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## The Eastern Mail (Vol. 02, No. 02): August 3, 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. II.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUG. 3, 1848.

NO. 2.

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If paid within the year, 2.00  
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## Miscellaneous.

### BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

When the news of the battle of Lexington reached Charleston, South Carolina rose in commotion. The provincial Congress, which had adjourned, immediately re-assembled—two regiments of foot and one of horse were ordered to be raised; measures were taken to procure powder; and every preparation made for the war which was now seen to be inevitable. A danger of a vital character speedily threatened the colony. This was the invasion by the British; a project which had long been entertained by the royal generals. To provide in time for defeating it, Congress had dispatched General Lee to the south. It was not until the beginning of the summer of 1776, however, that the enemy's armament set sail from New York, consisting of a large fleet of transports with a competent land force, commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, and attended by a squadron of nine men-of-war, led by Sir Peter Parker. On the arrival of the expedition off the coast, all was terror and confusion among the South Carolinians. Energetic measures were, however, taken to repel the attack.

To defend their capital the inhabitants constructed on Sullivan's Island, near the entrance of their harbor, and about four miles from the city, a rude fort of palmetto logs, the command of which was given to Col. Moultrie. Never, perhaps, was a more unartificial defence relied on in so great an emergency. The form of the fort was square, with a bastion at each angle; it was built of logs based on each other in parallel rows, at a distance of sixteen feet. Other logs were bound together at frequent intervals with timber dove-tailed and bolted into them. The spaces between were filled up with sand. The merlons were faced with palmetto logs. All the industry of the Carolinians, however, was insufficient to complete the fort in time; and when the British fleet entered the harbor, the defences were little more than a single front facing the water. The whole force of Col. Moultrie was four hundred and thirty-five, rank and file; his armament consisted of nine French twenty-sixes, fourteen English eighteens, nine twelve and seven pounders. Finding the fort could be easily enfiladed, Gen. Lee advised abandoning it; but the governor refused, telling Moultrie to keep his post, until he himself ordered the retreat. Moultrie, on his part, required no urging to adopt this more heroic course. A spectator happening to say, that in half an hour the enemy would knock the fort to pieces, 'Then,' replied Moultrie, undauntedly, 'we will lie behind the ruins, and prevent their men from landing.' Lee with many fears left the island, and repairing to his camp on the main land, prepared to cover the retreat of the garrison, which he considered inevitable.

There was, perhaps, more of bravado than of sound military policy in attacking this fort at all, since the English fleet might easily have run the gauntlet of it, as was done a few years later. But Fort Moultrie was destined to be to the navy what Bunker Hill had been to the army. It was in consequence of excess of scorn for his enemy, that Sir Peter Parker, disdainful to leave such a place in his rear, resolved on its total demolition. He had no doubt but that, in an hour at the utmost, he could make the unpractised Carolinians glad to sue for peace on any terms. Accordingly, on the 28th of June, 1776, he entered the harbor, in all the parade of his proud ships, nine in number, and drawing up abreast the fort, let go his anchors with springs upon his cables, and began a furious cannonade. As the sound of the first gun went booming over the waters toward the town, the trembling inhabitants who had been crowding the wharves and lining the house-tops since early morning, turned pale with ominous forebodings. Nor were the feelings of the defenders of the fort less anxious. Looking off, over the low island intervening between them and the city, they could see the gleaming walls of their distant homes; and their imaginations conjured up the picture of those dear habitations given to the flames, as another Charleston had been, a twelve-month before, and the still dearer wives that inhabited them, cast homeless upon the world. As they turned from this spectacle, and watched the haughty approach of the enemy, at every motion betraying confidence of success, their eyes kindled with indignant feelings, and they silently swore to make good the words of their leader, by perishing, if need were, under the ruins of the fort.

One by one the British men-of-war gallantly approached the stations assigned them, Sir Peter Parker, in the Bristol, leading the van. The Experiment, another fifty gun ship, came close after, and both dropped their anchors in succession directly abreast the fort. The other frigates followed, and ranged themselves as supports. The remaining vessels were still working up to their stations, when the first gun was fired, and instantly the battle began.

The quantity of powder on the island being small, five thousand pounds in all, there was an absolute necessity that there should be no waste. Accordingly, the field-officers pointed the pieces in person, and the words 'look to the commodore—look to the two-deckers!' passed along the line. The conflict soon grew terrific. The balls whistled above the heads of the defenders, and bombs fell thick and fast within the fort; yet, in the excitement of the moment, the men seemed totally unconscious of danger. Occasionally a shot from one of their cannon, striking the hull of the flag-ship, would send the splinters flying into the air; and then a loud huzza would burst from those who worked the guns; but, except in instances like this, the patriots fought in stern and solemn silence. Once, when it was seen that the three men-of-war working up to join the conflict, had become entangled among the shoals, and would not probably be enabled to join in the fight, a general and prolonged cheer went down the line, and taken up a second and third time, rose, like an exulting strain, over all the uproar of the strife.

The incessant cannonade soon darkened the

prospect, the smoke lying packed along the surface of the water; while a thousand fiery tongues, as from some hundred-headed monster, shot out incessantly, and licking the air a moment, were gone forever. Occasionally this thick, cloudy veil concealed all but the spars of the enemy from sight, and then the tall masts seemed rising, by some potent spell, out of nothing; occasionally the terrific explosions would rend and tear asunder the curtain, and, for an instant, the black hulls would loom out threateningly, and then disappear. The roar of three hundred guns shook the island and fort unremittingly: the water that washed the sand-bench, gasped with a quick ebb and flow, under the concussions. Higher and higher, the sun mounted to the zenith, yet still the battle continued. The heat was excessive; but casting aside their coats, the men breathed themselves a minute, and returned to the fight. The city was now hidden from view, by low banks of smoke, which extending right and left along the water, bounded the horizon on two sides. Yet the defenders of the fort still tho't of the thousands anxiously watching them from Charleston, or of the wives and mothers, trembling at every explosion for the lives of those they loved. One of their number soon fell mortally wounded. Gasping and in agony, he was carried by. 'Do not give up,' he had still strength to say; 'you are fighting for liberty and country.' Who that heard these words could think of surrender?

Noon came and went, yet still the awful struggle continued. Suddenly a shot struck the flag-staff, and the banner, which had waved in that lurid atmosphere all day, fell on the beach outside the fort. For a moment there was a pause, as if at a presage of disaster. Then a grenadier, the brave and immortal Sergeant Jasper, sprang upon the parapet, leaped down to the beach, and passing along nearly the whole front of the fort, exposed to the full fire of the enemy, deliberately cut off the bunting from the shattered mast, called for a sponge staff to be thrown to him, and tying the flag to this, clambered up the ramparts and replaced the banner, amid the cheers of his companions. Far away, in the city, there had been those who saw, through their telescopes, the fall of that flag; and, as the news went around, a chill of horror froze every heart, for it was thought the place had surrendered. But soon a slight staff was sent up to one of the angles: it bore clinging to it, something like bunting; the breeze struck it, the bundle unrolled, it was the flag of America! Hope danced again through every heart. Some burst into tears; some laughed hysterically; some gave way to outcries and huzzas of delight. As the hours wore on, however, new causes for apprehension arose. The fire of the fort was perceived to slacken. Could it be that its brave defenders, after such a glorious struggle, had at last given in? Again hope yielded to doubt, almost to despair; the feeling was the more terrible from the late exhilaration. Already, in fancy, the enemy was seen approaching the city. Wives began trembling for their husbands, who had rendered themselves conspicuous on the patriotic side: mothers clasped their infants, whose sires, they thought, had perished in the fight, and in silent agony, prayed God to protect the fatherless. Thus passed an hour of the wildest anxiety and alarm. At last intelligence was brought that the fire had slackened only for want of powder; that a supply had since been secured; and that the cannonade would soon be resumed. In a short time these predictions were verified, and the air again shook with distant concussions. Thus the afternoon passed. Sunset approached, yet the fight raged. Slowly the great luminary of day sank in the west, and twilight, calm and calm, threw its shadows across the waters; yet still the fight raged. The stars came out, twinkling sharp and clear, in that half tropical sky; yet still the fight raged. The hum of the day had now subsided, and the cicada was heard trilling its note on the night-air: all was quiet and serene in the city: yet still the fight raged. The dull, heavy reports of the distant artillery boomed louder across the water, and the dark curtain of smoke that nearly concealed the ships and fort, grew luminous with incessant flashes. The fight still raged. At last the frequency of the discharges perceptibly lessened, and gradually, toward ten o'clock, ceased altogether. The ships of the enemy were now seen moving from their position, and making their way slowly, as if crippled and weary, out of the harbor: and, at that sight, most of the population, losing their anxiety, returned to their dwellings; though crowds still lined some of the wharves, waiting for authentic messengers from the fight, and peering into the gathering gloom, to detect the approach of the first boat.

The loss of the enemy had been excessive. The flag-ship, the Bristol, had forty-four men killed, and thirty wounded; the Experiment, another fifty gun ship, fifty-seven killed, and thirty wounded. All the ships were much cut up: the two-deckers terribly so; and one of the frigates, the Acton, running aground, was burnt. The last shot fired from the fort entered the cabin of Sir Peter Parker's ship, cut down two young officers who were drinking tea, and passing forward, killed three sailors on the main-deck, then passed out and buried itself in the sea. The loss on the American side was inconsiderable: twelve killed, and about twenty-five wounded. During the battle, the earnest zeal of the men was occasionally relieved by moments of merriment. A cont, having been thrown on the top of one of the merlons, was caught by a shot, and lodged in a tree, at which sight a general peal of laughter was heard. Moultrie sat coolly smoking his pipe during the conflict, occasionally taking it from his mouth to issue an order. Once, while the battle was in progress, General Lee came off to the island, but, finding everything so prosperous, soon returned to his camp. The supply of powder which was obtained during the battle, and which enabled the patriots to resume the fight, was procured, part from a schooner in the harbor, part from the city. Unbounded enthusiasm, on the side of the inhabitants, hailed the gallant defenders of the fort after the victory: Moultrie received the thanks of Congress, was elevated to the rank of brigadier-general, and was honored by having the post he had defended called after his name. A stand of colors was presented, by Mrs. Elliot, to the men of his regiment, with the belief, she said, 'that they would stand by them, as long as they could wave in the air of liberty.' It was in guarding these colors, and perhaps in the recollection of her words, that the brave Sergeant Jasper lost his life, subsequently, at the siege of Savannah. —Union Mag.

