferment, as it usually does in practice, it contains only about 1 per cent. of fertilizing salts, and loses besides, nearly 9-10ths of its weight. This gives some idea of the waste which generally attends the practice of neglecting this kind of manure on a farm.—In order to prevent this waste, it is only necessary to throw the dung into a heap under cover, and sprinkle a few handfuls of charcoal dust or plaster of Paris among it every few days, or if it becomes heated, to mix with it a few qrts. of common salt.—American Agriculturist.

FRENCH VEGETABLE SOUP.—Take a leg of lamb, of moderate size, and four quarts of water. Of potatoes, carrots, cabbage, onions, tomatoes, and turnips, take a tea-cup full of each, chopped fine. Salt and black pepper to your taste.

Wash the lamb, and put it into the four quarts of cold water. When the scum rises, take it off carefully with a skimmer. After having pared and chopped the vegetables, put them into the soup. Carrots require the most boiling, and should be put in first; onions require the least boiling, and are to be put in last. This soup requires about three hours to boil.

METHOD OF DISTINGUISHING IRON FROM STEEL.—Drop a little weak aquafortis on the metal; let it remain for a few minutes, and then wash it off with water. If it is steel, the spot will be black; but if iron, the spot will be whitish grey.

CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.—Take a piece of sheet zinc, about the size of a sixpence, and a piece of silver, say a quarter of a dollar, place them together, and hold the defective tooth between or contiguous to them in a few minutes the pain will be gone as if by magic.—The zinc and the silver acting as a galvanic battery, will produce on the nerves of the tooth sufficient electricity to establish a current, and consequently relieve the pain.

### STILL LATER FROM EUROPE.

Rebellion of the Red Republicans of Paris.—Four days fighting—15,000 killed and wounded.—Victory of the Bourgeoisie and Troops of the Line—Gen. Cavaignac at the head of the Government.

Just after our paper was worked off, last week, we received the Boston Traveller, with the Niagara's news, seven days later from Europe. The following thrilling details of the dreadful butchery perpetrated in Paris will satisfy any one that all hope of a quiet establishment of the new government of France is at an end.

FRANCE.—PURSUANT to their determination to diminish the number of ouvrier, the Government Directed that a draught of 3000 of them, inhabitants of the provinces, should leave town on the 22d.—They were supplied with money, and orders for board and lodging. They left town, but halted outside the barriers, and there spent a large share of their expenses. About three o'clock a body, amounting to 400, returned, and paid a visit to the Executive Government. M. Marie presented himself to hear their grievances. He was addressed by the chief, but M. Marie refused to hear him, as he had been amongst those who attacked the Assembly on the 15th May, and he could not recognise him; then turning to the others, he said, 'you are not the slaves of this man, you can explain your grievances.' M. Marie entreated them not to be led into rebellion, and assured them that the Government was occupied with the consideration of measures for the improvement of their condition. The delegates withdrew, but did not give an accurate account of their interview. On the contrary, they stated that M. Marie called them slaves. The laborers then commenced shouting 'Down with the Executive Commission!' 'Down with the Assembly!' Some of them attempted to force into the church of St. Sulpice, with the intention of ringing the tocsin, but the gates were closed

to prevent them. Thence they proceeded to the quays, singing, 'We will remain; we will remain!' They next proceeded to the Faubourg St. Antoine and St. Marceau, and stationed themselves on the Place de la Bastille, crying, 'Vive Napoleon!'

Friday, June 23d.

FATAL CONFLICT AT THE BARRICADES.—On the morning of the 23d, at four o'clock, about five thousand of these men erected barricades at the Porte St. Dennis and Martin.—Many of them were armed with muskets. At about ten they attacked a post of national guards, and attempted to disarm it. Resistance being made, the assailants fired, and the guard returned the fire. The people fled. At about three o'clock, the *rappel* having been beaten for the national guards, nearly one-third turned out. A detachment of the second legion marched against a barricade, and called upon the men who guarded it to surrender.—The answer was a discharge of musketry, on which the national guards fired, but after a few rounds they were overpowered and disarmed, and the workmen from the windows of the surrounding houses fired upon them. Three or four were killed, and several wounded. At a later hour the national guards came up in force and opened a murderous fire on the barricades. The insurgents made an obstinate resistance, but at length abandoned the barricades and fled. Several national guards were killed; a Lieutenant Colonel and a Chef d'Escadron were wounded. From thirty to forty of the people were killed in the attack. General de Lamoriciere commanded the troops. The cry of the *emutiers* was 'Vive la Republique Democratique!'

At an early hour the Place de la Concorde had been occupied by an immense body of troops, but very few of the national guards were to be seen; the same was the case in the Faubourg St. Honoré, the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue de la Paix, and the Boulevards. By 3 o'clock the Hotel de Ville, together with the barricades erected there, were occupied by troops. Bodies of the national guard were stationed at the Tuilleries; but while on former occasions, the *rappel* had not been beaten for two hours before Paris witnessed 150,000 citizens under arms, although it beat for hours, there was not the tenth part of that number to be seen. In the evening the guard-house on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle was attacked by the insurgents, who, after a few shots, fled. A small body of the national guards in the Rue d'Auboukir were fired at by the people; they retreated, several being killed and wounded.

A similar conflict took place in the Rue de Cléry, in which the national guards were successful. Before two o'clock the artillery was planted in a position to command the barricades on the Boulevards. Several barricades were carried by the troops, at the point of the bayonet, in the neighborhood of the Palais du Justice and the Faubourg St. Antoine. At 5 o'clock a force of artillery was sent up to the railroad St. Denis, when the second legion attacked the barricades at the Porte St. Denis, the national guards being fired on by the insurgents, answered by a discharge in platoons, firing in the air. This was replied to by an effective discharge by the insurgents; after this the national guards discharged volleys for a quarter of an hour, to which the insurgents answered by a continual dropping fire like that of sharpshooters. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by these fusillades upon the masses which crowded the boulevards, who fled in terror. This was increased by the national guards, who, from want of ammunition retired before the insurgents.

DETERMINED COURAGE OF THE INSURGENTS.—As a proof of the forbearance of the troops, and the desperate recklessness of the populace, we give a brief description of an attack made by a large battalion of the national guards on a barricade in the Porte St. Denis:

On the appearance of this battalion the insurgents, taking it for a regiment of the line, and hoping to shake the fidelity of the regular troops, raised a shout of 'Vive la Ligne!' but on finding their mistake most of them fled.—There remained only seven men and two women, who fought desperately. One of the men, who held a flag in his hand, was the first to fire; his companions followed his example, and the national guards returned the fire. The man who carried the flag fell dead. One of the females, a young woman neatly dressed, picked up the flag, and leaping over the barricade, rushed towards the national guards, uttering language of provocation. Although the fire continued from the barricade, the national guards, fearing to injure this female, humanely abstained for some time from returning it. Their exhortations, however, were vain, and at length self-preservation compelled them to fire, and she was killed. The other female then advanced, took the flag, and began to throw stones at the national guards.

The fire from the barricade had become feeble, but several shots were fired from the sides, and from the windows of houses, and the national guards, in returning the fire, killed the second female. At last only one man remained at the barricade, but he kept up a constant discharge. One of the national guards left the ranks, sword in hand, and rushing to the barricade turned aside the musket of this man just as he was about to fire again, and took him prisoner. The capture of the barricade did not put an end to the combat. A galling fire was poured upon the national guards from detached parties of the insurgents, and from the windows of the houses of which they had taken forcible possession. The number of killed on this point is estimated at about twenty on both sides. The number of wounded was also considerable.

M. Arago made every effort throughout the day to prevent a collision. All the troops and the national guards showed the greatest intrepidity and most admirable devotedness.

BLOODY SCENE AT THE ECOLE DE MEDICINE.—At ten o'clock P. M. the firing had nearly ceased. The national guard, the garde mobile, and the troops were under arms.—There was no means of approaching the theatre of the struggle, so that it was not possible to learn if the insurgents had retained their position. The engagement was very bloody in the quarter of the Ecole de Medicine. It was said that M. Avrial, banker, had been mortally wounded.

Col. Thayer one of the richest proprietors in Paris, has been wounded. M. Pierre Bonaparte, son of Lucien, had his horse wounded by a ball by the side of M. de Lamartine. During the greater part of the day, Lamartine

accompanied General Cavaignac to all the scenes of contest.

At two o'clock an order was published, signed by the President of the Assembly and Executive Commission, appointing General Cavaignac Commander in chief of the troops of every arm, including the national guard and the garde mobile.