NAPOLEON'S DESIGN OF COMING TO AMERICA.—We believe it has never been known how near Napoleon was to coming to America after the terrible battle of Waterloo, where in the sequel of the fight, when defeat became certain, he vainly presented his bosom to the fire of his enemies, in the hope that he might be spared the fatal end which seemed to hang around him. Leaving the wreck of his once powerful army to Soult, and flying as upon the wings of the wind, he was the first to announce at Paris the fatal defeat which had befallen him. From Paris he went to Malmaison, where he had in vain labored to reconcile and treat with the enemy. Finding reconciliation in vain and the overthrow of his power certain, the design presented itself to him of escaping to America, and accordingly he went with a few of his chosen followers to Rochefort, with the view of escaping on board some vessel that might be in port. But Rochefort was blockaded by an English fleet, and the coast lined with English cruisers. All this is known, but what we have not before seen, is the following anecdote related to us by a Massachusetts member of Congress, on the authority of a New England captain (Capt. Brewster, of Preston, Conn., whose services were solicited to bring Napoleon to the United States.—When just upon the eve of his departure, this man was accosted in the street of Havre, by one who informed him that he had an important piece of intelligence to communicate. A private interview was had, under a solemn pledge of secrecy, and after a solemn assurance that no dishonorable proposition was to be made.

'When do you sail for America?' was the first question.

'To-morrow morning,' was the reply.

'Will you for a sum of money that shall make you independent for life, and beyond the value of your ship and cargo and all possible profits, consent to take Napoleon Bonaparte to America? The money shall be paid to you in any manner, deposited anywhere in Paris, and papers executed to that effect. I am here, continued the officer, 'as an agent of my sovereign, and directed to make any proposition, and to allow any sum of money, but I must receive your answer upon the instant.'

The captain responded that the ship was not his own—that the coast was lined with English ships—that escape he feared would be impossible. He could not answer upon the instant, but would do so at the appointed time and place in two hours. Visiting his ship, which was loaded and ready for departure, he concluded that he might conceal the Emperor in a manner which would prevent detection. At the time appointed, he made known his purpose, arranged as to the compensation he should receive, had papers of a satisfactory character executed to that effect, and made his arrangements accordingly. His illustrious visitor was to be on board at 12 o'clock at night, and everything was arranged to receive him. At 12 o'clock—at the very hour and moment when every preparation was made to receive the illustrious soldier—a messenger arrived with a note from the officer, that Napoleon, finding his enemies so many and escape so difficult, had concluded—and an ill-starred conclusion it was for him—to repose a noble confidence in his great enemy, and surrender himself to the British.

As is known, he presented himself with his suite on board of the Bellerophon, and wrote to the Prince Regent of England, surrendering himself a prisoner, asking only a resting-place upon the soil of his enemy, for the remainder of his life. The sequel is known—banishment to St. Helena, and death there on the 15th of May, 1815.

The American vessel which was to have taken Napoleon to America, was boarded three times, by as many armed vessels, and twice by one; suspicion appeared to have been excited against him for some time before his departure, and even before the Captain had received any communication from Napoleon's agent. His vessel was pretty thoroughly searched upon these occasions, and once a gun was fired at him to make him heave to a second time. He obeyed, of course; but our informant assures us, that, in all these searches, the place where he had designed to place Napoleon was never once searched or suspected, and that he should therefore have safely brought him to the United States. Here he might have died in peace of mind, or been living among us now. At St. Helena, to use his own words, the cruelty of his keeper, Sir H. Lowe, caused his death. Napoleon said of Lowe that he was an executioner sent to assassinate him, a man wholly without heart, and merely capable of discharging the offices and duties of a jailor. —[New York Express.

A HINT TO AMUSEMENT DENOUNCERS.—There are people who would say, 'Labor is not all: we do not object to the cessation of labor—a mere provision for bodily ends; but we fear the lightness and vanity of what you call recreation.' Do these people take heed of the swiftness of thought—of the impetuosity of thought? What will the great mass of people be thinking of, if they are taught to shun amusements and the thoughts of amusement? If any sensuality is left open to them, they will think of that; if not sensuality, then avarice and ferocity. People who have had nothing else to amuse them, have been very apt to indulge themselves in the excitement of prosecuting their fellow-creatures. Our nation, the northern part especially, is given to believe in the sovereignty of dullness. To be sure, dullness and stolid vice are apt to go hand in hand; but then, according to our notions, dullness is in itself not so good a thing. Now, if ever a people require to be amused, it is we sad-hearted Anglo Saxons. Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that for months together, would frown away mirth if it could—many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter—if ever there was a people who should avoid increasing their dullness by all work and no play, we are that people. 'They took their pleasure sadly,' says Froissart, 'after their fashion.' We need not ask of what nation Froissart was speaking. —[Friend in Council.

GUTTA SERENA. 'What is it?' This question is asked by thousands who have heard the name. It is a gun, similar to that of the Capuchin or India Rubber, but susceptible of more varied uses. It is thicker and heavier. Hose and gas pipes, boot and shoe soles, book bindings, canes, buckets, bags, clocks, coats, and various other articles are made of it; and altogether, it may be considered the most valuable vegetable gum ever discovered.

WHAT A RUMSELLER DID.—A young man came daily to the bar for intoxicating drinks and a half dozen cigars, which as he turned away, he gave to his friend. He was tall and handsome; with a bright eye and cheerful look. Sometimes, as he approached early in the morning, his look was sad. A haggard countenance was occasionally upon him. But one drink followed by another, changed all; and soon, the loud laugh and the merry song led the vendor to feel that he was the greatest benefactor. But good will for the youth was soon exchanged for another emotion. Alas! for him he was rich. Money flowed freely when the appetite was gratified. Friends were brought and generously treated. The rumrunner sat in his door and watched his prey. He prepared and spread before him the choicest liquors. Wine of twenty years, brandies and exquisite cordials, a beautiful saloon, cards and boon companions were nightly provided. If the youth was feeble, and unable to reach his father's house, a bed was his. If he must reach home, and he had no ability to walk, a carriage was at the door. Month after month the game was played. Success attended every move. The youth had on earth but one friend. It was not father, nor mother, nor sister, nor brother. It was the man who gratified his appetite, and what that man took from his purse he knew not, he cared not. The bill was paid, and the vendor smiled. But the young man went down to his grave a lonesome drunkard. Father, mother, brother, sister, broken-hearted, followed the bier; but the rumrunner sat in his den and watched for another victim. —[Jour. Am. T. Union.

DIALOGUES OF THE LIVING.—Under this head has appeared a series of able papers in the *Baltimore Western Star*. We give the following clever allegorical sketch from the last number:—'Phelim O'Tool was going to market one day with oysters, and he thought to himself 'sitting' as cheap as standing'—so up he gets on the car, and lies on his back till he falls asleep; presently up goes the car against a big stone lying in the centre of the road—knocks off the wheel, and tumbles over the poor man and his oysters into the muddy road. Who should come by, and Phelim picking up the oysters, but Mr. Bull, and he began to pity the poor man; and says he, 'Mr. O'Tool, you should exert yourself, and walk by the side of your car instead of going to sleep on it, and then that wouldn't happen to you.' 'That's true,' says Phelim, 'and I'll mind myself for the future.' With that Mr. Bull helps him to pick up the oysters, and pities him very much for losing the market; so he hands him over a sack of meal to assist him, and after advising him for his good trots on away before him. Well, in about another half hour up comes Mr. O'Dun, of Scrape Hall, and says he, 'Hallo, Mr. O'Tool, what has happened to you? So Phelim tells him all the story. Well, Mr. O'Dun gets up in a mighty passion, and says he, 'Are you such an *omoloman*, Mr. O'Tool, as to be humbugged in this kind of way? Sure it's Mr. Bull that ought to be driving you about, and selling your oysters for you; says he, 'and not your father's son—a descendant of the great O'Tools.' 'Faith, so I think myself,' says Phelim; 'but then Mr. Bull was so kind—I thought his advice was the best.' 'You'll drive me mad, O'Tool,' says he, 'talking about his kindness—didn't I see him myself come quietly and take the lynch-pin out of the car while you were asleep, and then he pretends to pity you.' 'But here's the meal,' says Phelim. 'Throw his meal to the pigs, the dirty scoundrel,' says Mr. O'Dun, 'and let's drive after him, and pelt him well with oyster shells,' says he. 'But sure there's oysters in them,' says Phelim. 'Never mind,' says O'Dun, 'I'll eat the oysters while you throw the shells at him.' And so the poor man pelted away all his shells, while Mr. O'Dun was opening them and eating the oysters.'

ORIENTAL HUNT.—The next day the journey towards the lake was renewed; but scarcely had they proceeded ten minutes, when some of the party descried amid the branches of a high tree, the misap paman, or 'Wild man of Borneo,' sitting looking down at them with a mixture of curiosity and alarm. Startled by the stroke of the paddles, and the disturbed ripple of the waters, he made off before any one could land. A hot pursuit commenced, the animal showing himself from time to time as he slowly passed from tree to tree, while the party struggled through the jungle beneath.

Having then crossed a slight ridge of elevated ground, we were stopped by the dark, deep, ugly-looking swamp, and the chase likewise paused, and from the top of a tree kept up an occasional grunting bark. Our hesitation was only momentary, for throwing off my trousers and shoes (which I afterwards repented), I took water, followed by Rajah Ali, and many Malays and Dyaks, and soon found myself struggling up to the shoulders, with the rifle in one hand and the ammunition in the other. As we advanced a little, the water luckily shoaled to the waist, and I had time to look for game, which was stationary in the position he had taken when last seen. Rajah Ali was by my side, and firing together, at about forty-five yards, it was evident that one or both balls had taken effect, for the huge monster went more and more slowly from one tree to another, whilst we kept loading and firing as fast as our situation allowed; then, wading here and there, we enjoyed the full excitement of the chase. The wood rang with shots, and the shouts of the Dyaks, as, waving their spears and brandishing their swords, they rushed from one spot to another, to gain a view of the devoted brute. At length a fortunate shot from my rifle through his head, brought him from the summit of a tree, crashing through the branches with a heavy splash into the water. The chase was finished. The height of the animal was four feet one inch, and it was said to be a large one. —[Brooke's Events in Borneo.

CURIOSITY.—A traveller going from Erie to Pittsburg, fell in with a Yankee, both being mounted on horses. The first was rather inclined to taciturnity, and bore with great patience the questions with which the New Englander bored him from time to time. Finally the Yankee noticing that he had lost an arm and enquiring the reason he replied 'I will tell you my friend, if you will promise on your honor to ask no more questions.' The promise was instantly made. Well, said the stranger, 'it was bit off.' The Yankee rode on in silence for several miles but in agony of curiosity. At last in a transport of despair he exclaimed,

'I vow to gracious I would give a shilling to know what bit it off!'

SPORTING EXPLOITS.—Truly, there must be fine sporting in South Africa, as well as rare sportsmen, who start out upon shooting excursions of eleven months, to the Mountains of the Moon, or some such unknown places, among wild elephants, lions and hippopotami. Commend us to J. Ruallyn Cumming, who has bagged a ship full of wild beasts—among the rest, the panthers and crocodiles who carried off his best dogs, as well as the lion who carried off 'his best waggon driver.'

The Cape Frontier Times, of Feb. 22, thus alludes to the sporting exploits of Mr. Ruallyn Cumming, second son of Sir William Gordon Cumming, Baronet, of Altyre, who a few years since was reckoned the foremost sportsman in the north of Scotland. 'We have been favored with some interesting intelligence relative to the late trip into the interior, of that well known and intrepid sportsman and traveller, Mr. R. R. Cumming, formerly of the C. M. R. who is now on his way from Bloemfontein to Colesberg, after an extremely hazardous and fatiguing expedition of eleven months. In this journey it is said he has penetrated many hundred miles beyond the highest point reached by any white man. He shot forty-three elephants, three of which only were females. Many of the males carried tusks of enormous size, measuring seven feet in length, and sometimes weighing 100 pounds each. Sixty hippopotami—the finest troops to which they belonged having been singled out for slaughter. Such is the abundance of this game, that with his rifle he might have killed two hundred of them. The rhinoceros, buffalo, camelopard, eland, gamsbok, roan, antelope, waterbuck, hartbeest, sasaby, black and blue wildebeest, koodoo, pallah, zebra, rietbok, kilpspringer, &c., were found by him in such abundance, that he rarely expended his ammunition upon them, except when in want of the flesh, or to get their heads as specimens to grace his collection of sporting trophies, which is described as being now so extensive as almost to require a small ship to send them home. He is said to have discovered an entirely new sort of antelope, unknown not only to science, but even to the native tribes living upon the tropics. It is a very beautiful species; and, with much time and difficulty, he procured 22 specimens, both male and female. His losses have unfortunately counterbalanced the excellence of his sport. He has lost all his horses (15), all his oxen (30), and all his dogs (20), and his best waggon-driver. His horses were killed either by lions or horse-sickness, and the fly called tsetse. All his oxen were killed by this insect. His dogs were killed, some by the lions, some by the panther, crocodile, and by different kinds of game. The wagon-driver was carried off on a dark and cloudy evening by a monster lion, which Mr. Cumming shot next day.

[Inverness Journal.

BUTTER MAKING. After reading the interesting article on 'Butter Making' in your last number, I took my pen to remark upon, and perhaps criticise it just a very little; but it is a subject of such never-ending dispute, that I concluded I had best let it alone. I will only say that I never wash my butter, as I think it deprives it of its fine flavor. If it is too soft to work, when taken out of the churn, it may possibly be necessary to plunge the lump into cold water in order to harden it, but I should prefer any other expedient. I would sink the butter tubs, or buckets (I use tin althogether) in the spring; or hang them, by ropes, down the well, to the surface of the water. But, instead of my wise remarks, I will give you an amusing occurrence, quite too good to be lost, that happened some summers ago, in Philadelphia, where they pride themselves, not without good reason, on their delicious butter.

A lady from New Orleans was on a visit to a friend whose husband loved good things of this life so well, that he never trusted any one to market for him, and prided himself particularly on his choice of butter. He had frequently told her as an inducement to make this northern visit, that he would regale her with what she had never tasted—fresh butter. For several days, while at breakfast, he asked her if she had ever, even in her dreams, eaten such butter, so firm, so fresh, so delicious; and always received the same answer, that it was very good, but certainly not what she could call fresh butter. At length his good humor gave way, and fairly out of patience, he said one day, 'I lived for twelve years in New Orleans, and never tasted an ounce of palatable butter—it was fit only to grease cart wheels with; and for you, accustomed to nothing better than such vile stuff, to pretend not to like this is perfectly absurd.' 'I did not say I did not like it, Cousin William,' said the lady, very pleasantly, 'but it does seem very odd to hear you call it fresh butter, when the only fault I can point out is, that it has too much salt for my taste.'

[American Agriculturist.

KILLING WITCH GRASS. Farmers and gardeners daily complain that it is impossible to kill this grass when it is once rooted in the ground. Some assert that sorrel cannot be killed till it is dried in an oven. So we hear complaints of the white weed (the ox-eye daisy) and it is gravely asserted that there is no rooting it out after it has once got into the soil. And we have a class of farmers who fear to try buckwheat lest it might become a permanent grain and yield an annual harvest without tillage, and against the will of the lord of the soil!

WIRE GRASS is not easily killed when it has taken deep root. We have never found any vegetable so tenacious of life as this is. It has a most remarkable root, so pointed at the fore end as to prick the finger like a pin. These roots hesitate not to wend their way through the centre of a solid potato growing in the field. We have had a number of potatoes brought to this office with a root of the wire grass that had grown quite through the potato and was still advancing on. And a young peach tree was brought us within a few weeks, through the centre of whose trunk a root of wire grass found its way, not apparently much fatigued by boring through the solid wood.

Yet wire grass (witch grass) may be put to death by a proper course of tillage. Now is a good time to give it a sweat in gardens and in corn fields. It should not be buried, like common weeds, for its long and pointed roots shoot through the soil very soon and take breath above the surface before the roots die. Hoes are the best instruments to kill it, chopping the roots fine and exposing the whole on the sur-

face. In dry weather the roots perish very soon when they are chopped up.

Ploughing just before winter we find to be an excellent practice. Our readers had a hint of this last fall, and now we tell them confidently that ploughing and exposing the roots in November is good. We have found the benefit of it in our own field. [Ploughman.

SNAIL GARDENS.—On this curious subject the following paper has been translated for us from the 'Leipsic Illustrated Newspaper.'

In Vorarberg, the collecting and rearing of the large garden snails, which are so injurious to vegetation, forms a peculiar branch of agricultural industry, and amounts even to no inconsiderable trade. Whole cargoes of these snails are sent from Arlberg to the South Tyrol, where they are consumed as dainties. The mode of procedure in collecting and feeding them is as follows.—In various parts of Vorarberg, from the beginning of June till the middle of August, the snails, which, it is well known, seek their nourishment at this season in damp places, and creep about garden hedges, coppices, and woods, are collected by boys and girls, and carried to the feeding-places, which are commonly in the neighborhood of the dwellings of the owners. These snail gardens have usually an extent of from one to three hundred square fathoms of dry garden ground, are quite divested of trees and shrubs, and are surrounded on all sides by a stream of running water. The stream, at its exit, is made to pass through a wooden grating, in order to prevent such of the snails as happen to fall into the water from being washed away. The grating is examined once or twice a day, generally morning and evening, and the snails found there are replaced in the interior of the garden; this is necessary, as they would otherwise collect into too large quantities, and would become weak and sickly by remaining long in the water. In the interior of the garden, little heaps of pine twigs, generally of the larch or spruce, mixed loosely with wood moss, are placed on every two or three square fathoms, for the purpose of protecting the snails from cold, and especially from the scorching rays of the sun. When the pine twigs become dry, and lose their leaves, they are replaced by fresh ones.

Every day, and particularly in damp weather, the snails are fed with the kinds of grass found most suitable for them, and with cabbage leaves. In harvest, at the return of cold weather, they go under cover—that is, they collect under the heaps of twigs, and bury themselves, if the ground under these has been previously dried, two or three inches below the surface, and there they seal themselves up for the winter; when this is completely accomplished, they are collected, packed in suitably perforated boxes lined with straw, and sent off.

Careful foddering, and a good harvest season, are essential to the thriving of the snails; and even in spite of this a great many are lost. Wood snails are larger and more voracious, but are more subject to casualties. In each garden there are generally fed from 15,000 to 40,000, and these are sold at about three shillings per 1000. This manner of making use of the snails is of double advantage—freeing, on the one hand, fields and gardens from burdensome guests; and affording on the other, to those so employing themselves, a considerable source of profit. —[Chambers's Miscellany.

A FRIEND TO REGULAR NOMINATION.—In one of the mining districts of Pennsylvania, immediately after the reception of the nomination of Cass and Butler, the following colloquy took place between a whip proprietor and an Irish operative:

'Well, Murphy, the news has come.'  
'Yes, sir.'  
'Cass and Butler.'  
'Thruce, an' mighty good news it is, sure.'  
'But they'll be beaten.'  
'May be not, sir.'  
'Yes, indeed, will they, Murphy. The boys won't come up again, after the vote at Dallas on the tariff.'  
'Tlow's that, sir?'  
'Didn't Dallas settle the question?'  
'He did that same, sure.'  
'And didn't the foundry stop?'  
'The foundry stopped, sir.'  
'You surely won't vote again for men who throw you out of employment?'  
'It's the democratic ticket, you say?'  
'Yes, Murphy, yes.'  
'I think I will, sir.'  
'You're a fool, Murphy. Will you submit to treatment like this, from your friends?'  
'Pat removed his slouched cap, and scratching his head, remarked—'  
'I'm thinkin', mather—'  
'Thinking of what?'  
'I'm thinkin', sir, if it's our friends as you say, that thrate us so badly, what the divil our enemies 'ud do, ef they could get a chance.' —[Boston Post.

FAITH IN CHRISTIANITY.—I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is true. It is true; and its truth is to break forth more and more gloriously. Of this I have not a doubt. I know, indeed, that our religion has been questioned, even by intelligent and good men; but this does not shake my faith in its divine original, or in its ultimate triumphs.—These men have questioned it, because they have known it chiefly by its corruptions. In proportion as its original simplicity shall be restored, the doubts of the well disposed will yield. I have no fears from infidelity, especially from that form of it which some are at this moment laboring to spread through the country; I mean that insane, desperate unbelief, which strives to quench the light of nature as well as of revelation, and to leave us, not only without Christ, but without God. This I dread no more than I should fear the efforts of men to pluck the sun from his sphere, or to storm the skies with the artillery of the earth. We were made for religion; and unless the enemies of our faith can change our nature, they will leave the foundation of religion unshaken. The human soul was made to look above material nature. It wants a Deity for its love and trust, an Immortality for its hope. It wants consolations not found in philosophy—wants strength in temptation, sorrow, and death, which human wisdom cannot minister; and knowing as I do, that Christianity meets these deep wants of men, I have no fear or doubt as to its triumphs. Men cannot long live without religion. In France there is a spreading dissatisfaction with the skeptical spirit of the past generation. A philosopher in the country would now blush to quote Voltaire as an authority in religion. Already Atheism is dumb where once it seemed to burr away.



The greatest minds in France are working back their way to the light of truth. Many of them, indeed, cannot yet be called Christians; but their path, like that of the wise men of old who came star-guided from the East, is towards Christ. I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. It has an immortal life, and will gather strength from the violence of its foes. It is equal to all the wants of men. The greatest minds have found in it the light which they most anxiously desired. The most sorrowful and broken spirits have found in it a healing balm for their woes. It has inspired the sublimest virtues and the loftiest hopes. For the corruptions of such a religion I weep, and I should blush to be their advocate; but of the Gospel itself I can never be ashamed.

[Channing]

**RICH.**—A conductor on one of our railroads, the other day, seeing an individual spreading himself pretty considerably, with his feet upon the damask cushion of the seat in front of him, coolly took a handkerchief from his pocket, and folding it up nicely, lifted up the feet of the aforesaid individual, and placed it under them. Our verdant friend appeared for a second to be in doubt about the meaning of this proceeding, and his hand apparently involuntarily sought his own handkerchief; but he soon comprehended it, his feet dropped, and he looked as if he was on the point of subsiding into his boots, and might be bought cheap for cash. —[Republican.]