It is said that General Cavaignac refused to accept the command without receiving unlimited powers, which were conferred upon him.

DREADFUL STRUGGLES AT THE PORTE ST. DENIS AND ST. JACQUES. In the course of the morning 500 men of the garde mobile were disarmed by a body of the insurgents, headed by an individual in the uniform of an officer of the national guard. At six o'clock the fighting continued, and the number of troops had been increased. 15 national guards were killed at the Porte St. Denis. By a fatal mistake two legions of the national guards fired on each other. The cries among the populace were various, 'Vive Henri V.' 'Vive Napoleon III.' 'Vive la Republique!' were severally heard. A member of the Assembly raised a flag at the Porte St. Denis, bearing the inscription, 'Du pain, au la mort.' (Bread or death.) M. Caussidiere at this hour joined the members of the Executive Government on horseback, and they passed along the boulevards. The insurgents occupied a house in the Faubourg St. Denis, from which they fired on the troops. Two hundred prisoners were taken by the national guard on the Place de la Sorbonne.

At nine o'clock, the struggle in the quarter of St. Jacques was most terrible. The insurgents strongly barricaded, fired warmly on the national guard and troops of the line, who replied. Cannon was at work. The staff was on the Hotel de Ville. The artillery was on the Point Notre Dame. The cannon fired from this point on the Rue de la Bie, and the bottom of the Rue St. Jacques appeared to engage them very much. Strong barricades existed in the Rue de la Harpe. Much blood was shed, and General Francois was wounded. In the course of the evening, the insurgents captured a post of the garde mobile, and made them march with them. All round the Temple the town was in possession of the insurgents, who were defending themselves with intense energy. The platoon discharges replied to them every five minutes.

It was estimated that not less than 150,000 of the ouvrier and the dregs of the population of Paris and the banlieu were gathered together in the desperate attempts to make another revolution and recover the mastery.

Two officers of the ex-garde republicaine (Causidiere's creation) were arrested in the act of endeavoring to induce a large body of ouvrier to march and attack the National Assembly. They remain prisoners in the cell attached to the hall of the Assembly. A body of the insurgents made an attack on a post in the Rue Joquelet, which was occupied by the garde mobile. The garde mobile made no resistance; they took to flight, leaving their arms behind them, which fell into the hands of the aggressors.

### PREPARATIONS MADE BY THE INSURGENTS.

An eye witness, who strongly condemns the apparent apathy of the bourgeoisie in the outset of the insurrection, gives a narrative of his own observation on the morning of the 23d. After stating that the Porte St. Denis was the focus of all the disorder, he says that on approaching that neighborhood, he was surprised not to see a single soldier, or national guard, but, on the other hand, several thousands of the conspirators in possession of the whole of the district, and already strongly entrenched in barricades of the most formidable description.—Across the boulevard was an immense barricade, formed of four or five omnibuses, several carriages, a huge wagon, and paving stones taken from the streets, torn up for a considerable distance on both sides. A little beyond the Rue St. Denis was another, fully as formidable, and composed of miscellaneous materials; and still further on towards the Porte St. Martin was a third, not so large as the first, but still sufficient to be a powerful defence.—The end of the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis was also closed up with a huge barricade, which prevented the approach of troops from the outskirts. The Rue St. Denis, the Rue Villeneuve Bourbon, the Rue de Cléry, and the other streets abutting on the spot in possession of the conspirators, were similarly defended, and thousands of gamins were industriously working with pikes and spades tearing up the streets and adding to the defences.

The mere enumeration of these extensive works show how much time must have been spent in their erection, and it is wonderful to think that the authorities, who have been forewarned of what was doing, and who show so much alacrity in calling out the troops, when there is no occasion for them, should have allowed them to be completed without interruption. The barricades were defended by some hundreds of people in blouses, of whom many were not armed, or at least did not show their arms. They had a great number of tricolored flags stuck upon the top of the barricades, with words 'atelles nationaux' inscribed upon them. The Porte St. Denis, which was in the hands of the conspirators, was decorated with a black flag, and on top of it were arranged heaps of paving stones, apparently for the purpose of being hurled upon the heads of those who might attack it.

The night of the 23d was a terrible one.—None, save those who have been in a battle field, or in a city attacked by an enemy, can have an adequate idea of it. The movement of the troops rapidly increased, and all the signs of an approaching struggle of the most serious nature were manifest. The 'generals' continued to be beaten in all quarters till midnight. Nothing could exceed the terror that was everywhere spread. Cavalry and artillery passed at full gallop, every moment, along the boulevard. About midnight these troops drew up for the night along the sides of the street, the cavalry dismounted and bivouacked on the foot-ways. The soldiers, who had been on duty from a very early hour, completely overcome, were extended everywhere on the footpath, sleeping, having helmet and sword laid beside them. Some tended the horses, who in thousands occupied the carriage road. This state of things continued until 8 o'clock, when the trumpets and drums again sounded, the cavalry and artillery mounted, and infantry formed, and marched off to another scene. In the course of half an hour discharges of cannon and musketry began to be heard, and this continued until seven o'clock, when silence again prevailed.



**THE CITY DECLARED IN A STATE OF SEIGE.** On the morning of the 24th, the Place de la Concorde was crowded with cuirassiers, lancers, and artillery. These troops, with infantry of the line and the garde mobile occupied the Champs Elysees; the bridge opposite the Chamber, and the quays on both sides were similarly filled. The gardens and palace of Tuileries, and the Place Carrousel were filled with national guards. From nine till twelve o'clock the boulevards continued to be patrolled by troops.

Members of the Assembly also patrolled the principal streets about noon, each escorted by detachments of national guards. At one o'clock, notice was given that the capital was declared in a state of seige, and all individuals, except those in arms as national guards, were ordered to remain in their houses. It was announced that the Executive Commission had abdicated, and that General Cavaignac was appointed Provisional President of the Republic, with powers of a dictatorship. At two o'clock, p. m. the streets were swept by columns of the national guard.

On the dictatorship being conferred upon General Cavaignac, he issued the following notice:—If at noon the barricades are not removed, mortars and howitzers will be brought, by which shells will be thrown which will explode behind the barricades, and in the apartments of the houses occupied by the insurgents.

From one o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock the fusillade and the cannonade had not ceased in the quarters of the Cite and St. Jacques. The insurgents had thirteen pieces of cannon. Three were taken. About half-past nine, the insurgents, who were surrounded on almost all points, succeeded in forcing a passage by means of their artillery.

From the break of day the cannon thundered without intermission in the direction of La Chapelle. A considerable body of insurgents, driven into the Plaine des Verlus, between La Chapelle and La Villette, was surrounded in the night.

In the morning the insurgents became master of the church of St. Severin.

At half past three the insurgents were driven to the Pantheon and there surrounded.—The Pantheon was recovered from the insurgents after three hundred discharges of cannon, about five o'clock.

Fourteen battalions of the line and 21st regiment were around the chamber during the day. A battery of artillery with matches lighted were on the quay. Under the peristyle of the chamber two field howitzers were placed. The cuirassiers were in great force on the Place de la Concorde.

The contest near the Northern Railway was most desperate. The head-quarters of the insurgents was the Church of St. Severin, situated in the quarter St. Jacques, near the river.

The Pantheon the insurgents defended with four pieces of cannon. They had also seized the College Henry IV. behind it, and this church was the key of the position extending through the quarter St. Jacques to the church of St. Severin. According to the *Steele*, there were 1500 of the national guards lying dead in the church of St. Severin, who fell in the slaughter at this spot.

The church St. Germain, immediately behind the Hotel-de-Ville, had to be taken from the insurgents with cannon. The bridge of Notre Dame had to be swept by cannon, as well as the quai aux Fleurs. A house of business, six stories high, called "La Belle Jardiniere," on this quay was demolished by cannon balls. It had been taken possession of by the insurgents. At six o'clock, by the reduction of the place Lafayette, the Clos St. Lazare was isolated.

A dreadful act of butchery was committed on this day (Saturday) by the insurgents, at one of the barricades in the Faubourg St. Germain. They had taken five of the garde mobile prisoners, and held them apart, without injury. Hearing, however, that the troops of the line were coming in force, they determined to abandon the barricade, but at the same time they came to another terrible determination, which they forthwith carried into execution! They cut the throats of the five prisoners! The lifeless bodies of the unfortunate lads; for none of them had exceeded the age of eighteen, were found, still warm, when the troops of the line and a party of the garde mobile came up.