**AN ANCIENT NEGRO.**—Adam, a servant of the Rev. John M. Roberts, of Greenville, died in this village on Monday last. Adam once belonged to the family of the Martyr Hayne, of Charleston, and accompanied that noble man in his campaigns, as a body servant, during the Revolutionary war, and during that period visited Virginia. His recollection of many of the officers, among them Gen. Washington, was very distinct and intelligent. He imbibed from his superiors a strong veneration for that great man, as well as for the other officers whom he knew, and to the day of his death spoke with enthusiasm about them, and always expressed the sternest indignation against the Tories. Adam was strictly honest, and in all respects trustworthy, and evidently was always so considered. Very soon after, or during the troubles of the Revolution, he became the property of a gentleman of North Carolina. —[Greenville Mountaineer.]

**LOUISA SAVAGE.**—Not Sarah Ann Stewart, we see it positively asserted, is the real name of the unhappy woman through whose agencies Pierre D. Bremond is supposed to have met his untimely fate. She was born in the year 1825, in a small farm house on what is called the Belgrade road, in Augusta, Maine, and her father, Abijah Savage, we are assured, endeavored, as far as it was his power so to do, assiduously to discharge the duty of a parent toward his child.

A few years ago, the Saturday Courier informs us, one of the agents from a Lowell factory induced her to leave her quiet home on the Kennebec, and try her woman's fortune in the "Manchester of America."

His advice was accepted, though strongly opposed by the poor girl's friends. Possessed of more than an ordinary share of personal beauty, and away from the counsels of a careful mother, it is small wonder that she soon got tired of a factory life, and lured by the usual tempter in such cases, one short year found her in Boston, leading a sinful life. From thence to this city, the transition was natural, and making her home at a house in Leight street, she in a short time became acquainted with the unfortunate Pierre D. Bremond.

Thus far we have followed the course of Louisa Savage, without mention of Mr. Bremond. Justice to the unfortunate creature compels us to state that, although supported by the deceased, she has had no intercourse with him for ten months past; and, probably, maddened by this neglect, she has frequently annoyed him, not only at his office, but also at his house, No. 18 Watt street, where, as we learn she has followed him as her supposed husband, and claimed that protection which a wife may ask of her legal partner.

This occurred nearly three years ago, and as it may be, she imposed upon young Pierre (then 25), so far as to induce him to either marry her, or go through a sham ceremony, whereby Louisa might claim him as a husband. It is not to be presumed that she was a party to the fraud—if it was one—the certificate of marriage being duly authenticated by a clergyman, who was known to be officiating in the sacred office at the time, though we believe he has now left the city. —N. Y. Express.

**ANECDOTE OF RANDOLPH.**—During his congressional term a death occurred in the Va. delegation, and among other candidates for the vacant honors was a gentleman, a lawyer by profession, who, among his many friends, was quite celebrated for his wit. He was a man of fine talents, and was opposed in his political opinions to Randolph. During the canvass preceding the election, this gentleman frequently boasted that, should he be elected, he would soon give Randolph a lesson, and despite his dreaded powers, teach him his place. He was elected, and in due time found himself seated among the assembled wisdom of the land. True to his promise, embracing almost the first opportunity, he was out upon the floor, and down upon John in a speech of some two hours in length, seemingly with the intention of annihilating that innocent individual. Singular temper and hardihood. A new member, who was not expected to say one word during his first term, breaking his shell in this manner, and assailing the man that scarce one of them dared to raise a peep against! —Prodigious! sure, the man would never survive. But days passed on, and yet old John showed not the least consciousness of having been attacked;—perhaps he was not intending to notice the matter at all. At length, after the lapse of a considerable time, Randolph rose to address the House on a motion then before it. He never wanted an audience. During his remarks he took occasion to allude to the death of his lamented friend, whose seat was now vacant, and turning around he pointed with his long, skinny finger to the miserable, unfortunate individual occupying said seat. Perhaps you can imagine the effect. —Post.

**ORIGIN OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.**—Upwards of sixty years ago, (or in 1787—89,) when Arthur Young was travelling in France, he met with a Monsieur Comond, a very ingenious and inventive mechanic, who had made a remarkable discovery in electricity. "You write two or three words on a piece of paper," says Young; "he takes it with him into a room and turns a machine enclosed in a cylindrical case, at the top of which is an electrometer, a small fine pit ball. A wire connects with a similar cylinder and electrometer in a distant apartment, and his wife, by remarking the corresponding motions of the ball, writes down the words they indicate, from which it appears he has formed an alphabet of motions. As the length of the wire makes no difference in the effect, a correspondence might be carried on at any distance. Whatever the use may be, the

invention is beautiful." This discovery, however, lay unnoticed until about three years since, though the apparatus was designed to effect the same end as the electric telegraph, by means very similar. —[The London Anecdotes.]

**VOLUNTEERS' LAND WARRANTS.**—The law allows to the volunteers who enlisted for twelve months, or during the war, and who shall have been honorably discharged, 160 acres of land, and to those who volunteered for less than twelve months, 80 acres. The option is, however, given to the soldier, entitled to the land scrip to take instead, for the 160 acres of land, \$100 in cash, and so in proportion. The Cincinnati Commercial says:

"These land warrants, as we understand, are received at any of the land offices in payment for land entered; that is, each one is good at the office for the full quantity of land named in it. The minimum price of government land is one dollar and a quarter an acre, and the value of 160 acre warrants, therefore, is \$200. About the camps of the discharged volunteers speculators are hovering, who purchase these warrants for little or nothing, according to the condition of the soldier with whom they trade. Look out, soldiers!"

**ROMANTIC AFFAIR.**—A few nights since a romantic affair took place between a gentleman belonging to the Navy, and a young lady to whom he had become attached. The latter is the niece of a wealthy gentleman residing on Brooklyn Heights, and is likely to be his heir. It appears that the motives of the gentleman, who had concluded to elope with the young lady, were suspected by her friends. The time and place were arranged, but the uncle became aware of the plan, and while the lover and his friends were hovering about the house, they received a polite invitation from the uncle to come in the front door, in a straightforward way. After this was done, the uncle stated to his niece that if she was determined to marry against his wish and at the expense of the fortune he intended to leave her, she might do so, and the ceremony could take place immediately beneath his roof. The niece and the gentleman at once accepted the offer and they were married on the spot. —[N. York Tribune.]

**BLIGHTED HOPES.**—The Racine (Wis.) Advocate notices the death in that town of Miss Julia Ann Van Doozer, and remarks that the circumstances attending her death and burial were such as to create much excitement, and to call for an account that false rumors may be contradicted. A short time since, the deceased became engaged to a young man in Racine, and was to have been married but a few days previous to her death; indeed the wedding dress was already made. Just before the day arrived, the young man left, without giving any reasons for his departure, and went East. Miss Van Doozer was at once taken ill, but at first nothing alarming appeared, although she suffered severely, yet such suffering had been common to her after every excitement ever since she had suffered in childhood from a long and severe disease. However, she went into the country with a married sister for the sake of her health, and returned apparently better. In a day or two she was again taken worse, and her sufferings soon terminated in her death, previous to which she had made a request that she might be buried in her wedding dress.

**A CURIOSITY.**—A short time ago, there was found at Kittanning, Armstrong Co., Pa., a gun barrel in the trunk of a hemlock tree, nearly horizontally, and almost grown in. The barrel was a little more than three feet in length. It had a square breech and was fluted to the muzzle, which is also what is called "bell-muzzled."—differing from any style of gun now in use, or which has been used within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitants." It had the appearance of being an elegantly finished article, its sights being gold, and breech pin pure silver. How it came there, and how long it has been there are questions which need solution. It must have been left there before the tree commenced its growth; but how long before or by whom no one can tell. The age of the tree, judging from the number of grains in it, on either side of the heart, is 110 years old, and yet, strange to say, the gun bore but very slight evidences of rust or decay. When found, the breech was just above the surface of the ground, and the muzzle slightly embedded in the earth. It was loaded with a ball.

**LORENZO DOW.**—A shaker friend at Hancock told us recently that he saw Lorenzo Dow "walking among the tombs," alone, and muttering to himself, early one morning, in the principal graveyard of a village in Connecticut. He soon collected a great number of lookers-on, when he mounted the stone-wall and exclaimed in his peculiar voice:—"One year from this day I shall preach on this spot at six o'clock in the morning. And I want you to know that when I say six, I mean six; I don't mean seven or eight." Of course, the news of his appointment soon spread through all the region of that country round about. Just one year from that day, at precisely six in the morning, and in the presence of more than twenty thousand persons, Lorenzo rose from the long rank grass of the graveyard, where he had been sleeping, mounted the wall, and preached a fantastic, quaint, yet eloquent discourse, which will never be forgotten, said our informant, "by any who heard it."

**SQUIDS.**—A large glass of water, slipped ten drops at a time, in perfect silence, till the whole be taken, is said to be a convenient cure for a person in a passion. This is the last application of the "water cure."

A man in this city, lately stood in the street and ate nine bananas at four cents apiece, remarking that, if they were not so high, he would take a couple home to his family.

A fiery-nosed individual, who stood six feet four in his stockings, declared to a hunker that he was every inch a whig. "All but your nose," replied the hunker. "And why not my nose?" "Because, if that were to get in among a lot of hay, it might prove to be a barnburner."

My brethren, said an eccentric divine, in a sermon, there are three kinds of pride; of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice.

The Hagerstown Torchlight says, in reference to the nomination of Van Buren, that the democratic party is kinder looked.

Mrs. Partington says she never received but one synonymous letter in her life, and that spoke paragonically of all her acquaintances.

It was a saying of a great divine, that he had found more good in bad people, and more bad in good people, than he had ever expected.

**A WITTY LADY.**—Miss Riggs took a ride, the other day, to the Lake-end of the Ponchartrain Railroad—distance about five miles, which was accomplished in about twenty minutes.

"Awful slow travelling," said a gentleman opposite her, whom she immediately recognized as a Virginian. "I remember," said

he, "going to dine with a gentleman residing six miles from Richmond, (who owned all the land on each side of the road,) and on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad, it only took us fourteen minutes! What do you think of that?"

"Did the gentleman accompany you?" asked Miss Riggs, with a half smile.

"Certainly."

"Well, then, I think he ran through his property in an uncommon short time.—N. O. Delta."

**SINGULAR IDENTITY.**—The Pittsburg Dispatch of Monday, relates the following:

"For some weeks past much excitement has been existing in Beaver and around it, relative to the attempts of a man named Davitt, formerly of Fayette county, to pass for David Mitchell, son of General Mitchell, (formerly of Centre county,) ex-Canal Commissioner, who was one of the Duquesne Greys, and died in the Hospital at Puebla, where he was buried. Old Mr. Mitchell was so completely deceived by a slight resemblance to his son, as to receive him into his family—but a daughter, not so easily imposed upon, is said to have left the house in consequence. For a time public opinion was divided as to the identity of Davitt, some insisting he was Mitchell, others as vehemently denying it—but now it is strongly against him. Colonel Black and others denounce him as an infamous impostor."

The fellow has since been arrested and confined in jail.

**IRISH AFFAIRS.**—Mr. Smith O'Brien, one of the hot-headed Repealers of Ireland, holds the following language relative to what will be his future course in the matter of obtaining justice for Ireland:

"I am ready, if necessary, to offer myself as a sacrifice; but not prepared to offer myself as a sacrifice to an abortive effort. And therefore, I say still—I shall continue to say it until the case shall have arisen that will bring it into the field—that I earnestly desire that all questions between Great Britain and Ireland should be settled amicably. I do not question the right of any man to hold any opinions he may think proper about forms of government—one man may advocate a republic, another may desire a monarchy, but for my own part I am ready to avow that, at present, until the first blood be shed, I am for a continuance of the ancient constitution of Ireland—the Queen, Commons and Lords of Ireland."

Now, do not mistake me; let it not be imagined that I am here to tell you that I do not think a full and fair case has been made out for resistance. I avow that I am of opinion that the Irish people would be fully justified in an appeal to arms, if they were fully prepared. But when we come to consider the sacrifice of life that has been permitted by the British government, it has become a solemn and imperative duty to every man to use his utmost endeavor to prevent the recurrence of such a disaster. And, provided that men do not infringe on those sacred obligations which are paramount to every political and social right, provided that we conduct the struggle as becomes men and Christians, I believe it would be our duty, if we were certain of success, and if we had no other alternative to make the effort to-morrow.

I believe that the true policy of this country is to place the Irish nation in such an attitude that shall be irresistible; that we should forbear to strike till we can obtain full success; and my belief is that when the people of this country are in that position they will obtain all they want without a blow. And now I suppose you will expect to hear something from me on the subject of preparation. I do not think it at all expedient for the interest of the country that I should be sent to Bermuda. I do not think that I should consult the interests of the country by placing myself in such a position; and therefore I shall not say much on this subject that will not suggest itself to the minds of every one of you.

I trust no long period will elapse before this country will be in a position to negotiate with England for the return of Mr. Mitchell, unless in the meantime the Americans should do that, which it appears they are about to do, and anticipate our peaceful negotiations by capture of Mr. Mitchell. I understand from the newspapers that a hunting expedition is going out to Bermuda and that it will be armed with all necessary weapons for the capture of poor Mr. Mitchell.

Now with respect to those military evolutions, such as drill, and so on, I am far from advising you, although I was until lately perfectly ignorant of that act of parliament prohibiting the use of those terms—but I set no value whatever on being able to say "right shoulders forward," "left shoulders forward," and so forth. But what you should obtain is this—and they must construct a very ingenious law to convict you of any crime—you should obtain the method of acting together, and of relying on each other, and knowing each other. The object of all military manoeuvres is to get men to work in bodies for an end—and provided that be done, you may make them a present of all their military phrases. I counsel the young men of this country to study how strong places may be taken. (Hear, hear.)

I mean no inuendo; how strong places may be taken, and weak places defended; how supplies of ammunition and provisions can be given to a friend, and kept from an enemy; how the communications of a country can be facilitated or intercepted; how the access to the sea coast may be made auxiliary for the purposes of defending this island. These are the imperishable rights of every student among you; and I will not forego my right to study these things as matters of science, and my application of the knowledge I shall derive among foreign enemies shall be governed by circumstances, whatever description of foreign enemies they may be.

I apprehend that there is not a man among you who has not read with pleasure of the manifestations of sympathy that have reached us from America. At this moment I have a letter in my pocket from the son of the late President, Mr. Tyler, asking me in what manner I think America can best apply itself to support Ireland. Now, I believe there is no law which compels me to repudiate that sympathy; and so far from repudiating it, I welcome it; and if the Government choose to send me to Norfolk Island for the expression of this sentiment, I think it is not at all impossible that the Americans will follow me there.

**FOREIGN ITEMS BY LAST STEAMER.**

Letters from Tabrec mention that the heir-apparent of Persia, a youthful Prince, 16 years of age, lately appointed to the government of Azerbaijan, promises to be a second Fatih Aly Shai, his paternal great grandfather, for he has already taken unto himself new wives, (selected from the most lovely maidens of Circassia and Georgia,) and has publicly signified his royal will and pleasure that the Chamberlain of his household shall do and provide him with an additional new one every Thursday night, until the number of 365, in which his

vigorous ancestor luxuriated, is fully made up and completed. —[London Sun.]

**POTATOES.**—So large has been the supply of this esculent in the Manchester market, this week, that good potatoes have been sold as low as 7s 6d per load of 252 lbs. The breadth sown by some individuals is almost incredible: a single farmer, near High Leigh, has planted no fewer than 2000 loads; so that, with a fair crop, he may expect to gather 20,000 loads.

**DISEASE AMONG SHEEP.**—A disease, generally fatal, and called the small pox, has broken out among the sheep in some parts of England. The disease is said to have been introduced into England, from Denmark, last July, and several other infected parcels were afterwards brought from Hamburg, where it is stated that a separate place in the market is assigned for sheep having symptoms of contamination, or coming from diseased districts.

The mob at St. Petersburg having got it into their heads that the physicians had poisoned the cholera patients, rose and committed many excesses, murdering several persons. The Emperor hastened to the scene and stopped the tumult.



WATERVILLE, AUGUST 3.

A PROPOSAL.

Owing probably to the extreme scarcity of money, but few of our subscribers have paid for the Mail the past year. We find no fault with this, and shall urge payments only barely sufficient to enable us to keep our business in motion. Doubtless some who take the Mail think of us weekly, and would send us money if they had it; and we shall always take pleasure in accommodating such, as far as possible. In order to do so, we must depend upon those whose pockets are always prepared for the emergencies of "hard times"—and we hope there are many such among our patrons.

Our published terms entitle us to \$2 from those who have not paid for the past volume; but we propose to receive \$1.50 from all who will at the same time pay for the present volume in advance—that is, \$3 for the two years. If one half comply with this proposal, we can accommodate the other half till a "more convenient season."

To such as paid for the first volume in advance, we feel under special obligation, and beg leave to hope that a repetition of this kindness may help to stimulate our efforts at the commencement of the present volume.

We have made these suggestions because our circumstances seemed to demand them, and we trust the ensuing week will bring us veritable evidence that they are kindly received.

Remittances may be made by mail, during the present month only, at our expense and risk.

NEW BANK CHARTERS.

The ignorance of legislators with respect to the operations of Banks, at this day, is matter of surprise to those who are familiar with the principles of public economy. The recent refusal of the Legislature of this state to grant charters for new banks suggests a few observations, though we are not disposed to do more than to show the security to the public by increasing banks, and are not the advocates of any particular body of men who have applied for powers under the authority of the state.

If we once establish the principle that bills of exchange and bank notes have a nature precisely identical—and who can doubt that they have?—we are then led to inquire what variations there possibly can be in their operations. We perceive that bills of exchange are issued by any capitalist or merchant in any part of the globe. The business is open to an unrestricted competition. Nations however monarchical yield to this great democratic system; for in it is the safety of communities comprised. Any one establishment where competition is thus free, can furnish comparatively but a small amount of accommodation in exchanges, and its failure to meet its engagements, or its refusal to dispose of its bills, can prove but of little inconvenience to traders.—This would not be so, were incorporated institutions in the various commercial countries of the globe to be invested with the sole power of managing foreign exchanges. There would arise the possibility of speculation—no greater security would ensue—foreign trade would gain nothing—and the stability of prices would not result from the system. In fact such a plan carries absurdity on its face; and yet there are those who still contend that a giant power is requisite for managing domestic exchanges. Is this not equally absurd?

If bills of exchange and bank notes are identical in character, where can the objection lie that freedom in the competition of the one class of paper is not just as rational as the freedom in the competition of the other class? The evils of banks principally arise, under a limited establishment of them, from the fact that they lend more money than they possess. They are in debt to the community. Hence being the first to suffer when there is a pressure, they must be the first to save themselves. This is natural, and we do not complain of it. Our object is to show merely the operation of such things, that we may establish opinions more favorable to the multiplication of banks.

And what would be the result of a multiplication of banks? Simply this: the circulation of existing banks would be diminished, and in the same ratio the probable fluctuation in their loans. An illustration will simplify the subject. Were the circulation of a given district to amount to twenty millions of dollars, and a single bank with a capital of twenty millions to furnish it, such a bank might commonly lend about forty millions of dollars. But lending only the amount of its

capital, by a sudden run upon it, the circulation might be curtailed to the amount of ten millions of dollars. This would produce great distress in the community under its supply.—Let, however, a thousand banks, in the given district, with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars each, be established; and in the contingency of a pressure, each bank commonly lending two hundred and twenty thousand dollars, would reduce its loans ten thousand dollars, and the entire reduction of ten millions would be divided so as scarcely to be felt. Besides, if specie were sought for exportation, the collection would be made in small sums, and the amount from each bank would be so small as to excite no alarm in the district. So that in fact the exportation of specie would prove beneficial instead of disastrous, as it would be withdrawn from the circulating currency, and the vacuum be supplied with bank notes. Banks would not be so profitable as at present, it is true, under this system; but the stimulus given to agriculture and to labor generally, would enrich all the individuals of a community. The failure of such banks, even badly managed, would seldom take place; and the loss in case of failure would fall where it should upon the stockholders. Thus, briefly, the community would not be subject to the mischief resulting from sudden contractions of the circulating currency, and the bank note circulation would have an additional security, inasmuch as each new bank would be the same as a new endorsement on the aggregate of the circulating currency. From what we have said, and which is nothing new to those who have reflected upon the subject, it may be inferred that the creation of banks is by no means so dangerous as the establishment of manufacturing companies with the same amount of capital. We desire to be so understood; and without adverting to the fears of danger from the establishment of cotton and woolen factories under the present extension of the competition, we may draw a comparison between a bank that may owe ten or twenty thousand dollars, and a mill corporation, having no limit assigned to its credit, which may become indebted to the poorer part of the community—those least able to bear it—in a sum amounting perhaps to more than a hundred thousand dollars. So much for our legislators, who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

We have thus attempted to make this subject plain for the benefit of the community at large. Our views are not to be supposed very agreeable to any purely selfish men who thrive by incorporation, inasmuch as we lay an axe at the root of the tree. Without regard to political intrigues or to the aggrandizement of a favored few, we declare that which we believe to be for the good of the whole, and leave it to busy life and action to make what use it can of our attempt at instruction.