This act had the effect of exciting the most intense exasperation, and particularly amongst the garde mobile. Fifteen hundred of the insurgents had surrendered on the Place de Pantheon. These men were being led across the garden of the Luxembourg, when a large body of the garde mobile, who were then guarding the palace and gardens, being unable to restrain their desire for vengeance for their murdered comrades, sent a volley into the body thus passing, and killed upwards of one hundred.

So strongly were the insurgents posted, that the military, after repeated attacks, found it impossible to dislodge them. They therefore had recourse to the stratagem of appearing to give way. They retired—the insurgents fell into the trap—they left their barricades, and pursued their opponents. On plain ground they had no chance, and great numbers were immediately slaughtered. This was the first success on the part of the military. Others followed. The Hotel Dieu was soon taken on the one side. The Pantheon was stormed on the other by M. Boulay, a member of the Assembly, at the head of his regiment of national guards. The insurgents were driven from point to point till they lost the whole of their strong points, and were at last forced to take refuge in the large district in the neighbourhood of the Barriere d'Italie.

On Sunday morning the insurgents had collected in those quarters of the faubourgs which are beyond the Canal St. Martin, and in the Faubourg Poissonniere. Every house in La Villette and La Chapelle was converted into a fort, and every window was a loophole.

On the Place Maubert, after two hours, the insurgents were driven out, and took refuge at the top of the Rue St. Victor. The troops followed, and kept up a fire on them. In the Faubourg St. Marceau the insurgents defended their barricades with obstinacy. At this point the women threw boiling oil and water from the windows on the troops.

Members of the Assembly, distinguished by their tri-colored scarfs, were seen in groups of ten or twelve, patrolling the streets. Whenever they passed between the Chamber and the Hotel de Ville, they never failed to be fired upon by the insurgents from the windows.—Although the number of regular troops in Paris, with the accession of the arrivals, did not exceed 30,000; the number of national guards was incalculable; although 300,000 troops were in the city.

The insurgents who were in possession of the Halle aux Vins poisoned the wines, with the view of destroying the troops and the national guards, in which they succeeded.

The members of the National Assembly had scarcely left their seats at half-past four on Sunday, when the President read a letter from M. Armand Marast, declaring that the insurrection was now nearly at an end. The troops

of the Republic were in possession of the greater part of the strongholds of the insurgents, the 9th mairie had been taken, and the other points towards the Faubourg St. Antoine, but at an immense loss of blood. Never had anything like it been seen in Paris. (Great sensation.) The Clos St. Lazare was in possession of the troops, and only a few dropping shots were now heard. All would that night be finished. The troops had behaved most admirably. The insurgents had made interior communications between the houses from one to the other, and the troops were obliged to force them one by one.

During the night the inhabitants of some parts of the capital were compelled by the authorities to keep their windows illuminated.—In other parts, as on the Boulevards, they were compelled to put out all lights and close their shutters during the night. The sentinel called out every ten minutes, "Sentinel, prenez garde a vous!" each so as to be heard by the next. These words, heard from a line of sentinels, sounded like the successive repetition of an echo.

At six o'clock, after the taking of the Barriere Rochouart, the body of the chief of the insurgents, who defended it, was brought into the mairie of 2nd arrondissement. It was a man named Larroque, editor of the *Pere Duchesne*, president of the club of the Mountain. He was killed by a ball in the heart. General Renault is said to be severely wounded.—About eight o'clock M. Charbonnel, a representative, was carried along the Boulevard, accompanied by two representatives and several friends. By his paleness it appeared he had been mortally wounded.

M. Emile de Girardin, proprietor and editor of the *Presse*, was arrested and taken before the Prefecture of Police. Seals have been put on the offices and the presses, &c., seized. Later accounts state M. de Girardin has been released from prison.

The women took a great part in the insurrection; many had been arrested on whom were found cartridges, which they carried to the insurgents; one had hid them in her basket covered with meat, which she carried on her head, another in her milk cans, and another had sewn them inside her clothes.

M. Clavel d'Oisy, a banker of the Rue Hauteville, accused of distributing money to the insurgents, was arrested and taken to prison.

**MONDAY, 26TH.** On Monday morning there was an awful stillness. Few individuals were seen, and no carriages, except ammunition wagons and those which brought supplies for the soldiers. The "generale" was beaten at 5 o'clock in all quarters.

At 9 o'clock, the President of the Assembly called together the members then in the palace, and announced that the insurrection was altogether suppressed on the left bank of the river; on the right bank the Faubourg du Temple was taken in the night; the barrier of the Temple was free; the Faubourg St. Antoine alone resisted.

Hostilities were resumed at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and after a short contest, the insurgents in the Faubourg St. Antoine surrendered unconditionally. This was the last stronghold of the revolt, the Clos de St. Lazare having been already stormed.

The Archbishop of Paris, who was unfortunately shot at one of the barricades, whilst endeavoring to induce the insurgents to surrender, has since died of his wounds.

After having surrendered in the morning, the insurgents retracted, and were bombarded and attacked with shells and other ways for several hours. They had, however, finally been subdued. Six of the prisoners who were confined in the vaults of the Tuileries, having put their heads out of the gratings, were immediately brought out and shot.

On Monday evening five hundred insurgents who were captured at the Clos St. Lazare, were shot on the spot, and four hundred more next morning. The struggle had been incredible, and the military executions almost unparalleled.

The President had proposed to the Assembly a project of law pronouncing transportation on all persons taken with arms in their hands, which had been adopted. The proposal passed unanimously. The families of the convicts will be allowed to go with them.

It is stated that General Cavaignac has summoned to his councils M. Thiers; and the new government will probably be placed under his direction.

VARIETY.

**A STORY OF A PANTHER.** I was obliged yesterday afternoon to go down the river for a short distance; I had a boat and three natives. When I had completed what I wanted, I returned, and was paddling along, not far from the bank, just on this side of those enormous blocks of iron rock which kept the river from overflowing, and had just rounded this point, when one of my men called out most vehemently, "Look, sir, look; there is a tiger!" My eyes were instantly turned in the direction towards which he pointed, and there I saw a most fearful sight. A man was tearing, springing, bounding towards the river, and a hundred yards behind him followed a large panther, pursuing him with those rapid leaps for which that animal is so famous. I instantly ordered my people to pull towards the shore, in the hope of rescuing the panting wretch who thus struggled for his life. Before we reached the bank, the man had made a bound into the water, and stood immersed up to his neck. I suppose he was too much exhausted to swim, for we could hardly hear his voice as he called to us to make haste. At this instant I saw the dark blunt snout of an enormous alligator rising slowly above the surface, as he made his way towards his intended victim. I shouted to the man—"Crocodile! crocodile!" He heard me, hesitated an instant, then rushed back to the bank. This sudden movement disconcerted the panther, who started back a few paces, and the next moment our boat shot within reach.—"Come hither," I exclaimed. The man made a spring; the panther leaped forward, and, as I seized the former by the arm, the latter seized him by the leg. Oh! the shriek of the poor victim! I shall never forget it. Possibly I had not brought my rifle, but I shouted to the men to—"Take the beast with their oars. No; the cowardly wretches shrank down in the farther end of the boat, and would not move. I could do nothing, therefore, but pull at the man's shoulder, whilst his horrid shrieks were ringing in my ears. Had I let go, the panther would instantly have carried him off; had there been another European with me, the man might have been saved. This takes long to describe, but it was all the work of a few seconds. Presently I felt that I was drawing the man towards me; I looked, and saw the flesh of the leg peeling off in the jaws of the panther until it came to the ankle, where, with one crunch, the bone was severed, and the beast galloped off with the fearful mouthful. I now drew the man, who by this time was quite senseless, into the boat. I tied my handkerchief tightly round the upper part of his leg, and with a piece of wood formed a sort of tourniquet. We brought him to Catnuck, and

sent him at once to the hospital; but he died in the course of a few hours. "What a horrible affair!" exclaimed several voices. "But I thought," said I, "that the voice, or even the eye, of man was sufficient to make any beast quail." "So it is, provided they are neither very hungry nor very much excited. This beast had been engaged in a long chase, and nothing could have frightened him from his prey."—*Dr. C. Acland's Manners and Customs of India.*

**MAKING PRESERVES.—Currants.**—Strip them from the stems. Allow a pound of sugar to a pound of currants. Boil them together ten minutes. Take them from the syrup, and let the syrup boil twenty minutes, and pour it on the fruit. Put them in small jars, or tumblers, and let them stand in the sun a few days.

**Current Jelly.**—Pick over the currants with care. Put them in a stone jar, and set it into a kettle of boiling water. Let it boil till the fruit is very soft. Strain it through a sieve.—Then run the juice through a jelly bag. Put a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, and boil it together five minutes. Set it in the sun a few days.