We will not dismiss our subject without alluding to a popular error established by the agency of Dr. Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations"—an error connected with the subject—namely, that labor is put in motion by capital. This is an every day expression, and false as it is common. Neither money nor capital are the cause of wealth—but the effect of national wealth resulting from labor. A country in a flourishing condition has no scarcity of money. England is in a deplorable state of poverty with plenty of money. Labor is the only cause of wealth. Banks are properly engaged when they stimulate it—just as railroads stimulate travelling—by affording facilities for action. The object of banks should be to promote the circulation of money. National wealth will result in a ratio proportionate to the rapidity of the circulation. A few dollars, in the way of business, which should change hands several times a day every month, would make money more plentiful than millions changing hands once or twice in a year. The only care should be not to allow the circulation to exceed proper limits—that is, not to draw men from their regular business channels or to permit adventurers recklessly to enter into competition. The scarcity of money is only a name for its stagnation. A bushel measure is a useless thing unless there is something to be measured; money is useless unless it can be exchanged for commodities—that is, that the value of them may be measured by it. No invention can increase the quantity of money, any more than you can fill a scale when nothing is to be weighed.

**MORALS OF AUGUSTA.** The Mr. Farmer comments thus upon a paragraph in our last:

"The editor of the Mail is, no doubt, an honest man, and loves justice. We wish to ask him a simple question, and when the answer comes to hand, we shall, probably, be better prepared to treat the above case understandingly. Has the editor of the Mail ever seen a single line in the Farmer relative to the 'morals of Waterville?'"

**NO!** Now please give us our turn, for you are also an honest man, and answer us one question, namely—Did we ever say we had?

**LOST BOY.**—Left home during the night of the 26th inst.—supposed in a fit of insanity—Benjamin, son of Hon. James H. Haines of Burnham, aged 16 years; light complexion, blue eyes, rather large size, very prominent forehead, about five feet 8 inches high. Had on thin striped pants, thick boots, two shirts—one red woolen and the other cotton. He had no jacket or coat, and took no money with him. It was generally supposed that he was in the woods near his father's residence. The citizens of Burnham and neighboring towns, to the number of 3 or 400 have spent three entire days exploring the forest in every direction without success. It is possible he may have strayed some distance from home. Any information in regard to him will be gratefully received and suitably rewarded by his afflicted parents and friends.

**Burnham, July 31st, 1848.**

Since the above was in type the boy has returned, having been wandering in the woods nearly a week.

**MONEY MARKET.**—The New York Journal of Commerce, after remarking that some anxiety prevails there respecting the large payments for dry goods sold at auction last spring, and the money market is increasingly tight, adds, "The Bostonians are the chief borrowers."

As comment upon this, an extract from the New York Sun is quite appropos:

**RAISING THE WIND.**—The pressure in the money market is forcing the Wall street brokers to resort to new experiments in financing. One of these is extensive kiting between this city, Boston and Philadelphia. Drafts dated ahead are drawn on friends in those cities, who meet them by drawing on the original sender. Both drafts are discounted at 1-4 or more per cent. a day, and though no safe speculation will pay such an enormous usury, yet by keeping up a number of kites many brokers manage to float for a considerable time after they would otherwise sink.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**'LEONIDAS.'**—There is no reason why a legal nuisance may not exist in the small compass of a cow-bell. If 'Leonidas' includes to test the matter, we advise him to summon his jury from the vicinity of Church street, where the number of morsels of grass cropped by two or three cows in the course of a night, may be counted by the measured 'tink, tink, tink,' of the nuisance complained of. Whether the remedy 'Leonidas' suggests—namely, locating the bell at the other extreme of the wearer—would really be a remedy, especially in 'fly-time,' is a nicer point than we can touch. We should think better of tying the cow to the bed-post of her owner. There is no doubt about the nuisance, and but little doubt that it will be 'abated' soon. What is the cost of a cow-bell, supposing somebody should have to pay for two or three, some morning?

**'T. B.'**—The Thames tunnel is not the most extraordinary. That of the Tavistock canal, in England, was completed on the 24th of August, 1816, after thirteen years' labor. It is a mile and a half in length, and in some parts of it, more than four hundred feet below the surface.

**'SOL.'**—Tobacco was first discovered in 1496, at St. Domingo, afterwards by the Spaniards, in Yucatan, 1520. Yes. In 1632 Massachusetts prohibited persons from chewing it in public. The old settlers permitted, as they now do, many things in private that were deemed indecorous in public.

**'M.'**—A frock coat is not dress—and no other than white or black pantaloons or white and black vest—all plain. The white cravat went out with George the Fourth. Being troubled with the King's Evil in the throat, he introduced the black silk cravat, which is now fashionable.

**'D. L. D.'**—According to Chesterfield it is not polite to seal with a wafer, for it is not elegant to send one your spittle.

**'K.'**—The name is derived from the surname of William Penn and Sylvania—woods. Literally, Penn's woods.

**'T.'**—For shame, where is the district school? A mile has 1760 yards.

**'Nil.'**—Swearing on the gospel was first known in England, in 528.

**'EUREKA.'**—Give us your name, and proof that your assertions are true, and the public shall read your article. The abuse charged deserves exposure, but we cannot take the responsibility of defending a suit for libel merely to gratify a correspondent of whom we only know that he fears to give us his name. If he will assure us he states facts, he may assume the task of giving them to the public through the Mail.

SUMMARY.

**MAN KILLED—FATAL SUPERSTITION.**—We heard of a very singular affair that transpired in the upper part of the city yesterday morning which resulted in the death of a German named Mitchell, who resided on Marshall, near Jackson street. Mitchell's wife was suffering with an excruciating tooth-ache, and remembering a superstition quite prevalent among the lower class of her country people that she would be immediately relieved by having some blood buried under the root of an apple tree, she awoke her husband during the night and requested him to go into a neighbor's yard where there was a tree of the kind, and perform the requirements of the superstition.

Mitchell, who, it is believed, was partially intoxicated at the time, missed his way, and instead of going to the place he had been directed, entered the yard of Mr. Carter Tiller, on Walnut, just below Jackson street, where he commenced digging a hole with a hoe at the root of a tree. A few nights previous, an attempt had been made to rob Mr. Tiller's house, and expecting a return of the scamps, he was up watching for them, when Mitchell entered the yard. Supposing him to be the guilty one, he went into the yard, struck him over the head with a stick or cane, inflicting such severe wounds as to cause the unfortunate man's death about ten o'clock yesterday morning. Mr. Tiller has always borne the reputation of an excellent citizen. —Low. Cour. July 19.

We gave an account the other day of a boy named White, 5 years old, being carried over Niagara Falls. We had supposed that the force of the water would tear the body to atoms. Such, however, was not the case, as the body has since been found floating near Niagara township. It was in an entire state of nudity, the clothes having been all torn off. The right arm was broken above the elbow, and the forehead was crushed in.

**AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.**—The Pittsburg Journal, in noticing the arrival of the troops there from Mexico, says:—"As the volunteers were marching up the wharf after disembarkation, a young gallant-looking soldier happened to catch sight of a young woman at the same moment that she saw him. She was quite pretty, very neatly dressed, and had a very bright little baby in her arms. The young woman uttered a short joyful cry, as she saw the soldier. Away went the musket, and darting from the place in the ranks, the brave fellow caught his wife and child in his arms. To us, this was one of the most touching occurrences of the day, so fruitful in touching scenes."



**HORRIBLE BUTCHERY IN IPSWICH.** On Tuesday night last a man named Adams, aided, it is believed, by an Irishman in his employ, while under the influence of liquor, entered the residence of two persons, a male and female, and without the least provocation, cut their throats from ear to ear, and, horrible to relate, cut their bodies into small pieces, a portion of which were thrown into the river, and the remainder packed away in barrels in his cellar, where they have since been found and identified. The fact that the female was in delicate circumstances adds to the atrocity of this deep-dyed crime. Adams has been arrested and is now in Ipswich Jail.—Newburyport Advertiser.

**PERMANENT WHITE LEAD PAINT.**—Every person knows that white lead paint always turns yellow if not exposed to the rays of light. Nothing is more common in houses than to see behind shutters and in corners a dirty yellow where a white should be. This evil has been completely remedied by Mr. James Coppuck of Mount Holly, N. J., who has produced a matchless white, which has been nailed up for months in a close box and has retained all its pristine whiteness. The substance or substance he uses makes all the pigments nearly with which it is combined, exceedingly permanent. Some of these have now stood the test for years and with the inventor, Mr. Coppuck, it is no longer an experiment. Further information may be obtained of him, and we believe that a good opportunity is presented for those who may desire to engage in its introduction.

[Scientific American.]  
**ABUJACIOUS.**—On Saturday last, about half past one o'clock in the afternoon, as Mr. Henry F. Hyde, of Newton Centre, was proceeding home, after having sold a load of vegetables in this city, and had reached the edge of Newton, he perceived, a few rods ahead, a well-dressed young man standing at the side of the road.—This young man, who could, from a sort of fill upon which he was, see both ways, after glancing around, waited until Mr. Hyde had got within a few feet of him, when he raised a pistol, took deliberate aim and discharged it.—After the discharge, the ruffian, perceiving that he had not effected his purpose of disabling Mr. Hyde, took to his heels and made off in the direction of this city. At the time of the discharge, Mr. Hyde was sitting with his arm across his breast, supporting his chin. The ruffian received the ball, which was undoubtedly intended for his breast. It pierced through two thicknesses of coat and two shirts, inflicting a slight flesh wound and lodged in the cuff.—Afterwards, the wadding was found on the ground, near the spot where the pistol was discharged. Mr. Hyde had a narrow escape for his life, and cannot conceive any other motive for the attempt than robbery.

[Boston Traveller.]  
**VOLUNTEERS PAID OFF.**—We learn from the Post that the business of paying off and discharging the Massachusetts regiment of volunteers was finished yesterday, and the camp at Brighton broken up. The sums in cash received by the men varied from \$40 to \$140, and averaged over \$60 to each man. In addition to this, each man received his land bounty of 160 acres, worth from \$115 to \$120, or, in lieu of this, \$100 in U. S. scrip bearing 6 per cent. interest. The Post says that "nearly all have elected to take their land scrip instead of the commutation—some erroneously believing that by transferring their certificates of discharge, by sale or otherwise, they can transfer the right to their land scrip."—[Trav.]

**HOMES LOST IN THE CAMPAIGN.**—Hon. W. P. Hall writes to Captain T. B. Hudson, of this city, the instructions of the War Department concerning the proof required in claims for lost horses:

The law allows compensation in the following cases:—For horses lost in battle, or from wounds received in battle, or from lack of forage, or from the dismounting of the volunteer for foot service, or by straying from camp when turned out to graze by order of the officers, or when captured by the enemy, or destroyed by the same, or for horses, &c., turned over to the service of the army by order of commanding officer.

Compensation is allowed, also, for saddles, bridles, equipment, &c. lost under similar circumstances.

**DEATH BY POISON.**—Johnson Woodward, of Portland, in this county, died on the 12th inst., in consequence of eating food in which corrosive sublimate had been infused by some person unknown. He suffered the most excruciating pain, and died in about twenty hours after partaking of the food. A post mortem examination was had on Thursday, and the stomach and bowels of the deceased were found in a horrible condition, being almost literally eaten up by the poison.

A few weeks ago Mr. Woodward entered a complaint against several laborers on the railroad for assaulting his house and person, and they were found guilty, fined and imprisoned, and had just returned from the period of their imprisonment when Mr. Woodward was poisoned, and the general impression is that these persons prevailed on a servant girl in Mr. Woodward's family to poison him. She is under arrest, awaiting the verdict of the Coroner's jury, the result of whose deliberations we have not yet learned. [Sandy Hill Herald, N. Y.]

**RICH EMIGRANTS.**—Four very wealthy Norwegians passed through New York city on the 7th. The Sun says: "They were the proprietors of a village near Bergen. They intend to found a colony in Wisconsin, and have brought with them 160 persons, whose passages they pay. The specie brought by these proprietors is immense, and their people are in comfortable circumstances, every emigrant having from eight hundred to a thousand lbs. of baggage."

**MYSTERIOUS.**—We learn from the New Orleans Commercial that John C. Morsey was arrested on Thursday morning at a house on Gravier street, on suspicion of having murdered his son. The boy has mysteriously disappeared. A Spaniard heard Morsey beating him and threatening to kill him on Wednesday. The prisoner says that his son, who is fifteen years of age, has absconded. He was seen to take the boy into his room, and since that time no trace of him has been discovered. He nailed the room up, and gave orders that it should not be opened. Several women who were working in the yard where the room is situated, say that the boy did not leave the room during the day. The room referred to was broken open when Morsey was arrested, and on the mattress of the bed several stains of blood were discovered.

It is said that since the late insurrection and massacre at Naples, it is unsafe for any man who wears his beard and moustaches, to walk the streets of that capital, as the lazaroni regards those hairy ornaments of the face as sure tokens of a Republican.

At Philadelphia on the 4th instant, a daughter of the Rev. John Street, between three and four years of age, was thrown into convulsions in consequence of being frightened by a sudden explosion of fire crackers, and expired about two hours afterwards.

The Chester Union says the brothers of Robert F. Walter, who had gone out to Mexico, were at Philadelphia, on Monday, for the purpose of receiving their returning brother and soldier, but his pilgrimage had closed at Cincinnati, and instead of the warm-hearted meet-anticipated, they learned the tidings of his death.

No. 1 wire is said to be an ample protection against lightning, put up as the large rods are. War ships use the wire with complete success.

The extensive iron establishment of Messrs. Brown, Peckles & Co., at New Castle, Mercer county, Pa., was entirely consumed by fire on Sunday morning, 23d. The establishment was new and in successful operation.

Dobbs, on being asked if he had ever seen the 'bridge of sighs,' replied, 'Yes, I've been traveling on it ever since I was married.' **'FREE SOIL' CONVENTION AT PORTLAND.** The 'Free Soil' Convention at Portland on Wednesday evening and Thursday last, was a subject having two sides. Some say it was on the whole, a failure; others say it was overwhelmingly large, enthusiastic, and potent.—We infer therefore that it was so-soish.

[Bangor Courier.]  
The Belfast Journal says that Mr. John Peters of Bluehill, aged 27, was present, where two or three young ladies undertook to manage a sail boat, in a cove, when they tipped it over. Mr. Peters waded into the water to rescue them, in doing which he stepped into a hole and went under. In the mean time the ladies got safely upon a rock; one went down to rescue Mr. P., and got his head above water, but he was strangling and clutched her clothes, and would have carried her under had not her dress, or a portion of it, been torn from her. He was drowned. He was the son of Lemuel Peters.

The Trans't says one of the volunteers, who had been bathing at Braman's, was in such haste to throw away his old clothes, that \$50 in one of his pockets sunk with them. The clothes were fished up, and the money was restored to him without charge.

**LOSSES OF THE NEW YORK REGIMENT.** Killed in the battle at Cerro Gordo 11; at Contreras 17; at Churubusco 103; and at Chapultepec and Garetta de Belen 30. Total killed 160. Loss by diseases, wounds and exposure, over 400. Number returned about 350. [N. York Sun.]

**AN INCIDENT.**—A few days since, three of our gallant volunteers, just returned from Mexico, and rather poor looking, were passing through the market, and observing a countryman, with some very fine summer apples to sell, one of them asked him the price. The vendor rather coldly replied, "I don't sell apples to the like of you." The indignant volunteers drew themselves up, and demanded the reason, asserting that they were able to pay for them. "I don't sell apples to returned volunteers," replied the countryman, with a tear glistening in his eye, and placing his broad hand upon his breast, "my heart warms towards them wherever I see them—I should be ashamed to sell them apples—take as many as you want, and may God bless you wherever you may go. The delighted volunteers rewarded the countryman by accepting of his apples, and with delighted countenance went on their way. A warm and honest heart beat in that man's bosom.—[Pittsburg Gazette.]

**SAD AFFAIR.**—We learn that Mr. Ellis Blackwell, committed suicide on Sunday forenoon last by hanging himself with a rope in his barn, while his family were absent at church. No cause has been assigned for the deed. Mr. B. resided in Norridgewock, where he sustained a fair character, and was considered to be in independent and comfortable circumstances. Suicides are becoming alarmingly frequent of late. What is the cause?

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—Deacon Wm. W. Dinmore, of Norridgewock, fell down and immediately expired, while at work in his field, on Thursday last. He was in our village on the morning of that day, apparently in the enjoyment of his accustomed health; and we understand he had but a few moments before he fell, returned from his tea, having appeared as well as usual. He is said to have died almost instantaneously. He was a good neighbor, and a useful man. His loss will be deeply felt in the community in which he has so long resided. His age is about 60.—[Press.]

We learn from the Pittsburg papers that the Duquesne Greys brought back with them a dog they took to Mexico. He accompanied them in all their sieges, battles and marches, and was wounded by a shot from the enemy at Puebla. He fared throughout the campaign just as the volunteers did, and appeared as proud of his achievements as any of them.

**APPALING CASUALTY.**—The peaceful village of Galway was on Sunday (23d inst.) thrown into great excitement by a report that the huge Rhinoceros belonging to Raymond & Waring's Managerie, had broken loose from his cage, and was committing terrible havoc among the cattle in that vicinity.

It seems that some time during Saturday night the elephant Columbus, who is not one of the most amiable disposition, amused himself by tearing off the strong iron bars from the cage in which the rhinoceros was secured. Finding himself menaced, the rhinoceros came from his cage and showed fight. He was no sooner on the ground than he received two or three heavy blows from the trunk of the elephant upon his back which beat him to the earth, where he lay for some time as if dead.

The elephant then endeavoring to finish him by trampling upon him, which the rhinoceros evaded by jumping under the body of his powerful antagonist, in which position he gave the elephant several upwards thrusts with the prodigious horn that projects from the front of his head, which put his elephantship hors du combat. The keepers finding it impossible to secure the infuriated beast alone, called upon the neighbors for assistance, which was promptly given, and every effort made to prevent him from doing further mischief.

In the meanwhile the Rhinoceros had got into the open field, where he confined his operations to the frightening of horses and cows that were in the pasture, and then took a neighboring swamp where he luxuriated in his favorite recreation of bathing with the same unconcern as if he had been wallowing in his own native marshes in Japan.

Finding it impossible to capture him by means of traps and meshes, the proprietors at length came to conclusion of despatching him; and for this purpose procured a number of muskets. They might as well have fired against the side of a stone wall, as his hide resisted the balls as effectually as if he had been encased in iron. Up to a late hour last evening they had not succeeded in taking him, although more than five hundred persons were engaged in the pursuit, and a large reward

offered for his capture alive. The elephant is so badly wounded that he is not expected to recover.

**A BOOTLESS EXCITEMENT.**—A queer scene came off at a 'crack' hotel in St. Louis some years ago. Towards breakfast time there was a terrible ringing of bells all over the house, an opening and a shutting of chamber doors, &c., which when, with all due anxiety, inquired into, was found to be occasioned by the absence of every mortal pair of boots that had been placed 'outside' the night before for cleaning. There was no mistake in the matter—the boots were gone, totally—soles and uppers, bottoms and tops—and a pretty confusion was the consequence. In the midst of the row, up came one gentleman in light pumps, whose wrath was excessive; the stage was to start in a few minutes from the door—he was bound to be off; and worse than all, he must go without his boots—absolutely pump it all the way to somewhere. The clerk at the desk was bothered, and spoke to the landlord, who asked the guest what he expected? He instantly replied, that he wished to pay his bill, but that he, in return, expected the host to pay for his boots; whereupon, the clerk was told to deduct \$5, being three 'less than cost.' The traveller received his receipt, his two trunks were strapped on; he got inside; off went the stage, and a short time afterwards, the servants having compared circumstances, and correctly multiplied this by that, it was mathematically and every otherwise demonstrated, that 'them two trunks' contained the boots, and that the gentleman in pumps was the gentleman that had 'walked off' with them.

'But,' said we to our informant, who is a light, elegant figure of a fellow, just from 'way off,' 'you appear to be all right in the leather way; how did you save your boots?' 'Why,' said he, 'somehow, by one of those strange accidents which will sometimes overtake one on visits to strange places, I happened to have gone to bed in them.'—St. Louis Revue.

Our paper is this week a day later than usual to some of our subscribers, owing to a disappointment in obtaining paper.

## Notices.

MR. DUNBAR respectfully informs his friends that he intends leaving town soon and would invite all those in want of good miniatures, of themselves or friends to call soon or they will lose the opportunity. Having engaged the services of Mr. Upton for next week only, the present opportunity should be improved by all who are intending to procure miniatures.

## PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Dr. R. R. Clay, of New York, will be in attendance at John L. Seavey's Unity, Tuesday, August 15th; at Williams' Hotel, Waterville, Wednesday and Thursday, August 16th and 17th; at the Stage House, Skowhegan, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, August 18th, 19th, and 20th; at Washburn's Hotel, Canaan, August 21st, until 4 P. M.; at Marston's Hotel, Dexter, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 22d and 23d; at Blihen's Hotel, Dover, Tuesday and Friday, August 24th and 25th; at Soule's Hotel, Harmony, August 26th, from 12 M. until 4 P. M.; at the Hotel in Athens, Sunday, August 27th; at the Hotel in Solon, Monday the 28th; at the Hotel in Anson, August 29th; at Stevens' Hotel, North New Portland, Wednesday, August 30th; at the Hotel in West New Portland, August 31st, until 3 P. M.

Where he will be happy to see his former patients and as many more as may feel disposed to favor him with a call. Proba' tum est. Dr. Clay's medicines are the most powerful of all remedies in the removal of diseases; at the same time the most innocent of all preparations, because acting in perfect harmony with the laws of organic life, and bringing the agencies of Electricity and Galvanism, the elements which form the constituent principles of Life, Health, and motion, in direct contact with disease, and by the powerful impulse which they give to the organs, enables them to throw off whatever is deleterious to health.

Dr. C. uses no mineral Medicines, for they injure the fine coats of the secreting membranes of the viscera, and unfit them for manufacturing a sufficient quantity of the animal magnetic ether to keep a just balance of action.