**Blackberry Jam.**—Allow three quarters of a pound of brown sugar to a pound of fruit.—Boil the fruit half an hour, then add the sugar, and boil all together ten minutes.

**Raspberry Jam.**—No. 1.—Allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Press them with a spoon, in an earthen dish. Add the sugar, and boil all together fifteen minutes.

**Raspberry Jam.**—No. 2.—Allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Boil the fruit half an hour, or till the seeds are soft. Strain one quarter of the fruit, and throw away the seeds. Add the sugar, and boil the whole ten minutes. A little current juice gives it a pleasant flavor, and when that is used, an equal quantity of sugar must be added.—*Miss Beecher's Domestic Receipt Book.*

**UNEXAMPLED GENEROSITY.** Mr. Warren, the author of (*Ten Thousand a Year*), in the course of a recent lecture in the hall of the London Law Society, recounted the following incident:—"A short time ago," said Mr. Warren, "a gentleman of large fortune, a man, in fact, worth his £40,000, was indignant with his only child, a daughter, for marrying against his wishes. He quarrelled with her, he disinherited her, he left his whole property, of £40,000, to his attorney, and to two other gentlemen, all of whom were residing in Yorkshire. What did the attorney do? He went to his two co-legates, got them to sign their respective claims over to himself, and then made over every sixpence of the £40,000 to the daughter and her children! When I mentioned this circumstance, this very morning, to a friend of mine, one of the most distinguished men at the bar, he exclaimed, 'God bless that man!'" The above gratifying circumstance is literally true. The gentleman of fortune was a manufacturer in a town celebrated for its linen manufactures, within the West Riding, and the disinherited attorney is one of the brightest ornaments of the profession in the West Riding of Yorkshire, enjoying the fruits of an ample fortune realized by his own industry and talents.

**BABY JUMPERS.** Hear the wag of the *Burlington (Vt.) Free Press* expatiate on the beauties and conveniences of Tuttle's Patent Baby Jumper:

"Reader, let us be serious together for a moment! Did you ever see a Baby Jumper with a baby in it? No. Well, go to Lyman's and buy a Jumper, and then borrow a baby, and put the two together and set 'em a going! As Mr. Weller observed 'you will be glad on't afterwards!' You will never see infant felicity in this world complete till you do it! We have witnessed the combination, and seen a little pair of soft fat, elliptical legs, playing away under the hoop, as if they had been hired to visit some remote place within a given period, and were afraid they should be behind the time! A baby will learn to laugh just a month sooner, under the excitement of a Jumper, than by any course of discipline; and as for 'squaling'—(which frequently subjects the unfortunate father to the necessity of swallowing a whole vial of paragonic in order to make the little responsible quiet)—a baby can't squal in a Jumper. The thing has been thoroughly tried. We have pinched them ourselves to see, (it wasn't *yours*, madam!) and they only laughed in our face! Mr. Tuttle is the great baby benefactor of his day. Children will grow up to bless him that would have died in a swinging crib. He can 'have our hat'; and when we get to be a grandfather we mean to have a Baby Jumper ourselves.

Now do, dear reader, buy a Jumper, and if you are unable to do better a cat isn't a bad operator, if you are not particular about legs. A turkey is rather better still; but a live, fat BABY—"

**A NEW BEDFORD JOKER.** A correspondent writes as follows:—"One of our most respectable citizens, the cashier of the M. Bank, was lately done by an eminent member of the Bristol bar, whose note 'laid over.' Calling at the bank the next day after 'grace,' he presented a check received from one of his clients, for which he wished to draw the cash. The gentlemanly cashier immediately paid the same, and remarked to his learned friend about 'that note.' Mr. C. made no reply apparently, not understanding the cashier as addressing him; pocketed his cash and was walking out. Thinking Mr. C. might not have heard him, the cashier called in a louder tone—

"Mr. C., I said your note laid over yesterday."

Turning round with an air of surprise, he replied, "Well, let it lay, nobody will steal it!" (Spirit of the Times.)

**VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.**—Write with French chalk on a looking-glass; wipe it with a handkerchief and the lines will disappear: breathe on it, and they will re-appear. This alteration will take place for a number of times, and after the lapse of a considerable period.

**LACONIC.**—We noticed a grocer's sign in Saco, when we were there a day or two since, to be T. T. one painted black and the other green; which, *teachest*, we suppose, that he has black and green tea for sale. That man knows how to talk to the eye as well as the ear.—[Portland Transcript.]

**ANECDOTE OF JOHN RANDOLPH.** A friend of Randolph's was once telling a tough yarn in his presence of a sportsman in pursuit of a canvas-back duck, somewhere on the Potomac river. He had been following a large flock down the bank of the river for several hours without being able to get a shot at them. Happily, they at length turned into a little creek, and the sportsman concealed himself behind a large log and waited for an opportunity to get the whole drove into range. After maneuvering for some time, he got his gun rested over the log to his satisfaction, and was glancing his eye along the barrel, preparatory to pulling the trigger, when what should he see resting over another big log on the opposite side of the creek, but another tremendous

blunderbuss levelled at the same game. The astonished gunner had barely time to tumble into the shelter of the log, when the opposite sportsman blazed away, and the whole charge was lodged in the identical log behind which he was—"Lying!"—screamed Randolph, at the top of his shrill voice; finishing the sentence thus unceremoniously, to the infinite amusement of the by-standers.

**BRIDGET AND THE BREAD.**—"Why, Bridget, you have baked this bread to a crisp."

"An' sure, my lady, I only baked it three hours, according to the recipe."

"Three hours! Why, the recipe said but one."

"Yes, mam; one hour for a large loaf, and I had three small ones, and so I baked um three hours, jist."

Parents who wish to train up their children in the way they should go, must go in the way in which they would train up their children.

**SELLING DRY GOODS.**—People generally think it is a very easy matter to stand behind a counter and retail dry goods in a city; but a week's experience in the business would convince the cleverest man that it is much more difficult and laborious than the task of turning a grindstone twelve hours per diem. The office of a salesman embodies in its duties, need of the shrewdness of a politician, the persuasion of a lover, the politeness of a Chesterfield, the patience of a Job, and the impudence of a pickpocket. There are salesmen, says a New York paper, who make it a point never to lose a customer. One of these gentlemen, who is in a store in Chatham St. not long since had a very fastidious fashionable lady customer, who 'dropped in while going to Steward's,' to see some rich cloackings. Every article of the kind was exposed to her view—the whole store was ransacked—nothing suited. The costliest material was stigmatized as mere trash!—everything was common, and unfit for a lady. She 'guessed she would go to Steward's!'

The salesman pretended to be indignant.

"Madam," said he, in a tone of injured innocence, "I have a very beautiful and rare piece of goods—a case of which I divided with Mr. Steward, who is my brother-in-law; but it would be useless to show it to you. It is the only piece left in the city."

"Oh! allow me to see it," she asked in anxious tone, and continued, "I had no intention of annoying you, or of disparaging the merits of your wares."

The tradesman, who was now watched in breathless silence by his fellow clerks, proceeded as if with expressions of fear that it would be injured by getting tumbled, to display an ancient piece of vesting, which had been lying in the store five years, and was considered unsaleable. The lady examined it and liked it much.

"That was a piece of goods worthy to be worn. How much is it a yard?"

"Twenty-two shillings."

"Oh, that is high."

"There!" exclaimed he beginning to fold it up, "I knew you would say that!"

"Stay! I said I don't do in so great a hurry! I say; I'll give you twenty shillings."

"Madam you insult me again."

"Cut off—yards, and you make up the deduction on some velvet which I require for trimmings," entreated the fair shopper.

The salesman finally sold the lady the vesting (for which they had in vain sought to get five shillings per yard) at the price above indicated. The profits of the sale, on vestings and velvet, amounted to 33, out of which the clerks were permitted an oyster supper.

The lady had her cloak made up, and one or two of her friends, delighted with it, bought the rest of the vesting at the same price!



WATERVILLE, JULY 20.

FRENCH AFFAIRS.

The causes of the recent revolution in France are not so readily estimated as some may imagine. They are remote. Much of the spirit of 1792 has descended to animate the present generation. When the Corsican seized the reins of power in 1799, and allayed the convulsive elements of society, many of the causes affecting the present hour were at work. The mass of useless nobility was lessened—the throng of governmental priests was diminished—literary institutions revived and increased, and industry was on the way to its reward.—Yet society was not secure. Class interests and mad passions existed. Intelligence was circumscribed. Louis XVIII. above the ruins of the Republic, and of Napoleon's Consulate Empire, in 1815 was reinstated king, and dying in 1824, was succeeded by Charles X, who was crowned in 1825. The reign of this monarch, up to June, 1830, was unpopular; but more than this marked its progress during the remainder of its existence. The dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, and the ordering of a new election, so far from aiding the ministry, increased the opposition. In vain were the people dazzled by the brilliant expedition to Algiers. The unconstitutional act of Charles in dissolving the new Chamber to have met on the 4th of August was virtually an attack upon the rights of the electors. The newspapers were muzzled by an ordinance imposing a censorship. Forty-four editors of daily papers protested against it. They declared that the government had lost the legal character which commands obedience—that they should resist it in all that related to them. The people were enraged, and the Bourbon dynasty was at an end. On the 29th of July, the royal troops departed out of Paris, the Three Days having completed the work of a campaign. Order was restored, property was respected, and the wheels of industry were once more set in motion. The sacrifice of life amounted to that of seven hundred persons. The "Monteur" announced a municipal commission. Eighty-nine deputies convened in their chamber and invited the Duke of Orleans to undertake the executive power, with the title of Lieutenant General. On the 7th of August the Duke was called to the sovereignty, under the title of Louis Philippe I, King of the French!—Charles X fled to England, where he arrived on the 18th of August. The charter under

the new king underwent material alterations. On the 27th of August, at St. Len, Prince Bourbon de Conde, aged 75, the last of the Condes, was found dead in his room, hanging to a shutter. The whole story is told, though not boldly, in the first volume of Louis Blanc's *Ten Years*. Louis Philippe is charged with the murder of that old noble. Private whisperers in France have grown to loud clamor on the subject; and this is one of the points of the last king's unpopularity with the Carlists, and with the people. It has done as much to overturn his throne as any other cause that may be named. In twenty days after his ascension the Prince was found dead, and the female companion of the Conde, who assisted in or wholly perpetrated the deed, was afterwards openly received by Philippe and his family.—We have not space for the details of the tragedy. It is to be remembered, however, that the procureur-general who was sent by Louis Philippe to attend the inquest, in the first place, declared that the Conde died by assassination, and afterwards was instructed to change his opinion, which he did! Modern times furnish no parallel to this outrageous act, and the king's participation in it will transmit his name and infamy to posterity through the pages of the dramatist and historian. An act so repugnant to every generous feeling of humanity shocked society to its centre, and there were those who could not unfasten the suspicion.—The King thus early suspected of one foul act, was soon suspected of sinister motives in every act. His supposed liberal principles vanished before his greedy avarice for money and power. To provide splendid and regal establishments for his children was one of his great cares, and to perpetuate the Orleans' dynasty his ambition. Passing by his intrigues—his departure from the liberal measures of which he professed himself the advocate and supporter before he possessed the throne—his treacherous conduct to the people from when he derived his elevation, we behold him at last seeking powerful foreign alliances for his children and fortifying Paris against external and internal foes—every act of his life clearly exhibiting the scope of his designs. It could not be that such things should pass unheeded. France is dear to true Frenchmen; and thousands have for years endured that which gladly they would have reformed. The masses had been duped and encoiled—but the crisis was at hand—a crisis that should indicate an acted opinion upon the reign of the misnamed Citizen King.

The commencement of the present year showed that the King's ministry was strong—their majority being one hundred. Reform, however, was the cry of the people and of shop keeping Paris. Popular banquets were in vogue, at which many of the chamber of Deputies attended. After the sale of office was traced to the Secretary of M. Guizot, and those who attended reform banquets were denounced as enemies to their country, the majority upon which the minister's acts were predicated began to diminish. On the 3rd of February, on the Swiss question, we find it to have been eighty. On the eleventh forty-three, and on the twelfth thirty-three. Guizot, at all hazards, however, was determined to suppress the banquets.—Orders to that effect were issued. The whole dependence was on the new fortifications, those persons attached to the government offices and the troops of the line. The procession and banquets which were to have taken place on Monday February 22, were not attempted, but the populace assembled. The next day, Wednesday, barricades were thrown up—and the National Guard, called out on the preceding night, declared for the people. The troops of the line were not slow in fraternizing with the Guard—so that royalty was left entirely in the lurch. Strategems were resorted to for the sake of appeasing the people, but it was all in vain. Count Mole, Odillon Barr et Thiers were successively offered as ministers, but it was too late. The King, as Charles X had done before him, abdicated in favor of his grand-son, but the design of perpetuating the Orleans dynasty in this way utterly failed.—The populace had received the arms of the royal troops, and at once proceeded to the palace. The affrighted king, weak in his age and crimes, hurried away with his family to England—leaving France to be governed by a provisional government, composed of Dupont del'Eure, a republican of eighty years of age, Lamartine, the poet, orator and historian; Cremieux a Hebrew free trader, Arago the Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, Garnier Pages a successful merchant and financier, and Ledru Rollin—and these assisted by Secretaries Marrast, Louis Blanc, Falcon and Albert. Lamartine presided over the foreign department, while Rollin was Minister of the interior. The views of the government were not one in their character—hence there was disturbance in the Council Room. When politics constituted a game, those who play at it lose their character. Like other gamblers, they find neither credit with the community nor with their associates. The best man is the greatest dupe. So has it been with this government. Changes have taken place. The disturbance on the fifteenth of May was caused by the fact that the Executive Committee had left out the names of Blanc and Albert. The mob arose and took possession of the Chamber, but failed to take possession of power. Rollin and Blanc were arrested. The middle classes—the trading interests of France strengthened the Executive. The wild theories of communism—proved by our Pilgrim Fathers to be absurd in practice—the schemes of Fourier—the state-fics worked into the instruction of artisans discomfiting the products of labor to mere handicraft—these and a hundred follies have only a momentary strength. For a time they may be used by demagogues and enthusiasts to affect the twenty thousand graduates of the galleys who hover like harpies in the neighborhood of Paris, and who no doubt have succeeded in entering the city lately to join the mob. They may even overturn the sober rea-

son of honest men—but they cannot long exist. The strength of Paris is that of France; and order must arise from the chaos within its walls. The maniacs and anarchists will be thinned out; and the sword and gun prove to be the scourges of Heaven. Lawless violence and ignorant rapacity must yield to the will of a peace-desiring majority. The names of Napoleon and Charles may wake chords in the bosoms of the soldiery and the old nobility—but they will not materially weaken the Republic. The people will exhibit their power in the establishment of a system of government—suited to the peculiar state of French morals and intelligence—but it will not favor any of those dreamy theories which it is said are so popular abroad. The fruits of each man's labor and study belong to himself alone—and ruin must result to society and to individuals from any change in this wise dispensation of Providence.

**THE "FOUNTAIN."**—Give us your kindly ear for one minute, brother of the Cold Water Fountain, and we promise to "free our mind" and feel better. You know our blessing is on your head, and that we like you and wish you success "for the good of the cause." You are "one of us," and so are we, in the war against rum. But you now and then—not very often—"dash" your potatoes with a *spritz* that we hate about as much as we do rum. An article in your last, relative to some of our citizens, is a sample. It is anonymous, and therefore legally yours. We think it an injudicious, unjust, unkind, uncivil, and most emphatically unchristian article. Whoever the "writer" may be, he has a zeal without knowledge, and if the gall of bitterness be not in his heart, it is at least in his inkstand. We cannot otherwise account for the exceeding bitterness of his article. We assure you that temperance men here do not approve the remarks, or the spirit that dictated them. We would leave such language to the rum-seller, and those who stay up his hands. We are sufficiently armed without such weapons. We cannot wonder that with the abominations of the rum-traffic constantly in your eye, you should pray for "a whip of scorpions, to lash the rascals naked round the world." They are conscious of deserving it; and it is only when they get their deserts that they pick up here and there a crum of sympathy. But you have applied your lash, in this instance, to the wrong backs, and with consumable severity. They get sympathy by the loaf—and the rum-seller steps from his lurking place to help eat it. True it is not his, and he might as well steal it—but he gets it, and is thus saved from starvation; while at the same time he has the honor of eating with men who are not of his "kidney." See to it, brother, that he gets no more nourishment at your hands. If even injustice and abuse to a few who by general assent stand as good citizens, could be made to subserve a good cause, they might possibly consent to be sacrificed—but till such a result can appear probable, it seems to us better to keep in sight of the golden rule.—Thus much for our opinion.

**Go to C. R. Phillips and look at those beautiful cravats.** They are the very latest style, and have a most cool and inviting look in this hot weather. Jerk that old swab from your neck, and try one of Phillips's beauties—if you don't like it bring it to us and we will take it off your hands. Phillips has nice notions, and can show you that it costs no more to be in taste than out of it. Go and see them.