Dr. C. will treat all Chronic diseases, of however long standing, or which may be regarded as incurable, Nervous and Bilious affections, Female Complaints, Piles, Fistula in ano and perineo, Fits, Eye and Ear affections, &c., &c., in the treatment of which he has met with unprecedented success. The operation of Dr. C's remedies upon the above diseases is the ultimatum of his wishes. Their Herculean power removes every vestige of the enemy, and builds up in its place a system free and uncontaminated from the dregs of disease.

N. B. The best of References given as to scientific attainments in Medicine and Pharmacy. Patients who are affected with diseases of the Eye and Ear, and prefer going to the City will be furnished with letters of introduction to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, or Dr. Dix, Optician, opposite the Tremont House, Boston.

## ADVICE GRATIS.

## DR. MAUGHAN,

Physician & Surgeon, FROM London, begs leave to inform the Inhabitants of Waterville and its vicinity, that he intends practicing here and hopes by curing Cancers, Wens, Rheumatism by a new invention, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Spinal Diseases, Consumption, Deafness, Diseases of the Eyes, Fits, Dysentery, Stone, Gravel, &c., to give universal satisfaction. He has also practiced with Bonaparte's Surgeon, and has been 50 years in practice.

N. B. Dr. M. is agent to the Mar Estate. He may be consulted at Mr. Gray's 'Ticonic House' (21m.) August 3d, 1848.

## EROSOPHAN ADELPHI.

The annual Anniversary of the Erosophian Adelpi will take place on Wednesday, Aug. 9th, commencement eve. Oration by Rev. S. J. Judd, Worcester. P. M. by Rev. C. T. Jackson, East. Worcester, Mass. (23m.) E. P. SANGHER, Wat. Coll. July 15th, 1848. Cor. Sec. Pro Tem.

**FOSTER'S MOUNTAIN COMPOUND.** This Compound, manufactured by Horatio W. Foster of Lowell, is fast becoming an indispensable article for the ladies' toilet, as well as with the dressing case of the beaux. It is now about 18 months since the Mountain Compound was first introduced to the public by Mr. Foster, the original proprietor and inventor, who is reaping a rich harvest as a reward for the time and money he has expended in bringing the article to that perfection which its rapid sale denotes. It has already been introduced into the principal cities and towns, both in the N. England and western States, and has obtained an enviable reputation for softening, beautifying and darkening the hair. Numerous testimonials of its qualities have been received from 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 preparation.—[3m.]

Agent for Waterville, WM. DYER, Druggist.

## 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.

Oration by Rev. S. D. Bradford, Providence, R. I.

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

J. H. SEAVEY, Cor. Sec.

Waterville College, July 10th, 1848.

**A CERTIFICATE** from Mr. Ingerson, of Lancaster, New Hampshire, a highly respectable citizen of that place, and Jailor of the county of Coos:—

I, George W. Ingerson, of Lancaster, hereby certify that I have been troubled with the Asthma for about 20 years. Last November, I began taking Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, I had been unable to do anything for several months, and had not, except a few very slight, been able to rest in my bed. Almost as soon as I began to take it I felt relieved. I have taken about 2 bottles. My health is altogether improved. A few returns of the Asthma, which I have had in that time, were almost immediately removed by taking the Balsam. I rest well, and my health is, and has been for months, better than at any time previous for many yrs. I cheerfully recommend this medicine to all who are similarly afflicted. GEO. W. INGERSON, Lancaster, N. H., April 25th, 1846.

Price \$1 per bottle—six bottles for five dollars. For sale by Wm. Dyer, Waterville, Wm. B. Snow, & Co., Fairfield, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States. (12w.)

## MARKETS.

**WATERVILLE PRICES.** Flour, bbl. \$5.50 a 5.75; Corn, bush. 75 a 80; Rye \$1.17; Wheat, \$1.34; Oats, 37; Butter, lb. 12 a 14; Eggs, \$10; Hens, doz. 10 cts; Pork, round 14 7/8 cts.

## BOSTON MARKET.

**SATURDAY, July 23.** Flour—Gen. 5.00, Michigan 5.25 a 5.00 per bbl. Ohio 5.00; second do 4.00 a 5.50. Grain—Sales Southern white Corn 49 a 50 cts., and yellow flat 55 a 56 cts. per bushel. Oats scarce and in brisk demand; North River 45c.

## BRIGHTON MARKET.

**THURSDAY, July 27.** At market 500 Beef Cattle, about 2000 Sheep and 320 swine. Local Cattle.—Extra quality, 600; first quality, 5 25 a 6 00; second do 4 00 a 5 50. Working Oxen.—few pairs in market; prices from 60 to 100. Cows and Calves.—A very few in market. 22 to 30. Sheep.—Sales from 2 a 3 00. Swine.—Wholesale 5 for Sows, 5 12c for Barrows; Retail, 6 a 7 12c.

## Advertisements.

**WATERVILLE LIBERAL INSTITUTE.** THE Fall Term of this Institution will commence on Monday, Aug. 28th, under the charge of Mr. JAMES M. PALMER, A. B., Principal. Messrs. Susan L. Phillips, Teacher in Music, and Miss Susan L. Phillips, Teacher in English, will be provided.

Tuition—In Languages - - - \$5 00  
" Higher Eng. Branches - - - 4 00  
" Common do. - - - 3 00  
Board as usual. ALPHEUS LYONS, Secretary. Waterville, Aug. 1st, 1848.

**Eden & Co.** HAVE just received, per steamer, 4 Bales Moroccan, New Bedford and Asectuine sheetings, (40 inches wide,) which they are selling at the extremely low price of 7 cts. per yard.

ALSO:  
2 Bales, yd wide, and heavy, at 6cts.  
2 " ditto " at 4  
8 ps more these beautiful Ind. Linens.  
10 " Prints " at 3  
10 " more these h-vy Tickings, 10 to 12 1-2  
1 doz. green fringed Parasols.  
10 " Shawls, all wool, at 42  
10 " Cotton Hose, at 8 to 12 1-2  
10 " Linen Hdkfs., at 12 1-2  
10 " do. " at 8  
5 " Childrens do., (all linen), at 6 1-4  
Customers in want of a rich Cape Shawl can procure them by calling on us. All orders promptly attended to. J. R. ELLEN & CO.

## WATERVILLE ACADEMY.

Fall Term. THE FALL TERM of this Institution will commence on Monday, the 28th of August, under the direction of JAMES H. HANSON, A. M., Principal, assisted by Miss Roxana F. HANSON, Preceptress, Miss CATHERINE A. COX, Teacher of Music, and such other assistants as the interests of the school require.

Its prominent objects are the following:—To provide, at moderate expense, facilities for a thorough course of preparation for College; to furnish a course of instruction adapted to meet the wants of teachers of Common Schools, and to excite a deeper interest in the subject of education generally.

The course of study in the department preparatory to college, has been arranged with special reference to that pursued in Waterville College. It is not known that this arrangement exists in any other preparatory school in the State, and as this is a very important advantage, the friends of the College and those who design to enter it, would do well to give this their serious consideration.

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

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

STEPHEN STARK, Secretary of Board of Trustees. Waterville, Aug. 2, 1848.

## STEAMER ROUGH & READY.

WILL run on the Kennebec river, from Waterville to Portland, on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Mondays. This Boat has been thoroughly repaired and fitted up for carrying freight. Goods put on board will be secured from wet when necessary, and delivered in as good order as when received on land. Freight bills cheap as any boat on the river. All orders punctually attended to. S. M. INGALLS.

## New Arrangement.

AT THE OLD STAND, NUMBER ONE, PRAY'S BUILDING.

FOR CASH ONLY. HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET-BAGS, AND

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

M. S. and F. N. Hats, from 1 to 55.  
Cloth Caps, from 20 cts. to 1.50  
Trunks, large and small sizes. 2.25  
Large Carpet Bags 75 cts. to 1.  
Shirts, white linen bosoms, 75 cts. to 2.  
THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF Umbrellas, Gloves, Hdkfs., Cravats, Stocks and Scarfs

in town, at prices which cannot fail to suit purchasers. 21f

C. R. PHILLIPS.

## STRAY COW.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, about six years old. She has a light white on one of her hind legs, and brass nubs on her hind feet. Whoever finds her, with please call, move property, pay charges, and take her away. Sw 2. Waterville, Aug. 2d, 1848. KENELM MARSTON.



**MRS. E. KIDDER'S DYSENTERY CORDIAL.**

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

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

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

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

SEVERAL CASES OF DYSENTERY, are immediately counteracted, the pains allayed, the bowels healed, and not unfrequently the bowels become perfectly regulated, and restored in the short space of ten or twelve hours. CHRONIC DYSENTERY.—Either in children or adults, of months or years continuance, are most readily cured with this Cordial, notwithstanding they may be reduced to a mere skeleton, it immediately strengthens, and shortly restores them to perfect health.

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

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

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

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

## CAUTION.

Beware of those impostors which are daily palmed upon the public, bearing the name of any article, which is *Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and Diarrhoea*, which name impostors have borrowed. Also, they have copied my advertisements, and prefatory addresses.—Do not be deceived by these, for the purpose of palming off their useless and worthless articles at the expense and reputation of this original and most popular medicine that ever came before the public.

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

It is put up in bottles holding nearly a quart, intended for family use, and sold for One Dollar per bottle. Sold by MRS. E. KIDDER, No. 100 Court st., Boston.

who is the inventor and sole proprietor. Druggists and Apothecaries supplied as formerly, in large or small quantities. (25a-1m.)

AGENTS—C. R. PHILLIPS, WM. DYER, and for sale by dealers in medicine generally.

## A CHALLENGE IN COOKERY.

THE Subscribers are prepared to offer to their friends and the Public, J. M. THACHER'S new and justly celebrated

## HOT BLAST AIR-TIGHT

## Cooking Stove,

with a Rotary Gridiron in a Broiling Chamber, constructed for cooking steaks cleanly and in the short space of ten minutes, without any supply of coal. The principle is well worth the examination of housekeepers, as it is quite new and exceedingly desirable. The other qualities of this stove defy competition.

ALSO, Smith's Patent Trojan Pioneer, which is universally pronounced superior to all open-draught stoves now in use.

In addition to the above the Subscribers have an extensive assortment, comprising Stanley's Air-tight Rotary, Congress Air-tight, Wedge's Air-tight, Atwood's Empire, Boston Air-tight, Hathaway's Air-tight,

together with Express, Ransom's, and various patented and convenient elevated ovens, with follow wares to match in great variety.

The Stock comprises also, a variety of Fancy Cast and Sheet Iron, Parlor and Chamber Stoves, Box and Plate Stoves for Halls, School-Houses, Churches, Stores, &c.

Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron work done to order. Stove Funnel of every dimension always on hand, with an extensive assortment of Tin Ware.

**HEARDWARE.** all kinds of Tools, Saws, hand and mill, cordage, nails, glass, pumps, lead, zinc, house fittings, copper kettles, scythes and other farmer's implements, household articles, &c., &c. J. R. FOSTER & CO. Waterville, June 28th, 1848.

## The Place

WHERE Goods may be bought as low, to say the least, as at any other store in the country, is at







# Lacking Issues, Mutilated and Missing Pages

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AUGUST 10, 1848