**FINE CALVES** are said to be unusually numerous in this section this summer—probably in preparation for the October Fair. There will be a rich display of the fine stock now grazing in the rich pastures of the Kennebec. Some of the "Cattle Kings" of Fairfield are intending to show something rich in this department—so we are told. Some fine animals are eating grass in Waterville for the same purpose.

**MORE LIBERALITY.**—Two hundred dollars were deposited in Ticonic Bank, as the *net* avails of the late fair in this place. It is designed to aid in raising the \$800 for the purchase of an organ for the Baptist church.—About \$685 of this sum is now secured.

**THREE CENTS A YARD FOR CALICO!** Who believes that Williams & Sons can sell so low?—and shooting for four! They are selling cheap at that rate. It is best to look into this matter, for in these pinching times, such bargains should not be lost. We'll all go and see. Perhaps those "Sons" are turning over a new leaf.

**See Mr. Upton's notice.** He is a rare workman, as his specimens show, and only a few days remain for those who would give him a call.

**That renowned prince of deception, the "Fakir of Aye,"** gives lessons to the uninitiated at the Town Hall this evening. Those who are safely entrenched upon honest ground will be taught to look out for rogues, and may be benefited and amused; but the rogues themselves may as well stay where the "Game of Thimbles" is not illustrated. The Fakir is said to throw Signor Blitz entirely out of sight—just where he throws various other things—and the ladies down the river resolved themselves completely dished in the coffee ceremonies.

**A sad accident** occurred on the Philadelphia Railroad, at the Elizabethtown depot, Saturday morning, soon after 11 o'clock. Two boys who took the New Brunswick train at Jersey City, jumped off at Elizabethtown, supposing it to be Rahway, whither they were going. Finding their mistake just as the cars moved off, they attempted to jump on the one next to the last. One of them slipped, both legs falling under the wheels of the last car, which cut them off near the ankles.—*Newark Ad.*

**Two hundred and ten dogs** were executed according to law, in New York, on Thursday and Friday last. The dog-killers were paid half a dollar a head for all they dispatched.



**THE N. Y. MURDER.**—The Kenn. Journal says:—"The following additional paragraph, which we find in the Boston Courier, indicates that the probable murderer is from this town, where her father now lives. He lost one arm in the war of 1812."

The murder of Bremond, the gold pen maker, in New York, continues to furnish topics for the newspapers. The real name of the murderer is Sarah Savage, and she is from Augusta, Me.

The N. Y. Herald has the following additional particulars of the case.

A new fact has developed itself, connected with the murder of Pierre D. Bremond, which places the supposed murderer, Sarah Stuart, in an entirely different position from that of a paragon. She was his wife. After the coroner's jury had retired, on Thursday, for the purpose of agreeing upon a verdict, she communicated to Capt. Gilmore of the 2d ward Police, that she was the wife of Bremond, and that she had a certificate to that effect. She placed in his hand a key, saying, "There is the key of my trunk, take it and go to No. 114 Varick street, and there you will find my marriage certificate." The captain took the key, not supposing for one moment, there was a shadow of truth in her statement, and the next day proceeded to her place of residence, for the purpose of making some careful disposition of her furniture; and while there, thought he would examine her trunk and find whether there was any truth in her statement, when he found the certificate. Here is a copy:—

This is to certify that PIERRE D. BREMOND, of the city of New York, and LOUISA SAVAGE, of Augusta, Me., were joined by me in the hands of Matrimony, this 11th day of April, 1846.

WITNESSES, EBENEZER GRIFFIN, Minister of the Gospel.

She says they were married at a house in Amos St. but there was an understanding that their marriage should be kept a secret from his friends—which agreement she had faithfully kept. Mr. Bremond was then, if the certificate be a valid one, the husband of Louisa Savage, and it was given in evidence before the Coroner that he always called her, and spoke of her by the name of Lou. She still asserts her innocence, and says she found him lying on the floor when she entered; that she wished to call for assistance, and he refused. The blow, however light would have caused death, the skull, where it was fractured, not being thicker than the double of cap paper. She is of respectable, though poor parentage, and came to this city several years ago, for the purpose, she alleges, of making a living for herself; but was caught by the seducer's arts; after which time she led an improper life, but was married to Mr. Bremond, with a full knowledge on his part of her life and circumstances. This is an interesting fact connected with the case, and we tend materially to alter its present feature. The name of Sarah Stuart is an assumed one; her real name, if it is as she states, being Louisa Bremond. Time will probably develop new facts; which will lead to the true cause of death; and if the wife was the cause, she alone must answer for the crime—but if she did find him bleeding on the floor, when she entered, that fact should, properly attested, lead to the perpetrator of the foul deed.

**RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.**—A little girl about ten years of age, was killed on the Concord Railroad, at Manchester, on Saturday morning last. She was an only child, and had been in the habit of going to meet her father, who worked in the vicinity, and accompanying him home to his meals; and was on one of these errands, on Saturday morning.

The Springfield Republican states that 99 sheep, belonging to Justin Root of Greenfield, valued at from \$150 to \$200, were burned to death on Wednesday afternoon, in a car on the Connecticut River Railroad.

The Syracuse Journal says: "An Irish boy, about 12 years of age, was run over by a train of cars, loaded, on the 10th inst., near the railroad bridge. The wheels passed over both feet, crushing them in such a manner as to render it necessary to amputate one or both."

William Roller, an Irishman, 19 years old, was killed on the Camden and Amboy Railroad on the 11th inst. He was lying upon the track with a bottle of whiskey by his side.

A fine horse, belonging to Rev. Mr. Holt, of Greenfield, and valued at \$150, was killed at the railroad crossing on the Newburyport Turnpike, on Tuesday noon. A lad was driving him, having a piano forte in the wagon. The lad saw the freight train coming at some distance, and endeavored to hold the horse, but the horse took fright, and pressed forward, and had just placed his fore foot on the rail, when the engine struck him on the head, instantly broke his neck, and threw him beside the track, at the same instant snapping both shafts of the wagon, and leaving the wagon otherwise unharmed, as well as the boy sitting in it, and looking with mute astonishment upon the scene before him. —Newburyport Herald, 14th.

**SERIOUS ACCIDENT.**—Yesterday afternoon, about five o'clock, as the Morrisstown train of rail cars was about leaving the depot at New York, the locomotive so frightened a spirited horse attached to a light wagon, in which were a lady and gentleman, as to cause him to make several desperate plunges up the side of a high embankment, upsetting the lady and finally falling backwards upon the lady and gentleman. There is a report this morning that the gentleman is in a dying situation, and the lady seriously though not probably mortally injured. —[N. Y. Post.

**A LEOPARD STORY.**—Yesterday morning, while a young man was passing up 24th street, near 6th avenue, a leopard jumped from some boxes and seized him by the right arm. The man succeeded, by repeated blows, in freeing himself from this dangerous enemy and getting assistance, but the animal bit twelve persons before he was dispatched. The leopard was one of a couple which have been kept for some time by Mr. Thompson on the Bloomingdale road. Both escaped yesterday morning—one was killed, and the other has gone to parts unknown. —[N. Y. Cour.

The leopard in the above case was a tiger, if we may be pardoned the Irishism; one of the animals kept by Mr. Thompson being a tiger, the other a leopard. The latter was killed this morning, at about six o'clock.

Last night, at about 11 o'clock, Mr. Haynes, residing in 17th street, near the Fifth avenue, was informed by one of his domestics that some person was on the roof of the house, adjoining which was an unfinished dwelling. On listening at the scullery, sounds were heard which seemed to confirm the information; and he went out to secure the assistance of the police, one of whom promptly answered his call. Going upon the roof of the house, he could discover no person, and went forward to explore the roof of the whole block.

Pending the brief absence of Mr. Haynes, the policeman, one of the female domestics, indulging a very natural curiosity, was looking out upon the roof, and observed an animal, which proved to be Mr. Thompson's leopard, crouching for a spring at her, and barely had brought down the trap door, when, with a

growl, the animal pounced upon it. Mr. H. and the policeman, returning, were about to descend upon the roof of Mr. H.'s house, which is some five feet lower than the other, when they observed some animal springing up at them, which at first was supposed to be a dog, but which the policeman soon recognized as the missing leopard.

Their surprise and alarm were of course great, but dodging behind the chimney, they contrived to leap down as the leopard bounded past them, and before it recovered itself had hurried down the scullery and secured the trap door. A few of the neighbors were called upon, who, arming themselves with muskets, commenced an exciting hunt for the intruder, which passing down the scullery of the vacant house, had entrenched himself in the lower rooms. He was pursued until about 3 o'clock from room to room, when on account of the darkness, the hunt was abandoned until daylight. At six o'clock his presence in the cellar was discovered by the aid of dogs, and with some trouble he was shot.

If men are allowed to keep such animals, special care should at least be required of the owners that secure confinement be provided for them. Had there been mischief occurred in this instance—and there were some narrow escapes besides those we have recorded—to whom could the sufferers have looked for redress? —[N. Y. Com. Adv. 13th.

**THE LEOPARDS.** We furnished yesterday a narrative of the manner in which one of the escaped leopards was despatched. The following from the Globe, explains the fate of the other.

On getting loose, he attacked a carpenter, named Wm. M. Barton, sticking his claws through his hat, and almost bringing the entire arm of the victim severely. The alarm was instantly given, and several people turned out with shot guns, which was discharged without effect, the furious beast biting every thing in its way, and severely injuring two other individuals who had climbed a fence to shoot him. He was finally killed by Mr. Alexander Smith, who fired a charge of slugs through his heart at a distance of ten feet. After being wounded, he sprang at Mr. Smith, but died before he could inflict any injury. We learn that previous to this the brute had run against a little girl and knocked her completely over, but passed on without hurting her further. Barton is badly hurt. The leopard measured over six feet from tip to tip. The animals, it is said, belonged to Raymond's menagerie, but were kept in the yard of Mr. Thompson, by way of attracting custom to the public house of which he is the proprietor. —[Com. Adv., 13th.

**ACCIDENT.**—John A. Hellings, well known in this city as the late landlord of the steamboat Hotel, in south Trenton, accidentally shot himself last week, on his farm near Bristol, Pa. It appears that Mr. Hellings took his gun to the cornfield for the purpose, as he had informed his family, of shooting a crow. He had been gone but a few minutes when the report of his gun was heard, but of course no alarm was created thereby. Several hours having passed without his return, search was made, when Mr. Hellings was found lying beside the cornfield fence, shot entirely through the heart, the charge having entered the upper part of the breast and passed downward. It would seem that the unfortunate man had climbed the fence and in carelessly pulling the gun over afterwards was shot as above described. —[Trenton State Gazette.

**ACCIDENT.**—On Saturday evening, as the cars were going West, a man (whose name we did not learn) got on the last car at Cayuga, to pass over the bridge. After reaching the other side, he very carelessly sprang off backwards; his feet caught in one of the ties, and he was thrown with great force upon the rail, his head striking the heavy iron. The cars were immediately stopped, and he was taken up, still breathing, but the poor fellow died before the cars reached Seneca Falls. —[Syracuse Democrat.

The Rochester American learns that a boy, nine years old, was carried over Niagara Falls last week. He was with his father and mother on the bank, and getting into a boat, was swept away and precipitated over the American Fall.

**THE SMILES OF INFANCY.**—Infants only a month old are often seen to smile in their sleep. Dr. Beattie says, "I have heard good women remark that the innocent babe is then favored with some glorious vision. But that a babe should have visions or dreams, before it has ideas, can hardly be imagined. This is probably the effect, not of thought, but of some transient contraction or expansion of the muscles. Certain it is that no smiles are more captivating."

**THE FLAG OF THE NEW REPUBLIC.**—When the American flag was lowered by Col. Gates, from the lofty staff which was erected in the Plaza of Tampico to the honor of Santa Anna, two opposite parties of Mexicans rushed forward with two different flags, to run up in the place of the stars and stripes. One party had the old flag of the Republic of Mexico, and the other the flag of the new Republic of Sierra Madre. These two parties commenced a very animated and belligerent struggle, which became so serious that Col. Gates had to interfere and stop the quarrel, by cutting down the flag staff. The party in favor of the new republic then offered Col. Gates three hundred, five hundred, even a thousand dollars for the staff, but he refused, and ordered it to be cut up. The party of the old republic, however, having gained the pedestal, rigged up a staff, and hoisted up the eagle of Aztec, whilst the new Republicans betook themselves to some prominent public building, and threw out their banner from the loftiest turret. —[N. O. Delta.

**THE HAYST.**—The Frederick, N. Y. Herald says:—"The earliest harvest ever known in this region of country, is now over; at least so far as the cutting of the grain is concerned. Indeed many of our farmers have already garnered or stacked their grain."

So far as we can learn from all parts not only of our own country, but Maryland at large the harvest thus secured, is a very good one. The yield is not only an abundant one, but the grain itself is of excellent quality.

**DEATH OF MR. WEBER.**—Mr. John Weber, wheelwright, was knocked down on Saturday morning by an angry creditor, named Edward Crosby, carpenter, and his skull fractured by striking against the curb stone. Soon after Mr. Weber's death, Police Officers Fuller, Richardson, Pierce and Rice started in pursuit of Crosby, who had fled. At 5 P. M. he was found hid under a railroad bridge, near the Somerville Lunatic Hospital. He says that Weber owed him \$328 for work, which he had repeatedly failed to pay. On Saturday he determined to have his pay, or take satisfaction out of his body. Three blows were struck by Crosby, the third of which resulted fatally. Coroner Smith held an inquest upon the body of the deceased, and a verdict was returned of death by blows inflicted by Edward Crosby. —[Traveller.

**REMARKABLE ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.** It was one day during the present week, that two boys, sons of Seth Manes, of Bradford township, Pa., one perhaps fifteen and the other not over eight or ten years of age, discovered a very large bear carrying a sheep through one of the fields. The oldest boy ran to the house, got a gun, gave chase, and on coming up to it, shot and wounded it in the nose. He then commenced reloading his gun, and whilst he was doing so, his little brother ran forward, or by some means (the particulars we did not learn) became engaged with the bear. The older brother then ran to the relief of the little fellow, and when he reached him received a stroke from the bear on the arm, which knocked him down, and the three then rolled together, gun and all. Presently the older brother got loose, pulled the gun under the bear, and whilst it was holding the child in its arms, deliberately shot it dead. The bear is represented to have been a very large one, and to this fact, perhaps, the lesser boy is indebted for his life, and perhaps both of them, as his arms were too long to crush so small an object, and the wound in his nose and mouth prevented him from biting. —[Clearfield Banner.

## Notices.

### EROSOPHAN ADELPHI.

The usual Anniversary of the Erosophian Adelpi will take place on Wednesday, Aug. 9th, commencement eve.

Orator by Rev. S. Judd, Augusta.

Poem by C. Thurman, Esq., Worcester, Mass. (32-3w.)

Wat. Coll. July 15th, 1848. Cor. Sec. Pro Tem.

## By Request.

DOCT. R. R. CLAY, (of New York,) will be in attendance at Marston's Hotel, Dexter, Saturday and Sunday, July 22d and 23d, at the Hotel in Anson, from 12 m. July 25th, until the morning of the 27th, at Stevens' Hotel in North New-Portland, Friday and Saturday, July 28th and 29th, and at the Hotel in West New-Portland, Sunday July 30th.

Dr. Clay will treat all chronic affections, Female complaints, &c., in the treatment of which he has met with unprecedented success. No medicines prescribed to derange a healthy organ and not benefit the diseased one, which is too often the case with the most scientific Physicians.

All medicines obtained of Dr. C. are warranted purely vegetable without the smallest particle of mercury or mineral in them.

ADVICE GRATIS. 52

### 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. —[Ed. Dominion, (Portsmouth, Va.)

**WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.** We seldom resort to patent medicines, having 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 stove-warmed State House. The Balm 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 animal 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., Fairfield, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States. (31-2w.)

**FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND.** This Compound, manufactured by Horatio W. Foster of Lowell, Me., has become an indispensable article for the ladies' toilet, as well as with the dressing case of the man. It is now about 18 months since the Mountain Compound was first introduced to the public by Mr. Foster, the 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 since 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 chemists, druggists 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 article. —[Boston Merc. Journal.

Agent for Waterville, WM. DYER, Druggist. (36

## 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.

Orator by Rev. Z. Bradford, Providence, R. I.

Poem by Rev. S. W. Field, Hallowell.

J. H. SEEVER, Cor. Sec. (31-4w)

Waterville College, July 10th, 1848.

MR. UPTON respectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of Waterville that he has engaged rooms at Kendall's Mills, for the last place he will soon leave; and now is the last chance for those who wish to employ him.

## DEATHS.

In this village, on Saturday last, Mr. G. Chandler Robinson, son of Gen. Jesse Robinson, aged 36 years.

In Fairfield, 12th inst. Mr. Andrew Hanson, aged 67 years and 5 months.

In Albion, very suddenly, July 14th, Thomas Hobbs, only son of Dr. Wm. N., and Ann Maria Gupitt, of Clinton, aged 4 years and six months. —[Will the Portland Argus and Advertiser please copy.]

## MARKETS.

**WATERVILLE PRICES.** Flour, 1st, \$6.00; 2d, \$5.75; Corn, 75¢; Rye, \$1.17; Wheat, \$2.24; Oats, 27¢; Butter, 1b. 12¢ 1/4; Cheese, 8¢ 1/2; Eggs, doz. 10¢; Pork, round log 7 to 8.

**BOSTON MARKET.** SATURDAY, July 15.

Flour—Gen. 6.00, Medium 5.67 a 6.00 per bbl. Ohio and St. Louis, 5.50 a 5.67.

Grain—Sales Southern white Corn 40 a 50 cents; and yellow flat 35 a 36 per bushel. Oats scarce and in brisk demand; North River 45¢.

## BRIGHTON MARKET.

THURSDAY, July 13.

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

Beef Cattle—Extra quality, 72¢; first quality, 67¢ a 70¢; second 62¢ a 65¢.

Working Oxen—few pairs in market; prices from 50 to 125.

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

Sheep—Sales from 2 a 5.00.

Swine—Wholesale 5¢ for Sows; 5 1/2¢ for Barrows; Retail, 5 a 6 1/2.

## Advertisements.

**ANDROSCOGGIN & KENNEBEC R. R.**

PROPOSALS FOR SLEEPERS.

PROPOSALS will be received at the Treasurer's Office in Waterville until the 1st of September next, for furnishing 6000 cedar sleepers for the use of said railroad.

These sleepers are to be eight feet long, have smooth on two sides exactly parallel to each other, with flanges of at least five inches, and six inches thick between the flanges; and to be of sound wood.

They may be of any species of wood, and may be of any size, or at intermediate points on the line of the road between Winthrop and Waterville.

Offers will be received for any number not less than 2000.—(32d sep.)

**SUGAR! SUGAR!**

1500 LBS. more of that cheap Sugar for sale by J. R. ELDEN & CO.

## NEW GOODS.

AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

New and elegant styles, just rec'd direct from Boston. Also, New York markets, and selling cheaper than the cheapest. Persons unacquainted with the Markets should be reminded that the prices of all kinds of Goods have very much fallen within the last few weeks.

The greatest Inducements ever get offered in Waterville.

**J. R. ELDEN & CO.,**

(at the old stand, one door north of Boutelle Block), invite attention to one of the largest and most fashionable stocks of

**RICH & FASHIONABLE DRY GOODS**

ever yet offered in Waterville, consisting in part of the following articles:—

Eng. Fr. & Ger. Broadcloths 1.50 to 4.00  
Doo Skins, (new styles) from 62 1/2 to 1.00  
Satinets " 25 62 1/2  
6000 yds. Eng. and Am. Prints 3 12 1/2  
2000 " M. deLaines 12 1/2 to 20  
Silk W. Alapaines 37 1/2 to 58  
Cotton Warp do. 20 30  
Lynette Cloths from 30 62 1/2  
500 yds. Patches from 4 12 1/2  
Eng. and Domestic Flannels 22 50  
Gingham (beautiful styles) 12 1/2 to 20  
Gingham Muslins 12 1/2 to 20  
50 doz. linen hdkfs. 6 14 to 25  
50 " hosiery 6 14 to 25  
10000 yds. brown sheetings 5 8  
3000 " bleached do. 7 12

A further enumeration of prices may be useless. An examination of goods and prices will be more satisfactory.

## Shawls.

A large assortment, among which we may mention Cashmere, Black Italian Silk, Oriental Silk, Brocade, black damask, wrought deLaine, Cape, white and mode colours, Beige, Mohair Balmorals, &c., &c.

**A GREAT VARIETY**

**OF FANCY GOODS.**

Also, muslins, check cambrics, linen do., linen and cotton damask, embossed covers, damask do., lace, hosiery, gloves, stockings, hdkfs., fringes, edgings, paper collars, parasols, carpet bags, dusters, tickings, drillings, denims, cravats, &c.

1200 lbs. Feathers (cleaned), 12 1/2 a 40c.

Looking Glasses, all sizes, at manufacturers' prices.

We have made arrangements to receive goods weekly per express, and shall keep advice of the latest styles of Dress Goods, which we are determined to offer at prices that must produce a rapid sale, and defy

**ALL COMPETITION.**

Goods freely shown, and prices and patterns given. Purchasers are respectfully invited to call and examine this stock of Goods, and if it does not prove as represented, no one will be urged to purchase. J. R. ELDEN & CO.

**NOTICE.**—The shares as originally subscribed for upon the books of the A. & K. R. R. Company by the following individuals and firms will be sold at public auction on Wednesday, the 23d day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M., at the office of the Treasurer of said Company, in Waterville, for the purpose of paying assessments due thereon with interest and costs of sale—to-wit:

Wardsworth Bolter, Moscow,	1 share
Geo. W. B. Leonard, Monson,	"
Cushman Bigelow, Norridgewock,	"
Artemas Heald,	"
Wellington Kidder,	"
Levi Powers,	"
James Taylor Jr.,	"
Joseph Taylor,	"
Benj. E. Whyte,	"
Ansel Allen, Bloomfield,	"
James L. Allen,	"
Levi Emery,	"
Willis Currier,	"
Ja's Cleveland,	"
A. & P. Coburn,	"
John Kimball,	"
Geo. W. King,	"
Ja's Dacombe,	"
Samuel & William Parker,	"
Daniel Snow Jr.,	"
Nathaniel Grant, Skowhegan,	"
William M. Lewis,	"
Moses Littlefield,	"
Thomas Robinson,	"
Osgood Sawyer,	"
Ruel Weston,	"
William McLellan,	"
Chauncy B. Bickford, Belgrade,	"
James Bickford,	"
John G. Dunn,	"
William T. Mills,	"
Ezekiel Page Jr.,	"
Geo. J. Penny,	"
Thomson Penny,	"
William Taylor,	"
Emily Wentworth,	"
William H. Vivian,	"
Willard Vivian,	"
Acton Hunter, Clinton,	"
Phebe Ann Currier, Chesterville,	"
Joseph C. Bates, Fairfield,	"
Milton Chase,	"
John Deering,	"
Benj. L. Deering,	"
Butler A. Emery,	"
Geo. P. Gullifer,	"
Daniel C. Hall,	"
Jos. F. Nye,	"
Hudson Osgood,	"
G. H. Quimby,	"
William Spearin,	"
William Tobey,	"
Rodney Wymann,	"
Increase Wymann,	"
Kendall Decker, Smithfield,	"
Calvin G. Hale, Norridgewock,	"
Leonard Avery, Waterville,	"
Peter Cannon,	"
Benj. W. Chipman,	"
James L. Crommett,	"
William E. Harris,	"
David Hunter Jr.,	"
Simon Keith,	"
Jason W. Moor,	"
Joseph H. North,	"
William G. Penny,	"
Isaac Perry,	"
Simon Tozer,	"
Chas' Weeks,	"
Ranssler Wymann,	"
EDWIN NOYES,	"

Waterville, July 15th, 1848. Tr. A. & K. R. R. Co.

**SHEETINGS.**

BALES more of those cheap Sheetings for sale by J. R. ELDEN & CO.

**SHADE TASSELS.**

50 Dozens received, and for sale by J. R. ELDEN & CO.

**SHAWLS.** Another lot of those all Wool Shawls just rec'd and selling at 50 cts. by J. R. ELDEN & CO.

**REVOLVING HORSE RAKES.**

FOR SALE BY D. L. WYMAN, Sebasticon, A. BRAYNT, Windsor.

H. NORMAN & Co., Waterville. F. SHAW, China Village. L. P. MEAK & Co., Augusta. F. A. & V. E. KEND. Mills. May 19th, 1848. 3m-12.

**FREEDOM NOTICE.**

In consideration of one hundred dollars paid me by my son, Alfred G. Gerald, I do hereby release him to him, the remainder of his time until he becomes twenty-one years of age. I shall claim none of his earnings or pay any debts of his contracting. He is at liberty to act as he pleases, and to travel where he pleases.

Witness, May 20th, 1848. NATH'L G. GERALD.

Witness, S. B. BESSETT. mark.

**GENTS' ENAMELED HALF-BOOTS.**

A BEAUTIFUL article just rec'd at J. WILLIAMS & SONS.

## 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.,



